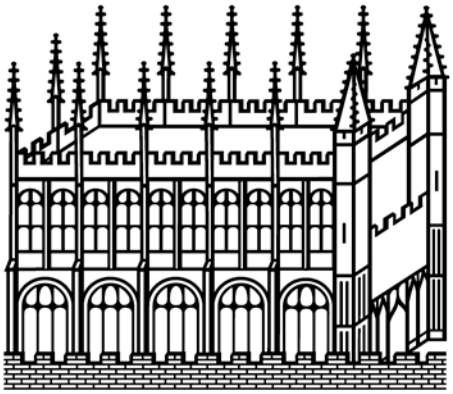

A DASH INTO SPAIN.

R. J. Mullen
Sept. 1st 1851

A

DASH INTO SPAIN,

OR,

NOTES ON THE ROAD;

IN A

SHORT EXCURSION

THROUGH PARIS TO MADRID,

IN JUNE, 1848.

BY PEREGRINUS.

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A DASH INTO SPAIN.

CHAPTER I.

MOTIVES FOR TRAVELLING—ROUTE TO PARIS—TRAVELLING COMPANIONS—PARIS AS IT IS, COMPARED WITH PARIS AS IT WAS—MARKS OF THE RECENT REVOLUTION—ITS EFFECT ON THE ARTS—GARDE MARINE—HOTEL DE CLUNY—TROOPS ROUND THE LUXEMBOURG—THE REPUBLIC AMONGST CHILDREN—THE REPUBLIC AT THE THEATRE—AND AT THE SALON DE DANSE.

To those who are not afraid of a little excitement, and some inconvenience, occasioned by the interruption of a few of the ordinary channels of commercial intercourse, there cannot be a more agreeable or interesting excursion than through some of those places which have been the scenes of the singular and unexpected events which have recently agitated the world. Besides the historical reminiscences of the past, the rumours of every day afford a continually varied source of interest; which is a more effectual check to ennui than even the amusements of the gayest capital, or the most crowded watering place. The slight infusion of danger, which may be feared from the rumoured alarms of fresh troubles, or from the suspicions of governments, not yet reposing confidence in their own subjects, much less in foreigners, only adds to the agreeable variety of the journey: and as to the difficulties, it will be found that they generally vanish as you meet them boldly. These were the reflections which led me to a recent rapid excursion through Paris to Madrid, and if the reader should find any pleasure in the perusal of a few notes, hastily thrown together, it will add to the gratification which the vivid impressions of the journey are calculated to afford. Securing a ticket by the Mail express train from London to Dover at half past eight o'clock, and reaching Folkstone in about two hours, I was soon on board the boat destined for Boulogne. The government boats, carrying the mail, leave Dover for Boulogne every evening at 11 o'clock, and Boulogne for Dover every morning at 3 o'clock. The passenger has the choice of two modes of conveyance. The boats of the South Eastern and Continental Steam Packet Company start irregularly, according to the tide, whilst those of the government depart at the hours fixed; the great convenience of the company's boats, however, is the power of embarking and disembarking at the pier without the aid of small boats.

We reached Boulogne at twenty minutes past one, arriving some time before the mail. Having only a carpet bag, which easily and quickly passed the ordeal of the Douane, I adjourned to the Hotel de l'Europe to await the departure of the train for Paris, which did not leave till ten minutes to 4. A few commercial travellers, English and German, were in the Salon, where a warm discussion was going on about Ireland, the universal bone of contention. One German, who had travelled in that country, maintained, that the whole of its misery was attributable to the misgovernment of England, and the predominance of the English church over a Roman Catholic population. He was by no means a profound reasoner, as I found afterwards to my cost, for as we happened to be going to the same train, we took part in a carriage from the hotel to the terminus. I paid for my share, and he then offered the driver one half, alleging that it was just to make those who travelled for pleasure pay the most; for to men of business, every sixpence was of importance; I thought it advisable to select a different carriage from the worthy German, for the same principle carried out on a larger scale, might have rendered travelling for pleasure rather an expensive luxury. The country between Boulogne and Amiens is flat, but the farmhouses were neat, and the crops looking in fine condition. The prettiest scenery on the line is near Pontoise, crossing the river Oise, where some gently swelling hills rise up on one bank, whilst the river follows all the windings of their base and wanders on through a rich and fertile plain. A few signs of the recent revolution might be noticed in the bare trees of liberty, which were visible here and there at the stations or towns, and in the burnt and roof-less condition of a miserable looking station near Paris. We reached the gay capital at a quarter before ten, and it was not till then, that any great change, attendant upon recent events, was perceptible. Paris was always noticed for its military tendencies. The roll of the drum and the clang of the trumpet seemed always in unison with the hearts of the inhabitants; but the military aspect to the eye of the stranger, as we once more entered its lively streets was quite singular. Every third or fourth man we met bore a musket on his shoulder. Some were in the uniform of the National Guard, but more were without any other distinctive marks of military order except the musket, the fierce mustache, and the proud soldier like bearing, which even the shopkeepers of Paris know how to put on, when they are playing at soldiers. On all the guard houses, and on the theatres, and other public buildings, were inscribed the words "propriété nationale." The Theatre Royal has become Theatre National. By far the most comfortable hotel for the Englishman, staying only a few days in Paris, is the Hotel Meurice, in the Rue de Rivoli; and though the charges are also English, yet the attention, comfort, civility, and good order of the establishment have stood firm through all the other changes of the revolutionary city. It was there that we began to perceive the effect of the declaration of the Republic in putting a stop to the ordinary circulation of travellers. The house was not half-full, or we

should have despaired, at this season, of securing for one night so comfortable a room, with a prospect over the Jardin des Tuileries. Obtaining the services of what was formerly called a valet de place, but now bears the more refined appellation of "interprete," (as we perceived by the card with which M. Auberton, who filled that distinguished office near our person, presented us,) we quickly sallied forth to cast a look at the altered aspect of affairs. The first object was to secure a place for Bordeaux, and here already a change presented itself; for whereas there was formerly a departure every morning and evening, there was now only one a day, and that in the evening, with the mail from Paris. The title of the Messageries Royales had also become converted into Messageries Nationales. The diligence was 38 hours on the road, taking advantage of the railroad as far as Tours. The fare in the coupée was 82f. and having secured a place for the following evening, it remained to employ the two days before me to the best advantage. So frequent are the revolutions, or at least attempts at them, in Paris, that it is necessary to call to mind that all the following remarks apply to the appearance of the city after the revolution of February last, when the national guard and the people fraternized,—I believe I may venture to add, to the deep though secret regret of both. I expected to have seen the Palace of the Tuileries more injured than it appeared. The marks of a few cannon shot were visible at the corner of the Rue de Rivoli; but, with this exception, it seemed to have suffered very little. The interior, however, would have presented a striking difference to its former condition, but it was now turned, partly into barracks for the National Guard, and partly into a Hospital for some of the wounded in the fatal strife. No visitors but their own friends were allowed admittance. I found the Palais Royal, which was so disgracefully sacked, and the beautiful pictures and furniture of which were so shamefully destroyed by the people, occupied by a large body of troops. Amongst those, who were standing as sentinels, were some young men (in England they would be called boys) in a sort of theatrical sailor's dress, with white lappels gracefully turned back,—white waistcoat,—little round glazed hat, and Parisian pumps—altogether resembling a girl in a masquerade, enacting the part of a bold mariner. The heavy muskets seemed not only unsuitable, but far too ponderous for their delicate appearance. They were supposed to belong to the Garde Marine, but not being able to call to mind any vessels on the Seine so big as the halfpenny boats on the Thames, it was with difficulty I could understand, from what seaport they had strayed, till I heard they were supposed to be on leave of absence from their ships at the time of the revolution, enjoying the gaieties of Paris, or the comforts of their paternal homes, and had made their patriotic offers to take their turn of service with the National Guard. Those that we saw were merely a few stragglers, most of them having been sent back to their more professional duties. I then visited the Louvre, and renewed acquaintance with some of the interesting objects it contains, more especially with the paintings by the Spanish masters, with the hope of carrying the most recent impressions from this celebrated Musée to compare them with the still more perfect collection at Madrid. In one of the rooms, were a few remains of the annual exhibition, by living French painters, which this year was voted by all voices to be the most complete burlesque of the art, which has ever been seen. "Liberté, egalité, fraternité," being the order of the day, it was not to be expected, that the vanity of juvenile or justly neglected painters would allow of their works being criticised or rejected by their "equals," and consequently every picture that was sent in claimed the right, and enjoyed the coveted liberty of exhibition. It would be amusing to reprint the severe criticisms, which were passed on the "Exposition," were it not a pitiful illustration of the fact that equality in the French sense means elevating the inferior and depressing the superior till they meet on a level. The general character of the exhibition was rendered so much the worse, in consequence of the best painters, who felt ashamed of the degradation thus offered to their art, declining to suffer their own performances to appear in such doubtful company; and thus the little leaven of good, which might have rendered the display barely tolerable, was wanting, when it was most required. What will become of the artists now, it is difficult to say; unless they can find employment for their talents in the scene painting and plaster of Paris images,—the objects of so much admiration at the national fêtes.

We then proceeded to the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, gaily restored by the late king, with its porch painted in frescos with gilt mouldings, and roof of blue ornamented with little stars. The interior is also richly redecorated; but the most interesting portion now, is the tribune for the Queen, who was not an unfrequent attendant at the service here. The Hotel de Cluny, situated over Les Thermes or Roman Baths, being open for public inspection, I was not sorry again to visit this,—one of the most interesting and perfect memorials of antient times in Paris. The principal part of this antient mansion was completed by Jacques d'Amboise, Abbé de Cluny, about the year 1440. The cockle shells of the pilgrim St. James, his namesake, are visible on the tower in the court-yard. Who can ever forget the exquisite proportion of its little gothic chapel, with the beautiful rounded gothic screen, by which it is approached from the staircase? This chapel, during the time of the revolution in 1793, became the place of meeting for the revolutionary section of this quarter. It was afterwards turned into a dissecting room, and then became the workshop of a printer. Not less beautiful is the gothic open work of the winding escalier from the lower court, which has been only recently restored, and the picturesque ballustrade round the entrance court. The interior apartments are still in course of renovation, the progress of which will probably be now arrested for some time. The rooms and galleries were crowded with people in all sorts of costumes and coiffures, seeming to vie with each other in the eccentricity of their appearance, from the little urchins in blouses, to the exquisite of Paris in kid gloves and patent boots. All seemed polite, affable, and good tempered, as if no bloodshed or trouble could ever disturb their equanimity. Yet, in the courtyard, I met a company of the Garde mobile, carrying off a companion, bleeding profusely from some severe blow with a musket, which one of his fraternizing brethren had inflicted in a recent quarrel. Having purchased a guide book, I was quickly surrounded by a number of the ouvriers in blouses, who expected the principle of fraternity to be acted upon, and used it as their own, though with great politeness and many apologies, till the clock struck the hour for closing. The contents of the rooms are most admirable works of art. The carvings in wood; the curious inlaid cabinets of ebony, ivory, mother of pearl; the portraits of celebrated characters, such as Diana of Poictiers; the elaborately carved bedstead of Francis 1st; the enamelled china of Limoges, and the curious collection of antient armour, render it altogether one of the most singular and interesting exhibitions in Paris, which no stranger should pass without seeing. Amongst other objects, worthy of attention, are a remarkable chessboard, with the pieces in rock chrystal, mounted in silver gilt, supposed to be made in Syria in the 13th century, described in the inventory of the Crown jewels, as printed by the National Assembly in 1791; and the stirrups of Francis the 1st, which, after the battle of Pavia fell into the hands of Lannoy, Viceroy of Naples. They remained in the possession of his family at Madrid, till on the death of one of his descendants, they were purchased for this collection. Then pass through the inner court, and visit the Roman remains of baths, which are supposed to be the relics of the most antient buildings in Paris, called the Palace of the Cæsars.

We then proceeded to the gardens of the Luxembourg palace, which as being the residence of the Executive Government, the free choice of a free people, was guarded by a greater body of troops, than was ever employed, for the same purpose, during the whole eighteen years of the reign of the "tyrant"(!) Louis Philippe. In the evening all the neighbouring cafés might be seen full of uniforms, whilst the sound

of voices was like a troubled sea, and the clinking of glasses and mutual farewells, as some went off to resume or to commence their military duties, gave but a weak impression of the peacefulness of a city, renowned for its gaiety and luxurious dissipation. The Musée, or gallery, here was closed to the people, under the excuse that repairs were necessary. Perhaps a stronger reason might be found in the danger of allowing free access to a building, from which it might be difficult to dislodge unwelcome visitors. Crowds of people were however promenading in the beautiful gardens, and some of the ladies of the families of the Executive Government were regarding the gay scene from the windows, without attracting much attention themselves. I then returned to the Hotel de Ville: here also a number of troops, national guards, and republican guards, distinguished by their red trousers and facings, were scattered about in easy conservational circles, ready to form into more order whenever their services were required. The fair limonadiéres and vivandiéres were passing from group to group, making a harvest amongst the thirsty heroes, and the joke and song helped to while away the heavy time. It is impossible to pass through Paris without observing how much the taste and munificence of the abdicated King has effected in the completion of public buildings and monuments, long neglected by his predecessors. The Hotel de Ville, imperfect till within so recent a period, had nearly received the finish under his fostering patronage. The noble front is now complete, and only requires the statues of great men, intended for the pedestals, to render its appearance most imposing and majestic.

Being so near the Quai de la Gréve, I could not resist paying a visit to the Morgue, although it is an exhibition which always leaves a feeling of sadness on the mind, unused to the sight. The hardened indifference, however, with which the multitude, daily accustomed to this wretched spectacle, pass in and out, proves how soon custom does away with the solemnity of scenes, the most calculated to awaken serious and impressive thoughts. Only two bodies were exposed, one that of a very aged man, who had apparently died in a fit,—and the other, that of a stout well made young man, whose body had been sometime exposed and was beginning to show symptoms of decay. I then went into the church of St. Sulpice,—a truly noble building. The choir is richly coloured in the Venetian style, with frescoes, in which the prevailing colours were blue and gold, whilst the rich blue of the modern glass in the windows rivalled the most exquisite colours of the antients. Close adjoining to it, is a college, in which above 100 young men are educated for the church They join in the services of St. Sulpice. The service was going on when we entered, and the effect was greatly increased by the deep and fine voices which many of them possessed. This church, like many others, has been recently restored by the taste and liberality of the abdicated King. Indeed the services which he has rendered to the arts, and the employment which he must consequently have afforded to legitimate industry, is but poorly replaced by the forced assistance, rendered to unwilling workmen by overtaxed tradesmen, even if the grand building schemes of the present Government should ever be carried into effect. Over the doors of all the churches the words "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité," seemed to indicate that even religion is to vary its tone, and recognise republican principles as an element of faith. In passing through the streets, the observant passenger will notice many other signs of warlike or revolutionary tendency. It would be amusing for instance if it were not coupled with fears for future consequences, to observe the very children playing at soldiers, forming little barricades, and storming them with their tin muskets or wooden swords. I saw one little boy, not ten years old, with a paper cocked hat, brandishing his harmless weapon, and strutting at the head of a grand troup, consisting of four devoted followers, whom he was leading on and training with a degree of military skill quite surprizing for his years. Another, in the Place de l'Odeon, was marching up and down, beating the rappel on his little drum with a vigour and intensity of purpose, quite fearful to behold. "Men are but children of a larger growth," and some day we may expect these juvenile heroes to be storming or defending barricades, and proving equally a nuisance to the state, whether they take part for or against the government. At the different bridges, and at the corners of the public thoroughfares lists of candidates, as recommended by the different parties to supply the places of those which had been declared vacant by the committees appointed to examine the votes, were freely handed round, and in a land of universal suffrage, much discrimination in the distribution of the lists was neither necessary nor to be expected. Thus near the Pont Neuf, a school of about thirty boys, who were crossing the bridge, boldly advanced to the man stationed at the corner, and obtained each a list freely criticizing, amidst shouts of laughter, the characters and qualifications of the candidates. Other signs of the times were apparent in the affiches which decorated the walls, amongst which might be noticed one announcing the measure, which has since led to such fatal results, I mean the one which indicated the intention of the government to re-organize the "ateliers nationaux," and send into the country departments those idle workmen, who were feeding on the industry of Paris. It was proposed to give them assistance on the route, making, however, but slender provision for their future employment or support. The day then fixed for the meeting of the Ouvriers to carry this project into effect was Tuesday the 6th June, and many rumours were already afloat, and alarm began to be felt at the consequences of a scheme, involving the dissolution of such a formidable body. Circumstances, however, induced the government to delay for a few days the execution of the measure,—the intended enforcement of which ended in the fearful and sanguinary struggle, from which Paris has not yet recovered. After having my attention thoroughly awakened and interested by the novelty of the scenes around me, I returned to the table d'hote at Meurice at half past five. About fifty were present, mostly English and Americans. The dinner was good, not omitting "rosbif" and "plum-boudin" to suit the palates of those English people who cannot adopt themselves to a foreign cuisine, but carry their home prejudices about with them wherever they roam. At Meurice, however, may be found all the refinement of the French with the most successful attempt to preserve the character of English gastronomic art, and the English traveller may thus become gradually initiated into the more epicurean style of the French, without losing the substantial character of the English dinner. The dinner was long and scarcely allowed me time to reach the Odeon; now called L'Odeon National, where I expected from the character of the audience, principally wild young students from the neighbourhood, to have additional evidence of a strong republican feeling. I was not disappointed. The play was Brutus;—affording a fine opportunity for the display of violent sentiment, both on the part of the performers and the audience: but in spite of the extraordinary vociferations and gestures of the energetic actor who filled the principal rôle, and who, when talking about freedom, hesitated not to take it with the character he was performing, and the text he was reciting, and clamoured for liberty or death with a vigour which certainly entitled him to one or the other, still the audience were not satisfied. Nothing short of the Marseillaise would meet their ardent aspirations, and twice was this national hymn performed to their delighted ears. The whole house, joined in the chorus, which, though loud, it may be readily supposed, was anything but musical. After being sufficiently wearied with this burlesque of freedom, I came out to breathe a purer air. A short figure, in dirty garments, partly in rags, but with an abundant growth of mustachios, (the only sign of a soldier about him being the heavy musket, which he could scarcely carry,) was acting the sentinel, as a national guard, marching up and down on the steps of the portico. Amongst the affiches against the pillars was one from Le Citoyen Le Fèbre, who, anxious that the revolution should not be entirely useless to him advertised that he was ready "to polish up sabresheaths,

clean cartouche boxes," and other work of the kind, suitable to existing social circumstances. In spite of the prevailing uncertainty and fears for the future, Paris had not yet lost its gay and dissipated look. On the contrary, as the night closed in the Champs Elysees began to receive their crowds of promenaders, and thousands were distracted by the different kinds of amusements, infinitely varied to suit their tastes. Rival showmen were shouting out the wonders of their exhibitions. Trumpets and drums essayed to drown their voices with a still more horrible din. Here was a booth, loaded with the elegancies which constituted the prizes for the raffle, from the Sevres China jar to the little artificial flower, "which kept the word of promise to the ear, but broke it to the hope," for there were no blanks, it is true, but many very pitiful prizes. Brilliant illuminations of gas, tricoloured flags, and rosettes, and the uproar which arose on every side, showed that Paris was determined to forget every thing for the moment, and amuse herself without a thought of the future. As hundreds were pouring into an elegant Jardin, to which a briliant arch of light pointed the way, I followed the crowd, and soon found myself in quite a fairy scene of gaiety and enchantment. No one can doubt of the taste with which the Parisians get up the decorations and the tout ensemble of a café or a salon de danse; but here were rare and valuable trees of every description, and alleys beautifully illuminated by coloured lamps, intermingled with fountains, whose sparkling waters and lulling sounds imparted a refreshing coolness to the conclusion of a hot summer's day. In some places lamps were hanging from real exotics, whilst in the space reserved for the dancers the supports of the lights represented the stems of palm trees, from which elegant lamps were hanging in glasses made to curl over like the leaves of a lotus flower. The space was large enough to allow of many romantic alleys and winding walks, enclosed by rare and luxuriant trees and shrubs, some scarcely glimmering with a dusky light, and others as brilliant as day. In case of bad weather a large and luxurious saloon would allow the whole company a secure retreat without interrupting their amusements. Those who came to dance were evidently not disposed to be content with any languid imitation of the art. It was a scene of "real stunning enjoyment," as *Punch* would say. How many young girls escape from the Polka, as we saw it danced, without any injury to that delicate sensibility of modesty, which is the charm and grace of the female character it is not for us to say; though they were conducted back to mama or other gardien, with a respectful politeness and formality which was no doubt intended to counteract the inflammable character of the dance itself, and exhibit in the fairest light to the watchful parent the refinement and delicacy of the gentleman who had the honour of restoring their precious charge. Besides the dance there were other amusements to suit all tastes;—swings;—wooden horses, which run round in a ring;—raffles;—and I know not what besides. At near midnight, I left thousands still whirling madly round in a vortex of gaiety and delight, and returned to the hotel to forget them all in the profound enjoyment of a well-earned slumber.

CHAPTER II.

JARDIN DES TUILERIES—PASSPORT TROUBLES—TREES OF LIBERTY—NATIONAL ASSEMBLY—COST OF ADMISSION—JARDIN D'HIVER—CHAPELLE OF THE DUC D'ORLEANS—THE CHAMP DE MARS—THEATRICAL REMNANTS OF THE FETE REPUBLICAINE—PARIS REVOLUTIONARY JOURNALS—FAREWELL TO PARIS UNDER THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT—RAILROAD TO TOURS—CHANGING HORSES—CHATELLHERAULT THE SHEFFIELD OF FRANCE—POITIERS—OUT OF PLACE—A FAMILY PARTY—THE BRIDGE OF CUBSAC—VINEYARDS OF THE SOUTH—VIEW OF BORDEAUX.

When I awoke in the morning, and opened the window, the delicious fragrance of the orange trees from the Jardin des Tuileries reminded me that Paris had still some of its most peculiar features remaining untouched. The solemn and massy shades of the dark alleys and magnificent trees of this noble garden speak of the genius of Lenôtre, and of the grandeur of Louis the Fourteenth, and being in the very midst of a gay city, are admirably adapted for a people who enjoy to saunter about, and take shelter alike from labour and from heat in the cool delights of these charming retreats. Though so early in the morning, the sun was already beginning to drive the listless loungers to select an umbrageous position for one of the little wooden rush bottomed chairs, which stand piled up in an enormous heap, ready for use for the small charge of one sous. Then comes the choice between a newspaper or a cup of coffee; or, perhaps, being in the way of "all the world," some friend, equally desirous to while away the time, stops, as he passes, to enquire or communicate the last bit of news, and in a few minutes a very animated discussion about the veriest trifle may be observed, as the result of the meeting. The general habits of the habitués of the Jardin have not altered; but there appeared to me, looking down from my post of observation, a seriousness and gravity in their talk, and a solemn whispering, which gave to the meeting of a couple of friends the air of a gloomy conspiracy, rather than that of the gay and light-hearted cheerfulness which would formerly distinguish the joyous rencontre. Whilst I was dressing, the commissionaire came to communicate the unpleasant news, that, in spite of my solemn injunctions to the officials at Boulogne to forward my passport immediately, it had not yet arrived, and as they were sufficiently careless in these matters, some days might elapse before it could be obtained at Paris. Having booked myself for Bordeaux, and knowing that travelling in Spain with an irregular document, in these unsettled times, might lead to anything but an agreeable result, the predicament in which I was placed was by no means pleasant. After a grave consultation, it was resolved to apply to the British ambassador for another passport, which is sometimes granted, when the party is too much pressed to await the slow formalities of the French Bureau des passports, and having had this visé'd by the Spanish ambassador at Paris, I felt much relieved from the difficulty. On returning through Paris I obtained my former passport, which being granted by the Foreign Office here, possessed a certain intrinsic value, independent of the magic charm by which such a document would, in almost any of the countries of Europe, create an honest man out of a rogue, if necessary. After having satisfactorily settled this awkward business, I proceeded to a further inspection of Paris. The trees of liberty, which it was the fashionable madness for some time to plant with religious ceremonies in the different public places and squares, are by no means complimentary to the object of their commemoration. They are generally lofty, bare, sticks of poplar, with a few leaves at the top, and at a little distance down a tri-coloured rag, soiled by the weather, and drooping against the pole. In some places they spring direct out of the stony soil, in which they have probably died by this time for want of nutriment. In other places they rejoice in a few shrubs or flowers (intended to represent gardens) round their stem. At the one which "rears its tall column to the skies," in front of the Hotel de Ville, this garden consists of an ambitious border of box, planted so that the admiring spectator may read the words, "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité," flourishing in green, till either the drought of summer eradicate some of the letters, or till another revolution tear them up by the roots. In the Palais Royal the lofty tree in the centre is surrounded by four smaller ones, like offspring, intended to perpetuate still in remem-

brance the hopeful work of liberty, if the parent stem should die under its hard training in an uncongenial soil.

I was, of course, anxious to obtain admission to the National Assembly; but was not fortunate enough to find at home the only friend from whom I could hope for the privilege of a ticket. The space allotted to the public is so small, and the greater part so taken up by the National Guard, that scarcely above twenty places remained for the sovereign people. Crowds began to gather near the door, from an early hour in the morning, and accumulated till the time of opening, generally about twelve or one o'clock, when a complete rush took place, as to the pit of the opera on a Jenny Lind night. When the small number, who could be thus admitted, had entered, there was no hope for the rest, except to patiently await till the few who were within, satiated with politics, or tired with the heat and the tediousness of the debate, gradually withdrew; when one or two were admitted at a time to take their places. The entrance to the temporary building is not by the grand portico in front of the Pont de la Concorde, but from the former Place du Palais Bourbon. On entering the square, I was accosted in a mysterious whisper by two or three young men; who asked me, if I wished for a place to hear the debates, and on my replying in the affirmative, a process of bargaining commenced. The first price named was ten francs; but this was rather too extravagant, even for the pleasure of seeing the most violent scene of that "orderly and venerable" assembly. My speculating friend felt it to be so, for he gradually reduced his demand to three francs; for which I was to occupy the place of one of his accomplices, as we may call him, who, poor fellow, had been standing near the door from an early hour in the morning. As only the first twenty could hope for an early admission, it was of course an object to be amongst that number; but when I went to exchange places with my friend, a national guard, who was on duty to maintain order, came up and declared that such an exchange was prohibited;—that M. Blouse might give up his place, if he pleased, but those who were behind, and had been waiting longest, must succeed in regular order. I looked in despair at the long file of expectant politicians, who filled up one side of the street, and numbering them even by twenties, found there would be but little hope of taking my turn before late at night. Having fortunately paid no "arrhes" for my bargain, I left them eagerly debating the topics of the day, and the chances of an emeute to-morrow, and turned off to the Champs Elysees to see the beautiful Jardin d'hiver, in which was given the ball by the English resident of Paris for the relief and assistance of poor English in that great city. It is indeed a model of fine taste, as well as of the expensive decorations, to which the Parisians are accustomed in the salons for their amusements. It is said to have cost two millions of francs, and is not yet complete, as I noticed statues and rare exotic plants being still conveyed into it. The revolution will probably cause the ruin of the proprietor, as neither the inhabitants of Paris, nor the few visitors, will be disposed to indulge to any great extent in the costly gaieties, of which it was intended to be the scene. It is now used as a reading room; but not half a dozen visitors could be seen, wandering in all its vast extent, or stretched at their ease on the elastic velvet cushions of the sofas and chairs. The entrance hall is a sort of gallery of pictures, antient and modern; some of which, as well as the statues, would not in this country be thought very decent for a public exhibition. This hall is divided by rich hangings of silk and marble columns from a terrace, ornamented with statues and rare plants, from which a flight of steps descends to the principal part of the building. This portion may be called an enormous glass conservatory, in which the rarest exotics are planted in beds, and flower borders, whilst the various walks, rising or descending;—the undulating lawns;—the fountains; the pendulous flower baskets in the shape of antiques, which may be occasionally employed to hold wax lights, when prepared for an entertainment;—the large mirrors;—and the aviaries of gold and silver pheasants and other beautiful foreign birds;—combine to present a picture of enchantment which even by day seems to realize an Eastern scene in the midst of a great city; and at night, when multitudes of lights cast their soft and brilliant illumination over the assemblage of rare objects, it must be a spectacle of consummate beauty and magnificence. At the termination of a grassy lawn is a fountain and cascade, reflected in lofty mirrors, and rocks kept perpetually moist, covered with beautiful ferns, and water plants, which dip their leaves into the trickling water, or float on its chrystal surface.

Intending to visit the Chapelle of the Duc d'Orleans, I passed thence through the arc de l'Etoile, next to the Arco della Pace at Milan, one of the finest productions of modern architecture. From its situation at the end of an avenue of lofty trees, nearly two miles in length, it forms, when seen from the terrace of the Tuileries, one of the most magnificent coup d'œils that can be imagined. Like many other things of admirable taste in Paris, it is disfigured by the surrounding objects. The barriers and guard-houses de Neuilly, though not unsightly objects in themselves, become an eyesore when viewed in connection with this superb arch; in a similar manner as the shops and small houses, which seem to grow like excrescences against most of the noble Gothic Cathedrals of France. The Chapelle of the Duc d'Orleans is about half a mile from here on the right of the Route de St. Germain. It was closed to the public; but I was admitted by the intervention of M. Auberton, assisted by the usual specific, which oils the hinges of diplomacy. It is a small but elegant chapel, finished with admirable good taste, and built exactly over the spot where the Duc d'Orleans, the pride of his family and the hope of France, met with his untimely fate. The King purchased the houses, and the building is erected where stood the grocer's shop, to which the prince was carried. The altar is placed over the spot where he died. Behind the altar there was, till recently, a picture representing the dying prince in the shop, surrounded by the Royal Family, the ministers, and the great personages, who had hastened from Paris on hearing of the sad event. Some one of the Provisional Government, whose good taste and feeling was at the same time a bitter reproach to the people of Paris, ordered it to be removed after the revolution of February, lest the mob should be excited to destroy it. The same feeling, and probably the same authority, has caused the removal of the bronze statue of Louis Philippe, which stood in the Place du Carousel. At present only the pedestal remains, which is saved from the savage fury of the mob by being dedicated to the recent martyrs of liberty; but an inscription from "la patrie reconnaissante" is as yet the only memorial in their honour. As the pedestal is now reduced to a bare block of stone, without statue or any other ornament, it looks very rough and incomplete;—a fit representative of the liberty these martyrs contributed to achieve. To return to the chapel of which we have been speaking. Two of the devotional stools, in front of the altar, worked in silk, of a black and white pattern, are the production of the Queen of the Belgians. In the windows of coloured glass, manufactured at Versailles, are representations of saints in the old style, but the features of whom resemble those of the Royal family; thus St. Philippe is a likeness of the King, St. Adelaide of the Queen, and St. Helena one of the Princesses. The Chapelle also contains other interesting exhibitions of the cultivated talents and refined taste of the Orleans family. In one of the transepts is a fine monument to the Duc d'Orleans, composed of a recumbent statue, with the head turned back and looking up with a mingled expression of fortitude and hope. Over him partly leans an exquisite figure of an angel kneeling and looking up to heaven, with a countenance expressive of faith and hope, and the hands crossed on the breast. It is in white marble, admirably executed, and is the work of the Princess Mary, whose initials may be noticed on the base. It was finished long before the fatal accident; but is admirably appropriate, and adds to the mournful feelings of the spectator, by uniting in one pathetic memorial a sad tribute to the early talents and untimely end of both brother and sister. The little

garden, surrounding the Chapelle, is neatly laid out with grass, bordered only by a row of cypresses, whose dark foliage adds solemnity to the scene. In the garden, is a small house containing two or three apartments where the Royal family might rest for a few minutes, when they came hither to pay their devotions. The rooms are without carpets and the furniture is all of black. In one of the apartments is a clock, the hands of which are fixed, marking the hour of the accident, over which is a figure representing the Queen, mourning and embracing a broken column, in allusion to her loss; and in the adjoining room, is another clock, with the hands likewise fixed, pointing to the hour of the Prince's death, viz., ten minutes past four. I left the place with feelings saddened with reflections not merely on the ordinary accidents of humanity, from which kings are not exempt, but on the mutability of fortune, of which recent, as well as former, events have afforded so striking an illustration in the history of the House of Orleans.

From thence, crossing the route de St. Germain, we took a sort of country road, which led us direct to the bridge across the Seine to the Champ de Mars. From the heights above this bridge, may be obtained an admirable view of Paris; and here Napoleon projected, and began the foundations of a palace for his son, when he enjoyed the empty title of the King of Rome. The situation is fine; but more important events delayed the further progress of the building till it was too late. Crossing the bridge to the Champ de Mars, we noticed still a few remains of the Fête Republicaine, of the 21st of May. The statues, which surrounded the two pyramids at the entrance of this extensive plain, were still unremoved. Round the Pyramid on the left were three statues, each 14 feet high, one of which was that of France leaning on a table on which were inscribed; Abolition de la peine de Mort! Suffrage Universel, Liberté de la presse! We have marked two of these phrases with notes of admiration, not without reason, since the former has been verified in the history of the Republic by the deaths of many thousand citizens, and the latter by the prohibition of nearly all the public journals! Round the pyramid to the right were also grouped three statues,—La Liberté, with a noble countenance, but looking very severe; a broken chain in one hand, and a massive club! in the other. It is not very clear what liberty has to do with such an enormous weapon of offence, unless she proposes to break the heads of all who differ from her. The statue of L'Egalité is distinguished by a head dress of vine leaves, and holds in one hand an architect's level, whilst the other rests on a tablet, inscribed with the words La loi, by which we understand that equality, by aid of the law, either levels all distinctions or all her opponents, whichever happens to be most convenient. The third statue was that of La Fraternité, with nothing in her hands,—both, no doubt, being required for the full warmth of a fraternal embrace. Behind these, were the statues of Agriculture and Commerce, on low pedestals, or almost on the ground. The latter holds in her hand the wand of Mercury, whilst the Gallic cock at her feet claps his wings, and crows most vociferously with pride at the enormous amount of commerce, for which France is distinguished amongst mercantile nations! In the centre of the Champ de Mars, is the statue of La Republique, holding in the left hand a garland of oak-leaves, and in the right she proffers a sword and an olive branch, as if saying to the other nations of Europe,—"Choose which you like." At the opposite end of the plain were other statues, representing the Army and the Marine of France. No doubt when all the preparations of the fête were complete, and these statues forming part of a grand combination of tents and banners;—when the pyramids were covered with linen to represent stone, and surmounted by standards of various colours;—when the centre was occupied by the Provisional Government, the Deputies, and all the dignity that was left in France, and the whole plain was filled by the vast processions, so numerous and crowded that one wonders that any remained to be spectators;—the total spectacle must have been one of imposing magnificence and grandeur. But now, the hollowness of the whole scene, as a fête de fraternité, rendered still more perceptible by recent events, left a painful feeling on the mind. The statues had been injured by the crowd, and large pieces of plaster broken off the figures;—without the accessories which concealed their defects, the heads and feet seemed in each case out of proportion, and much too large for the body;—the pyramids were bare piles of scaffolding; and the marquees reduced to a few poles, like gypsies' tents, only waiting their turn to be removed. Even at the time, the fête excited much ironical abuse from the better portion of the press for its untimely extravagance and useless parade, besides the sarcasms which it met with from the incompleteness of arrangements and failure of design. One writer, in a play upon words, cleverly applied to it the sarcasm of a wit, who remarked of a journal, which had failed, that it had been "mal digerée, mal rédigée, mal dirigée."

I returned by the Quai d'Orsay, and across the Esplanade des Invalides to the street which leads to the Hall of the National assembly. The crowd, whom I had left here in the morning, were now reduced to twenty or thirty individuals, some having left in impatience, and the curiosity of others having been satisfied by their admission. As there was now but little order maintained, I soon placed myself in the front ranks, hoping to enter for a few minutes at least. Of those around me, I found some, who had been waiting all day, and one respectable looking man, like a tradesman of the better sort, said he had been standing here since six o'clock in the morning. The few, who remained, still preserved their good humour; but were beginning to make caustic remarks at the expense of the National Guards, several of whom were seen to be admitted, whilst they had been so long excluded. A little dog who was seen to run into the courtyard between the sentinel's legs, was congratulated on his success with "Ah! voila M. le Garde National." Whether their patience and good humour was rewarded before night set in, I cannot say, for after keeping my post for a quarter of an hour, and hearing five o'clock strike, I hastened away to make preparations for my journey to Bordeaux. The general outcry for freedom has perhaps increased the right of individuals to take liberties with the conventional rules of decorum, for in turning round by the Pont de la Concorde, I was met by a pretty girl, dressed in the full uniform of the national guard, but wearing a smart glazed hat, and a little red petticoat, to preserve the character of the sex;—and at one of the guard houses close by, I noticed a vivandiére, supplying the soldiers with wine, in full theatrical costume. A man's hat with blue ribands, black cloth trousers, and a gay military jacket, and short red petticoat, set off her pretty figure to great advantage. We felt strongly disposed to whisper to either of these demoiselles, that if their object was to create a sensation, they would succeed much better by taking their places by the next train, and transporting themselves to the streets of London, where their appearance would create surprize, as well as the admiration they sought. In Paris they were passed without notice, as merely one amongst the many eccentricities of liberty. Returning by the Luxor Obelisk, in the Place de la Concorde, I noticed the republican motto "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité,' painted amongst the gilt Egyptian characters; and forming a singular intrusion amongst signs, which perhaps record the despotic acts of ancient Pharaohs, who would not understand the meaning of either of these words, except by their contraries. The same favourite motto is carved deep in the stone pedestals of the railings in front of the Chambre des Deputés, as if ambitious of a more lasting character; but if the former may be painted out, the latter perhaps may be as effectually filled up with plaster, when the day of the Republic is finished.

I deemed it incumbent on me, before my departure, to purchase one or two copies of the journals, which were principally read by the lower classes of the people, and which are now the more curious, as they have since been suppressed. An extract or two may be interesting, as showing the feeling which prevailed amongst the populace, or the inflammatory arguments, by which they have been hurried on to their late fatal excesses. One of these journals is called,

"L'aimable Faubourien, Journal de la Canaille." In a letter from a cabinet maker, who describes himself as engaged in one of the Ateliers Nationaux, he admits that he does very little work; but one reason is, "Je ne suis plus à un age on l'on change aisément d'etat, en voila la raison. Il y en a encore un autre, c'est qu'aux ateliers nationaux il n'y avait absolument rien à faire. "He then goes on to remark that the Commission in their report, charge these national workshops, as being a heavy burden to the state, to which he replies —"Sils sont une grêve, ce n'est pas notre faute. S'ils coutent 45 millions, j en prendrai occasion de remarquer, que quatre vingt mille ouvriers ne coutent pas plus à nourir en trois mois qu' un roi ne coutait en six." He does *not* suggest, that even this is doubling the civil list for this one department only, without having the benefit of any government at all for the expenditure. He concludes, his letter very significantly." "Ou allons nous, citoyen redacteur, peut etre ou l'on sera bientôt faché de nous avoir mené. Salut et fraternité." This number also contains the list of the candidates for the National Assembly, adopted by the clubs, and recommended by this journal, amougst whom are Caussidière, since suspected of treachery and obliged to resign his post, Proudhon, whose late proposition, defining all capital to be a robbery, produced such an uproar in the assembly, and others, who have already exchanged the freedom of the republic for the liberty of self-examination in the Castle of Vincennes. Another writer, who signs himself by the significant name of "Le Peuple," in one part suggests to the National Assembly, "Ordonnez donc aux riches de ne pas cacher leur argent;" and concludes thus, "Les riches ne pensent qu' à eux et point à nous. Pensez donc pour tout le monde, vous, qui devez organizer la societe; car je voudrais bien ne pas avoir toujours à faire des revolutions,—et pourtant j'ai faim!! Another journal, called "La Liberté, Journal des Peuples" contains a violent article against the Directors of the Boulogne and Amiens Railway, for sending to England to engage the drivers of the engines, whilst, as they state, the British Parliament had brought in a bill to adopt the most arbitrary measures against all Frenchmen! In another part it enters into a comparison between a monarchy and a republic, in which occurs the following phrase "Le vrai principe de la monarchie etait l'obéissance et la fidélité du sujet: le vrai principe de la republique est, au contraire, le droit de chacun contre le pouvoir:"—which seems to imply the right of every one to oppose himself to every species of control. Yet this paper professes to take a very calm and dignified view of the duties of a republican. These are merely specimens of the kinds of argument, by which the people were led, and many of these papers had a very large circulation

After a hasty dinner "à la carte" at Meurice, I set out for the Messageries nationales, where I found to my annoyance, that the place had been booked by mistake for the next day. However, No. 1 in the interior being vacant this day, I gave up the coupée for the next, and saving 10 francs by the exchange, was soon quietly seated in the corner, and on our way to the terminus of the Orleans railroad. Whilst the huge diligence is suspended in the air, with all its luggage and its living cargo, in the process of being placed on a truck on the line, leaving its wheels or organs of locomotion at Paris, to find a new set of members at Tours, it flashes across the mind of an Englishman, that it would be a more simple arrangement, to convey the passengers in a first or second class carriage as the case may be, and to find another diligence awaiting him on his arrival. But every country has its modes of acting, which fit in most conveniently with other arrangements, and when he soberly reflects on the length of time, which it must take French porters to load one of these lumbering vehicles,—the hubbub and confusion which attends the process, the smashing of bonnet boxes and crushing of carpet bags, which might be expected on a hurried exchange of vehicles on the road,—he will discover that two or three hours at least will be saved on the journey, and much destruction of property averted by having the formidable operation performed (as it now is) at the Messageries, and by not again attempting to disturb the nice adjustment.

At Orleans, we underwent the tedious process of unhooking every carriage in succession, placing it on a turn-table, and transferring it to the other line, which there is probably good reason for not accomplishing by a short connecting line with switches, to allow the whole train to pass at once from one line to the other.

We left Tours at half past 3, and had no reason to complain of the rate at which our heavy carriage was whirled along. The horses are stout, powerful animals: with more speed than their appearance would gain them credit for. We were much amused with the expedition of changing horses, which is very little, if at all, longer than would now be occupied with a neat English turr out of four in-hand. When you first see the whole dozen of kicking, plunging, bellowing, (for scarcely any other word can describe the strange sound,) and snorting animals, all mingled together in apparently inextricable confusion;—you wonder how even the half dozen of ostlers, with all their blows, curses, and tugging hither and thither by the tail or any part of the rope harness that comes most handy would ever succeed in producing order out of such a chaos of rebellion and selfwill. But the whip resounds with cracks which seem interminable, the voice of the driver is heard, and with two or three mad plunges, off goes the whole wild troop at a full gallop; and the heavy vehicle rocks from side to side up and down the rough pave, and narrow steep street of an irregular town, or up the steep hill, at the foot of which (if there be one on the route) it seems the favourite fashion to fix the relai de poste. It would occupy too much space to recall to the reader's mind all the places, historically or otherwise interesting, which we passed through. At six o'clock we reached Chatellherault, the Sheffield of France, where, as soon as the diligence stopped, we were surrounded by a number of women, some of whom mounted on chairs to the windows, anxious to dispose of their cutlery;—beginning with the highest price which their conscience would allow, and gradually abating till they came within that of the purchaser. For a dozen of handsome, pearl handled dessert knives, one woman asked first 18f, then 15, and then 12; but still no purchaser. In order to encourage the manufactures of France in their present distressed state, I invested 2fr. in the purchase of a penknife, for which Madame had demanded 3f.; and no doubt still paid a comparatively exorbitant price, as a fellow traveller for two of a similar kind, for which 3½f. were asked, immediately offered 30 sous. One of the women said, that there were 800 workmen in the town, and in these sad times most of them were out of employment. At the extremity of the town, we crossed the river Vienne by a fine old bridge, with a picturesque fortified tower across it. My companions in the diligence were five men, two in blouses. A spell seemed to have come over all the social intercourse of France. Instead of the rattling pleasantry of conversation, which would formerly have been the result of a meeting of only two or three, in all the journey from Tours to Poictiers, which occupied eight hours, scarcely half a dozen words were exchanged by all the party. It seemed as if a suspicious scowling fear of committing themselves had sealed every mouth. We ascended the beautiful rocky and wooded valley of the Clain to Poictiers, (the historical celebrity of which we need not recall to mind,) which we reached at half past eleven to breakfast. On attempting afterwards to resume my place, I found all the male party gone, and a lady, with a large family of children, who had quietly displaced my little traveling comforts, coat, guide books, &c, and left me only place No. 6 at my disposal, and the space of that contracted to very small dimensions. The Conducteur, however, offering me a vacant seat in the coupée, looking at the large little family, from babies upwards, I made no further struggle for my usurped seat, and passed the rest of the journey very pleasantly in company with a lady, the wife of an officer at Paris, who was carrying her pretty daughter from the expected scene of disturbance. Her husband's regiment had been ordered,

amongst others, near the capital; and these military movements were a more sure indication of the fears of the Government than any of the rumours of coming events, which were flying about the country. It was generally anticipated, that the threatened emeute would break out this day, and there was consequently great dread of the consequences, that might ensue;—little as it was then suspected, that the struggle, when it came, would be so fearful and sanguinary. We watched with alarm the motion of the arms of the different telegraphs, as we passed, which seemed both to the anxious wife and daughter to be telling some mysterious tale of horror, but of which the import could not be understood. On reaching Angoulême, however, where we stopped to supper at nine o'clock, the sad forebodings were fortunately not realized, as no disastrous news had yet reached there. This lady was an inhabitant of Bordeaux, or at least her parents resided there, and she expatiated with great delight on the noble features of the town and neighbourhood; and when, soon after sunr se in the morning, we first looked down from the summit of a lofty hill on the magnificent view, which was spread out before us, I felt, that even the eloquent enthusiasm of a native could not equal with words the reality of the scene. The elegant suspension-bridge of Cubsac, the longest bridge of the kind in Europe; with its long viaduct of arches, and slender wire frame, spanning the broad river Dordogne at a height, which allows large vessels to pass under at full sail; —then the tongue of land, the Entre deux-mers, richly cultivated and loaded with vineyards, which separates this river from the Garonne;—the junction of the two noble streams;—the magnificent stone bridge over the latter;—with the splendid range of edifices, almost palaces, which extend in the form of a crescent for two miles along the broad and rapid stream;—whilst, as far as the eye can reach, the various celebrated vintages, which cover the broad plain, or enrich the sides of the hills with their golden produce, comprising on the extreme right the well known growth of Medoc, redolent of Chateau Margeux and Lafitte,—altogether combine to form a picture which at once satisfies the eye with the beauty of the prospect, and the mind with the evidences of industry, enterprize, and wealth; which every where abound. We crossed the noble bridge, and driving along the magnificent Quais, and up the Rue du Chapeau Rouge, descended at the Bureau at half past 7, having been just thirty six hours on the road from Paris.

CHAPTER III.

BORDEAUX—HOTEL DE VILLE—NAPOLEON RELICS—CATHEDRAL—CHARTREUSE CEMETERY—JARDIN DES PLANTES—PALAIS DE JUSTICE—MONTAIGNE—BELFRY OF ST. MICHAEL—REMNANTS OF MORTALITY—PRESERVED CORPSES—PORTAL OF ST. CROIX—PLACE DAUPHINE—THE PALAIS GALLIEN OR ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE—THE QUAIS AND SHIPPING. THE BRIDGE OVER THE GARONNE—REPUBLICAN EMISSARIES FROM PARIS.

The Hotel de France is generally reckoned the best in Bordeaux, but by the advice of my fair fellow traveller, I selected the Hotel de la Paix, which she recommended as the place where the French Princes lodged, when they visited the town. I parted from her with feelings of compassion; for she had before her many days of painful anxiety for her husband's fate, even if her worst forebodings have not been since realized by his loss; for the slaughter amongst the officers in Paris, during the four fearful days of June, was greater than in any pitched battle in the wars of Napoleon. Opposite to the Hotel de la Paix is situated the very handsome Theatre, completed under the direction of the Duc de Richelieu, in 1780. The front presents a noble appearance, with the Corinthian columns; and the arcades which extend all round the building, afford a covered promenade to some of the most frequented cafés in the town. A number of fiacres were plying near here, very superior to any seen even in Paris, with drivers, whose politeness and attentions would excite the astonishment, but perhaps provoke rather a sneer or contempt, than the envy of the same class in London. The Cathedral or the Musée is always the object of the first visit in a foreign town; but on proceeding to the latter, we found both the library and the gallery of antiquities closed and under repair. They are contained in the Chateau Royal; formerly the residence of the archbishop. The antiquities consist of a few Roman remains, found in the town or neighbourhood. As to the Musée d'histoire naturelle, with the exception of the marbles of the Pyrenees, and a good collection of butterflies, it is scarcely worth the trouble of walking through the rooms, and is quite unworthy of so rich a town. After entering the church of St. Dominique close by, only remarkable for a fine marble pulpit, we proceeded to the Hotel de Ville, not so much to view the gallery of French pictures, as the few relics of Napoleon, which were presented to the town of Bordeaux, by the faithful Bertrand, who accompanied him in his exile to St. Helena. These relics are under a glass case, with an inscription. They consist of a work by General Lloyd on Military Tactics, with Napoleon's annotations in the margin, a French eagle, and a few personal ornaments of the Emperor. There is also a good bust of him over the case. The rooms contained also a number of pictures, of the average value as French works of art. We had some difficulty in gaining admittance, as the apartments were in much confusion with boards and benches after an election for a deputy, in which of course a strong republican had been chosen;—their star being at present in the ascendant. From thence to the Cathedral of St. André was but a short distance. The nave is without an aisle, 53 feet broad, and 85 feet high. The choir is pure Gothic; but the grand altar, though magnificent in itself, yet being in the Corinthian style, accords ill with the rest of the building. Behind the choir, the very rich coloured modern glass in the chapels will attract attention, and at the back of the grand altar, are the remains of a beautiful gothic tomb, which would form a picturesque study for an artist like Prout, if such another can be found. The portal with its rich colored glass in the rose window, the elegant spires, and exquisite taste of the ornaments, both within and without, are the more interesting to us from being reputed to be the work of the English. Here was christened Richard the second, son of the Black Prince, who held his court at Bordeaux for several years. It was hither he was returning, when he was met by the French King and his splendid army at Poictiers;—an obstacle in his path, which he removed with such additional glory to his own name, and such fatal dishonor to France. In the Place adjoining, and close to the Cathedral, is the Tour de Pey Berland, a noble tower 200 feet high, erected in 1440 by the Bishop of Bordeaux, now turned into a shot tower. It was fortunately strong enough to resist the attempt to blow it up in the revolution of 1793. Perhaps if it had then had the good fortune to be a shot tower, it might have escaped the sacrilegious zeal of the barbarians.

We then directed our steps to the Chartreuse Cemetery, situated at the extremity of the town. It is not picturesque, like that of Pere la Chaise; but its broad paths, bordered by rows of solemn cypresses, and its stately tombs, many of which are small chapels, containing altars and prie-dieu chairs for family devotion, are affecting by the frequent garlands of fresh flowers, which mingled with those which have decayed, seem emblems of affection surviving the corruption of the tomb. One large

chapel of the Doric order, with the portal ornamented with flowers in marble vases, erected by a wife to the memory of her husband, deserves notice for its elegant proportions. From some parts of the grounds, a fine view of the city may be obtained, including the immense building, in which is carried on the government tobacco manufactory, where upwards of 500 workmen are employed. The Jardin des plantes lay in our way back. It was intended to cultivate here rare exotic plants; but they exhibit at present a lamentable picture of grand intentions, hastening to decay. I noticed, however, afterwards, on returning from the Palais Gallien, that the Jardin Public, which lately formed a magnificent promenade, was about being re-arranged. Numerous workmen were engaged in removing the turf to lay out the ground as a garden, and it is proposed to transfer thither the collection from the Jardin des plantes. If completed on the same scale as it is commenced, it will be one of the finest botanical gardens in France. We returned by the noble Palais de Justice. In the Salle des pas perdus, a very appropriate name for a promenade for unfortunate suitors, is a fine statue of Montaigne. The city is of course proud of so celebrated a writer, and contains other memorials of him. His monument in the Chapelle of the College, and a copy of his Essays in the library, with marginal notes in his own hand writing, may be mentioned. Michael de Montaigne, son of the Lord of Montaigne in Perigord, was born in 1533. He was chiefly remarkable, when young, for having learnt to converse in Latin and Greek, before he could speak his own language. In 1569 his father died, when he came into possession of the family estate, and began to form collections for his celebrated Essays. To increase his sphere of observation, and improve his health, he travelled into Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. His account of Italy is the earliest which we possess in a modern tongue. In his absence he was chosen Mayor of Bordeaux in 1581; and held the office altogether for four years. In 1588 he took an active part, in politics, and was much noticed by the King, Charles the IX; and it was at this time that Mlle. de Gournay confessed her platonic affection for him. He was too old to be considered her brother, and consequently she became his adopted daughter. He afterwards settled to study in his paternal estate, as far as the troubles of the time would permit; but died in 1592. His Essays are on a great variety of topics, full of anecdotes, pithy sayings from the antients, and personal recollections, and are distinguished by their keenness of observation, good sense, and the simplicity and boldness of his style. His travels were published in 1774. After dinner I made a pilgrimage to the small house, where he is said to have lived, in the little dirty back street, now called the Rue de Montaigne. In the different courts of the Palais de Justice, various trials were going on. Counsel in robes, with round caps, and broad square tops, like collegian's caps, and some in robes, trimmed with ermine, were laying down the law with their usual volubility. In one court the auction of a house was going on, and the "going, going, gone," and the rap of the hammer put one in mind of old England; but the eloquence of George Robins was wanting to stir up the languid spirit of speculation. In another court, a row of criminals were awaiting the arrival of the judge; and the condition of their wretched and weeping families showed pitifully how low poverty had reduced them, before they had been degraded to crime. On the other side of the Place d'armes, on which the portico looked, is a large and well conducted hospital. I was delighted with the cleanness, order, and regularity, every where apparent.

After visiting some of the other churches, we came to that of St. Michael, distinguished by the Gothic elevation of the North front. The bas reliefs of the "Sacrifice of Isaac," of "the kiss of Judas,"—and in the interior of the portal, those of "Adam and Eve," and "Michael destroying the dragon," deserve particular attention. The most strange sight to the foreign visitor, however, is contained in the Belfry tower, which is detached from the church and is now used for one of the Telegraph stations. It is a lofty octagon tower, with elegant buttresses. The old guardian, having lighted a lamp, led us down some dark steps to the bottom of the vault, where a number of bodies have been preserved by the dryness of the air without corruption. Some of the grave clothes are perfect;—others have crumbled away. It was a ghastly sight, as the old man waved the lamp backwards and forwards, and its flickering light fell on these shocking vestiges of mortality. One body he pointed out to us, as evidently buried alive. The face distorted and the legs and hands bent in the vain struggle to get free; showed the agony which the poor wretch must have endured in his horrid dungeon. Another group consisted of a father and mother and two children, who were found together,—all supposed to have been poisoned. From whatever cause, both the father and mother, appear from the features, to have died in great agony. Another is the corpse of an old General, bearing his death wound still visible on his breast, and another is the body of a negress. They are all ranged upright round the base of the tower, and are perfectly preserved; but the flesh is shrunk up, and the skin tanned like leather. Many of them are supposed to be hundreds of years old; and have been exposed in the vault for 54 years without the least change being perceptible.

Another church, that of St. Croix, not far from the bridge, has a very curious portal, adorned with a multitude of figures, some playing musical instruments, others with their heads bent and distorted in all directions. Animals, monks, and naked figures are all mingled together in the strangest contrast, not very creditable to the ecclesiastical order. The decorations in the facade are disposed without any regularity. In some places arcades, in others ornaments in the Romanesque style, twisted and grooved columns, and some curious rows of pillars one above another, may be noticed beneath the tower. The building appears very antient, and is thought to be of the tenth or eleventh century. We crossed the Place Dauphine, where, in the reign of terror, the guillotine was erected on a spot, where some peaceful cabs were now lazily plying for hire. When the Girondist party was overthrown in the Convention several of the leaders, who took refuge in the south of France, were discovered and executed here. Their deaths were but the first fruits of fresh atrocities. Not far from hence is the Church of St. Seurin; and after stopping a few minutes to admire the singular and elaborate carvings in the very curious south porch, representing the Resurrection, in which the Judge is weighing in scales the souls of the wicked and the good, and noticing also the statues representing the twelve apostles, and the richly ornamented west portal, we continued our course to the few remains of the antient Roman amphitheatre, now called the Palais Gallien, which is situated in the Faubourg St. Seurin. It is in fact no Palace, but the remains of a Circus, which after existing in ruins for many hundreds of years, as if destruction had stopped short in his career, began to perish under the vandalism of the Revolution in 1792. It is difficult now to trace the outline, as it is intersected by several streets, many of the houses of which have been built out of the antient materials. The Rue du Colisée passes nearly through the centre, and beneath the broken archway, which formed the entrance to the Circus. A portion of the oval walls now extends from the archway, and may be traced at intervals in the gardens behind the streets. The form was oval and measured 341 feet by 177 feet, and the height of the walls was 64 feet. Thence by the Jardin Public, we crossed to the Place de Tourny, where the statue of the intendant of the Province is represented as looking with a complacent countenance on the improvements he so vigorously commenced in the town. A short street leads into the square lately called the Place Louis Philippe, which with its fine shady promenades on each side, forms a beautiful vista to the river, and leads to the Quai des Chartrons,—one of the finest quarters of Bordeaux. Indeed in the walk along these noble quays, their great breadth, the magnificent edifices which border them, the large building yards for vessels, the view of the noble river, with the multitude of ships,

many of them of 1000 tons burden, discharging their cargos from the French Colonies, from the West Indies, from America, and Great Britain, or taking back in exchange the productions of the south of France, especially wines, of which 100,000 casks are exported annually; it is from the evidence of wealth, and commercial prosperity, and the activity and life, which every where meet his eyes, that the stranger, and especially the Englishman, will find a never failing source of interest and amusement. The English ships lie lower down the river. My guide told me, the Engish sailors behave very well, except as he naively added, when they have taken too much wine. How often this might leave an interval for good behaviour, he could not undertake to say. The sailors of Bordeaux are bonâ fide sailors, and wear a weather beaten and hardy look, very different from the dandy imitations, which we noticed at Paris. The merchants are busy, active, industrious men, with no time to waste in the frivolities or horrors of a Revolution, of which and its authors, if we may judge from the tone of Le Bordelais, the journal which I noticed to be most in request at the cafes, they are already heartily tired and ashamed. By the last census, in 1832, Bordeaux was found to contain upwards of 100,000 inhabitants: and in the same year, the number of ships from foreign places, which entered the port was 716, with a total tonnage of more than 100,000 tons, whilst in the coasting trade 2352 vessels were entered inwards and 2479 outwards, in each case carrying nearly 126,000 tons.

