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S P A I N

YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.

BY A LADY.



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SPAIN

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P R E F A C E.

MR. ROLLIN, in his preface to his "Ancient History," observes, "Wherever I found in other writers any thing suited to my purpose, in better words than my own, I did not scruple to appropriate them." I commence this little volume with a similar declaration. My object being to arrive at truth, rather than claim the praise of a well-written fiction, where I found others better informed than myself, I freely took advantage of their labours.

Spain is every day becoming an object of greater interest; and it was thought that a work, combining local and historical information, with illustrations of the various provincial costumes, and traits of national manners, would prove highly acceptable to the younger portion of the reading world.

What the young mind would never have patience to seek out in larger works, is here presented in a clear, concise form. The details of the Inquisition, the bull-fights, the Spanish Protestants, the Arabians, and the life and disappointments of Columbus, will be found not only deeply interesting in themselves, but illustrative in the highest degree, of the weakness and the strength of Spain, and the peculiarity of its national feelings.

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SPAIN

YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.

CHAPTER I.

A DEPARTURE—THE INFLUENCE OF THE INQUISITION IN SPAIN, AND THE SUPERIOR PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE IN OTHER COUNTRIES SINCE THE REFORMATION.

RICHES, pleasant as they are, do not always give unmingled satisfaction. This truth was sensibly felt by Mr. Delville, a gentleman of easy fortune in the north of England, who had recently become heir to a rich relation in Spain. A large portion of his new property being invested in commercial speculations in that country, it was requisite to examine his concerns upon the spot, and in person. Attached to his home and his connexions, the idea of leaving them for an indefinite period was unpleasant to him; and he more than once regretted his good fortune.

After some weeks of uneasy deliberation, he determined to take his family with him; a resolution which gave infinite pleasure to all parties. His two boys, though differing in taste and disposition, were unanimous in their opinion on this subject; and Ellen, an intelligent girl of thirteen, expressed, in animated terms, her own delight. The pleasure that this arrangement gave them was heightened by the immediate hurry of preparation. No time was lost in suspense or in expectation: the day was fixed at once; the trunks were packed in haste; and the smiles of hope and farewell tears to their many friends were so mixed together, that they had little leisure for reflection till their journey was fairly begun.

They crossed from Dover to Calais, and travelled rapidly through France; it being no part of their plan to linger on the road. While all they saw was equally new and amusing, their attention was completely engrossed by the changing scene around them: but we become accustomed even to novelty; and after the lapse of a fortnight, they were somewhat satiated with perpetual variety. This feeling, however, was not expressed until they had entered upon that singular, yet monotonous part of France called the Landes, in their progress to Bayonne. Their near approach to the frontier of Spain then became an object of interest; and Ellen was anxious to know if there was

any resemblance between the French and Spanish people.

“I hope there is,” said Frank: “I like these lively-looking gentlemen exceedingly.”

“I do not,” said his elder brother, Edward; “and I am persuaded, from what I have read of the Spaniards, that I shall like them better than the French.”

“Papa,” said Ellen, “you were saying, the other day, that the manners of a country might generally be traced to its early institutions and its established form of government. Will you, during this long, dull stage, give us a sketch of some of the most remarkable features of the Spanish history; especially that part of it which has most influenced the manners and feelings of the nation?”

“Do, sir,” said Edward; “do tell us of the Arabs, and the Moors, and the Inquisition. Above all things, I want to hear of that institution, in the very country where it flourished, and the people it influenced.”

“And I,” said Frank, “am not fond of horrors, any more than my mother. I love to dwell on scenes

‘— When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,

The hunter's call, to faun and dryad known.
 The oak-crown'd sisters, and their chaste-ey'd queen,
 Satyrs and sylvan boys, were seen
 Peeping from forth their allies green ;
 Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,
 And Sport leapt up, and seized his beechen spear.' "

Mrs. Delville smiled. " Yours is a most inviting creed, Frank ; but life does not always offer such cheering views ; and to form a right judgment we must look on both sides of the tapestry.

' Let observation, with extensive view,
 Survey mankind from China to Peru ;
 Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
 And watch the busy scenes of crowded life ;
 Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
 O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,
 Where wavering man, betray'd by venturous pride,
 To tread the dreary paths without a guide ;
 As treacherous phantoms in the mists delude,
 Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good.
 How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
 Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice !
 How nations sink, by darling schemes oppress'd,
 When vengeance listens to the fool's request !
 Fate wings with every wish th' afflictive dart,
 Each gift of nature, and each grace of art ;
 With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
 With fatal sweetness elocution flows ;
 Impeachment stops the speaker's powerful breath,
 And restless fire precipitates on death.' " *

* The "Vanity of Human Wishes," by Dr. Johnson.

“Such,” said Mr. Delville, “were the sentiments of the sage; but poetry has its own delusions; and though nothing can be more just than these abstract notions on the vanity of human wishes and human schemes, yet humble mortals, like ourselves, may be permitted to consider them in a less elevated point of view. The character of the Spaniards is a strange mixture of greatness and indolence, pride and generosity. They are naturally grave, and more inclined to value solid than specious qualifications. They do not prize imagination so much as judgment; and are totally free from that levity and love of external show which distinguish the French. During the splendid era of their history, they made a very considerable figure in learning and literature; but the injurious influence of the Inquisition, by prohibiting books, has destroyed, in a great measure, the taste for reading; and to this cause we must attribute the want of acquired information which is universal in Spain, even amongst individuals remarkable for the natural acuteness of their understandings. The most prominent feature of the Spanish character is a spirit of bigotry and religious intolerance. This may be said to be the genius of the people; but it is accounted for by their history.

“Spain, which had successively belonged to the Phœnicians, Carthaginians, and Romans, was van-

quished by the Visigoths,* and remained for three centuries under their dominion. In 712 it was overrun by the Arabs, who conquered the whole Peninsula, and compelled the remnant of the Gothic nation to take shelter in the mountains of Asturias. The Arabs were Mahometans; they detested the faith of the Christians, and the professed motive of their various and splendid conquests was to spread the religion of their prophet Mahommed. Their poor, but daring enemies, in the fastnesses of the Asturias, viewed with yet deeper hatred the creed of the Mussulmen. While the Arabs became enervated by luxury and prosperity, they retained in adversity their hardihood and their energy, and waged war with their conquerors, even when the attempt seemed most hopeless. They persevered till, one by one, they took from the Saracens † the provinces and the towns they had conquered, and reduced them to the single kingdom of Grenada. All their conquests were undertaken in the name of heaven, and achieved under the influence of religious zeal. The Moslems were the bitterest foes of the Christian creed. For several hundred years the Spaniards waged war with them, for the recovery of their

* A. D. 412.

† Saracen means the inhabitant of a desert. In the Arabian language *sarra* means a desert.

country; and during that time, every idea of honour and true belief was connected inseparably with the religion they professed; and all that was hateful and disgraceful was associated with dissent from it.

“ While the Saracens, or Moors, were powerful, their military hardihood saved them from contempt; but when the last of the Moorish states was conquered, and the inhabitants still professing the creed of Mahommed were left at the mercy of the victors, the martial spirit of their ancient rivalry was changed by the Spaniards into a strange mixture of hatred, fear, and contempt. The prejudice of purity of blood became the most rooted of the national feelings; and the poorest peasant grew prouder of his genuine and unpoluted Christian blood than the grandes of their pompous titles.

“ By an association of ideas, extremely natural in a rude, military people, the religious abhorrence which the national animosity of the Spaniards had directed against the Moors, was extended to all who differed from their own creed. When the Inquisition was established in Castille, in the thirteenth century, the enemies of Christianity, and those of their country, were completely identified in public opinion. The inquisitors, themselves, made no distinction between the relapsed Mahometan convert, the Jew who secretly practised

the ceremonies of the law, and the Christian reformer, who, with his Bible in his hand, protested against the innovations of the church of Rome: all were bound to the same stake, and perished by the same fire. Their children, and their children's children, sunk to a degraded caste, and could never obliterate the mark of infamy set upon them. In other countries, the firm endurance of martyrdom had shed a halo round the martyr's name. It had commanded the respect even of those who could unshrinkingly condemn the sufferer to undergo it. In Spain it was otherwise. The censures of the Inquisition had *there* the power of classing the learned and sincere Christian, who loved the gospel in its original purity, with the Moor and the Jew, who detested it; and devoted him, like them, to the execration and contempt of his country. Where, then, it has been justly asked, * is that bold spirit of enquiry, that ardent love of truth, that could induce a Castilian, possessed of a bright inheritance of honour, purchased by the blood of his ancestors, in unceasing warfare against the Saracens, to swerve from the religion for which those ancestors had bled, and sink thereby, with his whole posterity, among the remnants of that detested sect?"

"There was, then," said Edward, "no reforma-

* See "Quarterly Review," No. 57.

tion in Spain. In almost every other country truth has found its way to a few individuals."

"Nor was Spain," said Mr. Delville, "without some bright characters, of whom it was not worthy. In the sixteenth century, when the Inquisition was re-organized into the most efficient scheme of persecution ever devised by man, the Lutheran doctrines were first introduced at Seville. Cardinal Ximenes, the able minister of Ferdinand and Charles V. little suspecting the consequences, declared himself the patron of biblical criticism, and had the honour of publishing the first Polyglot Bible. The study of the Scriptures in the original tongues, did not fail to raise the same doubts among the Spaniards which it had produced among the learned in other countries, and the seeds of the Reformation were sparingly lodged in the bosom of Spain. The brief, but most mournful history of the fate that befell those who embraced its doctrines, well deserves your attention, and at some other period I will inform you of it; at present I will confine myself to the influence which the Inquisition exercised over the mass of the Spanish people. The votaries of science, who, since the time of Ferdinand the Catholic, and his truly great minister, Ximenes, had yielded to none in the ardour of their pursuits, found themselves discouraged by the ignorance of their country, and the mortifying indifference with

which the government looked on their labours. 'Ever since that time,' observes a celebrated Spaniard,* 'the study of the ancient languages has disappeared among us, without any benefit to other departments of learning. Science with us ceased to be the means of investigating truth, and became a mere shift to get a livelihood.' Such being the situation of the professors of learning, it is easy to imagine the state of ignorance in which all the other classes of society were kept. The prohibition of books was carried to such an extravagant excess, that editions of the classics, with notes by a Protestant, were prohibited; and the law visited with death the owners and readers of works on controversial subjects. Such were the jealous precautions of despotic ignorance. From that peculiar mixture of thoughtfulness and animation, which marks the natives of Spain, it is evident that the intellectual pleasures of reading would be highly congenial to their taste. The Spaniard is a compound of indolence and fancy. The pleasures of reading were just what the retired habits of the women, and the idle ones of the men, required. These were rigidly denied them; and a degrading sloth, and yet more degrading ignorance, was entailed on the better classes of society; while the knowledge acquired secretly, by

* Jovellanos:—Ley Agraria. Agrarian law.

a few individuals, is partial, and prejudiced in its nature, and has not therefore tended to raise it in public estimation."

"And do you think, father," said Edward, "that the difference that exists between the Roman Catholic and the Protestant faith is the cause of the astonishing difference we see in the two countries?"

"No, certainly not. The mere articles of our mutual belief are not calculated to create such important changes: the true cause of this moral phenomenon is to be found elsewhere. The supreme authority which, in matters of belief, the church of Rome had with fierce jealousy kept within her own bosom, suddenly, by the Reformation, devolved upon the great body of Christians. Religion, the only subject on which all classes of men possess some information, invited even the humblest individual to exert his intellectual faculties; and the Bible, the only foundation of revealed knowledge, was consequently in the hands of all. All thought, all discussed, all decided. It is true that many thought and decided wrong: but there is no unmixed good on this side heaven; and what at first sight may appear an evil, is constantly and visibly turned into a most powerful instrument of good, in the hands of an all-wise Providence. No man loves to be taught; you must either force him to learn, or persuade him

that it is his interest. The discipline of learning, however useful in the formation of regular and subordinate habits, would have been unable to produce that sudden and general change in the intellectual energies, which the liberty of discussing religious questions gave, in a short time, to whole nations, at the beginning of the sixteenth century. We have been so long accustomed to this freedom of thought, that we are not able to appreciate its blessings as we ought."

"True father," said Edward. "I was thinking how transporting a change it must have been to the peasant, never allowed to think before, to be permitted to judge and decide on his eternal and everlasting interests."

"The idea thus presented to our minds, Edward, has in it something sublime; but that which is of the earth has always a taint of sin. Those new and important powers were not always wisely used; and in their first great ferment they levelled the throne of these kingdoms: but it is the nature of all moral, as well as physical energies, to exceed the limits beyond which they are destructive to man; yet it is to them that man is indebted for happiness and for life."

"And does the Inquisition still exist in Spain?" said Ellen.

"It has no longer the same power over the life and liberty of the subject that it formerly had;

but, as late as 1805, it inflicted punishments so rigorous as to cause death in a short time afterwards. Bigotry, and the most debasing superstition, have still a most powerful hold on the belief and affections of the lower classes in Spain. The attachment of a Spaniard to his religion is closely connected in his mind with his loyalty and his patriotism. These sentiments have been handed down from father to son, for many generations, and can only be dissipated by good government, and the permission to read the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue. All their best actions, and their most heroic conduct, is founded on the veneration they entertain for the superstitions they have been taught. The defence of Saragosa, which, considered in all its wonderful details, stands unrivalled in history, owed, we are told, much of its fervour and intensity to their unbounded faith in the protection afforded them by their patron saint, 'our Lady of Pilar.'

"Wonderful!" said Edward. "Our sober reason does not apprehend clearly the spring of these actions."

"No; but they are well fitted for moments of enthusiasm, and they are not uncongenial to that deep and unalterable loyalty which distinguishes the Spanish people above every other. 'One faith and one king' is their motto. As a nation, I cannot doubt but that much suffering is in store for

them. The weight of blood is on their souls, and they must expiate it by a purifying process, through which they will be brought to a knowledge of the truth. The lower orders are still credulous and fanatic; while the higher are very generally unbelievers, and indifferent and regardless on the subject of religion. So nearly allied are superstition and unbelief. The nation we are about to visit you will find full of contradictions. Nature has done much for the country and its inhabitants; but neglect in the one, and hereditary faults in the other, have contributed to reduce both to a most pitiable and miserable condition. Some one has said of Spain, that 'She only retains the lingering blessing which remained in Pandora's box—hope.'

"Which Alexander thought the greatest of all, papa," said Frank.

"Yes," said Mr. Delville; "but that was when he was in the actual possession of his most sanguine wishes. Alexander would not have made that answer if he could have changed places with Darius."

"Hope," said Mrs. Delville, "applied to temporal blessings, is a very unsubstantial possession."

"But it disguises evils, mamma," said Ellen; "and that is something."

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountains in their azure hue.'

“Those,” said her mother, “are the hopes of thirteen. Hear what the wise man said: ‘Hope delayed maketh the heart sick.’ Now, hope accomplished ceases to be hope. So I have Solomon’s authority for saying, that hope is, to say the least, a very doubtful blessing.”

CHAPTER II.

REFORMATION IN SPAIN, AND ITS FATE.

THE season of the year was spring, ripening into summer; and as the travellers drove into Bayonne, they thought they had never seen so lovely an evening.

“We now enjoy,” said Mrs. Delville, “a fine climate to the highest advantage. The people sitting outside their doors, or walking for diversion, seem to have no object in view but amusement.

‘ Still is the toiling hand of care,
The panting herds repose ;
Yet hark ! how through the peopled air
The busy murmur glows.’ ”

“And yet,” said Mr. Delville, “we were warned to make the best of our way, for a storm was approaching. I do not perceive any signs of it at present; but the predictions of a shepherd, familiar with the aspect of the heavens, and all the local peculiarities of the plains in which he dwells, are not to be despised.”

The sun set most gorgeously ; its vivid red and yellow, deepening at the horizon into hues of liquid gold, were rendered more brilliant by a fringe of dark purple clouds at the very edge of the sun's disk. The air grew close and still ; and when the sun set, the bright colours of the sky rapidly gave place to piles of dark lurid clouds, that amply justified the sagacity of the shepherd. The thunder rolled, and the lightning flashed with a depth and brightness unknown in colder regions. The young people gazed on this war of the elements with awe, till the rain descended in torrents ; when all the fiercer features of the storm disappeared, and it ceased to interest them. Seated round the cheerful wood-fire burning on the hearth, they sought amusement from their father. The recent tempest had given a shade of gravity to their thoughts, which was heightened by the gloom of the lofty apartment in which they were seated, and which the flame of the pine-logs but imperfectly lighted.

“ Now, sir,” said Edward to his father ; “ now is the moment to tell us the history of the Spanish reformers. Every thing around us seems in unison with tales of horror.”

“ I have no objection,” said Mr. Delville ; “ the more especially that their history, though mournful, is yet calculated to raise high and holy feelings in our hearts. In tracing their sufferings, we

shall, I hope, be inspired with gratitude for our happier lot, and stimulated to greater faithfulness in the path of duty. Every Christian, my children, has his own peculiar trials, how fair soever his worldly fortune. In this world we are in a state of probation, and our hearts are constantly tempting us to evil. I told you yesterday, that the first active and sincere converts to the German reformation resided at Seville. The original and chief promoter of this mental freedom, was neither a man of learning nor a member of the clergy.

“Rodrigo de Valér, a native of Lebrixa, an ancient town, about thirty miles from Seville, had spent his youth in the idle and dissipated manner which has long prevailed among the Spanish gentry. A slight knowledge of Latin was the only benefit he derived from his early instructors; the love of horses, dress, and pleasure, engrossed his whole mind, as soon as he was free from their authority. Seville, then at the height of its splendour, was his favourite residence; and he shone there among the young men of family and wealth, a prominent star in the ranks of fashion. Valér was, however, suddenly missed in the gay scenes which he used formerly to enliven; yet his fortune was unimpaired, and his health uninjured. A strange change had been effected in his mind. The gay and volatile Valér was now confined the whole day to his room, with a Latin Bible, the

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Indeed!"

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER III.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“With what spirit they play, papa,” said Frank.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER IV.

THE ARABS AND CONQUEST OF GRENADA.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* So called from Abbas, uncle of the Prophet.

“ Papa,” said Frank, “ was not Aaroun-al-Raschid, so frequently mentioned in the ‘ Arabian Nights,’ a Spanish Arabian ?”

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

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

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

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

* A province now in Turkey in Asia.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“They were conquered by the Spaniards,” said Edward.

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

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

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

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

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

"Is it possible, sir?" said Edward.

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

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

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

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

* A. D. 1481.

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER V.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

is. In more modern edifices it would make a beautiful altar-piece."

Their guide, the sacristan, here came up, and intimated that he had something to show them infinitely more deserving their attention. He led them out of the church, across the bridge, through the adjoining suburb, into a dark chapel, perfumed with incense and dimly lighted by silver lamps. He conducted them into this mysterious abode with so solemn a manner, that Frank laughed and Ellen drew closer to her mother.

