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Pen and pencil sketches of a holiday scamper in Spain

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SKETCHES OF A HOLIDAY SCAMPER IN SPAIN.

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Vincent Brooks, lith

THE PALM FOREST. ELCHE.

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Pen and Pencil

SKETCHES

OF

A Holiday Scamper

IN SPAIN.

By A. C. ANDROS.

"Nihil scriptum miraculi causâ."—*Tacitus.*

LONDON:
EDWARD STANFORD, 6 CHARING CROSS.
1860.

203. b. 14.

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LONDON : PRINTED BY W. CLOWES AND SONS, STAMFORD STREET.

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PREFACE.

WHEN an Author announces that he publishes his work in compliance with the wishes of his friends, for whom it was originally and exclusively designed, the public care not to be apprized of so uninteresting a fact, and not unfrequently receive it with doubt and distrust. I therefore offer no such apology for the following ephemeral Sketches; but solicit the indulgent consideration of the reader for the faults he may detect in the unpretending little work thus submitted to his notice.

A. C. A.

London, July, 1860.

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SKETCH MAP OF ROU



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THE London season of 1859 is nearly over. The parks and gardens are rapidly emptying, the theatres and opera-houses are beginning to manifest signs of shutting up, the Royal Academy is about to be closed, the Thames and Serpentine are exhaling mephitic vapours, Parliament is on the eve of being

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prorogued, the heat is becoming intolerable, and every one is hurrying out of town, bound for the country, the seaside, or the Continent. I can brook no further delay in the metropolis, and long to flee from its deserted streets, to enjoy my hard-earned vacation in foreign climes. Whither shall I bend my steps? I have a month to spare, and all Europe lies before me. By chance I take up a work on Spain, teeming with graphic accounts of its bull-fights, *baylarinas*, Andalusian beauties, Alhambra glories, and Moorish relics. The die is cast! To Spain I will wing my flight and revel for a transient period in that dreamy land of romance and bygone chivalry.

I confess that a lurking desire to witness a real bull-fight (I have laughed heartily over the sham one in Leicester Square) forms one of my chief inducements to visit Spain, that I may see and judge for myself of the excitement, disgust, pity, pleasure, or pain, arising from the tauromachian sport so enthusiastically upheld by the Spanish nation, and so universally condemned and execrated by the other civilized nations of the globe. Moreover, as my *fidus Achates*, my well-beloved coz, Julius Carol (who has resided for some years in Spain, and is of course thoroughly up in its vernacular, manners, and customs), is about to return after spending *his* vacation in

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England, we can travel together, at least as far as his destination.

The journey decided on, and all preparations made, the day long and anxiously expected at length arrives, and on the night of the 29th July we find ourselves flitting along to Dover by the mail train, and before midnight are on board the *Impératrice* (or "Hempress," as the steward calls her), fuming and fretting in the harbour, apparently as anxious as her living freight to proceed on her voyage. In a few minutes the deck resounds with the cry of "any one for the shore?" followed by the orders to "cast off the head rope!" to "let go!" and finally to "move her ahead!"

The night is pitchy dark; the silence is only broken by the shouts echoing from captain to steersman to "starboard" and "port" the helm, till at length, the lights of Dover beginning to fade in the distance, the final order to "steady" is given, the captain descends from his perch, we are fairly out of the harbour, and *la belle France* lies before us. The gallant boat speedily runs into Calais Harbour; and crossing quickly over the gangway we tread the shores of France. A couple of dirty *douaniers* direct us to the station where our passports are *visé* by three dreary old birds sitting behind a counter, peering lugubriously through their spectacles in solemn

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conclave: this grave and important business over, we are soon seated in a luxurious railway carriage and whirling along to Paris.

Waking early in the gray morning dawn from a disturbed slumber, I find my fellow-travellers peacefully sleeping. Julius lies coiled up on the seat, his whole frame quivering and swaying with the rapid motion of the train, yet he sleeps like a top and snores like a trooper. We flit past rich corn-fields,



straggling villages, solitary buildings, undulating plains, and desolate stations, all looking wholly deserted and decidedly chilly. I take forty winks, and on again awakening find that we are approach-

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ing Amiens, where the engine pulls up to "licker." A few remarkably filthy porters and squalid railway officials, in easy *déshabille*, are lounging about the platform, enjoying their matutinal pipes; but everything is still very quiet: the whole train seems asleep as I once more compose myself to rest, and do not again awake till close to our destination.

At 9·10 A. M. we reach Paris, and out we bundle, all looking and many feeling very seedy, dusty, and unkempt. After the usual delay, we have our luggage examined and handed over, and take an omnibus bound for the Hotel du Louvre. It is now pouring with rain, the streets being actually flooded as the 'bus rattles through them; but by the time we have taken baths, made our toilettes, and partaken of breakfast, the rain has ceased, and we sally forth for a stroll about the charming streets of this delightful capital.

O those glorious Boulevards! those pleasant Champs Elysées! that magnificent Place de la Concorde! that grand Rue Rivoli! what charms have not these gay promenades for the smoke-dried cockney! and again, the motley contents of the shop windows, what temptations do they not offer! the palatial cafés, what luxuries do they not suggest!

It is now past noon, the heat has become intense, and we determine to seek shelter in the Bois de

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Boulogne. A *remise* soon conveys us thither, and we wander about its leafy avenues and shady groves, admiring its ornamental waters, till the setting sun warns us to return. After a dinner such as the Palais Royal alone can provide, a visit to the theatre, a call on some friends in the Chaussée d'Antin, we return to the hotel, wearied with the rambles of the day.

Next morning we rise with the lark, and betaking ourselves to the Boulevard Mazas, start for Lyons by the 7·30 A. M. express. Having, for the consideration of an extra fare of ten francs, acquired the monopoly of a luxurious *coupé*, we contrive, with a good supply of the fragrant weed, buoyant spirits, and the latest Galignani, to pass the term of our imprisonment in tolerable comfort; for we are hilariously jolly, and not a little musical, ransacking from the storehouse of our memories many dear old English airs, which we sing *con amore*, with great power, harmony, and pathos; like Hermia and Helena, literally—

> "Sitting on one cushion,
> Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
> As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
> Had been incorporate."

Behold us at various stations madly racing to the *buffet*, laying in fresh supplies of Chablis, and performing delirious hornpipes on the platforms,

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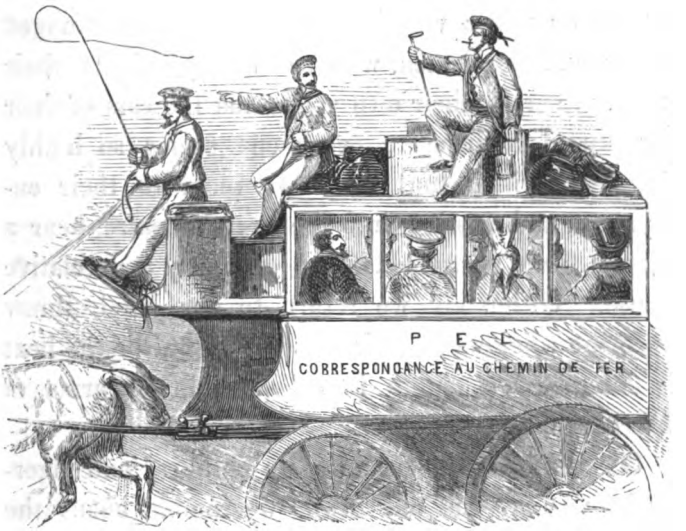
to the great diversion of our bearded fellow-passengers, who evidently set us down as two demented rosbifs fresh from Bedlam.

The day passes but too quickly, and we are surprised, when the train stops for the passengers to dine, to find that it is close upon noon. Tonnerre, Dijon, and Macon are speedily passed, and shortly after 6 P. M. we arrive at the Perrache Station at Lyons. An omnibus is waiting to convey passengers to their hotels: a crowd of foreigners rush to secure inside places, but we, preferring the *outside*, mount the roof, and



ENTER LYONS IN TRIUMPH.

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Chance leads us to the Hôtel de l'Europe, a huge building abounding in court-yards and prolific in doorways and corridors, where we are allotted a spacious apartment looking out upon the Saône and the Fourvières heights. We lose little or no time in brushing up, and repair to the Place Louis le Grand, a magnificent square, which, it being a *fête* day, is thronged with holiday folk listening to the strains of a military band and imbibing *bière de Lyons* to an enormous and horrifying extent.

After strolling about for an hour or two, we visit several *cafés chantants* where our ears are assailed by the energetic vocalization of sundry stout-lunged ladies and gentlemen, who seem to be doing their utmost to crack their own voices and the ears of their enraptured audiences; every one seems so highly delighted withal that we leave them to their enjoyment, and passing into the pretty theatre, hear a solemn farce performed to an evidently appreciative house. Ultimately we return to our hotel, throw open the windows to their widest extent, for the heat is intense, and jump into bed and the arms of Morpheus simultaneously.

On the following morning up betimes, and vigorously 'doing' the old town, we ramble about the quays and bridges, crowded with carts, horses, and

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numbers of country people coming into the town with their market produce. Passing the cathedral, we ascend the Fourvières heights by one of the steepest and worst roads it has ever been my lot to climb; but manfully resisting the importunities of sundry damsels, who vainly endeavour to seduce us



into purchasing rosaries, beads, and crucifixes, apparently the staple commodities of the place, we push on, *excelsior! excelsior!* till at last we reach the summit of the hill and are amply repaid for our toil by the magnificent view which bursts upon us. The ancient town of Lyons, intersected by the rivers Rhone and Saône, lies like a map at our feet, with the surrounding country stretching away even as far as Mont Blanc, whose outline we can just

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imagine in the distance. We return to the town by an apparently interminable flight of steps, the descent of which is extremely fatiguing and disagreeable, and the vile odours which salute our olfactories in the lower part of the town in no way tend to restore our equanimity.

Being at Lyons, reminiscences of Lytton's celebrated drama of course crowd upon me: at every turn I expect to see M. Deschapelles hurrying to his counting-house; in every carriage I try to recognize Pauline and her ambitious maternal relative; in every garden I look for Claude Melnotte writing poetry among his paternal cabbages; at every *auberge* I endeavour to discover the villain Beauseant plotting his treacherous schemes with his wretched tool, Glavis. Ah! who is that ancient buffer in regimentals? Surely it is our old friend Colonel Damas? Alas! no! I fear "these, our actors, have vanished into thin air," and the only members of the *dramatis personæ* that I venture to assume remain upon the stage, are those three dirty *sous-lieutenants*, who I make up my mind must be the first, second, and third officers that perform such grave and important parts in the "Lady of Lyons."

Again we find ourselves on the rail, this time bound for Marseilles. We start at 10·20 A. M.;

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but scarcely have we done so than we make a not unusual discovery, which fills me with dismay; I find, to my unutterable disgust, that I have blundered in my reading of Bradshaw; that



we are in a "parly," or omnibus train, instead of the express, with the cheerful prospect before us of stopping at every station on the road. The stoppages, however, enable me to take several hasty sketches of the beautiful scenery of the Rhone, parallel to which the railway runs for a considerable distance. Several up trains pass us on the way to Paris, whither they are conveying troops just returned from thrashing the Austrians in Italy; the principal

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stations are crowded with sun-burnt, hardy-looking, tough little fellows, whose travel-worn, ragged appearance plainly indicates that they have but recently experienced the stern realities of war.



Onward by the banks of the Rhone, winding its way through vine-clad hills to the Mediterranean, we pass successively, Valence, Montelimar, Orange, Avignon, and Tarascon; and by the time we reach Rognac it begins to grow dusk; we whizz through several tunnels, and at 6·35 P. M. arrive at Marseilles. We are detained an unconscionable time waiting for our luggage, all the passengers huddled together in in one large room without a single bench to rest upon. After a tedious delay our trunks are handed over and we drive to the Hôtel des Empereurs, in the Rue Cannebière, a fine thoroughfare stretching

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down to the quay, where we slake our thirst with some execrable Lyons beer, and retire to rest.

To rest, but not for long! for at an unholy hour of the morning springing madly from my couch, in a state of desperation from a combined attack of ——, who have evidently conspired to deprive me of all sleep, I am compelled to stalk moodily about the tiled floor watching Julius, who, as usual, is snoozing away as if no such insects existed. Wearily passes the time till the hour comes when I can conscientiously awaken the sleeper; and we set off to explore the town and harbour. Walking to the end of the main dock, I catch my first glimpse of the Mediterranean. It is a heavenly morning, not a cloud obscures the azure sky; the gentle breeze scarcely ruffles the surface of the tranquil sea, which is of an intensely deep cobalt, and dotted with snow-white sails.

The steam transport *Magellan* just arrived from Genoa, is disgorging shoals of dusty, bronzed soldiers of the 46th Regiment, who are swarming about the quays. Here my theatrical, preconceived notions of *vivandières* are rudely put to flight by the apparition of several coarse, masculine-looking women, the true daughters of the regiment; but oh, how different from charming little Piccolomini in her be

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witching personification of *La Figlia del Reggimento!* In the course of the morning, we see the whole regiment, twelve hundred strong, march through the town, en route for the railway station. We now have our remaining French money exchanged for Spanish dollars and take tickets by the steamer for Barcelona.

The streets of Marseilles strike me as being particularly dirty, filled as they are with filthy offal and reeking with horrible, overpowering smells; nor is this surprising, seeing that the drainage is carried along shallow gutters on the pavement instead of through underground sewers.

At 11 A. M. we proceed on board the *Madrid*, and steam out of the harbour, passing the famed *Château d'If* of Monte Christo celebrity, and heading out for the Gulf of Lyons. Our fellow-passengers consist chiefly of Spaniards and Frenchmen, and of course a few Englishmen; where, indeed, are the latter *not* to be found? There is a jolly, fat old *padre* on board, who does nothing but eat and pray during the whole passage. A slim, oily young Spaniard, in a gorgeous scarlet scull-cap, with a still more gorgeous tassel, and a beetle-browed, frowsy Catalan wrangle for hours, disputing about the beauty and elegance of English ladies. The Catalan roundly affirms that, from all he has heard, "they walk like cows, and

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drink beer all day;" an assertion which he of the cap indignantly denies, basing his arguments on the fact of his having visited London, where he has formed a more correct opinion of the *Señoritas Ingleses*. This is enough to make the travelled Castilian our fast friend, and the scowling Catalan our mortal enemy, and as such we remain till the end of the voyage.

The day, like the morning, is remarkably fine: not a ripple disturbs the placid bosom of the intensely blue waters, and the hours glide rapidly by as we breakfast and dine on the deck, and enjoy the glories of the setting sun over a bottle of genuine cognac, and a modicum of 'the weed,' smuggled away in our pockets from England. As evening advances we wander into the bows, inhaling the deliciously cool breeze, and watching the lights of Cape Creus revolving in the distant horizon.

Passing the engine-room on our return to the quarter-deck, I am seized with a desire to inspect the machinery; and we accordingly descend into its clanking depths, to the intense disgust of the engineer, who in strong language expresses his unmitigated dissatisfaction at our intrusion. We have some difficulty in pacifying the irate machinist through the intervention of a Mr. Robert Candler, whom we find in close confab with the stoker, and

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who subsequently gets very gratuitously communicative. Without the smallest provocation, he invites us to the cabin to join him in a bottle of *vin ordinaire*, under the influence of which our new friend becomes very confidential. He informs us, *inter alia*, that he "was horse-trainer to the *Duc de Grammont*; thinks Rarey's system d—d humbug; is a Scotchman by birth; has been a bruiser; has fought the something pet in rather less than forty-three minutes; is considered by his numerous circle of acquaintance 'a good lad;' has muscle; has been engaged in deadly encounters with Genoese assassins, two of whom he on one occasion fought with his single arm, and finally quieted by kicking on the brain; speaks four languages, understands five; has dined at the tables of dukes and marquises; has a big brother-in-law residing in Crutched Friars; knows the world; has a word of honour, supposes we have the same; is covered with scars received in defending the honour of his country; can throw a summerset; and, finally, is on his way to Madrid to fulfil an engagement as *tumbling clown* at Price's circus."

Highly diverted by our friend's garrulity and humour, we bid him good-night, and turn in under the table of the saloon, a four-poster improvised for the occasion. Coming on deck early the next

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morning, we find ourselves close to Barcelona, the town lying behind a long pier, beneath a background of steep mountains; in a few minutes we round the light-house, and cast anchor under the shadow of the ever-memorable fortress of Monjuich, which Peterborough so gallantly assaulted and carried with a mere handful of hardy English soldiers in 1705. On a lofty, barren, and apparently impregnable rock stands the citadel; and great indeed must have been the surprise of the inhabitants of Barcelona, when, on the 13th September, they descried the British flag proudly waving on its summit.

We confide our passports to the care of the captain, to be afterwards restored to us at our hotel, and jumping into a boat are rowed to the shore in company with our whilom associate, Bob Candler, whom we here lose sight of. Alas! poor Yorick! on my return to England I was much shocked at hearing of the poor fellow's untimely death, caused by an accident at Madrid. Peace to thy ashes, rare Bob Candler!

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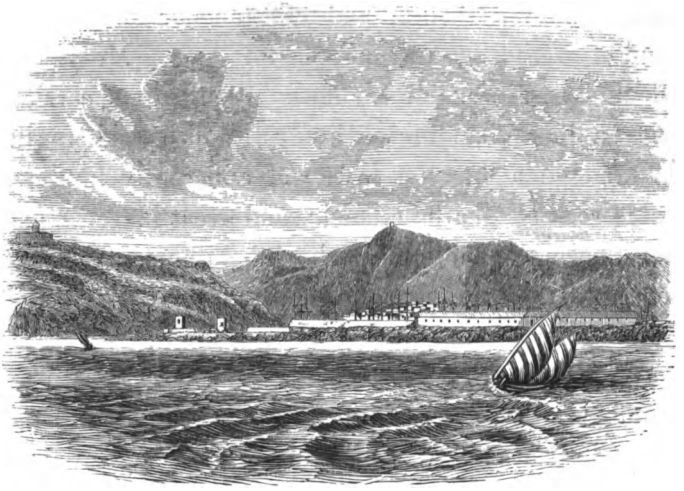

BARCELONA.

CHAPTER II.

MATRICULATE AS A SPANISH TRAVELLER.

We set foot in Spain amid a host of ragged rascals, noisy porters, importunate beggars, and sorry mules. Our trunks are hustled into a miserable shed, for the inspection of the custom-house officials; here I find myself perfectly helpless, and confide entirely in

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Julius, who, after a great deal of harsh, and to me unintelligible language, manages to pass our *impedimenta*, and we enter a shaky-looking conveyance, which takes us into the town.

How attempt to describe the beautiful streets of this remarkably picturesque city? Though narrow and confined, like the generality of Spanish streets, they are well paved and clean; the houses are lofty, and from every window and balcony stream long sun-blinds of every imaginable colour, giving to the long lines of perspective a novel and striking appearance. I am enchanted with the glorious vistas appearing at every turn. We drive to the *Fonda de las Cuatro naciones*, situated in the *Rambla*, a noble thoroughfare, one thousand feet long, lined with beautiful trees and shrubs. Having secured a room, and also baths, an indispensable luxury in this southern clime, and, generally speaking, excellent in Spain, we make an equally indispensable call on Señor Roaka, where I exchange a circular note for hard cash.

The Spanish coinage consists of *onzas, media onzas, isabelinos, doblones, dos duros* and *duros*, or sixteen, eight, five, four, two, and one dollar gold pieces; silver dollars, half-dollars, quarter-dollars, or *pesetas colunarias, pesetas*, and *reales de vellon*. The latter coin amounts to about two-and-a-half pence English,

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four make a *peseta*, twenty are equal to a dollar, and a hundred to about one pound sterling. French five-franc pieces, or Napoleons, as they are called, worth nineteen *reales*, circulate in much greater abundance than the silver dollar.

