

LITERATURE.

I REMEMBER.

I REMEMBER pleasant places, with the sweets of Eden filled,
Where the sun for ever cloudless rose, life's flowery paths to gild;
Where no gentle heart had wept—no generous spirit had been bowed,
And the voice of Joy was ringing, like the lark's song in the cloud.

I remember days of sunshine, when no shadow smote the brow,
And the world looked pure and beautiful—how changed its aspect now!
When around were dear companions with bright smile and guileless breast,
And we dreamt of sorrow only, ever waking to feel blest.

I remember, I remember—but what matters it to day?
There's no spot of bloom to gaze on now along my desert way:
And those tones of love and gladness which so blest me long ago,
They are silenced, like the linnets' song, by Winter's blasts of snow.

I remember nought so pleasant as the place I'm journeying to,
Where the lost ones wait more beautiful, youth's friendships to renew;
In my dreams I've seen them nightly, through these many, many years,
Waiting for me in those realms of light, undimmed by human tears.

H. PARKES.

A Hand-book for Travellers in Spain. By RICHARD FORD
2 vols. London, 1845.

[Concluded.]

THIS downfall of the Church's ancient glories meets us at every page; nowhere perhaps more strikingly than in his chapter on *Pilgrimages*—as to which, if the meditating tourist be at all enthusiastic, there is no time to be lost:—

In Spain, as in the East, the duty of performing certain pilgrimages was formerly one of the absolute precepts of faith. Spain abounds in sacred spots and "high places." *Monserrat* was their Ararat, *Zaragoza* and *Santiago* their Medina and Mecca. These were the grand sites to which it once was necessary to "go up." In process of time the monks provided also for every village some consecrated spot, which offered a substitute for these distant and expensive expeditions: they will perish with the dissolution of monasteries, which derived the greatest benefit from their observance. Few pilgrims ever visited the sacred spot without contributing their mite towards the keeping up the chapel, and the support of the holy man or brotherhood to whose especial care it was consigned. "No penny no paternoster;" and masses must be paid for, as diamonds, pearls, and other matters, and the greatest sinners are the best customers. Although lighter in purse, the pilgrim on his return took rank in his village, and, as in the East, was honored as a *Hadj*; the Spanish term is *Romero*, which some have derived from Roma, one who had been to Rome, a roamer; others from the branch of rosemary, *Romero*, which they wore in their caps, which is a Scandinavian charm against witches; and this elfin plant, called by the Northmen *Ellegrem*, is still termed *alecrist* in Portugal. Thus our pilgrims were called *Palmer*, from bearing the palm-branch, and *Saunterers*, because returning from the Holy Land, *La Sainte Terre*. These *Romerias* and *Ferias*, the fairs, offer the only amusement and relaxation to their hard and continued life of labor: *Feria*, as the word implies, is both a holy day and a fair. It was everywhere found convenient to unite a little business with devotion; while purer motives attracted from afar the religiously disposed, the sacred love of gold induced those who had wares to sell to serve God and Mammon, by tempting the assembled pilgrims and peasants to carry back with them to their homes something more substantial than the abstract satisfaction of having performed this sort of conscientious duty. In every part of Spain, on the recurrence of certain days devoted to these excursions, men, women, and children desert their homes and occupations, their ploughs and spindles. The cell, hermitage, or whatever be the place of worship, is visited, and the day and night given up to song and dance, to drinking and wassail, with which, as with our skittles, these pilgrimages have much sympathy and association; indeed, if observance of rites formed any test, these festivals would appear especially devoted to Bacchus and Venus; the ulterior results are brought to light some nine months afterwards: hence the proverb considers a pilgrimage to be quite as attractive to all weak women as a marriage—a *Romerias y bodas, van las locas todas*. The attendance of female devotees at these alfresco expeditions, whether to *Misas de Madrugada*, masses of peep of day, or to *Virgines del Rocío*, Dew-Virgins, of course attracts all the young men, who come in saint's clothing to make love. Those who chiefly follow these love-meetings are, unfortunately, those whose enthusiasm is the most inflammable. In vain do they bear the cross on their bosoms, which cannot scare Satan from their hearts. However, the sight is so curious, that the traveller, during this time of the year, should make inquiries at the principal towns what and when are the most remarkable *Fiestas* and *Romerias* of the immediate neighbourhood. They are every day diminishing, for in Spain, as in the East, where foreign civilization is at work, the transition state interferes with painters and authors of "Sketches," since the march of intellect and the exposure of popular fallacies is at least paring away something from religious and national festivities. Education, the rights and responsibilities of citizenship, and the consequent increased taxation, have both dispelled the bliss of ignorance and saddened the enlightened populace. Poverty and politics, cares for to-day and anxiety for the morrow, have damped a something of the former reckless abandon of uninstructed joyousness, and lessened the avidity for immediate, and perhaps childish enjoyments. Many a picturesque custom and popular usage will pass away, to the triumph of the utilitarian and political economist, to the sorrow of the poet, the artist, and antiquarian. Now the *Progreso* with merciless harrow is tearing up many a wild flower of Spanish nature, which are to be rooted up before "bread-stuffs" can be substituted.