Bordeaux was celebrated by Ausonius, a Latin poet of the fourth century, who was a native of the place; and who gives an admirable description of the city. The three principle features are briefly enumerated in one line

O patria, insignis Baccho, fluviisque, virisque;

the wine, the river, and the men; but if he had lived in the present day, he would not have forgotten the women, who, with their pretty faces, black eyes, and dark glossy hair, with their picturesque coiffures of coloured handkerchiefs, or neat little caps at the back of the head, might attract the attention of a poet's eye, even in the finest frensy rolling. Many Spanish features may be noticed.

I walked along the quays towards the bridge, where the steamer from Agen, which descends the river daily in 6 or 7 hours from that town, was disembarking a large number of passengers. The bridge is decidedly one of the noblest in all Europe. Its length is 511 English yards, being more than 200 feet longer than Waterloo bridge. The number of arches is 17, of which the 7 central arches are each 85 feet in width, and it is altogether distinguished by a simplicity and grandeur, which seems to testify of the reign of Napoleon in which it was commenced, and is worthy of the magnificent river, which it crosses. The roadway is nearly level and beneath it runs a tunnel the whole length of the bridge. Without an order from the engineer, which at this time it was too late to obtain, I found it was impossible to enter it. Since the new Commissionare from the Provisional Government had arrived, various regulations have been enforced, relative to the bridge, some no doubt of considerable public advantage, but presenting to my mind, as I stopped to read them, a singular exhibition of the increased "freedom" of the people, as they were all restrictions of what had been permitted before. There were prohibitions against all public advertisements and shows on the bridge; against every one crossing on horseback at full gallop; against any vehicle, with more than three horses, coming in at a trot; against any cart, whether loaded or unloaded, crossing the bridge above a walking pace; and against any driver being found any where but at the heads of the horses; the keepers to be responsible at their own peril, that these orders are obeyed. Returning by the Place Royale, at one corner may be noticed the handsome edifice, used as the Douane, and at the other the Bourse, which is now made into an enormous room, by being enclosed with a glass dome covering upwards of 6000 square feet. The merchants were beginning to disperse, as the sound of the dinner bell was heard from the neighbouring hotels, interrupting with its musical tones their busy speculations. The table d'hote at the Hotel de la Paix was well served; but only half a dozen gentlemen were present, gourmands and silent, too much occupied with the excellent "patés d 'anguilles" and the "pieds d'agneau" to waste time in words.

After dinner, I wandered forth to Montaigne's humble abode, which genius has rendered celebrated, and then by some of the more frequented promenades to one of the crowded cafés near the theatre. In the Allées de Tourny were two men with capital voices and fine musical taste, who soon collected a crowd round them, to listen to their singing. They began with "chansons d'amour," for love takes precedence of politics even in the most troublous times; but, after a short time, they diverged into what they called patriotic songs. These were all in favour of Paris. It was Paris to which the people owed the blessings that were about to descend upon them;—to Paris, their gratitude was due; and all the deeds of Paris, they were called on to approve and celebrate. Then followed other songs directed against royalty in general, and Louis Philippe in particular. These men were said to be, and they had very much the air of being emissaries, sent from Paris, to stir up the people, and keep alive their revolutionary feelings, by the sly process of appealing to their passions through the charms of music. Whether the Provisional Government were sleeping partners in the concern or not, the speculation seemed a profitable one, for the velvet caps returned to their owners loaded with coppers. They then proceeded to sell the songs themselves, which had a ready sale from two to four sous, and they were still coining money by this ingenious process when night fell on their labours and dispersed their excitable dupes.

CHAPTER IV.

LEAVE BORDEAUX—AGREEABLE EFFECTS OF THE PAVE—BORDERS OF LES LANDES—ROQUEFORT—MONT DE MARSAN—SPANISH DWARF—DAX—FIRST VIEW OF THE PYRENEES—SPANISH EXILE—BAYONNE—VIEW FROM CATHEDRAL—CITADEL-BIARITZ—MALE AND FEMALE BATHERS—PROMEDADES OF BAYONNE.

From Bordeaux a diligence starts every morning for Bayonne, about ten o'clock, thus allowing time for refreshment, and enabling the traveller to reach Bayonne within sixty hours from Paris, a distance of 530 miles. After again enjoying a walk along the ever lively "quais," where sailors of all nations were either busily engaged in unloading the few ships which were at this time in the river, or seated on the various posts, to which the cables were fastened, enjoyed the "dolce far niente," in the dreamy bliss inspired by a genuine Havana. I left Bordeaux by the diligence at the hour above named. Between Bordeaux and Bazas, where we arrived in about five hours, a few villages helped to distract the attention from the ingenious torments, inflicted upon the bones and muscles of the wretched traveller, by the incessant jolting over a continued "pavé,"—a relic of the days before Mac Adam, which the memory aches even to think of. After leaving this small town, the country appeared more green and cultivated than I expected; knowing that we were on the borders of those wild wastes called Les Landes, where the ground is so level, and the villages lie so far apart, that the shepherds walk on high stilts to enable them to traverse more quickly the intervening space, or to keep a better look out over their flocks scattered on such extensive plains. These Landes cover a great expanse of country, and a heavy sandy road passes directly through the midst; but the road which we passed, though circuitous, is kept in so much better order, that no great time is saved by pursuing the more direct route. After passing Les

Traverses, we crossed a corner of these barren tracts, covered only with a species of wild heath, which extended as far as the eye could reach. The immediate neighbourhood of the road was rendered less dreary by a row of poplar trees, though in some places they were bent to the earth by the wintry storms and violent winds, which rush through these deserts without an obstacle to break their furious force. Generally, however, the country near the grande route wore an aspect of refreshing green, and in some parts patches of carefully cultivated ground, showed what industry can achieve on the most stubborn soil. The trees were principally pines; but in one part, a few oak trees, though stunted in growth, gave variety to the scene. The cattle appeared either to suffer greatly from the attacks of the flies, or to be treated with unusual tenderness, for most of those which we met, and even some of the horses, were encased in linen jackets, and had their faces protected by a headdress of the same material.

The country became rather pretty on approaching Roquefort, which we reached about half-past seven in the evening. This quiet little town lies partly in a deep dell, traversed by a small stream, (which runs into the Adour,) called the Douze, over which a picturesque wooden bridge adds a charm to the landscape. By this time my fellow-travellers, who had tasted nothing since early morning, began to grow restive for dinner; and a revolution, or an emeute at least, threatened to overturn the good order of the diligence, transfer the reins of power from the hand of the "conducteur," and lead to the appointment of a Provisional Government from the body of the pssengers; but the fire of insurrection fortunately smouldered till we reached Mont de Marsan at ten o'clock, where a tolerable supper restored both their failing strength, and peace and order at the same time. Our party consisted of eighteen, a very motley group, English, French, Germans, and Spaniards. Amongst the latter, was Don Francisco, the celebrated dwarf, who appeared in London some time ago, and who in a little body, which did not seem two feet high, enclosed a disproportionately lofty soul. He laughed and talked much, told witty stories, and paid compliments to the blushing damsels who attended on us; and who, with the universal kindness of the sex, gave extra attention to one, who appeared to require it so much more than others, though he did his little best to show himself independent of all aid. He wore a Spanish cloak and the dignity with which, after being lifted in the arms of a friend and placed on the ground, he flung it over his shoulders, had an assumed air of grandeur inexpressibly ludicrous. He travelled in the Rotonde, and I last saw him standing on the seat, and smoking his cigar through the window.

After leaving Mont de Marsan, forests of fir trees succeeded; their dark foliage illuminated by the soft light of a brilliant moon; till daylight began.

"And look! the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus round about,
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of gray."

As we crossed the drawbridge, and entered by the old fortifications of Dax, a brilliant morning was breaking forth in all its glory, and we were all on the "qui vive" for the first view of the Pyrenees, which I was now rapidly approaching for the first time in my life;—but many a sylvan scene had yet to be passed before their rugged outlines were revealed. For many leagues, we continued our course through forests of cork trees, which form the staple production of this country, and supply the neighbouring vineyards of Bordeaux with their useful bark. Multitudes of the trees stripped of their bark, and showing a dark reddish brown wood beneath, presented a sort of piteous appearance, as if they had been undergoing the horrid process of being flayed alive. The pine trees were also cut in stripes, and supply abundance of resin, which is also largely exported from Bordeaux. At half-past seven, we first came in sight of the Pyrenees, nor could any view be imagined more grand or imposing. An extensive piece of water, which might almost be called a lake, was spread out beneath us, and gave additional charm to the magnificent scene, which every moment increased in beauty and grandeur. My travelling companion was a Spaniard, who had been for many years a political exile, and was now returning in the fond expectation of being allowed to greet once more his wife and children in his native land. Behind those lofty barriers was all that he held most dear in life, and the tears came into his eyes as he first caught a glimpse of the boundaries, which he had so often longed in vain to pass. He was worn out with mental suffering, and disease had evidently laid its hand heavily upon him. I fear that if he ever reached home, it would only be in time to lay his bones in his country's soil, and amongst those whom he loved. It seemed to be all that he expected or desired.

By the number of comfortable looking farmers, mounted on good horses, and the old fashioned cars with their solid wheels, so slowly and s eadily drawn by patient oxen, we knew that a large town was not far distant, and soon from the summit of a steep hill obtained a noble view of Bayonne, with the windings of the Adour, and the extensive citadel and the suburb of St Esprit, in which it is situated. Crossing first the Adour, and then the Nive by a wooden bridge, I was soon delighted, after a long but not tedious journey, to find myself in an agreeably cool and elegantly furnished salon in the Hotel du Commerce, a gentle breeze stealing in through the green persiennes and murmuring in the trees, which so pleasantly shaded the windows from the street, and tempered the glaring heat of the sun, as it was reflected from the white houses opposite.

How different is the impression made upon the traveller, by the same place, according as the weather or his own frame of mind should at the moment, be smiling or gloomy. The author of *Spain Revisited*, whose amusing and animated descriptions prove him to be a good traveller, and as such, not accustomed to look on the worst side of things, has left a picture of the town, as he quitted it under a drizzling rain; in an early morning, with the expiring lamps dimly glimmering, and the holes of the worn-out pavements overflowing with muddy streams, whilst the spouts discharged the disagreeable contents of the gutters on his devoted head. To me every thing presented a striking contrast;—the streets seemed broad, clean, well paved, and beautifully planted with acacias and other trees, whose grateful shade was a relief to the eye amidst the glowing light in which every object appeared. I found the Malleposte about to leave for Burgos the same evening, and though disposed for a comfortable night's repose at "mine inn," rather than to spend another in the close confinement of a coach, yet I was too anxious to pass the lofty mountains before us, and to penetrate into the wild scenery, which they concealed on the other side, to lose another day, when the object of my wishes was so nearly attained. The fare was high, upwards of eighty francs; but all travelling is dear in Spain, if a moderate speed be required. The uncertainty of the roads, the want of accommodation for horses aud mules, and the little disposition of the natives for locomotion, all combine to make the establishment of a public vehicle rather a hazardous speculation; and it is but very recently, that the convenience of "diligencias" has been afforded even on the main roads from France. I had yet to learn what real Spanish travelling was, and afterwards acknowledged this Malleposte or "Correo" a luxury worth paying for.

After securing my place, I paid a visit to our respected Consul, Captain Graham, of whose polite attentions every traveller speaks with gratitude and remembers with pleasure. Not content with the mere official act of signing my passport, he busied himself in obtaining me Spanish money at a much better rate of exchange than I could have secured myself, and offered his services to any of my friends passing through Bayonne. As I was myself a stranger, and was at the moment proving the sincerity of his offers, his cordial efforts to oblige his fellow-countrymen deserve to be had in continual remembrance. I found that several English families from Pau and other parts of the Pyrenees were about to settle here, being attracted either by the superiority of the climate or the benefit of sea-bathing. Whilst Capt. G. was procuring the requisite amount of

Spanish coin, I passed along up the principal street by the Prefecture and the old castle, now inhabited by the commandant of the place, (whither in old times, it is said Catherine de Medici repaired to concert with the cruel Duke of Alva, the horrible massacre of St. Bartholomew,) to the Cathedral,—a fine old building; and after admiring the rich painted glass of the windows, procured the keys, and ascended to the top of the lofty tower. A fine view is obtained from hence over the town, and the wood outside the walls, which almost conceals the ruins of the Chateau de Marrac, where Napoleon received the abdicated King of Spain, Charles IV., his abandoned Queen, and her favourite Godoy, together with Ferdinand, to whom the crown had been resigned by his father, and who, however reluctant, had been enticed hither by the emissaries of the Emperor. It was here, that Napoleon obtained from the King the disgraceful edict, nominating Murat Lieutenant-General of the kingdom; and it was here that Ferdinand a few days afterwards signed a renunciation of all his rights to the Crown of Spain. On the other side of the river may be seen the strong citadel, and at the bend of the Adour, is the spot memorable for the construction of the bridge of boats, and the passage of a portion of the allied troops, Spanish and English, under Sir John Hope, on the 23rd February, 1814; in the face of an army of 15,000 French, protected by the guns of a formidable fortress. This was an exploit unusually difficult; for the river is deep and rapid, and at the place where it was crossed is 270 yards broad The chasse-marées, which were to form the bridge were prepared in the Spanish harbour of Passages: and to arrive at the place of their destination, had to pass the dangerous bar of sand at the mouth of the Adour, where the raging surf scarcely left a passage, for a single boat. Several of the foremost boats full of men, were lost: but twenty-six managed to gain the appointed place, and being moored head and stern, and securely fastened by anchors and cables; yet, sufficiently loose to allow of their rising and falling with the tide; formed a bridge strong enough for the passage of the whole army, and the heaviest artillery. Bayonne was thus besieged on both sides of the river. The citadel was not taken at that time, for it remained invested by the allies, till April the fourteenth, when the siege was terminated by the treaty of peace and the abdication of Napoleon; but unfortunately, not till after a vigorous sortie by the French, which occasioned a loss of 1700 men on both sides. This destruction of human life was the more melancholy as peace had been actually concluded at Paris; though the official intelligence had not arrived. In this engagement, the English General, Sir John Hope, had his horse shot under him, was wounded, and taken prisoner. I visited the fortress, which the French Government has been enlarging and greatly strengthening. Additional land has been purchased, houses thrown down, and fresh outworks, powder magazines, &c., are now in course of rapid construction. One of the soldiers obligingly sought for the Commandant, as his permission was required to enter; but as he could not be found at the moment, I passed the sentinels, and went over the greater part of the works without interruption. The view from the platform towards the sea is very fine. In the square below, in the suburb St. Esprit, a good market is held twice a week, on Monday and Thursday, beneath (we cannot say the shadow of) a lofty tree of liberty, which even the French inhabitants speak of with something between a sneer and a smile. The market is well and cheaply supplied, especially from the fishery at the mouth of the Adour. The fish are sent as far as Bordeaux, In Napoleon's time a few ships were built at Bayonne; but though timber is found in the mountains adjoining, and masts are floated down the torrents, yet the bar at the mouth of the river would be an insuperable obstacle to vessels of any considerable size. There is little activity of any kind at present. Even the stone bridge over the Nive to replace the present rotten wooden one, has been three years in course of erection, and likely to be as many more, for want of funds, though it might easily be finished in a twelvemonth. The authorities seem to be principally occupied in looking after Spanish refugees and conspirators. Being so near the frontier, Spaniards of all descriptions find an asylum or livelihood here. Many Biscayans, male and female, fill the lower employments. The pretty filles de chambre at the hotels are mostly natives of the Basque provinces. Many of the houses have a decided Spanish character with the arcades and piazzas; but it must be acknowledged in point of cleanliness they greatly excel their Spanish originals. Another indication of the Spanish character of the town is the manufacture of chocolate, for which, as well as its hams and liqueurs, Bayonne is celebrated. Besides the fair trade in wool, a great deal of smuggling in the same article takes place by the wild mountain paths over the frontier. It was still only two o'clock, and as the guests did not assemble at the table d'hote till five, I determined to avail myself of the intermediate time to pay a visit to the quiet bathing village of Biaritz. I found my way therefore to the Porte d'Espagne, where, during the season, omnibuses and other conveyances are continually running, full of passengers, from either end. But it was yet too early in the season, and to wait till the huge omnibus, which had only booked a single passenger, should be full, might have compelled me to witness the approach of night before I set out. I therefore made interest with the black-eyed demoiselle, who had been giving me an account of the gaieties of the season at Biaritz, the concerts, the balls, so necessary to French existence even in the smallest watering place, and after some bargaining with her father, succeeded in obtaining a caleche with two horses to take me there and bring me back for three francs, with the understanding that they should take up any one on the road. Two Frenchmen who had been standing aloof till some bargain had been completed, immediately came forward, and were admitted at the regular fare of 15 scus. The distance is about five miles, and after turning off from the high road to Spain, we had some fine views over a fertile valley bounded by the Bay of Biscay. Biaritz is a quiet little place with neat cottages or white washed houses, mostly advertized to let furnished, and picturesquely situated on the rocks, or in hollows of the hill. The cliffs must be of a soft character; for the sea has worn them into caverns and arches, which afford infinite variety of shapes and contortion for the lovers of wild scenery. The bathing place is protected by some detached rocks jutting into the sea, and enclosing a retired little bay, where the cool shade, limpid water, and smooth sands, are very provocative of a bathe, after the sandy roads and burning heat of the short journey from the town. The "barraque" of "M. Etienne,—Baigneur," stood open before me. Entering at one door in my ordinary costume, I came out at the other in a sort of shapeless sack of striped linen, and was soon amongst the rest of the ladies and gentlemen, who spend hours in floating about in the quiet little bay, splashing each other, or indulging in other aquatic freaks. The ladies are generally furnished with corks to support them on the waves, and, with their broad brimmed straw hats, resemble water lilies floating on the surface. Others were seated on the beach, or on the rocks around, holding conversation with the promenaders in the water. No little wit was expended on my dripping locks, as it seems usual for the gentlemen to protect their heads with coloured handkerchiefs, and not to expose them to be wetted by the briny element. They may thus be considered in full dress for the "promenade a l'eau." In a short time, having rearranged myself for a promenade on land, I climbed the cliffs above, near an old tower, whence a magnificent view is obtained over the bay of Biscay,—the mouth of the Adour,—the Phare,—and the innumerable little bays and jutting cliffs, with which the Spanish coast is indented, whilst the noble ranges of the Asturian mountains formed a magnificent background, till they faded in a misty haze in the distance. Biaritz is much frequented by Spanish families, and it is said to be the intention of the Queen of Spain to visit Bayonne for the benefit of seabathing this year. It is to be hoped that royalty and republicanism will keep on good terms. On our return we took up two more passengers and I could thus congratulate Mlle. on the success of her bargain.

After dinner I took a walk through the Place d'armes, (where the pretty bonnes and the children were assisted in their play at ball by the young soldiers from the neighbouring guard house,) to the Allées marines, —a beautiful promenade of lofty trees, extending for a considerable distance along the banks of the Adour, and much frequented in the cool of the evening. It commands a fine view of the citadel on the opposite bank, whilst the few ships at anchor in this part of the river give additional interest to the scene. Another pleasant walk extends for a short distance up the river Nive, beyond a slight suspension bridge. The lofty houses were here reflected in the stream; and the Pyrenees seemed to close up the vista with their rugged forms. All the world was promenading or sitting outside the cafes, enjoying the soft evening air with conversation and cigars. It was a scene of quiet enjoyment. I was delighted with Bayonne, its streets, and its inhabitants; but it was now nearly 8 o'clock, and I hastened to settle the very moderate bill at the Hotel du Commerce, and was soon in the "Berlina," of the "Correo" dashing along on the high road to Spain.

CHAPTER V.

STRANGE PASSPORT OFFICE—THE BASQUES—THEIR LANGUAGES—CHARACTER—PRIVILEGES—PASSAGE OF OF THE BIDASSOA—BATTLES OF THE PYRENEES—ZEAL OF A CUSTOMHOUSE OFFICER—INTRODUCTION TO SPANISH CHOCOLATE—TOLOSA—COSTUME OF POSTILLION AND PEASANTS—THE LANGUAGE OF MULES—VERGARA—MONDRAGON—ASCENT OF THE SALINES—SHIENESS OF MULES—VITTORIA.

In about an hour's journey from Bayonne, we reached the first custom-house, of which a triple line is meant to afford the government complete protection against the tricks or ingenuity of smugglers. How far they have succeeded, the mountain paths a little farther to the East (if they had a tongue) could bear witness. However, here we were stopped, and an officer, armed with a sword, and with a most martial cocked hat and mustachios, bearing a dark lantern in his hand, ordered us to follow him, which we (a young Spaniard and myself) did up a dark and crooked staircase into an ill-furnished room. The officer of passports had already retired to rest; but he soon emerged from a sort of alcove, whose secret penetralia were covered by a ragged curtain, with a nightcap on his head, and a loose dressing gown, which he was hastily wrapping round his person, and proceeded to take his seat in a large easy chair at a deal table, where, after a few questions as to the object of our journey and place of destination, he viséd the important documents. It was fortunate that a dim tallow candle shed only a very dubious light in the apartment, and only in the immediate neighbourhood of the functionary, for a soft breathing, and occasionally a gentle cough behind the curtain of the alcove, seemed to indicate that the separation between the stranger visitants and the domestic apartment, or (as it would be called in the East) the Zenana of the Spanish officer, was of the very slighest kind. Indeed, the waving of the curtain in the night air made one tremble lest a rash glance should find admittance behind its secret folds; but all was dark; and, after polite bows on all sides, we were reconducted to the diligence by the same martial figure in the cocked hat. The Malleposte proceeded, and at Bidart we entered the Pays Basques, the inhabitants of which have been long noted for their independence of character, the bold sturdy defence they have made against all who would attack their privileges, whether invaded by foreigners or Spaniards, and by their peculiar costume, of which the sash, the bonnet, and the sandals of hemp, form the principal features. The Basque provinces are composed of Guipuzcoa and Biscay on the East and West, and Alava on the South; but, as the name is rather a distinction of race than of country, it formerly included also a portion of Les Basses Pyrenees in France, as far as the river Adour. The inhabitants of all this country are supposed to be the descendants of the ancient Iberians, from whom the whole of Spain was originally peopled. The Romans, the Goths, and the Arabs have endeavoured in succession, and each in vain, to conquer these mountain tribes. Their warlike spirit and inextinguishable love of freedom have preserved them intact to the present day. They still live under a constitution different from all the rest of Spain. By the correspondence of words and other signs, they have been traced in parts of France, Italy, and Ireland. Indeed, the Irish are so far recognized as brethren by the natives themselves, that they enjoy peculiar privileges in the country; and a parallel has been drawn between the dispositions and language of the two people, and the conclusion arrived at, that they must be of the same original stock. The language of the Basques is so distinct from others, and so difficult, that there are few who understand it besides the Basques themselves. Their grammarians believe or assert, that their language existed before the building of the Tower of Babel. From the opinion of others, we might account for this, if true, on the ground that it did not require any further confusion. Larramendi calls his dictionary "El imposible vencido"—"the impossible overcome;" and Ford, in Murray's admirable "Handbook of Spain," says, that "it is so difficult, that the devil (who is no fool) is said to have studied seven years in the Bilboes, and to have learned only three words." The character of the Basques is described to be bold, frank, and exceedingly proud of their pedigree; passionate, and in all ages excelling in Guerilla warfare. In the middle ages they were distinguished for their brigandage, and in recent times for their patriotism against the French, and loyalty to their sovereign, since they have furnished from amongst them the bravest and most notorious of the Carlist chiefs. Both the latter qualities, however, were probably a little tainted, if not actuated by the former. Their persevering industry (but here the parallel with the Irish character must stop) is evinced by the high state of cultivation of their barren mountains. Wheat, barley, hemp, flax, corn, wine, and oil, are forced from the stubborn soil by their active labour; and if it be true, as is stated, that 2,000 inhabitants are maintained in the square league, the population of Spain might be doubled without presenting anywhere the same density. The Biscayan has peculiar privileges, for which he may well be disposed to fight bravely. He pays no tax, but what is called a voluntary contribution raised by his own juntas; he is acknowledged as an hidalgo in every part of Spain, hence, in Don Quixote, Dona Rodriguez calls her husband an "Hidalgo como el Rey, porque era montanes,"—"As good a gentleman as the king, for he came from the mountains;" he is amenable to no tribunal or laws, either in Biscay or elsewhere, but those of his own province, nor to any commercial taxes except such as his own "tribunal" imposes. He is not subject to any military service, except in defence of the kingdom, nor to any authority emanating from Madrid, for no public officer, except the postmasters, is appointed by the Spanish government. Several attempts have been recently made by Spanish ministers to invade the "fueros" or privileges of the Basques, and to fuse them with the other provinces of Spain; and probably the attachment of the natives to the cause of Don Carlos is rather in consequence of his promises to preserve their independence, than from any regard to the kingly office, to which their whole history, constitution, and character, is entirely opposed. Let us hasten to enter a land where poverty is not only no crime, but is forgotten in the pride of an illustrious ancestry, which can be traced back for ages; and where freedom breathes her own mountain air, neither stained by cruelty, nor degraded to license.

At Behobia, a number of Douaniers, who were

loitering about, asked a few questions, but no further examination took place here; and the varying uniforms of the soldiers at the different ends of the bridge, showed that we were crossing the stream which separates France from Spain—the Bidassoa. It was near this bridge that, in 1813, the furious assault took place by which the French were forced from the Montagne d'Arrhune, which had been so strongly fortified with entrenchments, cannon, &c., that it appeared perfectly impregnable. Every inch was gained by hard fighting, and they were driven from one defence to another, to the very summit. A portion of this mountain is called the Ridge of the Bayonette. More than two centuries ago, some Basques, fighting here, having expended their ammunition, thrust their long knives into the muzzles of their guns, and thus formed an impromptu bayonette, which has given rise to the use of the present weapon. At San Marcial also, the little eminence near at hand, Soult, endeavouring to relieve San Sebastian, attacked the Spaniards posted here under the command of General Freire; but every assault was met by the latter with equal determination, and the French, repeatedly charged with the bayonet, were eventually driven back, though greatly outnumbering their opponents. During the conflict, the waters had swollen, so that the French were unable to recross the river at that place, and were compelled, at great risk, to retreat by the bridge of Vera. On October 7th the British Army crossed the Bidassoa by the fords between Irun and Fuente Rabia, at places which were known only to a few Spanish fishermen, and which were only practicable for three or four hours, being covered by the sea at high water to the depth of fourteen feet. By this means the right of the French position was turned, and some of their most formidable works rendered useless. Below the bridge over the Bidassoa, is the fragment of the Ile de Faisans, where, in 1463, Louis the Eleventh, of France, met Henrique the Fourth, of Spain; and where Cardinal Mazarin held, in 1659, the conference with the Spanish ambassador which led to the treaty of peace, and the marriage of Louis the Fourteenth with the daughter of Philip the Fourth, rendered the more famous, as it cost the life of one of the most illustrious of the Spanish painters, Velasquez. He had been deputed by the king to arrange the decorations of the costly spectacle, and, on his return to Madrid, worn out with fatigue and anxiety, he was seized with an illness which quickly proved fatal.

It was eleven o'clock when we arrived at Irun, and here we had the baggage searched in earnest at the Spanish Aduana. Every article was taken out and closely examined. A small bag, containing a few books, having passed the ordeal, I placed in it a quantity of dollars, which were rather inconveniently heavy for a side pocket, and deposited it in my place in the vehicle, which, having been already searched, and the door closed by the authorities, seemed secure from further invasion, whilst my carpet bag took its turn. What was my horror, a few moments afterwards, to see a dim light issuing from the window, and, on hurrying to the door, to find a soldier with a lantern on the seat, books, papers, and money all turned out around him, and striving in vain to construe the notes, which, between the foreign language and the cabalistic handwriting, must have been as intelligible to him as a secret cypher. On bringing up to my aid the chief of the office, I quickly ejected the intruder, who, with many apologies and hopes that nothing was lost, contended that he was only doing his duty. It is seldom that we find duty performed with so much eagerness and animation. Curiosity at least, if not a stronger motive, probably quickened the activity of duty; the more especially, as we soon found how slowly the official business, which had no such charm to enliven its dulness, was accomplished. After climbing the steep hill to the "Posada de las diligencias," we remained for two hours at Irun whilst the mails were being made up, instead of having one bag tossed up and another flung down, as we are accustomed to in the railroad-post economy of England. I followed a young Spaniard through the great door and the ground floor of the Posada, redolent of the stables and other refreshing odours (for the ostlers were sleeping in one closet under the stairs, and the horses in another), up the wide staircase into a large room, containing but few articles of furniture except a sofa, a table, three chairs, and a most antique clock. The window was open to a balcony, but, though it was midnight, the closeness of the town seemed to have suffocated the refreshing coolness of the night. In a few minutes a pretty Basque maiden appeared with three cups of chocolate and some fried bread, with three tumblers of clear spring water. I was about to quench my burning thirst with the chocolate, but found it of the consistence of a thick paste. Drinking was out of the question. It seemed wiser to watch the proceedings of my fellow traveller and the guard, who soon joined us, and as they sopped up the contents of the tiny cups on the end of the taper slices of bread, with some difficulty I followed the fashion, and washed down the thick mixture with the tumbler of water. After leaving the delicious café noir of the French, with the delicate "petite verre de l'eau de vie," so refreshing after a French dinner or on a journey, this chocolate seemed but a bilious substitute. But it was a new travelling lesson, and ample time was afforded for acquiring it. My companions were two true Spaniards, who had never travelled further in France than a few miles from the Pyrenees. They were anxious for the news, and we amused the time by discussing all the revolutions of Europe, except that which recently threatened to burst out in Madrid, which appeared by common consent to be considered a forbidden theme. One of them told me, that Espartero was in England. He seemed surprised when I told him, that he had not only returned to Madrid, but left it again for his country seat. It seemed strange that a London newspaper, of a week old, should be used to communicate intelligence to a Spaniard in his own country about Spanish affairs. Before quitting Irun it may be interesting, though painful, to recall the fact which Ford states on the authority of Arguelles, that from the time when Gen. Laborde and Foy led the first legions over the Bidassoa on October 18th, 1808, to the close of the Peninsular war, a period of only five years, nearly 550,000 Frenchmen entered Spain from Irun alone, of whom not 237,000 returned! It was two o'clock before the sleepy grooms brought out the sleepy mules one by one, and, when sufficiently roused, we pursued our journey at a fair pace through a wild mountain country, till we reached Tolosa a little before six.

Tolosa is the capital of Guipuzcoa, containing the large number of 5,000 inhabitants, and must be considered to possess a character of activity, since it can boast of two large manufactories, one of cloth, and the other of paper. The former, I was informed, was partly worked by steam power—a wonderful sign of an enterprizing spirit in this country. We then passed through a pastoral country with green hills and mountain streams in about an hour to Villa Franca, whence, in another stage, we passed a steep hill, with a fine view, to Villa Real. Beneath the shady arcades which surrounded the large church, sat an old woman in the last stage of decrepitude and poverty, who drew the attention of the faithful as they entered or quitted the church by the incessant tinkling of a small bell. In this neighbourhood was the scene of some of the exploits of Zumalacarregui; the celebrated Carlist chieftain, and it was *not* here that Espartero obtained the title of Duke of Victory. Having in the next stage to pass a lofty ridge, we had here a team of eight horses, or mules. We ascended the mountain side by steep zigzags, galloping round all the corners, and then pausing to give the poor animals a few moments breathing time, after the short but violent exertion. This gave us leisure to observe the superb display of finery, with which our driver was adorned. His blue trowsers contrasted with his brown jacket, on which a gorgeous flower, radiant with all the colours of the rainbow, covered the whole of his back, whilst pendant buttons, the metal of which was intended to represent silver, completed his display of vanity or taste. It was always an amusement to notice the variety of methods, which every new driver employed, to irritate or entice his mules into greater

speed. Each mule had his peculiar name, and knew it, and threw the appearance at least of fresh vigour into his exertions, as a torrent of abuse or a few words of praise greeted his or her ear. The names often presented a strange contrast to the volley of curses, which sometimes assailed them. "Caridad," "Piedad"—Charity, Piety—came in equally for a lash of the whip or a stinging insult. The language of the mules, if I may call it so, for they seemed to understand it, was by no means euphonious. "Yeep—yeep," varied with sounds like "a—af—af"—gutturally pronounced, or some short quick tones, which resembled the barking of a dog, aroused their flagging energies. But when any very difficult country required unusual labour or encouragement, the torrent of sounds or words became such incomprehensible gibberish, that none but the mules were masters of it, and I gave up the study in despair. We passed several peasants and peasant girls trudging to Vergara. The low caps of the former resembled those of the French shepherds in the Pyrenees. They wore the red sash or faja, almost universal in Spain, and sandals made of esparto; whilst the heads of the women were covered with a sort of handkerchief, resembling a hood, though the younger paraded long tresses of hair, and both might be distinguished at a distance by their bright scarlet cotton umbrellas, glowing in the sun, The women were all carrying heavy burdens. We descended the other side of the mountain at a gallop, and reached Vergara a little before ten. This town is situated on the banks of the Deva, surrounded by mountains. It contains 4000 inhabitants, but little to interest the passing stranger, unless he should be attracted by the roguish glances from behind the black mantillas. Devotion and the world seemed struggling for superiority, (though the fair penitents were on their way to the church), and I am afraid the world had the best of it. In a valley to the left of the road is a large cotton manufactory, at which we set down the intelligent Belgian, who had been my companion from Oyarzun, and a friendly guide on the route. Two leagues further on we passed Mondragon,—a town with a desolate looking plaza and church, where numerous blacksmiths, resting on their heavy hammers, stood gaping at their doors at our passing vehicle, or came out to enquire the news, when we stopped to change mules. Neighbouring iron mines of superior excellence supply them with the best material for the exercise of their craft. After passing Escoriaza, and some women carried on the backs of mules, riding in panniers, one on each side; —leaving the province of Guipuzcoa, we soon began to ascend the lofty ridge of the Salinas. Instead of the two foremost pair of mules, six oxen were fastened to the carriage, who slowly toiled up the steep ascent with their heavy load. The drivers were wild looking fellows, who with their broad brimmed hats tapering to the crown, and loose leather leggins, and long wild hair, exactly resembled the traditionary brigands of cheap pictures. With long goads they urged on the flagging oxen to fresh exertions, whilst they excited and cheered them with the voice. The strange mingling of sounds was most amusing; for each driver appeared to have a favourite note of his own, and to attach himself to a particular animal, as the latter well understood, and not much to his comfort, by the vigorous pokes which accompanied the phrase. "Ita,"—"ota,"—"ya, ya,"—"urra, urra,"—"ola, ola," resounded on all sides. Leaving the poor animals to their plodding task, and cruel masters, I walked gently up the zig zag road, and sat down on a grass mound near the summit. The day was beautiful. The sun shone brightly; but a soft, balmy air, loaded with perfume of flowers and wild shrubs, seemed to ascend from the valley. The sound of distant church bells was borne upon the breeze, and below, in the valley, the murmur of a cascade was heard, whose solemn sound produced an indescribable charm and soothing effect on the mind. It was a day and a place to lose oneself in a reverie; till on a sudden turn of the road, the loaded coach with its four wearied mules and six toiling oxen; goaded on by the furious drivers, both men and beasts streaming with perspiration, drove all thoughts of peaceful repose from one's mind; which was not much restored by observing a rough looking native, armed with pistols, sabre, and a long gun; who accompanied the vehicle for its protection. It required more than an hour's toil to reach the top, where a fresh team of mules was ready in a solitary venta. We descended a short distance, galloping down the hills and across a sort of depression in the mountains, which gradually opened out to a more extensive plain, in which the eye caught the pleasant sight of the town of Vittoria. stretching along the gentle eminence which it covers. We passed several riders mounted on horses and mules, all of which shied as we passed them; for the high roads are probably not so overburdened with large vehicles, tearing along, (as it must appear to them,) at the rate of eight miles an hour, that they can become accustomed to the sight. The mules however to their fear, added the pleasing gift of obstinacy; and as they declined to make the least exertion to get out of the way, we witnessed several narrow escapes. At last one beast, more determined than his fellows, planted himself in the centre of the road and refused to move even in spite of the rider's imminent danger and his powerful spurs. The Royal mail was not to be stopped by a vicious mule, so it caught the animal by the hind legs and flung both him and his rider to the ground. The Royal mail was not to be stopped for an overthrown Spaniard, so we dashed on without waiting to see whether the mules legs were broken, or the rider killed. The postilion merely looked back with a smile, and we galloped on into Vittoria, where we delivered the mails and stopped for dinner at two o'clock.

CHAPTER VI.

VITTORIA—DINNER AT A FIRST RATE SPANISH HOTEL—THE PLAZA—CAVALRY HORSES—THE BATTLE OF VITTORIA—MIRANDA DEL EBRO—DEFILE OF PANCORBO—SIGNS OF EVENING—ARRIVAL AT BURGOS

The town of Vittoria combines within itself specimens of what the old towns of Spain were before the hand of improvement had taken hold of them, and of the changes which the new order of things has brought about. We entered through a new portion of the town. Fountains, squares, and broad streets, wanting in the picturesque balconies and overshadowing roofs which shelter you from the sun, with their ornamental projections, call to mind rather the modern extension of a French or Belgian town. Two noble "Alamedas"—that of El Prado. and that of La Florida—with shrubberies, fountains, and statues, however, in the south of the town; suffice to restore to it its real old Spanish character, the more especially when crowded, as they generally are in the evening, with "all the beauty and fashion" of the place. In a small square we passed a neat plain building. inscribed with the words "Deputacion de Alava," being the place of annual meeting for the deputies of the province. Our next visit was to the post-office; and then, crossing the very handsome new Plaza, with its arcades always crowded with the curious or the idle, we reached the "Parador Nuevo," a new inn, the arrangements of which may be reckoned amongst the wonders of Spain. Not only clean beds, curtains, and polished furniture, and soap to wash with, but even bells that will ring, and locks that will fasten, may be catalogued amongst its novel curiosities. When the coach stops, also, a table d'hote is ready for the nearly famished passenger; and coming from the Spanish interior, it no doubt appears to the native as something to be

proud of in the way of civilization, and it is so if compared with those times, not far distant, when every passenger was expected to bring his own bedding as well as his own provisions. To us, however, from the side of France, the accommodation could only be considered as a sort of gentle descent to the harder fare for which we were afterwards even to be thankful. The dinner consisted of first, a sort of tasteless thick soup, then bacalao or salt fish, then eels in a very insipid sauce, followed by other fish swimming in oil, broad beans and a large kind of peas, also eaten with oil;—but no meat. It was altogether a fish dinner, very different in character from those of Blackwall or Greenwich. Certainly none of these various dishes served either to provoke or satisfy the appetite. A few very dried raisins and sweet biscuits succeeded. At dinner a very poor wine of the country proved an excellent imitation of vinegar, but my two companions, who were Spaniards, did not visit the bottle much; and after tasting it once, I felt no desire for a better acquaintance with its contents. After dinner, a small decanter of excellent dry Sherry, and another one of Malaga were placed on the table in a stand, and by the tiny size of the glasses which hung from the frame they were evidently considered as choice liqueurs. Neither of the Spaniards touched those luxuries; but they were so much more congenial to English taste, than the viands which had preceded, that it was impossible to resist the temptation to finish with their more agreeable flavour. Before the diligence started, I wandered round the town. Being the central point for several communications to Madrid, Burgos, Pamplona, and Bilbao, and also on the high road from France, it is a bustling lively town. Besides the "diligencias," strings of mules, and donkeys, waggons, and cars, laden with various produce, grain, vegetables, and earthenware, and the picturesque costumes of peasants, priests, and soldiers, or the pretty peasant girls, gossipping or coquetting near the fountain, render the great square or Plaza, a scene of never ending amusement. We started again at half-past three. The mayoral or conducteur, with polite assiduity had drawn down all the blinds of the "berlina," to enable me in oriental fashion to enjoy a cool after-dinner siesta; but he had miscalculated the curiosity or activity of an English traveller, who would little think of passing through a town, which he had never seen before, with eyes closed, or shutters to the windows, even at the risk of letting in as I quickly did the fierce rays of a burning afternoon sun. At the large fountain in the Plaza, a troop of cavalry were giving their horses drink. The men were mean of stature, but hardy-looking fellows, blazing in yellow jackets and black trousers with red stripes; but as for the horses, such collections of bones covered with rough uncurried skins would scarcely meet with a purchaser in Smithfield. Such of the poor animals as had sufficient life shied with fright as the diligence passed; and those that did not, appeared to be too weakly or spiritless to take interest in anything passing around them. We reached Puebla de Arganzon, a village in the defiles of the Morillas hills through which the river Zadorra runs into the plain, a little before five o'clock. It was in the plain between these hills and the town of Vittoria that the celebrated battle was fought, by which, on the 21st June, 1813, a finishing stroke was given by our glorious Duke to the retreat of the French from Madrid. The French position extended for nearly eight miles, covering the three great roads leading to Vittoria, and especially the main road to France by Bayonne. The armies opposed to each other were nearly equal in numbers, consisting of about 70,000 men each The attack was commenced by the Spaniards, under Murillo The British right, under Sir Rowland Hill, attacked the heights of La Puebla, whilst Sir Thomas Graham, with the left, gained the high road from Bilbao to Vittoria, and after a severe conflict possessed himself of the village of Gamarra Mayor. By six o'clock in the evening the centre and left had driven the enemy from the town of Vittoria; and Sir T. Graham then passing the river Zadorra, occupied the high road to Bayonne, and forced the French to retire on Pamplona. Marshal Jourdan, whose marshal's staff was amongst the spoils of the victors, and Joseph Buonaparte, commanded the French, who, after bravely standing the short but violent attack of the allies, fled in the utmost confusion through the town, losing 6,000 men in killed and wounded, and abandoning in their hurry 150 cannon, with all the plunder of ill-fated Spain with which they hoped to escape into France. The victory was dearly purchased. The loss of the allies was 5,000 men, of whom more than two-thirds were British. Joseph Buonaparte had a narrow escape of being taken. The 10th Hussars entered Vittoria as he was leaving it in his carriage. Captain Wyndham, with one squadron of cavalry, pursued him, when he had barely time to throw himself on a horse and gallop off under the protection of an escort of dragoons. The carriage was taken, and was found loaded with the most splendid trinkets and precious spoils. Southey's description of the scene after the fight is too picturesque to be omitted. "The wives of the officers had gathered together in one house, where they were safe, and from whence they were sent in their own carriages to Pamplona. Poodles, parrots, and monkeys, were among the prisoners. Seldom had such a scene of confusion being witnessed as that which the roads leading from the field of battle presented—broken down waggons stocked with claret and champagne, others laden with eatables, dressed and undressed, casks of brandy, apparel of every kind—barrels of money, books, papers, sheep, cattle, horses and mules abandoned in the flight. The baggage was presently rifled and the followers of the camp attired themselves in the gala dresses of the flying enemy. Portuguese boys, figured about in the dress coats of French general officers, and they who happened to draw a woman's wardrobe in the lottery, converted silks, satins, and embroidered muslins into scarfs and sashes for their masquerade triumph." An auction was held on benches, stretched from waggon to waggon, for the disposal of plunder. Even dollars became an article of sale,—eight dollars were sold for a guinea; guineas having been struck for the payment of the troops, and made current in Portugal by a decree of the Regency.

In about another hour we reached Miranda del Ebro, situated on the river, and close on the borders of the Castiles, on entering which province from the Basques, the baggage has another visitation to undergo. I was fortunate, however in falling in with an "Aduanero," or Customhouse officer, who spoke both French and German, the latter being his native tongue, and in his delight at conversing with a stranger, who had visited his own country, he hurried over his official duties with the slightest inspection to return to the sweet reminiscences of his "fatherland"—"dulces reminiscitur Argos." A crowd of incorrigible beggars soon gathered round, and would have heard something not so much to their satisfaction if they could have understood the worthy German's not altogether laudatory remarks. The town is said to contain 25,000 inhabitants, and a noble bridge here crosses the Ebro. Thence through a fine avenue of trees, we rapidly approached the circle of mountains which hem in all the plain of Vittoria, till about seven o'clock we reached Pancorbo, the narrow pass between the mountains of Oca and the Pyrenees. This pass is wonderfully wild, and as the shadows of the evening began to add a mysterious gloom to some of the recesses of the mountains, whilst the fantastic peaks of others stood out glowing with the rays of the setting sun, it presented a scene which neither the pencil nor the pen could pourtray. Some of the sharp and rugged rocks impended over the road like falling towers; others presented smooth and inaccessible precipices. The narrow cleft in the mountains scarcely seemed to leave room for the little river Oroncillo, which foamed like a torrent over the rocky obstacles below; and the road winds so frequently, that a new and more surprising scene is constantly opening to view. In the middle of the defile appear the ruins of a chapel which formerly afforded travellers the means of offering prayers for their safety or thanks for their deliverance, and the remains of both ancient and modern fortifications show that even up to recent times its importance has

been appreciated. It ought to have furnished the Spaniards with the opportunity of making a bold stand against the French; but through cowardice or treachery, or both, Napoleon found an easy passage through the difficult defiles. At the other end of the pass, a small town or village closed up the entrance from the side of Castile. The labour of the day, if it could be dignified by that name, was over, and the people were sitting at their own doors, apparently enjoying the suffocating air of the close and narrow streets. Filth and idleness appear to be the presiding genii of the place, unless pride might also be considered as struggling for pre-eminence,—every one covering his "looped and windowed raggedness" with his threadbare cloak. The "posta" for letters was at the end of the village. Signs of the coming night were visible in the return of the four-legged inhabitants to the shelter of its walls. A large flock of goats was coming in, following the wild-looking little goatherd, or skipping up the sides of the hillocks which border the road, and leisurely nibbling at the scanty coarse grass which scarcely covered them; then came a troop of donkeys collected from the fields, about to be employed in the carriage of merchandise the next day, each one "wandering at his own sweet will," but all wending their way to the different houses, whose lower rooms are appropriated for their reception. By the time we passed through Briviesca, a large town on the Oca, it was too dark to enjoy a further view of the country, and I was regaled instead by the conversation of the "Mayoral" on the wonders of Burgos. In addition to the favour of his conversation, he generously proffered me a portion of the "chorizo," or pork sausage, which formed his evening meal; but as neither the hand which held it, nor the knife which cut it, appeared to be of the cleanest, I contented myself with thanks for his courteous offer. It was half-past one before we arrived at Burgos, and having first delivered the mails at the Posta, we drove up to the hotel "El parador del Dorado," which, in spite of its golden name, appeared to offer but a poor termination to a long and fatiguing journey. A strong smell of stables pervaded, as usual, the lower part of the house. The old man leading the way up some darksome stairs, with a nearly extinguished candle in his hand, found a door without a bell or a knocker. After alternately kicking and thumping with the fist, a half-dressed, slovenly servant came down and showed the way to a fair-sized and cleanly saloon or dining room, whilst she prepared the chocolate, sugar and water, and toasted bread, which appears the universal greeting for the weary traveller. It was not cheering to scrutinize too closely the furniture of my chamber, and I found it the wisest plan to forget all its defects in the enjoyments of a welcome and profound slumber.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CATHEDRAL OF BURGOS—HIGH MASS—THE CONGREGATION—THE CHOIR, SOME SINGULAR ORNAMENTS—THE GRAND ALTAR—THE SAGRARIO—CAPILLA DEL CONDESTABLE—THE CHAPELS—THE COFFER OF THE CID—THE CLOISTERS AND TOMBS—PURGATORY AND INDULGENCIES—CURIOUS RELICS—THE ESPOLON OR ESPLANADE OF BURGOS.

The old man who had lighted me to my room, the preceding evening, awoke me with annoying attention, from a refreshing slumber with the information that the diligence for Valladolid only left every alternate day, and that, missing this evening, I should be detained on my journey for three days. However agreeable the stay in a city so renowned for its chivalrous recollections, this delay did not suit my plans, and I accordingly determined to secure my place for the evening, and make the best use of the intervening time. On commencing the mysteries of the toilet I soon began to ascertain the deficiencies of arrangements, which were truly Spanish;—no towel, nor soap, nor glass, nor water bottle, nor carpet for the floor, nor bell through which to vent one's impatience. No obsequious "boots" had placed his polished charge ready for use; but after considerable trouble a ragged urchin, worthy to figure amongst Murillo's beggars, was found to discharge the important duty. He did not depart, however, till his service had been separately requited, as such an office bearer is not to be considered an appendage to a Spanish Hotel. Whilst dressing, the servant brought me up the tiny cup of chocolate, the cake of sugar, the toasted bread, and in lieu of the water, the unusual luxury of a cup of cold milk. Taking the grey headed old man as my guide, I passed through the principal Plaza, which is the great lounging place of Burgos, and otherwise only remarkable for the theatrical bronze statue of Charles the Third, and hastened to the cathedral, which is one of the most magnificent specimens of gothic work in Europe. The situation, in a sort of cleft of a hill, though it hides much of the grandeur, which from its size and magnificence would strike the eye of the spectator, yet allows of that great variety of rich ornaments in the various flights of steps, doors, and irregular archways, for which the gothic style is so peculiarly adapted. The west front with its beautiful spires of exquisite lacework, every pinnacle crowned with small statues, and the beautiful screen in front, with steps down to the fountain, and the broad flight of steps, which lead up to the Calle alta, or "High street" above, altogether form a picture which it is not surprising should have attracted the eye of an artist of so much taste as Roberts. In the centre of the West portal may be noticed the statue of the Virgin, which has given the name of Santa Maria to this entrance, with bas reliefs representing her Conception, Assumption, and Coronation. The open gallery which unites the two towers, seems at a distance to be pierced with graceful open work; but, when examined from the gallery itself, these ornaments will be found to be gothic letters forming the inscription, "Pulchra es et decora." This style of letter ornaments prevails in several other parts of the church, and adds greatly to the interest of the spectator;—thus in the ornamented breastwork under the statue of the Virgin, may be made out the words "Pax vobis;"—in that to the left, "Ecce agnus Dei;"—and at the end the name "Jesus." The South door, nearest to the Bishop's palace, and called, Puerta del Sarmental, with its lofty flight of steps, is also a beautiful approach and covered with curious carvings. Sixty four statues adorn the entrance, whilst seven others of a natural size include Peter and Paul, Aaron and Moses. On the tables of the law, which are borne in the left hand of the last, may be read texts from Scripture. "Non habebis Deos alienos coram me:"—thou shalt have none other Gods but me. "Honora patrem tuum et matrem tuam" honour thy father and mother. Angels bearing censors, and others with candles in their hands ornament the front. On descending the steps towards the street, various tombs in niches will be noticed, from the singularity of some of the sculpture. In one an angel is represented to be fighting with a dragon; two other angels are overburdened with the souls they are carrying; and several human figures are uncomfortably trying in a large cauldron, surrounded by flames. All the other gates or approaches are distinguished either by the curious design, or the excessive richness of the carved work. Opposite to the door just described is the Puerta alta, or "high gate:" because from the street on this side being much higher than the floor of the Cathedral, a singular and most picturesque double staircase descends from the door to the interior of the church. This door appears however only to be opened on particular occasions. This staircase is modern, of the 16th century, supported by three arches on columns, and almost conceals the tomb of Bernardino Gutierrez. The foliage, the griffins, and

lion's claws, and a beautiful group of children cannot fail of drawing attention. The artist is unknown, for a griffin or fanciful figure holds a scroll apparently destined for his name, which has unfortunately escaped the immortality thus designed for it. The cutside of this portal is adorned with various groups of figures, representing amongst others the Saviour seated, whilst a man and woman are supplicating for mercy, behind whom two angels, one with a spear and the other with a whip, seem to threaten them with punishment. Not to weary by a more minute description, it will suffice to mention the other door, opening at the foot of the interior staircase, "Puerta de la Pellegeria," carved most elaborately in the richest style of the renaissance Festoons and scrolls, the statues of St. John the Baptist, and the Evangelist of the same name, St. James and St. Andrew,—bas-reliefs representing the martyrdom of the two former, a prelate kneeling at the foot of the Child held in the Virgin's arms, and a chorus of angels, playing on lutes and other instruments, comprize but a small portion of the elaborate ornaments of this richly sculptured portal. In the interior of the Cathedral are many things which deserve notice. Not the least of these, when I entered, was the congregation itself, assembled at High Mass. It seemed as if beggary or poverty had collected all its representatives in one spot, merely clothing all the males with the universal livery of a ragged but capacious brown cloak, and the females with a black mantilla, whose hue though not widely different from the other, covered more attractive features, for many of the peasant girls are very pretty. The blue cloaks being a sign of gentility, and it was to be hoped also of superior cleanliness, I hastily retreated to a corner, where a select few of this colour had assembled, and thence surveyed the strange and heterogeneous combination of magnificence and dirt,—of intense devotion and imposing hypocrisy. However harsh the last words may sound, the expressions of some of the choristers and attendants engaged in the service as the latter tottered away under the load of rich and heavy dresses, which the former had worn in a procession, but threw them off as they entered the choir, left no doubt of its applicability. All the pomp of Roman Catholic worship was here fully displayed. Two organs, and the volume of sound from the fine voices of the choristers rolled through the aisle,—clouds of incense overpowered the senses,—and the gorgeous dresses and massive silver candelabra with their blazing lights,—the tinkling bells,—and the kneeling crowds were all calculated to fill the mind of the spectator with a feeling of interest, though mingled with sad reflection on the transient effect of these mere outward and idle ceremonies. From the place where I stood, the magnificent Crucero or octagonal tower, rising above the lofty arches at the intersection of the transepts and nave, appeared a marvel of taste and workmanship. The former having fallen down in 1539, Pope Paul 3rd was prevailed upon to grant indulgencies to whoever would assist in removing the rubbish, or advance the pious work of restoration. The zeal of the city was so effectually stimulated that it was rewarded with its arms being carved with those of the illustrious individuals, Charles 5th, the archbishop Juan Alvarez de Toledo, and the Duchess of Alva, whose armorial bearings may still be traced on the pillars. The enthusiastic Dominican who has published a history of the Cathedral, reports the saying of Charles the 5th, "that the work is so exquisite that it ought to be kept in a case like a jewel"; and of Philip the 3rd, "that it is more like the work of angels than of men." But even allowing for the worthy father's or the emperor's poetical embellishments, it is still a piece of architecture which strikes the spectator with astonishment at the richness and variety of the work. Against two of the pillars are placed rich gilt pulpits. When the service was over I entered the choir. The stalls are carved most elaborately with subjects from the New Testament, beginning with the Annunciation of the Virgin Mary down to the appearance of Christ to his disciples. The seats are composed of inlaid wood, representing figures tilting at each other &c, and some are not so decent as might be expected in a Cathedral. But the richest and most singular piece of carving is the archbishop's throne. The carvings represent "Jacob receiving the benediction of his father," "The archangel Raphael with Tobit holding the fish in his hands," whilst, at the back, the rather incongruous subject of Jupiter, in the shape of a bull, carrying off Europa, and above this, Abraham in a deep sleep, with a tree springing out of his breast, amidst the branches of which are carved figures of all the descendants of the patriach to the birth of Christ. The reja or screen at the entrance of the choir, as well as one leading into the transcript are of excelling beauty. One of the principal ornaments of the church is the high altar in the style of the renaissance covered with figures, and bas-reliefs filled with elaborate carving. Eight twisted pillars divide it into parts, and round the pillars various species of plants entwine like ivy, containing in their interweaving branches and leaves, a curious collection of saints, martyrs, abbots, and doctors. Many of the names are quite unknown to fame, at least by those, not deeply read in legends and miracles. Thomas of Canterbury, and Thomas Aquinas figure with the Saint Pantaleon, Saint Zoilus and Saintess Jubita, who are said to be martyrs, but even Father Orcajo is compelled to admit that that there are several who by their names having been unfortunately omitted under their figures, have gained only the sufferings without the credit of martyrdom. The most precious ornament of the high altar, is the Sagrario or depository which contains the pix with the consecrated wafer. It is divided into various compartments with admirably sculptured relievos of subjects from the old and new testament. In one Melchisedec is represented as offering the bread and wine to Abraham; in another the Israelites gathering Manna; in a third, David demanding the consecrated bread; and the sword of Goliah from Ahimelech; and in the fourth, the prophet Elias at Mount Horeb, visited by the angel who calls upon him to rise and eat of the cake and drink of the cruize of water which he had provided for him, whilst in the centre is the box enclosed in a chrystal, which contains the holy wafer, and bears the inscription, which, as it is applied, plainly asserts the doctrine of transubstantiation,—Vere est Dominus in loco sancto isto, "Truly the Lord is in this holy place." The second division represents five subjects,—The prayer in the Garden,—Judas's kiss,—The last supper,—Christ presented to the people by Pilate,—and bearing the Cross. In the lower part of the Sagrario are various quotations from scripture, and here also were formerly deposited the bodies of Santa Victoria, Santa Centola, and Santa Elena, whose matryrdom is represented on the pedestals. The first is said to be the daughter of the King of Sicily and of the holy Gerasina. She and her mother perished with the 11,000 virgins at Cologne, and her body was first brought to this church from Cologne in 1520 by the pious Gonzales, Bishop of Burgos. But we must hastily pass over the remaining subjects of this richly sculptured altar piece. It was begun in 1577, and finished in 1593 by the brothers Rodrigo and Martin del Haya, and cost, without the alterations, 40,000 ducats. Juan de Urbina, of Madrid, and Gregorio Martinez, of Valladolid, were occupied three years merely in gilding it, at a cost of 11,000 ducats more. On one side may be noticed the tombs of the Infanta don Juan, son of Alphonso the Wise, and of the Conde don Sancho and his wife Beatrice, the daughter of Don Pedro, King of Portugal. Six magnificent candelabra of silver adorn the steps of the altar, and the priests might elevate into a miracle the fact of their having escaped the rapacity of the French. Even at the back of the Sagrario are some carvings, representing the taking of Christ, the crucifixion and the ascension, occupying the place of some monuments which have been demolished. These relievos are of most minute and finished workmanship. I was engaged in examining them when the Sacristan came up with the keys of the Capilla del Condestable, the chapel of the family of Velasco, which both inside and out is one of the wonders of Burgos and of Spain. The meaning of the word Constable both in France and Spain was very different from the humble position we have assigned it. It literally signifies, "comes stabuli," Count of the Stable, or more properly, Master of the Horse, whose duty it was to be near the king when he

mounted his horse, and to carry the standard when he engaged in battle. In those warlike times therefore, it was in both countries a post of the highest honour and dignity, and was sought by or raised to renown the most powerful families. The family of Velasco, who founded this chapel in 1487 dedicated it to the "Purification of our Lady," from a fine group representing this subject in the magnificent entrance from the body of the Cathedral. The mind is at first quite bewildered with the variety of statues, ornaments, pinnacles, and canopies, the effect of which to the eye it would be a vain attempt to describe. Of all the elaborate work in iron, which the reader may have seen, there is probably nothing finer than the superb Reja or railing, which encloses this chapel. It is composed of two styles, the lower one consisting of quadrangular pillars, and the upper in the shape of balusters, whilst the top is finished with a St. Andrew's cross and various ornaments; amongst which are two kneeling figures bearing up a shield. When it was first completed the effect must have been most gorgeous, covered with gilding and painted in the various colours of each figure to imitate nature. In the second division of the reja may be seen the name of the artist Andino, and the date 1523. The first objects that catch the eye in the interior, are the tombs of Pedro Hernandez de Velasco, who died in 1492, and of his wife Dona Mencia, Condesa de Haro, who died in 1500. The lacework, the armour, and the ornaments on the cloaks are finished with wonderful minuteness, as are also the gloves on the hands of the lady Donna Mencia, and the little dog reposing at her feet. On the other side of the effigy of the Constable is another large tomb or pedestal of jasper, the precious stone of which is broken and without a figure, which perhaps may never have been completed. A picture of the Magdalen in an inner chapel, is said to be by Leonardo da Vinci; but Ford throws doubt upon this tradition. The picture however is kept covered up, and the priests will probably be the last to agree in the remarks of the learned critic. Amongst many other interesting objects are some historical portraits —such as those of the Constable and of the Countess. At the entrance of the chapel are two fine sepulchres one of Don Pedro Gutierez de Fuljada, bishop of Burgos, and the other of Don Domingo de Arroyuelo. The sepuchral tablet of the latter is adorned with groups of the twelve apostles and the Saviour in the midst of them, and on the tablet of the former is represented his death and burial. The grand altar of the principal chapel is full of fine sculpture and some very curious ornaments. In the lower part is represented the subject of the purification, containing figures of the Virgin and child, Saint Joseph, Simeon, the prophetess Ann, and a female servant, carrying doves in a basket,—all of the natural size. On each side, are figures, the design of which will prove how much imagination as well as exquisite art has been expended in the various portions of this remarkable edifice. On one side is the Law of Grace, represented by a beautiful female, with hands crossed and eyes raised to heaven,—on the other side is the written Law, as an aged man, holding the tables of the Law in his left hand, and pointing to them with his right. Above may be noticed relievos of "the prayer in the garden" and other subjects; and in the pediment the Assumption, the Birth of Christ, and the Visitation. In the centre of the "retablo" are some very curious carvings in ivory of the Crucifixion, as well as some singular relics, amongst which the Sacristan particularly directed my attention to a piece of coarse cloth, stained, as he told me, with the blood of the Holy Trinity!! Before leaving this chapel, the visitor will not fail to admire the beautiful coloured windows, brilliant, amongst other ornaments, with the arms of the noble family, whose fame and riches are so well recorded here. In visiting the various other chapels which surround the Cathedral, I found myself obliged to seek out different Sacristans, or keepers of the keys, as a few only were open, and many contained admirable sculpture, or historical memorials, too interesting to be passed over. Of these we must be content, with noticing only a very few. In the principal altar of the Capilla de Santa Tecla, V. y M., (Virgin and Martyr) are three small statues, representing the Saviour as a child, and San Ignacio de Loyola and San Francisco Xavier, the Jesuits,—strange associations. This chapel was founded by the Archbishop of Burgos, in 1737, and is comparatively modern; it contains within its boundaries several chapels, which have been united into one, and amongst others that of Santa Victoria the martyr, previously mentioned, and that of the parochial church of Santiago de la Fontana—so called from a fountain which formerly existed here. Previous to the building of the Cathedral, it formed the parish church, and was partly pulled down for the erection of the former, and being also a royal chapel, bears the arms of Castile on the gate. In the capilla de Santa Ana, y la Concepcion, the retablo of the grand altar is of great magnificence in the gothic style. On the left of the screen, on entering, is the splendid monumental altar of Don Fernando Diez de Fuente Pelayo, Archdeacon of Burgos, representing a body clothed in sacerdotal vestments, with a closed book in the hand; beneath is a fine sculpture of the angels announcing to the shepherds the birth of Christ. The canopies, both above and at the side, are of exquisite workmanship. Near the steps of the grand altar is the monument of the founder, Senor don Luis Acuna Ossorio,—one of the noblest in the Cathedral. The small statues of Justice Charity, Fortitude, Peace, &c., which adorn the sides, are especially worthy of attention.