"What are we to see, sir?" said Edward, in a clear, loud tone of voice, for which the master of the ceremonies gave him a reproving look. As soon as they were all shut into the apartment he made a sign for them to kneel down.

"No," said Mr. Delville, now speaking for the first time; "you are going to show us something for which we have not your reverence; we cannot, therefore, kneel. If, however, you like to exhibit it to us, we will pay you for your trouble, and shall feel ourselves obliged to you."

The bright silver coin was deposited in his extended palm; and having looked round to ascertain there was none present but themselves, he proceeded without further delay to complete the ceremony. He lighted, with much deliberation, the wax tapers on the altar, where the crucifix stood, concealed behind three curtains. They

were withdrawn with studied slowness, one after the other, till at length a figure of our Saviour, of very inferior execution, was discovered. The beard was long and thick; and on this peculiarity being remarked, the man assured them that it grew and constantly required cutting; and that they were unfortunate in not having come on a Friday to see it; for on that day large drops of perspiration always stood on the forehead. Mr. Delville asked: "Who made the figure and the crucifix?"

"It was created," said the sacristan, with great emphasis, "by St. Nicodemus, and brought from heaven by an angel."

A profound silence succeeded to this answer; and after the lapse of a minute, the man unlocked the door, and they walked into the street.

"Why did you not reply to him, sir?" said Edward.

"Because neither of us were deceived. He saw I did not believe him, and I saw that he did not credit what he asserted. It is a rule that no one shall go into that chapel with spurs on. A young Frenchman, though warned, disregarded the caution, and went in with a party without taking them off; and having carelessly remained the last, the priest locked him in, and he was obliged to pay a considerable sum to the charitable institutions of his convent before he was suffered to come out. With all their rigid observance of religious

ceremonies, and their lamentable superstition, they do not keep fast-days in Spain so punctiliously as might be imagined, probably because fish is scarce and dear. They purchase permission from the pope's nuncio to eat meat and butter, and only fast during the holy week."

"I remember," said Mrs. Delville, "to have heard, from a French lady, a very amusing account of the difficulty she experienced in getting meat during lent. She had a large family; and she sent her servant to ask for half a calf and other meat in proportion. Upon receiving this application the butcher gave neither answer nor meat. At that season meat is not allowed to be exhibited in the shops, and the vender answers behind a lattice. The servant, finding his request disregarded, lowered his demands to a loin of veal. The price of a dollar was asked, and given beforehand; and then a leg of mutton was handed out to him. He returned it, saying that was not what he wanted. The butcher took it again, and offered a sirloin of beef. The purchaser, out of all patience, entreated loudly for a loin of veal. Without further parley, the sirloin was taken back, the dollar flung out, and the window shut in the face of the suppliant. Other butchers were tried, without meeting any change of treatment; and at length it was found best to ask for the quantity of meat required, without naming the kind.

“In all foreign countries,” said Mr. Delville to his laughing children, “it is wisest and most convenient to fall, as much as possible, into the habits of the country in which we find ourselves for the time being.”

“Particularly,” said Edward, “when no choice is allowed.”

They had wandered into the new square, and their attention was directed to a bronze statue of Charles III.

“The design and execution is bad,” said Mr. Delville; “but it is nevertheless remarkable, because it is almost the only thing of the kind in Spain, erected to the memory of their monarchs. Loyal as they are, their feelings have not taken this turn.”

“We must not forget,” said Mrs. Delville, “that Burgos is the country of the celebrated Cid, who distinguished himself so much against the Moors, in the early part of the Spanish monarchy, and to whose memory so many romantic ballads exist in the Spanish language.”

“It is also,” said Mr. Delville, “the capital of old Castille; and till the year 1555, when queen Jane, the last of the house of Burgundy, died, it was, alternately with Toledo, a royal residence. It was Charles V. who transferred the seat of government to Madrid. The two Castilles are remarkable for the extreme dryness of the soil, and

are not therefore so fertile as many of the Spanish provinces. Marianna, the historian, relates that in 1210 and 1213, this country was reduced to the greatest extremity by excessive drought. In the kingdom of Toledo a miserable famine was the consequence of a continuance of dry weather for nine successive months. The unfortunate proprietors of the land were obliged to abandon it, and to seek subsistence in other places to which this scourge did not extend. In 1790, a yet greater calamity happened. Upon the Sierra Morena no rain fell for many years; the sources of the streams were dried up, the forests ignited from the friction, and the earth yawned asunder in an extraordinary manner. The caverns and openings which yet remain point out some of the effects of so severe a visitation."

"Perhaps," said Frank, "the dryness of the soil has some effect upon the character of the inhabitants. They look so much leaner and more solemn than the Biscayans: not a smile parts their lips, or lightens the gravity of their countenances."

"They are," said his father "more reserved in conversation, and slower in their movements than any of the Spanish people. Castillian pride has passed into a proverb; and their extreme indolence is fatal to their interests. Nothing can be more comfortless than the house of a man of rank. Their manners have undergone some alteration, in

minor things, since the invasion of their country, when a variety of knowledge was in some measure forced upon them; but prior to that period a nobleman never made provision but for the day. Every thing required from the baker, butcher, and coffee-house, was obtained day by day on credit. No one took account of what these gentry chose to write in their books. Their accounts were neither examined nor contradicted. A lady or gentleman of rank would have esteemed themselves dishonoured for ever, had they disputed with a tradesman the price of his goods. However trifling the article they wanted, they never condescended to take any change out of a gold coin. All their transactions were carried on by credit, till, at the end of a few years, when called upon to pay their debts, they found themselves ruined, with immense nominal incomes."

"But, papa," said Ellen, "do you not admire them for not beating down the tradespeople? You never do so yourself; and I think it much superior to the practice of the French ladies, who expect the shopkeepers to lower their prices to them, if they bring them a good customer."

"First of all," my dear Ellen, "I must observe, that there is a great difference between beating down a shopkeeper, and giving him treble what he asks out of a high idea of our own dignity. I do not dispute the prices of my tradespeople,

because I am in the habit of dealing with them, and am satisfied of their probity. I have myself a very fair notion of the just price of most articles I use; for I have acquired it by habit. But many people who beat down tradespeople, have not the least idea of the original cost of their articles, and still less do they know any thing of the fair remunerating price to the seller. These considerations are quite distinct from not condescending to take any change out of a gold coin. Can you tell me the use, the real right use of money?"

"I suppose," said Ellen, with some hesitation, "money is only a commodity which we exchange for the commodities we have not."

"That answer will do very well, as far as a simple exchange of property goes; but it leaves undecided the moral part of the question—for what purpose was wealth entrusted to us?"

"Undoubtedly, papa, to increase the happiness of others

"And do you think the Spanish grandee, who pays a lazy shopkeeper five times the price of his goods, because he thinks it beneath him to consider their value; and finds, at the end of a few years, that by these, and similar acts of grandeur, he cannot pay what he owes; does that man use his wealth in the manner God designed he should?"

"No, papa, certainly. But you remember

how we disliked the small meannesses practised in France; and I believe I took the reverse of wrong for right."

"No uncommon mistake, Ellen. But we must remember that these men had a duty to perform to their country, by setting them a good example. How many of the second class follow slavishly the example of the first, and so on with the class below them. If, therefore, the original example be bad, think of the extensive mischief it does. Depend upon it, nothing is a virtue that is unsuited to our station."

"Do you remember our astonishment, papa, at seeing the French people at the inns, pocketing the sugar and the tea?"

"Yes, very well. Such customs would not do in England, where, I am afraid, we have some touch of the vain-glorious spirit of the Spaniards. The French are not rich, and their ingenious economy is in many cases highly commendable; and we must remember, that the habits that astonished us are universal throughout the nation, which destroys the evil influence they might otherwise have."

CHAPTER VI.

VALLADOLID—SQUARE WHERE THE AUTO-DA-FES WERE HELD—MODE OF DECORATING THE CHURCHES—PROCESSION OF THE ROSARY—THE ANGELUS—PREJUDICE VANQUISHED BY PATIENCE.

VALLADOLID* is the ancient Pincium, and capital of Leon. It was the birth-place of Philip II.; and as he several times held his court here, it flourished under the smiles of court favour. When they were withdrawn, and Philip III. fixed his court permanently at Madrid, the opulent families removed also; and the chief remains of its former grandeur are to be found in the public buildings and numerous churches. Of these last the Dominicans and San Benito are the most elegant. The altars, according to the Spanish taste, are richly gilt, and some tombs of white marble are to be found beautifully sculptured. At one end of Valladolid is an enormous square, called the Campo, from which thirteen others are seen. On

* It is fifty-two miles S. W. of Burgos: an easy day's journey in the gallera.

leaving it, the travellers entered upon an alley planted with trees, on the road leading to Madrid. There is a great scarcity of wood in this part of Spain; and it is said that this inconvenience was the cause of the removal of the court. The great square is surrounded by three tiers of balconies, in which it is computed that eighty thousand persons can sit at their ease. It is ornamented with spacious porticos, sustained by four hundred columns, each made of an entire piece of stone. The greatest magnificence has been displayed; but neither taste nor elegance inspired the execution or design. Near it stood the Inquisition, a gloomy structure, befitting its office. It had no windows, but merely loop-holes to admit the light. Mr. Delville stood to examine the spot in silent thought.

“Papa,” said Ellen, “what are you looking at so earnestly? What are you thinking of that makes you sigh?”

“My mind, Ellen, had gone back to past ages Dull and solitary as this extensive place now is, it was not always so. It was here that the protestant reformers sealed with their lives the truth of the doctrines they had learned from the Bible. It was here that Jane of Austria, and Don Carlos, then a youth, presided over the awful ceremonies of an auto-da-fe. Those untenanted balconies were then full of all the loveliness and splendour

of Spain. There was held the glittering court, and there were stationed the proud nobles. In the middle of that now silent square was placed the pulpit, from whence the most distinguished orators of the cloister proclaimed the crimes and the future judgment of their victims; and near them were placed the condemned, in habits studiously designed to confer infamy and inflict shame upon the wearers. Their bodies weakened by the rack under every variety of suffering, and their minds exhausted by a day of barbarous exhibition, in which the ingenuity of cruelty employed every artifice to break their hearts by the studied bitterness of shame and terror; a day which was to be closed by a death of torture abhorrent to our minds, uncheered by human sympathy, and rendered more frightful by the grim joy of the thousands assembled to witness it."

"What," said Mrs. Delville "could have supported them in such an hour, but the Spirit of God? which he has promised to those who ask it. History informs us that it was most graciously bestowed; and even young and feeble women met the horrible death to which they were doomed with a calm and patient fortitude. That day, on a retrospect, makes our hearts faint within us; but let us rather think of its close. Their death was a short but sharp passage to unspeakable happiness. Those poor, despised, and wronged crea-

tures, from whom the lowest of the Spanish citizens would have shrunk with disgust and hatred, before those piles had ceased to blaze, were translated into another and a better world—into the society of angels and the presence of their God! They are no longer objects of our pity: we look at their reward, and pray that our easier path may be as safely trod.”

“Amen!” said Mr. Delville, as he took his children by the hand, and led them to the Octravo, a place of uncommon size, though inferior in dimensions to the great square. It is octagon in shape, and from it six large streets diverge at regular distances. This is usually the place where the bull-fights are exhibited, and is calculated to hold twenty-four thousand persons.

“Last time I was in Spain,” said Mr. Delville, “I was fortunate enough to arrive at the commencement of this pastime; which, cruel as it is in itself, is conducted on so grand a scale as to be a very imposing spectacle. I was struck with the immense concourse of people, who, from a circuit of several leagues, had collected to see the festival. The famous bull-killer, Pepetrillo, was then alive, and had been sent for from Madrid. He paid his respects, I remember, to the French ambassador, by presenting him with several of the bulls he had killed; a compliment usually paid to dignified foreigners, and returned in solid gold. It was re-

marked that he had never been more successful than on that occasion; but I heard he afterwards fell a victim to the fierceness of a bull, who gored him in a hopeless manner, but which he nevertheless killed."

"I cannot pity him," said Ellen.

"Hear her! hear her!" said Edward; while Frank put his hand before her mouth.

"Nay, Frank," said his father; "you have gained nothing. Her indignation is written in her eyes: those who run may read."

"These are points," said Mrs. Delville, with a smile, "on which boys and girls will always differ."

"Never mind," said Mr. Delville. "We will see a bull-fight at Madrid, depend upon it. We will leave the ladies at home, if their hearts are too tender. I have no wish to see them enjoy it as we shall. Cease to convert your sister: it is a hopeless attempt, I assure you."

"Frank, we will make a compromise," said Ellen: "if you will not ask me to like it, I will not say a word against it. Talk to Edward and papa about it, and not to me; for I do not like to contradict you."

With some reluctance Frank entered into this compact; only stipulating that, after he had seen it, he was to tell her all about it.

In the evening, when the little party were

quietly seated round the fire, their attention was excited by the sound of a bell and a chorus of voices. They looked out, but it was dark; and Mr. Delville, who was writing, was called to explain the circumstance. He listened, and then said: "It is the procession of the rosary. The people in Valladolid are, if possible, more superstitious than in any other town; and that is saying a great deal, for a province remarkable for its bigotry. It abounds in processions. One of the most singular is that of the rosary, a sort of litany, common in all Catholic countries; and the form of prayer appropriated to it, is to be found in all Roman Catholic prayer-books. In ancient times, immediately after the angelus, the inhabitants of every street, without going out of their houses, sang with a loud voice the litany, or service dedicated to the Virgin. This custom has been dropped as civilization improved. Instead of this primitive mode of devotion, the people content themselves with kneeling down during the angelus, and saying a brief prayer in a low voice. This procession is a remnant of the manners of a former age, when the united voice of a city sang praises to the Virgin at the vesper hour."

"Surely, papa," said Ellen, "there is something very affecting in the idea of so universal a homage, offered up by so many persons at the same hour."

“Yes, my dear; I grant that the idea is very imposing; but you must remember, that this worship was not directed to God, but to the Virgin Mary. This brings our ideas back again to earth, and fills the mind with the poverty, rather than the splendour of the human imagination, which is untouched by so magnificent and all-pervading an idea as the Almighty, and rests content with an address to a human being like themselves. I grant, however, that the devotion of the Spaniards, during the angelus, has an extraordinary effect on strangers. At the first sound of the bell every sort of movement ceases in the streets, the walks, and even the theatre: all pause, uncover themselves, and pray. The actors even of grotesque characters interrupt their buffooneries to recite an ave-Maria, and to make the sign of the cross.”

“Look!” said Frank, “they are coming this way. What a light their flambeaus give! May we open the window, mother?”

“By all means; and do not forget to give them some silver: that is the chief object of their present exertions.”

The procession of the rosary now approached. In the middle was a man holding a banner bearing the representation of the Virgin; two more walked on each side, with the insignia of their dignity fixed to long poles, and another in advance of the party, by ringing a bell, gave notice to the faithful,

who immediately opened their lattices and threw something into the basket held out for the purpose. The produce of these contributions is employed either in a festival to the patron-saint, or in the repairs of the chapel dedicated to her. The young people having watched the last glare of the torches, shut the window.

“It is on fête-days,” said Mr. Delville, “that the Catholics display an extraordinary degree of pomp. The interior of the church is carefully cleaned; the walls and pillars decked with hangings of crimson velvet, bordered with gold fringe, and carefully disposed in festoons. The altar is spread with the finest linen, and glows with the light of a thousand tapers, which are reflected on the polished surfaces of the silver candelabras hung around. Flowers of every hue add to the rich decorations of the altar, and their perfume mingles with that of the incense. The vases for the sacred service are frequently of gold enriched with precious stones. The priests are decked out in the most sumptuous dresses; and the music of the choir is often exquisite. The ceremony of the mass is followed by a sermon from some celebrated preacher, taken, perhaps, from his cell to address a numerous and polished audience. When he has finished, he is invited to partake of a collation, and usually rewarded with some pieces of

gold; which he is entreated to accept as a return for the pleasure and instruction he has given.

“It is not, however, only in the pulpit that the Spanish preachers may be heard. There is a class who, not feeling themselves able to address a select audience, sally forth to captivate the people. Mounted on a chair, or a bench, in a corner of the street, their eloquence is of a very singular kind; with the most pathetic description of the death of our Saviour, and the torments of hell, they mingle the lowest puns, and most frivolous conceits.

“These harangues, given with the alternate air of a buffoon and a fanatic, attract a crowd, and are usually particularly well paid.

“It not unfrequently happens, that a mountebank, and one of these preachers, are placed within a few yards of each other, and endeavour to draw off each other's audience; such being the allowed license in this country, we cannot wonder that the populace are sunk into the lowest ignorance, on all points connected with their religion; for though this buffoonery is permitted, any attempt to introduce the Bible would be attended with very severe punishment.”

“I remember,” said Mrs. Delville, “that a friend of your brother's was obliged to leave Madrid be-

cause he was suspected of giving a New Testament to a young lady."

"Yet," he said, "it is astonishing what effects patience and good conduct have even upon prejudice and ignorance. The Spanish clergy were in the habit of representing heretics to their flock in the most odious colours, both mental and bodily; as beings void of humanity, and addicted to the most horrible atrocities. The Spaniards not being as a nation great travellers, have little opportunity of judging for themselves.

"In 1789, at the close of the eighteenth century, two Englishmen endeavoured to set up a cotton manufactory at Avila, a sea-port of the Asturias. This establishment would have been highly advantageous to the province; for the population of the town was very poor, and ill provided with the necessaries of life. At the commencement of their business, however, they were unable to procure workmen; because the inhabitants were taught, that the mere presence of these excommunicated heretics would expose them to misfortune.

"The most absurd reports were spread of them. As they wished to employ children in their factory, it was asserted that they sought after them to devour them, at the horrible feasts they had instituted instead of the sacrament.

"They could hardly walk the streets in safety; and the common people preferred going a round-

about way to their homes rather than pass a building made unholy by their presence.

“The Englishmen bore this torrent of prejudice with composure: they wisely trusted to time to undeceive the natives: nor were they mistaken. The inhabitants gradually remarked, with astonishment, the mildness and propriety of their behaviour: slowly they suffered their prejudices to be overcome; and in 1792 they had in their factory seven hundred Spaniards.”

“That, papa,” said Ellen, “is a charming fact. I love, above every thing, to see people overcome injustice by the force of truth.”

“More than the force of arms?” said Frank, laughing.

“Surely,” said his Father. “In the one case, a perfect and satisfactory conviction is obtained, which is the more impressive that it has in some measure been acquired by the erring person himself; but in the other, you know the old saying, Frank:

‘He that’s convinced against his will,
Is of the same opinion still.’”

CHAPTER VII.

BLIND BALLAD-SINGERS—ATTACHMENT OF A GOOSE—
SALAMANCA—DR. CURTIS—CONVENT OF ST. STEPHEN
—COLUMBUS—VISIT TO THE UNIVERSITY—LIBRARY.