Mr. Ford knows all Spain well as a traveller;—and he has revealed more entirely new and untrodden paths, full of high interest, than any recent European tourist; but in Andalusia, and especially at Seville and Granada, he is at home. It was here that he made his usual abode during several years. For a considerable time, he does not say exactly how long, he seems to have inhabited a set of rooms, repaired and fitted up at his own cost we presume, in the Alhambra.

Seville is, as all readers of Byron know, the far-famed land of "sweet oranges and women," and the native city of his "friend" Don Juan Tenorio. Torso de Molina and Beaumarchais have told us in witty prose what Mozart and Rossini have set to delicious music, the rare doings of this amorous Andalusian on the banks of the silver Bætis. All students of the Haymarket are aware that the formidable list of this lady-killer's victims in Spain alone amounted to *mille e tre*; and of course every judicious sojourner's or even mere tourist's

curiosity must be excited as respects the daughters of such tender and attractive grandmothers. Mr. Ford naturally therefore devotes several pages to the Spanish, and especially the Andalusian ladies—considering their eyes, feet, and mantillas, as decidedly among the "what to observe" of the Peninsula. He treats the gentle theme *con amore* certainly, but also gently—and, we believe we may add, justly—rejecting, like Blanco White and Captain Widdrington, and all who have really probed the subject, the idle nonsense, the petty *banderillas* which every puny scribbler "darts" among the "dark-glancing daughters" of Iberia—and assigning a greater praise to their moral excellencies than to their personal charms; thus reversing the order of the stereotyped conventionalities of coxcombs. We may as well, however, give his representation of the usual *Veil interior*—house and *tertulias*—before we invite "our guide, philosopher, and friend," to expatiate in his peculiar manner on the "semi-Moorish" objects of his chivalrous and chastened admiration.

The house has two stories, and generally a flat roof, as in the East; to this *azoteo* the inmates often resort to dry their linen and warm themselves (for the sun is the fire-place of Spain), and, according to Solomon, for peace; "it is better to dwell in the corner of a house-top than with a brawling woman in a wide house." The family migrate up and down with the seasons, and thus have two houses under one roof; the doors, windows, and furniture are moved with them, and fit into corresponding positions above and below. The doors which open from one room to another are sometimes glazed, but whether thus transparent or solid, they never must be shut when a gentleman is calling on a lady; this is a remnant of ancient jealousy. It is safer to risk sitting in a draft, than to shut the door during the *tête-à-tête*, which would alarm and distress the whole house. The furniture is scanty, for much would harbour vermin and caloric; coolness and space are the things wanting; the chairs, tables, and everything are of the most ordinary kind; whatever once existed of value was "collected" by the French, and the little that escaped has since been sold to foreigners by the distressed proprietors, especially books, pictures, and plate, a few bits of china are occasionally placed in open cupboards, *chineros, alacenas*. There is, however, no want of rude engravings and images of saints and household gods, the Lares and the Penates, after whose names the different inmates are called, for to say *christened* would be incorrect. Thus the Mahometans take their names from those of their Santons, or from those of the relatives of the prophet. These familiar household gods are made of every material; and before these graven and painted relics, dolls, and baby toyshop idols, small lighted wicks, *marposas, ελκχυνια*, floating in a cup of thick green oil, are suspended. The ancient Egyptians lighted up their cities exactly in the same manner (Herod. ii. 62). The bed-rooms are the chosen magazine for these *dii cubicularum*, and some husbands, in case of a fire, would carry them off, after the example of the pious Æneas, whatever they might do in regard to their wives.

As soon as the visitor is ushered in, he will be struck with the style of his reception. The Spaniard is an Oriental of high caste, and nothing can be better than the manner in which all classes, and especially the women, do the honor of their house, be it ever so humble. Spanish women seldom rise from their seats to welcome any one; this is a remnant of their former Oriental habit of sitting on the ground. The visitor is usually conducted to the best, the withdrawing room, the *Sala de Estrada*, the *Cairo Sudr*. He is placed on the right hand of a sofa, the Oriental position of honor, great respect being shown to his hat, *quasi turban*. When he retires, he takes his leave thus, "*Senora a los pies de Vmd.*" madam, at your feet; to which the lady replies, "*Caballero, beso a Vmd. la mano, que Vmd. lo pase bien.*" Sir, I kiss your hand and wish you well. In case of a lady visitor, the host conducts her to her carriage, holding her by the hand, but without pressure, for no shaking hands with ladies is permissible to gentlemen. A *requiebro*, or compliment, on good looks and dress, is, however, never taken amiss. "*Montes allana lisonga*," flattery levels mountains, and renders the steepest staircase of Dante pleasant.