In the transept to which the staircase of the "Puerta alta" descends, is the Capilla de los Bonifaces, which is remarkable for the portraits of Popes Gregory the Eleventh, and Alexander the Sixth. Beyond this, is the magnificent monument of Pedro Fernandez Villegas, who is principally distinguished for having translated 34 cantos of Dante into Spanish, and for two religious treatises. In the Capilla de San Gregorio Papa, the high altar was privileged by a bull of the Pope Gregory 13th; and in the principal niche may be noticed the Saint of that name, with a pen in one hand and a book in the other, whilst an angel is holding his inkstand. Above his head the Holy Spirit, in the form of a dove, appears to float in the air, being sustained only by two slender wires. Beyond the Capilla del Condestable, already described, is the parochial church, called Capilla del Apostol Santiago: it contains the fine monument of Don Juan Ortega de Velasco. Two children sustain the scroll on which the epitaph is inscribed. The arch is supported on two caryatides; two little winged cherubs in the corners are blowing wind instruments, and in one part is the Conception of the Virgin, surrounded by angels, clad in short garments. In a circle below, where the Baptism of Christ is represented, little children may be seen holding towels in the hands to dry the body. Another sepulchral arch contains the effigies of Lesmes de Astudillo and his wife, Dona Mencia Paredes, with an appropriate representation of the worship of the Magi (or Three Kings, as they are called.) The inscription states that he built, at his own cost, the chapel, with all its rich decorations, in which the bodies of the Three Kings are buried at Cologne, and which most of my readers may have seen. The Capilla de la Visitacion de nuestra Senôra, in the transept, contains in the centre the superb monument of Senor Don Alonzo de Cartagena; it is composed of alabaster, richly wrought. The crozier, the cope, and the pillows are especially admirable for the fineness of the work; and various figures of Saints adorn the sides. In the Capilla de San Juan de Sahagun is the tomb of the blessed Lesmes, who intercedes for those who suffer by disease of the kidneys; he died at Burgos in 1212. It seems that he was the attendant of San Julian, Bishop of Cuenca who, having distributed all his stores to the poor, was miraculously supplied with more by a great number of mules, who came loaded with corn; no one knew who sent them, nor where they brought it from. But the miracle appears to have been fatal to poor Lesmes, who worked so hard in measuring out the fresh supply to the poor of the neighbourhood, that he caught the disease, for which he has been canonized. Though he died of it, he bore it with so much

fortitude that his tomb is still frequented by sufferers not so patient, who come hither to avail themselves of his intercession to relieve them. The Relicary is said to contain in the high altar, the bodies of Santa Victoria and the other virgins and martyrs, taken from the grand altar of the principal nave,—also a piece of the new cross, and the celebrated Nuestra Senora de Oca, and another virgin, called "De Milagros," or "of miracles;" because, as the story goes, a young woman who had to complain of "a breach of promise of marriage," in days when probably no action could be brought, appealed to this Virgin, whether the faithless swain had not plighted his troth in her very presence. The image inclined its head, and has remained in that position ever since. It is not related whether this significant act was as satisfactory as a verdict with damages, or whether it really frightened the lover into doing the act of justice which the maiden sought. The Capilla de la Presentacion de Nuestra Senora, founded by Don Gonsalo Diez de Lerma, contains a fine painting, said to be by Michael Angelo Buonarotti, representing the Virgin of the natural size, holding the Infant, whilst two angels are in the act of crowning her. The monuments of Don Jacobo de Bilbao and of the founder are both very splendid. Afterhaving admired these various specimens of art, of nature, and out of nature, I enquired for El Cofre de Cid, and was shown through the chapel, formerly called Corpus Christi, but now better known by the name of Juan Cuchiller, a Knight who was attached to the Court of Henry the 3rd, and whose effigy, in alabaster, with a dog at his feet, is worthy of notice. The "Coffer of the Cid" is preserved on brackets, high up against the wall. It is venerable by its antiquity, the renown of its owner, and the curious story relating to it, which I may afterwards mention. The entrance to this chapel is from one of the sides of the beautiful Cloisters. I then visited the Sala Capitular, and admired its beautiful dark coloured ceiling, richly decorated with arms and gilding; and afterwards the old Sacristy, which contains portraits of the Bishops of Burgos from an early period. Twelve large Venetian mirrors decorate the walls, and the drawers to contain the dresses are of the richest workmanship, but they are no longer in general use. The entrance of the Cloisters, with the archway and the gates, is in the most florid style of decoration. On the latter are sculptured, in one compartment, the entry of Christ into Jerusalem; in another, a dragon flinging from him human figures, which Christ receives, and various statues of the Apostles, &c., in niches, complete the richness of effect. A baptism of Christ, represented in the arch above, is remarkable by the figure of the Saviour being seated, and the waters of the Jordan flowing over his legs and feet. Statues of King David, the prophet Isaiah, the archangel Gabriel, and the Virgin, all of natural size, are amongst the ornaments; one head in stone is said to be the portrait of San Francisco de Asis, since it is related that the saint being at Burgos, on the business of founding his order, whilst this gate was in course of construction, one of the workmen caught his features, as, luckily for his immortality, he happened to pass, and fixed him here for the admiration of posterity. The Cloisters themselves are full of magnificent tombs and statues of saints, patriarchs, Bishops, &c.; they are of pure style of gothic of the 14th century, richly ornamented. It would take too long to describe their numerous beauties. I can mention only the exquisite alto-relievo of the Virgin and Child, above the monument of Senor Santander. She holds a book in the right hand and the Child in the left, and the grace and beauty of both the figures are inimitable. The inscriptions on the different tombs form an authentic history of the ecclesiastical and distinguished personages of Burgos. In my progress to the different chapels and the cloisters, I was attended by a little retinue of the lower class of Spaniards, who, not often finding admission to these locked up chapels, availed themselves of the opportunity of satisfying their curiosity. The grey-headed old man had been lost during his devotions; and I was not sorry when the sacristan left me, to find one of our grateful followers politely offer to show me the way to the tower. About half way up is the dwelling of a female, who, with her family, (who certainly by their healthy appearance did credit to their elevated position,) surveys the busy world from this safe distance from its turmoil, and has charge of the tower, and of the walks around the upper part of the church. The view from the summit is very extensive, including the roads to Santander, Madrid, Valladolid, and France. Near the banks of the river, about two miles distant, may be noticed the Convent of Miraflores with its beautiful gothic chapel rising above a few trees; further off is Cardena, the burial place of the Cid; and nearer the town, the Royal Nunnery of Huelgas. The Hospital del Rey, and the ruins of the Castello on a steep hill above the town, are also fine objects seen from this height, and the whole being shut in by lofty mountains, combine in a varied scene of beauty and grandeur. From this position, too, the admirable workmanship of the exterior of the Capilla del Condestable, as well as of the Crucero, whose exquisite gothic pinnacles are ornamented with innumerable statues, and all the finer carving of the towers, which is scarcely visible from below, may be seen to great advantage. On descending, we were shown into,—shall I call it, the the boudoir of the lady. Above the head of her couch opens a small wooden door, which is on a level with the clock on the other side of the nave; but in the interior of the church. After watching a few minutes, a door in the face of the clock opened, and a little armed figure stepped out and struck the quarters, and then disappeared, closing the door behind him. A larger figure, by the side, with a paper of music in his hand, then opened his mouth, and appeared to sing out the proper number of hours, which, to the great delight of the lively young Spaniard who accompanied me, happened to be the greatest number which he ever sings. We have thus made a hasty inspection of this superb edifice; it would take days to examine minutely all the beauties which the art of the sculptor has lavished here, and even then, description would fail to convey any adequate idea of it. But it may be satisfactory to those who feel disposed to make so agreeable an excursion to know at the same time how they may wipe off the score of some of their sins, and not throw away their time or money without some recompense at least. The benevolent and officious Dominican Orcajo, whose excellent history may be procured at Burgos, says that he is anxious that the faithful who visit this sacred edifice, should not be defrauded of the consequence of their pious exercises and visits through ignorance; but that they should be prepared to profit, either for themselves or others, by the inestimable treasure of "Indulgencias" which may be obtained here. A plenary indulgence is the remission of the penalty for all the sins that the sinner has confessed or has truly repented of, and he who has the good fortune to gain one of these, goes to Heaven without any delay in purgatory. "Partial indulgences" may be for any defined time, and they release the soul from the pains of purgatory for the given number of days or years, contracted for. Orcajo names up to 2,000 years, but it does not appear intended as the limit, merely as an instance; the said number of days and years, however, usually corresponding to those of penitence, imposed by the antient canons of the church. He gives as an example, that if a man confesses to have committed adultery, the confessor, according to the antient canons, ought to impose seven years of penitence; but if he obtains an "Indulgence" of seven years, he satisfies the penalty, and we suppose is free to begin again. Let us now see how this cathedral came to be so richly ornamented and endowed. Pope Innocent the Fourth, granted five years and five cuarentenas (40 days each) to every one who contributed to the building or decoration of the church, every time he gave. Pope Alexander the Fourth offered the same, thus doubling the recompense; and various other bishops of the church have added to the boon. It does not appear to us, that the amount of the gift is named for which each indulgence is granted; consequently, a cunning sinner might

subdivide his contribution, and multiply his "Indulgencies" ad infinitum, or at least in proportion to the smallest coin of the realm. It may be remarked that the church, in spite of the prodigality of the Popes and Bishops, does not appear in the least alarmed at the thought of her stores being exhausted, to judge from the doubling or trebling the allowance for the same service. For every Ave Maria or Salve repeated before the Silver image of our Lady at the grand altar, Senor don Fernando Manuel de Mesia granted 80 days of indulgence, and Senor don José Javier Rodriguez de Arellano 80 days more. They were both Bishops. The former also granted 80 days for one Pater Noster, and Ave Maria repeated on the Nativity, at the altar of our Lord in the chapel of San Nicholas, and 80 days for every Salve before the Image of our Lady of Miracles, previously mentioned. Many indulgencies are gained by reciting Pater Nosters, and Ave Marias, before the banner of the King Alonzo the 8th, who gained the battle of Las Navas de Tolosa: 200,000 Moors perished before it, whilst only 25 Christians bit the dust. It therefore became, as it deserved to be, a most precious relic.

Senor don Juan de Isla granted 40 days indulgence to persons of both sexes, who should visit the chapel of our Lady of Grace. The said chapel and altar afforded also many indulgences to those who were inscribed in the book of the "Fraternity" of the same name, with plenary indulgence, if when dying they invoked the name of Jesus with the mouth, if they could speak, but if not, with the heart.

Chapel of the Constable.—Pope Sixtus 5th granted for ever to those who should repeat in this chapel, one Pater Noster and one Ave Maria, for the exaltation of the Holy Faith, for peace amongst Christian princes, and for the salvation of the souls of the Constable and his predecessors, on the days in Lent, the four "temporas" (days of fasting), and other days on which there are "Estaciones" (fixed days of prayer) in Rome, the same "plenary indulgences" and "remissions of sins," *as if they had been actually present at Rome on those occasions.* It is to be hoped that the contributions which the faithful make on these occasions, are forwarded to Rome, or it would be very like "robbing Peter to pay Paul."

Works of Charity.—Pope Urban the Fourth granted five years and five cuarentenas, of pardon, (no doubt the word *quarantine*, being a sort of purgatory for those suspected of the plague, is derived from the same root,) to every faithful Christian, who accompanies the most Holy Sacrament or the Holy Oil, when it is carried to the sick.

Visiting the Altars—Whosoever, on any of the days "de las Estaciones" in Rome, devoutly visits five altars, and prays to God for the union of Christian princes, and their triumph over the infidels, will obtain a plenary indulgence both for himself, and, *by way of favour*, for those deceased, for whom his visit and prayer is intended.

These are sufficient as specimens of the munificence of the Popes and of the Bishops of Burgos; but in addition to these we might examine a complete diary of Indulgences, by which it would be shown that there are few days on which a very liberal "indulgence" might not be obtained, in some or other of the numerous chapels and shrines in this cathedral. The day on which I had the good fortune to be present, the indulgencies are described to be the same as those on New Year's Day. The privileges correspond with those which were granted for contributions to the building or decoration of the church, of which a part only was mentioned above. On this day, the indulgence for every one who hears mass or repeats a prayer, is

Five years and 200 days (5 cuarentenas) granted by Pope Innocent 4th.

Five years and 200 days (5 cuarentenas) by Pope Alexander 4th.

1080 days (27 cuarentenas) by different Bishops of this Cathedral.

80 days, by Senor Don Diego Felipe de Perea Nieto y Magdaleno.

80 days by Senor don José Javier Rodriguez de Arellano.

Perhaps the reader may exclaim "Oh! these are follies of byegone days: these things are altered in this enlightened age." Let him turn then to a donation to this highly privileged cathedral by Pope Gregory the 16th, who, by a decree of a date so recent as 15th December, 1845, grants "plenary indulgence" to all persons of both sexes, who, after having confessed and received the sacrament, should visit the Capilla de la Visitacion, on the day of the celebration of the feast of San Ildefonso, between the first vespers and sunset of the following day, and there repeat prayers for a reasonable length of time "segun la mente de su Santidad."

Any one desiring further information, is referred to the printed notices, hung up in the nave or chapels, or to the book in which they are published every year, on the first Sunday after Easter, on which day also the relics are exhibited on an altar decorated with great solemnity for the occasion. It may be readily supposed that a church, rich in so many good things, is not wanting in the profitable article of relics; the authenticity of which we shall not be expected to prove after naming them. The precious bodies of saints are too numerous to mention. We pass on therefore to some of the earth from the grave of John the Baptist;—some of the bread which remained after the feast in the desert;—part of Moses's wand;—a stone from the Temple of Solomon;—and a part of one of the six water pots, in which the water was turned into wine, at the marriage at Cana in Galilee. These alone would have made the fortune of a smaller church; but in a box, it is stated, there are preserved 250 other relics, amongst which are a piece of the stone on which the Saviour's cross was fixed;—of the holy sepulchre;—of the ground on which he prayed in the Garden;—and of the sponge, with which the vinegar was given him to drink;—of the manger in which he was born;—and of the column to which he was tied to be scourged;—and three pieces of the wood of the true cross enclosed in a cross of silver;—a little phial of the holy oil, with which his body was anointed, and another of the ointment, which Mary Magdalene poured upon his feet in the Pharisee's house; and lastly, in the chapel of the Constable, is preserved one of the thorns from the crown, with which He was mocked.

On this list, published we may almost say by authority, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty seven, it is unnecessary to make any comment, except that it may be a finish to the wonders of architecture, which I have attempted to describe.

I returned to the Hotel by the Espolon or Esplanade, a wide promenade, on one side bordered by a row of high modern looking houses, and on the other, overlooking a desolate private garden, along the banks of the river Arlanzon. In a recess in the centre are four statues, three of the kings of Spain in theatrical attitude, and the other of Fernan Gonsalez. It was a broiling hot day, and under the scanty shade afforded by the pedestals of these statues, several beggars were sleeping off, under their brown cloaks, the pangs of their hunger or poverty. Hastening to the hotel, I found a sort of table d'hote at 2 o'clock. The company consisted only of five, all Spaniards except myself, two of them young ladies. Though the delicate taper fingers of the latter were employed in picking the meat off the bones, without the intervention of a fork, and both elbows of the former were frequently reposing on the table together,—breaches of the conventional rules of decorum here, which may nevertheless be perfect good breeding elsewhere; yet nothing could exceed their real politeness and attention to the wants of a stranger, pressing upon him the not very palatable food, and worse than acid wine (of which one small decanter was justly considered more than enough amongst six,) with a good will and heartiness, which would have given even to these insipid viands a flavour, if anything could.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MONASTERY OF MIRAFLORAS—ALABASTER SEPULCHRES—MONUMENT OF ALPHONZO OF CASTILE—THE CARTHUSIANS—THE CALLE ALTA—THE FANDANGO—THE CAMPO SANTO—THE SOLAR OF THE CID—THE CHARACTER AND TRADITIONS OF THE CID.

After dinner I started for the monastery of Miraflores, crossing the river Arlanzon by the bridge which is in front of the ancient and noble gate of Santa Maria, crowned, as might be suspected from the name, with a figure of the Virgin. Amongst the statues of illustrious personages which adorn its front, the most conspicuous are those of Charles the Fifth, of Fernan Gonsalez, the first Count of Castile, of the Cid, and of Diego Porcelos, the founder or builder of the original Castle in 884. This bridge leads into the suburb called the Vega, and crossing it I turned to the left, keeping along the banks of the river for some distance. Between the road and the river is a melancholy space, covered with a few patches of coarse grass, and with pebbles, which have been brought down by the stream, and left there when it overflows its banks. These and a few stagnant pools presented an aspect, under the rays of a burning sun, by no means refreshing to the eye. At about a mile distant from the city is a sort of Alameda, with a few benches, under rows of stunted trees, whither the more enterprising promenaders had repaired, and were enjoying their modicum of scandal or gossip, as in the more fashionable and shady Alameda at the other end of the city. Half-an-hour's walk over a rough carriage-road brought me to the Carthusian Monastery of Miraflores, which lies on an eminence where the route diverges to the right. The chapel, with its elegant gothic spires, is a conspicuous and beautiful object from a considerable distance. A few beggars were lying in wait for the stray worshippers, who ventured on so distant a pilgrimage from the city. A porter, clad in a neat livery of black serge, showed me the interior. The chapel, after having been burnt in 1452, was completed in 1488, by command of Isabella of Castile, in the richest style of gothic ornament; but the marvel of the interior is the tomb of Juan the Second, and his wife, Isabella, her parents. It is entirely of alabaster, and the workmanship is so exquisite, that no description can give the faintest idea of the delicacy of the carving—the expression in the countenances—the flowing outlines in the costume of the multitude of small statues on each side—or the bold and fanciful ornaments which cover every portion of the sepulchre. The effigies of Juan and Isabella repose side by side on the tomb; the face of the latter is beautiful, and the open crown, the cushion under her head, ornamented with stars, and apparently yielding so softly to the pressure, that it seems impossible to believe it to be anything but an elastic substance, and the ornaments of the robes and armour—all these are finished with a degree of minuteness quite surprising. At each corner of the tomb are small statues of the Evangelists, with appropriate emblems, and below each of these figures, a lion bears a shield containing the arms of the founder (a lion and a castle in quarterings) whilst round the edges nondescript animals of curious fancy have been sculptured in bold relief. Round the sides, under shrines and canopies of most exquisite lace work, are figures representing Faith, Hope, Charity, Justice, Fortitude, Temperance, &c. Amongst many other little statues, whose flowing robes, long hair, and the different expression of the features, mark the extraordinary skill of the artist. I especially noticed King David, Queen Esther, the Magdalene holding the Saviour on her knees, where the grief depicted in the countenance of the former, and the lifeless form of the latter, are represented with a force and pathos which the choicest efforts of the pencil could not equal. The carving of the foliage and flowers must be seen to be appreciated as it deserves. The spectator could scarcely be induced to believe that such a work of art as this should have produced no effect even on the minds of the brutal French soldiery, whose bullets or axes have lopped off the wings of angels, the heads of saints, or the delicate leaves of the flowers, with as little remorse as they would have thrown down a brick wall. The sepulchre is surrounded by a modern railing, which is at the same time a contrast to the admirable work it encloses, and a disgrace to the taste of whoever set it up. Against the wall of the church, close adjoining this tomb, is another, to the memory of the Infante Alfonzo, who was elected King at the early age of 11 years, by the nobility of Castile, in the place of the weak and unfortunate Henrique the Third, whom they had just publicly deposed. He died within three years after his coronation. He is here represented as kneeling at a table covered with a cloth, on which rests a book of prayers. The cloth, like the cushion at the head of Queen Isabella, more resembles the softness and pliancy of a fabric of the loom, than a production of the chisel. The ornaments are in the same style, and by the same artist, as the sepulchre just described. Amongst the foliage and animals that are sculptured amidst the branches of trees which border the tomb, a group of children, bearing a basket of fruit, and the figures of two armed knights, with their vizors up, exposing countenances thin and worn with the fatigues of war, and to which the transparency of the alabaster gives an almost life like paleness, will draw the wondering gaze of the spectator. The retablo of the grand altar is also a surprising work of art, most elaborately carved, containing, amongst others, the statues of the Evangelists, of St. Catalina, St. James, Mary Magdalene, and St. John. In the inmost division of the chapel, the carvings of the stalls in wood representing different saints with their histories in bas relief, and the graceful gothic canopies and stalls in the "Coro," exhibit the perfection of art and design. A range of chapels occupy all one side of the principal church, each one containing some remarkable feature. In one is a Mary, with the body of Christ on her knees, rivalling, on a larger scale, the same subject which we noticed on the sepulchre, and in another, the walls are covered with paintings, representing the mysterious emblems of religion, such as the vine, the cup, the broken column, each with appropriate quotations from scripture, or mottoes to elevate by their solemn reflections, the devotion of the worshippers. None of the Chapels, however, appeared to be much frequented. The whole place, especially the garden of the convent with its melancholy cypresses and murmuring fountain, had a desolate and solitary aspect, and, by the unbroken silence, struck the mind with a feeling of awe which could not be suppressed. The monks seem to be well provided with accommodation. To each is allotted a suite of three or four rooms, communicating with a little garden, where he may employ the time not devoted to study. The monastery contained about thirty inmates. Their rules, if strictly followed, are unusually severe. They speak but little, and are never allowed to go beyond the walls except by permission of the superior, and on the business of the house. According to their ancient canons they never eat flesh, and one day in every week are obliged to fast on bread and water. Their costume is a flowing robe of white serge, with a falling cowl and a shaven crown. On my way back, I crossed another of the three bridges, which brought me to the end of the Esplanade, on which, by this time, the promenaders were beginning to assemble in crowds, and returning to the hotel, forwarded my bag to the diligence office, whilst I took a walk round the upper part of the town. The old Arragonese, who had missed me in the Cathedral, had, like a sagacious spaniel who has lost his master, returned to the last place at which he had seen me, the Posada, and I accordingly secured his

services again, to lead me to the Casa de Ayuntamiento, where the Cid's ashes, after several removals, at last repose in peace, in a glass vase. But being a high fête day no one could be found to open the door, and from the few strangers who disturb the officials in the quiet towns of Spain, so far out of the rush of travelling and exploring English, there is but little alacrity displayed to satisfy the curiosity of a foreigner. I therefore passed by the back of the Cathedral, up the Calle alta, where some of the oldest houses in this antient and picturesque town, with their richly ornamented doorways, excite the interest of the spectator as much by their present dilapidated condition, as by their historical names, by which they are celebrated; that of the family of Velasco, especially, affords a painful contrast with their gorgeous chapel, which I had visited in the morning. Close by its mouldering walls, a pretty group of children with their long black tresses and eyelashes, and glowing with health, were dancing the graceful and animated fandango to the music of a tambourine, which was played by the eldest of the party—a little girl not ten years of age. At the further end of the Calle alta is a triumphal arch, erected in honour of Ferdinand Gonsalez, whose statue we noticed on the gate of Santa Maria. A little way beyond this lies the Campo Santo, which, because it is modern, was evidently thought by my guide a greater honour to Burgos than any of the ancient remains and ruins which possess such an interest for the poetical mind or the student of history. It is a miserable-looking burial ground, containing a plain chapel with a grand but awkward flight of steps, and surrounded by catacombs gaudily decorated with faded wreaths or gilded slabs, but without any of the fragrant profusion of wild or cultivated flowers, or the beautiful prospects, which in Paris or London have almost turned the resting places for the dead into a garden of recreation for the living. No names of interest repay the perusal of the epitaphs; the only tomb which will arrest attention, is a marble monument to a Thomas de Cid, a deputy to the Cortes, remarkable for bearing the same cognomen as his renowned countryman. It could hardly be derived from the same family, since "the Cid" was an appellation given to the warrior merely from his exploits over the five Moorish kings, and corresponds to the word "Lord," or "Seigneur," which they acknowledged him to be, in token of their defeat and submission. A little further on we found the spot where his "solar," or family mansion, formerly stood; the narrow space on which it was erected is now marked only by a few pillars set up by the authorities of Burgos in 1783, and the mind is affected more by this melancholy tribute to the emptiness of glory, than even if the most extensive remains permitted the imagination to form some idea of the ancient splendour of the family. In the midst of this desolation, the mind is wholly taken up with the poetical name and the brilliant exploits of the renowned Spanish warrior. It is probable that both his character and adventures have been much exaggerated in the romances of an age when the history of individuals and of kingdoms was greatly dependant on the excited fancy of the poet, or the religious predilections of the monkish student, for transmission to posterity. To the former, the characters of clemency, generosity, and chastity, would stand out in bold relief against the dark picture of cruelty, rapine, and lust, which the warlike ferocity of the times presented; whilst the latter could not fail of perceiving all the graces and virtues of piety in a hero whose life was spent in exterminating their infidel opponents, and exalting the name and power of the church by his liberality or submission. His story and fame is so wrapped up with that of Burgos, that I shall be excused for recalling in prose a few of the interesting particulars, with the poetry of which Lockhart, in his beautiful translations, and Southey and others, by their profound studies and acute criticisms, have made us so familiar. Some have even doubted the existence of the Cid as a real character; but it is not probable that all the writers of the numerous ballads and romances, dating back to so early a period, should have drawn their inspiration from the same ideal character, and assumed, as certain, the same marvellous and unfounded incidents. Both Christians and Moors, friends and enemies too, have each drawn his character in the colours suitable to those who triumphed in or were sufferers by his exploits. The "Poema del Cid" was written about the twelfth century, and is believed to be the oldest written poem in the Spanish language. The two Chronicles of the Cid, though printed in black letter, only in 1541 and 1552, were written in the 13th century. Some very spirited translations of the principal poem of the Cid, and a critical examination of his life, appeared in the Penny Magazine, new series, published in 1841, in which the engravings from original designs by Mr. Harvey contain most striking pictures of the costumes of that early age. To these the reader who wishes for a close imitation of the original ballads, and most pithy and picturesque descriptions of the events in the Cid's life, here faintly sketched, is referred, and he will be pleasantly rewarded in the perusal.

CHAPTER IX.

PEDIGREE—CHOICE OF BABIECA—COMBAT WITH THE COUNT OF GORMAZ—GRIEF OF XIMENA—THE CID'S COURTSHIP—CRITICISMS ON "LE CID" OF CORNEILLE—ADVENTURE WITH SAINT LAZARUS—KNIGHTED AT COIMBRA—DEFIANCE OF THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY—QUARREL IN ST. PETER'S AT ROME—RESCUES HIS KING FROM FOURTEEN KNIGHTS—KING SANCHO ASSASSINATED—THE CID BANISHED BY HIS SUCCESSOR—COFFER OF THE CID—CAPTURE OF THE CITY OF VALENCIA—MARRIAGE OF THE CID'S TWO DAUGHTERS—DEATH OF THE CID—THE BODY PRESERVED ABOVE GROUND AT SAN PEDRO DE CARDENA—ADVENTURE OF THE JEW.

Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar was born at the village of that name, near Burgos, in the year 1025. Amongst the statues in front of the gate of Santa Maria, already mentioned, is one representing his ancestor, Lain Calvo, who five generations previous held, with another, by the election of the nobles, the supreme power in Castile. His father was Don Diego Lainez, and his mother Dona Teresa, daughter of the Count Don Nuno Alvarez. Horses and arms must have been the early studies of most of the young nobles in that warlike age; for when the life of the hero, or the fate of the battle, frequently depended on the personal prowess of his single arm, or the strength and activity of his good steed, self preservation quickened the natural anxiety of youth to find himself well mounted. Rodrigo early proved his judgment in horseflesh by selecting his good steed Babieca, who bore him safely through so many battle fields, when he was a boy, and his famed charger a mere ugly scabby colt, frisking round his dam in the rich pastures of the canon, Don Peyre Pringos. "Booby (Babieca)," said his godfather," a bad choice hast though made;" "Nay," said Rodrigo, "a right good horse this will be;" and the boy was right, if chronicles speak true, for after carrying his master through many an iron storm of war, both slept quietly at last at the monastery of San Pedro de Cardena. Babieca, (for the name stuck to the horse not his master) was buried before the gate. The first exploit of the rising hero was a notable one,—no less than cutting off the head

of one of the most renowned warriors of the day, Don Lozano Gomez, Count of Gormaz. The Count had mortally insulted the aged Don Diego by striking him in the presence of the king and his court. Considering the code of honour of that day, the old man must have been very far advanced in weakness or years, that the only revenge he took was brooding sullenly over his misfortune, till his youngest son showed the sparkle of that spirit which was to prompt him afterwards to such daring deeds. Having seen it, however, burst out, and pardoning in his joy what would otherwise appear the rather undutiful expressions of the fiery youth, he told him the wrong which weighed upon his soul. The recital acted as he wished on the impetuous temper of his son, who soon found the opportunity of meeting his father's formidable adversary, and challenging him to immediate combat. They fought: fortune had befriended the mature warrior long enough, and she suffered his head to be carried off by her more youthful favourite, to appease the grief and satisfy the vengeance of the moody Don Diego. This was a cheerful commencement of our hero's career, for it does not appear that he was yet in love with the daughter of the deceased count, and consequently was not tormented with those doubts and horrors with which Corneille has racked his mind, and made him so pathetically eloquent. All was bright and auspicious. He seems however, wisely to have provided himself with a formidable body of friends, in case he should require aid or protection; for when his father soon afterwards went forth to meet the good King Ferdinand, Rodrigo accompanied him at the head of 300 hidalgos—a goodly train for a private gentleman. The king came out from the gate of Burgos, and Don Diego alighted from his horse, and, with his followers, knelt and kissed the king's hand in token of homage. But the youthful Rodrigo already began to display his haughty spirit, for he first challenged any of the king's suite, who might wish to take up the deceased Count's quarrel, and then refused to dismount from his horse except at his father's bidding. It is pleasant to see filial respect and affection still controlling so untameable a character. His homage, however, was paid in so fierce a manner that, as he knelt, his sword half sprung from its scabbard, and the King, starting back in alarm, administered a gentle reproof for his awkwardness or rudeness. This was sufficient to arouse the anger of the fiery youth, and calling for his horse, he sprung on his back and rode away at the head of his 300 followers. His courtship, if it can be called so, appears to have been as rough as his homage, and it is difficult to reconcile the proceedings of this mirror of chivalry with the courtesy and gentleness which Knights were always enjoined to pay to the fair sex. The King was at Burgos when Ximena, the daughter of the deceased Count, Lozano, appeared at the gate, with a train of attendants, clad in deep mourning, and with dishevelled hair, imploring justice on him who had slain her father. Rodrigo, however, on whom her eye rested, so far from showing any signs of sorrow for her sufferings or interest for her person, mounted his horse and rode away from the very presence of the King, who was either too weak or too unwilling to arrest so distinguished an ornament of his court. Soon afterwards Ximena again disturbed the King with her troubles; but by this time the conduct of the young hero had become personally offensive, for she complained that he rode insultingly before her door every morning; and even flew his hawks at her tender doves. The good King, finding that on the one hand her renewed cries for justice must be listened to, and on the other, that Don Rodrigo was too powerful or too much beloved by the nobles, to be dealt with as an ordinary malefactor, devised the much more agreeable plan of patching up a marriage between the contending parties, though it must be acknowledged that more incongruous materials for happiness could hardly be imagined. Here was a young lady suing for justice against the murderer of her father; and a young gentleman, so unsatisfied with the revenge he had taken, that he even forgot so far the rules of chivalry as to carry on a warfare against a mourning and unprotected orphan.

In the meantime, however, Don Rodrigo had not been unmindful of nobler pursuits. Five Moorish Kings, who, with an immense army, had been ravaging the country to the very gates of Burgos, were retreating with prodigious spoil to their own territories, when Rodrigo gathered a small but determined band of followers, and setting upon them in the mountains of Oca, defeated the unwieldy and encumbered host with great slaughter, and took the five Kings prisoners, presenting them to his mother as trophies of his valour. The fame of this exploit was increased by the generous treatment of his captives, whom he honoured with every attention, and finally set at liberty, on their agreement to pay him ransom or tribute. He was not yet twenty years of age. The great name he had thus acquired may have aided the good King's project. At any rate, Ximena was wheeling round from hatred to the opposite extreme; and if the poets speak truth, (as when do they not?) she was the first to make advances to solicit from the King his influence to turn her former enemy into her bridegroom. The young hero had already won honour; but King Ferdinand offered him large possessions, of which the noble-minded hero was not unregardful, and soon the happy event was brought about. The romances describe minutely the first meeting of the reconciled pair; their wedding dresses—the gay bridal processions, in which the King and Queen, and all the Court, bore part, and how the streets of Burgos were brilliant with banners and triumphal arches, and rang with the sound of the merry andrews, the minstrels, and the joyous crowds. Rodrigo seems to have made a good husband, so far as his warlike avocations permitted, though it has been doubted whether he was ever married to this Ximena at all, for his marriage settlement with another Ximena, the grand-daughter of King Alfonso the Fifth, of Leon, is said to be still preserved in the Cathedral at Burgos.

"The Cid" of Corneille was principally founded on a passage from the historian Mariana, in which the above events are more shortly compressed; in fact he represents Ximena on the death of her father, as demanding of the King that he should either give her Don Rodrigue for a husband, or punish him according to the laws—a pleasant alternative which has sometimes been resorted to in this country (under different circumstances, it is true,) by the parish authorities. But Corneille quotes, also, two romances, in which the above facts are nearly given at length. Why he lays the scene in Seville, when the romance speaks of her appealing to the King of Leon, is not very clear. It may be high treason against the great French poet to say that much of this celebrated play would appear mere bombast to the English reader,—yet, so I must confess, it appears to me; and if the sentiments uttered by the different characters are prompted by the situations in which they are placed, yet the situations themselves are so improbable, that both the sentiments appear inflated, and the characters unnatural. Even in intense passion there may be dignity, but the characters of "Le Cid" frequently indulge in mere vulgar abuse. Take, for instance, the quarrel between the Count de Gormas and Don Diegue—the father of Rodrigue, where each one rivals the other in boasting of his own achievements and coarsely insulting his opponent, till, like two angry "dames des Halles," they come to blows, or rather a blow, for the Count has all the fighting to himself. The abrupt question of Don Diegue to his son, when he enters, "Rodrigue, as tu du cœur," and the "sudden and quick" answer of the youth,—"Tout autre que mon pére Léprouveroit sur l'heure," is in better taste, though it does not equal the silent anguish of the father in the original romance, who presses his son's hands without speaking a word, so that the fiery temper of Rodrigue bursts out with the spirit which so inwardly delights the father's heart. Again the irritable questions, with which Don Rodrigue begins his interview with the Count, scarcely conveys the intense passion with which his father's communication may be supposed to have inspired him; yet their conversation contains some fine sentences, such as when the youth says, when the Count declines affording him

satisfaction on account of his youth :—

Aux ames bien nées,
La valeur n'attend point le nombre des années.

And again, when he endeavours to irritate the Count to meet him—

Qui m'ose ôter l'honneur, craint de m'ôter la vie.

How different is this from the mean sentiment of the Count, who, after affecting an interest for a youth, whom he had destined for his son-in-law, adds—

Trop peu d' honneur pour moi suivroit cette victoire.

I pass over other scenes till we come to the one in which Chiméne rushes into the presence of the King, with the abrupt exclamation—

Sire, Sire,—justice.

This is admirable, as well as the earnestness with which, taking no notice of Don Diégue's supplications to be heard, she still addresses herself to the King, instead of replying to her opponent; but how different is the long detail which she gives of finding her father's body, and the conceits with which the discovery inspired her.

Son flanc étoit ouvert, et pour mieux m'émouvoir,
Son sang sur la poussière écrivoit mon devoir ;
Ou plutôt sa valeur, en cet état réduite,
Me parloit par sa plaie, et hâtoit ma poursuite.

Scarcely any poet could hope to come out with triumph from a situation so strange as that in which Rodrigue and Chimène are brought together immediately after the death of her father ;—and has Corneille succeeded ? No wonder Chimène exclaims,

Elvire, ou sommes nous, et qu'estce que je voi !
Rodrigue en ma maison !—Rodrigue devant moi !

She is still more surprised, as well she may be, when he offers her his sword, still stained with her father's blood ; and when she in poetical bombast exclaims—" it est teint de *mon* sang ;"—he rises in fustian in his reply ;—

Plonge le dans le mien,
Et fais lui perdre ainsi la teinture du tien

He then proceeds to palliate his crime, and endeavours to convince a daughter that he has done perfectly right in slaying her father to avenge the honour of his own ; but having been so unfortunate as to succeed in this, he has now come to offer himself as a just victim to her anger, and what is more, he expects her to be his executioner, for he still glories in what he has done.

Immole avec courage, au sang qu'il a perdu ;
Celui qui met sa gloire a l'avoir répandu

Is this poetry ? Her reply is worthy of such sublime sentiments; she feels her love is rather an obstacle in her way; she acknowledges the justice of what he professes, that it was his duty to slay her father ; but insists that it is equally her painful duty to pursue her lover to the death, although she cannot quite bring her mind to the summary execution which he offers, and she concludes,

Tu t'es en m' offensent montrè digne de moi ;—
Je me dois, par ta mort, montrer digne de toi.

Rodrigue is not satisfied with being let off with so distant a fate, and still presses upon her his immediate sacrifice, to which she replies :—

Va,—je suis ta partie; et non pas ton bourreau :
Si tu m'offre ta tête, est'ce à moi de laprendre ?
Je la dois attaquer, mais tu dois la défendre.

After further dialogue, in a similar strain, Rodrigue succeeds in drawing from her the confession he seemed striving for :

Chiméne—Va, je ne te hais point.
Rodrigue—Tu le dois.
Chiméne—Je ne puis.

She begins, however, to think at last that a young gentleman, holding so long an interview with a young lady, who has no parents to protect her, might give occasion to scandal ; and she exhorts him to slip away in the darkness of night, in order not to injure her reputation ! But she will not let him depart without the agreeable reflection—

Je ferai mon possible à bien venger mon père ;
Mais, malgré la rigueur d'un si cruel devoir,
Mon unique souhait est de ne rien pouvoir.
D. Rodrigue—O miracle d'amour

Miracle of love, indeed ! But this is not all ; she concludes this long interview by pledging her faith to her lover (for his consolation), that she will not live a moment after she has succeeded in accomplishing his death, and then begs him to take care that no one sees him when he goes out ! !

Is this the poetry of Corneille, the greatest tragic poet of France ?—And are these the sublime sentiments to be found in one of the most celebrated of his works ?

In the succeeding interview between Rodrigue and his father, the hero lowers his character and the high position which the poet has assigned him in the scale of chivalrous honour, by meanly reproaching the old man with the sufferings which he has caused him,—a fate which he must have foreseen before he went out to take vengeance on the Count.

Je ne me repens point de vous avoir servi ;
Mais rendez moi le bien que ce coup m'a ravi.

And again—

Ne me dites plus rien ; pour vous j'ai tout perdu ;—
Ce que je vous devois, je vous l'ai bien rendu.

He declares his desponding intention of seeking relief in death ; but the character of the old man rises in comparison, for in spite of his natural affection for his son, he exhorts him to a more noble fate, by heading a band of 500 companions, who have come to his house to offer their assistance (rather tardily !) to avenge his wrongs, and conducting them against the forces, with which two Moorish Kings have descended upon the coast,—very àpropos for the honour of our young hero. The exhortation of the venerable father is grandly expressed—

La, si tu veux mourir, trouve une belle mort ;
Prends-en l'occasion puisqu'elle t'est offerte,
Fais devoir à ton roi son salut à ta perte.

No finer, and scarcely a more literal, translation can be given of these inspiriting words than the noble lines which Lord Byron wrote on his thirty-sixth birthday, when he was redeeming his personal character by his self-denying efforts to regenerate the fallen Greek nation, and which, from the circumstances of his death shortly after, as they were the last, so they were amongst the most pathetic which he ever wrote—

If thou regret thy youth, why live ?
The land of honorable death
Is here—up to the field, and give
Away thy breath.

Seek out, less often sought than found,—
A soldier's grave, for thee the best, ;
Then look around and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest.

Rodrigue is successful in vanquishing the infidels though we are happy to find, in the long-winded oration in which the hero recounts his own exploits to the king, that he had fortunately increased his little band of friends to 3000. He takes prisoners the two kings, and presents them to his Majesty, who generously rewards him with permitting him to bear the title of Cid, which the captives had given to him.

Ils t'ont nommé tous deux leur Cid en ma présence,
Puisque Cid en leur langue est autant que Seigneur,
Je ne t'envierai pas ce beau titre d'honneur.

He also forgives him for fighting without his permission, and repulsing an enemy for whom he was not himself prepared, although Rodrigue candidly informs him that his sole reason for hazarding his life so recklessly in the battle, was because he thought it equally in danger if he appeared at Court. Chiméne hears of his valour and his victory ; and the reader begins to hope that she will repent, and if she cannot receive her lover, at least suffer him to live for the good of the state ; but no !—she tells the king—

J'aime donc sa victoire et je le puis sans crime ;
Elle assure l'etat, et *me rend ma victime*,

and in fact she considers him, when dressed out with his laurels, as so much the more noble sacrifice.

Digne d'être immolée aux mânes de mon père.

She demands the judicial combat, and even offers herself as the reward of any cavalier who will bring her her lover's head ! !

A tous vos cavaliers je demande sa tête,—
Oui qu'un d'eux me l'apporte, et je suis sa conquête ;
Qu'ils le combattent, sire ; et le combat fini,
J'épouse le vainqueur, si Rodrigue est puni.

Has she forgotten that she promised Rodrigue not to live a moment after his death? Or does she mean to cheat the victor? Or does she hope that Rodrigue himself will bring her his own head, and thus relieve her from both her difficulties? Whichever be the case, she still persists in the combat; but chooses for her champion Don Sanche, because as Leonor shrewdly suspects:

Parce qu'il va s'armer pour la première fois.

The duel takes place, Don Sanche is vanquished, but his generous rival gives him back his sword to offer it himself, with proper explanations, to the fair prize; but she, not giving him time to speak, believing that he has slain her lover—and forgetting her own revenge and the sacred duty she has vowed to her father, finds the whole flood of tenderness suddenly returning upon her, and abuses poor Don Sanche in good set terms, as—

Exécrable assassin d'un heros que j'adore!

In the midst of this storm of passion, the king and his court come in, and then Don Sanche, doubly unfortunate, being vanquished by the hero, and yet soundly rated by his lady-love for killing him, is enabled to explain the errand on which he came, and the good king, Ferdinand, reads her a very proper lesson on the hardness of her heart and inconsistency of her conduct, and implores her to feel satisfied that her father's ghost is amply appeased by the dangers to which she has already exposed her miserable lover. At this point Rodrigue enters; the reader would suppose to second the royal intervention—but no! He comes to make another offer of his head!!

Je ne viens point ici demander ma conquête ;
Je viens tout de nouveau vous apporter ma tête.

But this farce must have an end. Having been surprised in the real exhibition of her sentiments, Chiméne has no longer any excuse for disobeying the king's exhortation or command, and after a modest affectation of reluctance, she submits with as good a grace as can be expected.

Rodrigue a des vertus que je ne puis hair ;
Et quand un roi commande, on lui doit obeir.

The subject of this celebrated play being taken from the incident in the life of the Cid, which has been before narrated, I have been insensibly led on to consider how a subject so extraordinary as that of a daughter marrying the young hero who has slain her father, could be treated in poetry, even it be a fact in history. It is not to be at once set aside, as was done by some of the French critics in Corneille's day; as an improbable and unpoetical subject; for the violence of the passions, which such a position implies, would afford a fine opportunity to the poet to display the vigour of his fancy, or his knowledge of the human heart. It is only, therefore, as to the manner in which it is treated, that I have ventured to offer a few observations. Many noble passages, worthy of the great genius of Corneille, might be quoted; but without any further criticism, most readers will agree, that both the hero and the heroine of the piece sink far below the dignity of tragedy, and that in the sentiments of the characters as well as in the incidents of the story, the pathetic frequently diverges into the absurd, and the sublime into the ridiculous. The controversy to which this play gave rise in France, in which the great Cardinal Richelieu headed the opponents of the poet, and Corneille himself took part in the contest, whilst the French Academy sat as umpire, or rather as a mediating friend, to soften the rough passions of angry critics, Et moderarier hunc frœnis dextrâque vigere, is one of the most remarkable in literary history; and I shall be excused for these few reflections, connected as they are with the history of the Cid; on the "causa teterrima belli."

So much for the theatrical Cid;—"revenons á nos moutons;" the real Cid, whom we left to enjoy his honeymoon as long as his impatient spirit permitted; for soon after his wedding, it appears, he set off on a pilgrimage to Compostela to visit the shrine of Santiago, with twenty young Hidalgos in his train; on the way he found a leper half-lying in a ditch, whom all men when they saw passed on the other side, but Rodrigo, with feelings of compassion and charity equal to his valour, took him up, placed him on his own beast, sat with him at supper to the great scandal of his high bred companions, fed him with his own hand, and finally shared his couch with the loathsome object of his pity. In the night he missed his companion from his side; but in his place there appeared to him Saint Lazarus, in all the glory of a Saint, who told him, that it was he himself who had assumed the form of the leper, to try the piety of the hero: he extolled him for his charity and humanity; promised him prosperity and success over Moor and Christian, and the blessing of God on all his undertakings, and then vanished from the room. The monks were wise in inventing or spreading about a version of a story, so suited to encourage compassion and alms giving, for many a poor wretch might be succoured before another should turn out to be a saint in disguise.

We pass over the single combat by which Rodrigo won from the champion of the king of Arragon, the town of Callahorra for the king of Castile, and other valorous deeds against the Moors, in which he acquired great credit and spoil. During all this time he was a simple squire. He was made a knight in the city Coimbra in Portugal, recently recovered from the Moors, and the scene of the ceremony was the Mosque, which had been newly consecrated for a christian church. The King girt on his sword; the Queen brought him his horse: and the Infanta Urraca, with her own hands, buckled on his golden spurs;—so great was the honour with which such a preux chevalier and such a zealous destroyer of the infidels was distinguished. It was at Zamora, where Rodrigo was staying with the court, that messengers came from the five Moorish Kings, whom he had vanquished, bringing him tribute;—a hundred of the choicest steeds, rare jewels for Ximena, and costly silks, for the Hidalgos of his retinue. They acknowledged him also as their "Cid" or "Lord." With the modesty of true merit he would have offered both the title and the presents to the king, to whom alone he said such dignity and tribute belonged; but his sovereign was not to be outdone in generosity, and not merely disclaimed honours which so well became his illustrious subject, but added the most flattering message in his praise to the grateful Moorish Kings. From this time he was generally known by the title of "El Cid"

In 1055, Henry the third of Germany, like another Napoleon, having brought nearly all other Kings, to pay tribute or homage to him as the head of Christendom, could not feel easy, till the King of Castile had followed their example. He complained to the Pope, who concurred in his prayer, and sent a threatening letter to Ferdinand, accompanied by the letters of many Kings, who had combined to invade his country, if he refused to comply. Such was the danger of the Papal denunciation, that the nobles of Castile in great alarm urged the King to avert the dreaded consequences by submission. The Cid alone entering the council soon afterwards, opposed this weak and unpatriotic decision, and with a courage and high spirit, the more remarkable as it exposed him to spiritual censure, more fatal than temporal danger, prevailed upon the King to bid defiance to the unprincipled invaders. Ferdinand was emboldened by his noble words and spirited conduct, and sending back the Pope's messengers, praying him not to interfere, defied the Emperor and his Kings. The Cid, accompanied by his master, crossed the Pyrenees with 8000 men and defeated with great slaughter, the count of Savoy, who had been sent against him with 20,000 men. Another defeat quite changed the tone of the Emperor, and his tributaries, and they one and all promised never more to call upon Spain for either homage or tribute. In 1808 the Junta of Oviedo appealed to this glorious action of the Cid Campeador, to rouse the peasantry of Castile and Arragon against the no less unprincipled invasion of the French, and worthily did the people respond to the appeal, rivalling the great deeds

handed down in the traditions of their favourite hero A more hopeless contest, when they first began, could scarcely be imagined, fighting as they were compelled to do not merely against the foreign foe, but against the treachery, the cowardice, or the meanness of their own nobility. Another action of the Cid, savoured little of that respect for the church, which might have been expected from so renowned a christian. It seems the Pope was holding at Rome a great council, to which many kings were invited, and amongst others Sancho the Second, who had now succeeded his father Ferdinand on the throne of Castile, was summoned, and was attended by his friend and counsellor the Cid. Our Cid, straying alone into the church of St. Peter's, found seven marble thrones placed for the assembled sovereigns; but whilst that for the French King was close to the seat of his Holiness, he observed that the one for his own sovereign was on a lower step. This aroused his loyalty and wrath, and dashing the French King's seat to the ground, he placed the chair for the Spanish monarch in its place. A noble duke called the Savoyard, expressed his opinion on this, perhaps too rudely. At any rate the Cid was not yet sufficiently cool to receive his interference with his wonted courtesy; and he not merely challenged him to the combat, but gave him earnest of what he might expect by an immediate blow or hard thrust. On the Duke's complaint the Pope excommunicated the Cid for his irreverent conduct, but by this time his better nature had returned, and on his humbly making peace with the church, his Holiness cheerfully absolved him.