As they were going out of Valladolid they saw a blind man groping his way along the great square, led by a little dog tied to a string; presently he sat down, took out a drum and a flute, and collected round him an attentive audience.

“These men,” said Mr. Delville, “fill the same situation as the ballad-singers on the Pont-neuf, at Paris. They are the most attentive listeners to the street-preachers; and they sing to the people old ballads which recall the memory of their former valour and prosperity. One of their favourite songs is in French, and relates the capture of Francis I., by Charles V.: it begins thus:—

‘ Quand le roi partit de la France,
A la malheur il en partit.’*

“Neither those who sing it, nor those probably who listen, understand French; but they know that it

* When the king left France,
He left it to go to misfortune.

relates an event flattering to their national vanity; and, therefore, they wish to transmit it to their children. At no time were those national legends more in favour, than during the invasion of the French: it was, while they remained in Spain, a favourite channel for the expression of popular feeling."

"We have no national songs of that kind," said Ellen.

"Because," said Mr. Delville, "it is long since we have had war in our native country. During the celebrated periods of our domestic dissensions, we had numerous ballads of the same kind as those of the French, and other continental nations. The tone, indeed, was different, but the object was the same. Our northern ballads of 'Chevy-chase,' 'Robin Hood,' and many others, were all composed and recited to preserve the memory of events that interested the nation; and they possess an exquisite pathos that we shall look for in vain in other national poetry. During the reformation many and biting were the satirical songs published by both parties. Some lines upon purgatory put into the mouth of the pope have rested in my memory. I do not recollect them all; but they ran thus:—

'Thou stryvest against my purgatory,
Because thou findest it not in Scripture,
As though I by myne auctorité
Might not make one for myne honour.

Knowest thou not that I have power
To make and mar in heaven and hell,
In earth, and every creature :—
Whatsoever I do it must be well.’”

“ Oh, papa, pray go on !” said Frank.

“ I remember no more, my dear. Ellen, look at that goose, foraging for itself in the pocket of our postillion, who is going to water the mules.”

“ I had no idea, papa, a goose could be so tame.”

“ What !” said Edward, “ do you abuse geese, Ellen ? do you not know they are the most sagacious of birds, and saved the capital of the world—imperial Rome ?”

“ I do not know what they saved ; but they have always appeared to me, Edward, very shy, stupid birds.”

“ You are wrong, my dear,” said her mother : “ a goose may really be called a bird of delicate sentiment, and strong affections.”

“ Oh, mother !”

“ You will agree that a tame bird is never so fine of its kind, or so well known as to its original habits as a wild one.”

“ Yes, mamma ; but what do we know of wild geese ? here they are always, to a certain degree, tame.”

“ The goose, my dear, is found wild in Canada. When wounded they readily domesticate them-

selves with the tame grey goose. Mr. Platt, a respectable farmer, in Long Island, being out shooting in one of the bogs, which in that part of the country abound with water-fowl, wounded a wild goose. Being wing-tipped, and unable to fly, he caught it, and brought it home alive. It proved a hen-bird; and turning it into his yard with a flock of tame geese, it soon became quite familiar, and in a little time the wounded wing healed entirely. In the following spring, when the wild geese migrate to the northward, a flock passed over Mr. Platt's barn-yard; and just at that moment the leader happening to give his well-known call, our goose, in whom its new habits had not quite extinguished the love of liberty, spread its wings, mounted into the air, joined the travellers, and soon disappeared. In the succeeding autumn the wild geese, as was usual, returned to the Canadian bogs and rivers, to pass the winter. Mr. Platt happened to be standing in his yard when a flock passed directly over his barn. At that instant he observed three geese detach themselves from the main body; and after whirling round several times, alight in the middle of his yard. Imagine his surprise and pleasure, when, by certain well-remembered signs, he recognized in one of the three his long-lost fugitive. She had travelled many hundred miles to the lakes; had there hatched and reared her offspring;

and now returned, with her little family, to share the sweets of civilized life."

"O mamma! I was quite wrong," said the delighted Ellen. "I love the bird so much for returning, that I should be quite sorry if it had not flown away."

"I cannot tell how the poor geese have got such a reputation for folly," said Mrs. Delville; "but it matters little to them; though it highly concerns us not to adopt every common prejudice, without first submitting it to the test of reason and experience. As far as my observation has gone, I should say that the goose was an honest bird, the steadiness of whose affections may be thoroughly depended upon."

"And I," said Ellen, "will henceforth take their character from your experience, mamma; but still I am afraid," she added, laughing, "that the poor geese will be but geese in the eyes of a great part of the world."

"They shall be what you like," said her father, "all the rest of the year; but let them appear in their proper form and character on Michelmass-day."

The attention of the party was now diverted by their entrance into Santa Maria de Nieva, a town consisting of about six hundred houses. The inhabitants reckon among their superior advantages, the possession of a miraculous image of the Virgin

Mary, and the privilege of an annual bull-fight. It is situated on an eminence, from which a large extent of country may be discovered, in which there is neither running water, trees, verdure, nor country-houses; nothing but immense fields of wheat on every side.

“This place,” said Mr. Delville, “has the uncommon advantage of having full permission to sell all kinds of eatables. In Spain the sovereign exercises a most unwise controul over the industry of individuals and the price of provisions. These things, left to the public, would find their natural and proper level. None would continue to raise what they found they could not sell, nor ask higher profits than they could obtain. By these restrictions Spain has taken away the principal stimulus of labour—the hope of gain. For he who knows that, with all his diligence, he can only obtain a fixed and moderate profit, whatever may have been his good or ill success, will never trouble himself to raise more than will enable him to live. One of the reasons of the bad accommodations of the Spanish inns, is the restrictions on the innkeepers, who are, in most cases, forbidden to keep poultry and pigs, and prevented asking more than a fixed price for every meal. Travellers are rare in Spain; and if the innkeeper has no home-provision for him, he must purchase what he wants. This the man is

unwilling to do at a risk; and consequently he makes no preparation till the traveller presses him to do so. The perfect freedom which every one enjoys in England, in this respect, has, together with the demand, created all the civility, ease, and luxurious provision found at an English inn."

"And luxurious prices," said Mrs. Delville, with a smile.

"True. But still, as Lubin Log says, 'This is optional.' Inferior accommodation may be procured at an inferior price. Nor would the highest sums be asked if they were not readily given."

"This seems a fine cultivated country," said Edward.

"Yes; but notwithstanding the riches of the soil, the inhabitants are poor, nor have they any desire to be otherwise. Deprived of all power of comparing their country, or their situation with that of strangers, they appear to have neither a knowledge nor a relish for better things. They have no idea of embellishing any thing they possess. A pleasure or a kitchen-garden is to them an unnecessary luxury, though they might have both with ease. Their voluntary idleness deprives them of many comforts; and thus they will continue, till roads, canals, and easy means of conveyance, shall have introduced new ideas among them, and taught them the sweets of commerce."

While Mr. Delville was speaking, their driver

stopped to talk to some miserable-looking people, stretched out on one of the waggons of the country. When questioned, he said they were going to the hot waters of Banos.

“What!” said Frank, “have they hot waters in Spain?”

“Mineral springs,” said his father, “may be found in almost all the provinces of Spain. Old Castille, alone, has three; besides five fountains. The spring of Banos is very much recommended. The heat is about thirty degrees of Réamur. It is a proof of the indifference of the Spaniards to all scientific research, that the greater part of these hot waters have never been analyzed; and though strongly recommended, nobody knows their nature, their mode of effecting a cure, or whether they are really salutary to the patients sent to them. The patients are received into one common basin; and lie in rows, with their heads resting on flat projecting stones. There is a shower-bath for those who require it.”

“And what is the proper season?” said Mrs. Delville, “for visiting them.”

“From April to October. And no doubt they do a great deal of good, on the same principle that our Cheltenham and Harrowgate waters effect such cures. The rich keep better hours, have simpler fare, purer air, and more out-door amusements. The praise so frequently bestowed on the waters

should, at least, be shared with their improved habits."

"But, papa," said Ellen, "are not the waters themselves often very useful?"

"Undoubtedly. But in a fashionable watering-place, the imaginary invalid, the jaded in mind rather than in body, are as ten to one of the really sick. Where one is cured of real illness, many more shake off imaginary ailments. These are traits common to human nature."

"We are approaching Salamanca, I perceive," said Mrs. Delville, "by the clouds of dust."

"No, mother," said Edward: "this intolerable dust is produced by a large drove of cattle."

"Are you sure they are cattle?" said his father. "Let me look out. Ah! I see. We are in luck, Edward. They are a drove of bulls going to Madrid. The man does wisely to spur on before the crowd."

The boys did not think so: "they would have liked to have stopped the carriage, and got out in the very midst of them. They were disappointed; their driver continued his rapid pace, and they were soon delivered from all dust but their own. They were now approaching Salamanca, of which they had long had a perspective view. Its high towers and domes, surrounded with minarets or belfries, like an Arab mosque, had a fine effect at a distance. It was here that lord Wellington gave

so celebrated a defeat to Marmont. Mr. Delville was pointing out to them all the localities of the river, and the direction in which the French ran, when they passed over the bridge, and thundered up the narrow streets. The first object that struck their attention in the town, was a young student of the college.

“Irish, I am sure,” said Mr. Delville.

“What! papa, are there any Irish students at Salamanca?”

“Yes. This seminary for the Irish was founded by Philip II. the husband of our Mary. He settled upon it a stipend sufficient for the support of a principal and sixteen students. These young men are selected by the Irish bishops; and after seven years’ residence in Spain, they return to their country, and enter into holy orders. When Charles III. suppressed the order of the Jesuits in Spain, he granted to the Irish college a part of their convent at Salamanca.”

“The university,” said Edward, “was once more flourishing than it is now.”

“As knowledge spreads,” Mr. Delville replied, “the wants of the people, in this respect, become more generally supplied; and there is therefore less concourse to particular places, where formerly alone instruction was to be had. This celebrated university was first established at Palencia, and removed, in 1239, to Salamanca. At one time it

could boast eight thousand native students, and an equal number of foreigners. Its reputation was then at its height. The separation of the seven united Dutch provinces from Spain augmented the prosperity of the universities of Leyden, Louvain, Halle, and Gottingen; and the progress of the belles lettres in France insensibly diminished the influence and attraction of Salamanca. The Spaniards themselves having, in different parts of the kingdom, the rival universities of Toledo, Cordova, Grenada, Valencia, and Alcala, naturally send their children to the one nearest their own houses. A Spanish writer, in speaking of Salamanca, calls it the seat of the muses, and the universal mother of all science. He is of opinion that all praise, however lofty and however judicious, will yet fall short of the merits of so illustrious an academy, and which has been so honourably known to the world."

"But," said Ellen, "these narrow and dirty streets, with their ill-paved and irregular surface, hardly justify so pompous an eulogium."

"Wait," said Mr. Delville, "till you see the great square and some of their churches."

To the great square they went immediately on their arrival. Nothing could be finer than the coup-d'œil it presented. It was surrounded by regular and magnificent buildings, which are remarkable for their clean and neat appearance;

offering an agreeable contrast to the other parts of the city. These fine edifices are ornamented with three rows of balconies, that run all round without interruption. The first story is formed by arcades, the frieze of which is ornamented by medallions of the most illustrious personages that Spain reckons among her sons. On one side are those of all the kings of Castille, inclusive of Charles III. The other side is occupied by the most celebrated heroes; such as Bernard del Caspio, Gonsalves de Cordova, and Hernando Cortez. Those to the east are yet unfilled: they remain a blank page, to be enriched with the future glories of Spain. Mr. Delville pointed them out to his children, as a noble national method of stimulating and rewarding the virtuous ambition of her citizens. From the great square they went to the cathedral, a splendid monument of Gothic architecture. It was begun in the reign of Leo X.; a pontiff more celebrated for his taste and elegance than for his virtue. It was only finished at the close of the last century. As it has, in consequence, been the work of many artists, there is a striking irregularity of design visible throughout; but the boldness of the nave, and the exquisite finishing of the Gothic ornaments, make it a very remarkable edifice.

The exterior is covered with a profusion of bas-relief, in raised sculpture: one of the best executed is the representation of the magi adoring

the infant Saviour. The interior * is distinguished by its massive columns, with gilt capitals, and its solemn simplicity. The side chapels are closed, except on fête-days: they are then gay with various colours, and embellished with numerous ornaments. It happened to be one of these privileged days when our travellers visited the cathedral. Nothing could be more splendid than the scene. The crowds pressing in to pay their devotions; yet, when lost in the distance, looking like pigmies underneath its magnificent dome and lofty walls. The rich colours of the altar, the glittering vestments of the priests and the choristers, contrasted with the black dresses and mantillas of the Spanish ladies, formed a scene almost of enchantment. They were walking up and down the principal aisle, still unsatiated with it, when Mr. and Mrs. Delville were accosted by a gentleman in an academical dress. Their meeting was one of warm cordiality; and the stranger was introduced to the children as Dr. Curtis.

“And pray,” said the doctor, “what brought you to this country again?” as he kindly welcomed the young people.

“Business, which may detain me some time.”

“At Salamanca, I hope.”

“No, we are pressing forward to Madrid. Like

* It is three hundred and seventy-eight feet high, and one hundred and eighty-one broad.

all travellers, we are anxious to see your celebrated bull-fights."

"Well, and what have you seen in our far-famed city?"

"Nothing, I assure you," said Mrs. Delville, "half so celebrated as yourself."

Dr. Curtis bowed, with an agreeable consciousness that the compliment was not wholly unmerited.

"Have you seen our colleges? Are you going to leave these fine youths with me?" he said, with a smile.

Mr. Delville shook his head. "The elder," he said, "is destined for the bar: the other inherits the family passion for the sword. I am afraid he would do you little credit as a scholar: his ideas are all running on helmets, plumes, and battles lost and won."

"He could not have a fairer field than Spain," said the doctor, "for such speculations," offering a pinch of snuff to his friend; "nor one," he added, with enthusiasm, "that could make him more justly proud of his country. You see I do not forget that England is the land of my birth, though I honour and love the one I have adopted."

"And let me tell you," said Mr. Delville, "that we do not forget to claim you as a brother. Wherever the history of our brave actions in Spain may spread, the valuable services you rendered to that great and good cause will accompany it: they

are deeply written on the hearts of your countrymen."

Dr. Curtis was evidently much gratified; he raised his hat from his head, after the Spanish manner, as he briefly replied, "that such recollections were among the most grateful rewards he could receive."

As they left the cathedral, and passed before the church of the Dominicans, he pointed out to them a palace of the duke Alva's, opposite the Augustine nuns.

"It is falling into decay," said Mrs. Delville. "What a pity! It seems, however, to be the fate of all the great mansions we have seen."

"Yes," said Dr. Curtis; "and this neglect is one of the chief causes of the decline of Spanish prosperity. The absence of the wealthy proprietors from their estates, entails upon the poor of this country the same misery that absenteeism brings with it in Ireland. As long as the opulent landholders shall refuse to animate, by their presence, their vast possessions, the patriotic societies, establishments for manufactures, and the encouragement bestowed for clearing land—all will prove ineffectual to redress the evils which, for more than three centuries, have been undermining the welfare of Spain. As long as the obscure, and yet ruinous luxury, which they display at court and in the capital, shall absorb their riches,

they must be deprived of the means of rendering them useful to their fellow-creatures. Little do they know of their true dignity, who imagine it to consist in a neglect of their most important duties."

Such were the observations of Dr. Curtis, as he accompanied the English travellers back to their inn. His engagements did not permit him to devote more time to them that day; but he appointed an early hour on the morrow for showing them the university. He then took his leave.

He was hardly gone, when the young people were eager to know who he was; and their father agreed to satisfy so natural a curiosity.

"He is the head," he said, "of the Irish seminary in Salamanca. He was brought up in Spain from his earliest years, and has adopted the tastes and the manners of that country, though he still retains much of the vivacity of the land of his birth. While the English army was in Spain he rendered it important services, by his knowledge of the language, and his familiarity with the country. The information he was always ready to give, made him very generally known, and as generally esteemed. When the affairs in Spain took an unfavourable turn, he forgot his own interests in the anxiety he felt for his pupils. When their studies were wholly interrupted, and their stay at Salamanca attended with danger, he acquired for them

the protection of sir John More. They embarked with the army at Coruna and came to England. There I first knew him. When the victories of lord Wellington again permitted them to return, they lost no time in doing so; and afterwards fought bravely for the good cause. They took for their protecting saint our Lady of the Pillar, and her initials were worked on their banner."

"What a pity," said Ellen, "that, devoted as they were to a good cause, they should have sought any other protection than that of Heaven."

"It is, my dear; but such is the alloy of all human virtue. Our actions are better than our motives; our motives often superior to our actions. They are early taught to rely on the creature rather than the Creator; nor have they, perhaps, ever heard a dissenting voice on the subject. It is, therefore, perfectly natural that they should think as they do. I have a subject of deep interest in view for you; but you must walk a little way with me first."

They rose eagerly; and when they were in front of a venerable looking convent, he said: "That is the Dominican Convent of St. Stephen, in which that memorable conference was held which was to decide upon the possibility and wisdom of believing in another hemisphere."

"O, papa," said Ellen, "how glad I am you recollected this! Pray tell us about it."

"Do, do! pray do!" said Edward and Frank; and Mr. Delville willingly consented to gratify them.