The day is spent in perambulating the town, and seeing, among other lions, the fine cathedral and the church of *Santa Maria del Mar*, commenced in 1328, a grand old building. Pushing aside the enormous curtain forming the doorway, we enter the porch, reverently uncovering, and stepping softly, for mass is being performed. A "dim religious light" pervades the lofty roof, and sheds through richly stained windows a feeble lustre on the graceful columns, pointed arches, and gorgeous decorations of the altar, surrounded by elaborate statues of the Virgin. Leaving the church, we walk to the *Muralla del Mar*, a fine marine parade, extending more than a quarter of a mile in a straight line, and built on the mural rampart which protects the sea face of the town; it commands a fine view of the harbour, where we see the *Madrid* getting under way for Alicante.

Ford calls Barcelona "the Manchester of Catalonia, which is the Lancashire of the Peninsula;" it is a thriving city, with a population of about 120,000

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souls. The shops are mean and petty as compared with the rich emporiums of our English capitals; but the cafés in the *Rambla* far exceed anything of the kind I have seen at home.

Innumerable beggars assail us at every turn with their everlasting cry of "*Una limosna por el amor de Dios!*" There is no getting rid of them, for the simple reason they do not understand my English, and Julius (or Julio, as I must now call him) is evidently determined to see me bled freely rather than come to my rescue with the conventional excuse of "*Perdone usted por Dios, hermano!*" an infallible remedy, as I afterwards ascertain, for shaking off these troublesome bloodsuckers, whom, however, a



hearty volley of English expletives has at last the effect of sending to the right about.

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We pass several charming *señoras*, wearing the elegant *mantilla*, attended by aged *criadas*, or female servants, who stick to their heels like faithful spaniels, and dart ferocious glances towards me as I audaciously peer at their young mistresses. High and low, rich and poor, all carry fans, and at first it seems absurd enough to be importuned by a frowsy old beggar, who solicits alms with one hand while she fans herself with the other. These mendicants, in which Spain is so prolific, are, however, not so old as they seem; the Spanish women soon fade, get flabby, bloated, and forbidding in appearance; never have I seen such fearful hags as now meet my averted gaze.

To my great chagrin I find that the theatre is closed, and am therefore compelled to forego seeing one of the largest in Europe. Huge placards, garnished with spirited representations of ferocious bulls, adorn every wall, dead or alive, setting forth the now stale information that a grand bull-fight has taken place two days previously. My curiosity to see this exciting spectacle increases tenfold, and I long for Madrid and look forward to Valencia to gratify it. Fatigued with sight-seeing, though everything is to me very novel and interesting, we return to the *Cuatro naciones*, where I go in for my first Spanish

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dinner, which I find also decidedly novel; in point of fact, a delusion and a snare. As the immortal Ingoldsby has written:

> "In fact, of the few
> Individuals I knew
> Who ever had happened to travel in Spain,
> There has scarce been a person who did not complain
> Of their cookery and dishes as all bad in grain,
> And no one I'm sure will deny it who's tried a
> Vile compound they have that's called *Olla podrida.*"

At least twenty different dishes are handed round, the fish coming in last; nasty compounds of rice, oil, and garlic, mysterious mixtures called *pucheros*, consumptive-looking fowls, greasy junks of beef, adipose lumps of mutton, form the main items of the *menu*; small talk and *cigarillos* come in between the courses, and the whole is topped off with figs, olives, grapes, melons, and a villainous decoction miscalled wine, which sets the teeth on edge for the rest of the day. This sumptuous repast over, we sally forth to secure places in the diligence for Valencia, which cost us ten dollars each; and sauntering about the *Rambla* amuse ourselves by getting up a scramble for *cuartos*, or farthings, among a flock of young urchins who soon surround us in shoals. At length up drives the dilly, and a queer, dissipated-looking affair it is, with its huge yellow body divided into the *interior* and

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berlina (answering to the *coupé* in French diligences), surmounted by the *correo*, or mail box, and piles of luggage. The words "BARCELONESAS, No. 6," are painted so conspicuously on the panels that we incur no danger of being lost on the toilsome journey which lies before us. The team comprises ten horses and mules yoked together by mysterious and artfully-contrived combinations of ropes, chains, and untanned leather: so rickety is the whole affair that we have to stop once an hour, on an average, to repair damages. The *postillon*, a bright-looking youth, in a broad *sombrero*, a scarlet handkerchief knotted round his head, a purple jacket, and blue trousers, mounts the near leader; the *mayoral*, or driver, ascends the box, and grabs a thick rope attached to halters at the wheelers' heads; the *zagal*, or supernumerary driver and whipper-in, rushes up to the horses, and lashes them most unmercifully; all yell and scream in concert, "*arrea! arrea! alza!! alza!! alza!!!*" and off we go as hard as the animals can put foot to ground; *ventre à terre* we dash through the town, up the *Rambla*, sharp round the corner, through the archway, and out into the country beyond.

The country! word suggestive to an Englishman of hill and dale, woods, meadows, and running streams, but a word generally meaning in Spain a

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succession of bleak, barren, stern-looking mountains, and long, long roads covered with thick layers of dust. What makes the aloe, the cactus, and the palm look so ghostly as they rear their hoary



DILIGENCE.

heads above the roads? Dust. What gives a uniform pallor to the horses, mules, harness, and diligence? Dust. What makes drivers, postilion, and travellers resemble millers? Dust. In dense clouds

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it shrouds the whole vehicle, and ascending high into the air, hangs like a pall over the road long after the cavalcade has passed. It forces its way through the windows and fills the mouth, nose, ears, and eyes of the unhappy occupant; we literally "bite the dust." The jolting coming out of the town is terrific, but the roads happily improve as we advance. Before night-fall we pass through several miserably poor villages; the immense doorways of the cottages filled with the inhabitants, working, playing the guitar, and "hunting," as a favourite pastime of the poorer classes



is usually designated. Stark naked, brown little urchins, with ample pot-bellies, gape open-mouthed at

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the dilly as it dashes through the village; the inevitable porker, who always occupies a prominent position in the streets, gives a dissatisfied grunt, and frisks away to the innermost recesses of his den.

The peasantry of Catalonia are clothed in long, dark-coloured trousers; the *manta*; conical, broad-brimmed *sombreros*, or *gorros*, red or black caps



CATALANS.

doubled over the forehead or side of the head. The females, wisely eschewing any pretensions to crinoline, wear tight, short bodices, and cotton handkerchiefs over the head and shoulders.

Stopping at a road-side *venta*, about dusk, to change horses, we go in for a *refresco*, of which our parched tongues are sadly in need; but the only liquor we can obtain is some vile *anis* brandy which I *cannot* drink and am obliged to content myself

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with tepid *aqua fresca*, so called on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle. Bitterly do I afterwards regret having entered that dreary inn, for therein finding a



CATALONIAN PEASANT.

lovely child, I fondle her in my arms, to the intense delight of her worthy maternal relative; but, alas! from this moment I am a martyr to a colony of fleas, which for one whole month effects a lodgment in my

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garments; nor does the enemy evacuate the premises till my return to England—oh, a lively buffer is the Spanish flea!

About midnight we pass Villafranca, and despite the rolling of the diligence, I fall into an uneasy slumber, waking every now and then with a start, to see the mules wending their way among the hills, or rattling along the level plain, under the glare of the



GUARDIAS CIVILES.

powerful lamp fixed in front of the vehicle. Anon we pass two spectral figures by the road-side, armed with

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heavy carbines, and sporting huge cocked hats; these are *Guardias Civiles*, or rural police, a remarkably fine body of men, somewhat resembling the *gendarmerie* of France. All the while the drivers keep up their astounding yells, *Arrea! alza!! alza!!!* never flagging throughout the whole journey—down jumps the *zagal*, and rushing up to the leaders, spanks away at each horse or mule in succession, running alongside the now flying team with wonderful activity, and remounting the box without even allowing his *cigarillo* to go out. Meanwhile he of the ribbons has not been idle, having loaded the box with huge stones, which he flings at the four-footed victims of his displeasure with marvellous dexterity, never by any chance missing his aim, as is evidenced by the answering kick which follows the discharge of each missile. Thus the wretched animals are goaded along; yet, notwithstanding all this exertion and superfluous energy, our average speed, including stoppages, scarcely amounts to two leagues per hour.

In the cold gray dawn of morning we reach Tarragona, where the diligence halts for a brief space, that we may break our fast on *very* thick chocolate, eaten with roley-poley biscuits. Tarragona is but the ghost of its former self, when in the days of the Romans its population amounted

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to upwards of a million souls, now dwindled down to about eleven thousand. In 1813 it was the scene of a horrid massacre by Suchet, when, on the entry of the French troops, the women and children, flocking to the English boats, were, as at Cawnpore in later times, cruelly shot down by order of the brutal conqueror. The most interesting feature of the place is the old Roman viaduct, "*Il perle del diavolo*," seven hundred feet long, and ninety-six feet high, built on two tiers of arches. The town contains a fine cathedral and chapels; the harbour is unimportant and not overcrowded with shipping.

Passing to the west of Tarragona, we cross the dried-up bed of a broad river, used in summer as a road. The country here becomes more fertile and luxuriant in *algarrobo*, or locust-trees, almonds, and wide-spreading vineyards. The great sign of civilization is the electric telegraph, which even in this lonely region stretches its wires high above the road, cheering the traveller with its social influences, though sadly depreciating the romantic features of the scenery. The road and fields seem wholly deserted, and the wonder is whence come the tillers of the innumerable acres of plantation surrounding us on all sides.

On our route we pass the wonderful natural harbour of Alfaques, formed by an arm of the land running a

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long way into the sea, and enclosing a large area of sheltered anchorage.

At 2 P. M. we reach the River Ebro, and leaving the diligence, are ferried across the stream (which for blackness might rival the Thames or the Styx) by a sun-burnt old Charon, and dine at the *paradór de las diligencias* of the adjacent village Amposta. Our party is beautifully select, consisting only of Julio and myself, occupants of the *berlina*, and a very shady-looking individual who has apparently been even more annoyed by the heat and dust than ourselves, so pertinaciously does he impress upon me that it is "*mucho calor*," to which I assent by "*si, señor*, rather!"

Dinner, mockery of mockeries, being over, coachy sings out "*vamos!*" we once more stow ourselves in the *berlina*, and drive off amid the blessings of our hostess and the *muchacha*, her black-eyed daughter, whom I have conciliated to an immense extent by presenting with the brooch of my old Glengarry. I observe several curious wells hereabouts, similar to those used in Egypt, for the irrigation of the country. A mule, walking in a circle, turns a large horizontal wheel, working a smaller vertical one surrounded by a rope and buckets.

> "The emptier ever dancing in the air,
> The other down, unseen, and full of water."

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By this simple contrivance the water is conveyed to the fields, and the ground kept in a continual state of moisture; for unless these artificial means were resorted to, the fields would soon become baked to a cinder, as rain, except at certain seasons, rarely comes to refresh the Spanish soil.

Crossing the river Cenia, we enter the kingdom of Valencia, where the peasantry in dress and appearance differ widely from the Catalonians. They are swarthy, brawny fellows, clad in loose white tunics and drawers reaching to the knee; gay handkerchiefs knotted round their heads, and *alpargatas*, or hempen sandals, fastened to their feet; many are wrapped in their *mantas*, blue striped blankets carelessly thrown round the shoulders, and falling over in graceful folds. Some of the old men are literally black as crows, and I can almost fancy myself in Bengal, surrounded by Coolies in their scanty attire, for on the whole the spectacle is decidedly oriental, and the solitary palms rising from the sun-burnt plains add greatly to the illusion. The road lies along the sea-coast: on the left the *lapis lazuli*-like waters of the Mediterranean, on our right the broad table land, terminated by a ridge of mountains. Late in the afternoon we reach Benicarlo and pull up under the shadow of the church; here

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Julio is warmly greeted by several of his acquaintances, who are taking their ease in the square, and who, in the true spirit of Spanish friendship, rush



VALENCIAN PEASANT.

frantically into his arms and bear him away. He soon returns however, bringing with him a bottle of excellent claret, an inestimable boon to the thirsty

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traveller when the thermometer is at 85 degrees in the shade. As we are about to start, in pops an obese young Spaniard, of course to our no small dismay, as the additional company of a fat man in the limited accommodation of the *berlina* is in no way conducive to our comfort. However, there is no help for it, so we place him between us, and as night advances, he slumbers first on my shoulder, and then on my friend's, as we shove him remorselessly from side to side. At Alcala de



Chisvert, I sketch some of the peasantry, who seem highly diverted and astonished as they crowd around, and pass their loudly proclaimed criticisms

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on my humble performance. At 10 P.M. we stop at Castellon de la Plana, a village renowned as being the birthplace of Ribalta; the night is very dark, and the village silent as the grave, as we once more proceed on our journey.

Early on the following morning, August 5, we enter



STREET IN MURVIEDRO.

Murviedro, the ancient Saguntum, founded in 1384, B.C., by the Greeks of Zacynthus. It is an interesting old town, with its circumvallations, rocky slopes, and citadel, and I very much regret that our brief

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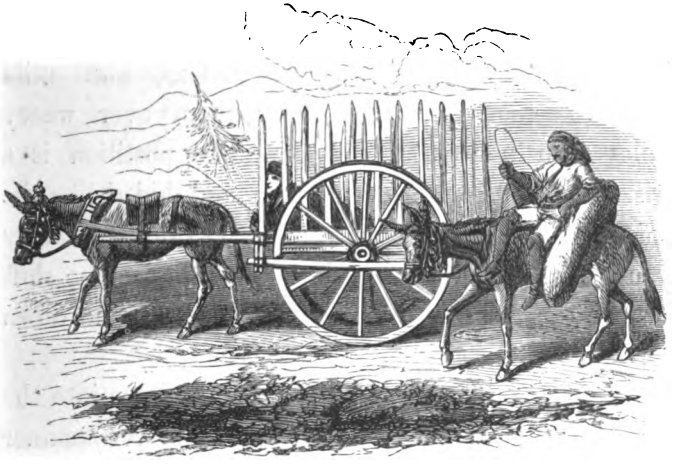
stay prevents me from exploring the Roman remains of this once famous city. The roads are now filled with peasantry, going to their daily toil. Numbers of carts laden with reclining figures, and tawny fellows, sitting sideways on their patient mules, decorated with gaudy scarlet tassels, pass us every minute. The carts are primitive contrivances,



being nothing more than a timber platform surmounted on wheels, and studded with rough stakes. The nave of the wheel is 'skidded' by a pole fastened to the front of the cart, and lashed firmly, when necessary, to a cross bar at the back. The country is well cultivated, and rich in the prickly

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pear, the aloe, and the palm. As the diligence rumbles along its final stage, I produce a pair of castanets, and commence a lively song to the clicking accompaniment, a proceeding which instantly raises me forty per cent. in the estimation of the drivers, who have already formed a favourable opinion of the *Caballero Ingles*, from the numerous cigars with which he has freely plied them during the journey. Jovial, cheery fellows are the *mayoral* and *zagal;* songs, jests, proverbs, *cigaritos*, water-melons, and mild though copious *refrescos* carry them over weary miles with unflagging energy. The postilion is a frisky little chap, hardy in frame and hided like the rhinoceros; many and many a league rides the sturdy youth apparently unfatigued, though it makes me shift uneasily in my seat to see him jolting up and down for hours in the saddle.

We reach Valencia at 7 A. M., and drive into the town: it is really surprising to see the clever manner in which the mules pilot the dilly through the narrow windings of the streets, going right up to the corners and wheeling about at a spanking trot, without ever running foul of anything in their headlong career.

Having secured rooms at the *Fonda Madrid*, we eagerly seek the *Calle de los Baños*, feeling actually incrusted with the dust accumulated in a journey of

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thirty-six hours, extending over upwards of two hundred miles of road. Not a little refreshed by our ablutions, we breakfast at the table d'hôte amid a bevy of silly young people, who are encouraging a stupid lad to swallow bumpers of raw brandy; an operation he performs without wincing, though with what result we fortunately have no opportunity of witnessing. After a brief *siesta* we sally forth to see the town.



VALENCIAN PEASANT.

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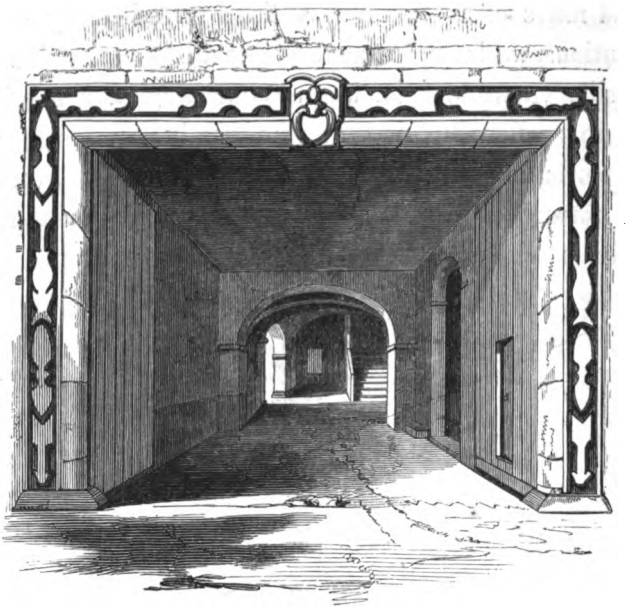

DOORWAY.

CHAPTER III.

MY DÉBUT AT VALENCIA; CASTILE, MADRID, AND THE RAILWAY IN SPAIN.

VALENCIA, like Barcelona, is very beautiful and picturesque; every turn and bend in the streets disclose fresh beauties; the effect of the gay streamers, dazzling white buildings, deep shadows,

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and mellow middle tints, is really magical. The doorways of the houses are enormous; they form the entrance both to the dwelling and the stable.

The principal *plaza*, *El Mercado*, or market-place, situated in the heart of the city, presents a scene of the liveliest animation and bustle; the square is crammed with people, stalls, shops, and piles of enormous melons. The *Lonja de Seda*, a Gothic building commenced in 1482, consists of a noble hall with tall fluted columns, filled with stalls covered with rich masses of golden silk offered for sale.

Valencia was finally wrested from the Moors in 1236, by James I., of Aragon, who died here at an advanced age, universally beloved. It was the favourite resort of Peterborough, who marched hither in face of the greatest difficulties and hardships in February, 1706. The cathedral, La Seo, possesses but few claims to architectural beauty; its chief attractions being the rich carvings, curious relics, alabaster sculptures, decorated panels, and exquisite paintings.

There are several other churches, chapels, and private galleries which can boast of magnificent works by the old Spanish masters, Joanes "the Spanish Raphael," Francisco and Juan de Ribalta, Ribera, Esteban March and Espinosa, an excellent description of which may be found in a book entitled

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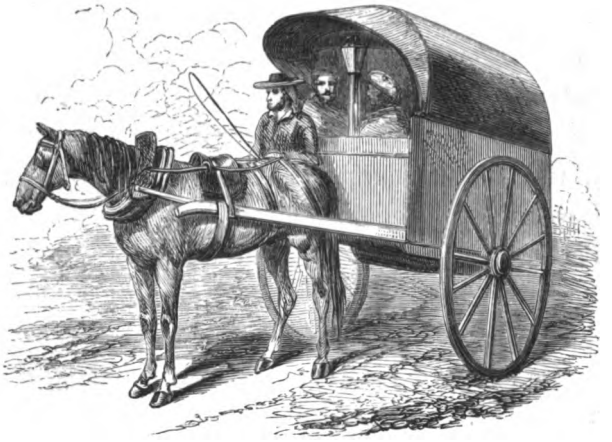
'Spain as it is,' giving, in a classified form, a concise synopsis of the best paintings in Valencia, Murcia, Madrid, Seville, and Valladolid.