At these first visits, on taking leave, the host usually offers his house to the stranger. *Esta casa está muy a la disposición de Vmd.* If he does not do so, it is an equivalent to saying, "I never wish to see you again," and almost is an affront. All this is very Carthaginian. Thus Dido made her offer to the pious Æneas:—"Urbein quam statuo vestra est."

When cold has fled, the *tertulias*, or "at home," is held in the *patio* or inner court, which is converted into a saloon. It is lighted up by lamps of fantastic forms, made of tin, which glitter like frosted silver: the smaller are called *farolas*, the larger (of which there ought correctly only to be one) is termed *el farol*, the male, the sultan, as the *mucho* is of a coach team. During the day every precaution is taken, by closing doors and windows, to keep out light and heat; at night-fall everything is reversed, and opened in order to let in the refreshing breeze. Nothing can be more Oriental or picturesque than these *tertulias* in a *patio*. By day and night the scene recalls the house of Alcinoüs in the *Odyssey*: the females, always busy with their needles, group around the fountain: they are working their *mantillas, zapaticos, medias caladas*, slippers and embroidered stockings, *petacas*, cigar-holders, *bullitos*, paper-cases, and what not. Spanish women are very domestic, and even among the better classes, like the Greek *Taïssa*, and, as in England a century ago, many are their own housekeepers. They "study household good," the perfection of female excellence, according to Milton; and although foreigners think they make bad wives, which those who are married to them do not, many a hint might be taken from these observers of the great keep-in-doors maxim of Pericles. the *to endon menein*. They are *muy casaderas, labranderas y costureras*, very good stay-at-home, work and needle women. Their proceedings are quite à l'antique; tables are scarce; each has at her feet her *canastra*, or basket; the *taleros* of Penelope, the *qualos* of Neobule; such as Murillo often introduced in his domestic pictures of the Virgin.

It is the fashion of many foreigners to assert that these ladies, although quite as industrious, are not all quite so exemplary as Penelope or Lucretia; *Unos tienen la fama y otros cardan la lana*—many have the reputation, while others really card the wool; here and there, a *relacioncita*, like any other accident, may happen in the best regulated *patio*, for where people live in sets and meet each other every day, the propinquity of fire and tow in an inflammable climate makes some insurances doubly hazardous; but *Ubi amor ibi fides* is nowhere truer than in Spain; the tenacity of female constancy, when reciprocated, is indubitable; a breach of *relacion* is termed *felonia*, a capital crime, a *pecado mortal*, for they are equal fanatics in love and religion. The consequences of *spretta injuria forma* are truly *Didonian*; at once all love is whistled to the winds, and welcome revenge. In what can self-love—the pivot of the Iberian—be more offended than by inconstancy? It is said that self-imposed bands link faster in Spain than those forged by Hymen—*Quos diabolus conjuncti, Deus non separabit*. These, however, are occasionally the pure calumnies of the envious, the ill-favored, and the rejected, and such to which the chivalrous Ariosto turned a deaf ear.

Donne, e voi che le donne havete in pregio,
Per Dio non date a queste historie orecchia:
— e sia l' usanza vecchia
Che l' volgare ignorante ognun riprenda,
E parli più de quel che meno intenda!

Blanco White has truly observed, "No other nation in the world can present more lively instances of a glowing and susceptible heart-preserving unspotted purity, not from the dread of opinion, but in spite of its very encouragement;" and, in truth, these dark-glancing daughters of bright skies and warm suns are too much perhaps "the woman," too *feminine*, in the gender sense. To be admired and adored is their glory and object; the sincerity of their affections and the ardour of their temperament scarcely permit them to be coquettes. Their young thoughts are divided between devotion and love, and to these cognate influences they abandon their soul and body. In this land of the Moor a remnant of the Oriental system is still under-current. The mistress is contented with the worship of the body rather than of the mind; hence, when the fierce passion is spent in its own violence, the wife remains rather the nurse and housekeeper than the friend and best counsellor of her husband. Too many thus become the victims of the stronger sex from taking this low ground, and thus contribute to perpetuate the evil. Thus the lax and derogatory treatment of women is one main cause of the inaptness of Eastern nations for liberty and true civilization.