"Religion and science," he said "were at that time, more especially in Spain, closely connected. The treasures of learning were immured in monasteries, and the professors' chairs were exclusively filled from the cloister. The power of the clergy extended over the state as well as the church; and the posts of honour and influence at court, with the exception of hereditary nobles, were almost entirely confided to ecclesiastics. This æra was distinguished for learning, but still more for the prevalence of religious zeal; and in the fervour of her devotion Spain surpassed all other countries of Christendom. The Inquisition had just been established in that kingdom, and every opinion that savoured of heresy made its professor obnoxious to odium and persecution. Such was the period when a council of clerical sages were convened in the collegiate convent of St. Stephen, to investigate the new theory of Columbus. Before this learned assembly Columbus presented himself, to propound and defend his conclusions. By the vulgar and the ignorant he had been scoffed at as a madman; and he was convinced that he only required a body of enlightened men to listen dispassionately to his reasonings, to ensure triumphant conviction. What a striking

spectacle must the hall of the old convent have presented at this memorable conference! A simple mariner, a stranger and a foreigner, standing forth, in the midst of an imposing array of professors, friars, and dignitaries of the church; maintaining his theory with natural eloquence, and pleading, as it were, the cause of the new world. We are told that when he began to state the grounds of his belief, none but the friars of St. Stephen attended to him, that convent being more learned in the sciences than the rest of the university. The others entrenched themselves behind one dull proposition, and seemed to consider it a presumption, in an ordinary man, to suppose that there remained such a vast discovery for him to make. At the very threshold of the discussion, instead of geographical objections, Columbus was assailed with citations from the Bible and the Testament, the book of Genesis, the Psalms of David, the prophets, the epistles, and the gospels, together with the numerous citations from the fathers. When Columbus took his stand before this learned body, he had appeared the plain and simple navigator; somewhat daunted, perhaps, by the greatness of his task and the august nature of his auditory. But he had a degree of religious feeling, which gave him a confidence in the execution of what he conceived his great errand. He was of an ardent temperament, and he warmed in

his own defence into unexpected eloquence. Las Casas and others of his contemporaries have spoken of his commanding person, his elevated demeanour, his air of authority, his kindling eye, and the persuasive intonations of his voice. They gave majesty and force to his words, as, casting aside his maps and his charts, his visionary spirit took fire at the doctrinal objections of his opponents; and he met them upon their own ground, pouring forth those magnificent texts of scripture, and those mysterious predictions of the prophets, which, in his moments of enthusiasm, he considered types and annunciations of the sublime discovery he proposed. Among the number of those who were convinced by his reasoning and warmed by his eloquence, was Diego de Deza, a worthy and learned friar, of the order of St. Dominic, at that time professor of theology in the Convent of St. Stephen. He took a generous interest in the cause, and seconded Columbus with all his power. By their united efforts, it is said, they brought over the most learned men of the schools. One great difficulty was to reconcile the plan of Columbus with the system of Ptolemy, which all scholars revered, and which placed the earth in the centre of the universe. How would the most enlightened of these sages have been astonished, had any one apprized them, that Copernicus was then in existence, who was destined, in a few years, to reverse the whole system they re-

verenced so highly, and to place the sun where they imagined the earth to be! Notwithstanding the exertions of Columbus and his friends, there was a large mass of learned pride and bigotry which they were unable to convince; and which refused to yield to the demonstrations of an obscure foreigner, without fortune or connexions, or any academic honours. 'It was requisite,' says Las Casas, 'before Columbus could make his solutions and reasoning understood, that he should remove from his auditors those erroneous principles on which their objections were founded; a task always more difficult than that of teaching the doctrine.'

"Occasional conferences took place, but nothing was concluded; and the court soon afterwards moving to attack Malaga, the stir and bustle of military enterprise made him for a time forgotten."

"But not for ever," said Edward. "It was before Grenada, was it not, sir, that he finally received the consent of the queen to his proposal?"

"It was; and there, when we visit it, I will relate to you all the particulars: they are, if possible, more interesting than those I have just told you. One circumstance, in the conduct of Columbus, holds out a strong example to us. We cannot have his talent, and there is no other world to discover; but we may imitate that constancy of purpose in a good cause, which enabled him,

under very severe trials, bitter disappointments, poverty, and ill-usage, to adhere firmly to his purpose, through good report and evil report."

"This constancy of purpose," said Mrs. Delville, "gives us a wonderful idea of the internal belief he had of the success of so extraordinary an enterprise, and makes his conduct almost sublime. We are now accustomed to the new world, and to our eyes it has much less claim to attention than the old. But what must have been the feelings of that age, when the first sound of this new hemisphere reached them! What must have been the devouring curiosity of those who heard of it at a distance; and the profound amazement and interest of those who first saw the plants, the treasures, and the human beings brought from it! What an impulse it must have given to general adventure!"

"It did," said Mr. Delville. "Private individuals joined together; and more exploits and voyages were undertaken at that time than at any other. In this view all was triumphant and glorious; and never was the acumen of human intellect shown in a brighter light, or the resources of the human mind more wonderfully developed; but on the other hand, never did it display more revolting instances of cruelty, oppression, and ingratitude. Columbus died neglected, injured, and deprived of his stipulated rights. The most hor-

rible and devastating cruelties destroyed the people, and covered with misery and blood the paradise they had discovered. In every line of the history, the Spaniards appear in the most odious light; and when we see the present state of Spain, the colonies she had so long misgoverned severed from her at last, and hastening to prosperity by that separation, we feel that the poisoned chalice is indeed returned to the lips of this guilty people."

"Dr. Curtis called upon them the next day, according to his appointment, and was viewed with increased respect by the young people. He was kind and courteous in his manners, and full of information. He felt a particular pride in giving them details of the university, in which so large a portion of his life had been past, and in which he had acquired so much fame."

"The Tormes,"* said Mr. Delville to him, "has no doubt for you the same recollections, as the Isis and the Cam with us."

"It has. Our memory of the past is indeed more splendid than the present reality; but we still retain abundant claims to admiration and respect. We have sixty-one professors, besides a college for the three dead languages, and a school of anatomy. The philosophy of Aristotle is still taught here, though exploded elsewhere; but," he

* The river upon which Salamanca is situated.

added, with a smile, "light, at least the light derived from books, travels to us, you know, slowly."

"Our own universities," said Mr. Delville, politely, "have undergone great changes within my memory. May I ask to what the edifices on each side of this street are dedicated?"

"On one side are the lesser schools; on the other the university, properly so called. I see that gate has caught your attention; it is the admiration of all strangers."

The gate was beautifully sculptured, and bore a Hebrew inscription, signifying that it was the door to the sanctuary of the sciences. It opened to a court that led to the different schools. Bad paintings on the walls indicate the sciences taught in this part of the building; and ill-written Latin verses beneath record the generosity of the principal patrons of the university.

"You see," said the doctor, pointing to his name, "we honour Alfonso X., surnamed the Astronomer, and Ferdinand III., by perpetuating their devotion to that science."

"It is a pleasant distinction," said Mr. Delville.

"Few English kings, I think," continued the doctor, "have been ambitious of similar distinction."

"No; except our Henry, surnamed Beauclerc, and our James, of pedantic memory, we have had no literary monarch par excellence. Perhaps they

felt they had more important claims, in the duties of their high station. In general, however, they have been the friends of literature. That they have not pensioned our best writers, or too lavishly patronized them, is, I think, a circumstance highly favourable to the character of our literature. It is the undirected offspring of genius, not the courtly effusions of a set of men whose dependent position prevented their expressing their own thoughts, or addressing freely the minds of others."

"Your English press," said Dr. Curtis, "is, I am told, unfettered in a remarkable manner. We are now on the threshold of our library, which, though select, will not, I hope, be unworthy of your attention."

On entering the noble apartment devoted to learning, they were received by the librarians with the utmost affability and politeness: all that was peculiarly worthy of attention was pointed out with dignified courtesy. The library consisted of twenty thousand volumes, many in French and English; but Mr. Delville remarked that there were very few modern works. On the whole the collection was a good one. He entered into conversation with some of the clergy, who had many questions to ask about Oxford and Cambridge, and the course of study pursued there. In return for the information they received, they delivered their opinions with considerable learning and acuteness.

“Independent of our University,” said the chief master of the classes, “we have a more modern improvement in the great colleges, seven in number; of which four are fixed at Salamanca. The most distinguished youth in the kingdom are brought up in them; and formerly it was from them alone that those who were selected to take a part in the administration were chosen. Things are now changed, the lower orders of colleges have filled the offices of government; and fortune, always fickle, has not since smiled on her former favourites.”

In such conversation, an hour passed pleasantly away; and the English took their leave with respect for men whose situation was dignified, and whose endowments seemed to fit them so well for it. Nor were the Spaniards slow to acknowledge the merit of their new friends. With these mutual feelings, their last adieus were almost cordial.

Dr. Curtis accompanied them to the inn; but it was Friday, and he refused to dine with them.

He asked the route they proposed taking, and furnished them with several letters to his friends at Madrid, the advantage of which they felt afterwards. He strongly recommended their stopping at Segovia; and examining the curious economy of the Spanish sheep. He pointed it out as highly worthy the attention of an agricultural people.

“We English,” said Mr. Delville, “are all fond

of the country ; and take, certainly, a greater interest in such pursuits than any other nation."

"You are a wonderful people," said Dr. Curtis, "and I am proud of being a Briton ; yet I confess these are not my habitual feelings, though they are still to be found at the bottom of my heart.

"In all the common occurrences of life ; its every day cares and sorrows ; its familiar speculations ; and," he added more solemnly, "in its future hopes, I am a Spaniard."

"It is natural, very natural," said Mr. Delville ; "your household gods, your penates are here. Long, my dear sir, may you live for the advantage of both nations."

Dr. Curtis gave and received the most cordial adieus, and quitted at length the little party with something like regret.

CHAPTER VIII.

SPANISH SHEEP—SEGOVIA—AQUEDUCT—SCOURING THE
WOOL.

ON leaving Salamanca, the young people were very much interested in observing the gaiety and elegance of the provincial costume; and they remarked that the inhabitants seemed to be distinguished by greater neatness and affluence, and superior vivacity.

“The Leonese,” said Mr. Delville, “are zealous Catholics: on the religious fête-days they illuminate the fronts of the churches, and dance there all the evening to the music of the castanets and the pandero.* The lower class run through the streets at night, and make an incessant noise with this instrument.”

“A custom, I should think,” said Mrs. Delville, “more honoured in the breach than the observance; but the joy and sorrow of the lower orders is commonly noisy.”

“It is the case with all uncultivated minds,”

* An instrument similar to the Basque drum, but more piercing in sound.

replied Mr. Delville, "whatever be the rank of the individual. It is only education, and very early habit, that enables us to command our feelings of liking and disliking. A penetrating eye still discovers them as they flash forth, and faintly disappear. Something of this strong control over our feelings arises from distrust, and, perhaps, from pride. We are not sure that those around us will participate in our feelings, and we endeavour as much as possible to conceal them."

"Dr. Curtis," said Ellen, "had great command of countenance. When the procession passed us in the street, and those images were displayed that looked so like dressed dolls, not a muscle of his countenance moved; though I remarked that he stole a glance at you and mamma, to see what you felt."

"You are a nice observer, Ellen," said her mother; "but I doubt whether the doctor had any merit in keeping his countenance composed during the procession. He is too much accustomed to see these things to feel either astonishment or disgust; but he is sufficiently a man of the world to know that English spectators feel very differently from the Spanish looker-on."

"Yes," said her father, "the Roman Catholic in the presence of a Protestant has a nervous sensibility to exhibitions which, at any other time, he would pass unnoticed."

"Conscience," said Edward, "makes cowards of us all."

"It is not an evil conscience," said Mr. Delville, "for they commonly reverence and believe what we reject: but they know so well our opinion on the subject, that our presence on these occasions is disagreeable to them."

"Dr. Curtis," said Edward, "was a most entertaining companion. I wish, sir, you would tell us something of the curious system of pasturing the sheep, that he spoke of. It seems so singular that millions of sheep should be led about Spain. How much uncultivated land there must be!"

"There is a vast proportion for so rich a country. This subject has engaged the attention of some very sensible men; and there seems now hardly a difference of opinion amongst the better informed, as to the bad results of this wandering custom.

"Its details are, however, highly interesting, and I will endeavour to make you clearly understand them. The name of *merino*, which with us marks a particular kind of sheep, signifies in the language of the country, wandering, ambulatory; and is highly descriptive of their habits. They do not always remain in the same farm, or the same province; but they travel from one to another. Those who patronize this system say, that besides materially improving the wool, the dearth

of green food at certain seasons of the year, renders this plan indispensable. On the other hand, those who oppose it say, that in France and Estremadura, where this wandering custom is not followed, the wool is as fine and as good as that found on the backs of the travellers. Towards the beginning of May, nearly five millions of sheep leave the plains of Estremadura, Andalusia, Old and New Castille, and Leon; and are conducted by the shepherds to the mountains of the two Castilles, those of Biscay, Navarre, and even Arragon. On these more elevated spots, they find a fresher herbage, less dried up by the burning sun; which in summer destroys all verdure in the plains. The high ground near Segovia is very much frequented by the sheep."

"But how do they travel, papa? Who conducts them?"

"The details of their march, Ellen, are very curious. The rich proprietors, that is to say, those who possess the greatest number of sheep, have formed themselves into a company called the Mesta: this association being necessarily a monopoly, it is difficult to alter any of its laws. It would have been impossible for a few proprietors with small flocks to have undertaken these yearly peregrinations:—this society was formed to do away this inconvenience; and under the superintendence of persons chosen for the purpose, the

flocks are led to the uncultivated lands and mountains of Spain. The Mesta employ between forty, and fifty thousand shepherds, who lead a wandering and almost savage life, who never cultivate the ground and rarely marry; their knowledge being confined wholly to the sheep, and in that department they are very skilful. This society had its origin in the fourteenth century. The plague, which at that period destroyed two-thirds of the inhabitants of Spain, left immense tracts of country without proprietors. Those who first took possession of them, being without hands to cultivate them, turned them into pasture.

“Some noblemen wishing to put in their claim to these lands, seized upon the sheep; and in 1350, an edict of Alfonso, king of Castille, declared all the cattle under his special protection. A counsel of shepherds was accordingly formed; whose privileges were confirmed by John II., under the regency of the dutchess of Lancaster, his mother. This board acquired such high consideration, that in 1499, Queen Eleanor sent ambassadors to it, to request that they would feed their flocks in Portugal, paying to the owners of the land a small sum of money by way of indemnity.

“The flocks of the Mesta are divided into smaller troops of ten-thousand sheep each; at the head of which is a mayoral, or chief-shepherd, to direct them, fifty inferior shepherds, and the same num-

ber of dogs, who keep watch over the sheep. The chief-shepherd is on horseback, and has a salary of about sixty pounds English. The wages of the inferior shepherds vary according to their skill and usefulness. The best paid have about thirty shillings a month; and the worst, not more than eight: but to these last two pounds of bread a day are given. Every shepherd may have a certain number of sheep and goats of his own; but their wool belongs to the proprietor of the flock. The shepherd has only the milk, the flesh and the young ones they produce.

“Abundant supplies of salt are provided: the sheep eat as much of it as they like. The annual consumption for a thousand animals, is two thousand five hundred pounds.

“The Mesta is composed of proprietors possessing, some four, and others sixty thousand sheep.”

“The mayoral, or chief-shepherd,” said Edward, “had need to be an intelligent man.”

“He is selected for his activity, good sense, and experience. He is also obliged to have some knowledge of the diseases of sheep, and their cure. The march of these large flocks is regulated by particular laws, derived from immemorial custom. The sheep have a right of pasturage in all those waste lands which are reserved for that purpose, paying a fixed price to the proprietors, beyond which they can exact nothing. They cannot enter

upon cultivated grounds ; but the owners are obliged to reserve them a passage, forty-five fathoms wide. The sheep travel two leagues a day in their own pastures ; but they go six, when they pass through arable lands. Their emigrations extend to a hundred and twenty, and a hundred and fifty leagues.

“The Mesta has its particular laws, and a tribunal called the ‘Honourable Council of the Mesta.’ It is composed of four judges ; and one of the members of the Council of Castille is their president.”

“Pray, papa,” said Ellen, “what are the objections to this system ? Who are hurt by it ?”

“The kingdom at large, my dear. The cultivation of corn is neglected, which if more carefully attended to, would benefit the whole country, and give more permanent employment to the labouring classes.

“The feeding sheep benefits only their owners, who bear a very small proportion to the population of Spain.

“Within the last hundred years the value of wool has doubled, whilst the cultivation of grain, which requires so much labour, and is so precarious in its produce, has scarcely risen in price.”

“Do you know, sir,” said Edward, “the profit derived from a flock of ten thousand sheep ?”

“Ten thousand sheep produce about five-hun-

dred weight of wool, which will yield about two-thousand pounds of our money; from which the wages of the shepherds, losses, and all attendant expenses are to be deducted. The profit, however, is still very considerable: no risk attends the occupation, and the expenses may be estimated almost to a fraction, one year with another."

"And when are they shorn?" said Frank. "I love sheep-shearing time."

"I have been expecting that question," said his father. "It is in the month of May, when the fleece begins to be troublesome, that the wool is cut off. They begin their travels about April: and whether it be habit or instinct that then draws them to the climate most proper for them at that season of the year, it is said that the uneasiness they show to be off might, in case of need, serve as an almanac for their conductors."

"Does the shearing," said Frank, "take place in the fields? How I should like to see it!"

"This, in Spain," said Mr. Delville, "is an operation of great importance. It is performed in great buildings, contrived so as to receive whole flocks of forty, fifty, and even sixty thousand sheep. Each flock belonging to one proprietor is called *cavana*, to which is added the name of the proprietor. Some flocks have a greater reputation than others; and none but the wool of those accounted the best is used at the manufactory of

Guadalaxara, where the best cloth in Spain is made. These sheep-shearings are seasons of great festivity, the same as the vintage, or the harvest. It is a time of rejoicing both to the owner and workmen. The latter are divided into two classes; each of which has its distinct employment. A hundred and twenty-five shearers are necessary for every thousand sheep; and what is worthy of remark, each sheep produces four sorts of wool, more or less fine, according to the part from whence it is taken.

“As soon as the shearing is finished, the wool is made up in bags, and sent to the different sea-ports, where it is shipped without any other preparation. If it is not to be exported, it is sent to the different scouring-places in various parts of Castille.”

“Pray, papa, how is it scoured?”

“At Segovia, Ellen, we will go and see the process, which will make it much clearer than my description. And see, children! you are fortunate: there are two shepherd-boys on the hill with their dog. Look well at them.”

“How wild, yet happy, they look,” said Ellen. “The shirt, I suppose, is made of sheep’s-skin.”

“Yes, and underneath that is another of the same kind. What a fine dog! is it not Edward?”

“Yes; but it has not the perfect head and figure of Rover.”

“No,” said his father, with a smile, “I did

not mean to insinuate that any dog could equal Rover."

They were now approaching Segovia,* the *Are-vatorum* of the ancients. Their way led through a steep and winding road, on the side of an immense rock between two valleys.

"The sumptuous fêtes given to Anne of Austria, in 1570," said Mr. Delville, "prove how much more opulent the place was then than it is now. The goldsmiths, the jewellers, and the cloth and woollen merchants, were then the most opulent of the burgesses; but the introduction of foreign stuffs has greatly hurt the commerce of the place."

"Money," said Edward, "used to be coined here. I have at home a silver Segovia coin."

"Only copper money is coined here now. The more precious metals are stamped at Seville.

"The machine for stamping money is most ingenious. The stream of the small river Eresma, which you saw wandering at the foot of the mountain, turns all the wheels; and the whole process is performed almost without the assistance of man. A die, put in action by particular wheel-work, strikes at the same time both sides of the coin, and completes the border; which last is usually

* It was of the bridge of Segovia, which he had himself built, that Philip II. remarked, "That so fine a bridge only wanted a river."

struck by itself, after the double impression is made."

When they alighted from the carriage, Mr. Delville said, "There are two things we want to see here; and we must be off early to-morrow morning. One of them, the Alcazer, or palace of the Gothic kings, is situated on the highest part of the rock. Edward is very anxious to see it; but I think it would take the rest of the party half a day to go there and back. I propose sending him up to it with a guide; and he will give us, on his return, an account of what he has seen."

This was cheerfully agreed to; and, after a frugal meal of eggs and bread, he set off on his mountain-excursion; the rest of the party turned towards the town.