We are now sorry to find the good Cid aiding and abetting his sovereign in acts of injustice; but perhaps the allegiance due to a feudal lord gave him but little freedom of choice. Sancho, finding that his father had subdivided his kingdom amongst his different children, determined to dispossess them all in succession, and by the valour and counsel of our hero he was enabled to drive his brothers Alfonso from Leon, and Garcia from Galicia. In one of the engagements with the former, he was taken prisoner, and was being led off the field by fourteen knights, when the valorous Cid rode up, and, seeing the odds against them, with unusual humility condescended to solicit his king's release. But the knights answered him with threats, and bid him look to his own safety, which, unfortunately for them, so irritated his great spirit, that regardless of their numbers he rushed upon them, slew some, put the rest to flight, and brought off his king in triumph. To the opinion of such a knight Don Sancho ought to have paid more respect, but having wrested their kingdoms from both his brothers, and taken the town of Toro, her only inheritance, from his sister Elvira, he now laid siege to the beautiful city of Zamora, left by the old King to his other daughter Urraca. Unwilling was the Cid to aid any longer in this course of injustice, and reluctantly obeyed the command of the king to make terms for the surrender of the town, or to threaten it with assault. Perhaps, in addition to the gratitude due to his first royal benefactor, some more tender recollections added to his hesitation; for when Urraca appeared upon the walls, she pathetically re-called to him the time when she had herself stooped to fasten on his knightly spurs, and even confessed that she had fondly hoped to have inspired him with a warmer sentiment; and though with Ximena he had gained riches and possessions, he might, with her, have won honour—a richer dowry still. The Cid returned sorrowful and unsuccessful. The king, enraged at the disappointment, charged him with disaffection, or unwillingness to serve him, and banished him from the camp. There must have been peace at this time between the Moors and the Christians, for the romances relate that he took refuge at the Arab Court, at Toledo; though it might have been expected that the dissensions in the Christian family would have encouraged the former to take the field. However, the Cid was soon recalled, for his services were too important to be lost. Soon after his return, King Sancho was treacherously slain by a pretended deserter from the city, who, having persuaded the king to examine a portal through which he might gain admission for his army into the city, thrust a spear into his back, and fled back to the town. The Cid, however, had witnessed the foul deed; he sprung upon Babieca, and pursued the traitor with headlong speed, but having had no time to fasten on his spurs, could not overtake the assassin. The grief of the nobles was great, but that of the Cid excessive; so much so, that he appears to have been betrayed into an unnecessary harshness, in compelling Alfonso, who succeeded his brother, to purge himself three times by an oath, in the church of Santa Gadea, in Burgos, that he had no part in his brother's murder. How Alfonso, who is said to have been in exile at the Arab court of Toledo (it seems a singular thing that these banished kings and knights should pass their periods of exile in an enemy's city—but romances do not always condescend to explain such simple objections,) and from which he and his companions could only escape by letting themselves down from the walls, should have concerted a murder in a city to which a numerous army could not gain admittance, might have seemed difficult, if the Cid had considered the matter, but perhaps he was grieved, and angry, and unreasonable. The new king however, did not easily forgive him for his suspicions, nor for the plain spoken but very sensible advice which the Cid gave him to consolidate his kingdom by peace, rather than by weakening his resources in continued wars, and he eagerly seized the first opportunity of a complaint made by the Arab King of Toledo, that the Cid had ravaged his country and taken 7000 captives, and a great spoil, to vent his smothering resentment. He confiscated all the Cid's possessions and goods, banished him from Castile, and even threatened to hang him, after all his great services to the state. "Put not your trust in princes."

The Cid made a noble reply to the ungrateful, King; he exposed the machinations of the courtiers showed how little they could be relied on, when trouble came upon the king or his kingdom, and went into banishment with an elevated spirit, prepared to forgive his own injuries, and return to serve his master whenever his need should call him back. The people of Burgos, wept sore as he sadly departed from the city, and when he reached his own castle of Bivar, he found it already despoiled, for vengeance is more prompt than justice. He was now in utter distress, and we are grieved to find our Cid tempted into the only dishonorable action of his life, and which he never ceased to lament, even on his death bed. He invited two Jews to dine with him; good cheer, (and it is to be hoped that the culinary department could afford better entertainment then, than the degenerated cookery of the present day in Spain!) opens the hand greatly in money matters, and he proposed to them to lend him a thousand florins in return for two chests full of plate and precious effects, which he would deposit with them, with a promise that he would redeem them within a year; if not they were at liberty to sell the contents. Trusting to the great honor of the Cid, they readily advanced him double the sum; but, alas! the coffers were full of sand. (It was one of these coffers that we noticed in the Cathedral of Burgos.) It is true, that after coming into possession of the rich spoils of Valencia, he sent messengers to the Jews, amply to reimburse them for their advances, and with a pathetic message that "under the sand they would have found the pure gold of his truth;" but without intending to excite any suspicions against the honour of the great hero, we may remark that thirteen years had then elapsed, and the romancists in the meantime make him conquer towns and strong-holds, and even be re-called by his king, and rewarded by him with great riches and honours. Poets are apt to forget these little inconsistencies! With the money he acquired by his fatal pledge, he gathered a band of war-like adventurers, and went out against the Moors. Within three weeks he had taken two strong-holds, defeated a large force sent out against him from Valencia, and carried his ravages even to the south of Spain, as far as Alicant. He also defeated and captured Ramon, Count of Barcelona, and took from him his celebrated sword "Colada," worth 1000 marks of silver. He was re-called by the king in

1081, but made it a condition of his return, that no knight should henceforward be banished on any accusation, till he had thirty days allowed him to prove his loyalty and truth. Toledo, for many years besieged in vain by the Christians, surrendered to the Cid in 1085, and he was then appointed governor of the city. He was again banished under false pretexts, and solaced his exile, as usual, with fierce excursions against the Moors, laying waste all their country, to the very gates of Valencia. But the crowning act of his life, was the capture of the rich city of Valencia from the Moors, and retaining it, in spite of all the multitudes of his swarthy enemies, to the end of his life. By proclamation, he invited to his standard all who were willing to come; and so much influence had the name and fortunes of the Cid, that he had soon gathered an army of 3,600 of the bravest and most desperate adventurous knights. This seems a small force with which to lay siege to so strong and populous a city, but after investing it for ten months, he took it in 1094, and found such riches as surpassed all his previous spoils. The Christian chronicles record his clemency and generosity after the capture; but the Arabian poets present a very different picture. Perhaps both are correct. The Cid himself might exert all his power to save the unfortunate Moors from the horrors of a conquered town; but amongst the multitude of warlike adventurers, eager for rapine and regardless of human life, following the Cid only for his fortunes and submitting as little as possible to his authority, it is probable that many acts of cruelty and rapine would be perpetrated, which he might try in vain to prevent, and the acts of his followers might stain the bright fame of our hero. Having now obtained a comfortable home, his first act was to send his great captain and cousin, Alvar Fanez, to Burgos, to lay at the feet of the King a feudal tribute worthy of the Cid and his master. He sent to Alfonzo rich gifts of captives, horses, and treasures of gold and jewels, and assured him that though in two years he had won more by his sword than the king inherited from his father, he was still a dutiful subject and held it all in fief from his sovereign. He was to implore that his beloved Ximena and his two daughters might be sent to him. They were under the charge of the Abbot of San Pedro de Cardena, whom he had not forgotten for his care and attention. With some difficulty, owing to the envy and insinuations of the courtiers, Alvar Fanez succeeded in conducting the ladies safely to their new home, and great was the joy of the Cid on their arrival.

The ladies appear to have led but a perilous existence. The situation of Valencia, on the sea coast, exposed it to constant attempts from its former masters to retake it, and the hosts of Moors with which it was frequently assailed, appear incredible. They came only to be defeated and driven back to their ships with great slaughter by the small army of the Cid, leaving behind them immense riches to swell the treasury and the fame of the conqueror. Ximena and her daughters, soon after their arrival, were witness from the summit of the loftiest tower in the Alcazar to the descent on the coast of the king of Tunis with 50,000 horse and a countless multitude of foot, who were busily preparing to invest the city. The ladies were frightened, but the Cid, who never counted his foes till they were overcome, stroking his long beard, consoled his daughters with the reflection that the more numerous the vanquished, the greater would be their dowries. The next day he mounted Babieca, and sallying out with his forces, after a desperate conflict, drove the Moors to their ships, and defeating them with great slaughter, took the Moslem camp with immense spoil. He sent to the king "the richest tent in all christendom," and Alfonso, touched at last by his repeated proofs of attachment and homage, pardoned an exile almost as powerful as himself. Such were now the name and fortune of the Cid, that the nobles of the highest blood of Castile were anxious to be allied to his house, and the two Counts of Carrion prayed the king to give them the two daughters of the Cid in marriage. The king sent for the Cid to Requena to broach the subject to him, and the pomp and splendour of the retinue of the latter was more like that of a sovereign prince than a feudal subject. He seems to have consulted rather the king's wishes than his own, or those of his daughters in agreeing to the request of the monarch. Alfonso presented each of the ladies with a dowry of 8,000 marks of silver, and the two nobles accompanied the Cid to Valencia, where the double wedding was celebrated with great pomp, amidst rejoicings, feastings, dancing, and bull-fightings which lasted for eight days. The degenerate nobles, however, like the high blood of Spain of the present day, were unworthy of the connection with so great a warrior, and the poets mention two adventures in which they exposed their weakness and cowardice, though both might try the nerves of any men but those, who, like the Cid and his companions, lived by choice amidst danger and death. In the first a lion is said to have broken loose in the palace, and stalked into the room where the Cid was reposing, and the two counts, with his nephew, were amusing themselves. The nephew, like a true follower of the Cid, drew his sword and stood on his defence; but the younger count, Fernan Gonsalez, crept under the Cid's couch, and Diego, the elder, hid himself under the beam of a wine press. When the Cid arose, the lion, like his prototype who offered homage to virtue in woman in the person of Una, paid a similar compliment to valour, the virtue of men, in the person of the Cid, and crouching at his feet, suffered the hero quietly to take him up in his arms and carry him back to his cage. The second trial was no less perilous. Bucar, king of Morocco, assailed the city with a vast host, and the danger must indeed have been great, for the Cid, whilst Ximena was arming him for the fight, gave her instructions how to proceed, in case Babieca should return without his master. He likewise considerately recommended the two young counts to remain at home, but shame forced them into a show of courage, which was unfortunately belied in the fight. The Cid's valour and good fortune, however, again prevailed. Eighteen tributary kings were slain, and the Cid won his other famous sword, Tizona, "worth more than 1,000 marks of gold," from the hand of Bucar himself, who narrowly escaped with his life. It was now time for his sons-in-law to return home. They had seen enough of fighting and fears. The generous Cid dismissed them with the richest presents, chains of gold, horses, mules, and even his two precious swords, Colada and Tizona, —in fact, with gifts more worthy of his munificence than their deservings. The parting of himself and Ximena from their beloved children is most pathetically described. But even when they left, some misgivings came over his mind, and he secretly sent his nephew in the disguise of a pilgrim to follow their steps. The two counts, cruel as well as cowardly, had treasured up in their minds the derisive taunts with which their shameful retreat from the lion and other failings of heart had been received, and resolved like true poltroons to vent their revenge on their wives. As soon as they had passed the Cid's territories, they sent on their retinue, and dragging the hapless ladies from their horses, beat them with the saddle girths, kicked them with their armed heels, and finally tied them half dead to trees, leaving them to be devoured by wild beasts, or to a painful death by starvation. Their cousin, Ordono, heard their shrieks, hastened to their rescue, and found them shelter in a peasant's house till they could be removed. He hurried back with the sad tidings, and the wrath of the Cid may be conceived, when he was made acquainted with the fate of his dear children and the conduct of the wretches, in whom he had been so deceived. So deep was his grief that he seemed nothing moved, as it is finely translated—

"Him who looketh for his vengeance,
It behoveth not to weep."

He personally presented himself before the king to implore for justice, and in spite of the high rank of the offenders, a council of nobles was fixed to be held within 30 days, to hear the Cid's accusation and pass sentence on the counts. To this the Cid re-

paired, in full armour of black and gold, with 900 followers, to guard against treachery. By the sentence of the court, the counts were compelled to give up the famous swords—to restore the dowry of the Cid's daughters in horses and armour of equivalent value; and, worse than all for them, they, with their uncle, Suero Gonsalez, who had counselled their base conduct, were obliged to accept the combat with three champions named by the Cid. These were Pedro Bermudez, Martin Antolinez, and Nuno Bustos. According to some romances, one of the recreant knights was slain, and the survivors were obliged to flee the country, and never held up their heads again. Of the Cid's daughters, the eldest, Dona Elvira, was soon married to Don Ramiro, son of the king of Navarre, and the younger, Dona Sol, to Don Sancho, son of the king of Arragon.

But the time was come when the great glory of the Cid was to cease, except in the voice of fame. He had held possession of Valencia for five years "against all comers," when Bucar, king of the Moors, whom he had formerly so signally defeated, again descended with a mighty host on the coasts of Valencia. At this time the Cid fell sick, but St. Peter appeared to him in a vision, and revealed to him that he had but thirty days to live, but that his body after his death should gain a glorious victory over the Infidels. The day before the allotted time expired, he called his wife and his faithful kinsmen about him, and gave them his last instructions: he ordered Alvar Fanez and Pedro Bermudez to place his body on horseback, and carry him, through the midst of the Moorish host, to the monastery of San Pedro de Cardena, near Burgos, where he was to be buried; he requested that his faithful steed, Babieca, should be taken care of, and when he died, that he should be decently interred; he desired that hired mourners should not lament over him, for the tears of his beloved Ximena would suffice; and still repenting his trick upon the Jewish money lenders, he bequeathed them another silver coffer to purchase their good opinion. The next day, while fervently praying, he died.

On the twelfth day after his death, at midnight, the Cid's body, having been stiffened in a sitting posture, was brought out, and placed upon Babieca, who gazed sorrowfully upon his dead master. He appeared to be in full armour, and his sword, Tizona, was placed in his hand. The Bishop of Valencia guided Babieca by one rein, and Gil Diaz by the other; Pedro Bermudez led the van with 400 knights, with the Cid's banner fully displayed; behind the Cid's body followed the sad Ximena, with her women, attended and guarded by 600 knights; and another body of knights brought up the rear. They descended into the plain, and by daylight they came down upon the Moorish host, when a most desperate conflict ensued; but this time, the terror of the Cid's name was seconded by supernatural aid, for the Moslems saw with astonishment a gigantic figure on a white charger, no less than Santiago himself, leading on a numerous celestial host against them. They fled in the utmost dismay; multitudes were slain, and the camp, with its immense riches, fell into the hands of the Christian knights. The mournful cavalcade then pursued its way, and at Olmedo was met by the Princes of Navarre and Arragon, with the Cid's daughters, their wives, who kissed the hands of the corpse, greatly marvelling. When the body reached Burgos, the king ordered it to be clothed in the rich vestments which had been sent to the living warrior by the Sultan, and placed on his usual seat near the high altar in the church of the monastery. A festival was held every year in honour of the Cid, to which great multitudes resorted. The story is told, that a Jew, finding himself alone with the corpse, was tempted to show his contempt for the Christian persecutor of his brethren by attempting to pull his beard—that beard which the Cid had cherished so reverently, that during all his life he had never allowed it to be cut; just as he was about to accomplish his daring purpose, the corpse laid his hand upon Tizona, and drew it partly out of the scabbard, a miracle which so affected the Jew, that he fell down insensible, and on his recovery, wisely determined to become and remain a good Christian thereafter. When ten years had elapsed, the corpse began to show signs of corruption, and it was buried in a deep pit before the high altar. Ximena lived four years in the convent, and died there, and the faithful Gil Diaz, who was a converted Moor, lived there still longer; he failed not to fulfil the Cid's last wishes to take care of Babieca, who lived for two years, and was then buried before the gate of the convent. He is said to have carried his master for forty-two years; but some mistake must be made in the dates, for the Cid was born in 1025, and died in 1099, and if Babieca was chosen by him when a boy, he must have been nearer sixty years old. The same comparison of dates would destroy much of the enthusiastic interest which attaches to the wedding and subsequent history of the Cid's daughters, for if they were the children of Ximena, daughter of the Count of Gormaz, to whom he was married when he was twenty years old, they must, when Valencia was captured, have been matured with the growth of nearly fifty summers—a period which, however it ought to secure them from ill-treatment, is a little fatal to the charms of poetical illusions and dreams of romance. But we leave these difficult and important points for more critical historians to reconcile.

Such is the history of the Cid, in as brief a form as it could be compressed. The vivid translations of the original ballads in the "Penny Magazine," to which I have before alluded, are so spirited, and often so touching, and connected in a narrative so admirably written, that no reader of taste and judgment will fail to be struck with the style and poetic ability of the writer. The Cid is so completely "the champion" of Spanish romance, and his name has become so mixed up with the traditions of various places, but especially of the part of the country through which we are now passing, that some notice of his history could hardly be avoided, and the omission might have required as much apology as this digression.

CHAPTER X.

LEAVE BURGOS—CROWDED ALAMEDA—PEASANTS' AMUSEMENTS—VILLAGE OF CABEZON—THE ROMERIA—ARRIVAL AT VALLADOLID.

Leaving Burgos soon after eight o'clock, we found the Alameda thronged with company, but crossing the river by the nearest bridge, we took the road on the other bank. The Alameda, with its grateful shade of trees, extended for more than a mile on the bank opposite to us, and with the river between us, we were thus at a safe distance from the soft artillery of the black eyes, whose glances were playing with such fatal effect. After passing the extensive nunnery of Huelgas, we soon crossed the Pizuerga, out of Old Castle, near where it joins the Arlanzon, and then passed through grassy plains, with a view of low hills in the distance, all the way to Valladolid. At the first village out of Burgos' about thirty peasants, all dressed in their best and very picturesque costume, were dancing the fandango on an open space (it could not be called a green), whilst a girl, seated on a hillock, played the lively tunes on the guitar. About two o'clock in the morning, we stopped at Torquemada, and even at that hour were regaled with the fragrant little cups of chocolate, which was beginning to improve upon my taste. My companion, a young Spaniard from Vittoria, was excessively civil, proud of his town, and not less proud of the university and the learning of Valladolid, to which he was going; and, in fact,

there were few places or things in Spain of which, like a true Spaniard, he was not proud. At five o'clock we drove into a large venta, with a covered courtyard so high, that the largest waggons could take shelter under it without unpacking, and which formed an agreeable shelter from the rain, which was now pouring in torrents. A boy in a striped coloured poncho, which is a square piece of cloth, with a hole through which the head is passed, appeared so effectually protected as to defy the worst efforts of the storm. Soon afterwards we passed the Pescuera again, by a good bridge, into the dirty little village of Cabezon, where the inhabitants seemed to have risen early to do nothing but sleep on their legs. We always found that the road which passes through a village was by far the most trying to the bones and temper, partly because the inhabitants have vainly endeavoured to mend nature by throwing down large stones, which are left to settle in the mud the best way they can, and partly because all the filth of the houses appears to find its only way of escape into the convenient channel of the high road. It was here that the Spaniards sustained one of their earliest defeats, in their first rising against the French in 1808. Cuesta, with 7,000 undisciplined troops, strong only in the goodness of their cause, ventured, with overweening confidence, to make a stand against the more perfect array of their enemies. Lasalle charged them, cut off their retreat from Valladolid, slew a thousand, and compelled Cuesta to retreat to Leon, leaving Valladolid to the tender mercies of the French general. At half a league from Valladolid we passed the Carmelite convent, and Campo Santo, which was about to be the scene of a Romeria or church festival, to which the inhabitants were crowding from all parts to spend the day, first in devotion, and then in dancing and amusements. The ladies, in full dress, and not unconscious of the pretty ancles they displayed, were endeavoured to pick their way over the muddy paths. One dancing group was very picturesque; it was composed of half a dozen young peasants, in their richest costume, dancing a sort of wild but graceful measure, very much resembling the Morris dance, now approaching and now retiring from each other, but still advancing on their way, as they preceded a youth who, with his cloak over his arm to display his magnificent hanging buttons, played one of the inspiriting tunes of his country on an ancient pipe. I promised myself to return and witness the festivities; but at present we wended our way into the ancient city of Valladolid, and alighted at half-past eight at the Parador de Diligencias, having accomplished, in thirteen hours, the distance which Buonaparte, in 1809, is said to have rode in six.

CHAPTER XI.

MEETING WITH FELLOW COUNTRYMEN—BARGAIN FOR CARRIAGE TO SEGOVIA—DEVASTATION OF THE FRENCH IN VALLADOLID—THE CONVENT OF SAN PABLO—THE PLAZA MAYOR—THE CATHEDRAL—SILVERSMITHS—THE CANAL OF CASTILE—SPANISH ROADS AND TRAVELLING—AN UPSET—THE PINE FOREST—ARRIVAL AT COCA—A SPANISH VENTA.

On alighting from the diligence we were received by the bustling landlady, La Bilbaina, and a number of pretty but dirty Montanesas, natives of the Basque provinces. One of them greeted me with the welcome intelligence, that there were three Englishmen in the house, just about to set off for Segovia. Such a cheering piece of information was not likely to remain unacted upon; nor was an acquaintance amongst fellow countrymen, so unexpectedly brought together, suffered to be long unimproved. I hastened to "faire la barbe" before a broken bit of glass, which decorated the discoloured walls of my tile paved chamber, and soon found myself seated with my new found and agreeable companions at a breakfast, where—oh! wonder!—tea, and toast and new laid eggs contributed to regale us. The tea, however, it must be whispered, had come from the other side of the Pyrenees in the portmanteau of one of the travellers. The English language may be abused for its harshness by the vivacious Frenchman or melodious Italian; but after a week's privation of its musical sounds, during which not a word of my native tongue had reached my ears, how pleasing the accents and dulcet flowed its tones. They fell like gentle rain upon a thirsty soil. I soon found, by enquiry, that there was no public conveyance whatever to Segovia, which was the route by which I hoped to reach Madrid, being much more picturesque than the more direct road to the capital, and that even between this ancient city and the centre of the kingdom, there was no diligence till the afternoon of the following day. I therefore gladly availed myself of the offer of my new friends to take a place in the "carruage" which they had engaged, and which was represented to be an elegant light carriage drawn by two horses or mules. The "calesero" soon came in, and I accordingly endeavoured to make a bargain with him, but though he had thus found a supplementary passenger, without luggage, whose fare would almost be pure profit to him, he would not at first bate a real of the hundred, which he demanded;—the distance might be about sixty miles. All Spaniards have plenty of time on their hands, and a long bargaining seems to be with them one of the agreeable modes of getting rid of it. Even in the best and most respectable shops you must expect to be asked half as much again as they are willing to take. In spite of the impatience of a newly arrived traveller to inspect the curiosities of an antient city for the first time, an hour had passed in haggling without coming nearer the point, and therefore leaving my ultimatum (80 reals) with him, and a promise to return before he started, to see if his obduracy had given way, we set off to make a rapid tour of this interesting city. Valladolid is the capital of Old Castile, and was recovered from the Moors probably in the early part of the eleventh century. Being the residence of the court during the reign of Henry the Third, it owed to him and to the munificence of preceding sovereigns, especially to Charles the Fifth, many noble and sumptuous palaces and churches, the remains of which at the present day attest its former magnificence. But pitiable indeed is its present condition. Even before the invasion of the French, the removal of the court to Madrid, and other causes had left it merely a wreck of fallen greatness; but when these despoiling barbarians entered, the little that was left became doomed to almost utter destruction. The principal riches, that survived the gradual decline of the prosperity of Spain were gathered together in the churches and monasteries. These of course were soon plundered, and not contented with the treasures of art in gold and silver, which were carried away or melted down, the buildings themselves, the most valuable pictures, the rarest marbles, and the exquisite gothic carvings of tombs, portals, and altars, were all alike consigned to a wanton destruction. But after the reckless slaughter of men, women, and children in this unfortunate city, could it be expected that churches and palaces, however rare or costly works of art they might be or possess, could escape the vandalism of the brutal conquerors? Amongst the most magnificent of the few remains now to be noticed, I was particularly struck with the portal and facade of the formerly splendid convent of San Pablo, and the building close adjoining to it, the Colegio de San Gregorio. The gothic work of the latter is so rich and fanciful, and carved with such exquisite finish of flowers, reeds, basket work, and images, that one can hardly believe even the boldest military invader could have the courage to give an order for its destruction. Yet both the interior and

exterior of these wonders of architecture were defaced and dilapidated during the occupation of the city by the French in 1808. Napoleon, who remained here several days, lodged in the opposite palace, formerly the residence of Philip the Third. Valladolid possesses an university of some reputation in Spain, especially for students in law, and near it in El Colegio Mayor de Santa Cruz is the Museo, containing a large collection of some of the best works in painting and sculpture which the native artists have produced, though mixed with much of an inferior class. The Plaza Mayor, a noble square, is surrounded by grand but gloomy arcades, beneath which shops containing all the curious mixtures of articles for sale, which may generally be noticed in Spanish towns, attract the lounging spectators. On one side of this open space is the Casa de Ayuntamiento, a very handsome building, and at the various fountains the usual picturesque groups of peasants, women, and gossippers of all ages were congregated. This square on grand occasions was formerly the scene of public executions and occasionally the brilliant and cheerful fire of an "auto-da-fe ;"—in these days it sometimes serves for another display of cruelty, in the exhibition of a bullfight. Under the arcades may be seen all of life and fashion remaining in the city, which congregate here at the expense of leaving the other streets almost deserted, for the total number of inhabitants has now dwindled down to 24,000. This being a "dia de fiesta" also, even its usual frequenters had crowded to the Cathedral, to which we forthwith hastened, and there indeed the kneeling crowds explained the lonely condition of the streets. Amongst others, we saw our worthy host, for whom we had been calling at the hotel with useless vociferations, to which we could only obtain the unsatisfactory reply of "coming, coming." Numerous as was the congregation, they filled but a small portion of this immense edifice, the interior of which is nearly a square of more than 400 feet. It was built by Herrera, the architect of the Escorial, for Philip the Second, in 1585. Though the whole building is in the finest Grecian style, it can scarcely be called heavy, though the ornaments are so few, that nothing relieves the eye in surveying its vast dimensions. Every arch and chapel is on a scale of grandeur, which overpowers the mind by its immense proportions. Like every thing in Spain, it is unfinished, and the ruins of the only tower which had been partly completed, are lying as they fell down but a few years ago ;—at least that portion of them which has not been removed for the repairs of the neighbouring houses. A few fine paintings may be noticed inside ; but the Custodia of silver, 5 feet high, of which Ford speaks with so much admiration, could not be seen till the service was over. In a neighbouring street the silversmiths "most do congregate," Valladolid having been formerly celebrated for the exquisite works of art which were produced in the precious metals. The foreign possessions of Spain supplied the material in a quantity apparently so inexhaustible, that it was almost as plentiful for working as the baser metals, and the great wealth of the priestly orders enabled them to encourage and reward the rare art of the workmen, so that men of the highest genius were tempted to give the designs and even to compete in the fabrication. Ford gives a very interesting account of the art, and to show the abundance of gold and silver in Spain during her flourishing periods, he quotes from a work of Mde. Daunoy, "that the Duke of Alburquerque was employed for six weeks in weighing his coined plate ; he had 1400 dozen silver dinner plates, 1200 dishes, and 40 silver ladders to ascend to the buffett." The quantity of plate in private possession in Spain had no doubt sensibly diminished long before this century by the extravagance of her nobles, the decay of families, and the wants of commerce elsewhere, by which it was brought into more useful circulation ; but when the French invaded Spain in 1808, immense riches still remained in the religious treasuries of the cathedrals and convents. Nearly the whole of this disappeared through the fingers of the rapacious robbers, and what was worse, the choicest specimens of art and workmanship, such as will never be wrought again in these metals, were melted down with as little compunction as an old watchcase might be. Many convents and magnificent palaces still retain in this antient city some remarkable objects of refined art, rich carvings, coloured ceilings, and curious relics of sculpture, even preserved from the times of the Moorish dominion. Some of these we visited, not without a feeling of melancholy, excited by the devastation, which the ferocity of man rather than "Time, the destroyer," had wrought upon them. For the admirers of genius the most interesting was the house successively inhabited by Juan de Juni ; and Hernandez, built by the former in 1545, and purchased by the latter in 1616. They were the great sculptors of the numerous images required in Roman Catholic worship, and of which some are reckoned amongst the most admirable works of art in Spain ; one of which, by the former "the Dolorosa," is still preserved in a chapel, and others by the latter in the Museo of this city. The house alluded to is near the Puerta del Carmen Christopher Columbus also died in Valladolid in 1506 ; but a recent traveller enquiring, in the ancient palace of the Kings of Castile, of a person whom, from the papers in his hand, he took to be a learned clerk, where this distinguished man died, was answered ;—"I have never known any such man." He had ceased to be a prophet in his own country.

When I returned to the hotel, I found my English friends in all the bustle of departure. The "montanesas" were running about the house, making a great noise and the most show of business when so many were leaving, and carelessly or cunningly displacing articles of baggage, so that at the last moment a valuable cloak could not be found, and only made its appearance when the owner began to look serious, and resolved not to go without it. I found my bargain had been accepted, for the "calesero," had conveyed my slender effects and packed them ready in the vehicle, and we then all walked down, with such articles of provision—cold meat, fruits, &c.—in our hands as we could procure, as the traveller soon finds he must cater for himself, when proceeding out of the main road in Spain. Our elegant "carruage" turned out to be a light covered cart, open at both ends, protected with a sort of oil cloth, not everywhere impervious to the wet, and drawn by two mules—strong and hardy-looking animals, but by no means well matched, as one was big enough to eat the other up. The portmanteau and bags had been packed on the floor of the vehicle, which they piled up even with the seats, and whether the four passengers were expected to sit in eastern fashion, or where the four pair of legs were to be disposed of, had not entered into the heads of the ingenious calesero and his assistant. It was too late, however, to think of altering it before departure, so all entering as well as we could, we managed, after a little time, to make a sort of well for the feet, as we proceeded on our journey. We passed out by the Puerta del Carmen into the Campo Grande—a magnificent square, surrounded by the most frequented and shady promenades, and by churches, palaces, and convents, which foreigners and natives have contributed to destroy. Seen from a distance, however (as we may almost call it, when passing through the middle of the Campo Grande), they form a noble approach to this antient city, the walls and towers of which remained picturesquely for a long time in sight, as we crossed the extensive plain through which the Pisuerga and the Canal of Castile run side by side. This canal is one of those grand works in Spain which ought to confer prosperity on its cities and fertility on its plains ; but through the idleness, poverty, or want of enterprise of the government and people, is, we believe, as far as ever from being finished, although it was begun more than 130 years ago, and a company has recently taken in hand to complete it, and though the labour of 10,000 galley slaves and convicts was at first afforded them almost gratis. United with the Duero and canal of Arragon, and intended to connect Segovia with Santander, it ought to have brought into the interior of Spain the commerce of the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, of the north of Europe and of Portugal. Peace and money, two things little known in this poor and distracted country, will be required to com-

plete the noble scheme, which was commenced on a scale of grandeur more fitted to her former than her present state.

We soon crossed the river Duero over a high bridge. The river here is a foaming narrow torrent, but it carried our thoughts down to the rich districts, which it traverses, and from which old England is so abundantly supplied with the generous juice of the grape. A good road, where we only met a few foot-soldiers without shoes or stockings, and looking quite as wild and savage as the brigands, against whom their protection is needed, led us to a small town called Mojados where we left the main road and began a nearer, but more laborious route, along what could scarcely be called even a horse-track. The rain, which had been pouring in torrents, had filled all the ruts, which, even in dry weather, were deep enough to give a most uneasy rocking to our port able cradle, whilst every now and then we found a deep lake in the hollow way, where there was no outlet for the water, and which threatened to afford us an extempore foot-bath in the little well where our legs were confined. After an hour of this agreeable state of suspense, we ascended a steep bank, and proceeded along a footpath by the side of a corn field; but this was like avoiding Scylla to encounter Charybdis, for the path was scarcely wide enough for both the wheels, and the one outside frequently hung over the very edge of the bank. Two of my companions and myself got out to watch proceedings, and had scarcely done so, when over went the cart into the hollow way, nearly dragging the poor mule with it. Our remaining friend inside, though surrounded with boxes and baggage, was fortunately not hurt, and helping him out, we then began to consider the extent of the disas'er. This was a predicament by no means pleasant; the last town was at least six miles behind us, and being on the brow of a low hill, we had the pleasant prospect of seeing at twelve miles distant before us, the church tower of the little village where we hoped to arrive before night, and where probably the few foot-passengers, who venture across these little travelled wastes, were already safely housed. No assistance could be looked for, and yet our plight was so ridiculous that we could scarcely avoid alternately laughing and groaning at it. The poor mule, attached by a portion of the broken harness, was still standing on the edge of the bank, with one shaft nearly above his head, and the other below his side, for the opposite bank had prevented the cart from being fully overturned The ground was mud, well diluted by several hours' rain, but no time was to be lost, so fastening a rope, which formed one of the traces, to one of the wheels, and by means of sailor-like cheers, to the great amusement of the Spaniards, getting all our forces to work with "a long pull and a strong pull" altogether—mules, and Spaniards, and Englishmen, we brought our tottering vehicle to its equilibrium again, though to the serious damage of the adjoining corn crop, which presented, as the reporters of a shocking murder would say, "all the marks of a recent and desperate struggle." For the next two hours, we had still many a deep pool or rushing torrent to cross, till at last we entered a deep forest of magnificent pines. Their enormous trunks and rich dark rounded heads of foliage were glowing in the rays of a setting sun, and as we plunged into their deeper shadows, we certainly should have preferred a few more hours of daylight in this wild and solemn scene. In the darkest part of the forest, a large animal was seen to rush by us at great speed, and the dog started in pursuit, and the shout of the calesero who was urging him on sounded singularly hollow in this immense solitude; but it turned out only to be a fox magnified by the gloom. For three hours we walked on through these ancient pines, for no other tree gave variety or softness to the scene, except a small quantity of low shrubs here and there. The ground, for it was difficult to see the signs of a track, was of heavy sand, and we only emerged from the forest upon a wretched stony road, but with the cheerful view of a small town or village before us, to which we crossed by a lofty bridge, over the foaming torrent, Eresma. On the other side, the road was formed of stones so large and irregular, that we walked up it like a staircase; and I hardly know how the mules ascended the steep hill to the poor venta which was to be our lodging place for the night. The little town was called Coca, and thankful were we to find shelter, for it was now eleven o'clock at night, we having been nearly eleven hours on the march, and accomplished the amazing distance of twenty-five miles. The venta presented a scene more amusing than cheering: on the ground floor, just within the large wooden doors through which we all entered—mules and cart, as well as drivers and passengers—a number of poor wretches were asleep on the floor; men, women, children, pigs, and dogs, with many other *animals of a much smaller kind*, which were not asleep. One poor man, who found the wheels of the cart passing nearer to his head than was agreeable, got up, partly undressed as he was, moved his mattrass to a more quiet corner, wrapped himself in his cloak, and was soon again in the arms of Morpheus. Like famished travellers, we were eager to know what we could have to eat. When we asked the ventero what could be had, "hay de todo" was the reply; but we found the "everything" dwindled down to "chocolate" and "limonata," which, with excellent bread, and the remains of a cold fowl in our own wallet, helped to make a fair supper. But now came the difficulty about beds. They had but one room, and did not propose even to give us that amongst the four, intending to throw down a mattrass or two for us by the side of the very agreeable company which we noticed on entering. After ransacking the house, however, we made interest enough to obtain the reserved room, to which the only access was through a passage, where two young girls were sleeping. Our room at last contained only two beds, but having cajoled the venerable "tia" out of two additional mattrasses, and some coarse but tolerably clean sheets, and tossing for the choice of places, fatigue soon produced oblivion even of the novelty and amusement of our first introduction to a real Spanish venta.

CHAPTER XII.

CATHEDRAL OF COCA—ANCIENT MOORISH CASTLE—THE SKELETON—VENTERO'S CONSCIENCE—THE HIGH ROAD TO SEGOVIA—PORTAL OF CHURCH AT SANTA MARIA DE NIEVE—VIEW OF THE GUADARRAMA MOUNTAINS—MERINO SHEEP, AND THE PRIVILEGES OF THE MESTA—ARRIVAL AT SEGOVIA—DIFFICULTY ABOUT PASSPORTS—THE PLAZA BY MOONLIGHT.

We remembered the Spanish proverb, "A quien madruga, Dios le ayuda," and, though well fatigued by the previous day's march, were up at five o'clock, and after ordering chocolate and milk set off to see the Cathedral, as it was called. But we had been already preceded by the peasants, for, by the time we reached there, they were already coming out after the matin service. Some noble marble pillars at the grand altar, and two handsome tombs with effigies of knights in full armour, with their ladies reposing by their sides, were all that deserved attention. Then passing up a narrow lane, and by the vestiges of an ancient wall, we came suddenly upon the ruins of a magnificent Moorish castle. From the exterior it appeared to be almost perfect, and the battlements, towers, and bartizans, rose proudly from the ancient moat. It was built of a species of thin red brick, laid upon a mortar of about equal

thickness, and the alternate lines of white and red produced a most extraordinary symmetry of appearance, and beauty of effect. A peasant dressed in his holiday costume—for almost every day is dedicated to some saint or other—was pretending to work, but gladly laid down his spade to conduct us to the interior. Crossing the bridge over the broad moat into the courtyard, we found how busy the despoilers had been, for this relic of antiquity had been almost preserved in its original state till the French invaders came, and, as usual, left ruins in their track. Amidst the rubbish with which the courtyard was filled, we found the stones which had formed the ornamental borders to Moorish windows, in which coloured patterns of a substance resembling glass had been inlaid in the most elegant fancies. High up against one of the walls, from which the floor and the rest of the building had been detached by the pickaxe or gunpowder, was a beautiful chimney-piece, in the shape of a Moorish arch, with all the graceful patterns of tracery and rich colours, of which such surprising remains may still be seen in the Alcazar of Seville, and the Alhambra of Granada. In the centre, however, it has been painted over with a large coat of arms, similar to those which we had noticed on the monuments of the knights in the church. A good path still remained round the ruined walls, to which access could be obtained by a flight of broken steps and a mass of ruins which had fallen in the corner; and, besides these, we delighted to explore the dark passages and gloomy staircases which abounded in the thickness of the walls. We followed one passage for a considerable distance, lighted at intervals only by a slight chink, which shed a beam of sunshine into these silent depths, and holding very carefully to each other in case of a sudden descent; and after penetrating to a considerable depth we found it terminated in a deep well, on one side nearly filled up with rubbish. At another place one of my companions and myself followed a winding staircase, cut in the thickness of the walls to which their ruined condition rather than any artificial opening allowed a few glimmering rays to enter. It seemed to lead to some dungeons. At the foot of the staircase, what was our horror, at seeing by the dim light, which scarcely descended so far, a skeleton, as if the body was bent together in a niche in the wall! We started back. Tales of feudal cruelty and oppression, and the horrors which might have been perpetrated in these frightful depths, whence no cry for mercy or aid could be heard, rushed upon the mind, and we thought, alas! what a tale of misery and agony these blood-stained walls could reveal. But reader! calm your apprehensions,—when our eyes had become more accustomed to the gloom, we found it to be the skeleton of a poor sheep, which had either wandered or fallen down to this darksome depth, and its bleatings being unheard by the shepherd, had here miserably perished. After wandering about all the interior we descended into the moat, and walked all round the noble towers. In one place a beautiful Moorish arch, nearly perfect, with all the tracery and rich colours still elegantly encircling the horse-shoe form, and rising to a considerable height above it, appears to have been one of the principal entrances to the castle. We noticed some very beautiful ornamental effects produced on the walls, especially at the corners of the towers, by simply altering the position of the bricks, and disposing them at various angles to each other. It is quite surprising how strength of building and gracefulness of design have been happily blended, for in the course of hundreds of years, since the castle was erected, scarcely a corner had given way, except where the French had, with fatal barbarity, destroyed what the rudest enemies had spared. The Christian knights had evidently possessed it after the Moors, for occasionally square windows had been pierced in the solid walls, and small crosses opened here and there to admit of the discharge of their weapons. Amidst these interesting ruins, we had forgotten our breakfast, and we hastened back only to find that, like true Spaniards, the calesero and his companion had made no preparations for their departure, and the mules were still reposing unharnessed in the stable. We were soon, however, ready to depart, and not sorry to escape from the roguish ventero, who put in practice the Spanish proverb, "Mas vale un pajaro en la mano, que ciento volando,"—"a sparrow in hand is worth a hundred in flight,"—and not expecting to catch English birds again very soon, he determined to clip well the wings of those he had caught. Fifteen pesetas for a mattrass and a little chocolate, even for four persons, showed rather a Jewish conscience. Our muleteer looked so grave, that I thought he knew more of the matter than he ought. We passed out of Coca through an ancient Moorish gate, from which the battlemented walls extended till they joined the castle, not far from which a lofty watch-tower, in style but not in beauty resembling the Giralda of Seville, looked out over the plain. The road was miserable; huge unsettled stones, which made the springless cart a bed of torture, induced us all to prefer walking, but the change was a sort of Hobson's choice, for the rain of the preceding night had left pools of water which extended more like little lakes than ordinary puddles, and appeared in the centre to be of an unknown depth. We supposed this to be the road, since the mules plodded steadily forward through the midst, till we reached an extensive cornfield, without hedges or divisions, where the peasants on their mules and donkeys, wending their way to the market of Coca, were treading down the corn as a preferable path to the muddy road. Even the most ragged were mounted, and gazed at us in astonishment, as we picked our way over the tops of the highest stones. About noon we arrived at Santa Maria de Nieve, a small town where the calesero informed us some provender might be laid in. We stopped at a decent looking "posada" and leaving two of our companions, who kindly volunteered to act as cooks, and see to the hard boiling of a dozen eggs in water strongly redolent of garlic, (the only water that could be procured,) the other and myself went to examine the church till the culinary operations were completed. The interior of the church was not worth inspection, but a portal richly covered with most curious sculpture amply repaid us. At the top were the Seven Stations of the Crucifixion, and the sides were divided into compartments containing the most singular and grotesque subjects of the general Resurrection. Small figures are represented as bursting from their graves. In one compartment the devil is fetching a body to judgment; in another, an angel is carrying up a good man; and in a third, a monk is drawing a nun out of her coffin, whilst the devil is peeping over the lid and laughing. Such fancies might almost be considered as sculptured blasphemy, whatever different effect might have been intended by the priest or their architect. On our return we helped to perfect our cookery amidst much merriment, and filling our leathern bottles with a tolerable wine, set off again, proceeding for several hours through an extensive plain with a heavy sandy road. The sun darted down his most burning rays on the treeless soil, where not even a bush gave shelter from his beams, and Juan, the calesero, soon had recourse to the leathern bottle to quench his muleteer's thirst, holding the skin high in the air, and pouring its contents with great dexterity in a continued stream down his parched throat. At last from the summit of a hill we obtained a beautiful view of the Sierra Guadarrama, and of the Sierra Avila, blue in the distance, whilst the base and sides of the mountains were studded with towns and villages, and over a forest of pines the still distant towers of Segovia greeted our enchanted vision. We passed through a belt of pines, a sort of outpost from the forest, and descended to the banks of the river Eresma, where none, who have not known what it is to travel through the parched and broiling deserts of Castile, can tell with what delight we kneeled down and drank its waters from our leathern cup. A good bridge here crossed the river, and after traversing a few intervening hills, from each of which a finer view of the city, with the Alcazar on the foreground, perched on its proud eminence, was obtained, we came again upon the borders of the river, not far from the city, where several "lavaderos," or washing establishments, for the wool of the Merino sheep, have been formed

Juan was a native of Segovia, and gave an animated account of the great gathering of shepherds and sheep-owners, which takes place here in the month of May. The privileges of the Mesta, or system by which, according to ancient custom, the sheep are permitted to wander for pasture from the mountains to the plains and back again, is considered still to be one of the curses of Estremadura. The privileges, however, are being diminished from year to year, and from the poverty of the country, the decay of the wealthy convents, and of the great and noble families to whom these enormous flocks belonged, the numbers of the merino or migratory sheep have been very greatly diminished. They were formerly reckoned to amount to 4,000,000, and those of the Duc del Infantado and of the Convent de Paular, numbered 30,000 each. The king is hereditary chief of the Mesta, and when Ferdinand the Seventh was restored in 1814, he re-established the system, which had been abolished by the Cortes of Cadiz The sheep travel in flocks of 10,000, which, according to Ford's account, require 50 shepherds and as many large dogs, to guard and protect them, and they take 40 days on their journey. It may be easily imagined how the passage of such immense flocks must prove a hindrance to agriculture. By ancient custom of the Mesta, the proprietors of lands through which they pass, are compelled to keep a wide space for a sheep path, 90 paces on each side of the high road, (if such it may be called,) and the delegates of royal authority are not likely to respect the rights or complaints of poor peasants, even if a trespass be made a little beyond the bounds. The country, therefore, though which they pass, remains for the most part a rude and uncultivated waste, covered with a scanty verdure, which the sheep have travelled so far to find, and wild thyme which they will not touch. In spite of the great improvement in the breed of sheep in England and other countries, the wool of the merinos till lately fetched a very high price. In 1834 the best wool produced in Spain, sold at 3s. 6d. to 4s. per lb., and that of the Merino sheep improved in Australia fetched rather a higher price, whilst the best English wool at the same time sold for only 2s. 2d. per lb. The water of the Eresma, near Segovia, is considered to possess peculiar qualities in washing the wool, and a considerable quantity, after being valued by the Apartadores, is reserved for that purpose, and sent to the "Lavaderos" of which I have spoken. On approaching the city we found many of the inhabitants coming out for an evening walk to enjoy the cool air. We entered by the Puerta Castellana, not far from the Convento de Carmelitas descalzas, situated just beneath a lofty cliff, from which 600 years ago Maria del Salto, "Mary of the Leap," was said to have been thrown. The story goes, that she was a beautiful Jewess condemned to this punishment for adultery, but having prayed to the Virgin, in the perilous moment, the latter visibly appeared to her, and broke her fall so effectually that she survived to become an eminent saint. We afterwards noticed a fresco in the cloisters of the Cathedral, with a representation of the incident, including in the back ground the gate which we had just passed: though it certainly possesses no marks of such great antiquity. We passed below the Alcazar, which had a most imposing aspect on the summit of the wooded cliff, which seemed to rise above us on the other side of the noisy torrent El Clamores, and were soon afterwards stopped at a sort of custom-house or barrier, resembling a French Octroi, for they searched both carpet-bags and portmanteaus, to see that no secret viands or vegetables found admittance. They little knew how hard we had been put to for our fare this day, or they might have despaired of finding even the bones of a chicken. Here the acute and sensible landlord of "El Meson Grande" joined us, and strongly recommended his hotel, merely as a disinterested and indifferent spectator; but when he found we were bound thither, he dropped his incognito, and officiously offered to carry our cloaks. A steep winding hill, rising up to a picturesque gateway, the Puerta Santingo enabled us, in ascending, to obtain a pleasing view of the torrent below. whilst amongst the rocks on the other side appeared the ancient church of Santa Cruz, and the vine-clad slopes and gardens of the Jeronymite Convent. At the foot of the rocks stands the Royal Mint, "Casa de Moneta;" once an active and busy scene of industry, but now only employed for coining the copper brought from Rio Tinto,—"Cosa de Espana," —for Rio Tinto being not far from Seville, we thought of the ranges of mountains, the hundreds of miles which intervened, the panting mules, and the tired drivers, who must bring this copper to be coined, at 16 leagues on the other side of Madrid. Arrived at "El Meson Grande," we had our faithful muleteers to satisfy; they had been amusing companions on the road, and we sent them away pleased, after trying in vain to make another bargain for a "carruage" to Escorial on the next day; our landlord, however, had sworn a solemn oath that there was no conveyance of any kind to be had for two days, and Juan and his obsequious friend, and the voluble posadero seemed all to speak and understand the same language. Leaving this, then, as an "open question," and merely making an agreement for two rooms and for supper, at a price which at first savoured of an innkeeper's conscience, but afterwards descended to a moderate settlement, we set off to obtain the proper signature for our passports. But alas! no signature could be had without seeing the Gefe Politico, and the great man had closed affairs of state for the day, and was recreating at the theatre. After considerable difficulty we prevailed upon his secretary to give us the necessary visé, after having been examined and explained to him all our history from the time of leaving England to the present moment. On our way back, we met our friend the calesero, and thinking him to be free here from landlord influence we tried to make another bargain for a conveyance to the Escorial. By way of San Ildefonse, the distance might be 10 leagues; but when we found the modest price of 100 reals each was insisted upon, it seemed preferable to try our fortunes elsewhere. The supper consisted of excellent trout, swimming in oil, but fortunately not overloaded with garlick; cherries, some tolerable wine, and tea, which we had with us, and for which they brought up the water in a kind of saucepan. A large knife with a two pronged fork rather larger than the knife, might sell for something among the savages, but as for spoons after a hopeless search, we were obliged to stir our tea with one table spoon in turns. A deep balcony overlooking the Plaza, afforded us a picturesque scene; the upper end of the Plaza rises by a flight of a few steps to the Cathedral, which in all its noble proportions and florid Gothic ornaments stood out, like fretwork silver in the rays of a most brilliant moon, whilst the dark arcades and the antique houses above them, on one side of the square, were in deepest shadow. Every now and then parties returning from the tertulias hurried across the square, the ladies muffled in their mantillas, and the men enveloped in their ancient cloaks, but all carrying lanterns. Occasionally too the watchmen, with their staves and lanterns, emerged into the light from the narrow streets they were parading. When I retired to rest, I was lulled to sleep by the tinkling of a guitar; with which some devoted lover was serenading his adorable Dulcinea.

Donde estás, senora mia,
Que no te duele mi mal ?

CHAATER XIII.

THE CATHEDRAL OF SEGOVIA—THE ROMAN AQUEDUCT—THE ALCAZAR—SUMMONS FROM THE GEFE POLITICO, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES—SAN ILDEFONSO—ROYAL GLASS MANUFACTORY—THE PALACE, ITS GARDENS, AND FOUNTAINS—MOUNTAIN ROAD—SCENE IN A VENTA.

We were out early, in order to see the Cathedral of Segovia by the beams of the rising sun, as a contrast to the silvery beauty in which it shone the previous night. It is a noble building, after the model of the great church of Salamanca, and was begun by the celebrated Juan Gil de Ontanon, in 1525. The length is 380 Spanish feet, and the breadth 180 feet. The interior contains a mixture of styles, which offends against good taste, but the marbles are so rich, and the renaissance work so elaborate, that the whole effect is very magnificent, especially when the full sunlight streams through the rich coloured glass of the Gothic windows. The principal altar is decorated with magnificent marbles of Granada, and at the back of the choir also another altar is profusely adorned with highly-polished marble. A "retablo" in one of the chapels, carved in wood by the illustrious Juan de Juni, expresses the grief of the Virgin, with the body of the Saviour on her knee, in a manner which one could hardly have expected possible in such material. It appears to be well known, as we were accosted by some stray soldiers, who belonged to a detachment, on their march through the city, and who had risen thus early to visit "the Virgin," as they said. In the centre of the cathedral, a cupola gives light to the interior, and is by no means in keeping with the Gothic style of the exterior. Some very beautiful Gothic galleries run round the transepts. We noticed also, as well worthy of attention, a magnificent metal screen at the entrance of the choir, and two bishops tombs, near the "retablo," of Juan de Juni. The cloisters were locked up, as well as the doorway which leads to the tower; but a venerable old priest, a picturesque figure for a sketch, with his long white hair, and his large three cornered hat in his hand, proceeding to his private devotions, began the day with a good deed, and bustled about to find us the sacristan. He admitted us into the cloisters which are of an elegant and light gothic character. In a dark chapel adjoining, we found the tomb of the Infante don Pedro, who fell from the window of the Alcazar in 1366. In the cloisters may also be noticed the fresco, representing the incident in the life of Maria de Saltos, of which we spoke in the last chapter. She is said to be buried here. The cloisters lead to the Sala Capitular, remarkable only for its richly ornamented and gilt ceiling, and frescoes of a very light or faded colour, representing events from the old testament. In the altar is a very curious mosaic in marble, the subject of which is the Magi's offering. By this time the keeper of the tower had arrived with the keys, and we ascended to enjoy from the summit, which is nearly 330 feet high, the magnificent view of the city, and the surrounding mountains. There are several features in the view, which give it a great pre-eminence over many others we had seen. The churches, many of them with singular Moorish towers and corridors. the old Moorish walls, broken at intervals by picturesque turrets, the Alcazar, standing out upon its rocky promontory,—whilst on the East side the greater part of the houses stretching up the valley between the two steep hills, and the old Roman aqueduct overshadowing with its grand and noble arches the modern houses below, and beyond the city, the extensive plain surrounded by the not very distant mountains of the Guadarrama, whose snow-covered tops were glittering in the rays of the rising sun,—formed together a combination of objects which could rarely be matched for interest or beauty. Leaving the Cathedral, we proceeded to hunt after a calesero, as the time was wearing on, and hitherto we had made no arrangements for prosecuting our journey. We hoped to succeed at the office of the diligence for Madrid, which only runs every other day, and takes the direct road; but they had no mules nor carriages to spare. At last, by dint of enquiring at several shops, the owners of which were very civil and attentive, though sorely puzzled how to assist us, we obtained the services of a mule-clipper, who, putting up his large scissors and other instruments in his leather apron, led the way past the aqueduct to the broad street over the rivulet El Clamores, on the high road to Avila. On our way we visited the Church of San Martin, whose curious portal, with a corridor composed of pillars from which spring round headed arches, would form a good subject for the artist:—here, in a chapel ornamented in the gothic style, may be noticed the handsome monument of Gonzalos Herrera, and his wife. The wide road to which our guide led us appeared to be principally inhabited by the very class we required, for the first object that met our eyes was the worthy Juan, who had conducted us so safely from Valladolid to this city. He declined however undertaking another journey, complained of being unwell, and we could easily perceive by his pale countenance and glassy eyes that he had been making up for his privations on the road, by a night of gaiety with his comrades. We therefore proceeded further on the road, till we fell in with a little shrewd old man standing at the door of his capacious stable, whose mules were said to be excellent, and his cart, for we can call it nothing else, as cleanly as could be expected. After a long bargaining, however, finding him inexorably bent on receiving 350 reals, we returned to another calesero, whose mules and vehicle were found much superior, and with whom, by the assistance of a gravelooking, but most polite Spaniard, who happened to be passing, and, having nothing to do, stopped to listen to the dispute, we finally made a bargain for 250 reals. Our polite friend did not stop there;—making a desk of his knee, he wrote down the agreement, which was duly signed and "delivered as his act and deed" by the calesero. On thanking our obliging friend for his opportune services, he drew me aside, and whispered that he was a Carlist who had fought in Biscay against the Legion under General Evans, but that he had nevertheless a great respect for the English. The mules were to be at the door of "El meson grande" at eleven o'clock, and we now felt free to pursue our antiquarian researches by a visit to the Roman aqueduct. The name of a street near the torrent attracted our attention in passing "Calle de la Muerte y la Vida," "life and death street" deriving its name from a curious group of figures over a corner house representing a couple of skeletons, and a third figure in the full enjoyment of health to which a legend is attached; the two former celebrating the narrow escape of the latter from the penalty of hanging. The keeper of the keys of the aqueduct, resided in the street leading from the bridge, and after the usual Spanish trial of our patience he accompanied us through the Plaza del azoquejo to the steps which lead up to the channel of the aqueduct. In spite of the pigmy houses which have been erected against some of the arches, it stands out from this square in all its grandest proportions. The channel brings the pure stream of the Rio Frio from a distance of three leagues, and from the point where the arches of the aqueduct commence in the side of the hill to the reservoirs is a length of 2400 feet, in several bends or angles. After a short space the arches begin to form a double row, and where the valley is lowest, the elevation of the upper arch is 104 feet from the ground. The stones are without cement, merely held together by the mode of construction, and the whole work is one which by its simplicity, the nobleness of design, and its usefulness, expresses forcibly the magnificent ideas which the Romans entertained of the practical application of the arts as evinced in these stupendous monuments of architecture. It is supposed to have been erected by Trajan. An inscription consisting of letters inserted into the stones in front of the central arch has been entirely lost, for the learned

have endeavoured in vain to spell it by measuring the distances between the holes in which the pins which had fastened the bronze letters were inserted, and hence trying to ascertain their forms. It is remarkable for its fine state of perservation, though, according to Ford, a great portion of it, which had been destroyed by the Moors, was only rebuilt in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, and which having been restored with great skill and good taste in the original style by a monk of the Parral Convent, exhibits this beautiful structure now, as if it were only recently completed. We ascended to the summit, and walked for a considerable distance along it. The channel of the water is so narrow, and the parapets so near together that the visitor looks down to the great depth, and, almost without moving, sees the base of the arch on either side, thus obtaining a curious view of the city and the passengers beneath him. From the reservoir, the water is conducted through the different streets in a narrow canal, which runs between the houses, and opens by trap doors to afford the inhabitants a supply of the cool mountain stream. On our way to the Alcazar we noticed in a small square a very beautiful Moorish tower, the outside of which was covered with ornaments "in relief" and of a different colour from the ground. Of the Alcazar, the reader may have already formed an excellent idea, from the vivid description of it given by the author of Gil Blas, who has confined his hero here and so pathetically described his captivity. The tower, to which he was consigned by the novelist, is a striking object on entering the court yard, with its Moorish ornaments, and turrets, but the whole building is now converted into a military school, principally for instruction in the branches of engineering and artillery. Some of the students were walking under the shade of the trees, not very deeply immersed in study, though with books in their hands, and others were playing at a game resembling racquet. After some trouble we obtained permission to enter, and were shown first into the throne room. The magnificent ceiling is in the richest style of Arabian ornaments, white relieved with much gilding, and rising to a considerable height. The gold was amongst the first that came from America, and was thus judiciously used by Isabella, to whose patronage the great discovery of that continent was owing. In this palace she resided, when she was proclaimed Queen of Castile in 1474. Above the throne is a large picture with portraits of the present Queen Isabella and the King Consort. In each of the rooms may be seen a framed inscription, containing a translation of the Arabic mottoes in the cornices, and an account of the architect of the room and under whose reign it was finished. The gallery adjoining contains many portraits of sovereigns and celebrated characters, amongst others those of Ferninand the Seventh, Count Tilly &c. It was finished for Don Juan, by Diego Fernandez, in 1412. The Sala de los Reyes, "hall of the Kings," —contains in the cornice of the room, in niches and under canopies of exquisite workmanship, statues of all the Kings of Leon, Castile, and the Asturias from the eighth to the sixteenth century, with inscriptions, comprising short accounts of their history. In the cases which surround the room a small library is preserved for the use of the students. The Sala del Cordon, so named from a representation of a rope which entirely encircles the room, was antiently the, toilet room of the Queen, "Tocador della Reyna." It was finished in 1451 for Henrique the Fourth, by Francisco Arias, It now only contains a few muskets —not exhibited, we imagined, for the excellence of the workmanship. It was from the balcony of the principal gallery which we have mentioned, that the Infante Don Pedro fell from the arms of his nurse. From this window a very fine view was obtained of the country, over which we had only travelled the day before; but being partly concealed by a wooded foreground, had a green and refreshing look, very different from the barren reality The Alcazar altogether, with its rich Moorish ornaments, its gilded antiquities, and historical portraits and statues, will amply repay the trouble of a visit, and the mere beauty of the situation, high above the wooded banks of the two mountain torrents which unite below its walls, will satisfy the taste of the mere explorer of the picturesque. In passing through the great Plaza to our Posada, we were greeted with the not very agreeable intelligence by our host, who whispered it with a most serious countenance, that an officer had been sent from the Gefe politico, desiring our attendance before him. We could not exactly understand the cause of this message,—something was conjectured about passports, not being in order ;—and fear began to arise that we should exchange the breakfast, to which we were hastening home with appetites sharpened with a long fast, and the excitement and novelty of so many sights, for the blackened walls and the coarse bread and water of a gloomy prison. Our ambassador had returned from Madrid and perhaps a party of Englishmen merely travelling for pleasure might be looked upon with suspicion, as insidious spies, forerunners of some more warlike forces. However there was no help for us ;—so hiring a guide, we reached the palace as soon as possible. It was an old Moorish house. A great gate led into a square patio, surrounded by a covered gallery, supported by pillars, and opposite was a noble flight of steps to another gallery. Ringing a bell we were admitted into a passage, where a crowd of cloak-covered Spaniards of all classes were waiting their turn of admission —some supplicants for places, and some for justice, and some apparently for mercy, if we might judge from the extreme wretchedness of their appearance. We were regarded by all with much curiosity, and probably every one was as anxious as we were to know what could be our business. After being kept in suspense for some time, a servant in black livery ushered us into a large reception room, where a sort of little court were standing round the "Gefe politico," who advanced into the middle of the room, and stated that it was his duty to know, in these suspicious times, the objects of all strangers who chose to travel whilst affairs were so uncertain. He enquired from whence we came, the place of our destination, and why we chose a time so inopportune; but receiving what appeared satisfactory answers upon all points, he almost apologised for this exercise of his duty, freely offered his services to facilitate our journey, and, shaking hands with each, dismissed us with much more cheerful reflections than those with which we entered. He spoke a little French, was grave and courteous, and made many enquiries after the existing state of France and England. We returned as quickly as possible to a very merry breakfast. As it happened, this incident helped to fill up a vacant time, for the calesero had not arrived, though it was now noon, instead of eleven o'clock, the hour fixed; and we were anxious to gain time to see the royal palace of San Ildefonso on the route. However, by half-past twelve, after packing up wisely a supply of provender, and filling our wine skins, we fairly started. Passing through the city, and beneath the aqueduct, we left on the right the ruined Plaza de Toros, and proceeded along an excellent road, having before us a near and beautiful view of the mountains we expected to ascend the next morning, and behind us the splendid scene of Segovia, with its aqueduct, church towers, and Moorish walls.