Whatever be their faults—and man and the stars are perhaps more to blame than they are—evil betide him who would point out notes in their bright eyes; and, at all events, few women talk better or more than the Andaluzas; practice makes perfect. The rabbins contend that ten cabs (a dry measure) of talk were assigned to the whole creation, of which the daughters of Palestine secured nine; and doubtless, some parcels of this article were shipped to Tarshish by king Hiram. This dexterity is unrivalled; it is a curious felicity of tongue—*dolce parlar e dolcemente inteso*—and does speaker and listener equal good, which is not everywhere else the case. Lord Carnarvon has truly observed, that although, "with some exceptions, these women are not highly educated, and feel little interest in general subjects, and consequently have little general conversation, a stranger may at first draw an unfavorable inference as to their natural powers, because he has few subjects in common with them; but when once received into their circle, acquainted with their friends, and initiated in the little intrigues that are constantly playing along the surface of society, he becomes delighted with their liveliness and ready perception of character." Their manner is marked with a natural frankness and cordiality: their mother-wit and tact, choice blossoms of common-sense, have taught them how to pick up a floating capital of talk, which would last them nine lives, if they had as many. It supplies the want of book-learning—*à quoi bon tant lire?* They are to be the wives of husbands, of whom ninety-nine in a hundred would as soon think of keeping a pack of fox-hounds as having a library. Few people read much in Spain, except monks and clergymen, and they never marry.

Here what is rare are blue women, not skies: those who have an azure tendency are called *Eruditas a la violeta, Marisabillas*; they are more wondered at than espoused. Martial (ii. 90), a true Spaniard, prayed that his wife should not be *doctissima*; learning is thought to unsex them. *Mula que hace hin-hin, muger que sabe latin-tin, nunca hicieron buen fin*; mule that whinnies, women that know Latin, come to no good end. The men dislike to see them read, the ladies think the act prejudicial to the brilliancy of the eye, and hold that happiness is centred in the heart, not the head; the fatal expression *sin educacion* has reference to manners, to a bad *bringing out*, rather than anything connected with Messrs. Bell and Lancaster. Spanish women seldom write, *carta canta*, and when they do, sometimes neither the spelling nor letters are faultless: they can just decipher a billet-doux and scrawl an answer. The merit of the import atones for all minor faults, which after all no one but a schoolmaster would notice.

The artist eye of Mr. Ford gives peculiar animation to his chapter on dress. In Spain, as in many parts of Italy, we fear the graceful and picturesque native costumes are fast making way for a paltry mimicry of Paris. He says, however:—

Black has always been the favorite, the national color: *μελανομορες απαρτες, το πλεον εν σαρχος* (Strabo, iii. 233). Being that of the learned professions, it makes Spaniards seem wiser, according to Charles V., than they really are; while, from being worn by sorrow, it disarms the evil eye which dogs prosperity, and inspires, in the place of associations of envy, those of pity and respect. It gives an air of decorum and modesty, and softens an indifferently skin. Every one in England has been struck with the air of respectability which mourning confers even on ladies' maids. The prevalence of black veils and dark cloaks on the Alameda and in the church conveys to the newly arrived stranger the idea of a population of nuns and clergymen. As far as woman is concerned, the dress is so becoming that the difficulty is to look ugly in it; hence, in spite of the monotony, we are pleas'd with a uniformity which becomes all alike; those who cannot see its merits should lose no time in consulting their oculist.

The beauty of the Spanish women is much exaggerated, at least as far as features and complexion are concerned: more loveliness is to be seen in one fine day in Regent Street than in a year in Spain. Their charm consists in symmetry of form, natural grace of manner and expression, and not a little, as in the case of a carp, or *Raie au beurre noir*, in the dressing: yet, such is the tyranny of fashion, that these women are willing to risk the substance for the shadow, and to strive, instead of remaining inimitable originals, to become second-rate copies.

The veil, which completely covered the back of the head, is thrown apart in front; but a partial concealment of the features is thought, in ancient days as now, to be an ornament (Strabo, iii. 249). This concealment evidently is of oriental origin, as in the East a woman will show anything rather than her face, for points of honor are conventional; nor is the custom quite obsolete in Andalusia.

We shall be excused for having transcribed passages likely, while affording fair specimens of Mr. Ford's manner of observing and writing, to interest equally those who do and those who do not contemplate a visit to Spain. On the same principle we must give a bit of his chapter on Spanish wines, and take the wine of Xeres—Sherry:—

This wine was first known in England about the time of our Henry VII. It became popular under Elizabeth, when those who under Essex sacked Cadiz brought home the fashion of good "sherris sack." The wine is still called on the spot "*Seco*," in contradistinction to the *sweet* malvoises and *pejarettes* of Xerez. The Spaniards scarcely know sherry beyond its immediate vicinity. More is drunk at Gibraltar, as the red faces of the red coats evince, than in Madrid, Toledo, Salamanca, and Valladolid. Sherry is, in fact, a foreign wine, and made and drunk by foreigners; nor do the generality of Spaniards like its strength, and still less its high price. At Seville, in the best houses, one glass only is handed round. It is very dear and costs half a dollar a bottle on the spot.