Segovia is built upon two hills, and spread over the valley by which they are separated. This position made it very difficult for a part of the citizens to be supplied with water. According to the learned, however, this difficulty was removed in the reign of Trajan, by an aqueduct, which to this day is one of the most astonishing and best preserved of the Roman works. It begins on a level with the rivulet it receives, and is at first supported by a single line of arches, not quite three feet high. It runs, by a gentle ascent, to the summit of a hill on the other side of the city; and appears to become more exalted in pro-

portion as the ground over which it is extended declines.

At its highest part it has the appearance of a bridge boldly thrown over a prodigious abyss. It has two arches, which form an obtuse angle relatively to the city, and it is at this angle that it becomes almost sublime. Two rows of arches rise majestically one above the other; and the spectator feels some impression of fear in comparing their slender base with their amazing height.

“How does it stand?” said Ellen, after the first burst of admiration had subsided. “Does it not look as if the first storm would throw it down?”

“And yet,” said her father, “it has braved uninjured the efforts of sixteen centuries. It is composed of square stones placed one upon another, without any exterior appearance of cement; though we cannot be certain whether they were really united without this aid, by being cut and placed with peculiar art, or whether the cement has been destroyed by time.”

“One cannot see those wretched houses,” said Mrs. Delville, “raised against the pillars of the arcades, without great regret.”

“As they scarcely rise to a third of the height of the aqueduct,” said Mr. Delville, “they serve at least to give an appearance of projection to its magnificent and lofty proportions.”

They would still have lingered at the aqueduct;

but their guide told them, that if they moved so slowly, the manufactory might, on their arrival, be closed. They therefore hastened their pace, and had the satisfaction to find they were in time. They were received with great civility by the director, who surprised them by speaking English.

Mr. Delville led to the object of their visit, by asking, what quantity of wool was annually scoured there.

“About five hundred ton,” he replied; “but by this operation it is reduced to one-half that weight. Our situation, you see, is well chosen: the ground is laid out in the form of a basin, the sloping sides of which terminate in a common; and being open to the sun and air in all directions, it is an excellent place for drying the wool.” He then led them to the spot where the wool was sorted, each fleece being carried there as it was tied up. Mr. Delville remarked upon the quickness and decision of the sorters, who were separating it into three heaps.

“They are so accustomed,” said the director, “to this business, that they find no difficulty in it: but it requires a long apprenticeship. When perfect in this part of the business, they can tell at first sight from what part of the animal each lock of wool is taken. There are, you see, different degrees of fineness. These three sorts thus separated, are extended upon wooden hurdles, where they are

spread, beaten, and cleansed from the dust and dirt. They are afterwards taken to the washing-place, which, if you will allow me, I will now show you."

The little party followed his guidance, and he stopped once or twice to answer the questions of the young people, with whose intelligence he seemed greatly pleased. The first thing they saw at the washing-place was an enormous copper.

"When the water in this great vessel is boiling-hot," said Senhor Melchor, "it is let out by these two great spigots, that open or shut certain pipes, by which it is conveyed into these three square wells, lined, as you see, with hewn stone, and which are about four feet deep. The hot water falls upon a bed of wool, that covers the bottom of each well, and which is turned in every direction by a man at each well. For each sort is washed separately, and according to its fineness, requires the water to be more or less hot. After this first operation; the wool is again spread upon hurdles to drain off the dirt and the water."

"And what is done with the coarse locks I see here?" said Mr. Delville.

"They are sold for the benefit of souls in purgatory," replied the director, devoutly crossing himself as he spoke; an example which was immediately followed by his men.

The wool underwent a second washing in cold

water, and was then laid out on the sloping meadows to drain and to dry.

The English party expressed themselves charmed with the simplicity and ingenuity of the arrangements. Senhor Melchor seemed gratified by their praise, and said, "Four sunny days are scarcely sufficient to dry the wool, even in this southern exposure. When this is accomplished, initial letters on the bags in which it is put, indicate the sort of wool contained in each: and they are accompanied by a mark, which points out the flock which has furnished it; so that a connoisseur who saw the bags, would say, 'This is fine, or superfine wool, from the Escorial, Negrette, or Bejar flocks; the only three we admit here, or which are used at Guadalaxara.'

Mr. Delville thanked the director for his politeness, and the Senhor pressed him to go into his house, and take a cup of chocolate; but the sun was now fast sinking behind the rocky defile which had been their entrance into Segovia; and with many acknowledgments for his politeness, the travellers bid him farewell.

"Papa," said Ellen, "I did not think I should like a manufactory so much; but I suppose I was not tired because I understood every thing I saw. I do not think, Frank, that Edward will have as much to tell us as we shall have to tell him; only," she added, "he will not believe it."

“And why not?” said her mother; “or if so, my dear, what is there in his disbelief to affect you?”

“Nothing at all, mamma,” she said, laughing; “only I know what he will say; he will talk of the mountain-air, and the roughness of the way, and of the sheep, and the castle; and then he will ask, if all that is not better than seeing fleas washed out of dirty wool.”

Every one laughed at this sally.

“You have a happy imagination, Ellen,” said her father: “I should never have thought of all the strong points of Edward’s case, but for your skill in arranging them. You forget the aqueduct; surely that is a heavy balance in our favour.”

“Thank you, papa; I am so glad you thought of it! How very beautiful it looked in deep shade; and that bright, catching light, running along each projection of the pillars!”

Ellen was destined to be disappointed. Edward returned about an hour after they had reached their inn; and the first words he spoke were in admiration of the aqueduct, which he had seen in every variety of position in his descent from the mountains, and had stood to admire under the magic influence of a flood of moonlight. He was in high spirits, charmed with his excursion, and glorying in having made it.

“Fair and softly,” said Ellen; “we have been charmed also.”

She was about to sit down near him, when he started up in affected alarm, protesting that they must have brought home as many fleas as would stock a watering-place.

“There, mother,” said Ellen, in a whisper over her shoulder “did I not tell you so?”

“I am afraid, indeed, my dear, it is a hopeless case. I advise you to ask him to relate his adventures: perhaps they are not so extraordinary as you imagine.”

This appeared very good advice, and she determined to follow it. When she had composed her countenance, she thus addressed him.

“Come, Edward, let us hear your adventures; what you saw, and how you liked the castle.”

“I had no adventures at all: I wish I had. It is a fine old palace; and Alfonso the wise began there to construct his astronomical tables. Since the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella it has not been a royal residence. I was shown the tower where Gil Blas supposes his hero to be shut up. The castle has a deserted look, though not very much out of repair; and one wing is used as a prison. What I most enjoyed was the mountain-walk, the beautiful views, the difficulty and sometimes the danger of the way. What did you see?”

"Oh, the aqueduct; and very beautiful it was: and the establishment for washing the wool, where every thing was so well arranged; and the wool-sorters showed great skill and intelligence: and then there was such a boiler, large enough, I think, to have boiled us all!"

"That I should like to have seen; but still I set my castle against your fleas."

"They are much upon a par," said Frank, coming to Ellen's assistance.

"How do you make that out?" said his brother.

"Why, they are both instruments of punishment."

"Thank you, good, kind Frank," said Ellen, while every one laughed heartily: and by the help of this lively repartee, the comparisons that had so distressed her were dismissed for the evening.

CHAPTER IX.

ST. ILDEFONSO—TOMB OF PHILIP V.—GARDENS OF ST.
ILDEFONSO—MADRID.

THE appearance of St. Ildefonso at a distance does not announce the residence of a great court. The country is barren; and a few wretched hamlets give no idea of a royal abode. Such are the feelings of a traveller as he approaches this celebrated palace: he does not suspect, that in that spacious, and seemingly naked horizon, there are manufactures of various kinds; such as paper, cloth, and glass; or that the environs of St. Ildefonso are decorated with rivulets, cultivated fields, meadows, and clumps of green oaks: yet such is in reality the case. On a nearer approach the country becomes more beautiful: a number of meandering streams beautify the verdure; and the deer, wandering through the copses or bounding on the hills, add life and interest to the landscape. The group of buildings, formed by the castle and adjoining edifices, at the base of mountains rising in naked grandeur, and covered to the very summit

with the foliage of trees, presents altogether a novel and delightful picture.

When they arrived at the gate fronting the royal residence, Mr. Delville observed, that "in planning St. Ildefonso, Philip V. was supposed to have had Versailles in his mind. It is known that he left France with great regret; and he probably wished to embody in his new kingdom, those recollections and associations that were dear to him. A Frenchman has observed, that this Spanish palace, in its resemblance to his own court, is like a diminutive shade in painting, and smooths the passage from one country to another, so as to lessen half the distance: and this I imagine to be the highest praise a Frenchman could bestow."

"Philip V., then," said Ellen, "was very fond of this place."

"The proofs of his attachment," said her father, (as they followed their guide to his tomb,) "have survived him. His remains are deposited in this chapel."

The young party stood round the mausoleum in silence: its very simplicity had in it something awful. The tomb which contains an illustrious individual always excites serious reflection. Their projects and their termination are brought before us in a more impressive manner. How much stronger is this feeling over the grave of a prince,

whose reign holds so distinguished a place in modern history, and forms the nucleus of the last exploits and greatest disasters of Louis XIV.; a prince, for whose interest Europe was agitated by three wars, within less than half a century; and whom innumerable conquests could not render happy.

“What a subject, my children,” said Mr. Delville, “for reflection on the vanity of all human greatness!”

They indulged these natural feelings at the tomb of Philip; and then turned gladly away, to visit the delightful abode which he had made for himself in the rocky bosom of the mountains and the solitude of the woods. The king's apartments looked out upon a parterre surrounded with vases and marble statues, embellished by a cascade, which, for the richness of its decorations, may be compared with the finest of its kind. These waters answer the double purpose of supplying numerous fountains, and diffusing life and verdure through the magnificent gardens, the sight of which many deem worthy a journey into Spain. They are a league in circumference, and the inequality of the ground affords every moment new points of view. The principal avenues answer to different summits of the neighbouring mountains; and one, terminated by the great front of the palace, is parti-

cularly pleasing. From that spot, five ornamented fountains are seen; the most remarkable of which is Neptune standing erect among his marine court.

The young people were enchanted.

"Oh! look, papa!" said Ellen, as the fountain of Fame rose in a single jet-d'eau of a hundred and thirty feet in height, and fell in a gentle shower around them.

The guide, who saw and enjoyed their admiration, now came forward, to say that there was a yet more beautiful spot to be seen.

They proceeded, accordingly, to a high, flat ground, in front of the king's apartment. In the thick part of the foliage, two arbours were contrived, from whence twenty watery columns, clear as crystal, rising to the height of the surrounding trees, united their confused noise, to the rustling of the leaves. There they seated themselves, and looked around with unsated eyes.

"Philip V.," said Mr. Delville, "did not enjoy this enchanting scene: death surprised him before the gardens were finished. It is melancholy to think, that the expences of this undertaking, together with the extravagant wars in which he was compelled to engage, ruined the finances of Spain. It is curious, that he died in debt, to the amount of forty-five millions of piastres—exactly the sum which this palace cost him."

“What an immense expence!” said Mrs. Delville; “especially as so much of what we admire seems owing to nature.”

“It is the triumph of art, my dear; for I understand, that at the beginning of the last century, this enchanting spot was only the sloping summit of a pile of rocks; that it was necessary to dig and hew out stones, and out of the sides of the rock to cut a hundred different channels, in order to convey vegetative earth to every place in which it was intended to substitute beauty for sterility; and to procure by mines, passages for the roots of the numerous trees which are planted there.”

“Wonderful!” said Ellen: “and what complete success has attended these endeavours: art has hid its own arts, which I remember mamma once said was its highest perfection.”

“One failure there has been, Ellen,” said her father, “and only one. The trees, naturally of a lofty growth, whose roots sink deep into the earth, already prove the insufficiency of art when it attempts to struggle against nature: many of them languish with withered trunks, and life stagnates in their naked branches. Every year new beds are made with gunpowder, to supply their places by fresh trees. Every thing here is charming; but as a whole, it wants shade.”

“Certainly,” said Edward, “I have never seen any thing like it before; and therefore I am per-

haps a better judge than more practised eyes, of its resemblance to nature: but I do not think that art is hidden: nature is not so perfect. It has always some happy defect which marks its freedom from the schoolmaster. I would rather wander, with my fishing-rod, a day by our own lovely Greta, than lounge here for a month."

"Hear him!" said Ellen. "Oh Goth! oh Vandal!"

"And I say, hear him," said his father, "for his sound, good sense. Long, my dear boy, may you preserve this simplicity of taste, and these home-attachments. Nature is always pleasant to us. Art, however exquisitely disguised, after a time, imparts less unmingled satisfaction."

From the gardens they went to see the celebrated manufactory for mirrors. It was then idle, so their curiosity was not gratified. The mould in which the largest is made was all they saw. It was thirteen feet and a half one way, seven feet nine inches broad, and six inches deep. The glass is not very clear; but from their size, these mirrors have found their way into most of the royal palaces of Europe.

They dined upon venison; and then proceeded to Madrid, which they were anxious to reach while it was light. Nothing on the road, even within half a mile of the city, indicated an approach to the capital of Spain: long files of mules

carrying chopped straw, as fodder, to Madrid were alone visible. There seemed neither environs nor outskirts, nor any of those accessories by which the metropolis is commonly distinguished. At length their eager eyes discovered, first, a dim outline, and then a forest of belfries and spires were clearly defined against the cloudless sky; till the whole city lay before them, built in the form of a long square; and fertile plains extending to the right and left.

They were stopped a few moments by the custom-house officers; but the scrutiny was the slightest possible. They caught a glimpse of Spanish ladies in the street; there was the mantilla and the fan they had heard of so much; the black sombre dresses, which gave the population a solemn air; the water-carriers, with their green jackets, offering with reiterated cries cold water to the passengers; the friars, one, two, three, four, they counted all in different dresses, before they had proceeded fifty paces; the glancing silver, and superb dresses of the military, each in their turn fixed their eager attention, and absorbed all their thoughts, till they stopped at "The Golden Fountain," the inn which was to receive them for the night.

CHAPTER X.

NEW CASTILLE—MADRID—PRADO—SERVANTS—VISIT TO
THE INQUISITION—ITS HISTORY.

THE first thing that a stranger does on arriving at the end of his journey, is to walk instantly into the town. Our travellers did the same. All eye and ear, their thoughts were yet so fixed on others, that they were unconscious how much they were themselves objects of attention. The first impression they received was, that every one seemed walking for amusement; none were occupied with business. The passengers had all that easy loitering step which indicates a perfect freedom from any imperative demand on their time or attention.

They had arrived themselves at a happy moment: the siesta was over, and every one was now on their way to the Prado. They went down the Calle de Alcala, and were struck with its beauty. Standing at the end of it, they saw on the right and the left the extensive Prado, with its four rows of trees stretching in fine perspective to the gates that terminate it: behind it is the magnificent gate of the Alcala; and before the Calle de Alcala they

had just passed through, stretching into the very heart of the city, and adorned on each side by a range of splendid buildings, most of them the hotels of the foreign ambassadors.

“What a beautiful street!” said Mrs. Delville. “I was not prepared for such a scene as this.”

“It deserves all your admiration,” said Mr. Delville; “but it is the only one of this description that you will see at Madrid. But let us move on; this crowd is all pouring into the Prado.”*

In the Prado they at length found themselves; and at first the novelty of the scene blinded their judgment and repressed their opinions; but the influence of novelty is soon over in young minds.

The carriages broke the spell. Frank espied one very neat in its outward appearance, driven by a coachman without stockings: his mirth was with difficulty stifled, as moving along with the slow pace of the Spanish grandee, it was perpetually in his sight. Another, covered with gilt and more than usually handsome in its finishing, had behind it a servant dressed like a street vagabond, without a coat, and to the last degree dirty and shabby. The contrast he offered to the stately individuals within was truly entertaining.

Ellen was caught by the fan used universally by

* A walk about two miles long, and two or three hundred yards broad. The frequented part is not above half a mile long, and without shade.

the ladies, the children, and the humblest females. In their hands it looked a totally different instrument to what she had seen it in her own country; and as she watched a child of six years of age, and an Asturian nurse, with her shirt, brown jacket, and blue and yellow petticoat trimmed with gold; and saw each fanning herself with profound gravity, she unconsciously laughed aloud. It was a soft, sweet laugh however, and the bright colour that immediately flushed her cheek was in very lovely contrast with the dark complexions of the Spanish ladies.

After passing an hour in the most frequented spot in Madrid, they went home full of all they had seen, and delighted to talk it over. Mrs. Delville remarked on the very superior manner in which the Spanish ladies walked to those of France or England.

"It is true," said Mr. Delville, "but easily accounted for. An Englishwoman walks for exercise; she goes out for air and health, and not solely to be seen or observed.

"The Spanish ladies walk only to be seen: they never go out without a careful attention to the toilette; and every step they take is with the view to make an agreeable impression. The result is, that the Spanish ladies far excel our countrywomen in this accomplishment."

While walking the streets, the young people

were struck by groups of women, especially at the fruit-stalls, combing and plaiting each others hair, and too frequently engaged in an examination of each other's heads that admitted of no mistake. Their discoveries were not always so distressing.

Walking out early one morning with his sons, Mr. Delville saw on one of the streets, "Calle de la Inquisition."* Their curiosity was immediately awakened, and they had no difficulty in finding the edifice itself; but it was only the building where prisoners were confined, not that in which they were judged and tortured. This was in an adjoining street, called the Street of the grand Inquisitor, whose house, including all the offices of that court, occupied it almost entirely.

"Is it not astonishing, sir," said Edward, "that during the time of the Constitution, when a general freedom from all old abuses was proclaimed, that the Inquisition was not thrown down? In a popular commotion at Rome, in 1559, on the day of Paul the fourth's death, a Roman mob liberated the prisoners in the Inquisition, wounded the grand inquisitor, burnt the house down to the ground, and were with great difficulty prevented from destroying the principal convent of the Dominicans."

"It does indeed appear extraordinary that no

* Street of the Inquisition.

burst of popular feeling was directed against it ; but we are told that it was not an object of abhorrence to the common people ; and that the leaders of the movement-party did not object to that tribunal ; and even thought it necessary for the prosperity of Spain. If this be true, and we hear from good authority that it is, it explains its safety."

The building used as the prison of the Inquisition was constructed above immense vaults, originally formed by the Moors, and afterwards converted into dungeons.

Mr. Delville requested permission to visit them ; but he was informed that the air in the dungeons is such as to render a visit unsafe.

"I do not imagine," he replied drily, "that it was ever very wholesome or invigorating ; but if I am disposed to venture will you go with me ?"

"No, Senhor."

The door was closed, and no further conversation took place.

From the prisons they went to the other branch of the Inquisition, in the adjoining street. A part of the house of the grand inquisitor is in a dilapidated state ; but other parts are inhabited by private individuals.