About midday we hire a *tartana*, or Spanish cab,



a covered car wholly innocent of springs and horribly uncomfortable, in which we are jolted and bumped to the *Alameda*, or public promenade, a beautiful avenue skirting the banks of the river Tuvia, or Guadalaviar, spanned by two massive bridges, albeit the stream, from being largely taxed to irrigate the country, is nearly dry. Glorious indeed is the surrounding scenery, rich in poplars, *algarrobo* trees, olives, and palms. Returning, we visit the *Glorieta*, another

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favourite promenade, and much frequented resort of the inhabitants in the cool hours of evening.

It is now fearfully hot:—

> "The sky became
> Stagnate with heat, so that each cloud and blast
> Languished and died; the thirsting air did claim
> All moisture."

The whole place is deserted; with the exception of the wretched brown-coated sentries and ourselves, all are enjoying their *siestas*. To escape the glare of the burning sun, we seek refuge in the cool portals of the theatre, where the '*janitor aulæ*' confides us to the care of his little daughter who, armed with a huge bunch of keys, shows us into the pit. The theatre is a fine one, our hearts warm at the sight of it, and madly climbing on to the stage, the house soon resounds, probably for the first time, with choice selections from our immortal bard; but when we come to Macbeth's despairing scenes and wind up with his final encounter with Macduff, the little girl gets so frightened, and re-echoes our "hold, enough!" so strenuously, that we are compelled to moderate our heroics and descend to the milder dialogues of Hamlet and Horatio. Having given the soliloquy on death in a quiet and impressive style, and ultimately probed Julio with the point of my walking-stick to the tune

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of "Then, venom, to thy work!" we expire in a solemn manner, and coming to life again, bow gracefully to our supposititious audience, and retire amid imaginary showers of bouquets and thunders of applause. Our little guide appears quite bewildered at this extraordinary performance and evidently entertains serious doubts regarding our sanity, false impressions speedily removed by the timely *gratificacioncita* of a couple of *pesetas*.

On our return to the *Fonda* we meet with a strange adventure, the remembrance of which makes me shudder. Propped against a dead wall is a row of frightful cripples in every stage of disease and mutilation; some with but one leg, some with no legs at all, some without arms, some blind, some deaf, and others with horribly distorted forms. At the sight of two Englishmen, the unfortunate wretches, anticipating a golden harvest, simultaneously scramble towards us, dragging their emaciated limbs in wonderfully nimble style. Terrified at the charge of this infernal phalanx, we fairly turn tail, and flee wildly from its approach, nor do we venture to look behind us till far beyond pursuit. I was literally in a cold perspiration; and when Julio set off to visit some of his acquaintance, I scarcely durst wander forth alone, for fear of again encountering the ghastly

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crew. Julio, however, soon rejoins me at the *Fonda*, where we trifle with a dinner strongly resembling the former banquet at Barcelona, the wine if possible being a shade worse than any we have previously tasted. In the cool of the evening, Mr. Trevor, an English gentleman residing in Valencia with his family, kindly drives us in his carriage, a light English car *with* springs, drawn by a fine, high-stepping chestnut, to the *Grao* or seaport, some three miles distant. It is the Brighton of Valencia, and hither a general exodus takes place every evening, when all the inhabitants who can afford the luxury of a *tartana*, drive down during the summer to enjoy the pure sea-breeze. The whole road is lined with vehicles going at a walking pace, filled with ladies in white muslin dresses, and gentlemen in Panama hats and snowy inexpressibles. I am forcibly reminded of the road home from the Derby, which this somewhat resembles on a small scale.

The *Grao* is nothing more than a badly sheltered anchorage, containing a few vessels. The village consists of two avenues of white one-storied cottages, the marine residences of the wealthier gentry of Valencia. We go over a perfume manufactory, where the essence of sweet-smelling herbs is being extracted from the plants through the medium of

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vats, bottles, tanks, reservoirs, and a high-pressure steam-engine, which seems strangely out of place in this region of voluptuous *abandon* and beauty. At every doorway are seated groups of thinly clad, lovely women and enamoured swains; the ladies gracefully flirting their fans, and the gentlemen assiduously fanning the flirts, all seeming very *folâtre*, blithe, and happy as they languidly imbibe their innocent *refrescos*.

Leaving this halcyon scene, we return to Valencia, and repair to a café, where we indulge in a symposium of *horchata*, a delicious iced mixture, compounded of barley, *chocos*, sugar, milk, and snow.

The *casino*, or club, is a comfortable, well-arranged establishment, amply supplied with newspapers, though I seek in vain for the 'Times,' which, for a wonder, does not appear among the pile of papers littering the tables. After calling on some old friends of Julio's, we once more shape our course to the *Glorieta*, where we lounge about for some time, listening to the strains of an admirable military band. The promenade is thronged with ladies sitting on chairs and benches, a fascinating array of beauty, coruscating in the glare of many brilliant lamps. The whole spectacle has a decidedly Cremornish appearance, though the ladies who frequent the *Glorieta* are of a

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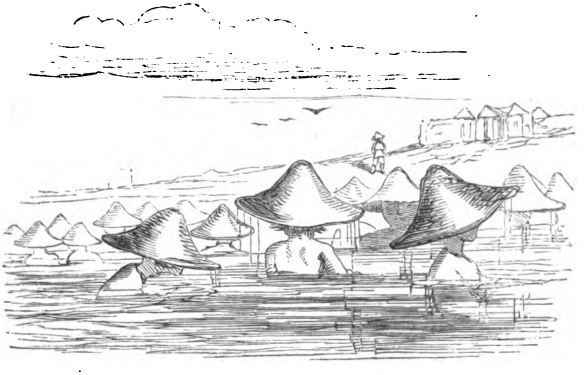
totally different class from the votaries of Terpsichore who resort to our suburban gardens. It is *not* considered "improper" for ladies in Spain to be walking in the streets at midnight, without bonnets, or stern "parients" at their sides; nor does the absence of the latter subject them to any danger of insult or molestation; for in Spain it is a recognized fact that night *must* be turned into day during the scorching heats of the long, long summer. Tearing ourselves from this pleasant spot, we wend our way back to the hotel, which we have no little difficulty in finding, so tortuous and intricate are the streets. At seven the next morning, Mr. Trevor again drives us down to the *Grao*, where we enjoy a refreshing sea-bath



amid an immense host of bathers all wearing large straw hats, which give the sea the appearance of

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being covered with floating, erratic mushrooms. The ladies disport themselves like playful naiads on one side of the bay, while the straw-tiled, hirsute mermen dabble about on the other, smoking cigarettes even in the water. The intervening space is jealously guarded by armed sentries extending from the water's edge up to the line of timber huts or fixed bathing machines, whither the bathers, wrapped in long winding sheets, repair to dress themselves after their ablutions. Returning to Valencia, a large circular building in the distance is pointed out to me, "That," says Mr. Trevor, "is the bull-ring!" and he proceeds to give me a long description of the splendid bull-fight which had taken place four days previously. All the *matadors* had been disabled in the first day's "sport," and a fresh supply of these acrobatic butchers had to be telegraphed for from Alicante. I sigh with regret, but am informed that at Madrid my curiosity is certain to be gratified. After breakfasting at Mr. Trevor's, where I partake of the first really comfortable meal I have tasted since landing in Spain, we take leave of our kind and hospitable entertainers, return to the *Fonda*, pay our bill (amounting to rather less than four dollars), and hiring a *tartana*, drive to the railway station, whence at 2 P. M. we start for Mojente.

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As a specimen of engineering the road is anything but well made, and the first-class carriage in which we are travelling is absurdly constructed for so hot a climate. The delight, however, of being again on the iron road, and propelled by the untiring locomotive, amply compensates for any trivial discomfort; so immense is the superiority of the *rolling* stock of the railway over the *jolting* stock of the high-road. Our party consists of two *señoritas* (one of them a lovely fascinating little creature), four talkative and amorous Hidalgos, Julio, and myself.

The road runs through the charming plains of the *Huerta*, flourishing in barley, citrons, oranges, pomegranates, wheat, pepper, rice, olives, aloes, and mulberry-trees, growing in the wildest luxuriance, and resembling a richly planted garden. At four we reach Xativa, and arrive at Mojente at five. The distance being but fifty English miles, the pace is anything but terrific, though there are ten stoppages on the road. Again we are compelled to consign ourselves to the diligence, four of which vehicles are in waiting to convey the passengers to Almansa, to join the main line from Alicante to Madrid, the junction from Mojente being as yet incomplete.*

* Since the above was written the line has been completed, and passengers can now travel through from Valencia to Madrid by railway.

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The station is crowded with porters, passengers, railway officials, mule-drivers and *zagals* running madly about in dire confusion, and with incessant bawling and shouting: such a Babel of tongues I have never before heard, and certainly hope never to hear again. At length all the luggage being transferred from the railway to the road, the last trunk is hauled on to the roof, and the brawny porter streaming with moisture has received our *peseta* for special services rendered; we stow ourselves in the *berlina*, in company with an unwashed, squalid individual, who has apparently renounced the use of water since the day he was plunged in the baptismal font. A ragged *muchacho* approaches the window, and offers us a tempting melon for the modest consideration of one *real*. We are athirst. We buy that melon, we eat that melon, and I never touch melon again to the day I leave Spain. Mem. for travellers. *Beware of over-indulgence in Spanish melons!*

One by one the diligences set off amid the usual yelling and vigorous flagellation; and once more up rise thick clouds of dust even in greater abundance than on the Valencia road. It is positively unbearable, and I do not the least exaggerate in asserting that it is almost impossible to discern the heads of the wheelers in the murky haze which envelops the

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team: the dilly in which we are travelling happens to be the last of the four, and we consequently come in for the dust raised by eight-and-forty galloping mules, and sixteen rapidly revolving wheels. The country, as far as visible through the dust, is barren and dismal; a vast wilderness of yellow plain and arid mountain.

Our companion turns out, notwithstanding his forbidding exterior, to be a learned pundit, who, ascertaining from Julio that I am almost entirely ignorant of the Spanish language, addresses me with the familiar phrase "*Loquerisne Latinum?*" but pronounced with such an extraordinary accent that I can scarcely understand him. We contrive, however, to keep up a very halting dialogue in the dead language till I pose the worthy linguist by asking him to construe the puzzling sentence, "*Homo natura est Cretam visum naturam vitium;*" nor does he discover that *homo* is here used in the feminine, till we arrive at Almansa, after a drive of about three hours.

Near Almansa, a flourishing little town, containing about 7000 inhabitants, was fought the famous battle on the 25th April, 1707, on which memorable occasion the British, supported (?) by the Spanish allies, were signally defeated by the army of the Bourbons, and lost 18,000 men, 120 standards, all their baggage and artillery. The English troops

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were commanded by Lord Galway, in whose favour the British government had superseded the gallant Peterborough, and in so doing may be said to have decided the fate of Spain. An obelisk, erected in the centre of the battle-field, marks the spot whereon this important engagement was fought.

We dine at the table d'hôte of the *posada*, a large rambling building, situated near the railway, and at nine o'clock find our way to the station, where we await the arrival of the up-train to Madrid.

On taking our seats in a first-class carriage, we are surprised to find, that *by a singular coincidence* we form precisely the same party who have travelled together on the Valencia line. The Spaniards renew their attentions to pretty little Concha, as she says she is called. I envy her admirers the privilege of talking to her, and beg Julio to intimate to the laughing beauty that I deplore my inability to repeat the pretty speeches rising to my lips, and should, if conversant with Spanish, be only too proud and happy to do homage to her charms. This gushing compliment being faithfully interpreted, and having received a charming smile in reply, I endeavour to take the little witch's portrait, though labouring under no small disadvantage from the oscillation of the carriage. Concha is nevertheless graciously

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pleased to approve of the wretched attempt, and in token of approbation affixes her autograph, which I here present to the reader. Fatigue soon begins to



have its effect upon the hitherto merry party, and one by one, we gradually subside into slumber; but waking in the dead waste and middle of the night, I discern through the dim lamp-light—but a truce to tale-telling and ill-natured revelations!

Morning dawns, and our eyes are gladdened by the sight of a magnificent sunrise, as Phœbus in a blood-red ball of fire rises from the distant horizon. We are now scouring over the immense plains of Castile: the country is bald and level as the sea; a vasty waste, unbroken by a single object to relieve its monotonous aspect. At 4·35 A. M. we pass Tembleque, and shortly afterwards reach Aranjuez, the summer resort of the

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court of Spain. The royal residence, rebuilt by Philip V. in the French style, is an unostentatious building, surrounded by trees and luxuriant verdure; a pleasant change after the wearying sameness of the plains.

As we whirl on, a large town, standing isolated in the middle of the plain, appears in the distance. That town is Madrid, the glory and pride of the Spaniard, who, in many a terse phrase, exults in the existence of his beloved capital. "*No hay sino un Madrid!*" is a favourite boast, and one in which few Englishmen would refuse to concur. We sweep round a vast semicircle, and run into the terminus at 7·30 A. M. On the platform Julio descries an old acquaintance, and they are soon engaged in animated conversation. Suddenly I observe my friend's countenance to fall, as he turns upon me with a look of the deepest commiseration. "What *is* the matter, old fellow? speak out!" "The bull-fights are all over for the season," replies Julio, eyeing me with pity, mingled, as I suspect, with a latent spirit of *badinage*. But, alas! for once he is *not* hoaxing me, and despite the feelings of inherent antipathy to the barbarous sport, which as a carefully nurtured and naturally tender-hearted youth, I have been taught to look upon with horror and aversion, I feel quite

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an ill-used individual, and bitterly echo Julio's malicious suggestion, that I have been "regularly sold." From this moment a dire presentiment haunts me that I am destined to leave Spain with my blood-thirsty craving unappeased, though Julio ridicules the idea of my going through Andalusia without "coming in for a fight."

Bidding a tender farewell to dear little Concha, we hire a conveyance and drive to the Nuevo hotel, in the *Calle de Atocha*, kept by a Mad. de Sn Simon, who gives us the choice of all the rooms in the house; we are in fact the only guests, it being the unfashionable season, when every one is 'out of town,' and supposed to be residing at their country seats.

Braving the intense dry heat, we spend the greater part of the day in walking and driving about the town, I confess not without a feeling of disappointment. For the capital of a country like Spain, the buildings and shops are *not* of a character worthy the panegyrics so lavishly bestowed upon them by the nation; and the small traffic in the streets adds to the conviction that trade here is comparatively stagnant. Everything bears the stamp of poverty in a greater or less degree, and picturesque, and even gay as is the general appearance of the town, the impression formed is unfavourable to the wealth, beauty

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and comfort of Madrid. The *Puerta del Sol*, in the heart of the city, is the nucleus of the principal streets; it is the rendezvous of gossipers, vagrants, and idlers, who from "morn to dewy eve" throng the pavement, and besiege the passers-by (Englishmen especially when they get the chance) with their wearisome importunities. In the *Calle de Alcalá*, a noble thoroughfare, by far the finest in Madrid, are a few handsome edifices. The Royal Academy contains a poor collection of modern paintings, which contrast unfavourably with the few admirable works of the old Spanish masters here exhibited. The *Plaza de Toros*, or bull-ring, will accommodate over twelve thousand spectators: but the gates are now closed, and silence reigns around its lofty walls.

I pretend not in this abstract and brief chronicle to give a list or description of all the places of interest in Madrid. The able pen of Richard Ford, in his handbook of Spain (which I found an inestimable treasure in my wild gallop through some of the places he so accurately describes), has written so full an account of this capital, that it would be supererogation on my part to attempt even a hasty outline of the lions it contains. Suffice it to say, that after visiting the *Calle Mayor*, the *Calle de la Montera*, and the *Calle de las Carretas*, the Bond and Regent Streets

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of Madrid, and other principal thoroughfares, we proceed to the *Prado*, passing on our way the statue of Cervantes, the author of the immortal Don Quixote.

The *Prado*, or public promenade, is a noble avenue, planted with trees and shrubs: the length of the salon, or principal walk, is nearly fifteen hundred feet by two hundred wide. During our visit it is crowded with gaily-dressed groups of both sexes, some strolling about, and others taking their ease on chairs ranged along the footway. A few handsome equipages, drawn by showy-looking horses, are dashing about, and the whole coup d'œil greatly reminds me of the drive in Hyde Park on a summer afternoon. Ford says "the Prado, a truly Spanish thing and scene, is unique; and as there is nothing like it in Europe, and, oh, wonder! as there are no London cockneys on it, it fascinates all who pass the Pyrenees. * * * Fire and water, *Candela, Fuego! y quien quiere agua?* resound on every side: Murillo-like urchins run about with lighted rope-ends for smokers, *i. e.*, for ninety-nine out of one hundred males; while *Aguadores* follow the fire, like engines, with fresh water, for your *pimiento* and bacon-eating Spaniard is as adust as his soil and thirsty as Vesuvius."

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In the evening we repair to the *Jovellanos* theatre: we had booked ourselves stalls in the morning, and were fortunate in having been able to procure them, though at a high premium, from a fellow hanging about the door of the theatre. This system of buying up the tickets and reselling them at a considerable profit appears even more prevalent in Madrid than at the operatic and extraordinary performances in London; where, besides the regular box office at the theatres themselves, there springs up a crop of speculative ticket-shops whereat the would-be sight-seer is heavily mulct if determined to witness the desired spectacle.

The theatre is a fine, handsome building, with many tiers of boxes: the space usually allotted to the pit is entirely occupied by commodious *lunetas*, or stalls. The house is crammed to overflowing with dark-eyed beauties and charming *señoritas*; boxes and galleries present a whirlwind of fans in a perpetual tremor of graceful agitation. The performances consist of Spanish operettas, or *zarzuelas*, and Italian selections, in which Madame Ugalde sings divinely to a highly demonstrative audience, who, in a perfect *furore*, treat her to a most flattering ovation at the end of every act.

When the drop finally falls, we leave the theatre,

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and enter a spacious café, where we indulge in copious libations of *horchata*. Under the potent influence of this ardent and intoxicating beverage, several rascally-looking fellows are quarrelling, brandishing their long knives in a very excited manner, and vowing by all the saints in the Calendar that they will stab some one this night. Leaving these worthies to settle and adjust their little differences between themselves, we return to the hotel, and sleep the sleep of the weary.

On the following morning we call on Mr. O'Shea, the banker, to cash some circular notes; and we then visit the royal palace. It is a magnificent building, 470 feet square, and 100 feet high; the front or east elevation is very handsome and imposing, although disfigured by tall, unsightly chimney-pots. In the centre of the garden fronting the palace, stands a noble equestrian statue of Philip IV., surrounded by others of considerably less merit which formerly adorned the cornice of the palace. From the *patio*, or large square courtyard to the south of the building, we have a fine view of the gardens, the valley of the *Manzanares* thickly planted with young trees and the distant range of the *Guadaramma*. The interior of the palace is very striking, rich in painted ceilings, marble floors, crystal chandeliers, gorgeous tapestry,

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crimson velvet, and gold decorations. The reception throne-room is a magnificent saloon, and the royal chapel, built in the Corinthian style, abounds in rich marbles, frescoes, and gilt ornaments.