It was three o'clock when we arrived at San Ildefonso, scarcely affording us time, if we could have seen them, to view the apartments of the palace and the gardens too; but we were saved from charging the fault upon ourselves, for the intendant of the palace was gone to another royal residence at Rio Frio, and as we could not enter without an order, we were obliged, after a fruitless attempt to unlock the door with a silver key, to confine ourselves to the gardens and fountains, which well deserved all the time we had to spare. First, we proceeded to the royal Fabrica de Cristales—a melancholy proof of how the arts and manufactures may decline when they are merely forced out of their natural place to gratify a royal whim or extravagance. All the materials have to be brought from a considerable distance on the backs of mules, over mountainous roads, and the brittle produce, when manufactured, must

be removed in the same manner. The breakage of the glass alone would probably swallow up all the profits. The principal workmen were two Frenchmen, who were occupied in engraving tumblers. The subjects were principally scenes from bull-fights, and were executed with great spirit and accuracy. One of these men told us that he hoped to revisit "la belle France" within two months, as the manufactory was found to be so expensive, that it was about to be given up within that time. He had been engaged for some years, and was speculating on the great revolutions which had lately taken place in his native country, and the changes which had occurred amongst his friends. He professed to be a stern republican, probably in preparation for his return, for no thoughts of a republic could have been entertained when he left. The ordinary workmen are Spaniards. A casting of glass was to take place at eight o'clock, and we were politely requested to stay and see the operation; but after viewing the miserable collection of decanters and wine-glasses which formed almost the whole of the stock in the showroom, and which would scarcely be exposed for sale at the cheap auctions in London, we declined the kind offer. The looking-glasses formerly made here were celebrated for their size, but they principally supplied the royal residences. It was established by Charles III., and the only wonder is, that it survived his reign. We then hastened to the Sitio, or royal palace. It is a very extensive building, the principal portion surrounding three sides of a large courtyard, with a fine view through the iron palisades towards the wooded mountains. This immense enclosure wears a most melancholy and deserted appearance; the grass is growing up between the stones, and a few sheep were endeavouring to pick a scanty meal, whilst two or three crowing rivals, accompanied by their respective seraglios and families, seemed as much at home as if on their own dunghills—strange visitants in the entrance court of a royal palace. We first entered the church, or colegiata, but found nothing to delay our attention, except the marbles of the altar, and the tomb of Philip V. and his wife Isabella, and the latter only by its bad taste. It contains a large medallion, with the portraits of the royal pair, and Fame blowing a long trumpet over their heads. The entrance to the gardens is on the right. The garden front of the palace is very superior in style of architecture to the other; it somewhat resembles in style that of Versailles, though it will not bear the most distant comparison in grandeur of elevation, in the magnificent terraces and flights of steps, or in the extensive view over parterres and noble though formal avenues, for which the latter is so distinguished. It has, however, some features peculiarly its own. Standing, as it does, on a spot higher above the sea level than Mount Vesuvius, it looks against grand and gloomy mountains, dark with pines or covered with snow, whilst the mere formation of such magnificent gardens, parterres of rarest flowers, and fountains which are perhaps superior in design and workmanship to anything of the kind in Europe—by the combination of savage grandeur with all the magnificence of art—suggest ideas of the gloomy character as well as the regal extravagance of the despotic and bigotted Philip V. The palace has been the scene of many important events: here the royal founder, in 1724, abdicated the crown, which he afterwards resumed; and here Ferdinand VII., in 1832, when on the point of death, revoked the decree by which he had abolished the Salic law, but afterwards recovering, the weak monarch was prevailed upon by the intriguing Christina to "revoke his revocation." He thus placed the present Queen upon the throne, but, by depriving his brother, Don Carlos, of what the latter deemed his hereditary rights, he left the country to be exposed to all the horrors of a civil war, which appears at this moment to be breaking out with more sanguinary animosity than ever. Here, too, the Queen Regent Christina was compelled, in 1836, by an insurrection of the soldiery headed by Serjeant Garcia, to swear to restore the constitution agreed to by the Cortes in 1812—one far more democratic than Spain now possesses. The interior of the palace contains a fine collection of Italian marbles. The royal apartments are said to be elegantly furnished, but the present Queen is not much attached to the place. Her Majesty, however, was here last August with the court. Passing into the gardens, we procured one of the royal servants as a guide; in order not to miss any thing of interest, and visited in succession all the fountains. It would take too long to describe all or even half of what we deemed worthy of notice. They play eight times in the year: and amongst other days on the "Dia de Reyna," "the Dia de Christina," which are the fête days of the Queen and her mother, and some of the principal feasts, when multitudes come even from Madrid to be present at so grand a sight. The Fuente de los banos de Diana represents a great multitude of figures. Diana is seated in the centre taking a bath, surrounded by fourteen figures of nymphs, some of whom have hastily seized a garment to hide the Goddess from the intrusive gaze of Actæon; and others are playing with dogs or tame stags, or combing their hair in the bath; all the animals spout water in various directions, some of which is received in capacious shells, resting against the richly sculptured wall, which forms the back ground, In the Fuente de Latona o Ranas, a number of frogs, of gigantic size, surround the edge of the basin; whilst others are scattered about in the water; and monsters, half men and half frogs, representing the reapers undergoing their unpleasant transformation, all spouting water towards the figure of Latona, who is looking up to Jupiter with imploring eyes. According to the fable they were condemned to this punishment for having refused Latona and her sons water, when they were dying of thirst, and maliciously troubled the fountain where they wished to drink. Passing the beautiful fountains "de la Reyna" (of the Queen) and de la Taza (of the cup), we come to the very elegant and graceful one called "Fuente del Canastillo." In the centre is represented a basket full of fruits and flowers resting upon four swans, floating on the water, which support the basket on their outstretched wings, whilst four Naiades gra efully swimming up, excited by curiosity, appear to be examining what the basket contains. When the jets are in play, they form a fountain in the shape of a basket in the air. A fine walk, shaded with noble elm trees, led us to the reservoir from which all these fountains are supplied. It is called by the dignified name of "El mar" "the sea"—and is distant 1100 paces from the entrance gate of the gardens. In dimensions it is almost a lake, and being situated at the base of the lofty mountains and fed from their torrents is always full, whilst the picturesque forms of the peaks, some darkly wooded with firs, and others covered with snow, are reflected in its glassy surface. High above the rest the Penalera, rising 8000 feet, may be seen to the right over "Los siete picos," its singular rival with the seven peaks.

Descending again from this place towards the palace, the visitor will arrive at the "Fuente de Andromeda." The virgin is represented as seated bound on the rock, with eyes turned up to Heaven, whilst a winged genius is ready to untie her chains, as soon as Perseus has freed her from the formidable monster. At the lower part of the rock, Perseus is engaged in contest with the dragon, his spear in one hand, and the head of Medusa in the other; whilst the Goddess Pallas stands ready to aid him if necessary. The jets of water are ingeniously made to spring from the scales of the monster's body in the shape of a spider so as to give him a more formidable appearance, whilst a flood of water is spouted from his nostrils to the height of 116 feet, like the blowing of a whale. A short walk from thence will bring the visitor to the "Fuente de Apolo." In the centre of the group, Apollo is seated, holding in the left hand his harp, and in the right his bow, whilst at his feet lies the serpent. Pithon, on which a little Cupid is reposing in triumph. Close by stands Minerva, having overthrown a figure, no doubt representing error, from whose mouth and wounded side a stream of water is ingeniously made to flow. But one more appropriate for a water subject, and much finer in execution, is the

"Fuente de Neptuno o Caballos." It is divided into several groups; in some, children are seated on sea horses guiding them with the left hand, and holding a trident in the right; in the centre, is the figure of Neptune, standing on his car, drawn by sea horses, all of which spout water from the nostrils, the trident in his right hand, and the left in the attitude of ruling the waves. In the car may be noticed a shield, bearing the arms of Spain, and of the house of Farnese, to which the Queen of Philip V., belonged. Between the feet of Neptune, a dolphin spouts up water to an elevation of 55 feet. Sea-nymphs, dolphins, and sea-horses, ridden by water gods, complete a very magnificent group. A very graceful fountain, in another part of the gardens may be noticed, representing Juno seated, whilst two children at her feet play with a dolphin, which throws up jets of water in the shape of a fan before the goddess, a truly Spanish fancy. Near the fountain of "Vertomno y Pomona," in which the figure of the goddess, surprised at the sudden change of Proteus from an old woman to a young man, and the astonishment of the little cupid, who sees Vertomno removing his mask, form an amusing subject; a very noble cascade descends in a body of water, more resembling that of a river, than a garden stream, down steps and descents on which Cupids binding wolves and wild boars with garlands of flowers, masks, and other devices, have proved the fancy and genius of the artist. The visitor crosses the head of the cascade by a noble bridge, which enables him to command a full view of the descent of the water. The new cascade is also very magnificent. The cooling waters flow like a veil over a number of steps of different coloured marble, which when the sun is shining full upon it, has a most exquisite effect. It is also adorned by fine statues and groups amongst which is a figure representing the river Guadalquivir, and another the Guadiana, as a young man to whom a little Cupid is offering fruits and flowers, an emblem of the fertilising effect of its waters. The fountain of the winds, "Fuente de los vientos," in which Æolus is endeavouring with a chain to bind the winds in his cave, whilst they in struggling rebellion are spouting out water in every direction as they endeavour to escape, and that of the "Graces," in which the subject does not appear so appropriate, form, together with what I have mentioned, only a portion of the variety, the richness of fancy, and the costly decoration, which have been expended in this far famed garden of fountains. The great advantage which the artists possessed here, was the abundance of water, owing to the vicinity of the mountains, and the rapid descent from the reservoir to the ground on which the palace stands, and which allows of jets of a force and size which could not be accomplished in any other situation without a ruinous expense. The parterres and gardens are decorated with a multitude of groups and statues, which are said to have cost alone upwards of 17,000*l.* sterling, and when to this be added the cost of the fountains and their construction, the accounts of which never came to light after the death of Philip, and when we consider also that all the earth and soil for the cultivation of rare flowers in this spot had to be brought from a great distance below, we shall form some idea of the expenditure of labour and art at which the eccentric whim of a despot must be completed. The visitor would find a day quickly spent in this agreeable retreat, and the time selected should be one of the fête days, when the fountains are in full play, and all the picturesque varieties of Spanish costumes and social life are gathered around them. We were fain to linger here till near sunset, though we still had before us a three hours' journey to the wild venta at the foot of the mountain, where we were to pass the night. No refreshments could be had at the Posada, where the mules were put up, but we purchased some wine where a bush hanging before the door indicated that it was sold, notwithstanding the old proverb, that "good wine needs no bush." The road from the Sitio, as the palace at San Ildefonso is called, to that of the Escorial is excellent, being made, regardless of expense, over a mountain ridge, for the convenience of royalty. We continued to ascend the lower part of the mountains, where, on one side, wild rocks jutted out or overhung the road, and on the other deep vallies, filled up with lofty pines, descended, along the bottom of which the river Eresma held on its foaming course. We occasionally overtook waggons laden with provisions or fuel for the capital; and in an open and tolerably level glade on the right, sheltered by thick and lofty trees, an encampment of muleteers had been formed, the cars being arranged in a semicircular form, the mules feeding on the grass and the fire throwing a strange and flickering light on the wild figures of the arrieros who sat around, enjoying a cigarito, or preparing their moderate supper. The moon was now up and the brilliant light silvering the tops of the dark pines, added to the picturesque effect of this scene. The venta which had been selected for our repose was a wretched place, but in a most romantic situation, just over a bridge which crossed the torrent Eresma near a kind of cascade. At this spot it rolled furiously through the depth of the wooded defile, whilst its roar struck with a fearful sound on the ear amidst the loneliness of this grand but wild scenery. Entering the great door into the house, on the left was a very good stable, nearly full of horses, mules, and asses, whilst on the floor, near the entrance, a number of men, women, and children had already stretched themselves to sleep, We soon began to sigh for even the accommodation which we had despised so much at Coca, for the ventero resolutely declined to give us any chamber, and declared that if we stopped we must share as others did, knowing (cunning rogue!) that to pass the mountain by midnight was quite out of the question. Two rough-looking arrieros, with genuine Castilian politeness, offered to give us up the places which they had chosen on the stone seats beneath the great chimney; but as two others were already there and fast asleep, the offer, though civil, was by no means a boon to be desired. At last, by dint of good humour and sundry jokes, we prevailed upon our surly host to give up the undisturbed possession of the store-room to ourselves. A more singular resting-place for four persons, none of us had seen or experienced before. Above our heads sides of bacon depended from hooks, and all around were pig-skins and calf-skins hanging up to dry for wine vessels; the legs remained, and the skin being inflated, gave them the appearance of the bodies of so many real animals, minus their heads and paws. In another corner were sacks of barley and chopped straw, provender for the mules, which were turned out to make room for one of our party. Our couches were worthy of the apartment—one had a sack, stuffed with straw, another merely a mat, whilst the other two were fortunate enough to secure mattresses stretched on the floor. Having gained this important concession, and cutting off some slices of bacon for a puchero, we turned into the kitchen to the right of the entrance, where a curious scene presented itself in the wild and beggar-like figures, who were seated round the blazing hearth, watching the progress of their pucheros and ollas. Their brown cloaks, leather leggings, high-crowned and broad-brimmed hats, and the long matted black hair, presented in the effects of light and shade such subjects as none but the pencil of Murillo could have pourtrayed. A number of large shaggy dogs, attracted by the agreeable odour, were waiting about for any morsels that might be flung them, occasionally interrupting the cookery by a furious quarrel for a bone. Every now and then a steaming puchero was turned out into an earthen red vessel, round which a hungry group, drawing out their pocket-knives, proceeded to dip into the dish in a most oriental fashion. A haggard-looking old woman, the wife of the ventero, with long streaming black hair, was flitting to and fro, busy with her hospitable cares. The greater part of the company were cooking for themselves, but not being such proficients in the culinary art, we called her services into requisition for ourselves. After we entered about half-a-dozen more fierce-looking visitors came in; altogether there might be about twenty—all as savage and wild in appearance as could be desired by the most romantic artist or adventurous traveller. We superintended the manufacture of our olla to

save it from a superfluity of garlic and oil, and found it not unpalatable, and after taking a short walk up the mountains to enjoy the magnificent moonlight scene of rugged rocks and gloomy woods, snow capped mountains, and foaming torrents, we barricaded our door as well as we could, and lay down in our cloaks to a welcome repose, secure in a Providence which never sleeps.

CHAPTER XIV.

CROSSING THE PUERTO—FIRST VIEW OF THE ESCORIAL—THE BLIND GUIDE—THE PRIVATE APARTMENTS OF THE PALACE—THE CHURCH—THE ROYAL MAUSOLEUM CALLED THE PANTHEON—THE CLOISTERS—GRAND STAIRCASE—THE LIBRARY—THE CASA DEL CAMPO—THE GARDENS OF THE ESCORIAL.

With the first glimpse of daylight we were ready to depart, thankful for even such slender repose, but still more thankful to escape from such an abode of dirt and discomfort. When we entered the "cocina" to take our morning repast of chocolate and water, we found several of the wild visitors still asleep on the floor, and the two on the stone seat under the great chimney still retaining that proud and envied position. The rain was pouring in torrents, and we were obliged to delay our departure for a short time, which we spent in endeavouring to abate the exorbitant demand of our surly host. On the storm clearing away we began to ascend the mountain, having three tedious hours of toilsome climbing before us, over the Puerto de Fuenfrio. Leaving the car to follow the windings of the road, which is in excellent condition, we soon struck up a narrow path through a pine forest which covered the mountain's side, and were fortunate enough to obtain a splendid view over the plain in which stands the town of Segovia, with San Ildefonso in a recess of the mountains. The surrounding Sierra protects it from all but the North wind, and thus makes it, after the burning plains around Madrid, a delightful retreat; where flowers are blossoming, and fruits only beginning to ripen, in August, and strawberries, raspberries, and currants are not fit for eating till September. After walking for about an hour, a cold sleety rain began to descend, and waiting for the car, we were thankful to hide ourselves amongst the luggage. Manuel, our gay calesero, who had been shining the day before in all the glory of his embroidered jacket, and whitest linen sleeves, was compelled to wrap himself up close in a brown cloak, and exchange his gaudy velvet cap for an old overshadowing sombrero, though his face was too good-humoured even then to give him the true brigand look. The mules, not relishing the cutting wind and rain, frequently stopped nearer the edge of the precipice than was agreeable. In three hours we had safely reached the summit, and in another hour and a half as safely descended, but without having obtained the splendid view of mountain and plain, on which we had set our hearts. We had still three hours journey from the base of the mountain, before we reached Escorial; but the weather had now cleared up, and the wild shrubs sent forth their sweetest odours as we walked briskly on. We passed within a short distance of the town of Guadarrama. From the brow of a low hill, at about half a-league distant from the Escorial, we came in sight of this far-famed convent and palace, magnificent by its enormous size, as well as by the savage grandeur of the mountains amongst which it stands. From this point a hilly road through an avenue of stunted trees led direct to the village, and as we approached, I am sorry to record my impressions, that though the imposing aspect of the edifice was not diminished, yet by the extreme severity of its style of architecture, and the rows of small windows with which the extended front is pierced, it much more resembled a large manufactory or an immense poor-house than the abode of a king or even a royal monk. The four ugly towers, one at each corner, which represent the feet of the "gridiron," are crowned with slated roofs, and the slated or leaden roofs of the buildings which surround the numerous courts, are also visible, and by no means ornamental. Still the very vastness is overpowering to the mind, and this feeling grows upon the spectator when the first impression of disappointment has passed away. The immense size of the building may be imagined from the fact, if the knowledge of our guide could be relied upon, that after the battle of Salamanca 22,000 men of the allied troops were lodged in the Convent alone. It is said to measure 740 feet by 580 feet, and to contain, on the outside, 1100 windows, whilst the number in the interior courts is even much greater. It includes a royal palace, "the handle of the gridiron," a convent, two colleges, three chapter houses, three libraries, a multitude of halls and rooms, eighty staircases and fourteen ornamented gates; and a magnificent church, which of itself would make a noble cathedral, being 374 feet long by 230 broad, and which nevertheless only occupies a small portion of the centre of the building. This Escorial, properly called "the palace and monastery of San Lorenzo," was begun by Philip II, five years after the battle of St. Quentin, to commemorate the great victory gained over the French on St. Lawrence's day. The Duke of Savoy commanded Philip's forces, amounting to 50,000 men, and the Constable Montmorenci those of the French, and it was in endeavouring to rescue his nephew, who was besieged in the town, that the latter rashly brought on the engagement. This event, and the palace itself, becomes more interesting to an Englishman, because it is generally allowed that the success of the Spaniards was owing to the gallantry and conduct of 8,000 English who formed part of their army. In honour of the Saint the palace was built in the shape of the "gridiron" on which he was broiled; the various courts being so disposed as to resemble the bars; the four corner towers, 200 feet high, the feet; and the royal palace the handle. It is reported to have cost Philip 6,000,000 of ducats, in spite of the stone being so readily found in the adjoining mountains. It was begun in 1563 by Juan Baptista de Toledo, and finished in 1584. The monks, who resided here, were of the order of St. Jerome, 200 in number, and enjoying a comfortable revenue for such frugal recluses of 12,000*l.* sterling.

On entering the village we hastened to the Fonda del Correo to make arrangements for reaching Madrid the same night if possible; but finding it would be a journey of four or five hours, and that a diligence left at five o'clock on the next morning, we secured apartments in that excellent hotel, for so it may justly be called. To find bells and looking glasses, locks and bolts to the doors, clean chambers, papered walls, and even pictures and green persiennes showed the near proximity to the Court and capital. The cuisine also was more French than Spanish, and superior even to what we found at Madrid. Hastily ordering a dinner, and securing the services of blind Cornelio, we started for the palace. Though Cornelio has been blind upwards of forty years, having become so from erysipelas when he was but twenty-three years old; he not only knows every nook and corner of the palace and convent, but stops his visitors in the gardens to show them the most beautiful points of view. He is also an amusing companion. He stated that he had visited the palace eight times with Ford (whose guide-book for Spain is the very model of that class of works, full of learning, information, and wit), and once he had been with the illustrious Wilkie. As to his other reminiscencies of English, Americans, and French, we could have wiled away

many an hour with his amusing stories, if our attention had not been so pre-occupied. He is very independent, and will not accept of any assistance, except that as it had rained heavily before our arrival, all his experience could not tell him where the puddles were to be found, and he condescended to be guided from them, but with a very reluctant air.

We first visited the portion of the edifice which contains the palace, passing through a melancholy courtyard, where the low shrubs were springing up through the stones. The apartments of the royal residence are mean and miserably furnished. The first room shown was the chamber of the Infante, where those who take an interest in babies' cradles, or other pleasing objects of a royal nursery, may find their taste gratified. In this and the two adjoining rooms may be seen portraits of the sharp features of Charles III., and of the wife of Charles V.; and in another room a fine picture of the "Pope receiving Don Diego Velasquez." We were then conducted to the little chamber where Philip II. died. By means of a small window it affords a view of the chapel, and a chair is placed in a dark recess looking to the altar, and on the grand and solemn church. A party of Spaniards who accompanied us, each, with great gravity, took his place in turn in this chair, and the ceremony was repeated by the "gardien" at another chair which the King used for the repose of his gouty legs. Each one was placed with great seriousness in the identical position of the King, and we found it difficult to preserve the proper gravity of countenance whilst the farce was being enacted. The King's ordinary writing table is also preserved here, as well as the portable table which he carried with him for writing his despatches on his campaigns. A flight of stairs leads to the "Sala de las batallas," so called from the curious frescoes of battles with which the walls are adorned. The figures are nearly a foot in length, and the costumes very curious. There is no confusion of smoke, as in a modern battle-piece, but the artist has represented with great spirit the individual combats on foot and horseback. In one, where the Christians are depicted as defeating the Moors, the crossbow-men are marching in compact bodies seven deep; Moors and Christians on foot and horseback are engaged in desperate conflicts, and in the centre King John II. may be seen with the royal standard near him. The taking of Granada contains a curious picture of the town. The fight is going on in each single house, Moors defending the entrance, whilst the women and children in all haste are escaping to the Alcazar for safety. In another part a body of Moors are in full retreat across a bridge over the river. Between the windows are frescoes of more recent battles, in which the founder of the Escorial was engaged, especially in one near Brussels, and that of St. Quentin, where the beleaguered town, the King's tent, and the different troops may be recognized by their arms and dresses. In the battle of Pavia the chivalrous Francis, the King of France, is being led away prisoner by a couple of knights, whilst his troops are being driven off the field. These are all very curious pictures, from the events they so faithfully depict rather than from their artistic merits. The public reception rooms are poorly furnished, but they contain on the walls a series of subjects executed in tapestry, which, to a stranger, form a most interesting study. They represent, in different scenes, the out-door life of the Spaniards in the reign of Charles the Third, their games, their promenades, &c., whilst the costumes both of the grandees and peasants are painted to the minutest particulars. In the Queen's antechamber the courtiers are engaged in a drinking bout; in the next, another party is playing at ball. The next is the room in which Ferdinand VII. was born, and in which he was afterwards nearly sacrificed by his shameless mother to the intrigues of her favourite Godoy, if he had not, with almost equal baseness, betrayed his companions to his enraged father. In other rooms, on the tapestry, is represented a party of Spaniards, who having quarrelled over their cards, are engaged in a deadly conflict; and in another, a party dancing the Fandango. In the King's robing-room may be seen a bull-fight in the streets, the inhabitants hastily escaping from the enraged animal; in others the Alameda crowded with promenaders—the Paseo de las delicias at Madrid, with the piquant scenes which may sometimes be witnessed there. In some rooms in which the figures appear in the costume of Estremadura, we were much amused with the picture of a group of children enjoying in their play the truly national sport of the bull-fight; one boy, mounted on the shoulders of another, enacting the picador, with a stick for a lance; whilst another one pretends to be the ferocious bull, pawing the ground in his rage. Two or three rooms, reserved for the King, are very beautifully inlaid with woods of various colours, both the floors and the tables in the most elegant patterns, whilst the ornaments of the doors and windows, the locks, &c., are of polished steel. These rooms also command a fine view over the gardens of the Palace, with Madrid in the distance. The old servant who accompanied us had served for nearly 50 years, and boasted of having held place under five monarchs, counting, however, it appeared to us, King Joseph and the restored Ferdinand as two of his royal masters. He probably took a new oath of allegiance under a restored king, as a Christian church used to be re-consecrated after being defiled by the Saracens.

We now descended to the grand entrance of the Convent with its Doric colums, above which the figure of San Lorenzo with a gilt gridiron in one hand, and a book in the other, and supported by a couple of gridirons of gigantic size, exhibits himself to the visitor as the presiding genius of the place. Passing through the immense "Patio de los Reyes," 320 feet deep, by 230 wide, we approached the great gate of the Church "El tempio," having in front of us the statues of the Kings of Judah, from which the court is named. Ugly pieces of sculpture they are—only remarkable for being hewn out of one block of marble, and leaving enough behind for half a dozen more, which, fortunately for good taste, were never chiselled out. The grand entrance to the Church is only opened to admit a royal infant for baptism, or a royal corpse for burial. All others must pass through a side door into a dark and gloomy passage, from which this magnificent church is seen in all the grandeur of its lofty proportions and severe unornamented style. Though so strongly contrasted in point of decorations, the effect is similar to that of entering the Church of St. Marc, at Venice, and arises from the same cause—the want of light and the profusion of dark coloured marbles. Such is the gloom and solemnity of the edifice, that it is long before the spectator can bring himself to believe that the most costly marbles, most valuable pictures, and bronze gilt ornaments, in simple taste but of the most extravagant cost, which the wealth or piety of a royal devotee could procure, have been lavished here with an unsparing hand. When, however, the visitor recovers from his first feeling of awful surprise, he finds that every corner contains workmanship or material of a most expensive and elaborate kind. All the lower part of the Church remains in a dim obscurity; since it is only lighted by a few windows high above the ground, or by the noble cupola in the centre, whilst the part at which he enters, is beneath the "coro alto," and almost in darkness. Near the columns which support the cupola are two magnificent pulpits of brass and oriental marble. The floor of the Church is of black and white marble, highly polished. The ascent to the grand altar is by a flight of nineteen red marble steps, and the retablo is of the same grave but rich character as the rest of the building. It is divided by columns, in the different orders of architecture, and all of red jasper, with gilt bases and capitals, into compartments containing pictures, amongst which the martyrdom of St. Lawrence is most conspicuous. Fifteen gilt statues contrast strongly with the dark marble. On each side of the grand altar are the small chambers or oratories for the royal family, from which we had been already shown the Church when visiting the royal apartments; but the most striking ornaments of the choir are the groups of figures in gilt bronze in small chapels above these oratories, kneeling in the act of prayer, with their faces towards the grand altar. On one side the group consists of five figures, Charles the Fifth kneeling, with his head uncovered, but wearing the imperial mantle; beside him the Empress Isabella;

behind him, his daughter Maria, both wearing mantles, and behind them his two sisters. In the chapel on the opposite side are the figures of Philip II., his fourth wife, Anna, and his third wife, Isabel; his first wife, Maria, and her son, Don Carlos, behind her. All the figures are kneeling. They are portraits in bronze, and the mantles are of marble of suitable colour. No one, without seeing them, can conceive the solemn effect of these immovable kneeling statues, rendered more like life from the chapels in which they are placed receiving no light but what falls on them from the choir. Near the choir are two magnificent pictures by Navarette, called El Mudo, representing "San Juan" and "San Matteo." Amongst the forty chapels, into which the aisles are divided, are numerous other splendid paintings. The "Martyrdom of St. Augustin," by Pellegrino, drew our attention. Whilst waiting in the Antisacristia for the keys of the Pantheon, we could not but admire even the washing place for the priests, which was a vessel of rich-veined grey marble, beautifully carved. In the Sacrista the most splendid object is the "Retablo" of the grand altar, containing a picture by Cuello, which conceals behind it the celebrated consecrated wafer, called the "Santa Forma," which, the story goes, was formerly in the cathedral church of Gorcum in Holland. Some Zuinglian Dissenters entering, threw it on the ground, trampled on it, and rent it; when lo! blood was observed to ooze out from the rents. The horror-struck Protestants are said to have carried it, with respect, to Malines; thence it travelled to Vienna, and thence to Prague, from whence it was presented to Philip II., by the then Emperor of Germany. During the French invasion, the monks hid it in the cellars, and it is now again exposed twice a-year to the faithful, who still find the wafer uncorrupted, and the blood still visible. We were not permitted to see it, however, and it was covered by the picture which represents the Sacristy, with Charles II. and his Court kneeling at the manifestation of this wonderful wafer. The picture is full of figures, priests, courtiers, attendants, &c., all portraits. The beautiful marbles which form the retablo, are so highly polished that the garden is reflected in them like a looking-glass.

By this time the attendant had obtained the keys of the Pantheon and we descended to this magnificent resting-place of kings. On the staircase is a portrait of a monk of this convent, which seems out of place here, but it bears an inscription stating that he had turned the course of a land-spring which gushed out close by this spot. The door, by which you enter into the vaults, is of bronze, richly ornamented with gilding. Above it, on one side, a figure in bronze represents human nature expiring—a crown falling from the head, and a sceptre from the hand; and on the other side Hope springing up exulting, with a new lighted torch. After passing this entrance, the passage below, both roof and sides, is all lined with jasper highly polished, and leads into a vault 36 feet in diameter, and rising in a dome-shape to a considerable height, the entire surface covered also with highly-polished jasper, divided into compartments by bronze-gilt pillars of rich workmanship. One side contains a chapel with a crucifix in keeping with the rest of the place, the figure being of bronze, and the cross of dark marble of Biscay, whilst the sides of the chapel are all covered with the marbles of Genoa. A bronze chandelier hangs from the ceiling, but the only light which was admitted came from two or three narrow openings near the roof, and afforded so little relief to the gloom, that the torch with which we entered scarcely sufficed to show the dimensions of this solemn temple of the royal dead. None but kings or the mothers of king are admitted here. Twenty-six niches contain black marble coffins, with a bronze inscription beneath each niche. Some are still vacant. The kings are on one side; the queens on the other—vain distinction, where all are equal. Amongst the Kings are Charles V., Philip II. and IV., Charles II., III., and IV.; and, amongst the Queens, Ana, fourth wife of Philip II.; Isabel of Bourbon, first wife of Philip IV.; Maria Ana of Austria, his second wife; Maria Luisa of Savoy, first wife of Philip V., &c. This solemn vault is placed exactly under the grand altar, so that the host may be elevated just above the illustrious dead. To this place Ferdinand VII. and his mother also were accustomed to descend for lonely meditation—with what idle effect history too painfully tells. The young monk who accompanied us was too much accustomed to the place; too voluble in his descriptions to allow us to feel the solemn loneliness of this gloomy abode. The cheerful tone of his voice was so grating on the ear, that we were compelled to beg for the decorous silence more suitable for the place. Close adjoining is another vault, called "El Podridero," "the rotting place," where the rest of the Queens and the royal children repose in peace.

After taking another glimpse of the church, we assended to the cloisters. In simplicity and grandeur they are in keeping with all the rest of edifice, and its size may in some degree be judged of from their loftiness and extent. They consist of two stories—the lower one 212 feet on each side, surrounding a large court-yard, called "Patio de los Evangelistas," with a sort of temple in the centre of a formal garden, divided by low walls of box. The lower cloisters are adorned with frescoes, much faded or destroyed, except in the corners; and the ascent from these to the upper cloisters, is by a magnificent staircase, imposing by its grandeur and by the frescoes which adorn the walls. In the vaulted roof, principally painted by Luca Giordano, is represented the Trinity, surrounded by a great multitude of angels, receiving San Lorenzo after his martyrdom. In the lower part of the picture may be noticed Charles V. presenting the crown of Germany with one hand, and that of Spain with the other; whilst Philip II. modestly holds *only* the globe in his hand. The three sides of the staircase are adorned with a vivid representation, on a large scale, of the battle of St. Quentin, in honor of which victory this immense edifice was erected. After visiting other rooms we entered the library—a magnificent room, 194 feet long, and 36 feet high. The ceiling is gaudily gilt and painted, though the subjects are well suited for the purposes to which the room is devoted. In the ceiling, Philosophy is showing the globe to Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, and Seneca. Below the cornice, in a variety of compartments, are many other subjects relating to human learning and the study of languages—such as the School of Athens; Grammar holding a wreath of flowers, as a prize for the children who are studying; the Tower of Babel, as the origin of the multitude of languages; Rhetoric, in which are introduced the figures of the Greek and Latin orators, Isocrates, Demosthenes, Cicero, and Quintillian. Porphyry and marble tables, some supporting globes, and some for the use of students, are ranged along the centre of the room; but, alas, few students avail themselves of this splendid study. A venerable priest had just taken down an ancient volume, and no one else was present to disturb his solitary or learned reflections. The books are turned with their edges outward, which are richly gilt, and have the name of the author stamped upon them. A great portion of this valuable library was lost when removed by the French to Madrid; but the upper room still contains some valuable Arabic MSS, and ancient bibles. Amongst the portraits against the walls, will be particularly noticed those of Philip III., Charles II., and Philip II., for the excellent likeness it gives of this bigotted and austere monarch. In the short but pithy summing up of his character, which we find in Ford's excellent work, he says "that he rarely laughed, and never so heartily as on receiving the news of the St. Bartholomew massacre." The entrance to the "coro alto," the upper part of the church, is on a level with this cloister, and to it we then proceeded. It affords a fine view of the interior of the church, and is in itself a church of large size. The most splendid objects were the choral books, the notes of which are so large, that they may almost be seen from the seats near the walls, and all the pages are richly illuminated. The stand on which they are placed is not less curious. It seems from its size and weight to require immense force to move it, whereas the attendant, with a slight touch, turned it with the books completely round. A very beautiful statue of San Lorenzo will also be remarked. Blind Cornelio fear-

lessly led the way over the seats and benches, merely with the assistance of a small stick, to the door near which the royal monk was accustomed to enter after his brethren, and take his seat in the farthest corner, it might be from the spiritual "pride that apes humility." After leaving the Escorial, we paid a short visit to the Casa del Campo at the end of a long avenue of trees. It is a plain stone villa residence as the name implies, and was built for Charles IV. when prince. It contains a few good pictures, and some very splendid marqueterie tables and ornaments, whilst all the walls, passages, and staircases are of beautifully veined marble. In the first room will be noticed a splendid "St. John" by Murillo, and in others, "the Virgin" by Murillo; "Judith" by Spagnoletto; a small picture of "the supper at Emmaus" by Albert Durer, and in the large centre room a beautiful "Female Martyr" by Domenichino. But the apartments are principally interesting to those who take pleasure in the family portraits, or private occupations of the royal family of Spain. In upper rooms, to which a splendid marble staircase leads, are pictures of Ferdinand, King of Naples, as a child, the Count de Montemolin, and others of the family:—portraits, but badly painted. A small statue of Charles IV. in marble under a glass case is sculptured with spirit. Another room is full of pictures, worked in silk with the needle by the princesses, and another of which the walls are covered with similar work, in elegant patterns and colours, by Queen Mary. In another little room, are exact copies on a small scale of the arabesques in the Loggia of the Vatican, the celebrated work of Raphael; and in the miniature dining room, an attempt has been successfully made to imitate the same style on the pillars of the room, in gold arabesques upon a blue ground encased in glass. It is altogether a very pretty residence, full of elegant French furniture in white and gold, but coming from the gloomy grandeur of the Escorial, the visitor scarcely condescends to notice its graceful prettiness. Cornelio then led us to the gardens of the Escorial, only remarkable because all the beds and borders were artificially formed on the barren rock, by bringing the earth and all the flowers from a distance. They consist principally of formal avenues of box, and when we were there a great profusion, though no great variety of rose trees. A few fountains, contribute their attractions, and the gardens also command a fine view of the mountains, on one of which is the "Silla del rey," "the Kings chair," a spot from which Philip was accustomed to witness the progress of his buildings. A noble gallery, where the invalid monks might promenade, sheltered from the cold winds, overlooks the garden from one side, and from a fine terrace at the end, may be obtained over the barren waste, having the foreground agreeably relieved by the foliage of the royal preserves and plantations, a very splendid view of Madrid at six leagues distance. After looking in at the now deserted kitchen, which, by its enormous grates, leads one to reflect what good cheer formerly was prepared here under the auspices of San Lorenzo, whose picture is painted in fresco over the door, with a very appropriate gridiron in his hand, we completed the survey of this immense edifice, and, wearied with grandeur, returned to our modest apartments and dinner, where we had every reason to be satisfied with the accommodation, comfort and cleanliness of the Fonda del Correo.

CHAPTER XV.

COUNTRY BETWEEN THE ESCORIAL AND MADRID—ENTRANCE TO MADRID THROUGH THE PUERTA DE THE VICENTE—WANT OF HOTELS—PUERTA DEL SOL—CARRERA DE SAN GERONIMO AND ITS EDIFICES—SAN PRADO—MONUMENT TO THE VICTIMS OF THE DOS DE MAIO—HISTORY OF THAT DAY.

The diligence was at the door punctually at five o'clock, the hour fixed for starting, and we were soon on our way to the capital of New Castile, and the centre of all Spain. Our companions in the interior were two natives of Madrid, and a Catalonian female, in the picturesque dress of her country, with her poor sickly child, whom she was taking to the capital for medical advice. A rough-looking cur, who has taken it into his head to accompany the vehicle backwards and forwards every day, trotted behind. He has no home at either terminus, but lives on the charity of the calesero and the passengers. The finest view of the Escorial is obtained from the side towards Madrid, as the enormous edifice is seen here rising above the trees which form the royal preserves of El Pardo and La Zarzuela. The country between the Escorial and Madrid is a barren, stony, treeless waste, with a few low hills, which break the monotony of the table land, but scarcely suffice to add any beauty to the arid, burnt up appearance of the whole country around Madrid. The only vegetable production which relieved the eye, was the purple heath, and occasionally the wild lavender, which seemed to grow even among the stones. With the exception of the little villages, or rather hamlets, of Galapagar and Las Rosas, where we changed mules, no cottages or villas indicated that we were approaching a populous and overflowing city; and not a peasant was to be seen endeavouring to bring the stubborn soil into cultivation, the fruits of which, if any could be obtained, would find a market so close at hand. The mules and donkeys which we overtook, laden with fuel and provisions, exhibited, in their dust-covered coats and wearied pace, the distance from which every article must be brought for the sustenance of the large population. We crossed, by a noble bridge, Puente de Segovia, the river Manzanares, now a narrow stream, though in winter and spring it is swelled to a foaming torrent by the tempests, or the melting of the snows, and continued our course along a fine avenue of trees, called La Florida, which runs between the river and the gardens of the palace, and in about five hours' ride from Escorial entered the city by the Puerta de San Vicente. A troop of cavalry from the immense barracks on the left diversified the scene, though they blocked up the way, whilst bringing their horses to water at the fountain. Further on, the palace of the Duke of Alva, with its choice collection of paintings, deserves attention, and on the right is the royal palace and gardens, of which we made a circuit of the greater part of the walls, before arriving at the office of the diligence. A custom house officer, as at Paris, awaited our arrival, and examined all the baggage as it was taken down. This detained us some time, and then my friends securing the services of some sturdy Gallician porters, I set off with them to the Fontana de Oro, where they hoped to fall in with an old acquaintance. This, formerly a celebrated hotel, is now converted into baths, a library, and lodgings; but none of the rooms that were to let encouraged us in the wish to remain there; and as my friends were in search of private apartments, I thought it better to repair to the Fonda de Paris, which I understood furnished all the comforts of a good hotel. I therefore took leave of my agreeable travelling companions with great regret, having passed several happy days of social and intellectual intercourse, rendered still more pleasing to the memory by the amusing incidents of our journey, and even by the privations and discomforts of which we had lightened the pressure by sharing them together in good humour and patience. The Fonda de Paris is in the Calle del Carmen, very near the Puerta del Sol, the great centre of Madrid life. It is kept by a Frenchwoman, and the rooms looking into the street are well furnished, though dear. The want of suburbs compels all the inhabitants of Madrid to live within the walls in a comparatively narrow compass. The houses are

lofty, and inhabited by a great number of families, having the staircase in common, and the want of space for an increasing population renders lodging expensive. The price of the three rooms, which we first looked at together in this hotel, was three dollars per day. I found excellent coffee served up in the French style, but was compelled to find dinners elsewhere. After obtaining the services of a French guide, Theodore Colomic, a very intelligent and loquacious companion, who proved as amusing by his vanity as by his vivacity, I sallied out on a tour of inspection, and soon found myself in the Puerta del Sol. This is a small square, almost in the centre of the city, and into which, by the principal streets, the Calle de Alcala and the Carrera de Geronimo, on the east, and the Calle del Arenal, leading to the royal palace, and the Calle Mayor, which conducts to the bridge of Segovia on the west, the stream of the population is continually pouring. From north to south it is crossed by the Calle de la Montera, and the Calle de las Carretas, where all the best shops are to be found. Numerous other smaller streets meet at this point, so that it forms the nucleus of all the business and idleness of the city. It is also the focus of all the news, and such papers as are allowed to be sold are distributed here by the blind hawkers, to whose lot this occupation seems chiefly to fall. Intriguers of all descriptions, from the meddling and disappointed politician, wrapped up in his blue cloak, and solacing his hunger or impatience with a paper cigar, whilst he waits for his turn of fortune amongst some of the oriental changes to which bad government is incessantly exposed, to the graceful intriguante shrouded in her picturesque mantilla, which held by the point of the fan, and concealing the lower part of the face, only gives double lustre to the soft and large black eyes, which no where speak with more animation and power than in this fiery clime. The beautiful national costume is becoming to almost every woman, old and young. In the graceful use of the fan and the mantilla, and in that elegant and "harmonious motion"—as their walk has been happily described—the women of Madrid almost equal the far-famed Andalusians. I was surprised to see even the few French bonnets, with which some more fashionable, I suppose, than the rest had ventured to disfigure or conceal their native graces. Here, too, may be noticed the costumes of almost all the provinces of Spain; here is the gay Majo, in his embroidered velvet from Andalusia; the sturdy Gallician, who is ready to carry a mule load of burden on his head; the honest muleteer from Arragon; the water carriers from the Asturias, filling their copper kegs from the adjoining fountain; and beggars from every quarter. Priests, and soldiers, who are always lounging about in front of the Casa de Correos, ready to fall into rank at the first alarm; dandies and place hunters; the Aguadores or water sellers, with their characteristic cries, "Quien bebe?" "who drinks?" or "Quien quiere agua?" "who wants water?" and their supply of this necessary element, deliciously cooled with ice from the neighbouring Guadarrama mountains; the goat keepers, with their tired herds, stretched at ease in the shade, after going their usual morning rounds; keepers of lotteries, with their prizes of trinkets, or lazy fat pigs reposing at their feet; in fact, the representatives of all classes may be seen here, and the bustle, noise, and variety, is incessant. Let the stranger beware how he talks in too loud a voice of political topics, which in England would be freely discussed in spouting clubs or penny newspapers; there the jealous ear of despotism is ever attentive, and perhaps in that solemn monk, or gay soldier, or respectable looking citizen, wrapped up in his blue cloak, and with hat slouched over his eyes, the incautious speaker may find a government spy idling about, and pleased to be saved the trouble of inventing, by giving a true report of free-spoken treason. On the south side of the Puerta del Sol, is the post office, always well garrisoned with a strong guard of soldiers, on account of the commanding position which it occupies in the centre of the city, and at the junction of such a multitude of streets. In the hands of insurgents provided with artillery, it would indeed be a formidable post. Behind it is the Casa de postas, from which the mails are despatched every evening to various parts of the kingdom; and to which the visitor will probably have to repair, when he leaves Madrid. At the angle of the two streets, which I described as running into the Puerta del Sol from the east side, is the insignificant though fashionable church of Nuestra Senora de Buen Suceso. It is principally and painfully remarkable, as the scene of some of the executions, which the French so ruthlessly perpetrated after the insurrection of the inhabitants on the second of May, 1808, and it contains inscriptions to some of the victims, who were slaughtered and buried here. Continuing our walk up the Carrera de San Geronimo, we may notice some of the finest private houses of the city. Amongst others that of the Banker, Ribas, is decorated with great taste. Towards the end of the street on the left a new edifice is in the course of erection for the meeting of the Cortes. It occupies the site of a church, which was recently pulled down for the purpose, and a very elegant Corinthian portico shows excellent taste in the design. In the square beyond, a statue of Cervantes has recently been set up,—in attitude more theatrical than graceful. The palace of the Duc de Medina Sidonia, which is passed on the right hand will surprise the spectator, not so much by its great extent, as by the very plain and unadorned frontage which it presents to the street. In any city where commercial activity exists, it might be mistaken for a large manufactory, but in Madrid there will be no fear of such an imputation on its ducal dignity. It terminates on the Prado, the most frequented and delightful promenade in the city, on which in the evening all the fashion of Madrid will be found assembled. Some of the equipages are of the most extraordinary kinds. Ancient coaches, gilt and painted,—carved in the quaintest manner with grotesque ornaments, hung upon springs of prodigious length, and with hind wheels of portentous dimensions, may occasionally be seen, which, together with the antiquated livery and curious figures of the coachmen and footmen, carry the mind back to centuries, during which Spain has been left behind in the race of improvement. The royal carriages, however, now used are importations from Paris or London, and these early characteristic equipages and costumes are fast vanishing from sight. Some of the horses which were ridden by the young noblemen or gentry were Andalusian barbs, which by their graceful figures, long tails, and arched necks, are admirably adapted for parade,—the mane and tail being frequently tied into knots by gay-coloured ribbands. The entire length of the Prado, from the gate of Atocha to that of Recoletos, is nearly two miles; but the most frequented part is between the place where we now entered it, opposite the Museo and the Calle de Alcala, called the Prado de San Geronimo, or "El Salon." The Prado was laid out in the Reign of Charles the Third, having been previously the scene of many murders, duels, and intrigues. It has not quite lost its character for the latter at present, and perhaps never will. The Queen accompanied by the Court, but without a guard, may frequently be seen parading in her carriage amidst the gay assembly. Seats are placed amongst the overshadowing elms and chesnut-trees; where the company, when tired of promenading, may repose at ease and watch the gay procession pass, whilst water carriers and boys with little lighted matches to light the cigars, run up and down to supply the two greatest Spanish wants. Seven fountains, consisting of different mythological subjects, help to dispense a refreshing coolness to the dusty and glaring, though favorite Alameda. The fountain opposite the Museo is that of Neptune, riding in his car with sea horses and dolphins around him. Not far from this is the monument which was erected to the heroes who perished on the "Dos de Maio,"—"2nd of May," a day which will ever be memorable, as the commencement of that guerilla warfare, which taught the French invaders that no military force, however overwhelming for the time, can extinguish the liberties of a nation, which is determined to be free.

The monument consists of a pyramid raised on

steps, with a figure at each corner, and is surrounded by a railing, within which a few cypresses have been planted; but no green turf gives relief to the eye, and the bare earth and stones have a rough and unfinished appearance.

This "Dos de Maio" is still held in a sort of reverent recollection by the common people; though French influence has succeeded in modifying the celebration of it by the Spanish Court. Toreno enters into the minute and sad details, and in a brief though picturesque description, gives a frightful picture of the atrocities perpetrated by the French commander. The French army under Murat had entered the city about the end of March, and all the Royal family of Spain, except Don Antonio, the brother of the abdicated King, had repaired to Bayonne, enticed thither by the artifices or by the emissaries of Napoleon. On the last day of April, Murat produced a letter from the old King Carlos IV. requiring the Queen of Etruria to repair also to Bayonne, with the Infante Don Francisco, and on the first of May he obtained the consent of the Junta to their departure, which was fixed for the morning of the next day. The hatred of the people of the capital had been increasing from day to day, ever since the arrival of the French, who did not understand how to conciliate the haughty Spaniard, and a vague feeling of alarm and impending trouble had been increased by the non-arrival of the usual mails from France. A great multitude of men and women had assembled, when at nine o'clock on the morning of the second of May, the Queen of Etruria departed with her children; but when two other carriages appeared, the rumour spread abroad, that Don Antonio and the Infante Don Francisco were also about to leave, and thus none of the royal family would remain behind. The cries and lamentations, especially of the women, redoubled when they heard that the younger child was weeping, and refused to leave the palace, and such was the excitement, that when Murat sent his aide du-camp to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, the latter narrowly escaped with his life; being only rescued a by French patrol, which arrived barely in time to save him from immediate death. The French were apparently both prepared for and eager to take advantage of this emeute to strike a blow which should terrify the people of Madrid into more complete submission. A battalion of French, with two pieces of artillery, quickly arrived, and opened a fire on the unarmed populace, who fled from the spot in rage and resentment, only to seek arms elsewhere, and excite a general rising of the whole population. The strangest and most old-fashioned weapons were brought into use. Detached parties of French were cut down or taken prisoners, and an immense crowd triumphantly filled the Calle Mayor, the Calle de Alcala, de la Montera, and de las Carretas. But short was their success. The French had only disappeared to concentrate their forces, and pouring into the Calle de Alcala and the Carrera de San Geronimo, from the Retiro and the suburbs, they soon swept the streets with their artillery, and the cavalry of the imperial guard destroyed or dispersed the crowd by repeated charges. The Polish lancers and the Mamelukes, distinguished themselves by their cruelty and ferocity, forcing open the doors, plundering the houses, and slaughtering whom soever they found within. At the houses of the Duque de Hijar, in the Carrera de San Geronimo, they slew the aged porter at the gates, and had nearly sacrificed in the same way the Marques de Villamejor, and the Conde de Talara, though neither had taken part in the disturbance. Many of the Spaniards fought with a reckless bravery, which deserved a better fate, throwing themselves amongst the French troops and though sure of their fate, fighting desperately with their last breath. Others retreated from corner to corner, keeping up a deadly fire as long as their ammunition lasted. Some instances of individual bravery have been recorded. Southey mentions in a note "a man, who got his livelihood by the chase, and who was an unerring shot, who expended eight and twenty cartridges upon the French, bringing down a man with each, and when his ammunition was spent, he armed himself with a dagger, and rushing against a body of the enemy fought till the last gasp." A story is also told of a Mameluke, who breaking into a house, from which a musket had been fired, was run through with a sword by a very beautiful girl, who was immediately cut down by his companions. But what could such individual efforts of courage or patriotism avail against discipline and artillery? The Spanish troops who were said to be only 3,000 in number, (whilst the French numbered 25,000,) were confined to their barracks, and the only military opposition was made at the gates of the arsenal, where two illustrious patriots, Don Pedro Velarde, and D. Luis Daviz, ready to perish in a hopeless cause, with only three cannon, and a small piquet of infantry, under the orders of an officer, named Ruiz, bravely defended their post and drove back the enemy with great slaughter. But Ruiz was soon grievously wounded,—Velarde, killed by a musket ball; and when the few surviving thought to capitulate, the French soldiers rushed upon the cannon, and, with repeated thrusts of their bayonets, put an end to Daviz, already severely wounded in the thigh. Such were the men, of whom individually Spaniards may well be proud, and with such devotion to their country, had there been anything like organization, or military science, the French might not have purchased their victory, so cheaply. When the resistance ceased, the military executions began, and from three o'clock in the afternoon, all through that night and the next day, scenes of horror were perpetrated, and innocent victims slaughtered without hearing any defence, and without a ray of mercy to gild the gloomy scene. The steps of the church of La Soledad, and the fountain in the Puerta del Sol, were stained with their blood, and in the Retiro and on the Prado, Toreno relates that the victims were tied two and two, and, being shot down in heaps by the French soldiery, were buried—some dead, and others badly wounded, but still breathing! Toreno relate an affecting story of the escape of his friend, Don Antonio Oviedo, for whom with the greatest difficulty he had procured an order for deliverance, who was already bound with cords in one of the patios of the Retiro, awaiting his fate, and who had not left the place when he heard the crack of the muskets under which his friends were expiring. When Toreno first applied to the governor of the council, Don Arias Mon, the latter, worn out with the fatigues of the morning, and trusting in the French promises, was quietly asleep, taking his siesta, whilst his countrymen were being executed by hundreds. Cosa de Espana! It is confidently believed, that either in the contest, or by the subsequent executions, 1,200 French and Spaniards perished in this insurrection. Such was the Dos de Maio—a day which will always be remembered as the breaking forth of that burning spirit of patriotism which brought together Spaniards of all provinces and every class, and continued with unabated vigour for five years, till the French were entirely expelled from their country by the bayonets of their English allies.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CALLE DE ALCALA AND PLAZA DE TOROS—CHURCHES—VIEW FROM THE TOWER OF SANTA CRUZ—THE PLAZA MAYOR—ENGLISH EMBASSY, AND THE TIME FOR SIGNING PASSPORTS—PROMENADE OF THE QUEEN AND KING—FRENCH RESTAURATEUR—TEATRO DEL PRINCIPE.

The monument to the heroes of the Dos de Maio referred to in the last chapter, is in front of the grand entrance to the Museo, which being still open, I had time to take a hasty glance round, and to see the previous opinion of the Spanish character, and their hatred of the French, confirmed by some of the modern paintings, one of which, represents a whole family in the last agonies of starvation, resolutely refusing the bread which a French soldier is offering them. We must return to the Museo again, and for the present.—the Buen Retiro being also closed,—pass on by the Prado and the fountain of Cybele to the Puerta de Alcala. This is one of the most elegant gates at Madrid, and bears an inscription that it was erected in the time of Charles III. A little way beyond this gate on the left will be noticed the Plaza de Toros, where during the summer a bullfight is given every Monday, and the mixed population of Madrid in their richest costumes, and agitated by the most excited passions, may be seen to perfection. The stranger will be at no loss to know the time of the "funcion," or the more important characters engaged, since large hand bills will be seen, stuck against the houses in the most frequented thoroughfares, with all the particulars, the names of the celebrated performers, the Matadors, and the Picadors, the prices of the best places, &c. Near the Puerta de Recoletos is a small natural fountain, the water of which is celebrated for its purity. Not far distant is the magnificent palace of La Buena Vista, formerly built for the Duchess of Alva, and afterwards inhabited by the favourite Godoy, before the invasion of the French. After entering the churches "del Carmen" and "de las Calatravas," neither of which contained any thing remarkable, though my guide had a story to tell about the latter, that three years ago, whilst a celebrated preacher was inveighing from the pulpit against the faults of his audience, a guilty sinner, who felt his home thrusts too severe, drew out a pistol, and shot the ecclesiastical censor, we proceeded along the Calle de Alcala, the most magnificent street in Madrid, of great width, lined on each side by magnificent palaces or private houses, and sheltered from the intense heat by rows of acacia trees. This street is situated on a gentle slope, with a graceful bend which adds much to its picturesque appearance, and widens gradually as it approaches the Prado; and, being always crowded with promenaders to that favourite Paseo, affords a scene of gaiety and animation which is continually varying in interest and amusement. It contains several noble buildings; amongst others, the Aduana or Custom House, built in 1769, with a splendid facade by Lieut.-Gen. Sabatani; the Royal Academy of San Fernando, two or three fine convents; and what was formerly the English embassy, but is now being repaired and redecorated for a Spanish noble family.