The porter, though they bribed him liberally, made much difficulty in allowing them to enter ; and they were almost in despair of succeeding,

when he consented to conduct them to the room formerly used as the hall of justice, or rather of judgment. They saw nothing but a long gloomy room, without one article of furniture; but it required little exercise of imagination to see, in fancy, the inquisitors and their satellites, the trembling victims and the instruments of torture. It appears incredible, that any others than those to whom its existence would bring power or wealth, should desire the re-establishment of the Inquisition.

“Yet I believe,” said Mr. Delville, “that a large number of the Spaniards would look upon it with complacency.”

“Papa,” said Frank, “I do not quite understand what the Inquisition was, or how it proceeded, or why it is so much abused. While we are sitting in the shade of the botanical garden will you tell me?”

“I have no objection. Edward has made me the same request; and I think it is a subject that would not please either your mother or Ellen. Pope Innocent III., alarmed by the first dawn of those opinions which afterwards ushered in the full light of the Reformation, appointed a commission for the prosecution and punishment of heretics in the provinces of Languedoc, Provence, Dauphiné, and Savoy. This was followed by the establishment of an Inquisition in those countries, in 1208. In every corporation permanent inquisito-

rial commissioners were established, composed of the parish priest and three lay assistants. They were invested with unlimited powers for the discovery of heresy, in the bosom of private families, and the silent recesses of the heart. By degrees, however, these important powers were withdrawn from the bishops and secular assistants, and committed, without participation or reservation, to the newly-established order of mendicant friars, founded by St. Dominic. 'It was necessary,' observes the learned Abbé Marsollier, 'to confide this charge to persons in a perfect dependence on the court of Rome, and devoted to her interests. It was requisite to have leisure and be undisturbed by other employments, and be without parentage, alliances, or ties, that they might have neither connexion nor interest with any one. They were required to be hard-hearted, inflexible, without pity and without remorse; because they were to establish a tribunal the most severe that the world ever saw. Finally, they were to be zealous for religion, moderately or not at all clever, but interested by particular and personal views in the ruin of heretics.' All these requisites were united in the mendicant order of St. Dominic, and in their hands alone this terrible tribunal was placed. Every portion of that institution, its form, intention, and execution was the offspring of the evil

spirit: it partook of his character, and created all the misery and wretchedness that properly belong to him.

“ It was under the pontificate of Gregory IX., and in the year 1232, that Spain received the same benefit which had been conferred on the south of France. It is remarkable that Spain, a country over which it has for more than three centuries exercised an unrelenting despotism, was that in which its first establishment was most firmly resisted, and where it was the slowest in taking root. Catalonia, Valencia, Aragon—all successively rose up in arms against it. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the form of procedure against the accused was different from what it afterwards became; but it was not till the reign of Ferdinand V. and Isabella, that the Inquisition assumed the peculiar form and character, which it afterwards maintained, even down to the period of its abolition, under Joseph Buonaparte. You will be sorry to hear that Diego Deza, the Dominican friar who so warmly espoused the cause of Columbus, in the Dominican convent at Salamanca, was himself Inquisitor at Cordova; and such were the cruelties he practised, and the abuses of his authority, that the people rose up against him. He was tried; and though the favourite of Ferdinand, having once been his confessor, yet the

crimes laid to his charge were so clearly proved, that he was deposed. Such is the imperfect state of human virtue."

"And Columbus, sir," said Edward, "was he a partizan in those actions?"

"We must not enquire too curiously into the opinions of that great man on that point. He lived in an age when all religion consisted in a very strong feeling of bigotry; and since he was never called upon to declare them, we may give him the benefit of that silence."

"What were the forms used, sir?"

"Denunciation and secret impeachment. This is the most usual mode of proceeding in the Inquisition in preference to that of accusation. Anonymous denunciations are received with the same avidity, and acted upon precisely in the same manner as those given under the sanction of a name; and though by the constitution of the holy office, an information upon oath subjects the informer, if his charge prove calumny, to the same punishment which would have been inflicted upon the denounced, had he been condemned, yet the inquisitors have in no instance awarded this punishment. Their policy being to encourage denunciations, they soon found it expedient to dispense with a law which would have rendered the holy office nearly idle. Denunciation was never more frequent than at the approach of the

Easter communion, when the confessors imposed it as a sacred duty upon their penitents, to disclose all they had seen, heard, or learned, which either was, or appeared to be contrary to the Catholic faith, or to the rights of the Inquisition. This abuse of what the Catholics call the sacrament of confession, for the purpose of encouraging the basest tendencies of the human heart, was solemnly authorized, by the public reading, in all the churches, during two Sundays in Lent, of an ordinance to that effect, issued by the Inquisition, in which they denounced on those who did not act up to this injunction, the most horrible canonical censures; a proceeding, as it has been justly observed, as unbecoming the place in which it was promulgated, as it was opposed to the spirit of the gospel. The consequence was, that many persons, recollecting certain loose or unguarded speeches, to which at the time they had attached no evil import, became uneasy at not having revealed them, made their confessors the confidant of these scruples, and they lost no time in transmitting them to the Inquisition. The nearest relations were not exempt from this horrible treachery. The husband and the wife, the father and the child, were mutually denounced; for on these conditions alone absolution was procured."

"O father, how horrible!" said Edward.

"Horrible indeed, my son; and this fact alone

accounts for much of that low tone of morals and feeling which is obvious in Catholic countries. This iniquitous tribunal had three sorts of prisons, public, intermediary, and secret. The public ones are those in which the holy office confines persons who, without being guilty of any crime against the faith, stand accused of some offence, the punishment of which belongs by privilege to, and is within the jurisdiction of the Inquisition. The intermediary are destined for the reception of those servants of the holy office, who have committed some crime, or have been guilty of some fault, in the exercise of their functions, without being suspected of heresy. The secret prisons, which we were not allowed just now to visit, were those where heretics, or persons suspected of being heretics, were shut up; and where they could hold no communication except with the judges of the tribunal. What renders these prisons truly terrible is, that no one ever enters them without being eternally lost in public opinion. In Spain all kinds of infamy are inferior to this. In his own estimation and that of his countrymen, the galley-slave, condemned to wear iron on his limbs for life, is respectable, when compared with him, however innocent, who has inhabited those dens of infamy and shame. What must have been the reflections, what the agonies of spirit, endured by the miserable being consigned to those abodes of

worse than death. During the winter months they were fifteen hours out of the twenty-four in utter darkness; for no prisoner was allowed to have light after four o'clock in the afternoon, or before seven in the morning: he was exposed to all the rigours of cold, in a retreat where the cheerful blaze of a fire was never seen; and to aggravate these bodily sufferings, he was conscious that his name was blasted for ever. The minds of the unhappy prisoners, we are told, became a prey to so inexpressible a dejection, that they settled into a hopeless and sullen despondency; a despair so strong and intense, that it is said the rack itself was unable to rouse them out of it. I will not shock you, my children, by a detail of the horrors of the torture. While it was inflicted in the most inhuman manner, two inquisitors and a secretary were present; which last person took down, not only all the forms of accusation, and all the answers made by the accused; but noted also every sigh, every tear, and every exclamation of the prisoner: thus leaving, unconsciously, a record against themselves, that will no doubt appear in that day, when we are told we must give an account of even every idle word."

"How could human nature bear such afflictions?" said Edward: it seems impossible.

"It is indeed wonderful; and the mixture of strength and weakness has sometimes excited in my

mind a deeper tribute of admiration than I have felt for those who never shrunk from the deadly pangs they were compelled to endure. We hear of those who, in the midst of unendurable pain, have recanted their religious opinions, yet twenty-four hours after refused to sign that recantation. This always has struck me as great courage; for they have experienced the evil they yet venture again to endure for truth's sake. The instances of fortitude are at all times wonderful in the victims of the Inquisition, because the whole system is addressed to the mind as well as the body. Before corporeal torture is inflicted, the accused are made to taste all the bitterness of mental anguish, and all the sickness of hope delayed, before pain is inflicted."

"They must have some other motive, surely, sir. It cannot be even a fanatic love of truth that led them to the commission of such crimes."

"No, certainly not. When a man was arrested on a charge of heresy his estate was confiscated: when convicted, it was sold for the benefit of the Inquisition, whose retainers were paid out of it. Nothing was easier than a charge of heresy; a crime always difficult to define and of very arbitrary construction. The inquisitors had always in their pay a set of miscreants, ready to denounce any one pointed out to them; and in nine cases out of ten, the plunder to be obtained was

the prime, or rather sole motive of the prosecution. They prevented all improvement, and they banished knowledge from the kingdom; and cherished, in the ill-fated nation over which they tyrannised, the most odious of all vices—domestic treachery. Of them may we truly exclaim, in the language of Scripture: ‘O my soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honour, be not thou united. Their feet run to evil, and they make haste to shed innocent blood; their thoughts are thoughts of iniquity; wasting and destruction are in their paths.’”

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CHAPTER XI.

MANNERS AND FASHIONS OF MADRID.

BEING now comfortably settled in lodgings, they set themselves seriously to sight-seeing. One of their favourite places of resort was the botanical garden, to which, by the letters of Dr. Curtis, they had a constant access. It is more frequented by gentlemen than ladies, in consequence of a regulation of which they were unable to understand the motive. Every lady on entering must throw aside her mantilla; it is not sufficient to let it fall on her neck, it must hang on her arm. The Spanish ladies consider this obligation as amounting to a prohibition: for the proper arrangement of a mantilla is no trifling or easy task, and not to be accomplished without the aid of a mirror: she, therefore, rarely exposes herself to a discipline which might send her to the Prado with her mantilla awry.

Such was their morning's amusement: and once they went to the theatre; where, necessarily, most of the wit of the play was lost upon them, though they had sufficient amusement in looking round the house, and remarking its arrangement, so dif-

ferent from those of English theatres. The ladies sat in a part of the house by themselves, the places of which being of the highest price, they might afterwards go to any part of the house they liked. This permission was evidently acted on; some going to speak to their friends in the pit, others reaching no further than lobby, where they staid to talk to their acquaintance. At the conclusion of the entertainment, the bolero was danced by two Andalusian peasants, in their gay and glittering dresses; and this exhibition pleased them more than all the rest of the performance.

In private houses they were often gratified by excellent music; not on the guitar, for in Madrid it was rarely to be heard; but on the piano; most of the ladies playing very well. Their vocal powers are not considered so good: they were disappointed in the Spanish singing. Italian songs were the voluntary choice of the fair musician; but if requested they sang Spanish music. Their tertulias, or evening parties, they found remarkably dull: such was their estimation of it, because they had enjoyed the pleasures of a cultivated society in England: but the Spanish ladies were not sensible of any thing wanting in their assemblies: those who were well known to each other met regularly, at a particular house selected for the evening; talked, and played a little at cards, and separated at eleven; no refreshment of any kind being

handed round, or thought of. Foreigners who had good introductions, received a general invitation to go to their house of an evening whenever they liked; but Spanish conversation was so little suited to English ideas and feelings, that Mrs. Delville and Ellen rarely mixed with them. The same objection did not exist to appearing in public, and where there was any thing to be seen, they were certain to be found. After having visited the Prado every day for a week, they began to think that it was possible to be weary even of that gay scene; and they gradually learned to prefer the more quiet walk of the Retiro. There, one day, they had the good fortune to see Ferdinand VII. walking, attended only by a valet.

Mr. Delville pointed him out, and all turned to look at the absolute king.

“What!” said Ellen, “that stout gentleman in blue?”

“Yes, even so; that stout, jolly-looking gentleman in blue, is Ferdinand VII. of Spain.”

“He has not such a very bad look, has he?” said Ellen. “Look, how he is laughing!”

“It is said, and probably with truth, that his real failing is in having no character at all; a circumstance which has always left him at the mercy of those counsellors, who were for the time being at the head of the government. He was most unfortunate in his early years, and in having a

bad mother. To a king, the consequences, the mischiefs arising from a bad education, are irreparable. A man in a lower condition of life has some chance of having a portion of its evil influence corrected by those around him, and his own experience; a king, never. Truth arrives always slower at the foot of a throne than elsewhere; but at the throne of an ignorant monarch it never arrives at all."

On their return home, among other objects of curiosity, they remarked upon the extraordinary thickness of the external doors of the houses at Madrid.

"They are like the doors of a prison," said Frank.

"Yes," said Mr. Delville, "and the caution with which they open them confirms the resemblance. When you ring at the door of a Spanish house, the answer to the bell is, 'Who is there?' and the reply, literally, 'People of peace.'"

"Yes, papa; how astonished I was when we called at *Senhor Mendoza's*, to see them draw aside that little shutter in the great door, and look out and reconnoitre us; and even when this examination had taken place, the porter seemed to hesitate in letting us in. What can this seemingly churlish habit arise from?"

"In the first place, Ellen, none but the richest people have houses to themselves. The floors

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Then he is not hospitable," said Edward.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

'Man wants but little here below.'

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

CHAPTER XII.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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CHAPTER XIII.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BULL-FIGHT.

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

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

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

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

Mr. Delville laughed.

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

They set off, and arrived in excellent time, at

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The danger of the picador, who is thrown upon

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER XV.

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

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

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

* Twenty-five miles south of Madrid.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"But Polinario," said Mr. Delville.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“And does he find this plan advantageous?”

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

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

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

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

"What a splendid situation!" said Ellen.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Struck by this noble lesson, Alhaken returned

* *Cadi*, judge.

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER XVI.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I remarked," said Mrs. Delville, "another

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

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

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

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

As they walked through the market they were

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“This indeed,” said Ellen, “is

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

CHAPTER XVII.

HISTORY OF COLUMBUS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“ When Columbus landed, the multitude thronged

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER XVIII.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I cannot inform you; but I think it very probable."

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

last look of his fair domains, and faltering out his parting benediction, "God is great!"

It was with these excited feelings that they entered Grenada, and occupied an hotel which gave them a splendid view of the Alhambra. Hither they hastened the next morning. They entered the ancient palace of the Moorish kings, by what was called the gate of judgment: upon it is a key, sculptured on the marble, surmounted by a hand. They passed the remains of seven gates, before reaching the inner court, where Charles V. had the bad taste to project the erection of a palace, which yet remained unfinished. Close to this palace stands the Alhambra, the most perfect monument of Moorish splendour that exists. Passing through an oblong court, with a colonnade at each end, they arrived at the court of lions.

"Formerly," said the guide, "this was paved with marble: it is now converted into a garden. It has a colonnade of one hundred and forty white pillars; and in the centre, as you see, is the celebrated fountain, supported by fourteen lions."

"Here, probably," said Mr. Delville, "during the falling fortunes of the Moorish kings, they retired, to meditate upon their altered destiny; and it was here, perhaps, that the undaunted Muza gave, in vain, those warlike counsels to Bobadil, which he was unable to follow, and which lost him his true and tried friend. Upon the alabaster

bowl, which the lions supported, are these concluding words: 'The purity of the alabaster and of the water may vie with each other. If thou wouldst distinguish the water, look narrowly into the bowl; for both might be liquid, or both solid, The water seems to envy the beauty of the basin, where it lies; and the basin is jealous of the crystal water. Beautiful is the stream that issues from my bosom, thrown high into the air by the profuse hand of Mahomed. His generosity excels the strength of the lion.'

From the court of lions they wandered into several halls, all magnificent, resembling each other, and all remarkable for the beauty of the walls and roofs. The fatal hall of the Abencerrages fixed their attention, from the history of treachery, and carnage attached to it. In the year 1491, when Abdali was king, two great families, the Gomels and the Legris, conspired the ruin of the Abencerrages, the greatest of the Moorish families. To effect this, they invented a story, which touched the honour of the king, and connected it with Albin Hamet, the chief of the family. The king, in his fury, resolved to extirpate their race; and they were sent for to the Alhambra, one by one, and the moment they entered, they were seized, and beheaded beside an alabaster vase, which now stands in the middle of the hall, and which is said to have overflowed with

their blood. Thirty-five of the family fell victims; but the rest being warned by a page who escaped, they raised the city in their cause, penetrated the palace, and slew many of the Gomels and the Legris, who there defended the king, who finally took refuge in a neighbouring mosque. The conquest of Grenada speedily followed this event.

“A house divided against itself must fall,” said Mrs. Delville; while the young people gathered round the alabaster vase, and dwelt on the recent tale they heard.

It was not one day that could satisfy their curiosity about the Alhambra. Morning after morning they devoted themselves to it, and listened eagerly to all the wild tales and traditions that their guide was equally ready to tell. He was flattered by the profound attention with which the young English people listened to him.

From these pleasures, that realized all their romantic dreams, they were drawn by a visit to the cathedral. They were shown the sarcophagi of Ferdinand and Isabella, in white marble. They chose that their remains should repose in the city they had been so proud to acquire.

“The conquerors and the conquered,” said Mr. Delville, “are now at rest. This is a reflection which might well make many conquerors tremble at their victories.”

When they were visiting, a few days afterwards,

the estates of the duke of Wellington, about two leagues from Grenada, Ellen remembered this observation.

“The duke of Wellington, papa,” she said, “had nothing to reproach himself in his conquests: they will wear well.”

“They will. We were happy to have a countryman of so much ability, to execute the generous purposes of a generous people; and he was happy in a country which has seldom made war for its own aggrandizement. The annals of the Spanish campaign will always be a proud page in English history.”

The walks and the views about Grenada were beautiful. Their favourite walk was by the side of the banks of the Douro, which flows through a deep and finely-wooded ravine; and while all the beauty of the valley was around them, they had at intervals beautiful glimpses of the fair and distant city. Their introductions gave them access to the high, and their wanderings made them acquainted with the humbler classes. The mornings were often devoted to visits, gladly received; and they were sure to find the Spanish ladies, dressed for company, seated on a sofa, their fans in their hands, their basket at their feet, and their embroidery before them. There was great quickness and liveliness in their conversation; which, if not always intelligent, was amusing. They

were ready, as far as they were able, to answer the questions of the travellers; and Ellen was in a fair way of being spoiled, by the praises they bestowed on her beauty. Frank was a general favourite, and learned to dance the bolero almost as well as they did themselves. He had a quick ear, and caught their tunes and accent in perfection. His lively manners, artlessness, and spirit, were to them irresistible. He was always wandering about, and forming some new friendship, or making some new discovery.

Edward, more reserved, was less courted. He had made acquaintance with a priest of considerable talent, and was acquiring from him some valuable knowledge of the history and jurisprudence of Spain. This was an intimacy which Mr. Delville cheerfully promoted, while he was careful to accompany them often, and, unperceived, to watch the tendency of the information thus kindly given; and he was glad to withdraw Frank from an idolatry daily more absurd, and of which the boy was himself ashamed.