Quitting this regal mansion, we hire a brougham and drive to the *Museo*, situated near the *Prado*. The exterior appearance of this edifice is by no means prepossessing, but the interior offers as delicious a banquet of art as the most fastidious epicure could possibly desire, for in this unrivalled collection are some of the finest paintings in Europe. Here the old masters of the Spanish, Italian, German, Flemish, Dutch, and French schools flourish in all their glory. Here may be seen the exquisite Virgins and Madonnas of Murillo; the marvellous portraits of the great Velasquez; the harsh but masterly works of Ribera; the splendid paintings of Raphael, Titian, Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, Guercino, Salvator Rosa, Correggio, Snyders, Albert Durer, Holbein, and Quintin Matsys; the life-like, glowing figures of Rubens; the rich harmonious beauties of Vandyke; the sunny skies of Claude; the glories of Poussin: the stirring works of Wouvermans; the delicious bits of Teniers; the elaborate battle-pieces of Snayers, and countless other gems by the greatest painters the world has ever produced. For several

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hours we wander through the galleries, feasting our eyes on the mighty display spread out before us, till compelled to tear ourselves from this hallowed atmosphere of art, and turn to the commonplace reality of a Spanish hotel dinner.

Onward is again the word; we must leave this night for Alicante. A brougham conveys us to the railway terminus, where we have a lively argument with the driver regarding his proper fare. The scamp endeavours to make it appear that he has acted from purely philanthropic motives in bringing us at all, and only as a great personal favour has he degraded his vehicle by loading it with trunks. In consideration of the extreme violence done to his feelings thereby, he claims pecuniary compensation adequate to the moral outrage he has so generously inflicted upon himself. Unfortunately, however, for the magnanimous Jehu, he has to deal with at least one Londoner, who, from a long sojourn in that world of cabbies, has become case-hardened to all urgent appeals or menacing insolence from the fraternity of the whip. Though we cannot order the fellow to drive to the nearest police-station, force him to produce his book, compel him to give us his number, nor appeal to a friendly 'bobby,' we manage to get off without paying more than about double the

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"bare fare," disregarding the look of impotent fury the fellow casts upon us as we enter the station.

The ticket-office consists but of one large white-washed room containing a buffet, a cigar stall, and the *despacho para billetes*, a small pigeon-hole to which all have to fight their way to procure their tickets. Of course I leave all this to Julio, and at 8 P. M. we find ourselves once more on the rail, bound for Alicante. This time our party consists of two Spanish civil engineers (*very* civil they afterwards prove); a stout old gentleman; his better half, a shrewish old dame, with the "hi of an awk;" their niece, a beautiful creature with a fair complexion and rich golden hair; and their servant, a strapping handsome lass, to whom the engineers are remarkably, and I think officiously attentive, for the poor wench gets but little sleep the whole night. Cigars —*O tempora! O mores!*—are speedily produced, for Spanish ladies do not at all object to smoking, and my own private "cutty" being soon in full operation, the consumption of tobacco and dense fumes of smoke become really terrific. To my English notions, the thing at first seems scandalous, but the novelty is decidedly agreeable, and I feel little disposed to question its propriety. Finding that one of the engineers speaks French, I get into conversation with

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him, and as night advances, persuade him to take me on to the locomotive, though he makes it a *sine quâ non* that I shall lend him my cape for the ride.

The night is dark as Erebus, the country flat and bare as the desert. With a deafening scream off we start. The engine-driver, a Spaniard, keeps inciting the wretched stoker to fresh exertions every moment, shoving in coke in the most reckless manner, till the steam fairly roars out of the safety-valve, when, of course, open flies the furnace-door and out rush the flames. Then the infatuated creature is continually turning on the gauge-cocks to make sure of the boiler supply, so that what with one thing and another, I am roasted in the legs, drenched in the body, and frozen in the head from the rush of the bleak night air. After a run of about twenty miles, heartily sick of this mode of travelling, which affords but little scope to my inquisitive turn of mind, I return to the carriage, where Julio is affecting to be soundly asleep. The sly dog! I strongly suspect that he has been otherwise engaged during my absence, and the *empressement* with which he takes leave of the ladies in the morning, goes far to confirm my suspicions. At about 4 A. M. we stop at Albacete, a thriving town, called the Sheffield of Spain, where are manufactured the *puñales* and *cuchillos*, long-

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pointed knives, so often used for murderous purposes by this excitable, hot-blooded race. Here the engineers leave us, and we continue our journey with the old couple and the young females. The former are apparently buried in profound repose, though I cannot but persuade myself that the stern old lady is sleeping with one eye open, which is watching me with spectral glare. That basilisk optic haunts me in my broken slumbers like a hideous nightmare. As the poor bird, transfixed with horror, gazes entranced at the advancing form of the deadly serpent, so do I encounter with shuddering awe the eye of that fearful old woman. The lovely *señora* sees it not, nor does the handsome Abigail, and I am prepared to take a solemn affidavit that my gallant comrade does not observe it: I alone am under its spell, and vainly endeavouring to shake off its baneful influence by resolutely gazing at the rising sun, the fiery orb seems to dilate and resolves itself into a human eye. Heaven and earth, it is too much! I collapse into my seat and stare fixedly at nothing, till on the arrival of the train at a station near Noveldar, a movement is made by our fellow-travellers, and to my inexpressible relief they quit the carriage after a ceremonious and courteous *adios*. The ban is removed; I feel a mighty weight lifted from my chest, and in joyful mood join with Julio

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in a jovial chorus, before the termination of which the train is rapidly approaching its destination.

We are now surrounded by lofty, rugged mountains, yellow and bare, without the slightest sign of vegetation. The outline of the hills is picturesque: the hard profile of the craggy rocks and deserts of stone, glittering in the already burning rays of the morning sun, form a truly Arabian picture, and one would scarcely feel surprised to see a train of camels issuing from any of the defiles we are rapidly passing.

Suddenly Julio pokes his head out of the window and exclaims in hearty accents, "There is Alicante!" I look forth and in the distance descry a lofty rock towering above the horizon. That rock is Alicante: in a few minutes we run into the station and are at our journey's end.

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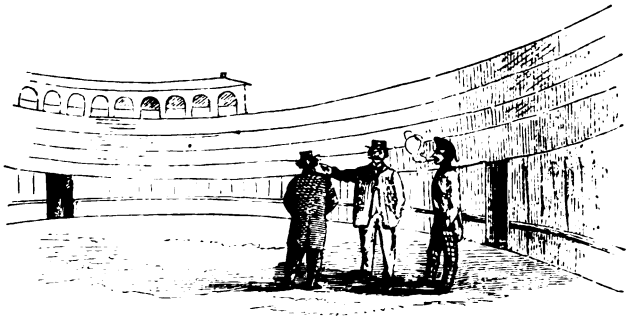

THE BULL-RING—ALICANTE.

CHAPTER IV.

I REACH THE FIRST STAGE OF MY JOURNEY, PAUSE, AND START AFRESH.

THE first stage of my scamper is reached, and I resolve to rest awhile from the fatigues of travelling before again girding my loins for a fresh start. But my determination is not altogether voluntary: having done so much, seen so much, suffered so much, and enjoyed so much, it is now absolutely necessary I should halt for a few days to recruit my wearied frame, and defer my departure from Alicante till the ensuing Saturday. Nor had I cause to regret my

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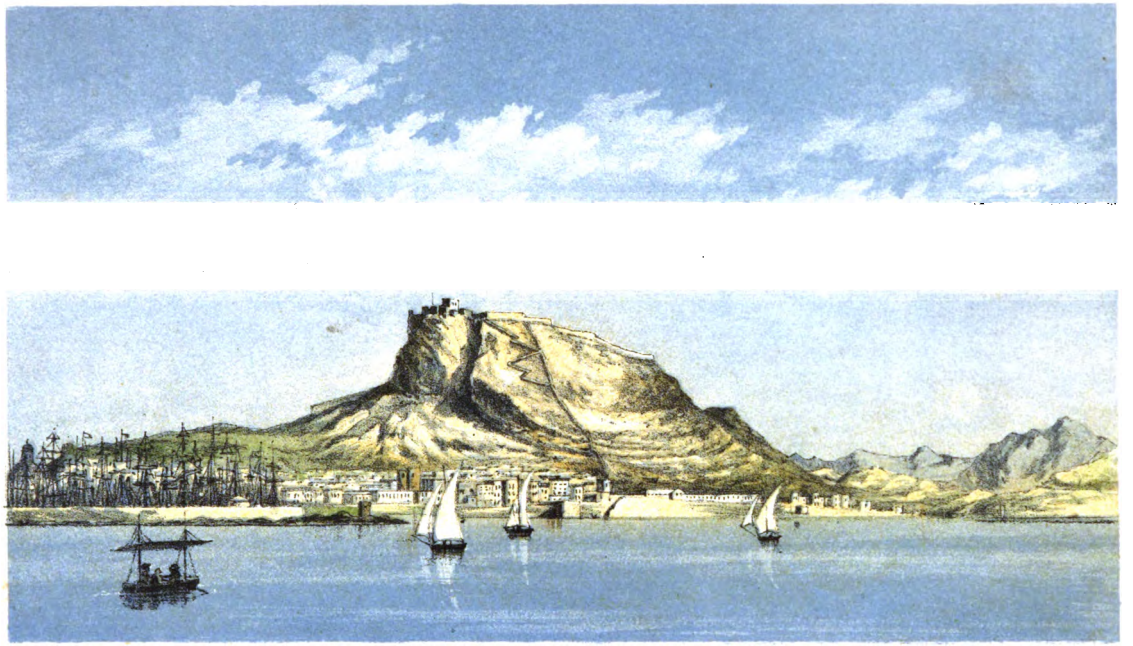

Vincent Brooks, lith

ALICANTE.

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stay, for the few happy days spent here with my hospitable friends, and the kindness received from every one I met, will ever prove sources of unmixed pleasure, and I shall ever look back to Alicante with feelings of the liveliest satisfaction. For six whole nights we had been on the road without change of raiment: a cheerful room in the house of my friend Don Pedro in the *Plaza Ramiro*, commanding a delightful view of the sea, proved a pleasant change after the *désagréments* endured in travelling so rapidly.

Alicante, the capital of a province of the same name in the kingdom of Valencia, is situated at the foot of a lofty castle-crowned rock. With its white-washed houses and projecting mole, tolerably well filled with shipping, it presents a fine picturesque appearance from the sea. The population amounts to about nineteen thousand souls. Trade here was formerly much greater than at present, as evidenced by the noticeable fact that it is no longer the residence of the English merchants who but a few years since made it their home. The town contains a *museo*, a pretty little theatre, a handsome town hall, an excellent casino, and respectable shops.

On the first evening after our arrival we have an opportunity of seeing the rural life of Alicante at the country residence of Señor Porvallo, to which we are

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driven in a dreadful *tartana*, by a road winding through desolate and barren hills, from which the castle has an imposing appearance. At the *Cruz de Piedra*, on the summit of the steep, a beautiful view surprises the spectator. Beneath lies the *Huerta*, where, as Ford says, "the succession of crops never ceases. There is no winter, one continual summer reigns in this paradise of Ceres and Pomona; but the immediate environs are arid and unproductive; and the swampy coast towards Carthagena breeds plagues of flies, fevers, and dysenteries, which the immoderate use of the *Sandia*, or water-melon, encourages." We are hospitably entertained by Señor Porvallo at his charming villa on the brow of the hill. "Buttons," who waits upon us at table, is a curiosity; a handy little nigger, perfect in all points, strong as a pony, black as ebony, quick as lightning, and active as a monkey. It is amusing to observe the stolid manner in which the little fellow submits to a public inspection, to having his adamantine nut rapped, and his woolly hair pulled



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by the malicious writer. I am far too tired, however, to do anything like justice to the ample meal spread out before us, nor even join in a weed with the whole party seated in the moonlit porch, and right glad when Don Pedro gives the word to return homewards, I drag my weary limbs back to Alicante, supported by the sturdy arm of Bob Moriarty, a jovial son of Erin who forms one of our party. Soon buried in profound repose I hear not the dulcet strains of a serenade, got up in honour of Julio's arrival by Señor Pepet, a one-eyed old music-master who had afforded me much amusement in the morning by his few choice English sentences, and his wonderful performance on the guitar.

The three following days were occupied in paying visits, walking on the mole and *paseo*, bathing on the tideless shore, sketching, boating, and enjoying the *dolce far niente* to my heart's content. I also went over the bull-ring, where Julio and Moriarty gave me a full, true, and particular account of a bull-fight. By that door the infuriated animal rushes in, there sit the *Picadores* on their devoted steeds, there stand the *Chulos*, and there the *Banderilleros* ready to plant their barbed darts into the neck of the unhappy bull, and by other means, torture and worry the poor brute, till his sufferings are terminated by the merciful *coup*

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de grâce of the *Matador*. In yonder shady boxes the aristocracy recline at their ease, while on the opposite side, exposed to the glare of the sun, sit the more democratic portion of the spectators. The arena is surrounded by the *barrera*, a wooden barrier some four feet high, behind which is the stone parapet forming the front of the first tier of seats; the narrow circular avenue between affording a safe retreat for the *chulos* when pursued by the bull. The numerous splashes of gore sprinkling the *barrera* give unmistakeable evidence of the sanguinary nature of the contest which has taken place a few days previously. Alas! that I should have been too late to witness it!

On the 13th, we organize a pic-nic to Elche, a town about twelve miles distant, and having chartered a rickety old omnibus, start at an early hour; our party consisting of Don Pedro, Julio, Moriarty and myself. The road is execrable, the scenery cruelly barren, dry, dusty, and desolate; but on nèaring Elche, I am truly amazed at the number of gigantic palm-trees growing in the wildest luxuriance.

Arrived at the town, we put up our vehicle at a *posada*, and repairing to the church of *Santa Maria*, ascend the belfry, from which elevated position we obtain a splendid view of the surrounding scenery. Below lies the town with its flat-roofed Moorish

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houses, and girdling it for a considerable distance is the enormous forest of palms, stretching away in dense groves of vast extent. Ford says, "There is only one Elche in Europe: it is a city of palms; the Bedouin alone is wanting, for the climate is that of the East." The trees are raised from dates, which at this season of the year hang in large green clusters from the tops of the trunks.

Descending from the tower we plunge into the forest, and there and then pic-nic in the shade of the lofty trees, under which it is delightfully cool and pleasant. Wandering dreamily through the wood, among the giant, deep-rimmed trunks and arching leaves of these mighty palms, it requires no very great stretch of the imagination to fancy myself in the leafy groves of Ceylon, or the forests of far-off Barbary.

Towards evening we commence our return journey to Alicante, provided with a bottle or two of claret wherewith to moisten our parched lips on this most dusty road; but the difficulty of drinking is considerably enhanced by the terrific jolting of the 'bus, and it is fine to see Moriarty spill half a tumbler over his snowy o-no-we-never-mention-ems; it is finer to see Julio gingerly but vainly cover his knees with his pocket-handkerchief before taking his draught; but

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finest of all is to see Don Pedro commence drinking; to see us all get a spasmodic fit of laughing; to see the worthy Don also seized in the midst of his "swig;" to see the ruddy liquor gush in volumes from his nose, mouth, and eyes, as half choked with convulsions of laughter, he puts his head out of the window, purple in the face and gasping for breath. For an hour afterwards we suffer severely from aching sides, and are nearly seized with another spasm when the Don suddenly plunges headforemost out of the front window of the omnibus. The cause of this strange acrobatic evolution is soon apparent. The driver has, in the true spirit of Spanish laziness, laid himself supine on the roof, where he is warbling a plaintive ditty in tones unlike any I have ever heard save from the lips of dyspeptic Chinese beggarmen in London, and the reins being left in charge of a diminutive urchin, Don Pedro has seized the opportunity for having a drive. But now, alack! our spirits are damped by the dismal thoughts of approaching separation which begin to crowd upon us; for in a few short hours Julio is to start for Denia, I for Malaga. To dispel these melancholy thoughts, we get up a chorus, straining our lungs to the utmost pitch till the road echoes to the hackneyed airs of "Old Dog Tray," "Hoop de dooden doo," "Sally come up," "Wait for

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the wagon," "Fare thee well, my own Mary Anne," and other select, appropriate melodies. Don Pedro soon vacates the box seat, and considering it now my turn to drive, I scramble through the window and assume the ribbons, squaring my elbows and preparing to do things in proper style; but the driver dislikes my abnormal appearance, descends from the roof, takes his seat alongside, and a running fight forthwith commences for possession of the reins. Told not to hit the near wheeler nor jerk the horses' heads, as of course I immediately take care to do so, our pace is somewhat improved, though we have but sorry cattle in the traces, and circumstances compel me to shove my elbow into the driver's face every moment, to prevent him from seizing the reins. I am soon immensely disgusted with the task so rashly undertaken, for it is tiresome work, the horses being merely guided by rude halters loosely fixed to their heads. It is quite dark by the time we reach Alicante, and no little care is necessary in steering the omnibus through the narrow, ill-lighted streets; but when we emerge on the *Plaza Ramiro*, I insert my elbow for the last time into the dexter eye of the driver, put on a tremendous spurt, thong the horses into a gallop, and we dash up in fine style, to the horror of my antagonist, who, in an ecstasy of terror, seizes

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my arm with one hand, the reins with the other, and very nearly capsizes the 'bus as we pull up at the door.



Now begins the unpleasant operation of packing our portmanteaus; for Julio will shortly sail to the East and my steamer is about to start for the West. Accompanied by my three comrades, I adjourn to the mole, whence we row off to the *Alicante* screw-steamer, lying in the roadstead. Here I bid farewell to my kind host Don Pedro, that broth of a boy Moriarty; and Julio my faithful chum, my *alter ego* and cheery fellow-traveller. Keenly do I feel this separation, for we are like Damon and Pythias, fast

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Vincent Brooks, lith.

PLAZA RAMIRO — ALICANTE.

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friends, almost brothers: on his invaluable assistance I have entirely relied during our journey hither; and now, left to my own resources, with no more knowledge of Spanish than the few sentences picked up on my tour, I feel exceedingly helpless and look forward to frightful difficulties in continuing my wanderings alone.

About midnight we steam out of the roads: I can scarce realize being alone, and mournfully give a last fond lingering gaze at the castle-topped hill as it fades in the blue distance. Fortunately the night is fine and the sea calm, so burying my cares in oblivion, I turn into my berth and fall into a dreamless slumber, awakening to find that the steamer has come to anchor and is snugly lying in the land-locked harbour of Carthagena. Among the passengers breakfasting on deck I recognize Ronconi, the prince of barytones, who has but recently been delighting London audiences at Covent Garden, and who seems "a fellow of infinite jest," to judge from the amusement he creates among his fellow-travellers.

Carthagena, the *Carthago Nova* of the Romans, beneath whose sway it was a flourishing city, is now but the wreck of its former self: ruin and decay are everywhere apparent. It is still the great naval arsenal of Spain, and contains fortifications, hospitals,

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foundries, and dockyards; but little life is stirring within its almost deserted walls. The harbour, which is purely natural, affords a large anchorage for ships of war, which sheltered by the lofty hills surrounding the port, can ride securely protected from the violence of the winds and waves. Hailing a boat, I go ashore and stroll about the town, exploring its narrow and intricate streets till about noon, when I return to the quay and row off again to the steamer. We soon get under way, and, running out of the harbour, pass the islet *La Escombrera*, situated near the entrance, and are fairly en route for Malaga. The sea as heretofore is calm as a mill-pond, and the hours glide rapidly by as the gallant *Alicante* steadily ploughs her way through the deep blue waters beneath a cloudless sky—

> 'It was so calm that scarce the feathery weed,
> Sown by some eagle on the topmost stone,
> Swayed in the air.'

In the course of the afternoon we pass *Cape de Gata*—a spoke or two of the wheel to starboard and we are running due west to Malaga, as the sun dips beneath the hills in a flood of golden light.

Towards nightfall I begin to feel very unwell; a curious, painful sensation comes over me, gradually increasing till it resolves itself into an excruciating

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ear-ache. Vainly I try to court the drowsy god, sleep is out of the question: bitterly cold as is the night, I cannot remain in my berth, but wrapping myself in my cape, madly rush on deck and tramp about the whole night in a state of intense agony.