We returned into the Puerta del Sol by one or two arcades, one of which—the Passage de Villa de Madrid—is a fair imitation of the elegance and style of building, covered in with glass, in similar passages in the French metropolis; but sadly wanting in the life and commerce, and the display of tasteful articles for sale, for which these arcades in Paris are unrivalled. We then started for the church of Santa Cruz, in order to witness the fine panorama which may be seen from its lofty towers. This is an admirable point of view, from which the city may be observed in all its extent and grandeur, and the finest edifices displayed in their most striking aspects. Over the magnificent royal palace, which in a great measure shuts out the dreary plain beyond, will be noticed the immense Escorial, rising above the royal forests, and backed by the bare and lofty mountains. Just below the spectator, the Plaza Mayor—the magnificent square in which the bullfights, the auto-de-fés, and other grand exhibitions were formerly held, is thronged with passengers or idlers, whilst on the other side, the gardens of the Buen Retiro palace may be traced in all their symmetry and gaudiness of colour. Beyond the Plaza Mayor, the route to Badajoz winds off through the plain, and the church of San Sacramento is conspicuous on the left. On the other side a fine group of buildings will be noticed, composed of the Tribunal, the prison, the church of San Isidore, and the church and convent of San Tomas. None should miss the excellent view of the city from this commanding position. On descending, the usual fee was declined by the little black-eyed Manola, who had charge of the tower, and this was not the only time that, whether through pride or civility, we found the keepers of public buildings refuse the gratuity which in most other countries is either expected or demanded. In the centre of the Plaza Mayor, which closely adjoins the church, is a statue erected to Philip V. The figure of the King is good; but the horse a heavy and by no means graceful animal. The marks of cannon balls and the damage done to the columns and porticos of this square, which was the scene of a severe contest in the last revolution, are still unrepaired and likely to remain so. This square is 434 feet long and 334 broad, and is now only used with the streets leading into it, as a general market. It is surrounded by a row of fine arcades. The church of San Isidore, mentioned above, contains some columns richly inlaid with various coloured marbles, and two or three chapels heavily ornamented in a very florid style; but the principal object of attraction is a beautiful picture in the Sacristy, of "Christ bound to a column," and looking down upon St. Peter, with an exquisite air of dignity and compassion. Not far from this, a Moorish Hospital, with the gate in the usual form of a horse shoe, with the rich ornaments resembling corded lines, and a few statues under richly wrought canopies, will attract the attention in passing. The church of St. André also contains a picturesque portal, which is now closed up. The interior is lofty, lighted with a high cupola, covered in the interior with elaborate ornaments in high relief. The cloisters, however, contain a wooden door curiously carved with battle pieces, and scenes from Old Testament History, amongst which is "Joshua commanding the sun to stand still."

It was high time now to make enquiry as to the passport, and on account of the dilatory manner in which business is conducted in all the official matters in Spain, to see that it was prepared as speedily as possible. Accordingly, I went off to the English embassy, where the first signature is required, and found that the secretaries only attended from twelve to two o'clock daily. In the unsettled state of affairs it did not appear prudent to venture upon an excursion to Aranjuez and Toledo, which was my original intention, till the passport was in order, and I was accordingly compelled to await till the next day the leisure of our official representatives. Returning by the palace, we found a few persons assembled, expecting the appearance of her Majesty, for whom the carriages had been in waiting nearly an hour. A little commotion was noticed in the attendant groups, and in a few minutes the Queen descended the grand staircase, and entered an open barouche, drawn by six horses; her Majesty looked both handsome and well. She was accompanied by a young and pretty duchess of her court. A poor young creature, who had been for some time endeavouring to conceal her tears and distress from the unheeding spectators, handed a petition to the Queen as the carriage was whirled rapidly from the gate, which her Majesty received with her own hand, and with a gracious smile, which came with hope to the poor unfortunate, who hastened away from the crowds to vent her feelings in her solitary home,

waiting perhaps the release of an unfortunate husband or brother, who might have been visited by the wholesome but in this country uncertain severity of the law. No guard of honour attended the Queen. In about twenty minutes after her Majesty had left, a sort of light high phaeton, drawn by four horses, was brought to another gate of the palace, preceded by a couple of equerries mounted on fine Andalusian horses, and the King came out, a young but grave looking man, with a very luxuriant growth of mustachios on the upper lip, entered the carriage, and was driven off in a different direction from the Queen. He was only accompanied by one gentleman. The palace guard was drawn up in the principal court, and with roll of drums and presented arms did honour as he passed. Not many spectators were to be seen, but numbers of servants in the royal livery of blue, curiously conspicuous, like the Cardinals at Rome, for their red stockings, were loitering about. The Queen had ordered the carriage at six, and the King at seven; but they were both much beyond the time appointed. It was formerly possible to obtain a sight of the Royal apartments in the absence of the Queen and Court; but since the revolution this favour has been so strictly prohibited, that none of the officials would venture to break the injunctions. In the front of the palace, in the noble square called Plaza Oriental, is the celebrated Equestrian statue of Philip IV, brought from the gardens of the Buen Retiro. It is wonderful to see the skill with which the artist has managed the attitude of the beautiful war horse, which is rearing in the air, with both the fore feet raised from the ground, the enormous weight being only supported by the tail, which sweeps the rock, and the hind feet. Around this are grouped the statues (originally taken from the balustrades of the palace, and hidden for some time in its vaults) of some of the kings and queens of Spain—Ferdinand, Juan of Castile, &c. The statue of Isabella represents both her figure and countenance as of great beauty. From the elevation on which the palace stands, a fine view may be obtained over the Campo de Moros, supposed to be the plain on which the Moors encamped when they besieged the city, now laid out as a rich and varied garden. The church of San Isidore on the left, and the village of Caravanchel, give additional interest to the scene. Returning to the hotel, I found that my friends had left a card, having established themselves in the house of the stranger who had been so civil to us in the diligence in the morning, and of whose apartments to let I noticed an "anuncio" in the daily journal. Finding that they were gone to see the Queen and all her promenading subjects on the Prado, I adjourned to a French restaurateur at the Fonda l'Hardi, No. 12, Carrera San Geronimo, which can be strongly recommended to the visitor in this land of dearth and bad cooking. An excellent dinner, with a demi-bouteille of the excellent Val de penas wine, which is grown in the neighbourhood of Madrid, and only cost two reals per flask, may be obtained for 15 reals, and the cuisine is first rate.

After dinner, I joined the crowd who were pouring to the Prado through the broad Calle de Alcala, and afterwards, returning to the former street, entered a new and excellent café, which presented both sights and sounds very different from the grave sombre character, which we are accustomed to attribute to the solemn and dignified Don. It was crowded with above a hundred persons; all gesticulating with the most excited action and talking volubly and at the top of their voices. I took up a newspaper; but all political news seemed carefully excluded. Perhaps it was the want of sound and correct information, which led to the violent opinions, the careless surmises, the poor arguments, and the wild theories which were debated with so much noise around me. Amongst the advertisements of which the daily paper principally consisted, those for the Bull-fight on the following Monday held the most conspicuous place. Stunned by the noise, and exhausted by the heat, I soon adjourned to the Teatro del Principe. Two pieces were performed, one a serious play, of the old grave cast, the other a light and sparkling comedy, in which a Frenchman was one of the characters represented, but caricatured in a broad and sarcastic manner, widely different from his representative on the English stage. The first play was listened to with serious edifying attention; but when between the pieces, the sound of the castanets was heard behind the scenes, an expectant glow of pleasure lighted up every countenance, and in the next moment four couples, male and female, in the rich and glittering Andalusian dress, bounded upon the stage, and the well-known Bolero was danced to the inexpressible delight and uproarious applause of thewhole house. The dancers seemed as much transported as the spectators, and the flashing of the spangled dresses as they rapidly changed places with each other added to the magic scene. Though so frequently performed these national dances never fail of exciting the spectators to the highest degree of enthusiasm. The performances were over by eleven o'clock, and on my way home I found the convenience of the excellent plan of the city, since all the wide and principal streets debouch upon the Puerta del Sol, by which, though a perfect stranger, in the ill lighted and not always safe streets, I soon found my way home without enquiry, to the Fonda de Paris. No portico or fine facade pointed out a celebrated Hotel; but after looking up and down in vain amongst the narrow doorways and closed shops, a watchman, to whom I at last appealed, drew out a secret key, and opening the outer door, piloted me by the dim light of his lantern up the dark and narrow staircase to the interior door, which formed the real entrance to the Hotel.

CHAPTER XVII.

STYLE OF HOUSES IN MADRID—TRE BUEN RETIRO PALACE AND GARDENS—TAKEN BY THE FRENCH IN 1808—VIEW FROM THE GARDENS—OBSERVATORY—ROYAL ACADEMY OF SAN FERNANDO—GABINETE DE LES SCIENCIAS NATURALES—THE MEGATHERIUM—CHURCH OF SAN GINES AND ITS BOVEDA.

It was useless to commence sight-seeing before the usual hour at which the palaces or public establishments were open to the public, and moreover Theodore, who, though a lively Frenchmen, had lived long enough in Spain to fall into the procrastinating habits of the natives, did not favour me with his company till an hour after the time agreed upon. My first visit was to my late fellow travellers, with whom it seemed more agreeable to begin the tour of inspection. I found my way up the steep and narrow staircase, which, in Madrid, like those to the lofty houses in Paris, is common to all the different families to whom it is customary to let out the apartments. The lower windows of the houses are strongly defended by iron bars, and are very frequently without glass. The different floors, or different portions of the same floor, are let out to separate families, the door of each being strongly barricaded or crossed with iron. On ringing the bell, a small shutter was removed, leaving an opening, well protected by an iron grating, through which the cautious servant scanned the features of the stranger visitor. Having replied to the usual enquiry "Quien es?" "who is it," with the customary answer "Gente de paz," "People of peace," —and the scrutiny proving satisfactory, I was at last admitted. Such are the precautions taken in a capital city, where the police is not of the first order; and that they are not without reason, several fearful examples of the insecurity of life and property, which have been lately reported, are sufficient to

prove. We then proceeded together to the Buen Retiro palace and gardens. Since the last revolution, however, great difficulty has existed in obtaining permission to view either the palace or gardens, and to the Museo Militar, and the models of fortified places in Spain, of which an admirable collection still exists here, we found the admission absolutely prohibited to every one. Both the palace and the Gothic chapel, and the convent of San Geronimo were grievously sacked and robbed during the French invasion,—the tombs destroyed, and the beautiful statues of priests, warriors, and kings, sadly mutilated or broken to pieces. This was the point at which Napoleon made his principal attack on Madrid on the morning of the 3rd December, 1808, as from its elevation and position, it commands the whole city. The French Generals under Murat, well aware of its importance, had applied themselves to fortify it, and maintained in it a very large portion of their forces, but since their retreat, the Spaniards with their usual carelessness or dilatory habits, had neglected the necessary military precautions. Thirty pieces of artillery soon made a breach in the eastern wall. The place was bravely defended by a body of peasants hastily formed into soldiers; but after the slaughter of 1000 of these patriotic but undisciplined men, a division of the French entered through the gap, and possessing themselves of the place poured into the Prado, and compelled the Spanish generals who commanded at the gates of Recoleto, Alcala, and Atocha, and who were thus taken in the rear, to withdraw to the protection of the adjoining streets. Napoleon suspended the assault to give time for negotiation, and the Junta who were sitting "en permanence" at the Post Office, were soon forced to capitulate. At this time it does not appear what other course could be pursued. A further contest could only have ended in a sanguinary and fatal defeat; yet the people, with usual injustice and ignorance, looked upon the authors of the surrender as traitors, and the Spanish historian exults, that General Morla, who was the unfortunate bearer of the articles of capitulation, "died a few years afterwards, blind, full of sorrows, and detested by all." Passing into a court-yard, one side of which was occupied by the barracks of the artillery, we entered by an iron gate into a pleasant avenue, adorned on each side with statues of the Kings and Queens of Spain, with the dates of their reigns, and as they are also represented in the costume of the period, it forms an interesting walk for the student of history. Amongst others Alaric, 506,—Recaredo II, 621, with a very singular antient headdress, —Carlo II, 1700, of a stout coarse figure,—Luisa de Savoya, 1714, with a beautiful countenance, and habited in French costume,—and Philip V., 1746, will attract attention by their figures or historical names. At the end of this walk a small lake, or rather large pond, called "Estanque," with a little white house "La casa de Marina," is only remarkable for its ugly uniformity, the reservoir being an oblong stone basin, surrounded by a railing. Near this the spectator will stop a few minutes at the menagerie and baths of the Elephant. One of the lions, which died recently, has left a good name behind him for his attachment to a fair Manola, who had watched and tended him in a long illness of three years. When she was sent away to a distance, the poor animal pined for his devoted attendant, and when she returned, he showed his attachment by gratefully licking her hand, and soon afterwards expired. We enquired for the site of La China,—the royal porcelain manufactory, which was turned into a fortified place by the French; when Savary arrived in the place of Murat, it was converted into a storehouse for provisions and munitions of war, and the British are accused of having blown it up when they quitted Madrid in 1812. Ford names the charge as one of the calumnies which have been so industriously circulated against their best friends by the ungrateful Spanish writers, striving to depreciate the deliverers of their country, to whom they lent so little aid at the time. The porcelain manufactory from whence the name was derived, has been re-established; but on the banks of the Manzanares. From the end of the gardens on this side a pretty view is obtained over the Manzanares, and the adjoining country. The feeble commencement of a railroad to Aranjuez,—the canal Manzanares,—a little church on a mount,—the Lying in Hospital, and the convent of Atocha below, surrounded by an extensive olive garden, form marked features in the scene. The canal was intended to connect Madrid with the Tagus at Toledo; but has never been finished. A fine promenade called "Las Delicias" extends from it to the Puerta de Atocha. Continuing our walk through the deserted grounds, where a coarse grass takes the place of the smooth turf one might expect to see in royal gardens, we reached the Observatory, from which a splendid view is obtained over the city, the general Hospital with its picturesque arcades, forming a noble object in the foreground. The man who had charge of the Observatory with great civility showed us over the building, and pointed one of Dollond's telescopes to see the hour of the day by a distant convent clock. With pride or politeness, equal to that of the pretty maiden at the tower of Santa Cruz, he declined taking any recompense for his trouble. We returned to the Palace gate by a new garden laid out opposite La Galleria Calcografica, the descent to which is from a terrace by a flight of marble steps, and contains amongst statues of ancient Kings a monument erected to the memory of the two heroes of the Dos de Maio. They are represented in the act of firing the cannon near which they both died,—for which their patriotic devotion has gained them so illustrious a name. Not being provided with tickets before hand, we found no admission could be given to the portion of the gardens reserved for the royal family, which, however, we regretted the less, as the principal ornament of them, the celebrated statue in bronze of Philip IV., cast at Florence in 1640, by Pedro Tacca, is now removed to the Plaza Oriental, in front of the Palace.

On proceeding to the cabinet of Natural History, we turned out of our way to see "La Casa de las siete chimeneas," where Charles I of England is said to have lodged when he came to Madrid, in company with the Duke of Buckingham in 1623, to pay his court to the Spanish Infanta Maria,—a visit which ended in a result just contrary to what was intended. The mansion is now about to be re-decorated for the residence of the French ambassador. The representative of the Republic of France will be a near neighbour to that of another—the Republic of Chili, whose arms we saw grandly displayed over a door in the adjoining street. At the corner of the street an attentive and enraptured group were assembled round a band of musicians whose brazen clamours painfully grated upon the ear with their discordant notes, The tunes were national; but even the most ardent espanolismo must have felt its auditorial nerves painfully acted on by what could scarcely be called even musical discord. Amongst the crowd were several in military uniform, whom our French guide described as Gens d'armes. They form a force for the protection of the public roads and highways; but great numbers had been ordered to Madrid to supply the place of the disaffected regiments which had been sent away from the capital after the last attempt at revolution. The country was therefore already beginning to feel the effects of the fears of the Government; and whilst the public are kept in order at Madrid, security had taken leave of the provinces, The Royal Academy of San Fernando, to which we next paid a visit, is in the Calle de Alcala, whither it was removed in 1774. In the first saloon is a poor portrait of the Queen, placed under a canopy, which neither does the artist nor her Majesty any credit. We turned, therefore, to a wonderful picture by Murillo, which was brought from the convent of La Caridad at Seville, it is called "El tinoso." The subject is disagreeable; it represents St. Isabel dressing the head of a boy, whose sores are depicted with a truthfulness which is almost painful; but the beautiful figure of the saint,—her benevolence, and the tenderness with which she is attending to the unfortunate beggar relieve the spectator, whilst they prove the power and skill of the artist. There is also in the same room a "Crucifixion," by Murillo, in which the rising figure of the Saviour is encircled

with a blaze of light, whilst a deep gloom covers the rest of the figures, the contrast presenting the most grand and pleasing effect. The two celebrated pictures by the same artist, one representing "the Dream," in which a figure in an ancient Spanish dress lies asleep with a book in his hand ; whilst the Virgin in the air points out the site of a church, Santa Maria la Mayor, to be built at Rome, and the other in which the same figure is explaining his dream to the Pope, are both in the adjoining salon. A picture, by Rubens, of Hercules is distinguished by his usual splendid colouring, and coarse large figures, both male and female. The warrior must have possessed but a lamentably low idea of beauty, who would consent to receive a distaff from the hands of the fat, ugly Omphale, of whom he is presumed to be enamoured. In the next room a portrait of the Queen when she was but six years old, is no more flattering to her in her early days, than the one we noticed in the first room. In the next gallery a group of monks by Zurbaran is remarkable for the beauty and expression in the heads. In the same room may be seen a very extraordinary collection of figures ; apparently in terracotta, but the costumes and countenances, the eyes and the hair, all painted to resemble life. They form groups, each about six inches high representing the "Slaughter of the Innocents" ; and the different expressions of rage, despair, or agony in the face, as well as in the whole composition of the subjects are most remarkable. In one group, the model represents three women who have seized one of the murderers of the children, one is tearing out his eyes, another biting him in the leg, from which the blood s painted pouring in red streams, whilst the torture expressed in the face of the wretched captive, and the vindictive rage in those of his assailants are most forcibly depicted. In another group, a woman who has lost her child, has fainted through excess of grief and is being carried away by two other mourning women. In a third, a mother has held up her arm to defend her child, whom she presses to her bosom, and the ferocious executioner has cut it in two with his sword, the blood appearing to flow from the stump, whilst her features are distorted with mixed emotions of intense suffering and unbounded rage. The subjects are all painful ; but the skill of the artist is wonderful in conveying such force of expression in figures and features on so small a scale. At the end of the room a head of John the Baptist, by Ribera, is a fine work ; and so also is a statue of San Bruno, with a skull in his hand, which is probably the one to which Ford refers as placed in the niche over the Carthusian Monastery. Under the same roof is the "Gabinete de las Sciencias naturales," to which we readily obtained admission by showing our passports, though, as usual, considerable time was wasted before the necessary formalities were complied with. Some magnificent specimens of minerals, —a case of precious stones, and superbly coloured marbles from the provinces, display the mineral riches for which Spain has always been celebrated. A lump of gold ore, which weighed 16½ lbs, our attendant informed us had been stolen. but by whom, whether the Government or some of its subjects, did not appear clear. There is, however, a magnificent loadstone, weighing 6lbs 1oz., which sustains a weight of 62lbs. It is called "Piedra Iman." The finest marbles are from Malaga,—some from Loja, in which the grain resembles the most delicate leaves of ferns, some fine agates and rock chrystals,—and splendid chrystallized sulphur from Conil,—a lump of solid gold ore from San Jose,—a mass of silver ore weighing upwards of 260lbs, and a mass of pure copper from New Spain, the weight of which is 200lbs, cannor fail to draw attention. The stuffed specimens of the animal kingdom, in other rooms are scarcely worth notice. But the extraordinary and unique skeleton of the Megaterio, the giant fossil Mastodon, found in 1789, in Buenos Ayres, not far from the capital of that province, and sent home by the Viceroy, is one of the most surprising objects ever known. The mind can scarcely believe in the existence of the mountain of flesh, which must have covered these prodigious bones. The skeleton of the elephant which is placed by the side is comparatively insignificant. These remains of the Megaterio constitute the most perfect skeleton of this immense creature which is known, and it was surrounded by a crowd of admiring Manolas. A few other skeletons of animals were crowded in an adjoining room, without order or distinction. We were quite satisfied with this single wonderful specimen, and obtaining our passports at the doors, proceeded to the church of St. Gines, in the Calle del Arenal. The most remarkable object here is a painting by Alonzo Cano, in one of the chapels, representing "Christ bound with cords." It is highly prized. Descending to the Boveda, or vaults beneath the church, we found a number of subterranean chapels, to which a dim light was admitted from above, but not sufficient to show us the way without the aid of the torch carried by the Sacristano. Everything here wore the most solemn and impressive aspect. Frescos of skulls and skeletons are painted on the walls, and in the side chapels ; the figures of Christ, in one chapel bound with cords, in the other sinking under the burden of the cross, appeared quite startling, when the light from the torch fell on the glass eyes, which give a shocking and awful reality to the figure. In a dark vault, covered with denunciations from Scripture, and which, on solemn occasions, is dimly lighted by a few torches, the penitents are still, during Lent, accustomed to lash their naked bodies with knotted cords, whilst a priest, from a low pulpit, stimulates the zeal and self-torture of the repentant sinners by his denouncements or exhortations. In the journals of the day it was announced amongst the religious notices that the usual "exercises" would be practised at night in the "boveda" of San Gines.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOSPITAL OF SAN TOMAS—PICTURES IN THE MUSEO NUEVO—AGRAZ—THE RIVER MANZANARES AND THE JOKES MADE UPON IT—SAN ISIDRO DEL CAMPO—PONTE DE TOLEDO—PASSPORTS—RUMOURS IN THE PUERTA DEL SOL—CONVENT AND CHAPEL OF ATOCHA—THE QUEEN AT VESPERS—THE TEATRO DE LA CRUZ.

A short walk brought us to the Hospital of San Tomas, the interior court of which, entirely of granite, and a magnificent staircase, rising in three flights, boldly ornamented, well deserve attention, The Bank of San Fernando is nearly opposite to the Hospital in the Calle de Montera. Fortunately, we possessed no paper money to exchange, and therefore hastened on to the "Museo Nuevo," lately established in the convent de la Trinidad, in the Calle de Atocha. It is a spacious building and it contains a great number of pictures, hung up without any order, and destitute of frames, some having been brought from the desecrated churches and monasteries, and others from private collections of the princes and nobles. There is no difficulty in obtaining admission, if the keeper should be in the way, or not engaged in his siesta. It seems but little frequented, for during our visit there were no spectators besides ourselves. Amongst the pictures, which principally drew our attention, were three fine heads by Ribera with his name painted on them ; a portrait of Melendez, by himself ; Samson tearing the lion, by Rubens ; and a fine full length portrait of the Duchesa D'Orla, by Vandyke. Many old pictures, stiff and formal, representing the deaths of martyrs, testify of the monkish galleries which they adorned. The large picture, "El Jubileo de Porciuncula," which is pointed out as one of the fine pictures by Murillo, is described by Ford, as being

so repainted and daubed over by modern artists, that scarcely a touch of the great original remains. It is hung in a very bad position, the light being so strong, that scarcely a spot can be found from whence to view it satisfactorily. The red and white roses, which according to the legend bloomed from the rods with which San Francisco had scourged himself, are falling with rich effect on a very dark ground, whilst the little cherubs who attend upon the Virgin are amongst the most graceful productions of Murillo's pencil. Another picture by Titian, "The woman taken in adultery," is also remarkable. The dignified attitude of the Saviour is peculiarly impressive. The "raising of the cross," painted by Francisco Rizi, struck us as a noble picture. Also a few specimens of sculpture may be noticed. Near the foot of the staircase a marble statue of "Christ bound with cords" is truly admirable as a work of art, and affecting, from the expression, of weakness and suffering imparted to the figure by the artist. The attendant stated it to have been sculptured by Michael Angelo; but this probably arose from a wish to give a celebrated name to what was deemed worthy of attention, since he could not tell from what monastery or collection it was brought hither.

The day was excessively hot and the "aguadores," who were picturesquely grouped around the fountains, filling their barrels with a supply of "agua fresca" for the distant parts of the city, would have cheerfully supplied us with some of their modest but refreshing drink; but it seemed better to turn into a café near the Plaza Mayor, and take a draught of the delicious "Agraz," made of pounded unripe grapes, clarified sugar, and water, and which when well iced, is deservedly a favourite and fashionable beverage. The large green blinds which excluded the sun but admitted the air, and the little marble tables were altogether framed to enhance the luxury of delightful coolness when turning out of the burning streets. Unfortunately we lingered too long in this charming retreat, and when we reached the Biblioteca Nacional it was just about being closed at three o'clock. It contains 200,000 volumes, and a splendid collection of coins, amongst which the student of history will find those of the epoch of the Moors peculiarly interesting.

After holding a grand consultation with Theodore, who adroitly insinuated that the usual hour of the siesta had arrived, I determined to pay a visit to the church of San Isidro, situated about half a league distant from the city, beyond the Manzanares. Passing out by the Calle de Segovia, we soon came to the bridge of the same name, a noble and handsome structure, 695 feet long by 31 feet wide. It formed at this time a ludicrous contrast with the narrow stream of the river, which even after the storm of the previous days, only occupied the width of two or three of the central arches. Many are the jokes which have been cut on the disproportioned grandeur of the bridges and the meanness of the river which they span. One wit facetiously advised the King to sell the bridges and buy water with the purchase money. Another considered the river most delightful to the inhabitants of this capital, because they could enjoy the luxury of a bathe without the fear of being drowned; and an old writer described the Manzanares as one of the most agreeable rivers, in the world, and records its praises, sung by a German Count, because you might go for leagues in a coach, or on horseback, up the bed of the stream without danger, enjoying the delicious coolness of its waters, and the beautiful view of its wooded banks, listening amidst the silence of men to the harmonies of nature and the melodious charm of birds. But these woods have disappeared, and the bed of the river though still more shallow is not much resorted to for the agreeable promenade, so amusingly depicted by this pithy writer, the quaint Quintana. Ford recalls a still more pleasant story, that the bed of the river was once watered, when Ferdinand VII passed it "to prevent his being annoyed by the dust." The Manzanares flows into the Xarama at no great distance off, and the united streams fall into the Tagus at Aranjuez. If the project of one of the Kings of Spain to turn the bed of the Xarama past the city, or the still grander project entertained by the intrusive King Joseph, to bring the Tagus itself, in the place of this mountain torrent to Madrid, could have been accomplished a wonderful change might have taken place in the city and its inhabitants by the increase of commerce they would have created, but if the difficulties of either project were not insuperable, it is probable that the idleness of the natives is, and so both schemes are nearly forgotten. We passed along the banks under the miserable shade of a few stunted trees, but with a noble view of the city crowning the brow of the hill on the left, the Franciscan Convent now converted into barracks, forming a conspicuous object amongst the edifices, and descended a rugged country road to a wooden bridge, near which a whole colony of washerwomen had established themselves and measured out the river amongst them into several small channels separated by mudbanks. Their poor cottages occupied the opposite bank. Not far off is the church of San Isidro del Campo, a famous place for pilgrimage in the month of May, to which all classes, old and young, resort for gaiety, dancing, and feasting, as well as devotion. All the miracles which are ascribed to him are connected in some way with the labours of the plough. His image at the principal altar represents him as an athletic young man, with the plough in his hand, and accompanied by his young wife, both dressed in the usual dress of Castilian peasants. Behind the church is a Campo Santo, which appears to be a favorite burial place, from the proud duke, (for we noticed one inscription to one of the Duques d'Osuno) to the poor neglected peasant, whose very name is forgotten. The bodies are placed in catacombs, the mouths of which, when closed up, are gaily decorated with wreaths of yellow flowers and gay coloured ribbands, which gave a very flaunty aspect to what otherwise ought to be a solemn and impressive scene. One little garden full of lilies, sent forth a delicious fragrance amidst this home of corruption. On climbing a sandy hill beyond the church, we obtained a very fine view of the city with the noble bridge, the Ponte de Toledo, besides the one already mentioned, spanning with one or two o their arches the narrow ditch which they crossedf Near the Ponte de Toledo is the gate of the same name, one of the most frequented entrances to the city, and near which the public executions take place. The criminals are still punished by strangling; but a merciful ingenuity has happily devised an instrument which relieves the victim as speedily as the most skilful hangman. From this point of view the magnificent royal Palace is seen in all its grandeur, springing from the very edge of the rocky slopes, on the summit of which it stands. We returned to the palace by the Puerta de los Moros, near which the Virgen de las Vargas attracts the notice of the passengers by the singularity of the shape of the image. The dress of the Virgin is a perfect pyramid, and the heads of the Virgin and Child appearing to grow together out of the top, are calculated to excite any but devotional feelings.

The time now drew near for having my passport viséd, and the times were too unsettled to feel easy, even for a day, till it was in order. So admirably is official business regulated in Spain that the office at the English Embassy, where the signature is first required, is not opened, until that of the commissary of police closes, and thus two days are lost for a trifling business, which, by a little management, might be completed in ten minutes. I had intended to have paid a visit to the most interesting and antient city of Toledo. It is distant only ten leagues from the more modern capital; yet such is the want of communication, or the badness of the roads, that a whole day would be required to journey thither and another to return; and this, added to the two days lost in obtaining the signature to the passport, induced me in despair to book myself at once by the Malleposte for Zaragoza on the following day, in order to hasten into France whilst the communications were still safe. In a capital where so little freedom is allowed to the public journalist, the slightest rumours obtain more ready circulation, and are more implicitly believed than where the truth, if it can be attained, is freely canvassed. This may account for the excitement which I found every where spreading on the news that Cabrera was out in

Catalonia with bands of Carlists, stopping the communications and arresting the passengers;—that a furious speech had been made by the Minister in England against the Spanish Government;—that the English House of Commons had decided to support him in an immediate declaration of war, and that an English fleet had in fact appeared off Cadiz. Absurd as all this might appear to an Englishman in England, it was given with an appearance of veracity and implicit confidence, which induced me to congratulate myself on having hurried the time of departure. Later in the day another equally correct report was flying about the Puerta del Sol, that the King of Naples had been murdered by his people, and that the King and Queen were consequently in deep retirement, and would not appear at vespers in the evening as usual.

After obtaining a very excellent dinner at an Italian restaurant's, I had the good fortune to fall in again with my late travelling companions, and we proceeded together to the Convent of Atocha, where their majesties frequently attend the celebration of the evening service. On our way we looked in at the Jardin Botanico. on the Prado, which is well worthy of a visit, and presenting a delightful contrast with the dusty and burnt up environs of the city, where the eye looks in vain for verdant turf, or luxuriant foliage which may afford him some relief after the closeness of the burning streets. This Botanical garden is therefore a real treasure of recreation. The Dominican convent and chapel of the Atocha is beyond the gate of the same name, and being a favorite place of devotion for the Royal family, the avenue leading to it is much frequented as a promenade in the evening. The image of the Virgin in the chapel, is one of the most celebrated in Spain, that of Zaragoza being the principal. The Virgin of Atocha is considered the especial patroness of the Royal family of Spain, and she is consulted on all great undertakings or especial occasions. It was for this image that Ferdinand VII, whilst in exile, was reported to have embroidered a petticoat; one was, at any rate, presented to her on his return, and it cannot be expected that the image would submit to be cheated. The list of miracles which have been performed under her auspicies is both curious and amusing. The interior of the chapel was very solemn and imposing. The whole of the church was in darkness with the exception of the grand altar, which was most brilliantly and tastefully adorned with numerous lights. But the excessive brilliancy in this part only rendered the gloom of the rest of the edifice more intense, and the kneeling crowds appeared to be lost in the extreme darkness. Numerous banners hung round the church,—trophies of some of the Spanish victories from the time of Charles V. The congregation were repeating their prayers, but the commencement of the service was awaiting the arrival of the Queen, who was an hour, as usual, beyond the time fixed. Many were disposed to leave, when as we were about to follow their example, three carriages drove up at a rapid pace. The last, an open carriage drawn by six handsome mules, contained the Queen and her husband. As soon as they had entered a small tribune in the gallery near the altar, the service began, the priests having been robed some time, awaiting their arrival. The music and voices were superior to any we had yet heard. The service was very short and before it was over, people hurried from their knees in a general rush to see her Majesty depart. Another petition was flung in as the mules dashed off into a gallop, and her Majesty received it with the usual smile, and it was no doubt consigned to the tomb of all the Capulets with the others which we had previously seen as graciously accepted.

I finished the evening by a visit to the other of the principal theatres, the Teatro de la Cruz. A very large and gaudily decorated box occupies the whole of the centre on the first rank, but it was quite empty the whole of the evening, The house holds 1300 spectators, although not half that number were present. The ladies are placed in a gallery by themselves almost out of sight. The first piece was an heroic composition from the fertile theme of the history of the Cid. The ranting and mouthing and the extravagant gestures of both the male and female performers met with the applause it was intended to produce. Hamlet's advice to the players has probably not reached Madrid, for they certainly "tore the passion to tatters," in a way which he would call "villainous." A "terrific combat" between Rodrigo and another valiant knight could not have been delivered with more fierceness had young Mr. Crummles himself been the hero. But the Bolero was admirable as usual. First two couples entered, and whilst they were engaged in their most active exertions, two others stole in and mingled gracefully in the dance without interfering with the lively and elegant figures of the first dancers and then quietly vanished before it was brought to a close. The second piece was an amusing farce, where the scene was laid at Seville. An Andalusian Majo was the hero; and the picturesque dance, the twangling guitar, and creaking voices of the gay peasantry in a country venta were given to perfection.

CHAPTER XIX.

CHAPEL AT THE ROYAL PALACE—INDULGENCIES FOR EATING MEAT IN LENT—THE ROYAL COACH HOUSES AND STABLES—SCENE IN THE GALLERY OF THE PALACE—THE ROYAL PROCESSION—THE QUEEN AND COURT AT MASS—PLAZA DE CEBADA—POPULACE OF MADRID—DESCRIPTION OF THE MUSEO AND PICTURES—SHOPS AT MADRID—WINE-SKINS—BOTINES.

The morning broke with no very agreeable prospects for a stranger, anxious to pry into all the curiosities of a strange city. It was pouring with rain, and though it might convert the rivulet of the Manzanares into a river, it confined me to my rooms till past ten o'clock. Under the guidance of the officious Theodore, I then proceeded to visit the Royal Chapel in the Palace, as it was expected, that being a feast-day, the Queen would proceed in state to hear mass. The chapel is on the same range with the state apartments, and is finished in a style of magnificence, suitable to the former times of Spain. Marbles of the richest hues, and gilding cover the whole of the building. Dark columns of highly polished marble support the roof, having their Corinthian capitals deeply inlaid with gold. The ceiling is painted by Giaquinto. A tribune for the Queen may be noticed, which is frequently used on ordinary occasions; but near the altar is an elevation under a canopy, with two state chairs, which were occupied by the Queen and her husband on the present occasion.

No time was fixed for the commencement of the service, and as no punctuality appears to be observed by the Royal family or household, even when it is, the lieges were kept waiting for the arrival of the Court, amusing the time by promenading in the long gallery. This gallery entirely encircles the principal court, is covered in with glass, and on the Fiesta de Dios, when the Queen walks in procession, is richly hung round with antient tapestry. We endeavoured to allay our impatience by reading the notices which were fixed against the chapel doors. Some of these described the names of the preachers in ordinary, and the days on which they officiated before the Queen, "que Dios guarda." The orator of this day was distinguished by the lengthy title of Senor Don Francisco Puig y Estevez, Beneficiado dela paroquial de San Miguel de Barcelona. Other notices detailed the comfortably small sums for which the "indulgencies" to eat meat in Lent might be obtained. Rich sinners, however, are not allowed to escape so easily as the poor. They are divided into four classes.

The first class are compelled to pay in alms the extravagant sum of 36 reals, or little more than seven shillings; but, perhaps, considering the rank of the parties, my readers may deem the church very indulgent; for this first class, consists of Cardinals, Archbishops, and Bishops,—the Grandees, Los Caballeros de la insigne Orden del Toison d' Or, (Knights of the illustrious order of the Golden Fleece) Los Grandes Cruces, de la distinguida Orden de Carlos III., (grand crosses of the distinguished order of Charles III.,) &c., Councillors of State, Ambassadors, &c , and their wives and widows.

The second class are only compelled to pay 12 reals, (about 2s. 6d.); but then they only consist of Councillors, and Fiscals of the Supreme Tribunal of Spain and the Indies, mitred abbots, governors of the rank of Colonel, &c.

The third class find the indulgence of their carnal appetites brought still more within the compass of their means. They pay only two reals, (about 5d.); and this enables the rest of the clergy and other secular estates to enjoy such good living as they can afford with the same freedom as their superiors.

There yet remains another class, who pay nothing at all; and the Order of San Francisco are privileged, like the poor and the sick, to eat when and how they can.

This nice adaptation of the cost of the privilege to the means or rank of the applicants, one would imagine, must be greatly for the benefit of the church, since few would like to be classed amongst the poor exempted, who for the cost of five pence could take rank with the "rest of the clergy," or for half a crown with "mitred abbots."

After whiling away half an hour in this sort of amusement, and still no signs of her Majesty appearing, we determined to visit the Royal coach-houses, "la real cochera," and stables, "las caballerizas." They are situated on the side of the Palace nearest to the gate of San Vicente. Some of the carriages are very elegant and modern, made in Paris or London; but the grand state carriage was built entirely in Madrid, and both in style, taste, and finish, is creditable to the city manufactures. On each of the panels of the doors a group of Apollo and the Nymphs, in gilt bronze, is in classical taste, and all the ornaments are in the most perfect keeping. The lining is of white silk richly embossed, with landscapes worked upon it in natural colours. One carriage, used by Napoleon, is preserved as a relic, which may be taken either as creditable to Spanish history or not, according as the spectator may associate it with the conqueror, using it in triumph, whilst the French were here, or leaving it behind him when they were driven from the country. In the stables will be noticed, some of the finest mules in Spain, amongst the 200 which are kept here; some excellently matched and used in the carriages, even on state occasions. Spanish mules are very superior, both in size and breeding, to those of any other country, and are far more useful for the long journeys which it is frequently necessary to make over rough roads and on hard fare, which would soon knock up the more showy animal. They fetch in Spain a higher price than the horse, and £30 to £40 is no uncommon price, and some even cost £50. Several attempts have been made to improve the breed of horses, and races are occasionally held at the Casa de Campo, near Madrid; but it is probable, as the horses answer all the purpose for which they are required, that of pomp and parade, that but little change will be effected for many years. Some fine horses of different breeds may be noticed in the Royal stables; a few English, amongst which is one, which has fallen into disgrace for having thrown the King, who has not been disposed to honour him again. Some of the Andalusian and Arabian breeds will attract notice; but chief of all a beautiful white horse, well worthy of his name, Buen-visto; on which one of the portraits of her Majesty represents her as mounted. There are frequently 190 horses in the stable, and as we entered the grand equerry was employed in making choice of another. The harness-room, in an upper floor, resembles rather a gallery of natural curiosities, being of immense length, and surrounded by glass cases in which the silver and gilt ornaments, and rich embroidered trappings are kept, to prevent them from being tarnished. Some curious old sedan chairs, and one of great magnificence, in which the Queen is occasionally carried in processions on the "dias de fiesta,"—some rich saddles covered with crimson and gold, used by the king and queen on state occasions; a splendid suit of harness, in richly embroidered leather, presented by the Sultan; seats for the backs of mules, bearing a lady on each side, like the amusing mode of travelling we described at Bayonne; and the splendid trappings for a war-horse which had been used by Joseph, the intrusive king, and from which he had ordered the lilies of the Bourbons to be erased;—may perhaps repay the curiosity of the traveller.

When we returned to the glazed gallery of the Palace, Royalty was still behind the scenes; but the increased crowd of spectators seemed to indicate that it was soon expected to appear. In the meantime the variety of characters and richness of costumes afforded a brilliant spectacle to amuse us. Ladies in their graceful mantillas, talking vivaciously in the expressive language of the fan, at the very entrance of the chapel; bishops in their rich embroidered robes, and the more ordinary clergy, some distinguished by their large hats with their capacious brims folded at the sides but projecting in the back and front; others by their pure white robes; general officers in rich uniforms, and grandees with their decorations, whether of merit or good fortune; the Queen's body guard of Halberdiers, with antient costumes and weapons, and the Royal servants covered with gold lace, all promenading up and down till it was time to take their appointed places; the gay colours or the rich gold embroidery, steel weapons or sparkling ornaments, flashing in the sun, whose rays now poured into the capacious gallery, formed altogether a most gorgeous spectacle. No time was fixed for the "mass" and some of the attendants had been waiting for two hours, rather a contrast to the well known punctuality of our own beloved sovereign. At last at about 2 o'clock the sound of music was heard from another wing of the gallery, and the procession approached. First appeared about thirty servants in rich liveries, walking two and two, then the chamberlains and other officers of state, the generals in full uniform, amongst whom we noticed General Narvaez, the Duc de Baylen (Genl. Castanos), the Marquis de Malpica, the Duc de la Roca, and others. Her Majesty walked alone; she is decidedly more handsome than would be judged from any of her portraits, of good figure, taller than the generality of Spanish women, at least those of Madrid, and rather inclined to embonpoint. A little behind her came the King, in a General's uniform, and after them the Court, the Duchesa de Gor, the Marquisa de Valverde, the Conde de Punon Rostro, the Conde de Cumbres altas, &c. The procession was closed by the band. In the chapel a space was railed off for the spectators, amongst whom a great number of soldiers were mingled. The Queen and King were seated under the canopy which I have mentioned, and the Court and servants ranged around. Some excellent music was performed during the mass, and amongst others we noticed a soprano voice of surprising power and brilliancy of tone. The worthy beneficiado of Barcelona, a young and handsome man, very florid, and rapid in his style of eloquence, gave us a long sermon, which was in a great measure historical, tracing the progress of the early church through a line of saints and martyrs, unknown to English ears, till he managed to pay an eulogium to her Majesty before him. In the middle of the sermon the preacher stopped, took off his velvet cap, and kneeled down. The Queen and King kneeled also, and all the people followed their example, except a few soldiers, whilst the preacher addressed a solemn invocation to the Virgin Mary. He then resumed his sermon, which occupied another half hour, after which the Queen and King standing up, were covered with a cloud of incense, and then they and the whole Court, being sprinkled with holy water, departed in the same order of procession as they entered. If such pomp and ceremony be maintained on no very grand occasion, it may be imagined what must be the splendour of the great

festal days; and still more what it must have been when the wealth of the new world and the Indies was poured into the lap of the church, and the devotion of the most bigoted monarchs was strained in her service.

In addition to the chapel, there are many parts of the Royal palace which deserve to be seen, and especially the Armeria Real, said to be the finest collection of curious and ancient armour in the world. But the residence of the Court prevented admission to the Palace, and tickets for the armoury had been absolutely prohibited since the futile attempt at Revolution recently made. On returning from the palace, we passed by the little square in which the Casa de Ayuntamiento, or town hall, is situated, opposite to which is the Casa de Lujanes, where Francis I. was confined after his defeat at Pavia. The latter house may be distinguished by a high tower at one of the corners. We then threaded our way through some narrow streets to the broad Plaza de Cebada, which was full of mules, and appeared to be the grand halting place of the caravans which come to Madrid Here are many low inns, frequented by the country people, and the goods exhibited for sale are principally gaudy clothing, harness for mules, bread, fruits, garlick, and "aguardiente," or strong brandy. The population also is of that kind which one prefers seeing at a distance. The children, as usual in such localities, were the most numerous; and happy in their play, and forming picturesque groups, even in their rags, brought to mind the truthful and vivid pencil of Murillo, whilst the neighbouring churches were crowded with the dirtiest matonrs that can be imagined. In San Isidro, for instance, in the calle de Toledo, nearly opposite the Moorish looking hospital La Latina, which we before noticed, may be seen some of the wildest-looking specimens, both male and female, of a city population, and that perhaps the least educated and worst governed of any capital in Egrope, ready with the knife at one moment, and on their knees repeating "ave marias" and "paternosters" the next. This church is only otherwise remarkable, as possessing the ashes of the heroes of the "Dos de Maio." The same sort of inhabitants occupy all the streets between here and the Lavapies, and though they form the genuine populace of Madrid, the Manolos and Manolas, yet having seen quite sufficient for a stranger, not having time to study their peculiarities of character, in which Boz might find some exciting novelties for his graphic pen, we hastened on across some of these streets till we reached the Calle de Atocha, and from thence to the Museo, in which the stranger, who is an admirer of painting, may spend weeks instead of hours, for it contains, according to the catalogue published in 1845, no less than 1833 pictures, some of which are the most magnificent specimens of the Spanish masters known. The total number of pictures is stated to be 1949, the remainder being only exhibited on the days on which the sculpture gallery is shown. This is on Monday, the paintings being reserved for Sunday, on both days till two or three o'clock, according to the season. Strangers, however, are liberally admitted any day at suitable hours, on showing their passports, and as such we easily obtained admission. The pictures are unfortunately arranged without much regard either to the periods of the artists, or to the school to which they belong; and consequently afford but little assistance to the student in comparing the progress of art at different dates, but the number of pictures by the first masters, will afford some idea of the riches of this celebrated collection. Thus of the Spanish school there are 62 by Velasquez, 46 by Murillo, 53 by Ribera, and 38 by Menendez; whilst of the foreign schools, there are 43 by Titian, 62 by Rubens, 55 by Lucas Giordano, 49 by Breughel, 21 by Poussin, 23 by Sneyders, and 52 by Teniers. All the pictures were the royal property. and scattered in the different palaces at Aranjuez, San Ildefonso, El Pardo, &c., to which students had access; but the distances of these places from the capital, the bad light in which the pictures were hung, and other inconveniences, induced the King, Carlos III, to conceive the idea of erecting a building for the whole collection at Madrid. Ferdinand VII, however, it is said, to please his wife, and at the same time encourage the fine arts in his kingdom, gave instructions to Villanueva, to repair and complete the building in which they are at present exhibited. This fine edifice was originally begun in the reign of Charles III, and intended for a museum of natural history, &c., but Spaniards had first left it unfinished, and in the vicissitudes of war, friends and foes had combined to destroy what little had been done. The architect found it encumbered with ruins, and stripped of the lead, which had been employed in a purpose very different from the peaceful original design, having been melted into bullets by the different armies, which had occupied the ground. The total cost of the repairs was computed to be 7,000,000 of reals (about £70,000), and the King allowed from his private purse about 24,000 reals per month, till it was completed. As different rooms were finished, a portion of the pictures was successively exhibited to the public, 311 being first exposed to view on the 19th November, 1819; and it was not till 1839, under the auspices of the Queen Regent, Maria Christina, that the remaining saloons were completed. The present Queen has shown every disposition to emulate the liberality of her predecessors, and has ordered two additional rooms to be prepared for portraits of the various Kings and Queens of Spain. Several of the pictures in this splendid collection have been engraved or lithographed. The latter are marked C.I. (collection litografica), and copies may be obtained at the entrance of the Museum; the others are marked C.N. (calcografia nacional) where the engravings may be purchased. Those which have been brought from the Escorial are denoted by the letter E. It would be impossible, by description, to give any idea of the treasures of art, which have been brought together in this place. The traveller will find in Ford's admirable Guide an indispensable companion to the meagre Spanish catalogue. His wit and acuteness in criticism, are varied by curious and interesting anecdotes, both of the art and artists; even those who have not the advantage of comparing on the spot the subjects of his criticism, will be delighted in the study with his sagacious and animated remarks. Many of the pictures have been most grievously cleaned and repainted, the Spaniards now following the example which the French set them, when some of the finest of the works of the Italian masters, so long preserved through the fortunate neglect or indolence of Spaniards, pure and untouched, as they were originally painted, being carried to Paris amongst the spoils of war, came back "cleaned, restored, and varnished." and often deprived of all their original character. The indignant remarks of the critic above, referred to, are too amusing to be omitted. "The work of havoc goes on, and whenever an empty frame bears the fatal sentence, *esta en la restauracion*, the condemned is placed *en capilla*, and all hope is at an end; it is gone to a purgatory from whence there is no deliverance, no "indulgence;" the penalty is enforced in underground dissecting rooms, where the familiars sweep away the lines where beauty lingered, racking and torturing art like their Inquisitors did living nature."

In this splendid Museo the attention is first of all attracted by the magnificent works of Velasquez, who was the founder of the Madrid school, having been nearly all his life employed by Philip IV. about his court, and in adorning his palaces with the noble productions of his pencil. He was born at Seville in 1599. He visited Italy in 1628 by the advice of Rubens, whom he received on his arrival as envoy at Madrid. After the fall of his patron Olivarez, to whom with a noble mind, worthy of his genius, he paid the most devoted attention, in his fall from power, he again visited Rome to make purchases for the King, and died at Madrid in 1660, of fatigue, after the heavy and anxious duties imposed upon him officially at the royal meeting on the Isle of Pheasants, to which we alluded when passing from Bayonne to Burgos. The follow is the pithy description of his style, given by Ford:—"Simple, unaffected, and manly, he was emphatically a man and the painter of men, in which he rivalled Timanthes, "artem ipsam complexus viros pingendi;" thus "Las Lanzas," his finest picture, has no female in it. Velasquez was equally great in portrait, history, sujets de genre, and landscape, he

passed at once without effort or violence into each, and into every variety of each,—from the epic to the farce, from low life to high, from the old to the young, from the rich to the poor, while he elevated portrait painting to the dignity of history. He was less successful in delineations of female beauty, the ideal, and holy subjects, in which he was inferior to Murillo." We can only mention a few of his works: No. 87, St. Antonio and St. Paul, admired by Wilkie for the wonderful truth of the landscape; 138, called "Los Borrachos," the drunkards, a figure in the centre representing Bacchus seated on a tun, crowning a soldier with ivy, whilst his companions are joyously celebrating the event; the countenance of one endeavouring to put on a look of gravity to receive the same honour, is admirable. No. 155, called "Las Meninas," "the ladies in waiting," was painted in 1666, five years after his return from Italy. On the left is Velasquez himself, painting the portraits of Philip IV. and the Queen, whilst the ladies in waiting are endeavouring to amuse the Infanta, Margarita Maria of Austria, and her two dwarfs are teasing a patient dog in the corner. The effect of light and shade in this picture is wonderful. No. 177, the portrait of the Duc de Olivares, prime minister and favourite of Philip IV., on horseback; this picture is of a large size, upwards of 11 feet high; it represents the favourite dressed in half armour, holding a baton in his hand, and seated on a beautiful chesnut horse. No. 198, Full-length portrait of the Infanta Maria, described in 155, interesting to an Englishman, as she was the object of our Charles I's. visit to Madrid. Her beauty by no means merits so long a journey. She is dressed in wide lawn sleeves, with a white handkerchief in her right hand, and a rose in the left. No. 267, an admirable picture, representing a "pretendiente" in the act of presenting a petition for a place at the court of Philip IV.; he is clothed in black. No. 299, a noble portrait of Philip IV. on horseback, in armour, ornamented with gold and a crimson scarf. No. 319, the Surrender of Breda. The Marquis of Espinola in the midst of the Spanish and Flemish troops, receiving the keys of the fortress from the governor—one of the finest of all Velasquez's works. These form but a small portion of this celebrated master's performances, which may be here seen in their full perfection, in the place where his glory was acquired. The works of Murillo may be studied with more satisfaction at Seville, although, in spite of French restorations, there are many here at which the delighted spectator will be compelled to stop; as, for instance, at No. 43, a holy family. St. Joseph is seated fondling the child, who, with a little bird in his hand, is playing with a dog, which watches the opportunity to seize the bird; whilst the Virgin has suspended her work to enjoy the pleasing scene. No. 65, the Conception, the Virgin, sustained in the clouds, in a white robe, and blue mantle, and surrounded by five angels with palms, roses, and lilies in their hands. In No. 182, the martyrdom of St. Andrew at Patras, the groups of men and horses are fine, but the head of the apostle lighted up with a celestial light, which pours from the sky, in the midst of which angels are descending, bringing the palms and crown of martyrdom, is truly admirable. Murillo went to Madrid in 1640, where he met with the generous patronage of Velasquez, who procured him the means of studying in the Royal galleries. He returned to Seville in about five years and adorned that city with the productions of his genius. Who could ever forget the magnificent pictures of "Moses striking the Rock" and the "Miracle of the loaves." in the Hospital of La Caridad, not to mention his numerous other works collected in the Museo of that interesting city? Other works by Jose Ribera (Spagnoletto, delighting in harsh and blood-thirsty subjects, especially the Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew,) by Juan Juanes, Zurbaran and others will be admired. No. 151, the Disembarcation of the English near Cadiz, in 1625, under the command of the Conde de Lest (the Earl of Essex)—the Spanish General Giron, Governor of Cadiz, ill with the gout, carried in a sort of sedan chair, giving orders to his Captains to drive the English into the sea. No. 314, the Baptism of Christ by Navarette, called El Mudo; and No. 317, the Infant Saviour sleeping on his cross by Zurbaran, will all engage attention. As to the superb specimens of the Italian masters, it must suffice to mention, No. 726, the Holy family, by Raphael, called "La Perla" from the exclamation of Philip IV., when he obtained it, after the death of Charles I. of England, "He aqui la perla de mis cuadros" "this is the pearl of my pictures." It is a scene of quiet domestic enjoyment. The Virgin holds the child seated on her knees, with its little foot resting on the cradle, whilst St. John, in his garment of camel's hair, is offering fruits, which the infant is about to take, looking up to his mother's face with a smile, as if to ask permission. The left hand of the Virgin, who is regarding the smiling infant with a mother's love, rests upon St. Ana, who is on her knees, apparently absorbed in a pleasing meditation. No. 723, another Holy Family — also by Raphael—is called the "Agnus Dei." The Virgin is seated at the foot of a tree, her left hand resting on an ancient pedestal, against which St. Joseph is leaning; and the child, seated in her lap, endeavours to draw his mother's attention to the legend, "Ecce agnus Dei," which St. John is showing him. In France this picture was known by the name of the Holy Family of the Lizard; the head of one of these animals appearing amongst the fragments of a broken column. No. 784, Christ bending under the weight of the Cross; another celebrated picture by Raphael, called "Pasmo de Sicilia," represents the moment when the Saviour turned to the women, announcing to them the fall of Jerusalem. The scene extends from the gates of the city to the hill of Calvary, and is crowded with figures on foot and horseback. No. 741, La Virgen del Pez (the Virgin of the Fish), in which the young Tobit, led by the angel Raphael, is offering to the child the fish which gives the name to this chef-d'œuvre of the same artist. Amongst the magnificent productions of Titian's pencil, will be noticed, No. 685, the large portrait of Charles V. on horseback, in armour of burnished steel, inlaid with gold, a crimson plume to his helmet, and lance in his hand. The effect is enhanced by the background representing the setting sun. No. 752, called "La gloria," a magnificent picture, is from the Escorial. Above is the Holy Trinity, and the Virgin; on the right, Charles I., Philip II., and other princes and princesses of the Austrian dynasty, in white garments and kneeling, introduced by angels; on the left the church, in the character of a female, with the patriarchs and evangelists of the Old and New Testament. This was the celebrated picture which Charles V. carried with him when he resigned his throne for the peace of a monastery. No. 852, "Offering to Fecundity," two beautiful little children presenting fruits before a stone statue, whilst a multitude of children are occupied in a garden in childish sports, dances, gathering fruit, &c., in most graceful attitudes and groups. And No. 864, The Bacchanal, Ariadne lamenting the perfidy of Theseus, on the right; and in the rest of the picture, a multitude of bacchanalians, male and female, celebrating with dances and libations the arrival of Bacchus in the island. No. 896, by Paul Veronese, Cain wandering with his wife and children, is a grand composition, admirably painted; the mother is giving suck to a babe, and speaking to her husband, who is leaning on his staff, wearied and conscience stricken. The composition is solemn and gloomy in the extreme. In other rooms are magnificent collections of the works of the Poussins; of the Flemish and Dutch schools, of Rubens, Vandyke, Teniers, Sneyders, Wouvermans, of whom it would take too long to attempt to describe even the chefs-d'œuvres exhibited here. I was most struck with No. 1,245, Portrait of the Countess (called Duchess) of Oxford, by Vandyke. No. 1,282, by the same; Portrait of Charles I., of England, on a white horse No. 1217 a fine Boar Hunt, by Sneyders; No. 1383 a Hunting party crossing a river by Wouvermans; and No 1446, a portrait by Antonio Moro, of our Queen Mary, of "blessed memory." Though this collection is so rich in masterpieces, both of the Spanish and foreign schools, it appears to be but little regarded. The galleries are well adapted for

displaying the pictures, and for the light they require; but the arrangement is little cared for, except in the first room, (and even in this the different schools of Seville, Valencia, and Madrid are mingled together without order,) the Spanish, Italian, and German masters are all jumbled in confusion, and in so many thousand square feet of surface, it is difficult to find any particular picture, for the order does not follow that of the numbers in the catalogue. There were not above half a dozen students, and three of these were ladies, and all I believe were copying "Holy families;" but the lover of art can enjoy in quiet the delightful banquet spread before him, and would find weeks too short to exhaust an appetite, which grows by what it feeds on.