After a stay of six weeks, the day was at length fixed for their departure; and though there was no longer an object unvisited, yet it was a subject of regret to every one that they could stay no longer. But to have remained would have defeated all their plans for the winter; they therefore paid a farewell visit to their many friends, and their

favourite and regretted Alhambra. They walked through the market-place, and sent the carriage on before. They had never seen so extraordinary a show of fruit and vegetables. They purchased a melon for a penny, and found the flavour superior to any thing they had before tasted. To their astonishment, however, they saw that nothing had so quick or ready a sale as boiled potatoes: a regular steam-boiler was in constant requisition, and the demands upon its produce were incessant. Frank gave a penny to a little boy, who was standing looking on with wishful eyes. He bought some immediately, and sitting down, prepared to enjoy himself. Frank would gladly have done the same, but there was no time.

CHAPTER XIX.

CHARACTER OF THE MURCIANS—INUNDATION OF LORCA—MURCIA—TOWER OF MURCIA—ENGLISH AND SPANISH MODES OF LIFE—SOULS IN PURGATORY—EARTHQUAKE AT LA GRANJA—STORY OF THE MANIAC—DATE-TREES AT ELCHE—ALICANT—MOORISH PHYSICIANS—VALENCIA—CATHEDRAL—RELICS—TILE MANUFACTORY—RICE-GROUNDS—MANUSCRIPTS AT THE CONVENT OF LOS REYES.

THE regret of the English travellers for leaving Grenada, was heightened by the melancholy prophecies of their friends, concerning the misery of their accommodation on the road, and the certainty of being robbed more than once. If Mr. Delville had been alone, he would have disregarded these prognostications of evil; but having ladies with him, he thought it best to err on the safest side. He procured an escort of four soldiers at the cost of thirty-five dollars; and was assured, that under that protection he might travel all over Spain.

When they had given their last farewell glance to the Alhambra and Grenada, their attention was

directed to Murcia, and the character of its inhabitants. "They are remarkable," said Mr. Delville, "for their idleness and indifference. The Cardinal Bellegu, who was long their bishop, observed of them in a jest, that the sky and the soil of their country was good; but that which was between them, (meaning the inhabitants,) was detestable. This prelate, however, during the celebrated war of succession in Spain, being devoted to Philip V., put himself at the head of the Murcians, defeated the troops of the archduke Charles, and afterwards took Carthagena; so that he had no reason to complain of their courage. In the time of the Moors, Carthagena being attacked by the celebrated Abdellaris, the women dressed themselves like men, and rivalled the garrison in valour."

"These, Frank," said his mother, "these are ladies after your own heart."

Frank, however, was not quite sure:—he had some indistinct idea, that arms were not suited to a woman's hand: but his attention was so occupied by the soldiers, that he had not time to decide the point.

"What makes the Murcians so indolent, papa?" said Ellen.

"I do not know; unless it be the bad habits in which they are brought up. Murillo says, that the children are so spoiled by their mothers, that

they cannot endure to lose sight of the belfry of their native town. From this cause it is, that so few Murcians are seen in the universities, fewer still in the army, and yet more rarely in the marine. They only wish for idleness and plenty to eat. Their inactive disposition is not confined to the gentry; the artisans and labourers partake of it. They eat often, because they live upon vegetables highly seasoned with pepper. They have a particular dislike to beef, and think those who like it are Jews; in consequence of which prejudice it is not publicly sold in the market-place, but brought privately from a distance of three leagues. The costume of the villagers you will find highly picturesque."

The first town of any consequence at which they arrived was Bazu. They came upon it by surprise, after travelling over a plain swept by all the cold winds from the snowy mountains by which it was bounded, when it suddenly terminated in an abrupt descent, and the warm, sheltered valley in which the village stands received them.

The inn was unusually good; and they found themselves repaid for all they had suffered over the almost frozen plain. Early as they set off the next morning, they found time to go and see the nine iron columns in the market-place, made from the nine cannon with which Ferdinand

and Isabella took the town, after a desperate resistance. Upon one of them is the following inscription :—" It was with these cannon that Ferdinand and Isabella took the city from the Moors, in 1489, on the festival of St. Barbara, the patroness of the city."

As they passed Culla de Bazu, Frank remarked that there were more crosses, indicating murder, there than they had seen elsewhere.

" It is a curious circumstance," said Mr. Delville, " that these atrocities are more common near small villages than in more solitary places."

Lorca was their resting-place for the next night. It is picturesquely situated under the brow of a mountain; and an old castle surmounting the beetling cliff gives interest to the view.

It was market-day, and they saw a costume quite new to them. The women wore large white woollen shawls, thrown over their heads like a mantilla; and the men had white drawers, only reaching two inches below the knee, no stockings, and rope sandals. The Spanish hat was replaced by a black montera cap, fitting close to the head, with a small rim turned up all round. Others, from the cold Sierra, wore striped blankets, not unlike the Scottish tartans.

The market was full of a variety of articles; and Mrs. Delville delighted Ellen by buying a pair of rope-sandals, and a specimen of all that was new

or unusual; though Mr. Delville protested he did not know where they would find room to stow them away.

On the door of the Cathedral was a most liberal supply of indulgences from the archbishop of Carthage, and within the church were the names and banners of the Jews burned by the Inquisition.

“These registers of inhumanity and unchristian conduct,” said Mr. Delville, “placed here in the house of God, have an almost appalling effect on the mind; it is like placing an unrepented sin perpetually before the eyes of the Almighty.”

When they were again seated in the carriage, Ellen asked her father, what inundation it was about which he was questioning the landlord.

“It was one that happened here. It was a most severe calamity; and its effects are not yet, and probably never will be, overcome. Lorca enjoyed the greatest prosperity; but it is now arid and barren, from the destruction of an immense reservoir, which collected and distributed all the water for irrigation. Before this reservoir was constructed, every proprietor disposed at his pleasure of the water scattered over the country. A man named Lenourda submitted to the government a plan for regulating the irrigations; and this plan was rendered more than usually acceptable, from its offering to the crown an evident advantage. The reservoir was built, and an immense body of

water was collected in it. Unhappily, though the walls were very solid, they were not able to resist the accumulation of so large a mass of water. On the 30th of April, 1802, a weak part of the lining gave way, and the water rushed out on every side with such impetuosity that it swallowed up men, animals, trees, houses, and the public buildings; even huge rocks were swept away by it. The town of Lorca was almost wholly destroyed; and its ravages extended to a distance of six leagues Murcia itself felt its influence, though twelve leagues off.

“Six thousand persons, and twenty-four thousand cattle lost their lives by this fatal disaster. The unfortunate engineer was its first victim, he did not usually reside at Lorca, but he happened to be there that day, and hastened to the spot, hoping to provide some remedy for the disaster:—he was swept away in the torrent. The inhabitants looked upon his death as an act of divine justice.”

At the close of the fourth day from leaving Grenada they found themselves in Murcia. Within a league of that city, they entered the highly cultivated valley in which it is situated. It was a garden in which perpetual spring seemed to flourish, all was fragrant, green, and blooming. On a nearer approach, the road was enlivened by the country people, in their short white trowsers, crim-

son sash, and montera caps, while the carts and waggons, mules and horsemen increased at every step. It offered, in the life and movement it displayed, a striking contrast to the lonely deserted road that leads to Madrid. The streets themselves were clean, and the populace seemed less ragged, and wretched in their appearance. The convent-gardens skirt the streets, as they do in Seville, and the walls are overtopped by the heavily laden orange-trees, and the slender palm. As they drove to their inn a friar walked a little way before them, holding in his hand an image of St. Anthony, which the children were eagerly pressing forward to kiss.

The Cathedral, with its fine marbles and Gothic chapels, seemed hardly worthy their attention, after having seen that of Seville; but they mounted by an easy ascent, without stairs, to the tower, which is the principal boast of the Cathedral, being ten feet higher than that of Seville. The vale of Murcia was seen to great advantage from this spot. It is sixteen miles long and eight wide, and offers a rich variety of green, and trees of every hue and every form. Towards the east, where the vale narrows, the spires of Oripuela were distinctly visible, at the distance of ten miles; such was the purity of the atmosphere and the cloudless sky. The mountains that surround the the vale of Murcia are not unproductive. They

produce an abundance of vines and olives; but the Murcians are not celebrated for taking the utmost advantage of the gifts of nature. The oranges are an article of considerable commerce. The merchants who are engaged in it, mounted on donkeys, form sometimes small caravans. As they are not without fear of robbery, they sport a gun on their saddle, and ride with a martial air, wrapped in their blue cloaks. The donkeys, natives of Andalusia, are of a large size, and an infinitely superior animal to those seen in England.

“ Papa,” said Ellen, “ are we not to see the silk-manufactory ?”

“ It is so inferior to that of Valencia, my dear, which we shall visit shortly, that it seems a waste of time. It used to employ sixteen thousand persons; now they hardly require four hundred. Here it is all hand-labour: at Valencia machinery is used, so that Murcia has no chance of competition. The land round Murcia, as well as Grenada, has been infinitely less profitable to the agriculturalists, since the loss of the Spanish colonies has created a necessity for the imposition of new burdens upon the soil. In the vale of Murcia two crops are produced yearly: wheat and lentils, wheat and maize, or wheat and beans; and it returns about five per cent.

At Murcia they dismissed their escort of soldiers, satisfied that the fears of their friends at

Grenada, rather than the necessities of the road, had made them necessary; though they afterwards learned that the dispersion of a noted band in Andalusia, and their escape into Portugal, had been the chief cause of their safety.

The diligence goes in ten hours from Murcia to Alicante; and Mr. Delville thought it best to take advantage of it. They set off at an early hour, on a November morning. Nothing could surpass the beauty of the road; and the date-trees that border it, are said to be finer than those of Africa.

“Who could believe,” said Mrs. Delville, “that this is November, if we were only to look at the sky and the foliage?”

“How differently,” said Ellen, “the poor folks are feeling in Yorkshire: what red noses, blue lips, and frozen fingers they are now heirs to! O, I feel cold when I think of it!”

“Remember,” said Edward, “the vigour of mind and body they enjoy; the clear, decisive purpose, and the power and the will to carry it into execution; and look and envy, if you can, these pale-faced, nerveless creatures.”

“In the daily concerns of life,” said his father, “your observation may have some truth; but you must remember, that the nature of our climate requires great exertions for a man to live, and too often he lives but miserably with them all. Here

the common necessities of life are so reasonable, that he has no motive for labour; and I confess it is pleasant to me to see the people able to live and enjoy themselves, without that perpetual toil that gain brings with it in England."

"But, father," said Edward, "I thought you liked energy of character."

"I do, when it is necessary; but I am not an enemy to the innocent enjoyments of life. The *dolce far niente** of the Italians is grateful at times to us all: and I think we should all be happier in England, if we sacrificed less to show, and were content with humbler modes of existence. I am persuaded that both mind and body are frequently worn out by the anxious accumulation of riches, which, when acquired, are often valueless to the possessor; the power of enjoying them, the easy day, the tranquil night, have all been hazarded, and lost in their acquisition: and Edward," continued Mr. Delville, "though the Spaniards have not those daily objects of attention and interest that we have, this is rather their misfortune than their fault. On great and important occasions, no nation under the sun have shown themselves more devoted to the service of their country. England has been free from all attacks on her native soil. What effect repeated

* Literally, "the sweet do-nothing."

invasions might have upon us; how far we should steadily continue to sow that which an enemy might reap; or remain firm to the good and just cause, where advantage might be gained by siding with the enemy, are questions that events have given us no opportunity of answering. But he who puts on his armour, must not boast himself as he who takes it off."

They stopped at Orihuela to breakfast. They walked into the church, which they found full of persons at their devotions. There was not a saint who had not a competent number of worshippers; and some were beating their breasts, with an intensity of anguish that was truly astonishing. Frank expressed himself desirous of acting the part of flagellant to some of them; and looked so merry, as he examined the waxen arms, legs, and bodies, hung up before a popular saint, that Mr. Delville was glad to get him out of the church before he was noticed.

"Orihuela," he said, "has long been famous for its superior bigotry, where all are bigots. I remember a very witty story told of the duke de Villa Mediana. It happened in this town. He was going out of the church of our lady of Atocha; a priest held towards him a silver plate, beseeching him to give something for the poor souls in purgatory. He gave a gold piece of some value. 'Ah! sir,' said the friar, 'there is one soul saved

already.' The duke gave another piece of the same value. 'Senhor,' said the delighted friar, 'you have saved a second soul.' The duke continued to give, in this manner, six gold pieces, to each of which his reverence made the same answer. 'But are you very sure?' said the duke. 'Yes, my lord, I can confidently assure you that they are all six now in paradise.' 'If that be the case,' said the witty nobleman, 'return me my gold pieces: they are no longer necessary; for if they are in paradise there is no fear of their returning to purgatory.'

The mirth that this story occasioned was only checked by a summons to the diligence. Their road lay through the Huerto of Orihuela; and it surpassed even the vale of Murcia in beauty.

"How lovely are those clumps of palm-trees!" said Mrs. Delville: "so much finer to the eye than even the solitary ones we admired yesterday."

"Yes," said Mr. Delville, "these scenes are lovely; but they bear the traces of destruction. We are about to pass to La Granja, which was so severely visited by an earthquake, in 1829."

"O, how I wish we could stop!" said Edward.

"I fear that is impossible," said his father.

The conductor, however, kindly consented to drive very slowly. The town was situated amongst groves of oranges and palms; but showed, by its ruined dwellings and houseless population, how fatal the

awful visitation had been. They only saw one upper story standing, and far the greater number of houses had been overthrown. The tower of the church had not been thrown down, but there was a wide rent from the top to the bottom. Upon the sides of some of the ancient walls the mournful inhabitants had built low houses of one story.

“I remember,” said Mr. Delville, “when I was at Toledo, and visited the mad-house there, I saw a middle-aged woman seated upon the ledge of the window, her eyes intently fixed upon the sky. She was a native of a village on the coast of Murcia, which was destroyed by this earthquake. She had been at a neighbouring hamlet, selling dates; and on her return to the village, she had seen her home, and with it her children, swallowed up. She had never spoken from that hour. All day long she sat on the window-ledge of the hall, gazing upon the sky; and every day it required the strength of two persons to take her from her window to dinner. She was perfectly harmless.”

After this story, they passed on, in mournful silence, through the villages which had suffered so overwhelming a calamity, till they arrived at Elche, which was called the City of Dates. It lies amidst a forest of palms. They are scattered amongst the houses, and seem to have been planted wherever there was a spot of land unoccupied. The colour of the fruit varied: some was green,

some yellow, some deep orange, and some brown. The taste of the yellow, bordering upon brown, they found the most agreeable. After passing through a wild country, they reached Alicant late; discovering first the sea, and then the castle on its high rock. They were conducted to an inn that overlooked the sea, against the walls of which the sea beat vehemently; and before them was the harbour, a busy and animated scene. The gardens of Alicant lie along the sea-shore, surrounded on three sides by lofty mountains. The houses are magnificent, and the rooms and staircases paved with the Valencia tile; the ground white, and a flower in the middle, executed with great delicacy and truth.

There was not much in Alicant to interest the young people. There is a manufactory of cloth; but the only interest attached to it is, that it is wholly a charitable institution, in which none but orphans are admitted, or children whose parents are unable to provide them with any occupation.

“And, papa,” said Frank, on hearing this mentioned, “there is a military school here, for the children of poor soldiers, who are taught to read and write, and cipher.”

“How did you find that out, Frank?”

“Why, I met one of them this morning at the harbour, and I showed him I knew how to bear arms as well as he did.”

“ I dare say you did,” said Mr. Delville, laughing. “ I hope you will not get into any scrape with that ready tongue of yours.”

“ O, papa !” said Ellen, “ there is the diligence. No hope for us now : we cannot see the castle.”

“ We should not have been allowed, I think, whatever might have been our leisure ; and therefore take a last look of the harbour, and let us be off. Frank, are we going to have a companion ?”

“ Yes, papa ; a wine-merchant of Alicant ; an Englishman. I have spoken to him.”

Mr. Mordaunt proved an agreeable addition to their party. He was going to Valencia, and knew well the country through which they were to pass. When they entered upon the Sierra, between Villena and Fuente de Higuera, he mentioned to them a singular circumstance. “ An English gentleman,” he said, “ was travelling through a narrow valley, in this Sierra, covered with aromatic shrubs, when his attention was excited by two figures on the opposite ridge of the hill. They were evidently employed in collecting something, he could not see, into large baskets. On enquiry they proved to be Moorish physicians, who came, every spring and autumn, from the coasts of Africa, to gather medicinal herbs.”

“ This, I should think,” said Mr. Delville, “ must be the only remaining tie between Spain and Barbary.”

“ It is ; and the deadly enmity with which they

are still regarded in this country, is indescribable."

The diligence stopped no where; and they were compelled to pass the beautiful Moorish ruins at San Felipe with only an earnest passing gaze. They are built on the summit of a hill, behind the city. The mountain is one hundred and twenty feet high; and they rose in fine relief, against the cloudless sky, in an irregular line of not less than two miles in extent.

"O, if we could but stop!" said Ellen.

But this was impossible. On they went, at the same regular and excellent pace of seven miles an hour, till at length they descended the mountain; and saw Valencia three leagues before they reached it. Its extensive buildings, massive walls, and numerous spires were very imposing.

"You will find," said their fellow-traveller, "that Valencia is a hot-bed of superstition. You will see some curious relics at the Cathedral." His information was correct. Their first visit was paid to that ancient edifice. They were shown, with much ceremony, an arm of St. Luke, the entire body of one of the innocents, and a picture of the Virgin, painted by St. Luke. The astonishment of the English travellers, at the unblushing effrontery with which these things were shown and told, imparted an air of gravity to their features which they would not otherwise have had.

"You have," said Mr. Delville to the sacristan

after a pause, "a relic more precious than any thing I see here."

"We have, senhor; the cup, the real cup out of which our Saviour drank at the last supper."

"May we see it?"

"No, senhor; it is too precious to be shown to heretics."

"You are quite right," said Mr. Delville. "This," he said, as they walked quietly away, "is what I call prudence. The sacristan is a very judicious man."

"I wonder they showed us any thing," said Edward.

"It is not at all improbable," said his father, "that the cup may be French or English; and it would have been awkward, had we pointed out the stamp. Cunning, my son, has its own left-handed wisdom."

Among the curiosities of Valencia is her beautiful manufactory of tiles. There was a large assortment very beautifully executed; the best about a shilling a square. A good workman gains in their manufacture a dollar a day.

"Surely," said Mrs. Delville, "they must be dearer than a carpet."

"Very much dearer," said Mr. Delville. "They are nine inches square: at one shilling a piece, only calculate how many they would take for a large room!"

"And," said Ellen, "the comfort of a carpet,

even of plain Kidderminster, outweighs their beauty."

"Not in this climate, Ellen. A carpet would be an insupportable nuisance, and not a comfort. Think of the fleas," said Frank.

"And the heat," said his mother.

"I was thinking of the look, I believe," said Ellen.

"Ah, true woman!" exclaimed her elder brother, with a good-natured smile.

"And I was thinking," said Frank, "I should like the tiles; for if any thing was thrown down, a flannel would set it all to rights; but a carpet is spoiled; and if one does it, it is never forgotten."