Pure genuine sherry, from ten to twelve years old, is worth from 50 to 80 guineas per butt, in the shop, and when freight, insurance, duty, and charges are added, will stand the importer from 100 to 130 guineas in his cellar. A butt will run from 108 to 112 gallons, and the duty is 5s. 6d. per gallon. Such a butt will bottle about 52 dozen. The reader will now appreciate the bargains of those "pale" and "golden sheries" advertised at "36s. the dozen, bottles included." They are *maris expers*, although much indebted to Thames water, Cape wine, French brandy, and Devonshire cider.

Sherry is a purely artificial wine, and when perfect is made up from many different butts: the "entire" is in truth the result of Xerez grapes, but of many sorts and varieties of flavor. Thus one barrel corrects another, by addition or subtraction, until the proposed standard aggregate is produced. All this is managed by the *Capataz* or head man, who is usually a *Montanes* from the Asturian mountains, and often becomes the real master of his nominal master, whom he cheats, as well as the grower. Some make large fortunes: one died recently worth 300,000*l.* The whole system is cheerfully explained, as there is no mystery; nor, provided a satisfactory beverage be produced, can it much signify whether the process be natural or artificial: all champagne, to a certain degree, is a manufacture.

Thus opens a luculent Essay on Cigars:—

The manufacture of the cigar is the only active one carried on in the Peninsula. The buildings are palaces; witness Seville, Malaga, and Valencia. As a cigar is a *sine qua non* in a Spaniard's mouth, it must have its page in a Spanish *Handbook*. Ponz (ix. 201) remarks, "You will think me tiresome with my tobacco-nist details, but the vast bulk of my readers will be more pleased with it than with an account of all the pictures in the world." "The fact is, Squire," says Sam Slick, "the moment a man takes to a pipe, he becomes a philosopher; it is the poor man's friend; it calms the mind, soothes the temper, and makes a man patient under trouble," and hunger, heat, and despotism, he might have added. Can it be wondered at that the Oriental and Spanish population should cling to this relief from whips and scorns, and the oppressor's wrong? "Quoique puisse dire," said Molière, "Aristote et toute la philosophie, il n'y a rien d'égal au tabac." The divine Isaac Barrow resorted to this *panpharmacum* whenever he wished to collect his thoughts; Sir Walter Raleigh, the patron of Virginia, smoked a pipe just before he lost his head, "at which some formal people were scandalized; but," adds Aubrey, "I think it was properly done to settle his spirits."

In Spain the Bourbon dynasty (as elsewhere) is the hereditary tobacco-nist-general; the privilege is generally farmed out to some contractor: accordingly, no such thing as a really good home-made cigar is to be had for love or money in the Peninsula. There is no royal road to the science of cigar making; the article is badly made, of bad materials, and, to add insult to injury, charged at a most exorbitant price. In order to benefit the Havana, tobacco is not allowed to be grown in Spain, which it would do in perfection in the neighbourhood of Malaga; the experiment was made, and having turned out quite successful, the cultivation was immediately prohibited. The badness and dearness of the royal tobacco favors the well-meaning smuggler; this great corrector of blundering chancellors of exchequers provides a better and cheaper thing from Gibraltar.

The rich alone can afford to smoke good ones. Ferdinand VII., unlike his ancestor Louis XIV., "qui," says La Beaumelle, "haïssait le tabac singulièrement, quoiqu'un de ses meilleurs revenus," was not only a great manufacturer but consumer thereof. He indulged in the royal extravagance of *Purones*, a very large thick cigar made expressly for his gracious use in the Havana. He was too good a judge to smoke his own manufacture. Even of these he seldom smoked more than the half; the remainder was a grand perquisite—palace lights. The cigar was one of his pledges of love and hatred: he would give them to his favorites; and often, when meditating a treacherous *coup*, he would dismiss the unconscious victim with a royal cigar: and when the happy individual got home to smoke it he was saluted by an Alguacil with an order to quit Madrid in twenty-four hours.

On the *Prados* and *Alamedas* urchins always are running about with a slowly burning rope for the benefit of the public. At many of the sheds where water and lemonade are sold, one of these ropes, twirled like a snake round a post, and ignited, is as ready for fire, as the match of a besieged artilleryman. In the houses of the affluent a small silver chafing-dish, *prunæ batillum*, with lighted charcoal, is usually on a table. Mr. Henningsen, chap. 10, relates that Zumalacarreguy, when about to execute some Christians at Villa Franca, observed one (a schoolmaster) looking about, like Raleigh, for a light for his last dying puff in this life. The general took his own cigar from his mouth, and handed it to him. The schoolmaster lighted his own, returned the other with a respectful bow, and went away smoking and reconciled to be shot. This necessity of a light levels all ranks; it is allowable to stop any person for fire, "*Fuego*," "*candela*." The cigar forms the bond of union, an isthmus of communication between most heterogeneous oppositions. It is the *habeas corpus* of Spanish liberties. The soldier takes fire from the cannon's lip; the dark face of the humble laborer is whitened by the reflection of the cigar of the grandee and lounge.