Mr. Phillips, an American whose acquaintance I have made in the morning, kindly suggests various remedies; all however of no avail, though, as a last resource, I procure the assistance of an obliging stoker who blows tobacco smoke down my ear, but without the slightest effect in alleviating my sufferings.



Morning dawn finds me foaming about the deck

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in frantic despair. The hours drag slowly along; four, five, six, seven o'clock strike, at last Malaga appears in the distance. O how I long to set foot on shore and fly to a doctor for relief! At 8 A.M. we cast anchor in the harbour, and I get my trunk ready to go ashore, little suspecting the severe trial which awaits me; but my torments on board the steamer are not yet over. Up row a couple of galleys in a very leisurely manner, the boatmen resting on their oars at every stroke for a lazily prolonged period. One of the boats contains a party of military officers, come to receive the Captain-General Concha, who is on board the steamer; the other conveys the chief of the *sanidad*, a light swell in an outrageously shaped little castor, an immaculate frill, and lemon-coloured gloves. A long parley ensues between this worthy and our skipper, who seem to disagree about the contents of a large document they are scanning between them. What *can* be the matter? I am dying to go ashore; why this delay? The skipper gesticulates, the *sanidad* official ditto; and, finally, tossing the paper indignantly away with a sort of I-cannot-find-it-'tis-not-in-the-bond expression, he utters a few words of dreadful import, puts one of his myrmidons on board, and pulls for the shore; all the boats follow, and we are left alone in our glory.

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Completely mystified, I gaze around me with a stupefied air; when, oh, horror! *up goes the yellow flag!*

Too well I know the meaning of that hateful banner flaunting its jaundiced pennons to the breeze; it proclaims the appalling fact that we are IN QUARANTINE! And what is the reason of this flagrant, this iniquitous outrage? Because, forsooth, we have touched at Carthagena where the cholera has broken out; but though we have not taken on board a single passenger at that port, and are provided with a clean bill of health from Alicante, we are condemned to *five days* purgatory in this bug-infested steamer, cooped up in the harbour of Malaga. *Estoy aburrido;* I curse this despotic regulation—one of the absurd *cosas de España*—and above all I anathematize the venomous *sanidad* official and his kids. My ear continues so very painful that delirium seems to be approaching. Suicidal thoughts suggest themselves to my now distempered imagination; I hesitate between jumping overboard, severing my jugular, or incontinently poisoning myself with garlic; Phillips however interferes, and though, as a personal favour, I reluctantly consent to oblige him by living a little longer, my mind is full of scorpions and my mouth with words that would be howled out in the desert air.

General Concha, not relishing the idea of being

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kept in durance vile for five days, causes a telegram to be despatched to the authorities at Madrid, requesting permission for us to land. Blessed telegraph! quickly transmit thy momentous question and as quickly flash back a cheering reply!

The day wears on, but no answer comes. My philosophic fellow-passengers take things with most aggravating coolness, eating, drinking, and making merry while I lie groaning with pain in the cabin. Towards evening I stagger on deck and eagerly watch every boat coming in our direction. At length, as the shadows of twilight begin to fall, a boat containing a man in a cocked hat is seen to leave the shore; it approaches the steamer, the cocked hat leaps aboard, utters a brief sentence, and we are free! In a transport of delight I rush up to Phillips and wildly embrace him, and could almost kiss the hem of noble Concha's surtout coat. Great Concha! may the expedition thou art about to take part in against the Moors be crowned with every success and add fresh laurels to thine honoured brow!

At 8 P. M. we are permitted to land; and my trunk having been overhauled by a swarthy *carabinero*, I confide it to the care of a porter who forthwith precedes me to the *Fonda Victoria* on the *Alameda*. Without loss of time I seek Mr. Longshore, the

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English medico to whom Phillips has recommended me, and find him a withered little specimen of humanity, or rather inhumanity, who seems in no way to sympathize with my sufferings, but drily prescribes linseed poultices and anodyne oil. Returning to the hotel I make friends with an immensely long dead-and-alive waiter who speaks a little English: he prepares the required cataplasm, and having bound it round my aching head, leaves me to repose. After tossing about for some time, I am beginning to doze, when bang! goes a big drum, right under my window. I start up and rush to the balcony. It is a military serenade in honour of the General Concha, who is staying at the opposite hotel. Concha! I owe thee much, and will not complain.



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MALAGESE GOSSIPS.

CHAPTER V.

MALAGA, GRANADA, AND THE ALHAMBRA.

MALAGA possesses but few attractions for the tourist beyond the novelty inseparable from its busy traffic in wines and raisins. The cathedral is a quaintly designed edifice, built in extraordinary taste: the *façade* is somewhat imposing, but the interior disappoints. The view from the summit of the tower is very fine, it commands a vast extent of prospect, includ-

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ing the town, the mountains, the old Moorish castle, built in 1279, and the capacious harbour. The *Alameda*, a fine, broad promenade, planted with trees, adorned with flowery parterres, and filled with fountains and statuary, presents a curious and animated spectacle towards evening when it is crowded with picturesquely attired groups, *señoras*, *hidalgos*, loungers, and equestrians. The climate of Malaga is delightful; invalids flock hither seeking shelter from the keener air of the lofty mountains which girdle the town, and effectually protect it from the northerly gales, thus rendering it a charming winter residence.

The Guadalmedina, spanned by a light wrought-iron bridge, on which I read the name "Fairbairn, Manchester," flows through the outskirts of the town, but the bed, being entirely dried up during the hot season, is used as a road and as a depository for carts, mules, and rubbish which may be shot here to any amount with impunity. On making inquiries about the bull-fights, I found that a grand field-day was to take place on the 28th; and would willingly have waited for the important event, had not my leave of absence been limited to the end of the month.

For three days I was detained at Malaga, harassed by mosquitoes, which here assailed me for the first

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time, and tortured by the ear-ache, which did not abate sufficiently to allow me to pursue my journey. In the evenings I lounged about the *Alameda*, amusing myself by sketching gossiping groups seated on the stone benches, and by exploring the streets and *plazas*. Passing a fancy shop in which I observed some of the terra-cotta figures, for the manufacture of which Malaga is celebrated, I invested in a gaudy peasant and a fiery *contrabandista*; and also procured a swell *sombrero*, literally the *nobbiest* of hats, after an innocent pantomimic flirtation with a captivating little shopwoman.



On the 18th, the anniversary of the siege of the

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town by Ferdinand, who after a deadly struggle wrested it from the Moors in 1487, I determine on leaving for Granada, as my tympanum begins to be less troublesome, and at 5 P. M. take my seat in the diligence. It is a Brobdignagian affair, containing *berlina*, *interior*, *rotonda*, and *coupé*, hoisted on lateral and transverse springs of great thickness, and wheels of enormous strength; and well that they are so; for heavy indeed are the shocks they have to endure, and the work to perform in supporting the ponderous machine as it jolts over the mountainous road to Granada.

In the course of the afternoon a smart shower of about half an hour's duration had fallen, deluging the streets with water, which collected on the house-tops and poured on the heads of the passers-by from long spouts projecting far beyond the parapet. The rain has ceased, and the sun is shining brightly as we start from the *Alameda*, amid the yells of the driver and shrieks of the *zagal*. The road lies up the bed of the Guadalmedina, but after ascending a short distance, we are met by a body of water forcing its way through the sandy channel and momentarily acquiring fresh impetus from the down-pour of the surrounding hills. Turning to the right about, we flee before the advancing torrent, but the mules are fetlock deep in

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water before they reach the bank, and we are compelled to return through the town and make a long *détour* to the eastward before regaining the main road.

The view from the mountains, the ascent of which we are now slowly commencing, is magnificent. The road is lined with forests of prickly pears, rows of lofty aloes, and thick clusters of cactuses. For hours Malaga remains in sight as we continue to ascend, slowly winding our way among the mountains, till the sun dips beneath the hills and the distant town becomes shrouded in gloom, to be again lighted by thousands of twinkling lamps, while the rising moon illumines the mountain-tops with rays of silvery brightness. It is a glorious night, such as is rarely seen in dear, foggy, old England, but withal so bitterly cold that following the example of my companion, a ghostly-looking priest, I am fain to coil myself in my toga and soon fall into a heavy slumber.

Awakened some hours afterwards by the unceasing shouts of the drivers and bells of the mules, I find we are traversing a rich tract of country, fringed with patches of luxuriant verdure glistening in the morning sun. The *padre* emerges from his cloak, mutters his orisons, and applies his reinvigorated energies to the consumption of cigarettes, which he smokes almost

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unceasingly till the end of the journey. The aroma is overpowering, and the strong fumes of Bristol bird's-eye which I set up in opposition signally fail to conquer the musty odour of the vile rubbish of which these *cigarillos* are composed. But Granada soon looms in the distance, and at seven we drive into the town, the dilly setting us down at the *Fonda Victoria* where I fix my abode for the day.

At the porch I am greeted by the great Bensaken, Emmanuel Bensaken, guide and interpreter, a well-known character and invaluable cicerone. Ben is a great creature, a *rara avis*, a living type of indefatigability, patience, and long-suffering. A clever author represents his personal appearance as varying between that of a nobleman and a gamekeeper, and it would be hard to find a more succinct description of the noble old fellow. His hoary locks are surmounted by the imperishable white hat which has become a subject of history, and which I venture to suggest should be placed on his coffin when its faithful owner is borne to his final resting-place. But far off be the day when the tourist shall seek in vain for Bensaken, when his venerable form shall be missing in the streets of Granada, when the walls of the Alhambra shall see his face no more! Right glad am I to meet the worthy old buck and enlist his services, for a heavy

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day's work lies before me, and Ben is the man to arrange it properly.

The proprietor of the hotel having assigned me a room, proceeds with great pride and conscious importance to show me the really very handsome suite of apartments lately occupied by the Prince of Wales, during his stay at Granada. Boniface is so immensely proud of having been honoured by such an illustrious guest that he has adorned the walls of his establishment with coloured prints of the Royal Family from the Illustrated London News, in memory of the great event.

At breakfast I am interrupted in the calm discussion of a cup of coffee, and a *biftek à l'Anglaise*, by the sudden irruption of a waiter, who in broken English proclaims that a murder has been committed under the windows. Starting up, I exclaim, "What, now?" "But now, señor!" "It is the very error of the moon that comes more near the earth than she was wont, and makes men mad," occurs to me as the response. But it is *not* an error; there is literally no mistake about it; for rushing to the balcony, I see beneath, lying *in articulo mortis*, the body of a fine young fellow whose life-blood is rapidly ebbing in gory torrents from a hideous gash in the left breast. It is a sickening sight; the assassin is being dragged away,

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bound, by a couple of *carabineros*. A large crowd soon collects, but the body, weltering in a pool of gore, lies



for a considerable time without any one daring to touch it. The man is now stone dead, his glassy eye-balls glaring upwards at the sky, while the features are horribly distorted. The *Alcalde* at length makes his appearance, and by his orders the corpse is placed on a ladder, and borne away above the heads of the crowd,

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who seem to regard the tragedy as quite an ordinary occurrence. It appears that the two men had quarrelled in an adjacent *posada*, and rushing out to fight, the deceased was stabbed to the heart by his more adroit opponent before he could draw his knife. Another of the *cosas de España*. Ben informs me that affairs of this kind frequently happen, and that scarcely a day passes without some bloody fray taking place, for the Spaniard is as ready with his accursed *navaja* as the Englishman with his fist.

Bensaken begins the day's campaign by piloting me towards the Alhambra, which "to the traveller imbued with a feeling for the poetical and historical," as Washington Irving truly affirms, is "as much an object of veneration as the Kaaba, or sacred house of Mecca, to all true Moslem pilgrims. How many legends and traditions, true and fabulous, how many songs and romances, Spanish and Arabian, of love, and war, and chivalry, are associated with this romantic pile!"

Our route lies through the quaint old town, and up a steep street that brings us to the *Puerta de las Granadas*, by which we enter the hilly avenue leading to the fortress. It is thickly wooded with lofty elms, originally reared on English ground; they form a beautiful arch, their leafy tops interlacing

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and affording a pleasantly shaded walk up the precipitous ascent. Passing the fortress towering above the tree-tops on our left, for we are not permitted to enter at this early hour, we proceed onward to the *Generalife*, through beautiful gardens planted with noble old cypresses and abounding in the walnut, the oleander, the aloe, the myrtle, and the vine. How delicious the perfume exhaled from every side!

The *Generalife*, an old Moorish royal residence, is perched on the opposite side of a deep wooded ravine separating it from the eminence on which stands the Alhambra. Ben raps at the portal with his trusty staff, the door is opened by a dark-eyed damsel, we enter the cool white colonnade and for the first time I behold the beautiful cedar ceilings of the Moor in all their pristine glory. The remaining portions of the building, as well as the walls of the Alhambra itself, have been *whitewashed* by the Spaniards, who delighted in effacing those gorgeous tints for which the Moors were celebrated, and which modern architects have so vainly endeavoured to reproduce.

We visit the portrait gallery, containing poor rubbish, and after a stroll about the court, where I note the identical cypress under which, as tradition asserts, the sultana of Boabdil was discovered, *flagrante delicto*

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with one of the Abencerrages, we ascend to the *cenador*, or summer-house erected immediately above the villa.

The view from this elevated position is so magnificent that an adequate description would be impossible. Fronting us is the Alhambra, built like the castle at Edinburgh, on a lofty height overhanging the town; a stately pile of majestic old buildings interspersed with verdant foliage and environed by walls studded with Moorish towers. Beyond lies the *Vega*, or plain, dotted with villages and clusters of trees, a vast arena fertilized with the blood of contending Moorish and Christian hosts, during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. In the distance rises the celebrated hill *El ultimo suspiro del Moro*, or "the last sigh of the Moor." From this memorable spot, in 1492, Boabdil, the last Moorish sovereign of Granada, gave his last look at the Alhambra and sighed a long farewell to his departed greatness. Natural indeed was it that the unhappy king should burst into tears at leaving for ever his beautiful domain. "Who can wonder at his anguish at being expelled from such a kingdom and such an abode? With the Alhambra he seemed to be yielding up all the honours of his line, and all the glories and delights of life." * But the tables were turned, the Moorish dynasty, after a

* Washington Irving's "Tales of the Alhambra."

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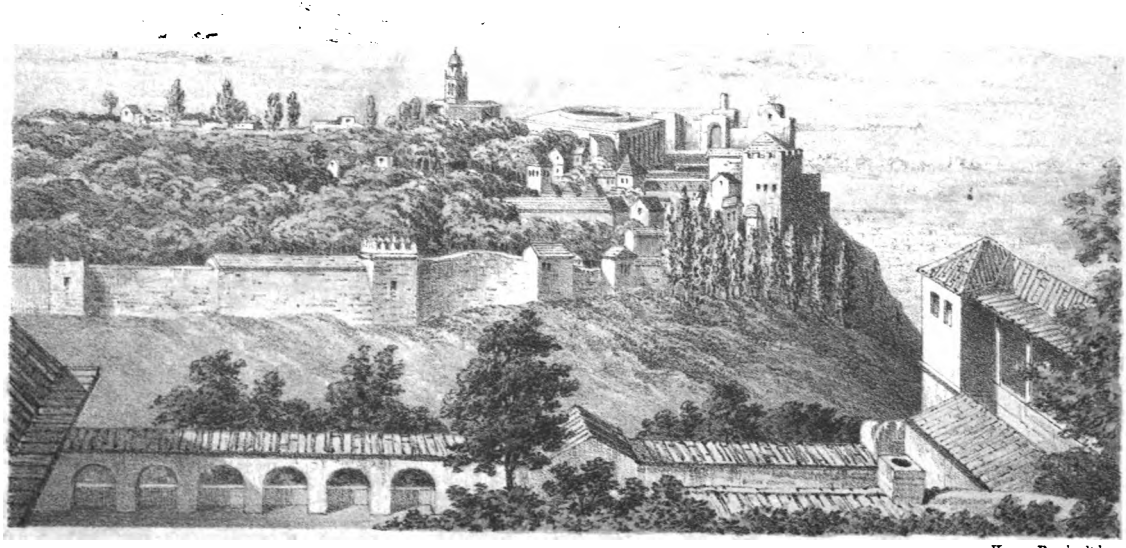

Vincent Brooks lith

THE ALHAMBRA, FROM THE GENERALIFE

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glorious duration of eight centuries, had ceased to exist, the Crescent had yielded to the Cross; the Christian banner waved triumphantly over the Alhambra, and all was lost. Nothing remained to the wretched Boabdil but to retire to Fez, and mourn in exile his cruel fate.

More immediately before us, but far below, lies the city of Granada; to the right the old Moorish town, the gipsy quarter, called the *Albaysin*, with its caves burrowing into the hill beyond; behind stretches away the glorious *Sierra Nevada*, a lofty range of mountains, the highest peaks upwards of two miles above the level of the sea and covered with perpetual snows. The prospect is truly splendid. What a "noble panorama of city and country; of rocky mountain, verdant valley, and fertile plain; of castle, cathedral, Moorish towers, and Gothic domes, crumbling ruins, and blooming groves." I forthwith produce my book and commence a hurried sketch of the Alhambra fortress, while Ben's tongue wags away as rapidly as I commit the outlines of the scene to paper.

Sauntering back through bowers redolent in perfume, where—

> "Every air is heavy with the sighs
> Of orange-groves, and music of sweet lutes,
> And murmurs of low fountains that gush forth
> I' the midst of roses"

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I decidedly "like the picture" actually represented in glowing colours before me. As I gaze dreamily at the sunny arcades of the *Generalife*, my fancy wanders to the Arabian Nights, to tales of fairyland and traditions of romantic fable. Imagination bodies forth Prince Ahmed el Kamel, the pilgrim of love, pining in his cheerful prison-house, communing with his feathered companions, and finally winging his way to his loved Aldegonda in far-off Toledo. I ponder over the legend of the three beautiful princesses, and in my mind's eye behold the gallant cavaliers at the foot of the tower, receiving their fond mistresses into their arms; and discern the gentle Zorahaydah trembling at the lattice window, fearing to descend, yet unwilling to remain.

But Bensaken brutally puts my reveries to flight by reminding me that I am trifling time: reluctantly tearing myself from the enchanted spot, I follow my tyrant back to Granada, and, after a hasty repast, am remorselessly dragged about the town, visiting some of its many interesting localities. The *Capilla de los Reyes*, forming part of the cathedral, contains the tombs of Ferdinand and Isabella. They are of beautiful alabaster, and surmounted by the marble effigies of the slumbering pair. Near the altar are kneeling figures of the king and queen; behind them

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is a curious painted sculpture, representing the surrender of the keys of the Alhambra by Boabdil to Mendoza, the cardinal, in presence of the royal conquerors. The *Cartuja* convent is elaborately inlaid with splendid marbles, tortoiseshell, and ivory ornaments. The convent of *San Jeronimo*, once a splendid edifice, and the convent of *San Domingo*, with its large collection of paintings are well worth visiting.

The whole town abounds in Moorish remains, horseshoe arches and tottering gateways. The *Carrera del Darro*, and the *Salon*, with its lofty trees and fountains, are fine promenades near the pretty rivers Darro and Xenil.