"But they break, Frank," said his mother; "and a fracture is as durable as a stain."

"Oh! if they break, I give them up entirely; and range myself firmly on the side of the carpet faction."

"We will take a few home," said Mrs. Delville, "for the old china-pantry; it will suit very well with the rest of the porcelain."

Mr. Delville hurried them in their purchase, for he was anxious to see the rice-grounds, a species of agriculture wholly new to them. It is confined to the low valleys which are almost always wet. The rice is always under water, and it is only drained to reap it. At the rice-harvest, the labourers are almost up to their knees in water. The sheaves

are cut, and laid on a kind of low sledge. The outward, tough skin is taken off in the mill. The Chinese effect this operation in a mortar, worked by a lever; but the Valencia method is preferred.

"It is a pity," said Mr. Delville, "that the cultivation of rice is so unhealthy, for the crop is always certain; and, besides yielding eight per cent, it is not long on the ground. It is sown in June and reaped in September."

"Is it so very unhealthy, papa? and why?"

"Very, Ellen. On account of the stagnant water, malignant fevers frequently prevail in consequence."

"The Valencians," said Mrs. Delville, as they walked home, "partake of the beauty of their climate. Their healthy countenances, and fine height distinguish them from the rest of Spain."

"They are gay and frank in their character," said Mr. Delville; "and during the fine summer evenings, the sound of music and the song is heard through all their border. Ellen, you walk as if you were tired."

"I am a little, very little."

"Well, you shall have time to rest; we are going to leave you for an hour or two, on a visit to the convent of Los Reyes."

"Ah!" said Edward, "that is a pleasure forbidden to you ladies."

“I do not think we lose much,” said his sister; “the friars are dirty people, and the nuns do not admit you.”

“It is six of one, and half-a-dozen of the other,” said Frank, as he ran after his father.

The convento de Los Reyes is about a quarter of a league from Valencia, and one of the finest in Spain. They readily obtained leave to see the interior. They saw nothing, however, that they had not often seen before, till they were shown the manuscripts. A fair copy of *Livy* excited much admiration; and the rich colours of the illuminated missals; the bright violet, red, and gold, as fresh and pure as when laid on, delighted them; but the gem of the collection was the *Romance of the Rose*, written as early as the ninth century. The friar displayed this treasure with enthusiasm.

“This,” said Mr. Delville, “as he took it in his hands, “this carries us back to past times. How often has this volume amused the dull hours of the feudal barons, and charmed the knights, and the fair ladies of that martial age; when books were not, and the wandering troubadour was welcomed with the feast and the rich wine-cup!”

The monk entered into these speculations; and their conversation insensibly wandered to Spain, to Valencia and its silk-trade. “It has been injured,” said the monk, “not only by France, but by the loss of her colonies. The mul-

berry-trees, cut down by the French, were just beginning to grow again, when this outlet for their manufactures being shut up, their trade has languished ever since; and their chief exports are now confined to raw silk. The manufactory is not now worth seeing."

They passed three hours in agreeable conversation; and when they returned to Valencia the monk accompanied them.

CHAPTER XX.

BARCELONA—EXECUTION—STOLEN IMAGE—CHARACTER
OF THE SPANIARDS.

It was at Barcelona that Mr. Delville expected his affairs would detain him some months: they reached it from Valencia after an easy journey of two days. Its principal street, the Rambla, presents a gay and animated scene, from the gaudy dress of the peasants. Their red caps, hanging half way down their backs, their crimson sashes, and lively-coloured plaids, give to an English eye a peculiarly foreign air to the principal street of Barcelona.

“This city and the province of Catalonia,” said Mr. Delville, “is under the government of the Conde d’Espagna, a man whose character is firm and energetic in the highest degree. The following anecdote will illustrate his character better than any description could: ‘deeds not words’ is his motto. In 1827 a plot in favour of Don Carlos, brother to king Ferdinand, was formed in Catalonia. The Conde made himself master of all its details, and then represented to the king the absolute

necessity of his appearing on the spot with as little delay as possible. On his arrival, by the advice of the Conde, he called a convocation of bishops, ostensibly to consult concerning the state of the province. The Conde well knew the connexion of the bishops with the plot, and was in possession of documents that proved their guilt. He was delegated by the king to preside at this convocation; and all the bishops being assembled, he addressed them in the following manner. ‘My lord bishop,’ said he, taking a paper from his pocket, and unfolding it, ‘you know this;’ and turning to another, and showing another paper, ‘and you, my lord, know this; and so on, producing documents that connected every one present with the conspiracy. ‘And now, gentlemen,’ said he, addressing the assembly, ‘you perceive that I hold in my hands proofs of your treason. You, who have fomented this rebellion, can put it down: and I have instructions from his majesty, if the rebellion be not put down within forty-eight hours, (I am sorry for the alternative, gentlemen, but my instructions are peremptory,) to hang every one of you; and it will be a consolation to you to know that the interests of the church will not suffer; for the king has already named successors to the vacant sees.’

“This reasoning was decisive: the bishops knew the man they had to deal with; and within forty-

eight hours the insurrection was at an end. His conduct on this occasion justified the declaration of Ferdinand, that he wished he had a Conde d' Espagna in every province. He is guilty of much violent and arbitrary conduct; but he has a most difficult people to govern; and he only could have kept this province tranquil through all the anarchy and recent bloodshed in France. During the celebrated war of succession in Spain, when the archduke Charles and Philip V. disputed the possession of the Spanish crown, Barcelona sided with the archduke; and sustained a siege under Vendome, with a constancy and heroism almost unparalleled. After a breach had been made in the town, and fever and famine had taken those whom the sword had spared, the miserable remnant disputed its possession with the victors for sixty days: and when it was at length obliged to capitulate, such was their hatred of Philip, that most of the citizens quitted the town."

"How happy we are," said Mrs. Delville, "to be removed from all the horrors of civil war, and to live under equal and humane laws, impartially administered!"

The day after their arrival an execution took place. A felon was condemned to die for having murdered his fellow-prisoner. Three o'clock was the hour appointed; and all that morning, as well as a great part of the day before, there was an in-

cessant noise of little bells, carried by boys in red cloaks, with a box in one hand, collecting alms to purchase masses for the repose of his soul. Mr. Delville and Edward went to see the execution, but Frank shrunk from it with horror. In Barcelona there is a very singular society, called the Benevolent Society, which undertakes to soften the terrors of death, by giving to the condemned the three last days of his life, every thing he desires; the choicest food and wine, music, or any other recreation compatible with his safety.

“What a singular, what a heathenish idea!” said Mrs. Delville: “what is it but putting into practice the ironical advice, ‘Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die?’”

“It is, indeed,” said Mr. Delville, “totally at variance with our ideas of consolation at such a time; but they, who in life are not led to trust in their Creator, are naturally unable to seek him even in the gates of death. In man they trust; and out of a bitter fountain how can sweet waters flow?”

“Only conceive,” said Frank, “people addressing their prayers to such an image as this! — taking one out of his pocket.

“Where did you get it, Frank?”

“From the corner of a street: I want to take it home with me to England.”

“Oh, my dear Frank,” said his mother, “what have you done!”

“Look, mamma! it is an old battered, bruised thing!”

“True, Frank,” said his father; “but if you had been seen to take it, your life would have been the forfeit. When did you take it?”

“Last night, as we came home from the citadel.”

“The Catalonians are very superstitious, and nothing but the life of the offender could blot out such an affront as you have put upon them, had they known it. There is hardly any imposition too absurd for their belief. The Virgin Mary and our Saviour have sometimes been painted black. Their favourite saint, the virgin of St. Pilar, was of that colour; but hearing that their political enemies, called negroes, paid their adoration to her also, the church resolved to show that she refused their homage. She was white-washed; and it was one morning publicly given out, that the virgin of St. Pilar, had suddenly changed from black to white: and the good Catholics were invited to see the miracle with their own eyes. They went by thousands. Judge, my dear Frank, what they would say to those who stole their strange gods! There is now, in the citadel of Barcelona, a Catalonian peasant, condemned to ten years' imprisonment, for having said that the image of some virgin, whose name I forget, was made of wood, after the friars had asserted it was silver. If you are not more cautious, you will fill me with perpetual alarms.’

“Papa,” said Ellen, “the Spaniards appear to me to differ very much from each other; can you explain to me why?”

“I think I can, if you will have patience to hear me. There are in the inhabitants of their chief provinces, such striking differences of climate, manners, language, habits, character, and even exterior form, as to leave no identity between a Gallican and a Catalonian, an Andalusian and a Castilian. To describe them accurately they must not be taken as a whole, but divided into provinces, each influenced by the early nations who conquered them, and by their peculiar climate, laws, and productions. Yet as a nation, they have still some features in common. In many respects, the provinces have the same form of government. An absolute monarch is still the centre of all their affections. In literature they have the same taste, and copy the same models; and in many other particulars evince a common sympathy. When Spain discovered and conquered the new world, not contented to reign over a great part of Europe, she agitated and convulsed the other half, either by intrigues, or military enterprises. At this period the Spaniards were intoxicated with that national pride which appeared in their air, their language, and their persons. This splendour has decayed; but the air of grandeur, which in prosperity

was justified by circumstances, has survived their good fortune. The haughtiness of a Spaniard has become a proverb, and accounts for the brevity which disdains all detail. Pride is usually concise. It is related by a French traveller, that having met a shepherd with his flock, on entering Castille, and being curious to hear some particulars of the Spanish wool, he asked him a hundred questions. What sort of food was given them; whether he was on a journey; from whence he came; where he was going; when he began his travels; when he would return. The shepherd listened coldly to these enquiries, and replied: 'Here they breed, here they feed, and here they die.' He then pursued his journey.

“The gravity of the Spaniard frequently conceals a good and benevolent mind. They do not anticipate, but wait for you. Their heart commonly opens with their features; and they exhibit an unaffected frankness and good-nature, which announces and inspires confidence. They are not proud to their inferiors; but they have frequently shown an unbending spirit of independence, and even haughtiness, in their intercourse with their sovereign. Ferdinand VI., when prince of Asturias, was frequently in company with a nobleman of high birth, who was remarkably short in stature. The prince was always joking him on the

subject, and applying to him the appellation of little. He one day coolly replied, ' My lord, in my own house, I am called great.'

"The Spaniards possess considerable natural abilities, yet no persons can be more deliberate than they are in all their determinations. Where other tions fail, from being too precipitate, the Spaniard loses his object by his slowness. This is the more extraordinary, as their lively imaginations would seem likely to be irritated by delay. The Spaniard, however, though naturally cold and deliberate, when nothing extraordinary moves him, is inflamed to enthusiasm, whenever the ruling passions of his nature are roused ; and a nation, distinguished by its gravity and slowness, becomes violent and ungovernable, on occasions that interest their national feeling. The most dangerous animals are not those which are in the most continued agitation. The character of the nation, at the present day, is less strongly marked than it has ever been. It has no favourite hope to animate its exertions. It is surrounded by imbecility and neglect. They can scarcely be worse off, nor will they for a long time be better. Till the Roman Catholic superstition weakens its hold on the minds of the lower class, and the higher acquire sound principle and knowledge, no great change for the better, can take place among the Spaniards.

They may be compared, at present, to an insect in a chrysalis state, which contains all the rudiments of a superior existence; but the development of which depends on favouring influences, that may be vouchsafed or withheld."

THE END.

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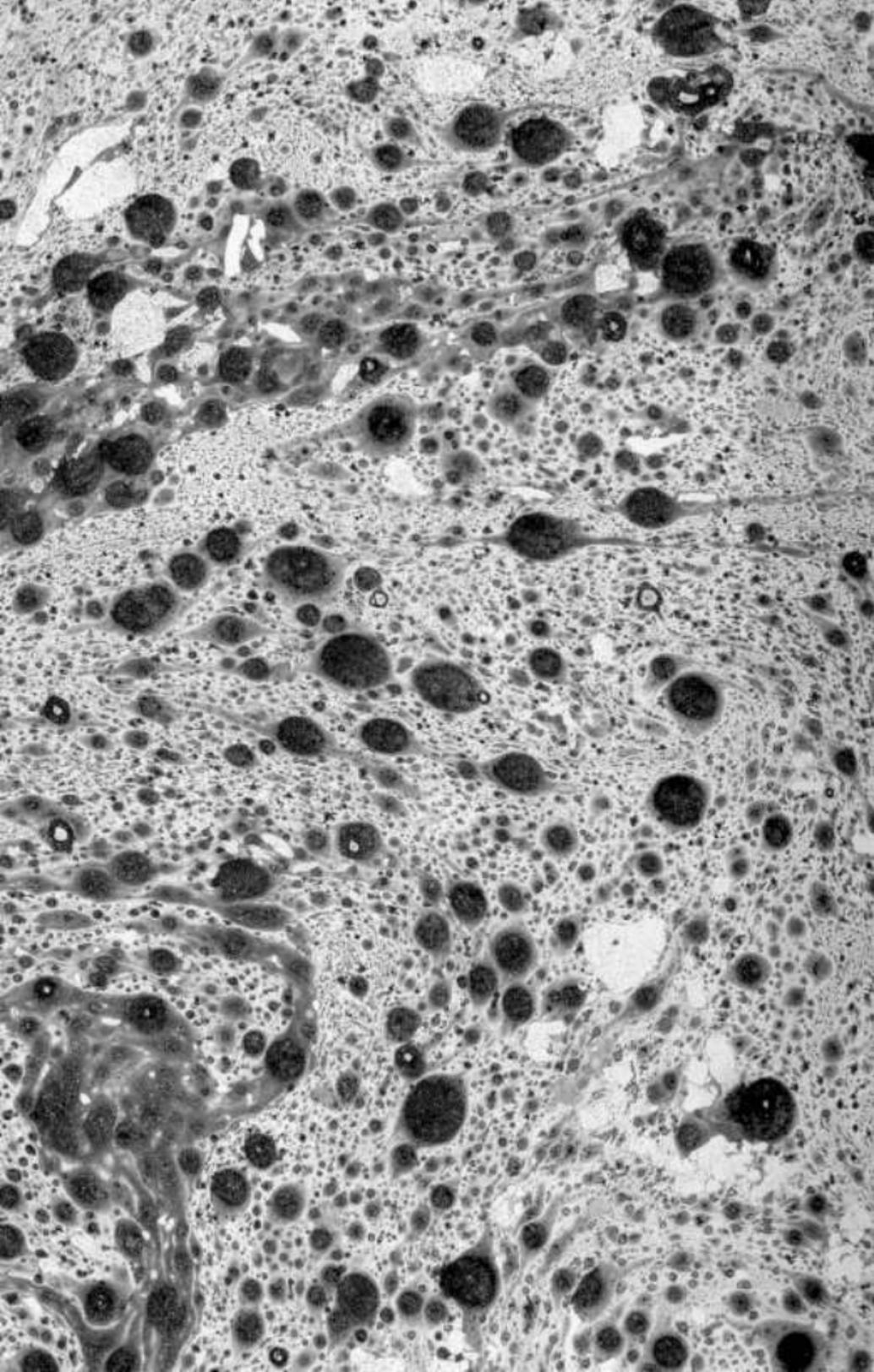
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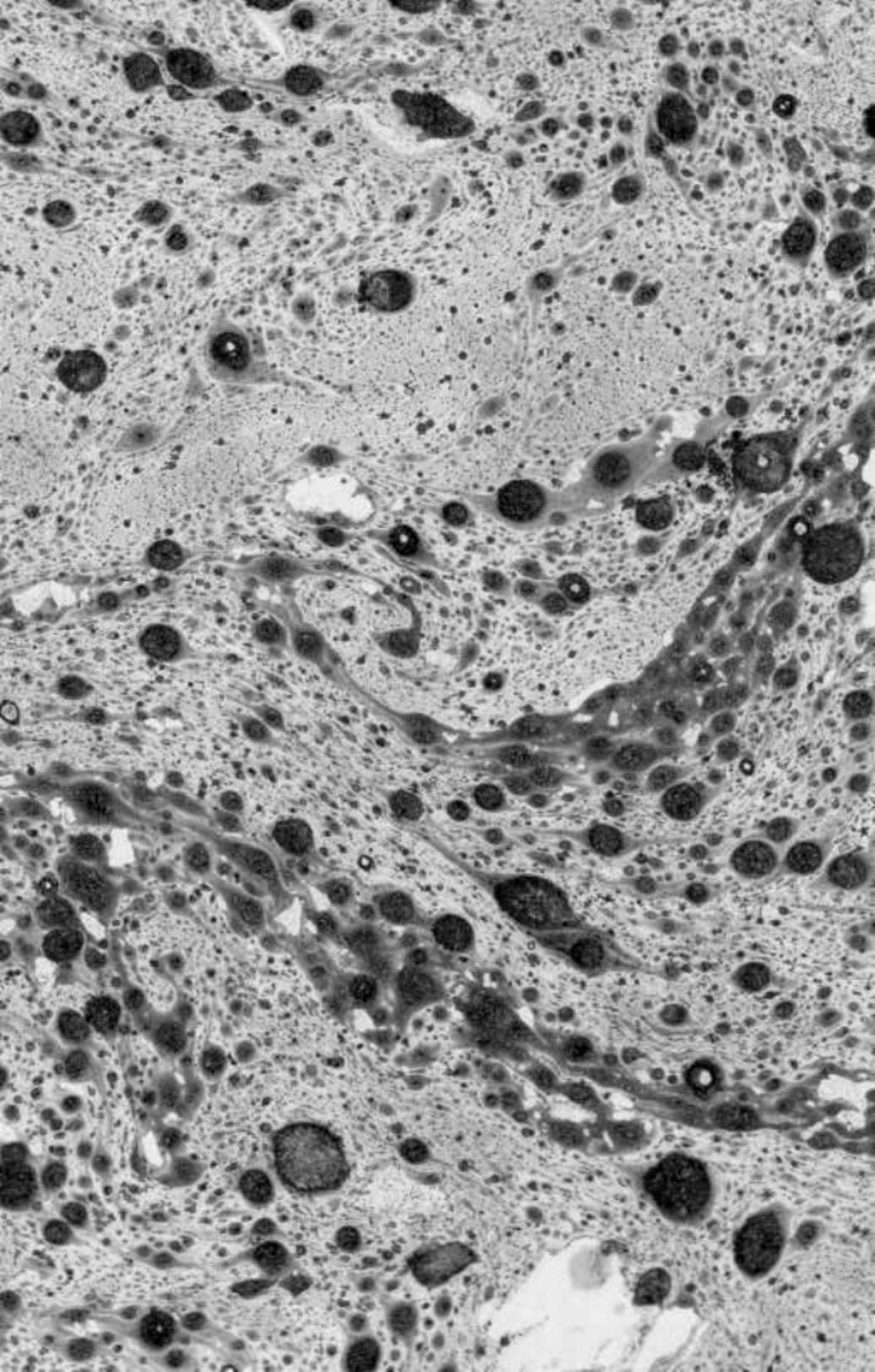
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