We have quoted chiefly from the general notices prefixed to the various sections of the *Hand-book*. This was natural, considering our purposes and our space; yet we feel that we leave our readers without any notion of what very many even of Mr. Ford's library readers will ultimately pronounce the most delightful characteristic of his work—the singular felicity with which he brings his very uncommon stores of knowledge and reflection and illustration—his queer as well as elegant learning, classical, mediæval, historical, artistical, poetical—to bear upon some definite locality. We find ourselves associated with the very *beau idéal* of a cicerone—one who knows everything that can enhance the interest of the passing wanderer, and yet tell it all with fresh animation—one in whose keeping nothing of the spirit has been suffered to evaporate. Never was life-long research poured out with more of the pretensionless facility of the first-rate table companion.

We must give one specimen of the *Hand-book proper*—the staple of the work—and we select the page on St. Yuste, which few Englishmen have ever visited, and, as we believe, no Englishman ever before described. This celebrated convent, the final retreat of Charles V., lies on the south-west slope of the Sierra de Vera, distant seven leagues from Placentia, and about a seven hours' pleasant ride. Once at Placentia, whether Madrid or Salamanca be your point, you ought on no account to deny yourself this excursion:—

Cross the Xerte, and ascend the steep Calzones, thence through olives and vineyards to the Vera or valley, which is some nine leagues in extent; after four leagues of *dehesas y matos* the road ascends to the left to *Pasaron*, a picturesque old town of Prout-like

houses, toppling balconies hanging over a brawling brook. Observe a palace of the Arcos family. The road next clambers up a steep hill, amid fruit trees of every kind. As we rode on our cheerful companions were groups of sun-burnt daughters of labour, whose only dower was health and cheerfulness, who were carrying on their heads in baskets the frugal dinner of the vine-dressers. Springy and elastic was their sandaled step, unfettered by shoe or stocking, and light-hearted their laugh and song, the chorus of the sheer gaiety of youth full of health and void of care. These pretty creatures, although they did not know it, were performing an opera ballet in action and costume: how gay their short *sayas* of serges red, green, and yellow: how primitive the cross on their bosoms, how graceful the *pañuelo* on their heads: thus they tripped wantonly away under the long-leaved chestnuts. Now the beautiful *Vera* expands, with the yellow line of the Badajoz road running across the cistus-clad distance to Miravette: soon the Jeronimite convent appears to the left, nestling in woods about half-way up the mountain, which shelters devotion from the wind. Below is the farm *Magdalena*, where in the worst case the night may be passed; ascend to the monastery keeping close to a long wall. This Spanish Spalatro, to which the gout-worn empire-sick Charles retired to barter crowns for rosaries away, was founded in 1404, on a site where a covey of fourteen Gothic bishops had been killed at one fell swoop by the Moors. Charles sent his son Philip (when on his way to England to marry our amiable Mary) to inspect this place, which he had years before noted as a nest for his old age: he himself planned, when in Flanders, the additional buildings, which were erected by Antonio de Villa Castin, and they lie to the warm south-west of the chapel; but on the 9th of August, 1809, *dies carbone notanda* two hundred of Soult's foragers clambered up, pillaged and burnt the convent, leaving it a blackened roofless ruin. The precious archives were then consumed, all except one volume of documents, written in 1620 by Fray Luis de Sa. Maria. This the prior was consulting about some rights disputed by the Cuacos peasants, and seeing the enemy threw it into some bushes. That book he lent us to read; now it no doubt is lost.

Here we met also Fray Alonzo Cavalero, an aged monk who took the cowl October 17, 1778, and remembered Ponz and his visit. The convent is entered by the walnut-tree under which Charles used to sit, and which even then was called *El nogal grande*. Passing to the *Botica*, all the few vases which escaped the French were carried off in 1820, by one Morales, a liberal apothecary, for his own shop in Garandilla. The granite-built chapel, from its thick walls, resisted the fire of the invaders, thus saving the imperial quarter to be finally gutted by the Constitutionals. A door to the right of the altar opened to Charles's room, whence he came out to attend divine service: his bed-room, where he died, has a window, through which, when ill, he could see the elevation of the Host. Here hung the *Gloria* of Titian, which, in his will he directed to be placed wherever his body was, and which was moved with it to the Escorial. Philip II., however, sent a copy to Sn. Yuste, which was carried off to Texada by the patriots, in 1823: when the monks returned, they were too poor even to pay for bringing it back. The *Coro Alto* was carved in quaint tedesque style by Rodrigo Aleman. In a vault below the high altar is the rude chest in which the Emperor's body was kept sixteen years, until removed in 1574.