Returning to the Hotel to make arrangements for departure, it was necessary to make a few purchases for a long journey, and this led one to no very agreeable reflections on the mode of conducting business at Madrid, as well as the difficulty of obtaining the commonest article an Englishman is accustomed to. It seems an invariable practice for the tradesmen to ask at least half as much more as he is willing to take, even in the shops adjoining the Puerta del Sol, which are the most respectable. The master of the shop pays but little attention, and if the purchaser thinks to abate his price by offering to go elsewhere, he will find his departure taken with cool indifference. The only plan is good humouredly to commence bargaining, and to put up at last with a price for a bad article higher than would be paid in London for a good one. The most amusing shop we entered was one where are sold the skins and leathern bottles, which take the place of the glass for the conveyance of wine. In a country like Spain where mule tracks are more common than high roads, and the traveller must generally carry with him his own provender, both liquid and solid, they have their convenience, as any one who has seen the wine skins banging against the rough sides of a jolting waggon, without spilling their precious contents, will readily acknowledge. These leathern vessels often contain an immense quantity. The larger are made of the skins of pigs, and are called "borrachas," or "cueros." They hang in rows in the shop, and being inflated have the appearance of the carcass of the animal, especially as three of the legs are generally left merely sewn up at the extremities. Some of a smaller kind are made of kid skins. The hair is turned inside, and being covered with pitch gives the peculiar flavour to the wine so relished by the Spanish stomach. The Bota is a small leathern vessel, having the mouth neatly fitted with a wooden cup in which a small spigot is inserted. It requires both hands to drink from it. It costs about three pesetas, or 2s. 6d., whilst the kid skins are about half as much again. Having purchased a specimen of each of these singular substitutes for bottles, we repaired to another peculiar manufacture of Madrid, that of the embroidered leather leggings, called "botines." They are very neatly made to fit the leg, and sometimes are adorned with different coloured leather, sewn on them in patterns, and with a most elaborate connection of fastenings and buttons by the side. They are principally used in gay Andalusia; but may be occasionally seen sported by the calesero, or muleteer, of the northern provinces. Returning by the Puerto del Sol, we were tempted by the refreshing shade of a saloon, protected from the sun by green venetian blinds, to taste some of the cooling "orchata de chufas," which is a great favourite at Madrid.

Finding, on my return, the passport duly viséed for France, and settling a very moderate account at the excellent Fonda de Paris, and one dollar per diem for the loquacious and amusing Theodore, I hastened to prepare for departure from a city which had afforded me unceasing interest during this hasty inspection. To leave it without seeing the peculiarly national pastime of a bull fight, might be deemed tho fault of an incurious traveller; but having once before been witness to the cruel sport, I was not tempted to delay a departure, which circumstances seemed to render it prudent to hasten. But the reminiscences, of even a dash into Spain would be imperfect without a notice of an amusement so peculiar to the people, and of which they are still so passionately fond; and therefore, a faint attempt to describe one, at which the writer was present at Seville in 1844, will he found appended to the end of this little work. Repairing to the Casa de postas, I found the mules being harnessed to the Malleposte, and at six o'clock in the evening, with wonderful punctuality, we were dashing at full speed (the usual way of leaving a town), through the Calle de Alcala, on the way to Saragoza.

CHAPTER XX.

PROMENADE NEAR MADRID—ALCALA—GUADALAJARA—ARIZAR—SPANISH BEGGARS—BATHS OF ALAMA—VALLEY OF THE JALON—CALATAYUD—HOSPITABLE ENTERTAINMENT AT A POSADA—ARRIVAL AT ZARAGOZA.

On starting from Madrid, my only companion was a comfortable-looking manufacturer from Barcelona, returning to his native place. He had not yet finished his siesta, for it was almost dark before he showed any signs of animation; but I was afterwards indebted to him for many civilities on the road. Crowds of the population were pouring out of the gate of Alcala, to take their dusty and shadeless promenade. A few houses of entertainment, which would scarcely bear that title in any other country, are scattered along the road for the first mile and a half; but the burnt-up fields, or stony plains, afforded but little relief to the eye; and even the greater part of the Madrilenians had the good sense to find no pleasure in them, for the stream of promenaders was confined to the high road, where many pretty faces and sparkling eyes at least compensated for the absence of rural beauties. We left nearly the last of the stragglers at the "Quinta de San Espiritu," ("Farm of the Holy Ghost,") a sort of house of recreation, overflowing with company. It was nearly dark when we passed near Alcala, the famed university of which is now very far fallen from its high estate. The students are few; but they are generally the sons of the grandees, and better classes from Madrid, and the provinces, and the education is considered to be superior to that of most of the other universities, in ecclesiastical and legal learning. Several of the convents have been turned into military colleges. This place is well worthy of a visit, merely to view the burial place, in the College of San Ildefonso, and the magnificent but unfinished palace of the celebrated Cardinal Ximenes, the patron of learning in a dark age, and projector of the publication of the Complutensian edition of the Bible. This undertaking was a rare example, in those ages, of a liberal and enlightened mind, such as neither Popes nor Kings could comprehend, and therefore put every difficulty in the way of the publication, to prevent the diffusion of too much light and truth. Alcala is also distinguished as the birth-place of the immortal Cervantes.

At near midnight we arrived at Guadalajara and were detained a weary hour, whilst the mails were being made up. If the stoppage had occurred in the day time, we might have found the time pass swiftly away in viewing the remains of the palace of the once powerful Mendoza family, still splendid as the pile is amidst degradation and poverty. Their mausoleum is said to have rivalled that of the Kings of Spain in the Escorial, for the magnificence of its marbles and costly decorations. They were damaged, and almost destroyed, like every other monument of the arts, or

the former wealth of Spain by the French invaders. The ravages committed by the polished nation can only be compared with those of the most brutal and senseless barbarians, and would not be believed by any who have not been so unfortunate as to witness the indiscriminate destruction of whatever objects of art or taste the plunderers could not carry off with them. The royal cloth manufactory at this town, which was forced into existence at the expense of much treasure, would probably have been a failure under the best management; for if the products of labour had been required by the wants of the inhabitants, it would have been more cheaply supplied without royal patronage; and if not, the expense could never be repaid without customers as well as labourers. It is now utterly gone to ruin, although at one time 4000 workmen are said to have been employed here. We passed a hot and restless night; for at Alcala we had added to our party an officer and his wife, bound for Zaragoza, and as a bundle of pillows was required for the lady's comfort, and the worthy manufacturer of Barcelona was of a portly size enough to require a more than fair allowance of space, a hot summer's night in the interior of a diligence does not under such circumstances bear any very pleasing reminiscences. When the morning broke, we found ourselves passing through a smiling and wooded country, succeeded by a dreary waste, with wild and stony hills all the way to Alcolea. Some peasant girls had offered us a refreshing draught of milk at a village at which we stopped early in the morning; but it was not till ten o'clock that we reached the latter place, and stopped to breakfast at the wretched Posada, where for a tiny cup of chocolate and a couple of eggs, the worthy hostess would not abate a maravedi of ten reals, to the amusement of myself, and in spite of the useless indignation of my civil fellow travellers. There was but little scenery to enliven the journey. The country, after this, was more hilly, but the valleys more cultivated. Few towns or villages could be expected in a barren succession of hills and wastes; and, where no travellers were to be seen on the road, the very sheepskin trousers of our postilion became an object of interest. The road was excellent, and at some of the smaller streams stones were ready for building bridges; but no workmen apparently employed anywhere. Passing Medina celi, which was formerly a Moorish stronghold, where the terrible "Almanzor the Victorious," the most formidable enemy of the Christians, breathed his last, and which now gives title to a ducal family, we crossed the Jalon at Arcos, and about half past three o'clock arrived at Arizar, the first town in Arragon, a wretched-looking place, where the houses, and the walls, and the remains of the castle, all of mud baked in the sun, had that look of utter desolation which might be expected from the material. The very castle seemed cracking under the rays of the broiling sun, and not a green herb was to be seen for the eye to repose on. To add to our discomfort, we stopped here to change mules, amidst a crowd of beggars, who immediately poured out of the place, wearing the most hideous and revolting appearance of misery and hunger. Idiots were scrambling for the few coppers with eyes which sparkled with a momentary meaning, and a chattering delight, painful to witness, and one poor miserable boy, 15 years of age, to excite compassion, relied upon his humped back, and two short arms and hands, which protruded from his shoulders, not bigger than those of an infant. Weak mothers, with half starved children, and old men, tottering with feebleness, were hustled aside by stronger wretches, and great must have been the misery, when so pitiful a trifle would make them forget so soon in others the sufferings they themselves endured. In less than an hour we passed through some pretty scenery in a narrow gorge where the clean white village of Alama, is situated above the torrent Jalon, a picturesque bridge, and caverns in the rocks, adding to the beauty of this little bathing place, which is much frequented for some mineral waters close at hand. Buvierca, was the scene of a desperate conflict with the French, when Castanos and his broken army were retreating rapidly to Calatayud. The Spanish General Verogas, with the rear guard of 5000 men, defended the pass for eight hours against 8000 of the French, and so disabled their army, that they were checked in the pursuit, and the Spaniards reached Siguenza in safety with all their artillery on the evening of the following day.

At Ateca we entered upon the beautiful valley of the Jalon, rich in vineyards, pasture lands, and orchards, now glowing in the glorious rays of the descending sun, and affording a delightful and refreshing prospect after the stony and desert wastes of Castile, and in about another hour and a half we entered the ancient city of Catalayud. Its walls and towers, and lofty houses, have a very picturesque appearance, standing at different elevations amongst the scattered rocks. We passed an old convent, richly decorated with Moorish ornaments in the brick walls, and drove up to the Parador de diligencias with an appetite sharpened by a long fast; for since we left Madrid, there had been no stoppage where anything but water could be procured, except the tiny cup of chocolate and eggs at Alcolea, and now more than five and twenty hours had elapsed. Alas! I had forgotten Ford's good advice, and whilst the officer and his wife brought out a basket with biscuits and fruit, and my capacious friend from Barcelona was indulging in a substantial meal of chorizos, or sausages, which he had providently catered for himself, I should have starved in this hospitable hotel, if the latter had not with genuine kindness given me a cake of chocolate (for they had none in the house,) which was soon made into a delicious cup of this nourishing and pasty beverage, and which, with some delicate pieces of toasted bread, formed my moderate and only meal till we reached Zaragoza. We sat for half an hour in an open gallery, around the pillars of which a luxuriant vine had curled its tendrils, and made a thick shade with its broad leaves, and amused ourselves with watching a mule being cleaned in the house, at the foot of the stairs. He was evidently suffering under a violent fit of discontent, but was unable to express his impatience as he could wish, for one leg was tied up to a nail in the wall, and the other three scarcely afforded him a firm footing for the evil designs he meditated. He contented himself with looking as vicious as possible and his curled lip and ears bent back spoke volumes of the amiable feelings with which he regarded his friend the ostler, and with what agreeable language he would have greeted him, if he could have spoken his mind. When we left the Posada, the sun was going down, and a few of the beauties of Calatayud gracefully using the universal mantilla and fan, were promenading in the poor Alameda near the walls. The wines, made in the neighbourhood, are of very superior kind, especially those from the district of Carinena, at some distance to the left of the road. The second night of the journey was not much more refreshing to nature than the first, for the officer's wife was suffering from the effects of long travelling, and to allow her a more comfortable place her husband was wedged between the portly native of Barcelona and myself on the other side. They were both very inquisitive about England, and as they had much to say of their own country, and especially of their progress in railways, of which they were exceedingly proud, one of the prodigious length of about 20 miles having been opened from Barcelona towards Tarragona, the night wore quickly away in conversation. We arrived at Zaragoza about 4 o'clock in the morning, and on alighting the officer cordially shook hands with me, and my "fat friend," who was going on to Barcelona, embraced me before I was aware of it in a fraternal hug, which was a worthy finish to the many courteous and friendly civilities, which he had taken every opportunity to show me, as a stranger, on the route. Indeed the politeness and kindness which I every where experienced in travelling after leaving the Pyrenees was in striking contrast with the gloomy or suspicious reserve, which we noticed on the French side. I had been recommended by Theodore Colomic to the Fonda del Turco, kept by a countryman of his and I according engaged a porter, when the diligence departed, to show me the way: but he seemed

profoundly ignorant of the task he had undertaken, and after wandering about the deserted streets for half an hour, he at last found a native who remembered the hotel. Probably being kept by a Frenchman they were less anxious to find it. It was in a street near to the Coso, and having at last obtained a decent chamber, sleep found for three or four hours a grateful and most devoted votary.

CHAPTER XXI.

MODES OF TRAVELLING INTO FRANCE—LEANING TOWER—PLAZA DEL PILAR—OUR LADY OF THE PILLAR CATHEDRAL AND SHRINE—PUBLIC BUILDINGS—CATHEDRAL EL SEU—ACADEMY—ENGRAVINGS RELATING TO THE TWO SIEGES.

In spite of the long and fatiguing journey just finished, I was soon stirring and prepared to investigate the curiosities of the capital of Arragon. In a city so celebrated for its antiquities, for its very name, derived from Cæsar Augustus, carries us back to the times when the Roman legions settled down in the fertile plains of the Ebro; for its religious history and relics, for the Virgin of the Pillar is known throughout Spain; and for the glorious deeds of its inhabitants, for the two memorable sieges were but the emulation of former ages, since it was only after a siege of five years that Alonzo recovered the town from the stubborn and valiant Moors, it was impossible to remain quietly pent up within the four walls of a close hotel. Accordingly summoning my worthy host, I applied to him for a valet de place; for no corresponding word appears to exist in the Spanish language, or, if the name can be found, the article itself is so scarce that it cannot be discovered without assistance. He promised to make due enquiry, and in the mean time, I questioned him about my further route. It was my intention to have paid a visit to the baths of Penticousa, on account of their beautiful situation, and thence to cross to Eaux Bonnes, or Cauteretz, on the French side, by one of the wilder passes of the Pyrenees But I found the snow was still lying too deep to admit of the passage in the mountains, and that no communication would be opened till the 1st of July, when a diligence runs from Zaragoza to Ayerbe, from whence even the most delicate invalids must finish the journey on mules or ponies. Mine host represented, in this dilemma, that the best plan would be to pass by Ayerbe and Jaca, and thence by a more practicable route to Urdax, in the Val d' Ossau. To the former place he informed me a sort of diligence, (for every public conveyance takes this dignified name in a Frenchman's language,) would start on the next or the following day, at the moderate charge of six francs; if not, it would be necessary to take horses, which would occupy two days on the road. I therefore, gave him my passport to be viséed, and as he, with great civility, offered to become my guide himself, he ordered me some excellent coffee to amuse the time, till he appeared in his best attire as spruce as if made up for a Parisian holiday.

We were soon within sight of the curious leaning tower of Zaragoza, the Torre Nueva, in the Plaza de San Felipe; but the gardien was not present. It leans more out of the perpendicular than even that of Pisa; or probably the octangular shape may produce the effect more strongly to the eye. It is very gracefully ornamented with Moorish ornaments in the brickwork. It seems doubtful whether it was so constructed to show the skill of the architect, or whether the foundation gave way in the process of building; but it is, at any rate, a famed curiosity The coal market in the open square, close adjoining, by no means improves the appearance of the streets, by the black dust which covers the ground, or gives a tinge to the houses. From thence through a large Plaza, where a well supplied market is held, passing by the house of the antient Justicia, and the spot where the last of these singular officers, whose powers and privileges were almost equal to those of the monarch, was executed by the indignant King Philip II, we entered the principal square, the Plaza de Pilar. Here all the picturesque costumes of the neighbouring provinces, Valencian Catalonian and Basque, may be seen congregated; the arrieros entering with their strings of laden mules, or the carreteros tending their well loaded waggons, exchanging their jokes or greetings with the pretty Zaragozanas, ensconced in their little wooden sheds, and offering for sale the tempting display of fresh fish from the mountain streams. Adjoining the Cathedral is a fine old mansion, formerly belonging to the Duc of Medina-celi; but now turned into an almacen, or warehouse. The Cathedral El Pilar catches the eye immediately, by its singular roof of small tiles, disposed in patterns of the gayest colours, green, white, and yellow, flashing in the rays of the sun On first entering the church, the gloom is so great, that it is almost impossible to avoid stumbling over some of the pilgrims, who are performing their devotions, after the fatiguing journey which many of them are successfully finishing. Our Lady of the Pillar is celebrated all over Spain, and the legend is one of the best known in the country. On October the 12th, the anniversary of the descent of the Virgin, thousands and tens of thousands of pilgrims pour in from all parts; and the priests reap a rich harvest, from the credulity of the poor deluded victims. The "legend" is, that after Santiago (St. James) had landed in Spain to pursue his missionary labours, and toiled for some time without success, the Virgin suddenly appeared to him in this city, standing on a pillar, and surrounded by a choir of angels who had brought her thither from Jerusalem. She desired him to dedicate a church to her, wherever he should make the greatest number of converts; and after encouraging him to persevere in his zealous exertions, was transported by the angels back to her house at Jerusalem. In Zaragoza the labours of the ardent apostle were rewarded by the large accession of eight converts, and he accordingly built this, the first church dedicated to the Virgin, and placed her image on the very pillar on which she had appeared to him in the vision At the back of the altar a small open door allows the votaries to kiss a portion of this sacred pillar, which is worn like the toe of St. Peter at Rome, with their fervent adoration, and the miracles which are wrought at her shrine, are believed in with a depth of credulity unknown in any catholic country, except the head quarters of imposture itself. After the first siege of Zaragoza by the French, the inhabitants repaired in solemn procession to this shrine, to return thanks to the Virgin of the Pillar, as the protectress and defender of their city, though their houses were in ruins, and the victory of Bailen principally compelled the French to retire. The chapel containing this celebrated image, which is richly dressed in diamonds and satins, is placed exactly in the centre of the church, and being always brilliantly lighted up, produces the most solemn effect, on entering the otherwise darkened interior after the full glare of the sun outside. The altar is of the purest alabaster, richly carved, amongst the subjects of which will be noticed the descent of the Virgin, and the vision of Santiago, The rich marble pavements, gilt rejas, silver lamps, and sculptured alabaster, combine to produce a glittering scene. and the image is always surrounded by kneeling groups of peasants and devotees from every province in Spain. The Sacristy contains the splendid wardrobe of the Virgin, which, in spite of the rapacity of the French invaders, and the enormous sacrifices made to preserve the rest, still is (if the stones are real) a magnificent display of jewellery and ornaments, annually increased by the gratitude or devotion of her worshippers.

We were shown rich necklaces, described to be of diamonds, one elegantly disposed in knots—a cross of thirteen enormous diamonds, the five largest forming the centre and eight others disposed around them—and an ornament of four immense pearls of the greatest value. The ceiling of the Sacristy is painted in fresco, representing Santiago on a white horse defeating a multitude of Moors. In the transept is the tomb of Montemayor, one of Philip's generals a tasteless pyramid, undeserving of notice. In spite of the peculiar sanctity of the place, Spanish dirt, and neglect of the usual precautions, which would be suggested by real religious feeling, were but too apparent. A number of dogs roamed in and out at their pleasure, and mine host's mongrel, whilst we were in the Sacristy, hearing the bell begin to strike twelve, set up a frightful howl which echoed through the vaulted roof. His master's attempts to silence him with a stick by no means succeeded; at every fresh stroke of the bell, a fresh howl pronounced the painful effect on his nerves; but none of the devotees seemed disturbed in their repetitions of Ave Maria, nor was even the priest so much annoyed as the polite Frenchman, whose exertions to bring the animal to a proper sense of decorum, and his own "sacres" and other profane expressions of impatience only added to the clamour.

Turning towards the noble bridge over the Ebro, will be found the Lonja or Exchange, a fine old building decorated with portraits, in stone, of Kings and warriors. Though the palmy days of Spanish commerce have passed away, Zaragoza, from its position and the active and industrious character of its inhabitants, and especially as being united by a navigable canal with other cities and the sea coast, still carries on a considerable trade. Close adjoining is the Casa de Ayuntamiento, or Townhall, used for the meeting of the City authorities, and opposite to it the Casa de Diputacion which, after suffering severely by bombardment in the sieges, is now being slowly re-built. The old gate was entirely destroyed and a new one, possessing no architectural merit, faces the bridge. The Ebro is here a wide and rapid river.

The other Cathedral, El Seu is situated at no great distance from that of El Pilar; but like most of such buildings in Spain, is now and is likely to remain unfinished. The front seems intended to be in the Grecian style, and one lofty but heavy looking tower suffers in reputation for want of the other. The interior is as solemn and gloomy as that of the other Cathedral, though the general style is so different. Grand preparations were being made for the Fête de Dieu on the following Thursday, and workmen were employed in fixing plates of silver gilt, richly carved with bas reliefs, to ornament the grand altar; the retablo of this altar and the magnificent gothic tombs near it must be noticed. The door to the Sacristy is very richly sculptured, and inside are said to be also great riches in church ornaments and silver and gold plate; but we found it difficult to obtain admission, as the appointment made with the Sacristan for the next morning was not kept. Some of the chapels are remarkable for the splendid workmanship of their rejas, or metal screens, and one, the Chapel of Arbues, is surrounded by pictures in rich frames, and ornamental Arabian tiles: the figure of the kneeling saint in marble, under a graceful canopy, is admirable. The rich altar, in front of the west door, also deserves notice for its twisted black marble columns, and the carvings in stone behind the screen, representing the martyrdom of San Lorenzo, and other Saints. The choir also contains some admirable sculpture in wood, in the archbishop's throne and the noble gothic screen; and in brass in the splendid reja below the organ.

We then proceeded to what is called the academy of Fine Arts, though my guide, who appeared to have no taste in that direction, had some difficulty in finding it. We were directed to it by a priest, who informed us that we should probably be unable to obtain admission, as the poor keeper was in a dying state, and he had just given him extreme unction. The keys, however, were in other hands. My guide might well be excused for his indifference, for a more miserable collection of paltry pictures and plaster casts, could scarcely be offered to the public gaze. The rooms were dark and dingy, and redolent with that peculiar smell which salutes you on admission to a dusty room not frequently opened to the air. A pillar, made of the same marble as the chapel of the Virgin in the Cathedral del Pilar, with an alabastar statue of the Virgin, small and graceful, is worthy of attention, and we also looked at a small group of the sacrifice of Isaac, executed in 1794 by Tomas L'obel, the present head of the Academy, without forming any very exalted notion of the state of the arts in this renowned city. But in an inner room, badly lighted, and dismal in its general aspect, is a very interesting collection of engravings, relating to the scenes and characters which became famous in the two sieges. They are scarcely worth looking at as works of art; but they bring before you places, persons, and events, which will be remembered as long as patriotism is honoured, or courage esteemed. The stranger will be interested with the portrait of El tio Jorge, an old venerable looking man, who was made Captain of Palafox's body guard, and died of fatigue and exertion in 1808. The combat of the women of Zaragoza with 200 dragoons on the 15th of June, when scarcely a man survived to tell the tale of their shameful defeat. Pictures of some of the churches as they appeared, after being reduced to ruins during the siege. The ruins of the Patio of the convent of Santa Engracia, with all the beautiful Moorish ornamental work reduced to heaps of rubbish. The explosion in the same convent on the 4th August, 1808, when a large body of the French were buried in the ruins. The battery of Portillo, with Agostina Aragon seizing the lighted match from the hand of the dying soldier, and applying it to the gun. The portrait of D. Felipe San Clemente y Roman, a tradesman, who fought through the siege with the bravest of his fellow inhabitants, and received a severe wound, which disabled him for life. The battery of La puerta de Sancho, with the portrait of Don Mariano, who so distinguished himself; and lastly the portraits of three of the most celebrated females, who either with sword and musket in hand were found amongst the foremost of the defenders, or undertook, with a courage still more honorable, and more tried, the perilous task of administering to the dying, or attending to the sufferings of the wounded, calm and unflinching in purpose amidst the storm of cannon balls, or the explosion of mines. Amongst these the Condesa de Burita, Agostina, and Casta Alvarez, the former nursed in all the delicacy and tenderness of noble birth, and the two latter peasant girls, rendered noble by their devotedness and heroic courage will be handed down to posterity with the same undying fame. All these rough sketches, however rude and unfinished they may be, have an interest for the spectator in such a spot, which the finest collection of paintings might fail to inspire by the side of memorials of such unparalleled efforts of patriotism.

CHAPTER XXII.

CASA DE INFANTE—TABLE D'HOTE—THE CASA DE GIGANTES—THE ALJAFERIA OR CITADEL—GATE OF EL PORTILLO—ATTACR ON THIS POINT DURING THE FIRST SIEGE—AGUSTINA ARAGON—BULL FIGHTS AND CHARITY—CASA DE MISERICORDIA—THE ALAMEDA—THE COSO—MARKS OF THE CONFICT HERE—HINTS ABOUT BRIGANDS.

Returning to the Plaza del Pilar we turned into a sort of inn-yard to make enquiries about my further journeying, and found that the waggon, (the true name instead of diligence,) would leave for Ayerbe the following morning at 8 or 9 o'clock, and the charge was only 5 pesetas, about 3s. 4d; and that from Ayebe to Urdax the journey would occupy two days, and could only be made on horseback. The muleteer offered for hire an excellent mule or horse for that distance, at the charge of 4 dollars; but finding that Ayerbe was a moderate sized town, I deemed it more prudent to defer making any bargain till I reached that place,—a rule which generally holds good on a journey, unless passing through a very desolate country, for there is usually more competition on the spot than the shrewd innkeeper is willing to allow. Nearly all the pilgrims, before leaving Zaragoza, repair to the Calle de Plateria, where little silver or gold images of our lady of the Pillar, or some ingenious workmanship in earrings, and brooches, may be bought as objects of devotion, or pleasant reminiscences of a painful vow accomplished. The price charged me for a little silver image of the Virgin standing on the Pillar, and worn as a cross on the breast, and a small gold ring, on which the same was very neatly executed in relief, was 9½ pesetas; but my host, who better understood the conscience of the trade, thought I ought to have obtained it for two or three pesetas less, for every purchase, even in the most respectable shops, must be made, said he, by a long process of bargaining, just as the vegetables or viands must be haggled for in the market.

Zaragoza being a city, and in a province where the antient nobility had pedigrees and privileges longer than kings, and afterwards a place, where, from its position, princely merchants had amassed enormous fortunes in commerce, contains many splendid remains of magnificent mansions, though few have escaped the terrible fortune of war. One of these, not far from the hotel, would delight an artist by its picturesque and grotesque carvings. It is called the Casa de Infante, and belonged to Charles V., though it was built by the munificent merchant, Gabriel Zaporta, by whom the splendid diamond cross, which we examined in the sacristy, had been presented to Our Lady of the Pillar. In the large patio are richly carved pillars and arcades, some of the former composed of grotesque figures, ludicrously expressing in their countenance the pain they suffer in having to support the great weight of the gallery above—others composed of groups, one of three women, and another of a giant surrounded by children. All round the gallery are portraits of warriors and kings, in bold relief. The staircase is very noble, with bold carvings;—in two niches, fluted like rays proceeding from a centre, are the busts of a male and female;—and on one side of the staircase, a group of musicians, and on the other an armed warrior, combine with the rich dark coloured roof to present very rich effects of colours and carving. This noble mansion is now let out into different apartments. In one part was heard the murmur of studious boys in a daily academy; in another, carriages stood ready to be let out on hire; and in another part, a wine merchant secures his jars of wine, under the same capacious roof.

I now hastened home, for a table d'hote (a wonder in Spain) was actually to be found at the Hotel where I had taken up my quarters. Some of the dishes were excellent, and we began with a puchero, which indicated some notion of French art supervening upon Spanish crude ideas of cookery; for it was very unlike the flavourless compounds on which we had starved from Bayonne to Madrid. Two ladies and three Spaniards formed the companions of the "mesa redonda,"—one of the former being a pretty young widow, very wealthy, and probably on the road to another matrimonial engagement, as a bouquet, by the elegant mixture of colours showing the taste of the sender, and by its enormous size the greatness of his esteem, was delivered during the dinner from a gallant Colonel of cavalry in the neighbouring barracks, and graciously accepted:—the other was the wife of an Intendant. Next to me sat a French officer of engineers who gave me little hope of obtaining admission to the citadel, as the Spaniards believe every one to be prying into their military strength, or rather weakness, and cannot give credit to the idle curiosity which leads an Englishman to penetrate into every hole and corner of a strange town, churches, hospitals, picture galleries, or citadels, without any warlike desire to batter down one or blow up the other. My neighbour had been resident here for some weeks, having come to superintend the erection of an iron bridge, in the place of one which had fallen, through the carelessness or ignorance of the former architect, and he promised to meet me in the evening, where all the gay world of Zaragoza nightly assembles, on the lively Alameda of Santa Engracia.

As every body was asleep, or pretended to be so, between two and five o'clock, I waited patiently for the re-appearance of "mine host," who with great good nature devoted the remainder of the day to my service. Amongst the other noble mansions in Zaragoza will be noticed the Casa de Gigantes in the Coso. It will be recognized by the giants, armed with clubs, on each side of the portal. It was formerly the habitation of the Captain-Generals of the province, but has for some time past been used as the Cancelleria. In passing near San Pablo, we looked into the church, the grand altar of which is most elaborately carved in fanciful ornaments. The exterior is remarkable for the groups of figures in niches, the noble pilasters with sculptured arms, and the curious Moorish tower. Near the Puerta de Sancho is a convent of noble ladies, and passing through this gate we continued our walk round the walls to the Aljaferia, the antient Moorish citadel, celebrated for its historical reminiscences, as well as for the important military position which it became during the last sieges. It is rather difficult for a stranger to obtain admission; but my worthy guide, being acquainted with the Capellano, we paid a visit to him, and procured his interest with the Commandant for permission to look into some of the apartments. The grand staircase, and at the bottom of a tower the remains of a Moorish chapel, now converted into something between a laundry and a cellar, under one of the horse shoe arches of which Santa Isabel is said to have been baptized, were the principal objects of attention. We could not see the gilded Moorish roof of El Salon de Santa Isabella, which Ford describes, as the chaplain informed us that the room was tenanted by a poor wretch, condemned to be shot on the Esplanade the next day at 5 o'clock. He was the captain of a regiment stationed here, who a few weeks back had joined the rebels, and having had the misfortune to be retaken, was now, according to custom, spending the night before his execution in solitary reflection and prayers in a chapel fitted up for the occasion.

It was this fortress and the adjoining gate of the city El Portillo, which was the principal point of the French attacks at the commencement of the first siege. General Lefebre with 6000 infantry and 800 cavalry advanced to the gates of the city on the morning of the 15th June, 1808, and so weak were the defences of the city, and so feeble the garrison, consisting, according to the Spanish historian, of only 300 regular soldiers, that he made sure of entering without any resistance. A party of French cavalry

even penetrated into the city by the gate of St. Portillo; but being assailed by a few volunteers and light Spanish troops, aided by the male inhabitants and the women and children, they were almost all cut to pieces. This compelled the French General to make more regular approaches, and a formal attack was undertaken against the gates El Portillo and El Carmen, though the former, as we have noticed, was protected by the guns of the citadel. The men, women, and children ran to the walls, some to fight, and some to carry provisions and ammunition, or succour the wounded, and the furious conflict lasted the whole day. Though the French endeavoured to shelter themselves in the olive grounds and orchards from the fire from the citadel, they lost 500 men before night put an end to this unsuccessful attempt at a surprize Like true Spaniards the inhabitants had done but little to prepare for the assault; but they now set to work vigorously, and batteries were constructed at the gates of El Portillo, Carmen, Santa Engracia, and Sancho; the streets were cut by trenches, a low parapet formed round the walls; the old guns so placed as to protect the streets as far as possible; the monks were set to work in making cartridges and the women and children to other tasks suitable to their sex or age and by ten o'clock at night Zaragoza might be said to have recovered its character for vigour and prudence, though that for courage and patriotism could never have been impeached. The check the French had received induced them to await further reinforcements of some 3 or 4,000 men and heavy guns and mortars from Pampelona and Bayonne; so that the assault was not renewed till the 27th June, when the scene of attack was transferred to the Monte Torrero on the other side of the city. Having, it was supposed by treachery, gained possession of this important post, they prepared formidable batteries round the city, and at midnight on the 30th June commenced a terrible bombardment, which lasted the whole of the next day, responded to as well as the besiegers could reply by the fire of even the old guns, which had been laid up in the Aljaferia as past further use. On the following day a general assault was ordered, the principal point of which was the citadel and the gate of El Portillo, and it was on this day and at the latter spot that Augustina acquired her imperishable renown. She was a handsome girl of the lower class, about 22 years of age, and like other women, who so nobly assisted in the defence, was bringing provisions to the combatants at the gate. So terrible had been the fire of the French, that in a battery outside the walls, not one man was left alive to serve the guns, and the disheartened defenders hesitated to fill a post, which it seemed certain death to occupy. At this moment Augustina arrived, and rushing forward seized the lighted match from the hand of a dying soldier, and firing the gun, swore never to quit the battery alive during the siege. This heroic conduct so revived the spirits of her countrymen that they rushed forward and recommenced the fire with more vigour than ever. Palafox afterwards presented Augustina with a military commission and a pension for life. The carnage at this spot was dreadful, and it must be borne in mind that the efforts of these brave peasants were at this time undirected by any military experience, for it was not till 12 o'clock in the day, that two officers of artillery, who had escaped from Barcelona, managed to enter the city, when without a moment's repose they hastened to share the perils and glory of their countrymen, one taking the command at this gate, and the other at that of El Carmen. The next day the attack was renewed here with great fury, and a breach made in the walls of the citadel; but the scaling ladders were too short, or the enthusiastic courage of the defenders too obstinate, and the French were repelled with heavy loss in both places.

In the course of the siege the Augustine Convent was utterly destroyed, and its site is now merely an open field. On entering the city by this gate, to the right will be noticed the Plaza de Toros. Bull-fights are still occasionally given,—monks and priests selling the tickets, and taking a religious interest in the success of the sport, for the profits are in great measure appropriated to the General Hospital, and to the Casa de Misericordia, the noble building intended for the relief and support of the poor. In this strange land of inconsistencies, charity and mercy do not always go hand in hand. The manager who has charge of the instruction of the boys in the art of weaving being a friend of my landlord, we went over every part of this vast building, and I was much gratified by the cleanliness and order which every where prevailed. In a long room below, a great number of boys were at work at the looms, which the younger children were employed in spinning the thread. The napkins, linen, and sheeting were all coarse and strong, but not of a quality to induce me to follow my guide's recommendation, and import some into England. In the kitchen, where the enormous coppers were in the brightest order, a very excellent supper was preparing, and by the time we had returned to the upper rooms, some hundreds of children were in the full enjoyment of their excellent fare. Several "Sisters of Charity," attend to the sick and manage the female department, and, by the permission of the principal of these ladies, we were permitted to visit their side of the house Upwards of 500 persons, poor, aged, or children, are maintained here by charitable contributions, or the labour of their own hands, when unable to obtain work elsewhere. The boys learned the trades of carpenters, weavers shoemakers, &c., and when of a suitable age, are apprenticed out with a small sum from the funds of the charity. My worthy landlord meeting with a countryman had much discussion about the present state of France. He was a violent republican, although a devoted follower of Napoleon, at a time when but little of republican freedom was left under the iron rule of military despotism. Perhaps he admired the republic as having given birth to the great military star, which he worshipped. He had served in the "grande armée," in the campaigns of Russia, Prussia, and Austria, and amusing indeed where his reminiscences, in spite of a little vanity and self-glorification, pardonable in one who had contributed his share to the military glories of the empire, and considered the fame of his idol as partly his own. On my remarking how slight and feeble were the fortifications of Zaragoza, and how wonderful must have been the defence which could have held a city, protected principally by walls of mud and rusty cannon, against such skilful and brave opponents, he replied that the colonel of his regiment always said he would have taken it in three days—probably a secret hope or open vaunt indulged in by all the old campaigners, but those who were actually present.

Passing the large General Hospital, we soon came out upon the Alameda. In several of the bye streets were parties of peasants, who had returned from the labours of the field, dancing the Arragonese Jota to the music of the tambourine or pipe, surrounded by a group of spectators, whilst, as the brisk measure acted upon their spirits, the reluctant damsels were compelled to give way to the entreaties of their admiring swains, and join in the favourite and animated dance. The promenade was well filled with a multitude of both sexes, a few priests and many of the officers from the citadel and adjoining barracks. As night came on, a Swiss cafe on one side of the open square within the walls, became a fashionable place of resort, where the ladies indulged in ices, and many of the gentlemen in a curious mixture of beer and lemonade, either in the rooms, or in a vine covered garden behind. All the space which is now laid open for the Alameda, was occupied by houses and convents previous to the siege. The terrible bombardment of the 3rd and 4th of August laid all this part waste from the gate and convent of Santa Engracia (beyond which the Alameda extends out of the city), even as far as the Coso, near which a fountain has been since constructed. One of the breaching batteries of the French was established within 150 yards of the convent, and seven others within the space of 400 yards. No bricks and mortar could resist such a fearful fire, and in spite of the heroic efforts of the defenders the French forced their way over the

ruined and tottering walls, and over heaps of slain, and after many hours hard fighting, penetrated the narrow streets which then led from the gate, and gained ground almost as far as the Coso. Near the corner of the street, on the left was the convent of San Francisco, and on the right the General Hospital To find a shelter for themselves from the fire which poured down upon them from every window, both these buildings were assaulted at the same time. The attack on the latter was accompanied by frightful incidents. The building caught fire, and the sick or dying inmates, to avoid this horrid death, threw themselves from the windows on the bayonets of the enemy, whilst the madmen, excited or terrified by the noise and tumult, sung, laughed, or wept, till the bullet or the sword put a stop to their career; for many were slaughtered in the fury of this pitiless combat. In front of these two buildings two narrow crooked streets lead, the one to the suburbs of the bridge over the Ebro, the other to the Torre Nueva. The Spaniards retreated by the former; but the French, intending to profit by their hard-earned success, mistook the way, and, rushing into the latter, soon found themselves cooped up in the contracted space, exposed to fresh assaults from their active foes, for the Spaniards returned when they found the error the French had committed. Calvo, the commandant with 50 picked men, headed by an officer named Cerezo, armed like an ancient knight, with sword and shield, made a furious assault upon them, and when night fell, they were glad to retreat to the two strong posts they had taken. Now commenced that fearful series of combats from house to house, and across the street of the Coso, of which the French occupied one side, and the inhabitants the other, which has made this siege so remarkable. Both parties received strong reinforcements, and from the 5th to the 13th of August, night and day, in the streets, in convents, in houses, and even in the rooms, amidst rafters in flames, and pestilence from dead bodies, the strife was carried on hand to hand, without mercy or compassion on either side. It was truly "a war to the knife," the brief answer, of Palafox to the French general's overture of "Capitulation." A priest, Don Santiago Sas, El tio Jorge (uncle George), Dona Maria Consolacion de Azlor, the Countess of Bureta, and a peasant woman named Casta Alvarez, greatly distinguished themselves. It was not till the night of the 13th that the French were ordered to retire, blowing up before they left the poor remains of the once beautiful monastery of Santa Engracia. The stranger who walks up the Coso will still see the marks of cannon balls, and other signs of the fearful conflict which raged in this narrow compass. Even the modern houses, which stand in curious contrast with the strong and ancient buildings by their side, tell the tale of the desolation which has allowed them a place; but still more the wide and open space, extending from the Coso to the ruins of the convent of Santa Engracia, and the adjoining gate, which the shells of the enemy laid open, and which the indolence or good taste of the inhabitants of Zaragoza has left still uncovered with buildings.

On returning to the Fonda del Turco, I found a hot supper preparing, for the same guests as in the morning, with two or three natives of the town in addition, and I called to mind the gracious acceptance of the bouquet at dinner, as I saw the gallant colonel leaning over the chair of the pretty young widow, whose sparkling eyes and lively smile seemed to intimate that Venus was not insensible to the soft whisperings of Mars. My neighbour, the French engineer officer, had some delightful stories to tell of recent robberies and murders, which had been reported to have occurred between here and the Pyrenees; and which stories, whether exaggerated or untrue, formed a very agreeable subject for reflection during the night for a traveller about to set off the next morning through the very scene of these fearful adventures, especially as my kind friend volunteered the consolatory assurance, that from his own experience he should judge me lucky indeed if I escaped without being robbed at least, and he concluded with a warm recommendation to have a small sum of money, or a watch handy, as the brigands were apt to show no mercy if they were entirely disappointed of their prey.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CANAL OF ARAGON—RECENT IMPROVEMENTS—MONTE TORRERO—RUINS OF THE CONVENT OF SANTA ENGRACIA—VIEW FROM THE TORRE NUEVA—TRAVELLING IN GALERA.

Before leaving in the morning, I had determined to rise early, and walk to the Canal de Aragon, one of those magnificent works, which, (if they were ever completed) would confer so much honor on Spain by the grandeur of the conception, and the magnificent scale on which it has been so far carried on. My obliging host was ready to accompany me at five o'clock, in spite of the fatigue, so unusual for him, which he had cheerfully borne the day before in my service. He professed, that his day's march put him in mind of his old campaigns, and as we passed the gate of Santa Engracia, and crossing the bridge over the torrent Huerba, followed the beautiful shady walks through which you ascend the hill to the Monte Torrero, he beguiled the way with many a story of his amusing, or terrible adventures in the Grande Armée of Napoleon. He seemed to warm with the recollection, and even the emulative and discordant noises of some young soldiers, who were marching up and down, near the adjoining convent, learning to beat the signals on the drum, or sound the charge on the trumpet, only added to his enthusiasm. He was, in truth, a most amusing companion, and knowing besides every object of interest in the place, I was fortunate that he had condescended to act as my guide. A short walk through a beautiful country, formerly a waste, but now rendered rich in all kinds of grain and fruit by irrigation, brought us to the borders of the canal, where it was crossed by a bridge; and to a small village, where some houses of entertainment afford a summer retreat for the inhabitants of Zaragoza. The canal was commenced in 1528 by Charles V., in order to connect the Mediterranean with the Atlantic, a gigantic project, considering the distance to be 300 leagues, and the lofty mountains that rise between the Ebro and the Bay of Biscay. It is now principally used for irrigation, though it connects Tudela with Zaragoza, between which two places a boat occasionally plies for passengers. When first commenced, only 8 leagues were finished, and then the works lingered for more than 200 years. It was re-commenced in 1770, and now about 26 leagues are completed, between Tudela and its junction with the Ebro. It is of noble width and depth, there being sufficient water for vessels of from 60 to 80 tons; but whatever may be the traffic upon it, few were the signs of activity in this part. Two or three barges laid up under sheds adjoining the bridge, and one from which a couple of men were lazily discharging a cargo of stones for a road, were the only symptoms of life or industry about us. In consequence of the complaints which had been accumulating from the neighbouring towns, and the proprietors of the irrigated lands, a royal decree was issued in June, 1848, which, together with the report of the Minister of Public Works, was published in the official gazette. The latter enters into a careful examination of the grounds of complaint, and affords

some interesting information on the progress and nature of the works of this canal. It appears that, so far back as 1252, the King of Navarre gave permission to some of the towns, situated near the Ebro, to use the waters of that river for the purposes of irrigation; and the canals thus formed being principally completed by the assistance of the town of Tauste, took the name therefrom. The work of Carlos V. or I., of Spain, to form a wide and navigable canal, was a very different project; and, in fact, was on too magnificent a scale to be finished as it deserved. It made but little progress till Carlos III. confided the execution of the plans to the engineer D. I. Agustin Badin and his son in 1770. Various Bulls from different Popes had been obtained, to encourage the undertaking, and that of Benedict XIV. confirmed all the preceding, and gave up the tithes of all the lands which the irrigation should bring into cultivation, as well as the proportion on the increased value of those already improved. Very large concessions were made in favour of the engineers; amongst others, the newly recovered lands were to pay in kind a sixth part of their produce, if grain, and an eighth part of other productions; but the company could not complete their agreement, and in 1778 the contract was cancelled, and the whole management entrusted to D. Ramon Pignatelli, a canon of Zaragoza, who proceeded, indeed, with such activity, as to seize upon the canal of Tauste without much regard to the rights of the proprietors, and unite it with that of Arragon, under his own management. A valuation, indeed, was made for the watercourse, but he forgot the mills, and all the other property of the owners. To show what Spanish justice is, it is stated that the Council of Castile was entrusted with raising the sum of £4,000, to pay for the property at this defective valuation; but the rate was never levied, and for 70 years the complaints of the unfortunate proprietors have been unattended to, till, as the Minister naively boasts, their cries have at last reached the throne, and the ears of her present Majesty. The Minister, however, quietly drops the money part of the question, and only lays before the Queen two other points of their petition—first, that the rates should not be exacted in kind but in money; and second, that the tax should be diminished. The petitioners allege, with some justice, that a charge which was to continue only for 40 years, becomes rather insupportable when it is not only continued for 80 years, but when the works are but little more advanced than they were at that period. The Minister draws a very proper distinction between the canal, as one for navigation and one for irrigation also. In its former character, it belongs to the state to hold and to maintain; and in the latter, it would be unjust and impolitic to deprive the neighbouring lands of this great source of wealth and benefit to the country. He therefore proposes, that the government should supply them with the same quantity of water for irrigation as the lands now receive, and that the canals and works for this purpose should be placed under the charge of a committee formed from the proprietors of the lands benefited, and the water leased out at a fixed charge. In accordance with this report, the royal decree restores to the towns of Tauste, Cabanillas, Fustinana, and Banuel, the canal which they had constructed, but subject apparently to any existing debts or charges upon it, in consequence of the improvements it has received; and also complies with the other alterations suggested, and regulates the mode of election, and powers of the committee. The Gefe-politico of Zaragoza, a government officer, has, however, the appointment of the members of the Board, provided only they be interested in the irrigation; he names the director, who has power to call together the committee; he also names the subdirector; points out which of the committee are to go out in turn every two years; approves of the plans of the works and repairs; inspects the accounts; may appoint all the staff; and, in fact, it would appear that the committee have nothing to do but to offer suggestions, which need not be attended to, and to take directions which must be obeyed. The condition of the proprietors of the lands will no doubt be greatly benefited by the tax being fixed and payable in money instead of kind; and the government also will be more likely to profit by a mode of collection less liable to irregularities and fraud. In other respects, the instalment of justice at last meted out to the proprietors is less satisfactory than might be expected after 80 years of patience or complaints.

El Torrero the hill on which formerly stood one of the strongest defences of the city, but which being quickly seized by the French enabled them to gain an entrance into the city, by turning their guns against the opposite convent, commands a fine view of Zaragoza, the principal buildings of which are all conspicuous from this eminence, and formed a most picturesque view as we beheld them in the glowing rays of the rising sun. We returned to the city by some of the lanes, amidst fields and olive grounds, enriched by the waters of the canal, and then entered the convent of Santa Engracia beneath the still magnificent arch of the gateway. The whole facade was of alabaster, and by the figures in niches, and the beautiful gothic sculptures, which still remain, shows how superb it must have been in its former days. A goat was feeding on the short grass, which had sprung up on the ruined floor of the chapel, and its little ragged attendant was stretched in repose beneath the shade of one of the ruined arches which formerly adorned the beautiful cloisters. In contrast with this quiet scene, and the sacred calm of the character of the place, the walls were pierced for musketry, and the marks of cannon balls and ravages of shells show at what cost the invaders were enabled to enter the place. Descending by some broken steps, we entered a dark and gloomy vault, still fitted up, and used as a church. We went stumbling up the steps, which lead to the altar, where only one dim and solitary lamp scarcely afforded the least glimpse of the interior, and it was fortunate for us that the deep well from which the bones of Santa Engracia and other martyrs were extracted in 1389, is surrounded by an iron grating, which rises to the low ceiling, or we might perhaps have shared the fate of her companions without the glory which followed them. This spot was held peculiarly sacred. The relics of the Saint were placed in a tomb over those of her companions, except her head, which was preserved in a silver shrine, wearing a collar of precious stones, and enclosed in chrystal. Numerous other relics were ranged around the other altars, and thirty lamps, burning night and day enabled the faithful to perform their devotions. The roof was of azure, studded with stars, and the standing miracle was, that the ceiling, though so low, was never defiled by smoke: the oil from the lamps became so celebrated for the miracles which it performed, that it brought in "no small gain to the craft." This oil is still held in the highest repute. At present the railing, which formerly shut off the laity from the more sacred part of the church, is open to the public, and the gloom is so great, increased by the numerous columns which support the roof, that the miracle may now be reckoned, that the traveller is able to escape without breaking his shins, from this shrine of credulity and imposture. In the second siege of Zaragoza even these ruins were strongly fortified, together with the convent on the other side of the Huerva.

From thence I proceeded to the Cathedral El Seu but the Sacristano being still invisible, I continued my walk to the Torre Nueva, where my indefatigable and obliging host had procured the attendance of the keeper with the keys. This Tower was erected in 1504. The ascent is very gradual, and the steps, if they can be so called, are so broad, that as in the Giralda at Seville, a horse or a mule could easily walk to the top of it. It is not easy to realize the curious effect produced by its leaning out of the perpendicular which is experienced in walking round the different stages of the tower at Pisa, (when if the spectator moves rapidly round he feels almost as if he were rocking in a ship,) for in this case you must ascend inside to the summit. The view from the top is very noble. The rich valley, watered by the Jalon, full of vineyards and olive gardens—the fertile country irrigated by the canal—the course of the

Ebro, winding through the plain, joined by its tributaries, the Gallego and the Huerva, whilst on one side the mountains of Castile, which shut in the central plateau of Spain, enclosing Madrid in the centre, and on the other, the lofty range of the Pyrenees, with their tops ever covered with snow, form noble and magnificent objects in the landscape. Immediately beneath the eye of the spectator, the whole town is spread out to view, crowded with churches and convents, many with coloured roofs, or Moorish towers, adding a novel and picturesque charm to the general features of a populous and antient city. During the two sieges, watchmen were stationed upon the tower, to observe the flashes from the French mortars, and give notice of the falling of the shells in the city. Returning to the hotel I settled an account so moderate, that if my worthy landlord had not cheated himself, it would give a surprising idea of the cheapness of provisions or accommodation in this interesting city to enable him to make any profit out of the transaction; and, not content with this, he would not let me depart without some cold tongue and roll, which he had put up as a provision for the journey. Taking a friendly leave of the French engineer, whose ominous warnings of the night before were less impressive in the cheerful sunlight, I made my way to the inn yard, where the "diligence," a common waggon or "galera," was undergoing the process of being loaded with the merchandize or the luggage of my fellow travellers, whilst the half-dozen mules were eyeing with no very cheerful looks the ponderous machine they were to be attached to. My companions were seven or eight in number: and as we were to pass two or three days together, I scanned their appearance with some curiosity. Three of them were respectable looking merchants, past the middle age; and two were younger men, dressed somewhat in the style of the Aragoneze peasants, with broad sashes, knee breeches, a sort of sandals on the feet, and a coloured handkerchief on the head, instead of the broad brimmed hat, which was hanging to the covering of the galera. Another young man, with a wide felt hat, and a light coloured blouze, buckled in with a girdle, was a medical student, who had passed his probation at Madrid, and was returning to practice as Dr Sangrado in his native town. He carried his gun in his hand, and several other guns were disposed by the side of the vehicle, handy for use. All were busily engaged in making the softest seat they could contrive with packages and cloaks, for the lumbering waggon without springs boded no very agreeable journey to those who neglected this judicious precaution. Accordingly I climbed up, and avoiding the sharp angles of several iron bound chests, and some sacks which appeared to contain potatoes, or other roots equally soft to the bones of the traveller, who had the fortune to be placed near them, and also passing by a suspicious looking package, whence a strong flavour of "bacalao" or salt fish, gave us confidence, that in case of need we should have some ressources against starvation, I selected a corner at the very end of the waggon both for the benefit of the fresh air and the beautiful view over the country at the back, and disposed my carpet bag and wrapper with such a tempting air of comparative comfort, that when I afterwards returned to take possession I found two Spaniards already usurping the coveted seat. They yielded the place with a sigh, and we soon commenced our journey, crossing the noble bridge over the Ebro, and stopping on the other side close to the ruins of the convent, which was so bravely but unsuccessfully defended by the Swiss troops. Here another half hour was spent, whilst the galerero and his attendant filled their sacks with wine, and made other arrangements for the journey, including a bargain with two Frenchmen, who had been engaged in business for some years in Madrid, and were now returning to France with a little independence. It was nearly eight o'clock before we started, and in about two hours we again stopped at a venta in a small village, where the last arrivals laid in a store of such provisions as could be found. From thence we journeyed on at a slow pace, sometimes walking, sometimes taking shelter from the intense heat of the sun under the awning of the galera, passing through a wild country, with the Pyrenees, like a range of low hills on the distant horizon. We met but few travellers, and those on horse or mule back, delighted to fall in with so much good company, and always stopped to exchange the news on each side. We sadly felt the want of water, for the wine in the botas only excited the thirst it was intended to quell. At last we fell in with a spring, which oozed up through the arid soil, and by its moisture had encouraged a little circle of coarse grass to form a sort of green island in the waste.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE GALLEGO AND FERRY—VENTA CAMERARA—FIESTA DE CORPUS CHRISTI—A DINNER "AL FRESCO"—A CATALONIAN HERO—CLEVER SPORTSMEN—RUNAWAY MULES—ARRIVAL AT AYERBE—CASTLE, AND VIEW OF THE PYRENEES.

About half past five we reached Zuera, a small village, where some of my fellow travellers, who had walked on, had taken refuge from the heat in a little posada, and were seated on benches and chairs at the door, watching a dirty attendant picking a fresh killed hen for some luxurious traveller's supper. Glasses of water, delightfully cooled in evaporating earthen vessels, and a light cake made of yolk of eggs and sugar, were handed round, and thus refreshed a gay young soldier of the party laying aside his musket, which he had resumed for form's sake in passing through the town, was tempted to join in the Jota arragonese, in which sprightly dance a group of children were joyously amusing themselves under the shade of a ruined convents wall.

We soon came to the borders of the Gallego here a very wide and shallow stream, but with signs of extensive inundations occasionally. The scene was novel enough. A few peasants were lazily fishing, but appeared more interested in the arrival of so many strangers than their own sport. The donkey which belonged to the soldier was to go in the ferry-boat, but the galera was to try a ford higher up the river. A party of peasant girls and labourers returning from work were crossing, and their loaded donkeys growing restive nearly precipitated some of their masters into the water. When they had happily landed we took our places. The ferryman, by exposure to sun and wind, was as black as a Moor, and his grey hair and long beard gave him the appearance of an Eastern Sheikh. His two attendants, young men, were models of fine forms; the severe labour to which they were subjected gave a development to the muscles of the arms and legs as they towed the heavy boat by the rope stretched from the shore, which would have delighted an artist. Owing to the intense heat, their clothing was reduced to what in this country would be considered the very verge of decency. With the exception of course linen drawers, and a handkerchief tied round the head like a turban, they had none of the "lendings" which Lear was so anxious to get rid of, and were almost as "unsophisticated" as "poor Tom" himself. The wild cries of the men towing, the singular looking characters, and the novel costumes by which I was surrounded, the low shores—with grass and a few trees, the huge stones rising out of the bed of the river over which the waggon at a quarter of a mile distant was rumbling and jolting, with the water nearly up to the body of the carriage, produced altogether a very wild and strange combination of sights and sounds. After this, our way lay

over a waste covered with rosemary bushes and wild thyme, and we separated into little parties, beguiling the time with each others history and adventures. In these strange journeys, mutual civilities shorten the way. The soldier gave up his donkey to a young girl from Zaragoza, and another traveller carried the soldier's musket, which it rather amused me to find bore the tower mark, with the initials G.R., though its owner, a true Spaniard, exclaimed loudly against his masters for resorting to foreigners, "whilst they had such far superior manufactories of fire arms in Spain." The musket had the old flint lock, and as we have now adopted the percussion lock, perhaps it is to be considered as an evidence of the great foresight of our government, in case of any disturbances on the Continent, in supplying our enemies with our old fire-arms, when we throw them aside to adopt the newest improvements. Would not this system succeed much sooner than all the efforts of the lackadaisical Peace Congress at Brussels in putting a stop to the horrors of war? and might it not also be extended, with great advantage, to the practice of duelling, by allowing the party challenged to load his opponent's pistols for him? We firmly believe that if so simple a remedy were put in practice, it would greatly assist the apostles of peace in their laudable efforts to produce universal concord and fraternal love.

After walking for about two hours without the sign of a habitation or cultivated land, we observed on a sort of mound an enormous watch dog of the breed much cultivated by the shepherds of Arragon, who, the moment he noticed our approach, set up a deep baying of welcome—an agreeable intimation that we were near the end of our day's journey, having been ten hours performing about six leagues. The solitary venta of Ca nerara was only about half a mile distant, on the edge of a deep ravine, which descended to the river Gallego. Several of the party had already arrived, and were seated on chairs in a circle round the wide door of the house, the host and hostess amongst the rest, retailing such news as they had received. Each guest, as he arrived, was presented with a cup of delicious "aqua fresca," cold water, the first word that is always heard on arriving at a venta in Spain. Leaving them to their conversation, I turned to explore the environs, and sitting down on the edge of the ravine, out of the sight of the house, might have fancied myself in a wilderness, far removed from human habitations. Not a sound was heard but that of the rapids of the broad river, where it hurried over some broken rocks a mile below. The sun was setting over the wooded bank of the opposite shore, tinting the sky with the most glorious colours, and the fragrance from the aromatic shrubs which covered the waste was most overpowering. I was awakened from my reverie by the deep voice of the noble dog, who had not accompanied us to the house, but had kept his station till the "galera," which we had left far behind, came in sight, when he headed the procession with a joyful bark, like a self-constituted master of the ceremonies, to usher in the expected guests.