In the afternoon, we again wend our way to the Alhambra, and once more enter its leafy precincts. An abrupt countermarch to the left brings us in front of *la Torre de Justicia*, or "Gate of Justice," the entrance to the Alhambra fortress, a huge Moorish tower built in 1308. On the keystone of the lofty archway is sculptured an open hand, and over the inner portal a key. The meaning of these symbols is much disputed, but the generally received opinion seems to be that it was the belief of the Moors that until the hand grasped the key, the Alhambra would remain secure from the attacks of the Christian hosts. As they

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could scarcely have believed this contingency possible, the hand and key may be taken as typical of



LA TORRE DE JUSTICIA.

the immense confidence the Moslem reposed in his strength, and the supreme contempt with which he regarded the Christian hosts. I cannot pass this interesting old pile without producing my sketch-book, while Ben, taking his seat on a low adjacent

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wall, waits patiently till I give the word to march Proceeding onward we enter the double gateway and passing between ruinous stone walls, emerge on the *Plaza de los Algibes*, or "place of the cisterns," so called from a deep well whence the *Aguadores* draw the water they hawk about the town, carrying it in barrels slung around their shoulders, or in large earthen bottles suspended from the backs of donkeys. Numbers of these water-carriers, with their perpetual cries of, *Quien quiere agua? Agua mas fria que la nieve?* dawdle and gossip about the place, now frequented almost exclusively by old women, children, and paupers. Occupying a conspicuous position in the *plaza* stands the palace of Charles V., a handsome edifice, which has never been completed, and in all human probability will remain in its present unfinished condition to the last syllable of recorded time.

A narrow wicket admits us to the palace. To use Irving's own words, for here my own feeble powers of description fail me, "the transition was almost magical: it seemed as if we were at once transported into other times and another realm, and were treading the scenes of Arabian story. We found ourselves in a great court, paved with white marble, and decorated at each end with light Moorish peristyles: it is called the court of the Alberca. In the centre was an

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immense fishpond, 130 feet in length by 30 in breadth, stocked with gold-fish, and bordered by hedges of roses. At the upper end of this court rose the great Tower of Comares.

"From the lower end we passed through a Moorish archway into the renowned Court of Lions. There is no part of the edifice that gives us a more complete idea of its original beauty and magnificence than this, for none has suffered so little from the ravages of time. In the centre stands the fountain, famous in song and story. The alabaster basins still shed their diamond drops; and the twelve lions which support them cast forth their crystal streams as in the days of Boabdil. The court is laid out in flower-beds, and surrounded by light Arabian arcades of open filigree work, supported by slender pillars of white marble. The architecture, like that of all the other parts of the palace, is characterized by elegance rather than grandeur; bespeaking a delicate and graceful taste, and a disposition to indolent enjoyment. When one looks upon the fairy tracery of the peristyles, and the apparently fragile fretwork of the walls, it is difficult to believe that so much has survived the wear and tear of centuries, the shocks of earthquakes, the violence of war, and the quiet, though no less baneful pilferings of the tasteful traveller: it is almost suffi-

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cient to excuse the popular tradition, that the whole is protected by a magic charm."

Enchanted with the extreme beauty of the fanciful architecture which surrounds us, I wander from corridor to corridor, from hall to hall, from vestibule to vestible, deriving renewed pleasure at every turn. We visit the hall of the *Abencerrages*, where Ben points out the blood-stained basin which received the heads of the illustrious warriors of that family, massacred here by order of the jealous Boabdil; at least, so runs the story. Passing on, we explore the gorgeous hall of the Ambassadors, noting its beautiful roof and exquisitely traceried walls; the Tower of Comares; the hall of the Two Sisters; the *Tocador de la Reina*, or queen's boudoir, a queer little pigeon-hole, the walls of which are covered with uncouth modern paintings scratched all over with autographs of the snobbish tourists who delight in perpetuating their vandalisms wherever they go. We descend to the bath rooms, lined with *azulejos*, or blue tiles, and visit the dungeons and numerous subterranean passages ramifying throughout the building. It is not till night has fairly set in, that I inscribe my name in the visitors' book, and regretfully quit this majestic monument of the Moslem domination. The model by Owen Jones, erected in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, conveys

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an excellent impression of the glories of the splendid pile; though the colours adopted by the modern architect are said to be but poor imitations of the delicate tints used by the Moors, and the *gilt* columns utterly false substitutes for the *marble* pillars surrounding the Court of Lions.

Wearied by the arduous day's toil, and surfeited with beauties of art and nature, I follow Bensaken back to the town. The fine old fellow seems but little fatigued, and garrulously entertains me with his private opinion of persons in general, and the English in particular. He gives me prolix accounts of having had the honour of exhibiting the palace to the Emperor of the French, and to the Prince of Wales. He also informs me that he considers himself an Englishman to all intents and purposes, being fortunate enough to have been born at Gibraltar; a convenient locality, by-the-by, for persons of his calling, as they can suit their birth to the parties they wish to conciliate. "Ah," says Ben, "I always stand up for the English. Whenever an ugly Englishwoman visits Granada, and I am asked what country she comes from, I say from America, or elsewhere; and when officers come up from Gibraltar, and kick up the devil's delight in the town, I swear they are Scotch or Irish, but never allow they are English."

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Cunning old file! astute old Janus! I revere thee for thy pseudo patriotism, I honour thee for thy happy *suppressio veri*, I respect thee for thy Machiavelian diplomacy. Ben having conducted me to the door of Don Diego, an old acquaintance residing at Granada, I tip him a dollar, he makes me a profound salute and retires in his usual grave, imperturbable, and dignified manner. I ring the bell; door flies open through some invisible agency. "*Quien es?*" shouts a female from above. "*Gente de paz*, I want Don Diego; I'm come to take a cup of tea with him!" "*No entiendo una palabra.*" "Never mind, my beauty, I'll just step in," and suiting the action to the word, I dash up, to the astonishment of the worthy housekeeper, who is suspiciously watching my movements on the stairs. I find Diego very comfortably lodged in a wonderfully snug parlour, where we spend a pleasant evening over the cup which cheers but not inebriates, and it is not till a late hour that I bid him farewell and return to the *fonda*.

The streets are now silent and deserted, lighted with miserable oil lamps few and far between, patrolled here and there by a solitary watchman, who with halberd and lantern slowly flits along the pavement, occasionally crying the hour and awakening the echoes of the sleeping city.

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ANDALUSIAN PEASANTS.

CHAPTER VI.

PENETRATE INTO ANDALUSIA.

At four on the following morning, 'boots' knocks at my door, rousing me from dreams of fairyland to the stern realities of the diligence. Hastily cramming

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my things into my portmanteau, a lump of cotton into my ear, and a cup of chocolate down my throat, I am ready to start, and take my seat in the *berlina* of the diligence bound for Bailen. I may here remark that hotel expenses in Spain are moderate. The average charge per diem, inclusive of board and lodging, amounts to from thirty to forty *reales*, though it is often as low as twenty-five. The fares by diligence are somewhat high. From Malaga to Granada, a distance of about sixty-five miles, a seat in the *berlina* costs one hundred and twenty *reales*, or about five-pence per mile; from Granada to Bailen, twenty-four Spanish leagues, I paid one hundred and thirty-six *reales*, about fourteen pence per league, or 3·47 English miles. Excess of luggage is charged heavily for, but a portmanteau or hat-box passes free of charge.

There being no direct road from Granada to Cordova, I am compelled to take the diligence to Bailen, there to catch the down stage from Madrid to Cordova, and thus make a journey of about one hundred and sixty miles to accomplish a much shorter distance. We start at 5·15 A. M., and bumping over the horribly uneven pavement, soon leave Granada behind us. Many a farewell glance do I give at the old town, and like Boabdil, sigh at leaving so romantic and beautiful a spot. A military

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man, or rather boy, shares the *berlina* with me and we endeavour to get up a conversation in the French language, with which however my companion is so little conversant that I soon give up the attempt in despair. The poor lad is not overburdened with luggage; his sole effects consist of a shako, a sword, and a wallet, containing his kit and a small supply of the staff of life; yet he is an officer withal, and I cannot help contrasting his hardy, frugal lot with the more luxurious circumstances of our comparatively wealthy subs.

The country we are now traversing is very fine; we are in the heart of far-famed Andalusia: in the course of the morning we pass through a tunnel piercing the solid rock, amid wildly picturesque scenery. Lofty mountains, verdant hills, peaked eminences, and craggy defiles frown around, while figs, apricots, and pomegranates abound on every side. The peasants here are immense bucks compared with the swarthy *Valencianos*. These are the men we see depicted in bright colours on fruit-boxes, fans, and Academy paintings; these are the swells who sport gay jackets with many buttons, knee-breeches with gaudy side-stripes, and embroidered gaiters with floating fringe; these are the fellows who play the guitar, rattle the castanets, and caper through the *bolero* at the Hay-

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market. But where are the *baylarinas?* where is the bewitching *danseuse* of the Perea Nena school? where the nymphs who have erewhile dazzled and intoxicated me with their undulating motions and alluring postures in the glorious *cachucha?* Echo answers, where? I begin to suspect that the graceful creature who enters the stage on the tip of her toes, envelops her head, white shoulders, and swelling bust in the snowy *mantilla*, luxuriates in short skirts and silk fleshings, taps her anxious lover with her quivering fan, and finally issuing from her veil like a rosebud bursting into bloom, gives a tremendous leap into the air and falls into the arms of her expectant *amante*, is in sober earnest but a sheer myth. I am told that I have come to Spain at the wrong season to see the ladies to advantage, but nothing will persuade me that any such female as the one I have described exists but in the mystic *châteaux en Espagne*, or in the fertile imaginations of cockney playgoers.

After a delightful drive we arrive at Jaen, a prettily situated town under the brow of a steep castle-crowned hill. Here we stop to change our team, and I seize the opportunity to pay a hurried visit to the fine cathedral built on the site of an old mosque in 1492. On my return to the diligence,

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I find ensconced in the *berlina* an ill-favoured, bilious-looking creature, who adds not a little to the horrible discomfort and heat I have to endure during the remainder of the journey.

A total change for the worse now comes over the face of the country. For hours we traverse sandy plains unbroken by any object of interest and rendered intolerably wearisome by their melancholy and monotonous aspect. Time lags on with leaden wings, I am getting rabid with the heat, and maddened by the deafening yells of the drivers and the jingling of the mules. The ceaseless cries of "*alza! alza!! alza!!!*" the apparition of that ruffianly young *pos-*



tillon with his sturdy arm incessantly flagellating his

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mules, the *zagal* constantly racing alongside the team, and the *mayoral* in a perpetual state of stone-throwing, haunt me for days and days afterwards. Leagues and leagues are passed in this tedious manner till 6·15 P. M., when we drive into the dreary village of Bailen. Here was fought the memorable battle between the Spanish and French in 1808, when the former, under Castaños, achieved a glorious victory. Joyfully I quit the dusty vehicle and at once begin seeking information respecting the arrival of the dilly from Madrid; but here arises a slight difficulty. Not a soul understands English or French, and it is not until, mustering up my Spanish, I exclaim, with frantic energy, "*Quiero ir a Cordova! Quiero ir a Cordova!*" that a couple of good Christians step forward, and by signs and symbols vaguely intimate that they too are going in the same direction, and I consequently determine to keep near them till the advent of the diligence.

Dinner is now served in the *posada*, where are set before us, among other delicacies of the season, some delicious grapes and luscious melons; of the former I partake with gusto, the latter I regard with loathing and abhorrence. Dessert over, we all take our seats in the hall and commence waiting for the dilly. I say commence, for we wait no less than five mortal

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hours in that gloomy hall, lighted by a feeble, Lady Macbeth-like oil lamp shedding a flickering ray over the dismal scene, amid musty men, frowsy females, crying children, dirty dogs and screaming swine. My companions for the nonce squat themselves on chairs and begin chewing cigarettes, while I turn my attention to my faithful pipe. We are a whimsical trio, and I am forcibly reminded of the three calendars in the Arabian nights, for one is dead lame, the other sand-blind, and I half deaf. And now the mosquitoes commence operations in great force. Hum! buzz! and the playful insect whirrs past my ear, and settles on my hand; another to another still succeeds, the third is like the former: stinging gnats, why do you bite me thus? A fourth? start eyes! what! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom? Another yet? A seventh? I'll see no more: and yet the eighth appears. O, it is time to smash them; so with a desperate effort I bring down my right hand with a tremendous smack upon the left, and squash—not one mosquito,



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but my unfortunate knuckles instead. In fresh numbers the undaunted swarm assail me on all sides, till I am compelled to shroud myself to the eyes in my cape, and thus escape their harassing attacks.

The solemn hour of midnight, when churchyards yawn, and tourists likewise, is tolling from a neighbouring clock when a rumbling is heard in the street and presently the huge diligence, looming in the distance rouses us from the lethargic state into which we have fallen and we sally forth for the booking office. "Well, Mr., have you any seats in the *berlina?*" (the last word loudly and carefully pronounced.) "*No, Señor.*" "*Interior?*" "*Si, Señor.*" Now, I want a through ticket for Seville, so I exclaim with a mighty effort which nearly dislocates my jaw: "*Interior diligencia, primera classe, ferro carril.*" "*Si, Señor.*" "Recollect now, *Primera classe!*" I am getting on famously with my Spanish this time. Paying 198 *reales* fare, I have my trunk and hat-box, or to speak more correctly, my *maleta* and *sombrerera,* conveyed to the dilly, and ensconce myself in the interior, on entering which I am nearly overpowered by the stifling heat; never have I felt anything like it before; not even in the pit of the Princess's at a grand Shakspearian revival. There are three occupants besides myself, to wit, my blear-eyed friend, and a hideous

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man with his spouse, a coarse bloated female who expectorates freely out of the window the whole night. In this agreeable company I resign myself a martyr to the fearful aroma arising from exuding skins, a steaming compound of carbonic acid, and a strong suspicion of garlic.

At about four in the morning, we halt at a *venta* to take a *refresco*, and I am not sorry to get a mouthful of fresh air and a cup of chocolate. The *postillon* here meets with a mishap, being ferociously bitten in the hand, not by mosquitoes as I have been, but by one of the horses, a regular Cruiser, who seizes him with his teeth and nearly tears his finger off. The poor fellow dances about in agony, and hurls at the offending animal a string of vindictive epithets of which I distinctly remember, "*Caramba!*" *Maldita sea!*" and other far more forcible expletives. Though never able to arrive at the true meaning of these imprecations, so constantly in the mouths of the Spanish lower classes, I understand them to tally somehow with the improper language indulged in by London cabbies and aborigines of the "black country" in England. The lady occupants of the *berlina* having kindly produced linen bandages and bound up the lacerated digit in a very kind and motherly manner, we again set forth on our journey.

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Daylight finds us kicking up clouds of dust on a road winding through a desolate barren country; passing occasionally long trains of mules slowly wending their way in single file like camels in the desert plains of Africa. The heat hourly increases, and as the blind calendar *will* insist on keeping the louvre-boards closed to shut out the sun, the diligence soon becomes like a locomotive oven. My hands are in a most alarming condition, completely covered with red spots, caused by mosquito bites, which I greatly aggravate by scratching violently. Thankful indeed do I feel that this is my last diligence trial and that, for the remainder of my tour, I am to travel by the mighty agency of *steam*. At one o'clock P. M. we reach Cordova, and pull up at the *Fonda Maraquita*; whence, after partaking of a light oleaginous feed, I run out to see what I can of this once great city.

Cordova (or Cordoba) is a melancholy place, a sad example of a nation's decline, a mournful evidence of what mighty Spain once was. It was celebrated as the seat of learning and fine arts in the days of the Romans; Seneca, Lucan, and Henna were natives of this once vast and populous city. Under the dominion of the Goths and Arabs it contained mosques, palaces, libraries, cathedrals, and baths; but all are now gone to decay, and this once famous

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city, the second in Andalusia, is now but the wreck of its former self.

> "There is the moral of all human tales;
> 'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past,
> First freedom, and then glory; when that fails,
> Wealth, vice, corruption; barbarism at last.
> And History, with all her volumes vast,
> Hath but one page."

The mosque is a curious old pile; the interior cut up into aisles by innumerable pillars of many-coloured marbles, granite, and porphyry, supporting double rows of arches; the edifice is a thousand years old. The ancient Roman bridge is a very interesting structure; but there is little else to admire in this now miserably poverty-stricken place.

At five I return to the *posada*, and for the last time enter the diligence; a short drive brings in view the following welcome sight:—



I hail it with a shout of rapture, and forgetting

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whom I am addressing, call maniacally upon my fellow-travellers to join me in three cheers for steam. At the station (only a wretched shed), a railway official wearing a cap decorated with a small engine, brings me a first-class ticket. "*Gracias!*" He then presents the hideous man and his bloated spouse with second-class *billetes* to their great indignation; and I can perceive by their gesticulations they are endeavouring to impress upon the official that their claims to first-class accommodation are quite equal to those of the "*caballero Ingles.*" But the man does not seem to look upon things in this light at all and comes to the sage conclusion that, on the contrary, I have as much right as they to a second class, and accordingly demands back my ticket. Not thinking this the ticket at all, I put it to him in plain English, *sic:* "Look you, señor, I paid at Bailen for *primera classe, ferro carril: you* have given me a first-class *billete,* and as to surrendering it, as David in the 'Bengal Tiger' says to Miss Yellowleaf, 'I don't wish to use any language that it's difficult for you to understand, but I'll be blanked if I do!'" Without another word my worthy friend vanishes, and the ogre and his spouse ultimately find their way to the railway carriage in which I have taken my seat. It is a large saloon, containing a table

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and chairs, and admirably adapted to the heat of the climate, though I think a double roof would be an improvement. At 6 P. M. we leave the station. How delightful the gliding motion of the train, compared with the jolting I have endured on the Queen's highway! Oh a matter of twenty-six hours in a Spanish diligence is not easily forgotten! We are all smoking like volcanoes, and by the time we reach our first stopping place, every head is out of the window, crying for water; women and children are busily supplying the wants of the thirsty souls, running from carriage to carriage with jugs and water-bottles, but by the time they reach our carriage the train is again in motion. Thirst passes away, and when we again came to a stand-still, the cry of "*Quien quiere agua?*" reaches my ears unheeded.

Away we go, merrily skirting the banks of the Guadalquivir, till it begins to grow dark and somewhat chilly; I soon fall asleep, awakening at 11 P.M. to find that we are in Seville. Here occurs another little difficulty: the conductor of the diligence, who has accompanied us from Bailen, leads me to a carriage, and points off. "Yes, my good friend, but where is my *equipaje?* produce my portmanteau? hand over my hat-box?" But all is of no avail, I can no more understand the fellow's gibberish than he

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mine; so in despair I resign myself to my fate and jump into the carriage, totally ignorant and reckless whither I am going. We drive right into the town, through numerous by-streets, till we arrive at a sort of office; I get out, wondering what on earth is going to happen, when, behold! there lie my *impedimenta*, conveyed hither by some mysterious agency. A swarthy *Carabinero* makes me open my trunk, gives a grunt of approval, and I exclaim "*Fonda de Londres.*" A porter steps up, shoulders my trunk, and we trot off through dark narrow streets till we emerge on the *Plaza Nueva*, where stands the desired hotel. The local guide, a Mr. Ferdinand Barlow, greets me on my arrival in good English. I ask him impatiently about the bull-fights. "Bull-fights, sir? very fine bull-fight, splendid bull-fight"—I listen in breathless suspense—"took place this morning, sir, and another will come off *this day week.*" Sold again! Madly I dash into a bedroom, call for a cup of cold pison, drain three tumblers of *horchata*, anathematise my tympanum, and plunge under the mosquito-curtains, where I dream of diligences, bulls, mules, *postillons*, trains, tickets, mosquitoes, Moors, hideous Satyrs, and haggish crones.

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FIGARO'S HOUSE.

CHAPTER VII.

SWEET SEVILLE.