He built only four rooms—each, as usual, with large fire-places, for he was a gouty and phlegmatic Fleming. From the projecting alcoves the views are delicious. At the west end is a pillared gallery, *La Plaza del Palacio*, overhanging a private garden; and connected with it is a raised archway, *el Puenle*, by which the Emperor went down. Below is the sun-dial, erected for him by Juanuelo Turriano. He was brought here by the Emperor, who was fond of mechanical experiments. The stone step by which he mounted his horse yet remains, and here he was seated when he felt the first approach of death, as an inscription records:—"Su Magestad el Emperador Don Carlos Quinto Nuestro Señor, en este lugar estava asentado quando le dió el mal, a los treinta y uno de Agosto a las quatro de la tarde: falleció a los 24 [?] de Septiembre a las dos y media de la mañana, año de No. Sr. 1558." He arrived there Wednesday, February 3, 1557, at one in the afternoon, and died September 21 of the next year, of premature old age, and dropping like the ripe fruit from the shaken tree. He gave the convent nothing but the honor of his company; his major-domo, Luis de Quixada (who was afterwards killed by the Moriscos, near Granada), having of course, like a true Spanish unjust steward, stripped the rooms of everything portable. Philip II. came here again in 1570, and remained two days. He refused to sleep in the room where his father died. "Guardando el respeto al aposento en que murió sa padre, no queriendo dormir sino en el retrete del mismo aposento, y tan estrecho que apenas cabe una cama pe queña." So it was recorded in the old book; *Deinai gar koitai kai apoichonmenoio leontos*. He, too, did little for the monks; and when they begged of him, replied, "You never could have had my father here a year without feathering your nest."

The larger pleasure-grounds lay on the other side. Nature has now resumed her sway, yet many a flower shows that once a garden smiled. A myrtle and box edge leads to *el cenador de Belem* (Bethlehem). This exquisite gem of a cinque-cento summer-house remained perfect until destroyed, like Abadia and Aranjuez, by Soult's anti-horticultural troops.

Charles lived here half like a monk and half like a retired country gentleman. Although strictly attentive to his religious duties, he amused himself with his flowers, rides, mechanical experiments, and his young son, Don Juan of Austria. The ex-Emperor was sadly plagued by the villagers of *Cuacos*, who, then as always ill-conditioned, poached his trout on the Garganta, drove away his milk-cows, and threw stones at the future hero of Lepanto for climbing up their cherry-trees. His was no morbid social misanthropy, but a true weariness of the world with which he had done, and a wish to be at rest: he sedulously avoided all allusion to politics. Neither was he in his dotage, although enfeebled in health from gout; his ambition and passions were subdued, but not his relish for intellectual and innocent recreations. He brought with him his old servants, who knew his wants and whose faces he knew: he had his book, his ride, his hobby, experiments and his prayers; he had friends, some to tell his sorrows to and divide them, others to impart his joys to and double them; he had the play and prattle of his little boy. Phlegmatic and melancholy he was by constitution, and from the inherited taint of his mother; but the story of his having had the funeral service said over himself while alive is untrue: no record or tradition of the kind existed among the monks. Philip II., who feared his father might *repent* of his resignation, and wish again to resume the crown, kept a spy here, who daily reported to Secretary Vazquez every minute circumstance. The original letters, once in the Salesas at Madrid, were incorporated by Tomas Gonzalez in a work on this *Retrada*, which unfortunately is not yet printed. The ruin commenced by the French was completed by the Liberals of Cuacos, who, July 4, 1821, came and stole everything. They kept horses in the church, and made the Emperor's room a place for silk-worms. Recent sequestrations have again destroyed what the poor monks had partially restored, and chaos is come again.

Never again will it be the lot of traveller to be welcomed, like ourselves, by these worthy men, to whom news and a stranger from the real living world was a godsend. The day was passed in sauntering about the ruined buildings and gardens with the good-natured brotherhood. At nightfall supper was laid for all the monks together at a long board, but the *prior* and *procurador* had a small table set apart in an alcove, where, "bidden to a spare but cheerful meal, I sat an honored guest." As the windows were thrown wide open to admit the cool thyme-scented breeze, the eye in a clear evening swept over the boundless valley, and the nightingales sang sweetly in the neglected orange-garden, to the bright stars reflected like diamonds in the black tank below us. How often had Charles looked out on a stilly eve, on the self-same and unchanged scene, where he alone was now wanting! When supper was done, I shook hands all round with my kind hosts, and went to bed in the chamber where the Emperor breathed his last. All was soon silent, and the spirit of the mighty dead ruled again in his last home; but no Charles disturbed the deep slumber of a weary insignificant stranger. Long ere daybreak next morning I was awakened by a pale monk, and summoned to the early mass, which the prior in his forethought had ordered. The chapel was imperfectly lighted; and the small congregation consisted of the monk, my sun-burnt muleteer, and a stray beggar, who, like myself, had been sheltered in the convent. When the service was concluded, all bowed a last farewell to the altar on which the dying glance of Charles had been fixed, and departed in peace. The morning was grey, and the mountain air keen; nor was it until the sun had risen high that the carol of the light-hearted maidens dispelled the cowl, and relaid the ghost of Charles in the dim pages of history.