Returning to the house, I found an excellent supper almost ready, and, to pass away the time, "mine host" offered for my perusal a Spanish and English Dictionary, which an Englishman had given him in the previous year, in return for his hospitable civilities. It could not be considered quite so interesting as the MSS. or the wonderful adventures of D. Cirongilio de Tracia, or the chivalrous exploits of Felix Marte de Hircania, with which the ventero would have regaled Don Quixote's party at the inn in La Mancha; but the courtesy was equal, and S. Don Guibarrez evidently deserved the souvenir he had received. The supper soon smoked upon the board, and consisted of "all the delicacies of the season." A grand "puchero," in a red earthen dish, included "carnero," mutton; jamon," ham; and all varieties of vegetables; "guisado de liebre," stewed hare—a very good dish; and "chorizos," sausages, besides several smaller entremêts, graced the table. Every dish was overflowing with oil and garlic, and olives swimming in oil quickly disappeared at intervals of more elaborate feeding. Those who were wise, had brought their own knives with them—the fingers served as forks; and a bowl of salad was soon exhausted by each guest dipping his hand into the dish, and selecting the piece that pleased his fancy, whilst the oil which remained was drunk from the bowl in turns, the Spaniards, with genuine politeness, offering to me, as a stranger, the first delicious draught! Declining their courtesy with thanks, I confined myself to the discussion of the stewed hare, and a glass of excellent wine from the vineyards of the Jalon. One small bedroom, apparently the only chamber for a single guest in the house, was freely given up to the stranger, whilst all my travelling companions occupied one large room together. I fell asleep whilst reflecting how genuine kindness and courteous feeling will show itself, and must be respected as such, even where the conventional laws of good breeding of one country are unknown in another. Dreaming, after the fatigues of the day, of passing a most luxurious and lazy life in a monastery, I was awakened at three o'clock, by all the guests, muleteers, ventero, and ventera, in the full bustle of repacking luggage, and paying bills, for the daily life begins early when travelling in a galera.

CHAPTER XXV.

FIESTA DE CORPUS CHRISTI—A DINNER "AL FRESCO"—A CATALONIAN HERO—CLEVER SPORTSMEN—RUNAWAY MULES—ARRIVAL AT AYERBE—CASTLE AND VIEW OF THE PYRENEES.

It was still dark, when our little company began to assemble in the supper room, and partook of an early cup of chocolate by the light of a very antique oil lamp, very much resembling that in which the flame of learning burns so brightly on the page of our schoolboy editions of the classics. Our road still lay through a continuation of the same aromatic wastes which we traversed yesterday, and, as the sun rose and exhaled the powerful odours, we would gladly have exchanged them for the more gentle fragrance of the green herbage of the mountains, to which we were approaching. In about two hours we passed through a village, where all the inhabitants, in holiday costume, were preparing for a grand procession on the Fiesta de Corpus Christi. The poorest cottages were decorated with green boughs, and a large bunch of flowers hanging from the doorway, and all the young maidens and children were busy in decorating an altar, at which the priests were to celebrate mass in the open street. Then continued the same wild plains, the road being merely marked out by the deep wheel ruts, which had been sunk in the sand when soaked with the rains, till about 10 o'clock we came up with some of our party, who had preceded us, like Eastern travellers, and selected a spot for our midd-ay repast. A fire had been kindled with some dry brushwood, and a puchero was in the course of preparation—the pot being hung from three poles. In fact our halt might have been taken for a real gipsy encampment, except that not even a ragged tent covered us from the scorching sun. The scene was rendered still more desolate by a ruined and uninhabited convent which crowned a low hill in the distance. When the galera arrived, as many as could, obtained shelter from the fiery beams under the scanty protection of its shaded side, but the aromatic bushes, mixed with furze, growing out of the hot sandy soil were but a poor substitute for the daisy-enamelled grass, on which we could willingly have stretched our wearied limbs. Our maitre d'hotel and provident caterer was the galerero, who had certainly furnished a very fair repast for such a deserted spot. The botas or leathern bottles of wine, were handed round,—some of the drinkers holding

them high in the air, and cleverly throwing the wine down the throat in a slender stream, and two hours quickly passed away in merry stories and lively jokes. The poor mules however did not pass so pleasant a time, for they stood with their heads drooping from the heat, without a drop of water to drink or a mouthful of hay to eat, whilst their necks were streaming with blood from the stings of hundreds of pitiless and well fed flies, which covered them like a black cloud. We resumed our march over the shadeless plain, beguiling the way, as on the day before, by the relation of various stories which had befallen some of the party. The conversation fell upon the contest between the Carlists and the Christinos, which had already broken out in Catalonia with the usual horrors, which always attend civil war in every unhappy country where it prevails. Amongst other stories, one of my fellow travellers related an incident, which had happened a few days before, which almost resembled a romance; but the particulars of which had been officially confirmed, and, as an instance of the individual bravery of the Spaniards, it is well worthy of record. A Christino proprietor of land, José Gallofre (such was the name of the hero), residing near Villa Franca, in Catalonia, was awakened at four o'clock in the morning by the loud knocking of some armed men, who represented themselves to belong to a body of troops who were proceeding to Monblanch, but as they evidently saw he was not taken in by their story, and they perceived that their intentions were discovered, they made a general discharge of their fire arms, and rejoined a large body of their comrades, eighty in number, who were at hand, under the orders of a chief of an opposite faction, named Vilella. The whole body soon surrounded the house, and kept up a fearful fire. Gallofre distributed such arms as he had to his two sons and two sons of a farm labourer who were with him, and with only these two young men, the oldest of whom was not 20 years of age, he bravely determined to defend himself to the last. He appointed each his post, and urged them to be very careful of their ammunition, for their whole supply was 50 cartridges, and no hope of succour from their neighbours could be expected, whilst the nearest troops were at four leagues distance. In a very short time one of the enemies was killed, and six wounded, and the assailants, after attempting to prevail on the little band to surrender, by the promise that all their lives should be spared, came to the horrible resolution of setting fire to the house, and burning them all alive. At half past six o'clock they proceeded to put into execution this frightful project. They compelled the neighbouring peasants, by blows and threats, to bring wood and all kinds of combustibles, and even the women and children were required to assist, nor could the tears of the former nor the cries of the latter soften the hearts of these hardened and barbarous wretches. One of their commanders, who was particularly active in supplying combustibles, was killed by a ball, and another who had attempted to climb up to the apartment in which Gallofre had stationed himself, was shot by the latter through the heart. Soon afterwards, however, the flames began to spread, and the wretched inmates were compelled to escape by a covered archway, which communicated with the straw magazine, which was a strong building with only one small window and two loopholes. This was their last and only refuge, and to prevent the flames reaching them here, they had no resource, but to throw earth upon them, and thus endeavour to allay the devouring heat. One of the assailants mounted to the roof, and, making an opening, attempted to enter sword in hand, followed by others. The musket of Gallofre missed fire, the priming having flashed in the pan, and whilst brandishing it to keep off his enemies, it went off, and one of the bullets most unfortunately wounded mortally the eldest son of his farm servant, named José Rubira, and the other broke the arm of his brother Pablo. Still they did not yield. After four hours of this extraordinary and courageous defence, the leaders of the attacking party gave up all hope of success, and ordered the fire to cease. The chief Vilella called upon Gallofre to show himself, promising that he should receive no hurt, as he only desired to know him. Thus assured, the heroic man presented himself at the window, saying "Here I am, that you may know me, D. Ramon!" To which the other replied, "I know you now, Gallofre;" and, saluting him courteously, marched off with his men. As soon as they were gone, Gallofre abandoned the ruined house, and placing his family under the protection of a neighbour, started alone, armed only with his musket, to Villa Franca, where he gave notice to the authorities of all that had occurred.

It was two o'clock before we fell in with a spring of water, rising in this wilderness, and though it was but little clearer than the contents of the urn of old Father Thames (whose doubtful reputation has not improved of late, under the exposures of the *Times*), it was pronounced by every one of us delicious. The greater part of our little company were walking—those who were sportsmen endeavouring to amuse themselves by an occasional shot at the partridges. The medical student especially was very earnest in his attempts; but without success commensurate to his zeal. Twice his gun missed fire, and once the bird, after waiting some time for him to take aim, deliberately moved out of the way. The other sportsmen were less ambitious; five of them succeeded in killing a poor harmless lizard with the butt-end of the soldier's musket. They said it was very good to eat boiled; but if so, it must be caught with a little less barbarity. As we proceeded, a few low isolated hills arose, and some stunted trees asserted their feeble pretensions to verdure; but the road grew worse, and as we arrived within a short league from Ayerbe, we found a succession of deep holes and crevices, which those who were walking had to clear with a jump, and the mules and the galera managed to cross in some unaccountable manner which cannot be explained. At one part, when rapidly descending a steep pitch of a hill into a hollow, full of water, the wheels came in contact with a huge stone, rather larger than those which they had managed to jolt over, and was fairly brought to a standstill, after being nearly overturned. The rope harness of the three foremost mules was broken by the shock, and away they galloped over the plain, delighted with their unexpected liberty, and the novel and agreeable sensation, like Johnny Gilpin's runaway, of missing the lumbering wheels. They were still fastened together by the remaining harness, but cleared the ravines in great style, amidst the execrations of the galerero, and the laughter of the passengers; for the accident, though serious to our progress, was too ludicrous not to be deemed a little adventure. As soon as we recovered ourselves, the chase commenced, and as the mules had stopped at a crevice rather wider than the rest, they were quietly recaptured, and reluctantly brought back to their duty. In the meantime, I joined the young medical student, and had some conversation with him on the medical education in Spain, and topics of general literature. As might be expected, he gave a very flourishing account of both. He said that the medical school at Madrid was of a high character, and that there were others equally celebrated in the cities of Cadiz, Valencia, and Barcelona, in all of which hospitals were established, where the students could obtain their practical knowledge; that fourteen years were required for complete education, seven of which were spent in philosophical and general subjects, and the remainder devoted to the more professional studies. Whilst conversing, we had entered a lane which on both sides was shut in by hedges, and began to show signs of careful cultivation, orchards and cornfields, with their rich produce ripening for gathering. The church bells at a distance were ringing, as a sign that the grand procession of the day had just entered the church. A few peasants and substantial husbandmen now passed us, and greeted the young man who had been absent for five years from the place, so that, from his inquiries about his home, family, and absent friends, I was soon "au fait" to all the names, connections, and history of the notables of this retired little town. As he was now about to enter a place where he was known, and as his travelling costume was not of the kind

in which he wished to make his appearance in his native town, we sat ourselves down upon a bank to wait for the galera; but an unexpected surprise prevented his dignified resolve. Father and mother and three pretty sisters, wearing their mantillas, and using their fans with all the grace of Andalusian beauties, and far excelling them in freshness of complexion and a bloom of beauty to which the mountain breezes had no doubt contributed their share, came suddenly across a bye path into the road. A cry of joyful recognition, and a fond embrace from each, proved that the meeting, though sudden, was ardently expected; and after a hasty introduction to the pleasant family party, feeling that a stranger was "de trop" in so happy a re-union, I walked back to meet the galera, whose rumbling wheels were now heard at the foot of the hill. We arrived at Ayerbe about half past five, and after making arrangements at the Posada (in the course of which, the landlord's son offered to talk Latin if I was not well acquainted with Spanish!) to pursue my journey next day with mules, in company with a party of six or seven, who were going on to Jaca, I walked through the principal Plaza with the two Frenchmen. In this square is a lofty isolated signal or clock tower, and an antient Moorish-looking house. A short street connects it with another large Plaza, in which an hotel, kept by the wife of mine obliging host at Zaragoza, had been strongly recommended to me; but the opportunity of proceeding through a wild country with a large and well-armed party was too good to be thrown away. Both the Plazas are uneven, and surrounded by dirty houses, tumbling together in all manner of picturesque shapes and covered arcades. At the end of the town an old ruined church faces a steep and stony path, which leads up to a lofty hill, crowned by the picturesque ruins of what has evidently been at one time a strong castle. Near the summit a deep vault, with round arched roof, appears to have been either a magazine or chapel, and probably communicated by a subterraneous passage with the fortress above. The view from the top is magnificent, having the whole range of the Pyrenees before the eye, as if they were close at hand. The plain below is fertile and richly cultivated, and as it seems to be the fashion to grow different crops in alternate lines, a rich variety of colours gave a charm to the singular regularity of the lines of the fields. Here and there an isolated hill arose from the plain, covered with verdure, and sometimes topped with a ruined fort or convent. We endeavoured to find out the path over the lower ridge of mountains, which we were to follow on the morrow; but could only trace its entrance by the lofty, bare, and escarped rocks which stood on each side of the defile, like the sculptured portal of some grand Egyptian tomb—"parva componere magnis." The town of Ayerbe lay beneath us, in which from this height almost every house was visible, and the inhabitants sitting at their doors, enjoying the coolness of the evening air. A storm seemed gathering, and as the lightning began to play, I hastened down to a more sheltered position. In the grand plaza, many of the peasants were assembled, the younger playing at ball, and the women and the elder looking on. They were in the holiday costume, in which they had taken part in the procession—linen of the very whitest, with the finest cloth and silk "fajas," or sashes, which would have done credit to a masquerade ball, and set off their fine athletic forms to the best advantage. Whilst supper was preparing at the Posada, one of my travelling companions drew forth his guitar, and, after preluding some preparatory touches, sang some mountain airs with a fine manly voice and great expression, which the others who were playing at cards with great solemnity and earnestness, occasionally stopped to applaud. Near the supper room was a long row of porous jars, called "tinajas," filled with water delightfully cool, to which every one applied whenever he pleased. On retiring to rest, a still more primitive lamp than even that at the Venta Camerara was presented me, the wick hanging from a channel like a spout, and the handle made so as to hang over the back of a chair, or to be fastened into the wall by a sharp point. Some, in nearly the indentical form, may be seen in the Museo Borbonico at Naples, just as they were taken out of the ruins of Pompeii.

CHAPTER XXVI.

VIEW FROM THE MOUNTAIN PASS—COURSE OF THE GALLEGO—ADVENTURE ON A MOUNTAIN—SPANISH FEELING TOWARDS FRENCHMEN—PEASANTS' OPINION OF PARTIES—ARRIVAL AT JACA—DIFFICULTY OF FINDING POSADA—RIOTOUS COMPANY—PASSPORT TROUBLES.

Whilst the mules were being loaded,—an operation which took up considerable time, in order to adjust the burdens to their satisfaction and comfort, with an equal weight on each side, I strolled into the Plaza, where a number of mules were waiting in exemplary patience, for their turn, to be clipped by some wild looking Zingaris or Gypsies, who had strolled thus far from their usual haunts in the south. We started at half past five o'clock, the party consisting of four Spaniards, mounted on mules, their guns slung handily near the saddle bow. The "foreigner" was accommodated with an active little mountain horse, and, as El caballo always takes the precedence in a company of mules, was expected to head the line on entering or leaving a town or village. The two Frenchmen walked, and with three or four attendants for the sumpter mules, we formed altogether a numerous cavalcade. Passing through a torrent which runs close to the town, we immediately began ascending a mountain path, from which, after a short time, we obtained magnificent views of the surrounding country. The mountain scenery was truly grand and romantic. In one part, looking across a deep defile, a view of the extensive plains of Aragon was obtained through perpendicular rocks, which rose up on each side with sides so parallel as to present the appearance of a gigantic portal. It was probably the opening, which we noticed from the castle of Ayerbe the evening before. In another part the rocks rose above the road in forms so resembling the bastions, angles, and buttresses of an immense castle, that it was difficult to believe them only the vagaries of nature imitating art. From the summit of this ridge descended a path so steep and stony that we all were compelled to dismount, and walk down to a celebrated spring of water, which was declared, by both guides and travellers, to be the best in Spain, an assertion which they proved by copious draughts that would have delighted the president of a total-abstinence society.

We were still at a considerable height above the bed of the Gallego, and obtained some splendid views as we descended to a little village where the river is crossed by a fine bridge with five lofty arches. After this our road lay more in the valley through which the torrent works a course, so writhing and serpentine, that in less than an hour we had to cross the stream no less than eleven times. After heavy rains this road must be absolutely impassible, for even at this season, the water was frequently up to the saddle girths, and as no bridges nor even planks facilitated the passage, the pedestrians were compelled to leap from one dry fragment of rock to another, till they reached the opposite bank. Between the winding torrent we made short cuts over low hills, covered principally with box. After the last of these perilous passages, a tolerably good road for the mules led round the base of a low mountain, over which the greater part of the pedestrians made a short cut to meet the cavalcade on the other side. No path was marked out; but the party ascended through the brushwood, and wherever the projecting rocks afforded a safe footing. Having stopped to gather a few wild flowers, my companions might have been in advance of me about half a mile, when they all disappeared round an angle of the rock,—the last

sign, which I saw of them, being the glitter of the soldier's musket, as it glanced in the sun. Directing my course hastily to the same spot, I lost my way by having to make several turns, on account of the irregular face of the mountain, and in a quarter of an hour no signs of a human being could be seen, nor the least sound heard, except that of a torrent which poured furiously down over the precipice, and which I must either cross or return at the risk of descending to quite a different side of the country. I shouted with all my might; but no one answered. Noticing, however, from the direction of the shadows that I was still on the same side of the mountain, as that from which we had ascended, I thought it better to keep straight forwards, in the hope from this elevation of seeing the road below, or at any rate of being seen by my late fellow travellers, as I might call them. Besides, it was probable, that if I had to cross this torrent lower down, the body of water might be greatly increased, and accordingly, selecting the firmest looking stones, I managed to pass safely across, and still continued through the brushwood and long coarse grass. But I was now in a hollow of the hill, with nothing to guide me except the position of the sun; and, in spite of the heat, it was safer to endure his rays rather than run the risk of decending many miles off on the shaded side of the hill. The loneliness, and silence, and the uncertainty of my path, began to have a certain awful effect, when at last I was relieved from my suspense by seeing, at a great distance below, the road winding round the base, and the whole party, including those I had missed, anxiously stopping every now and then to look for their lost companion. I shouted again; but was much too far off to be heard, when fortunately one of the muleteers caught a glance of me, and mounting the little horse came as near to the base of the rocks as the ground would permit him, whilst I scrambled down the face of the precipice in the best manner I could, delighted with this happy discovery, and not unamused with the adventure, now that the risk was past. The doubts and even the probability of enjoying for one night "a lodging on the cold ground," to say nothing of the possibility of intruding on the sequestered haunts of some modest and retiring Guerrilleros, were now amply repaid by the magnificent scenery of the wild mountains I had enjoyed from the summit; the Penaruel, with its long and lofty ridge, forming a conspicuous object at the back of the other rugged and pointed peaks in the foreground.

At two o'clock we stopped at a little village to dinner. To judge from the prodigious size of a single loaf of bread, which might have sufficed a whole family for a week, the posada made some pretensions to plentiful hospitality, but the dinner was altogether as insipid, and distasteful to an English palate as those that we have already described. Whilst the puchero was preparing, the travellers as usual crowded round the huge hearth, amusing themselves with witty remarks and pithy proverbs, in which the active ventera and her maids bore a lively share. In the midst of the smoke were pieces of resinous pine hanging up, which serve as torches instead of candles at night amongst this primitive portion of the people. After an hour's repose we started again, passing through magnificent natural scenery, commencing with a deep and wooded ravine, down which a furious torrent roared and foamed in its leaping course. The roughness of the way and the long journey, we had already made, had completely exhausted one of the poor Frenchmen, and the angular stones of this rugged pass finished his worn out shoes, and left his feet almost bare to the cutting flints. Pitying his limping condition, I gave up my horse to his use; but not till after a sharp contest with the Spanish muleteer, for in proportion as you approach the frontier of the two countries, the less is the love subsisting between the rival neighbours, and in these parts the Frenchman appears to be the very antipathy of the Spaniard, notwithstanding the smuggling or commercial intercourse, which is carried on across the mountain paths. The road continued to ascend to the base of Penaruel, which is here nearly a perpendicular and enormous wall of rocks. After making the turn a most grand view of the Pyrenees presented itself. The clouds were driving across the sky, and sometimes a mountain top, or a distant and retired valley, obscured in shade, and then lighted up by the glowing sun, exhibited a variety of effects of colour and shadow which the pen or pencil would in vain attempt to pourtray. The descent was steep, and took us long to accomplish. I beguiled the way by the stories of the Spanish muleteer, who had ridden back to seek me on the mountain, and who had since attached himself to my service with pertinacious attention, and proved a very entertaining companion, as well as useful and intelligent guide. He said that they were longing in the mountains for the breaking out of the Carlist insurrection, which was daily expected; that they cared (as might be expected) little about the real rulers, but they were overloaded with taxes, and they thought any change must be for the better; that Espartero was much beloved amongst the peasantry, because, during his administration, they had found great relief from burdens which, under a more military rule, were sure to press heavily upon them. Amidst all his confusion of ideas about party, Carlist and Christino being alike to him, it was clear that the wishes of the peasantry generally were directed to those who promised them the alleviation of their burdens, perfectly indifferent as to the regal rights in dispute, and forgetful that in a civil war the labouring population—or, at any rate, that which toils to produce the wealth of the country—must bear the expenses of both sides.

About seven o'clock we arrived at Jaca, which lies very near the foot of the mountain; and here I parted with all my companions with much regret, for in the course of the few days which we had travelled together, I had met with numberless attentions and courtesies which, considering the rumours that were flying about of the hostile attitude of England, and the increased suspicions with which, at such a time, the Spaniards might be expected to view an Englishman, passing through a retired part of the country without any ostensible object, speak highly of the kindly disposition and demeanour of the Spaniards in general. The four merchants, who appeared rather, from some observations dropped by the muleteers, to be engaged in an enterprise which bore somewhat of a mysterious character, took up their quarters at one house; the Frenchman had quitted us at the entrance of the town, and I was left alone with the muleteer to search for a decent Fonda where to rest for the night. This was more difficult than might be expected; after wandering about for some time and finding that the greater part of the places, to which we were directed, were private houses, where cleanliness did not appear the order of the day, I was compelled to trust entirely to his guidance, and was conducted to a Posada in a retired street, where on ascending a dismal staircase, all the muleteers who had taken care of our baggage and several wild looking mountaineers were to be seen engaged in the discussion of a smoking supper; and the botas of wine were being passed rapidly round, as 'the mirth and fun grew fast and furious. The only bed chamber for guests contained four recesses, separated merely by curtains from the rest of the room, and three of these were to be occupied by some of the "glorious" party below. However, it was too late to seek for any superior accommodation, if any could be found, which was very doubtful; and after giving my passport to the landlord, and engaging a mule for two dollars to cross the Pyrenees on the morrow, I was about to retire to rest, when a message arrived from the Chief of the Police, that I must immediately repair to his office. No explanation could be extracted from the messenger, except that the passport could not be signed, and I hastened with troubled thoughts to learn the cause of the impediment. I was aware that at Zaragoza, through some mistake of my landlord, it had been returned without the proper visé; but having come direct from Madrid, with the French and Spanish Minister's signatures, I had been assured no difficulty would be made at the frontier. The situation was not pleasant, but fortunately the whole of this disagreeable alarm was excited by the Spanish official

not choosing to go to the expense of a quarter of a real to buy a sheet of paper, (the original document being too full for another signature) without the ready money! With a mind relieved I returned to my broken rest, and was up by daylight to take a walk through the town before departure.

Jaca is a poor uninteresting town, except to those coming direct from the frontiers of France, when it would by its Spanish character present many novel features to the eye. Amongst these not the least would be, in contrast with the levity and activity of a French population, the solemn gait and sauntering idleness of the poor wretched looking inhabitants. But the proud and dignified attitude of even the beggars would also be noticed, for they wear their ragged brown cloaks with a gravity and grace which would become a Duke. The women are celebrated in history for their valiant deeds against the Moors, and there are two or three interesting sites in the neighbourhood, which deserve to be visited, especially the Benedictine Convent of San Juan de la Pena. The Cathedral of Jaca has a picturesque porch, and in the interior a fine monument of a Bishop, adorned with figures representing cardinal virtues. The Castle has been repaired and fortified, since the damage it sustained from the French in the Peninsular wars, and is garrisoned by the Spaniards, whose jealousy of the foreigner it will be wise for the tourist not to excite by attempting to enter. Passing along a bye street, back to the Posada, I heard a low sound from a balcony, St ! St ! and looking up saw my fellow travellers of the preceding day ; who invited me up to breakfast with them ; but time did not permit, and we parted with mutual good wishes. The bill at the Posada could not be called extravagant, the whole amount being only 2¼ pesetas, about 2s.; but some luxuries, as they would be considered here, were certainly wanting, as for instance, no milk nor butter was to be had for breakfast, and as to the "boots," an indispensable comfort in an English inn, the only reply to the demand for him, or for some one who would condescend to play his part, was "No hay"—an acknowledgment, by no means common in a Spanish Venta, where everything is promised, but nothing to be had.

CHAPTER XXVII.

DEPARTURE FROM JACA—VILLAGE OF CASTILLO—OBSTINATE MULE—TRICKS OF AUTHORITY—SCENE AT THE DOGANA OF CANFRANC—SCENERY OF THE PASS—ARRIVAL IN FRANCE.

Whenever a traveller is about to start from any town in Spain, he is almost sure to fall in at the point of departure, with all who are going the same journey. The muleteers like the junction of the caravans both for safety and company, and by a sort of freemasonry the hour for departure is fixed for mutual convenience. By this means, in proceeding up the principal street, I found my slender luggage packed on the back of a sumpter mule, with the portmanteaux of the two Frenchmen, whom I had lost sight of at the gates on the previous evening, and who soon afterwards joined us in the meadows, through which we passed to the foot of the hilly path by the side of the Aragon. This stream is here a foaming torrent, and is joined by the Gas lower down in the fertile valley. In about two hours and a half we reached Castillo,—a curious village, with high walls, and houses perched one above another in a very picturesque manner on the steep and rocky bank, which descends to the torrent. Before this, however, we had passed the torrent at a place where the stream was less violent, but rather deep ; and the muleteer having to go much higher to cross by the fragments of rocks, which served as stepping stones, had given me the bridle of the laden mule to lead him over. We had proceeded half way across, when the obstinate brute, feeling the refreshing coolness of the stream, resolutely refused to stir a step further and appeared to entertain the agreeable design of easing himself of his burden by rolling in the water. He knew, that he was far beyond the reach of his master's stick ; nor could the well aimed vollies of stones, with which the dexterous muleteer endeavoured to maintain his superiority from the shore, produce any effect, until one rather sharper than the rest reminded him of the punishment he might possibly be storing up for himself hereafter, when he judiciously altered his mind, and we reached the opposite shore in safety. After passing the picturesque village alluded to, we descended into a fertile plain, well watered and sheltered by mountains amongst which the snow crowned Puerta de las montagnas was conspicuous before us. In all the passes we met groups of peasants, both Spanish and French, in their best trim, who were proceeding to the Fiesta di Santa Orosia at Jaca, where a great festivity was preparing. Many had walked for several, leagues, having commenced their journey before day break. Their courteous salutations, the "Salud" and "Bon-jour" of the French, and the "Vaya usted con Dios" of the Spanish, sounded pleasantly in the ears of a passing stranger. The pretty looking village of Villa Nueva, at the base of a green mountain, closes up the valley, where the torrent is crossed by a handsome bridge, and the path then again ascends above it, through rocky scenery of the wildest description, to Canfranc. Not far from the latter place, having given up my horse to the same poor Frenchman, who had scarcely recovered from the fatigues of yesterday's march, I was walking alone in a narrow part of the ravine, when a mounted trooper rode up, and not understanding the appearance there of a foreigner without bag or baggage, or any companion, roughly demanded where I was going to. Not being particularly pleased with his manner, I was about to pass on without reply, when he became still more imperative "adonde va usted, digo yo?" The question to an indifferent bystander might have seemed superfluous, seeing that there was a perpendicular wall of rock on the right hand, a foaming torrent on the left, hurrying every thing before it, and the path, (which on this side terminated where not a footing was left for the most adventurous pedestrian,) leading to the bridge, which crosses to the base of the village of Canfranc. But it does not answer to trifle with Authority, which "plays its fantastic tricks, before high heaven" in every quarter of the world, and especially where with drawn sword it seemed ready to execute an Eastern style of justice on its unfortunate victim, and on my replying "to Canfranc, where my companions had gone on," Authority graciously smoothed down its threatening brow, and cleared up its suspicious look.

Canfranc is a village celebrated for its smuggling transactions, and most of its inhabitants wear that bold and careless look, which constant evasions of the law may be expected to give to a reckless population. At the Posada we obtained an excellent dinner, more French than Spanish in its style, and rested an hour to repose the beasts. The hungry officials at the Dogana placed the usual difficulties in the way of signing the passport, threatening to send us all back to Jaca ; and the muleteer, who pretended to have our interests deeply at heart, raised a violent storm of words, which was well replied to by the chief of the Dogana. The waves of strife were only allayed at last by the oily influence of 3 or 4 pesetas, which soon diffused a calm over the troubled waters. I had afterwards reason to think that the whole scene was got up by the muleteer and the official. The former, at any rate, neither asked for nor expected the usual "propina" on our arrival at Urdos. From this place the scenery became more magnificent than any we had passed ; and for two hours it continued to increase in grandeur and sublimity, as we ascended the mountain pass. The depth of the defiles, sometimes almost dark from the impending

rocks—the noise of the torrent roaring at the bottom —in one place, an enormous rocky mass, which appears to block up the road, and compels it to turn out of its natural course, whilst it seems to divide the valley in two by its size,—and in another place, two or three mills, placed in the very depths of a wide ravine, above which the path passes at many hundred feet in height, whilst the end of the defile is filled up by a mountain, where the perpetual snow lies in ridges like a succession of terraces, and terminates in a glacier which feeds the roaring stream, afford incessant variety of objects of grandeur or beauty to the lover of nature. We ascended to a considerable height above where the snow was lying in patches in our way, and it seemed strange to inhale at this elevation the delicious fragrance of the pastures, to hear the tinkling of sheep bells, and see the gentle flock cooling their parching thirst in the unmelted snow; for the sun here was so hot that the Frenchmen were glad to take shelter from its beams beneath the shade of their umbrellas. To the right of us, and on the other side of the torrent, lay the mountain path, which in another month would be passable to Gabas and the Eaux Chaudes, on the French side of the Pyrenees. This was the route I had intended to pursue, but it was easy to imagine what must be the condition of the way, when the much lower and more frequented road we were passing was still dangerous in parts from the depth of the snow. Indeed, in one place my surefooted little horse was compelled to go round a mere goat-path, which hung over the awful precipice, and which it gave me a thrill to look down into, in order to avoid a mass of snow, which filled up the usual passage between two rocks.

At three o'clock we reached the summit along which runs the frontier line of France and Spain. A sentry box in a most wild and aerial situation, excited the glee of my companions, who, could not contain their joy at setting foot once more on their native soil, and they halloed to the solitary inmate, who was not slow in returning their noisy and cheerful salutation. The descent was into a deep valley full of firs, and a short distance down, finding a Swiss looking cottage, something between an auberge and a farmhouse, they insisted upon entering to drink success to themselves and to France. The two had quarrelled on the way, and had not spoken to each other all the day; but now all was forgotten, their tongues were unloosed, and the pretty Josephine, who brought us fruits and goat's cheese, was overwhelmed with compliments on her grace and beauty. The Spanish muleteer had done no discredit to the reputation of Canfranc, for from the pile of baggage on the sumpter mule he produced a huge skin of Spanish wine which had paid no duty; and freely shared his spoil with the Republican patriots, accommodating himself like a citizen of the world to all differences of opinion, for the first toast proposed to the Royalist mountaineer and a Spaniard was "Vive la Republique!" of France.

From thence to Urdos, a distance of six miles, the descent is continuous, down a magnificent and richly cultivated valley, shut in by mountains, green to the very summits with trees and verdure, and along the bottom of which the Gave d'Oleron foams over the jutting rocks, which would obstruct its course. The road is admirable, and presents by its smooth and comparatively broad surface, by the bridges which cross cascades, which throw themselves into the main torrent, and by the ridges of masonry which protect its sides, in fact by all the resources of engineering art, a strange contrast with the rough, stony, and dangerous paths, by which we had climbed up on the Spanish side. In many parts it is wide enough for a carriage, even up to the summit of the path; but of course this would be of no service to the traveller bound for Spain, since the moment he crosses the frontier, he must be satisfied, if he can find safe footing for even a mule. The beauty of the Val d'Aspé, however, well deserves a visit from every traveller of taste in the Pyrenees.

It was 7 o'clock when we arrived at Urdos, a mountain village, where the baggage and passports are examined at the Douane, and which, in spite of its retired situation, offered comforts and accommodations, which appeared luxuries after what we had lately undergone. Being determined to reach Bedous, whence a conveyance started very early in the morning for Oleron, and having with some difficulty hired a fresh horse to carry me through the grand defiles, through which the Gave d'Oleron forces its way for three leagues further, I here left my amusing and voluble companions, who were delighted with every thing French, and now so let loose their hatred of every thing Spanish, that it was vain to expect they would finish their rattling stories to the laughing groups of peasants, who had gathered round them, much before midnight. Having also conducted the gentle reader safe back to within the more beaten track of summer excursions, and recommending him to vary his route homeward by excursions to some of the many points of interest and scenes of unrivalled magnificence with which the Pyrenees abound; I take leave of him also, with grateful thanks for his courteous attention, if he has been pleased to take however small an interest in the unpretending narrative of the wanderings of Peregrinus.

APPENDIX.

A BULL FIGHT IN CADIZ IN 1844.

It was past 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when I arrived at the little pier of Puerto Santa Maria, having been engaged all the morning in inspecting the magnificent wine stores of Sr. Domecq, at Xeres By this time, I ought to have been on the opposite point of the bay, where the fair city of Cadiz seemed to rise, like another Venice, from out the waves; but the traveller should be as shy of trusting to the promises of a Spanish Calesero as the bond holder to the more solemn declarations of a Spanish Minister. Then came the usual attempt at extortion for the passage money, commencing with a dollar and a half and the gradual descent through the intervening, reals until we arrived at half a dollar, at which, my patience being fairly exhausted, I hastily patched up the bargain, though not ignorant that we had still stopped at double the usual fare. A numerous body of passengers had heen detained to await the result of this pecuniary contest; but time is no object in Spain. The passage was a merry one. The Andalusian wit was banded about with lavish prodigality, which indicated no fear of the supply being exhausted; and the hour and a half occupied in crossing the sea passed quickly away. On nearing the shore the shouts or murmurs of ten thousand people in the crowded Plaza del Toro came down to us on the breeze, and excited to the highest pitch the impatience of the few passengers, who like myself were too late for the commencement of the combats. The moment the boat touched the shore, a general rush was made to the different entrances of the large amphitheatre, which stood in an open space, not far from the landing place. I had previously obtained a "Boletin de Sombra," a ticket for the shady side of the house, if we may use this term to an open circus, which, but for its want of substantial grandeur, more resembled a Roman Amphitheatre. The whole of the rows of seats, and, in some parts, covered boxes are divided into spaces, the prices of which rise in proportion to their protection from the heat; and those who have known what it is to sit for hours under the rays of an almost tropical sun, will appreciate even the slight difference produced by the shade of a few wooden planks. After threading with some difficulty the winding passages, propped up with timber, I emerged up a narrow staircase amongst a forest of legs some standing astride, some hanging over the ends of the seats, but the owners of which were so intent upon the spectacle before them, that none offered to make way for the late intruder. The seats were all numbered, but it was with some difficulty I found the one corresponding with the ticket, and when, after much labour, I arrived at the spot, I found it tenanted by a young Andalusian beauty, whose large black eyes, coquettish fan, and picturesque mantilla, gave her an irresistible priority of claim, which was not to be disputed. Having hastily possessed myself of the first vacant seat, I turned to gaze on the scene, and what a magnificent spectacle presented itself! Nearly 12,000 spectators in all the gay variety of costume, in which Andalusia rejoices caps, hats, and sombreros, of every hue; jackets of blue, of red, with hanging silver buttons, with gold lace, with braiding. And as to the fairer portion of the assembly, who shall describe the varied charms with which they had clothed themselves! Abanicos or fans of every description Chinese, French, and English, ivory, feathers, or ebony, however differing in material, were all busily engaged in the same silent but expressive language,—tormenting with doubt,—encouraging with hope,—terrifying with despair; though it must be acknowledged that the large black eyes, with their soft artillery of glances flashing in all directions through the vast assembly, threatened but little of the last. The mantilla too, —that bewitching foil to set off the most piquant beauty,—half concealing the loveliness to which it adds a charm,—in what wanton variety was it displayed! white crape, white silk, with blonde, trimmings, and fringes of all kinds, though I must acknowledge my predilection for the more solemn black with its cloudy veil of lace, so becoming a contrast to the smiling features of the gay Andaluzas. I had time to make these observations amidst the general silence of the assembly, for the baited bull had been standing for some time in the middle of the arena, impatiently pawing the ground; and breathless expectation was at the height to know against which of the Picadores the rush was designed. These were sitting erect on their horses at about equal distances from each other and the bull, ready with their long lances to receive the furious assault; but the poor animal appeared to have had enough of torment, and after looking round as if bewildered at the multitude of his foes, or indignant at their treatment, he quietly laid down to die. This unexpected movement was greeted with a storm of execrations "Cobarde," cowardly, "parado," slow, "blando," soft, were but weak terms to express the indignant reproaches of the disappointed spectators. He was not worthy of the honour of death by the espada of the matador, but was killed as he lay by the dagger of an inferior master. The trumpet sounded. The tiro or gay team of three mules, with rich caparisons, two of crimson, and one of green, with gay little flags fluttering on their backs, were quickly harnessed to the bleeding carcase, and galloped out of the arena, the drivers in the richest dresses displaying their most graceful agility to draw the attention of the spectators. Whilst preparation were making for a new combat, the flirtations which the unpardonable conduct of the ill-fated animal had interrupted were resumed with fresh earnestness; "Eyes looked love to eyes which spake again, and all went merry as the marriage bell." The lower classes, as they would be called in this country (for in Spain the very water-carrier may be an ancient Hidalgo), and the "Fancy,' were vigorously disputing over the qualities of their favourite animals, or the nice points of the science of Tauromachia, when all of a sudden a profound silence reigned in the vast assembly. The Picadores had placed themselves at short distances from the door of the Toril or cell, in which the captive was raging to be free, in such a manner that one might support the other, if in imminent danger. The door was flung open, and this time a bull of the true breed and courage to satisfy the most fastidious critic, rushed out. In less than five minutes, he had killed the first horse that stood in his way, and, not staying to notice the fallen Picador, had rushed upon the other two, and goring both horses in succession, overthrew the riders, dashing one with violence against the palisades. They were all carried out fainting or disabled, and not an enemy on horseback remained to oppose him. "He made a solitude, and called it peace." He then rushed into the middle of the arena, and, wheeling round, surveyed the havock he had created with an air of profound satisfaction. His fury and courage met with the most cordial approbation, and thunders of applause poured down upon him, which, however, he only accepted with a sort of fierce astonishment, and with scarce a moment's delay, looked around for another victim to his restless rage. The Chulos themselves men on foot, who, by waving their red cloaks, are accustomed to entice the furious animal to pursue themselves, when any of the Picadores are in extreme danger, and who delight in displaying their nerve and skill to the gaze of wondering thousands were a little taken aback by so awkward a customer, and were watching with a keen and enquiring glance as to the direction of his next movement, when one of them, waving his red cloth, drew the attention of the irritated animal,

The Chulo ran trailing his panuelo on the ground. and nothing could be more beautiful than the grace and coolness with which, clothed in the rich Andalusian dress of blue velvet and silver, with white silk stockings and pumps, and his hair tied up behind in the ancient retecilla, or net, he ran lightly before the furious bull, who with eyes flashing fire, smoke at his nostrils, foam at his mouth, and his head to the ground, seemed bent upon his immediate and certain destruction. Every breath was stopped, and many a fair bosom panted with emotion. The Chulo reached the palisades in safety. He made a spring to clear them. The bull rushed furiously on, driving his horns into the woodwork, and pinning against it, not the man, but the cloak, which had not yet followed its owner in his flying leap. The Chulo unfastened it at the instant from his shoulder, and abandoned it to the rage of the disappointed animal, who tossed and trampled, and gored it, to the great glee of the spectators, who felt equally relieved at the escape of the man, and delight at having witnessed it. In the meantime, one of the Picadores, who had been carried out, was sufficiently recovered to mount a fresh horse, and was riding leisurely into the arena, when the fierce bull, dropping the cloak which by this time wore a tattered and forlorn aspect, which even an Italian beggar would despise, soon made for a more worthy enemy. With great dexterity the Picador wheeled his horse suddenly round, and thus saved him from a shock that would have proved fatal; whilst, as the bull rushed by, he wounded him in the shoulder with his lance. The point of the garrocha or spear is generally covered so as to prevent its penetrating more than an inch in depth; but in case of a dangerous animal, the Picador sometimes draws the sheathing of tow a little further back a compliment which the present had gained by his high spirit and daring deeds. No other Picador, however, making his appearance, after a short time the Chulos took up the game, which lasted with various "chances of war" till the signal was given by the Alcalde from the governor's box that the doom of the brave bull was come. The matador, first making a profound obeisance to the Governor, stepped into the middle of the arena. It was a fine sight to see the coolness and determination with which he advanced towards the animal; and the noble figure of the man, clad in the rich Majo dress, his firm tread, and the peril which seemed inevitably awaiting him, created an anxious interest in his fate. His formidable opponent was in no mood to allow his approach unmolested. He scarcely needed the engano, the lure or small red flag, which the matador waves in one hand, but rushed furiously at the man, to finish his last and greatest enemy at once. The matador, with quick eye and prompt movement, stepped lightly on one side, the bull's horns passing close underneath his outstretched arm. The sword was buried between the left shoulder and the blade bone, and the rushing mass, which a moment before was all fury and animation, fell lifeless at his feet. It had seemed as if nothing could have saved the matador from inevitable death, but the triumph of skill was complete. The spectators were in raptures. Shouts of applause greeted the victor as he modestly withdrew, bowing to the cheering thousands, proud of the envy and admiration of his own sex, and of the bright eyes of the other, whose influence rained down so softly upon him.

The Picadores are always admirable horsemen Indeed, without the most consummate skill they would have but little chance of escape on the wretched hacks which are provided them. Both the matadores and the picadores are men who, from their position, the perils to which they are constantly exposed, and the life of excitement they lead, are generally wild and dissolute characters, and sometimes guilty of crimes (now so tenderly called "the wild justice of revenge") the consequences of which they easily evade in a land not celebrated for the certainty of the laws, and where their popular character and wasteful prodigality give them additional facilities of escape. To illustrate both the risk they run, and the reputation they sometimes acquire, I may mention, that on proceeding the next day up the Guadalquivir in the steamer to Seville, some of the Matadores and Picadores were on board. Of the latter, was one who had his arm in a sling, broken near the shoulder; and another, who had been carried out fainting, and had his leg severely wounded, in spite of the iron grieve and leather bandages called "espinillera," with which the right leg is protected, One of the Matadores, was also on board; a fine athletic young man, but with a repulsive countenance, full of determined ferocity. He was no longer in the gay Majo dress, in which he shone resplendent yesterday, but with his jacket thrown off, and his shirt sleeves turned back, displaying his muscular powerful arm, he was stretched at full length on the deck cracking nuts with his cuchillo or knife, of which he knew the use too well. He was known to be the murderer of two men and reputed of a third; but having passed a few weeks in prison on each charge, was supposed to have satisfied the demands of Spanish justice, and now catered in a new position for the amusement of the public. The Matadores rank the highest and receive according to their reputation, frequently as high as 150 dollars for a single performance. Montes, who was the head of his profession, has made a handsome fortune and retired, having married a widow with a large property. He possesses three farms in the neighbourhood of Chiclana, and rears some of the bulls of the highest repute. I was informed that he had been applied to to exhibit his skill yesterday, but the offer was not sufficiently tempting to entice him from his retirement. Contrary to his wishes, his son had entered into the same profession, as it is called, and had already commenced his career by finishing off three bulls with the greatest credit and reputation to himself.

To return to our story. Other bulls succeeded with different incidents, which, whether the cause of fear or admiration, produced a great excitement in the fiery tempers of the South. One poor animal carried away the spear, about 8 feet in length, from the hand of the picador, who was unable to withdraw the point, and goaded with pain, rushed fiercely round the arena, tossing and shaking the long handle in his mad struggles to be free, to the imminent risk both of the chulos, and picadores, and the spectators, who were in the "andamios," or lower rows of seats. To vary the sport, the cry of "perros" or dogs was raised, and some were brought in to attack the bulls. They behaved with great courage, but fared badly with enemies so free and unscrupulous. The sixth and last bull was one more ferocious and formidable than any of the rest. Rushing at one of the picadores, he continued, in spite of the lance, to press upon the horse, and, goring the poor animal in the flank, forced both it and the rider to the ground. He then lifted them both on his horns, and dashed them down again with violence, rolling the horse several times over the rider. How the latter escaped appeared inexplicable. It was with difficulty that the chulos, who bravely rushed in with their red cloaks to draw off his attention, could succeed in enticing him away; and when at length he turned sharp round, and pursued one of the adventurous footmen across the arena, the wounded picador arose from the ground, and, leaping and flinging out his arms to show his courage or fortitude, was greeted with the congratulations of the spectators. He was seriously injured, however, for he soon retired limping out of the amphitheatre. The poor horse died in a few minutes. Indeed, the most distressing part of the performances to an Englishman is the brutal treatment of these wretched animals. The profits of the bull-fights are usually given to hospitals, but the arrangements are made by a committee of Hidalgos, of whom the Maestrante or manager acts like the manager of a theatre, who provides the performances, engages the theatre, and pays the government tax and other expenses. From the passionate fondness of the people for these exhibitions, and the comparatively high rates of admission, a large profit may generally be reckoned upon with certainty. The usual expenses are from £300 to £400, and I heard the next day, that on this occasion the money taken from tickets amounted to £850. As it is the object of the man-

eager to obtain what will satisfy the spectators at the lowest possible rate, the principal disbursements are for the matadores and the picadores; whilst the poor horses, destined for the latter, being generally killed in the contest, or so maimed that in England they would be killed in the mere exercise of mercy, are but little better than half dead when brought into the arena. I heard of one man (gentleman he was called) who had sold for £5 to the Maestrante a favourite old horse who had served him for 15 years and then bitterly repented his bargain. Whether his repentance would give him resolution not to attend the Bull-fight was a natural question; but to those who know the madness of the Spaniards for these exhibitions, the answer of my informant will not appear surprising, "he believed not." The horses are blindfolded, or few would stand the rush of their terrible enemy; and although they cannot see him, most seem to have an instinctive dread of their impending fate. Some break out into a white sweat which covers the body, or tremble in every limb, or stand immoveable to await their end, so that it requires a sharp exercise of the spurs even to save the life of the rider. The bull having made a rush frequently drives the miserable brutes round the arena, repeatedly goring them, whilst with the entrails trailing on the ground, and tottering steps, they stagger on a few paces, and kicking madly in excess of agony, fall either dead, or dying on the ground. All this is horrible and disgusting to one unaccustomed to the sight; but the Spaniards from long habit overlook this sad part of the tragedy to rivet their attention on the coolness, the courage, or the skill, which distinguish the principal actors. It must be acknowledged that the hairbreadth escapes from imminent danger, and the reckless bravery, with which they put themselves into and rescue themselves from the extreme of peril, has something so exciting in its character, that the coolest judgment is irresistibly carried away, and the feelings of anxiety or triumph strained to almost a painful pitch. To the credit of the fairer portion of the spectators, it must be stated, that these were evidently the qualities, in which their feelings became interested, and that many a fan was raised to shut out from the eyes the mere sad details of anguish and death. Even the continual repetition of scenes, to which they must have been accustomed from their earliest childhood, could not deaden the finer sensibility, which is the charm and grace of the female mind. It would be too curious a speculation however to seek to understand all the conventionalities of feeling, or insensibility to suffering, which mark the shades of Spanish character in connection with this national amusement, and the conclusion of this Fiesta formed a singular instance of the excesses to which the burning temper of the South may be hurried. The bull had destroyed the last horse, and disposed of his rider in the manner related, and then he had the field to himself, clearing all before him, every now and then returning to the carcase of the poor horse, and tossing it into the air with a ferocity, which enchanted the lower order of spectators; with whom such an animal is a general favourite from the sport he is sure to afford them. No more picadores however made their appearance, for no more horses remained to bear them to the contest. An attempt was then made to amuse the people with the banderillas de fuego. These are small sharp darts, with a lighted cracker at the end, which the Chulo, awaiting with great coolness the rush of the animal upon him, with inimitable dexterity, just as it appears the bull's horns must enter his body, strikes into him, one on each side of the neck, and makes his escape as best he may. This escape sometimes appears miraculous. In one instance, when the bull put his head to the ground in the act of tossing, the Chulo leaped over his horns, and left the disappointed animal equally surprised and furious at the loss of the victim he had made so sure of. The gunpowder soon explodes, tearing away a portion of the flesh, and the pain, as may be supposed, is so intense, as to stir up the dullest coward to a temporary madness. Woe to the Chulo, whose foot should slip, or his eye deceive him as to distance; or his hand tremble in these trying moments. If his companions are not near at hand to fling their cloaks over the head of his raging opponent, his life hangs by a thread! The excitement of this sport amused the populace for a short time; but as most of them were aware that another bull remained to be baited, and that neither picadores nor horses could go through the first act of the piece, the few unruly spirits began to communicate their impatience to others, till in a few minntes all the lower tiers of seats were in a state of confusion, which it would be difficult to describe. The contagion spread, and the rage of the people was soon more energetically expressed. The wooden seats were torn up; the fringes and hangings in front of the decorated boxes were soon in ribbons, and the fragments all flung into the arena. The sea of human beings appeared to rise and fall like waves acted on by a furious tempest. The ladies, and all those, who were interested in such precious trusts, began to retreat, and in a few minutes the seats near me became emptied of their fair occupants. I was not aware till afterwards of the cause of the tumult, and this being my debut at a Spanish bull-fight, I could not decide how to proceed, curiosity and prudence pulling different ways. At this time the bull was lost from sight by the intervening crowds, and I naturally conjectured that he had leaped over the barrier, as is sometimes the case, and was the prime mover in the disturbance. This conjecture was put a stop to by seeing him hastily slain by the Matador, who as quickly made his disappearence; and as the seats before me were now almost cleared, and the few remaining spectators were leaping over the barrier into the arena, I thought it judicious to follow their example. On turning round, I perceived that I had beat a retreat just in time: for the governor, becoming alarmed at the fury of the people, had sent for a body of 200 soldiers, who having formed at the upper row of seats, were now with fixed baycnets clearing all before them till they gained the arena. A number of little ragged urchins, fit subjects for the pencil of Murillo, were, with characteristic and innate love for the sport, seated on the body of the bull, or trying to lift his head. The enormous horns and massy frame seemed formidable even in death, and the children playing on his back formed a strange and picturesque contrast to the scene of fury and vigour which only a few minutes before was witnessed in the same place. The wound which caused his death was so small as not to be perceptible; but a small pool of blood marked where he fell, and his sides, torn with the fiery darts, and the other wounds, formed the subject of dispute amongst an animated group of the "Fancy," who were gathered round the carcass. In all, eight horses were killed, and one bull was not brought out. One of the latter had his back broken by the weighty door of the toril, which, through the clumsiness of the attendants, had fallen upon him as he was about to rush out into the arena. The disturbance had now ceased. The soldiers were drawn up in line, waiting the signal to retire, and I passed on through one of the entrances, by which the bulls are introduced into the "Toril," or cell, and where a crowd of the lowest class was waiting to see the last animal, so strangely rescued from his impending fate, brought out. The authorities, however, judiciously decided not to permit his liberation till the crowd was sufficiently dispersed to make his freedom a less perilous adventure than it seemed to be in the present thronged condition of the streets. The alameda now became the scene of attraction. "All the beauty and fashion" of Cadiz were out in their richest and most picturesque national costume. Jackets there were, ornamented with rich silver lace, and numerous gilt or silver buttons depending by threads of the same metal. Velvet hats, with broad coloured ribands, were the favourites. The shawls or "faja" entwined round the waist (evidently a remnant of the Eastern girdle), of blue, red, and yellow, outvied each other in gaiety of colour. One dandy of the first water rejoiced in a yellow jacket with dark ornamental flowers embroidered on it. Braided coats, with large loose sleeves, resembling the ancient tunic of the Venetian senators, added to

the dignity of the more elderly promenaders. Bright eyes were flashing, and mantillas and fans were in all their witchery of gracefulness or flirtation. The incidents of the bull-fight formed an endless subject for conversation, and as the blue waters of the beautiful bay were sparkling with the silver radiance of a soft and brilliant moon, and a gentle breeze dispensed its refreshing influence after the burning heat of the day, it was far in the night, and the solitary watchman, crying the hours, armed with his long staff and lantern, had already begun to parade the streets of the silent city, before the last stragglers had disappeared from the Almeda.

APPENDIX—II.

EXPENSES OF TRAVELLING.

As the object of the writer, in these hasty notes on the road, has been merely to point out how an instructive and amusing excursion may be made by a route abounding in interest, though not quite so frequented as the high road of Belgium and the Rhine, with almost the same facility and within the short period, which the man of business or the wearied official frequently snatches for a loitering visit to the seaside, or for the listless idleness of a watering place, he is induced to add the following table of the actual expenses of the journey, as a guide to those who may meditate this more extended and inspiriting tour. In making long journeys by diligence, it is always desirable to obtain a place in the coupee, if possible, both for the convenience of seeing the country in the day, and the extra comfort for his night's repose; and in order to secure it, the first enquiry on arriving at a place should always be as to the means of leaving it. Some of these rates of charge may be altered, but the actual expenses are given, as affording the safest guide for the average cost of the journey.

Mail train, London to Folkestone			1 0 0
Folkestone to Boulogne			0 8 0
Hotel expenses			0 17 0
At Boulogne	Francs.	Cents.	
Small expenses	10		
Passport visè	3		
Second class railway to Paris	21	15	
At Paris			
Small expenses (sight seeing &c.)	9	25	
Hotel expenses	26	8	
Valet de place (2 days)	10		
Paris to Bordeaux			
Diligence (interieur)	72		
Expenses on the road	10		
At Bordeaux			
Hotel expenses	9	25	
Sight seeing, &c. (including valet de place, 3½ fr.)	10	50	
Bordeaux to Bayonne			
Diligence (coupee)	35		
Expenses on the road	3	50	
At Bayonne			
Hotel expenses	8	50	
Commissionaire	2		
Visit to Biaritz, &c.	5		
Passport, English consul	2	75	
Passport, Spanish consul	5		
Bayonne to Burgos			
(Coupee, Malleposte)	80	50	
Passport at frontier	2	25	
	325	73	=£13 0 0

[French money may be exchanged at Bayonne for Spanish, at the rate of about one franc and one sous for one peseta. The peseta is equal to four reals; and, as a rough estimate, 100 reals may be reckoned as equal to 1£ sterling, though 95 reals would be nearer the truth.]

	Reals.
Expenses on journey	28
Sight seeing, &c., at Burgos	22
Bill at Fonda	28
Burgos to Valladolid	
(Coupee)	110
Valladolid to Segovia	
Share of carriage	80
Expenses on journey	28

Expenses for four persons:—

Segovia to Escurial	Reals.
Carriage	240
Driver	12
Hotel Expenses at Segovia	62
On journey (visit to San Ildefonso, &c.)	67
At Escurial	
The palace, &c.	35
Hotel expenses	88
Escurial to Madrid	
Four places	96
	4)600=150
At Madrid	
Hotel (merely lodging)	20
Expenses including meals, say per day	40
For six days—at per day	60=360
Madrid to Saragossa	
Malleposte	315
Expenses on journey	16
At Zaragoza	
Hotel expenses	36
Other expenses	12
Galera to Ayerbe	
Fare from Zaragoza to Ayerbe	20
Expenses on the road	14
At Ayerbe	
Fonda	8
Ayerbe to Jaca	
Mules and attendants	46
At Jaca	
Expenses at Fonda	12
Ditto on road to Urdoz	20
Horses from Jaca to Urdos	44
	1349 =£13 10 0

Urdos to Dessous	Francs.	Cents.	
Horse	6		
Diligence to Oleron	2		
Ditto to Pau	2	50	
Hotel expenses, &c.	7		
Ditto at Pau	8		
Diligence to Tarbes	3		
Tarbes to Chateauroux			
Malleposte	88		
Expenses at Tarbes and on the road	18		
Chateuroux to Paris			
Railroad	20	70	
	155	20	= 6 5 0
Total			£35 0 0

In the above expenses are included every charge that is absolutely necessary, either for travelling or living at the best hotels, or seeing all that is really interesting in the towns above mentioned, at which the traveller is supposed to stop for the day on his way to Madrid. Tourists of course may differ widely as to their notions of comfort or luxury at hotels, and this summary is intended merely as a rough answer to the very common question, which would suggest itself—"what would such an excursion cost me?"

INDEX.

LONDON:
W. S. D. Pateman, Wine Office court, Fleet street,
[1849.]