UNDER the guidance of Mr. Barlow, an Englishman who claims to be distantly related to the famous William of that ilk, I proceed betimes in the morning to visit the *Iglesia Mayor*, or cathedral, a magnificent and stupendous building, indisputably the finest in Spain and infinitely larger than Westminster Abbey. The centre nave is very lofty, being one hundred and forty-five feet high, while the *cimborio*, or transept, is

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one hundred and seventy-one, or seventy feet higher than that of our abbey. A fair idea of this immense elevation may be gained from a knowledge of the fact, that the Nelson column in Trafalgar Square could stand under this transept without any danger of the hero's cocked hat touching the roof. The building,—of noble old Gothic, commenced in 1480 on the ruins of the old Moorish mosque built by Yusuf Abu Yacub, of which the *Giralda* alone remains,—is an oblong, four hundred and thirty-one feet long by three hundred and fifteen wide, divided into seven beautiful aisles. The pavements, of black and white marble, are superb, and the wood-carvings on the high altar of extraordinary beauty. One of the organs, containing no less than five thousand three hundred pipes, was constructed by Jorge Bosch in 1792. The general appearance of this grand and magnificent edifice, with its lofty columns, beautiful arches, gorgeous pavement, richly stained windows, and marvellous paintings, is extremely solemn and imposing, and the effect of light and shade falling upon the intricate though stately architecture is indescribably fine; the cathedral is indeed a noble monument of human handiwork. The beautiful *Giralda*, or tower, is, for two hundred and fifty feet of its height, purely Moorish, having been erected in

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1169; the remaining portion was built by Ruiz, in 1596. The ascent is accomplished, not as usual, by steps, but by a quadrangular inclined plane. Near the summit we are permitted to inspect the internal mechanism of the rare old clock which has been solemnly and sturdily ticking away for the last ninety-eight years. From the belfry a noble panorama presents itself, embracing an immense extent of country, the Guadalquivir winding through the heart of the city, the enormous mass of houses, the palaces, convents, bull-ring, gardens, churches, and *plazas* below, the olive plantations and distant plains beyond, bathed in the glow of an Andalusian sun.

Seville is a fine old city, and was formerly the capital of Spain, till Philip II. established his court at Madrid: in 1247 it contained three hundred thousand souls, but the population is now reduced to ninety-six thousand; though like many other Spanish cities, fallen to decay, Seville still possesses many attractions,

"While an old Spanish proverb runs glibly as under,
'Quien no ha visto Sevilla
No ha visto maravilla!'
'He who ne'er has viewed Seville has ne'er view'd a Wonder!
And from all I can learn this is no such great blunder.
In fact, from the river,
The famed Guadalquivir,

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Where many a knight's had cold steel through his liver,
The prospect *is* grand. The *Iglesia Mayor*
Has a splendid effect on the opposite shore,
With its lofty *Giralda*, while two or three score
Of magnificent structures around, perhaps more,
As our Irish friends have it, are there 'to the fore;'
Then the old Alcazar,
More ancient by far,
As some say, while some call it one of the palaces
Built in twelve hundred and odd by Abdalasis,
With its horse-shoe shaped arches of Arabesque tracery,
Which the architect seems to have studied to place awry,
Saracenic and rich;
And more buildings 'the which,'
As old Lilly, in whom I've been looking a bit o' late,
Says, 'You'd be bored should I now recapitulate;'
In brief, then, the view
Is so fine and so new,
It would make you exclaim, 'twould so forcibly strike ye,
If a Frenchman, '*Superbe!*'—if an Englishman, 'Crikey!'" *

With this lively and witty description recurring to my mind, I descend the *Giralda*, and visit the *Alcazar*, or royal residence, built in 1364 by Don Pedro, after the expulsion of the Moors. It is a splendid imitation of its prototype, the Alhambra; the whitewash has been removed; and the colours and gilding recently restored, glittering in gorgeous splendour, serve to convey a fair impression of what the Alhambra must have been prior to the conquest of Granada. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the

* "Auto-da-Fé."—Ingoldsby Legends.

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ceilings; they are veritably "majestic roofs fretted with golden fire;" that of the Hall of Ambassadors is superb; from one of the balconies in this chamber, Don Pedro is said to have witnessed the murder of his brother, whom he caused to be assassinated with disgusting treachery: the guide shows the blood-stained marble where the tragedy took place. The walls are covered with elegant and fanciful carvings, *azulejos*, mosaics, and curious tesselations. After a long ramble through these magnificent saloons, we leave the *Alcazar* and visit the Record Office, a handsome Doric building on an elevated basement; the staircase, composed of marble with jasper ornaments, leads to a quadrangular building two hundred feet square, containing the papers of Columbus, Cortes, and Pizarro, innumerable books, documents, and archives arranged in handsome mahogany book-shelves.

Passing the *Plaza de la Aduana*, Barlow points out No. 15 as the abode of Figaro, the immortal original of "the Barber of Seville," now silent and deserted as formerly noisy and thronged with loungers and gossiping quidnuncs. We next visit the Museo, where we see in an immense room a collection of daubs, with here and there a redeeming painting; the *Sala de Murillo*, however, contains some of

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Murillo's choicest gems, and I esteem it no small privilege to be enabled to inspect them without being incommoded by a crowd of eager sight-seers. The great painter lived and died in Seville, which may well be proud of having been the birthplace of so famous an Apelles. Though the day is oppressively sultry, after a *refresco* of delicious *agraz*, or grape-water, we recommence our rambles and explore many places and objects of note in the course of the afternoon. The *Casa del Ayuntamiento*, or town-hall; the naval college of *San Telmo*, the patron saint of Spanish sailors; the archbishop's palace; the gun foundry; the percussion-cap factory, and the pottery at Cartuja are all well worth seeing, and I regret that my limited sojourn does not permit me to visit the whole. At 4 P. M. we return to the cathedral, first looking in at *La Columbina*, or library of Columbus, which contains a fine portrait of the illustrious navigator, books in large quantities, portraits of archbishops, and many curious relics; on the staircase I observe the tomb of Inigo Mendoza, who died in 1497. Entering the cathedral by a horseshoe arch, overhung by the queer effigy of a crocodile, sent by the Sultan of Egypt to Alonso el Sabio, in 1260, with the modest demand of his daughter's hand in return, we proceed to the *Capilla Real*, where we witness a

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very imposing ceremony. The body of Ferdinand the Conqueror, who retook Seville from the Moors in 1248, and died in 1252, lies buried here in state; the corpse is deposited in a massive silver *urna*, or coffin, with a glass side, placed upon the original sepulchre in front of the altar; and thrice a year the canonised bones are exposed to view for a few hours: this being one of the appointed days, I am so fortunate as to see the whole affair.

Taking our stand near the altar, we await the arrival of the troops, who presently enter playing a dead march, the sound of the drums reverberating about the lofty roof of the cathedral with a solemn and awful effect. The troops, with their straw-coloured shakos slipped over the backs of their necks, form in double ranks along the aisle, the band in the centre; the colours are lowered, the national anthem is played, and during its performance a priest pulls up the curtain of the *urna* and discloses the body: the soldiers file off, leaving a guard over the body, which we are now permitted to approach. There lies all that remains of the once mighty Ferdinand: for six hundred years has he slept in peace; a black, attenuated skeleton, ready to crumble into dust on the admission of a breath of air, the shrunken skull encircled by a golden crown, and adorned with

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various insignia of regal pomp, presents a mournful picture of the transitory character of all human greatness.

> "For within the hollow crown,
> That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
> Keeps Death his court: and there the antic sits,
> Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;
> Allowing him a breath, a little scene
> To monarchise, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
> Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—
> As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
> Were brass impregnable, and, humour'd thus,
> Comes at the last, and with a little pin
> Bores through his castle walls and—farewell king!"

These beautiful lines I have so often heard declaimed by Kean "with good accent and discretion," are forcibly recalled to mind by the ghastly relic before me; nor can I drive the image of poor King Richard's sorrows from my mind for some time afterwards. Flying from grave to gay, we endeavour to obtain admission to the tobacco factory, but the Cerberus at the gate refuses us admission, alleging that, owing to the intense heat, the *eight thousand* females employed in making cigars are working in all but *puris naturalibus*; propriety of course being indispensable, I consequently miss a spectacle as ludicrous as the preceding one was solemn.

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Returning to the hotel, I dine at the table d'hôte, where we are a very select party, consisting of the worthy host, a hairy Englishman, and myself. Getting into conversation with Mr. Downy, we agree to spend the evening together, and, *post prandium*, visit the bull-ring, one of the largest, if not *the* largest, in Spain; I find the arena is one hundred paces in diameter, or forty paces wider than Regent Circus, and pity the poor devil who has to regain the *barrera* before the bull can transfix him with his horns. The ring will hold from fourteen to sixteen thousand spectators; and animated indeed must be the spectacle when the benches are occupied by such an immense multitude of excited pleasure-seekers; the bull-dogs in their lair bark furiously at us, and the sight of the hides and hoofs of the bulls slaughtered in the previous day's combat serves to increase my chagrin at being again disappointed in my savage thirst for blood.

Leaving the bull-ring, with a sigh of regret on my part, we stroll about the *Delicias*, or public promenade along the banks of the river, and come to an anchor on a stone bench to watch the gay throng of vehicles and equestrians passing before us. Pairs, unicorns, and even four-in-hand mule-teams rattle past; the whole scene is really delightful, and above

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all pleasantly cool after the morning's heat. The inhabitants, who have retired into seclusion during the day, now pour forth in shoals to enjoy the refreshing breeze. The *Calle de la Sierpe,* or "Bond Street of Seville," is crowded with loungers, and the extensive *café* where we take our final *refresco* is filled with devotees to the *cigarillo, horchata, agraz,* coffee, and horrid mixtures of bad beer and lemon juice. The *Plaza Nueva* is thronged with gay groups, and taking our seats, we criticise the appearance and style of the beautiful *señoritas* gliding along the gas-lit walks. Lovely woman! How inimitable the coquettish wave of thy magic fan, the majestic carriage of thy graceful form, the thrilling glances of thy beauteous eyes! My susceptible nature is excited to such an alarming extent by thy incomparable charms that I should tremble for the vows of celibacy made in dear phlegmatic old England, were my lot ever cast in the sunny clime of Andalusia.

Punctual to the time appointed, the sleepy *mozo* arouses me at an early hour, and proceeding to don my dusty, travel-stained habiliments (light Derby paletôts are *not* the garb to wear on a Spanish tour), I sally forth in company with the aforesaid menial in the direction of the public jail. Many are wending their way towards the same point where we are about

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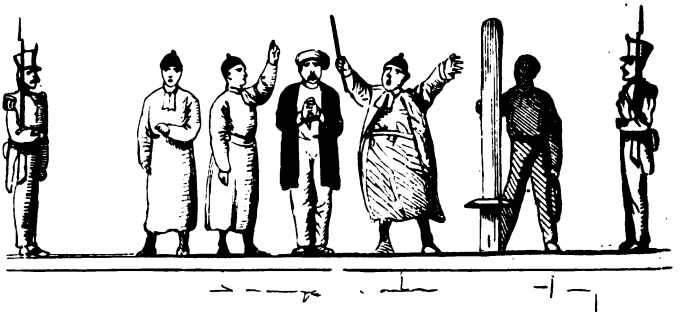
to witness the execution of a serjeant of artillery who has endeavoured to raise a mutiny in his troop by means of heavy bribes offered by the insurgent party. Fortunately, however, the soldiers have remained staunch to their queen and turned a deaf ear to the traitor's arguments, whereupon the latter has himself divulged the whole affair in hope of pardon; the inhabitants have petitioned that the traitor's life may be spared; but the fiat has gone forth—the unhappy man's doom is sealed—the serjeant must die on the scaffold!

At seven we find ourselves in the crowd immediately beneath the prison walls. Large bodies of troops are drawn up on either side of the *plaza*, and there is a tolerably large concourse of male spectators present. In a few minutes "the mournful cortége" appears upon the wall. First comes the executioner, the Spanish Calcraft, a wiry-looking fellow, carrying



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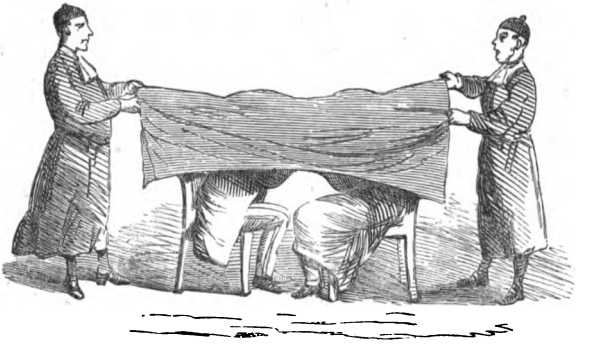
a coil of rope; next comes a very stout *padre*, armed with a *bâton*, and bawling out prayers at the top of his voice; he is followed by the convict, who walks on in uniform, with his neck bare and arms pinioned, clasping the cross in his hands, and looking literally in a blue fright; a couple more priests, and two armed sentries, complete the group, who range themselves along the wall, the criminal in the centre. The terrible scene is long protracted: the fat *padre* roars out Ave Marias, exhortations, and prayers, waving his *bâton* frantically in the air, and making the miserable wretch repeat after him; he then clasps him in his arms, and sitting down on chairs opposite each other, they are covered with a large



black pall held by the supernumerary priests; under this they remain for some time perfectly motionless,

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while the poor creature is unburdening his soul and pouring forth his load of crimes into the ear of his confessor.

The nerves of the spectators are strained to an intense pitch during the awful pause, as is evident from the oppressive silence which prevails, and the anxious looks directed at the scaffold. At length the pall is removed, and the executioner proceeds to business. The culprit is made to sit against an upright post, to which he is firmly lashed; the garotte, a machine consisting of an iron collar, worked back by a powerful screw and a long lever, is carefully adjusted round his neck, a small handkerchief thrown over his face, and all is ready. The priest recommences shouting, while the executioner, preparing himself for a mighty effort, suddenly turns the handle two or three times as quick as lightning; the head of the victim drops, the knees and arms quiver for a few seconds, and all is over; priests and sentries retire, Calcraft peeps under the handkerchief and whipping it off with a jerk, immediately disappears, leaving the ghastly corpse exposed to open view. It is a sickening and disgusting sight: the fac is of a livid hue, the tongue protruding, and shedding saliva on the breast; the bystanders shudder, the troops march off with drums gaily beating, and the

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crowd slowly and orderly disperses. I make a rapid sketch of the body, and return to the hotel, fully satisfied that, were it not for the cruel state of suspense in which the criminal is kept *before* the execution, the punishment of the garotte is far more merciful and expeditious than the less speedy death by hanging in this country. I am also very favourably impressed by the demeanour of the crowd, whose quiet decorous behaviour strangely contrasts with the disgraceful conduct of the rabble at a "hanging-match" in the Old Bailey.



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SPANISH PADRES.

CHAPTER VIII.

STEAM DOWN THE GUADALQUIVIR TO CADIZ.

BIDDING adieu to Seville, sweet Seville, I embark in the *barco de vapor*, *El Adriano*, bound for Cadiz: the steamer is a small one, a cross between a Greenwich and a Margate passage-boat, partaking of the accommodation of the former and the speed of the latter. We have a goodly number of passengers on board, mostly "commercials" (*not* English *gracias à Dios*); several Frenchmen and a fair sprinkling of

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padres, some fat, *very* fat, and others painfully lean and cadaverous. At 9 A. M. we leave the quay, and paddle down the river. The scenery at first starting is rather fine, but a few miles on becomes very barren and uninteresting.

The Guadalquivir has been sung and prated about a great deal by the native poets, who have indulged in absurd rhapsodies concerning its beauty, and talked infinite rubbish about the ring-dove laughing on its banks from excess of love, beauteous nymphs girdling its amorous current, and so forth; but the unvarnished truth simply is that it would scarcely be possible to imagine a more dull dreary river: sluggishly it winds its tortuous course to the Atlantic, perpetually exhaling fevers, ague, and malaria from its fetid swamps. I venture to assert without fear of contradiction, that the Thames in the neighbourhood of Sheerness, Plumsted Marshes, or Erith, is cheerful and animated as compared with this lonely, turbid stream: nothing appears on the banks to relieve their monotony save an occasional herd of wild cattle which stare savagely at the steamer as it ploughs its solitary course, and scamper off as the wash of the paddles breaks upon the shore.

The day is oppressively hot; and as the *Adriano* follows the bends of the river the passengers have to

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shift their seats under the awning and occupy alternately the opposite sides of the deck to avoid the rays of the sun. At 3 P. M. we reach San Lucar, a decayed town near the mouth of the river: the scenery here begins to improve; the right banks are now fringed with trees and deep woods, the resort of the wild boar and the vulture: above on the left lies San Lucar, with its spire and battlements bathed in the ruddy glow of the evening sun. We stop and disembark the greater portion of the passengers at Bonanza, a short distance from the town, and again proceed on our voyage. "Steaming it away," on emerging from the estuary, we round the Cipiona Point, and heading eastward for Cadiz, encounter a short chopping sea, proving that we are no longer in fresh water, and certainly not this time on the placid Mediterranean; no, the waves are unmistakably green. Anon the town of Cadiz looms afar, a cluster of houses rising out of the sea. Our passage has been a long one: the engineer, an Englishman, in answer to my inquiries, informs me that the low state of the tide has retarded the boat's progress, adding that we should have left "Sivvle" an hour earlier. At 5 P. M. we anchor in the roadstead; boats pull out to the steamer, and hailing one, I pass my cape and hat-box into it, and am giving

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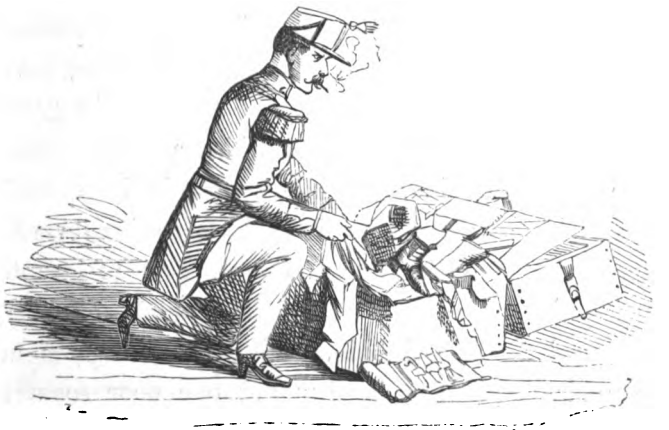
instructions to the boatman to take in my trunk, when an over-zealous official, dressed *pro tem.* in a little brief authority, who has boarded the vessel, interferes to prevent me, alleging that the boat is full enough already, and that no more *equipaje* shall go into it. I remonstrate with the fellow,—of course with little success, and finding that my strenuous arguments are of none effect, I watch my opportunity, and the moment the fellow's back is turned, hurl my trunk into the boat, jump in after it, and shoving off we hoist a lateen sail as the bullying official, discovering my escapade, foams with impotent fury on the sponson of the steamer.

I step ashore amid a crowd of seamen, porters,



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boatmen, and *carabineros*; the latter soon investigate the contents of my portmanteau, and nothing wrong being found therein (how such a contingency *could* be possible is to me a mystery), I am permitted to intrust it to a porter, and enter the town by an archway in the walls.

The first objects which present themselves are some of the ugliest, blackest, and most repulsive-looking niggers it has ever been my misfortune to meet, all sitting in a row, and endeavouring to polish boots to a brightness rivalling the shining ebony of their own sable physiognomies. Marching up the street, I am delighted with its picturesque appearance; it is so gay, and above all *so* clean: such variety, such motley colours, such bright tints, such variations of light and shade, I have not seen equalled, save at Barcelona. After a long walk through the lively, bustling town, we arrive at Blinko's hotel, and entering the pretty planted court, in the centre of which a large banana-tree vegetating in a huge tub spreads its graceful leaves, I am greeted by a little black-looking dwarfish individual of a decidedly Hebrew cast of countenance who turns out to be Blinko himself. In very fractured English the diminutive Israelite gives me to understand that he has but one poor room to offer me; and forthwith conducts me to a gloomy

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little den, some ten feet square, with two doors, one opening to a staircase, the other to a gloomy



corridor, and with but one very small window to make darkness visible. Though not much relishing the appearance of the chamber, which is decidedly suggestive of mosquitoes, I endeavour to make the best of it, telling little Shylock that if his charges are commensurate with the accommodation he offers, we shall not quarrel when we come to settle accounts.