This is indeed a beautiful description—light, yet complete: how admirably the pathos is relieved by its setting: you open and close among the gay dancing village girls.

We wish we could, by way of conclusion, produce here at length what will be, for very many readers of the book, its most interesting chapter—a wise as well as witty one on *Spanish railways*. It is an awful damper—enough to make Birmingham hiss despair—enough to add a yet more horrific shriek to the infernal gamut of the locomotive whistle. In this age of quackery we should look in vain for anything to match the scheme of railways for the Spanish Peninsula—the grand Madrid and Aviles junction by Valladolid and Leon!—the grand Madrid and Barcelona line by Zaragoza and Lerida!—the grand Madrid and Alicante!—the grand Madrid and Cadiz!—the grand Madrid and Badajoz!—to be connected, of course, with the grand web of Portugal! But only look at the map. See the enormous distances—the vast desert plains—the huge obstinate hard sierras intersecting the desolate ill-peopled wildernesses. Consider the fewness and the poverty of the far-separated, withered, idle, tradeless towns—even the metropolis inferior in every resource to any second-rate English city: a venerable adage asserts that the angels have many a tussle among themselves for a place in the celestial balcony that commands the best views of Madrid—but the capital of Spain is not larger than Edinburgh, and there is more wealth and business in one street of Liverpool. Consider the lazy, loitering, do-nothing character of the lounging nation—abstemious in everything but cigars and love—the Asiatic fixture of the West. Consider that for what little traffic there is, never as yet have decent roads been provided. Consider that the existing traffic has, from time immemorial, been in the hands and sole support of the most energetic body of men in Spain—that railways, if successfully established by force of English gold, must be ruin to the muleteer. Consider the resistance of these sturdy myriads and their innumerable allies—their revenge—how easily they will impede, how instantaneously they will destroy. Consider finally the fate of Spanish Bonds. We have no doubt that many of our readers are overburdened with money—their case is hard—they have our imaginative sympathy—no doubt they must endeavour to get some means of relief—but we venture to suggest that a chain-bridge from Dover to Calais, or a tunnel between Port Patrick and Donaghadee, would be a more judicious plan on the whole than the Spanish rail. Meanwhile be contented in all the really interesting parts of Spain with your horse or your mule, and if this *Hand-book* finds you at Madrid, take Mr. Ford's advice—

Hurry across the Castiles and central provinces by day and night swift coaches, by extra post and mails, until the rails can convey you quicker; above all things beware of walking or riding journeys, especially in winter or summer; preferable even is the mud, wet, or cold of the former, to the calcining heats of the latter, which bake the mortal clay until it is more brittle than an *olla*, and more combustible than a cigar. Those "rayes," to use the words of old Howell, "That do but warm you in England, do half roast you here; those beams that irradiate onely, and gild your honey-sucked fields, do here scorch and parch the chinky gaping soyle, and put too many wrinkles upon the face of your common mother." Then, when the heavens and earth are on fire, and the sun drinks up rivers at one draught, when one burnt sienna tone pervades the tawny ground, and the green herb is shrivelled up into black gunpowder tea or souchong, and the rare pale, ashy olive-trees are blanched into the livery of the desert—then, when the heat and harshness make even the salamander muleteers swear doubly as they toil along like demons in an ignited salitrose dust—then, indeed, will an Englishman discover that he is made of the same material, only drier, and learn to estimate water. But a good thirst is too serious an evil in Spain to be made, like an appetite, a matter of congratulation; for when all fluids evaporate, and the blood thickens into currant jelly, and the nerves tighten up into the catgut of an overstrung fiddle, getting attuned to the porcupinal irritability of the tension of the mind, how the parched soul sighs for the comfort of a Scotch mist, and fondly turns back to the uvula relaxing damps of Devon;—then, in the Hagar-like thirst of the wilderness, every mummy hag rushing from a reed hut, with a porous cup of brackish water, is changed by the mirage into a Hebe, bearing the nectar of the immortals; then how one longs for the most wretched *Vento*, which heat and thirst convert into the Clarendon, since in it at least will be found water and shade, and an escape from the god of fire. Well may Spanish historians boast that his orb at the creation first shone over Toledo, and never since has set on the dominions of the great king, who, as we are assured by Berni (*Creacion*, p. 82), "has the sun for his hat" *tiene al sol por su sombrero*; but humbler mortals who are not grandees of this solar system, and to whom a *coup de soleil* is neither a joke nor a metaphor, should double up sheets of brown paper in the crown of their beavers—*sic nos servavit Apollo*—and oh! ye fair readers who value complexion, take for heaven's sake a parasol.

Surely every reader will acknowledge that this *Hand-book* is