Having dined frugally in the *salle à manger*, a large room hung with paintings of very coppery pans, exceedingly indigestible-looking melons, and other

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solid petrified fruit studies, I repair to the drawing-room to enjoy my weed and the view from the balcony, which commands a delightful view of the sea.

The apartment is full of ladies and young Spanish swells: the latter are perfect darlings, but do not command the reverence, nor inspire the awe due only to the true English swell, that great being made up of moustaches, whiskers, and imperturbability. A great deal of flirting is evidently going on, if I may guess from the impassioned glances of the enamoured swains, the coquettish behaviour of the ladies, and the tremulous movement of their fans, which are almost as eloquent as words to express the emotion of their bearers. As it is now time for evening parade, they all sally forth; I soon follow their example, and strolling about the *Alameda*, have a tender confab through a low grated window with two damsels, who, from their own account, rendered in very indifferent English, are intimately acquainted with every British officer in Gibraltar, and so forth. Wishing them *buenas noches*, I return to my den, and, despite the evolutions of a lively mosquito, who sounds his horn about my ears, sleep soundly till morning.

On the following day, determined to see my last Spanish town thoroughly, I put a girdle completely

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round the peninsula on which Cadiz is situated, walking on the battlements now almost red hot from the intense heat of the sun, and in pursuing my tour come to the lighthouse of San Sebastian, built on the projecting rocky ledge, which proved the salvation of the town when the sea rose during the earthquake at Lisbon in 1755. From all I have heard and read of Calcutta, I come to the conclusion that Cadiz somewhat resembles it; for the white regular buildings, Moorish structures, neat houses with green, red, blue, and yellow blinds, here and there a solitary burnt-up palm, the harbour filled with shipping and dotted with white sails, the whole dazzlingly bright under the fierce and blinding glare of an unclouded sun, all give to the picture a certain oriental aspect.

In the midst of these reflections, I am much amused at seeing a parcel of lazy fellows fishing off the walls with listless perseverance, and apparently as much success as the infatuated anglers who line the banks of the murky Serpentine. Never was the proverb of "a worm at one end and a fool at the other," more applicable than in the present instance.

Cadiz possesses but few objects of interest in the way of architectural remains or fine paintings; its great charm consists in the extreme cleanliness and

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picturesque character of the streets. The women of Cadiz, celebrated for their loveliness, have given the town almost as great a notoriety for beauty as the innumerable sherry butts have for its vinous exports. It has often been the theatre of war: in 1596 it was assaulted and taken by Lord Essex, whose spoils were enormous: an attack upon the town by the English, under Lord Wimbleton, in 1625, was less successful: in 1702 Cadiz would infallibly have fallen before the fleet of the Duke of Ormond, had not the English and Dutch engaged in the expedition quarrelled among themselves, and defeated their national objects by petty jealousies and paltry disputes, which were only reconciled by the splendid plunder they subsequently gained from the galleons of treasure so gallantly captured at Vigo.

My survey of Cadiz being concluded, I must now think of resuming my flight. Returning to the hotel, I pay Blinko twenty-five *reales* for my accommodation, and procuring a porter, proceed to the quay, and am soon sailing out to the steamer, *Ville de Paris*, lying in the roads with her steam up ready to leave for Gibraltar. We start at 4 P. M., having as usual plenty of priests on board, among them no less important a personage than the Roman Catholic bishop of Gibraltar, a stern, keen-looking man, in a shovel hat and

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long gown. The *padres* are overheard to express a decided opinion regarding the certainty of a fine passage, from the bare fact of so all-powerful a divine being on board, and I fervently trust that their predictions will prove well founded.

To my great satisfaction, I here encounter two English gentlemen, Messrs. Miles and Older, residing at Xeres de la Frontera: both are on their way to England and we continue fast friends all the way home. When the steamer is fairly under way, we descend to the saloon to fortify the inner man: the weather is fine, we have every prospect of a quick passage, and expect to arrive at Gibraltar about midnight—but vain are the hopes of man! Towards nightfall the wind begins to rise, blowing dead on end. "By Jove!" says Miles, "we are going to have a Levanter!" and too truly are his fears realized, for the tyrant of Gibraltar soon begins to blow with terrific violence, the steamer pitching tremendously, and by dark we are, as Miles says, "regularly in for it." Down bolt the priest and others to their cabins, where, huddled in their narrow berths, they resign themselves to a night of misery; Miles and I remain masters of the deck, where we continue the whole night. No earthly or watery power could induce me to turn into my berth, to be cabined, cribb'd, confined in a small

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den, tenanted besides by a couple of dreadfully sea-sick Spanish priests: purgatory would be a bed of roses in comparison. Off Cape Trafalgar the sea is terrific, and the boat pitches almost bows under, making but little headway in the teeth of the gale blowing through the Gut. Cries of distress, piteous supplications, and plaintive moans are heard from below; I bear up wonderfully, however, and pricking for the softest plank, throw myself along the deck, where I lie like a traveller taking my rest with my Inverness cape around me.

Cold and gray breaks the dawn of the 25th August, as buffeting the angry billows, the steamer approaches the Rock of Gibraltar, peering through the gloom like a gigantic sphinx on the bosom of the waters, and at 6 A. M. we anchor in the harbour, after a tedious passage of fourteen hours over a distance of seventy-five miles. I am much struck with the appearance of the mighty rock, rising bold and bluff some fifteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, with the town piled on the hill-side, and girdled from base to summit by ramparts bristling with cannon. Up crawl the priests, pale as ghosts and half dead from the horrors of the night: the poor creatures are on their way to Africa to convert (?) the heathen. Success attend their efforts! Their faith in the

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bishop has been in no way shaken by the storm, which they now attribute to three accursed heretics being on board, to wit, my two friends and self. Deluded *padres!*

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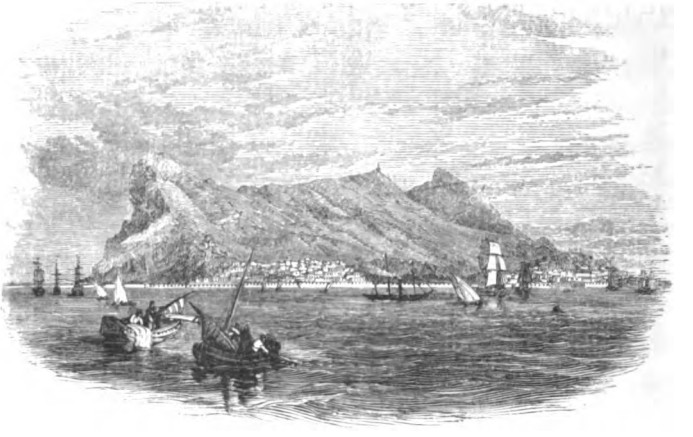

CHAPTER THE LAST.

ADVENTURES AT GIBRALTAR, AND VOYAGE HOME.

On landing, what meets my gaze? No dirty little *carabinero* in straw-coloured shako and brown greatcoat, but a strapping English sentry of Her Majesty's 100th foot, in the well-known scarlet uniform of the British army, with this difference that he sports a *pugheree*, or linen turban, round his forage cap, to keep off the sun. No trouble now about passports, no custom-house, no quarantine, "no nothing:"

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we walk proudly in, and feel almost on English ground. Indeed, we are no longer in Spain, everything is changed, and we might almost fancy ourselves in Chatham, for the houses are smoky and English; the street nomenclature is English, and they are filled with English soldiers, infantry, and artillery, in white blouses and caps. A great number of Moors are swelling about, looking very picturesque in their gaudy robes and snowy turbans.

Proceeding up the Waterport, a long street strongly resembling Ratcliffe Highway, or the purlieus of Wapping or Shadwell, we reach the Club-house Hotel in the Commercial Square, a thoroughly English building: too much so indeed; for the smallness of the windows renders the rooms oppressively hot in this warm southern region. Without delay I hunt up Lieutenant Tonyman, an old artillery friend, whose servant introduces me to his bedroom, where I find him snoring under the mosquito net. On being aroused he is not a little astonished at seeing me, but makes me heartily welcome, and having performed his toilette, takes me to the mess-room, where we partake of an excellent *déjeuner à la fourchette,* flanked with foaming pots of English ale. The remainder of the morning we spend in the billiard rooms and fine racket court where some excellent play is going on.

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In the afternoon Tonyman shows me over the battlements; the *Alameda*, a charming promenade; and the Saluting Battery, which I sketch without fear of interruption from any inquisitive *carabinero*. Returning to Bell Lane, I observe a placard on the walls announcing that a bull-fight will take place at Algesiras on the opposite side of the bay, on the 27th inst., and as the *Ganges* steamer, by which I have taken my passage home, is not expected from Malta till the evening of that day, I again begin to indulge in wild hopes of being able after all to witness the sport and make arrangements with a boatman to take me over on the day appointed. Borrowing a dress suit of Tonyman, I accompany him to the artillery mess, and for the first time for four weeks dine on good old English fare. No *pucheros*, no garlic, no oily dishes, no *anis* brandy, no sour wine now; but roast beef, solid, well-cooked joints, excellent sherry, and delicious claret cup. Though no gourmand nor epicure, I enjoy the change greatly, and warmed by the generous wine, and delighted to be once more among my countrymen, launch forth into narratives of my tour, and jocosely dilate on the extraordinary disappointments which have attended my hunt after a bull-fight. Tonyman, at a late hour, accompanies me to the hotel, a necessary measure, as

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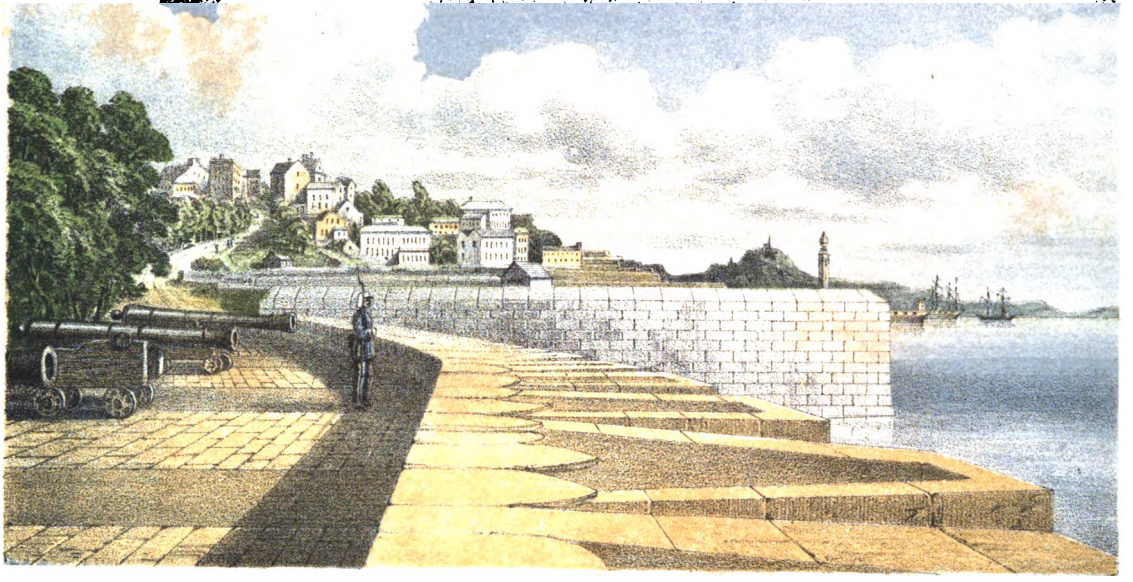

Vincent Brooks, lith.

THE SALUTING BATTERY, GIBRALTAR.

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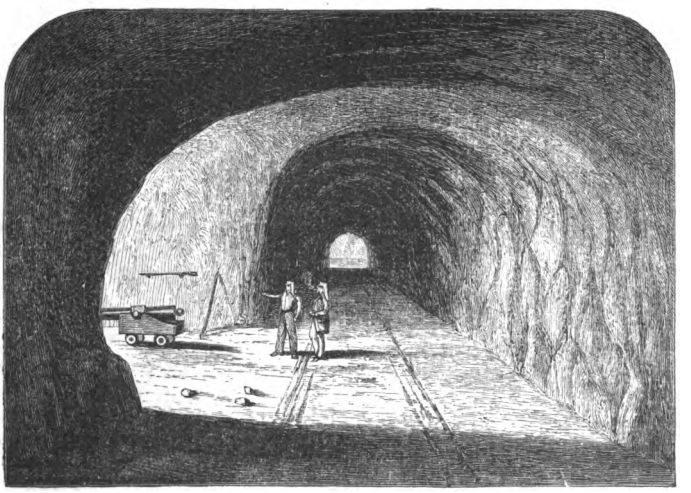
the gates of the town are closed from sunset to sunrise, and none but officers being allowed to walk the streets after midnight, we are challenged at every turn by the question, "Who goes there?" "Officer!" "Pass, officer, all's well."

On the following morning I stroll about the town, investing in Moorish curiosities, such as pipe-tubes, slippers, and also a *pugheree*, which is folded round a felt hat by a wealthy Moorish merchant, who, if not *dives equum*, is certainly *dives pictai vestis et auri:* this worthy explains to me that the *real de plata* in circulation here is worth four English pence in Gibraltar, and that twelve make a dollar.



IN THE GALLERIES.

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About midday I call for Tonyman, who takes me through the far-famed galleries, marvellous triumphs of labour indeed, consisting of large tunnels cut inside the face of the cliff, pierced at intervals with embrasures for cannon, and running in tiers up to the very summit of the rock: the Cornwallis and St. George's Halls, large chambers hewn out of the solid rock, are really wonderful specimens of engineering skill. Leaving the galleries about half way up, we ascend the rock by a zigzag road, and



after a fearful amount of clambering, reach the summit: here I observe drifted into a hollow of the eastern face of the steep cliff, a curious bank of sand

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blown over it is presumed by high winds from the coast of Africa. The view from this elevated position is very fine: in front are the town and fortifications, further on, the Straits and distant African mountains; Ceuta and Apes' Hill being plainly distinguishable through the remarkably clear atmosphere: on the right the bay of Gibraltar, dotted with white sails and proud English war-steamers; the Mediterranean stretches away to the left, and behind lies the neutral ground, or flat level plain marking the boundaries of the Spanish and English territories, guarded by two rows of sentry-boxes: in the background are mountains ranging away till lost in the blue distance.

Standing on this commanding elevation, and surveying the beautiful panorama around me, I cannot help reflecting on the immense importance of this mighty stronghold, truly designated the key of the Mediterranean, the entrance to which it so proudly commands: a monument of England's power and glory is lofty old Gib., as rearing its gun-topped crest high above the waters, it daily and nightly roars forth a haughty defiance to the world. Descending at the double by the winding roadway, I notice *La Torre Mocha*, built in 725 A.D., a battered old Moorish tower which has sturdily withstood the brunt of centuries, the battle, and the storm.

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At mess I hear many opinions expressed of the disturbances now commencing in Morocco and the skirmishes taking place at Ceuta, concerning which the general persuasion seems to be that the Spaniards, however successful, will soon regret having plunged so recklessly into such inglorious and barren warfare.*

As the wine begins to circulate, and we to feel happy, suddenly *bang!* goes the signal gun at Europa point! "What the deuce is that?" "The *Ganges* has arrived." My jaw drops, I collapse into my chair; all hopes of an excursion to Algesiras, all prospect of seeing a bull-fight are at an end. There is no alternative but to return at once with Tonyman to his quarters, cast off my borrowed plumes, and adjourn to the hotel, where I find Miles and Older ready to start. We proceed forthwith in a body to the Ragged Staff, where we learn that the *Ganges* will not sail till the morning, and I determine on remaining ashore, leaving my Cadiz friends intent on securing good berths, to pull off to the steamer. Depositing my luggage in the guard-room, return with Tonyman to his club. The sentinel at the town gate makes difficulties about admitting the Spanish

* Since this was written the Spaniards after a brief and victorious campaign under the great General O'Donnel now "Duke of Tetuan" have wisely listened to the voice of reason, and made peace with Morocco

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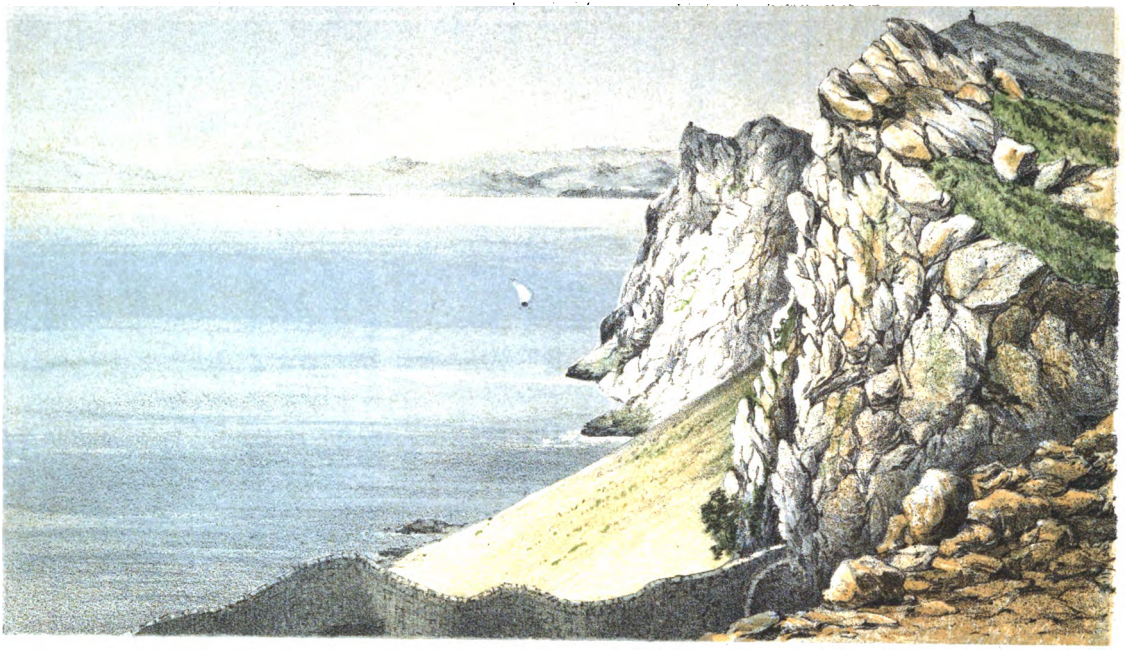

Vincent Brooks, lith.

CEUTA, AFRICA, FROM THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR.

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porters who follow us, but permits them to enter at my friend's command, and with "curses not loud but deep" they disperse themselves about the town. It is amusing to observe the utter subjection in which the natives are held by the British soldiery, who on every occasion are necessarily compelled to assert their supremacy, and by the greatest vigilance impress upon the inhabitants the importance of their precious trust. In return they are of course cordially hated by the Spaniards, who, if they dared, would incontinently use their *navajas* on the obnoxious sentry whose hoarse challenge greets them at every corner of the moonlit streets.

We spend some time at the club, knocking the balls about, and finish the night by exploring the many queer holes and corners in which Gib. abounds: in the course of these rambles we come across some officers "going the rounds" in a sort of Irish car, and joining company, we proceed to ransack the ins and outs of this strange jumble of alleys and steep, ill-paved ramps. My recollection of all that occurred on this eventful night is somewhat foggy, but I have indistinct visions of rows with infatuated sentinels, and forcible entries into houses where we had no sort of business, and in some of which we were heartily anathematized.

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At an early hour, as the morning gun thunders over the rock, I find myself being slowly dragged up the hill by the miserable Rosinante which has been on duty during the live-long night. I had parted with Tonyman some time before, and am now in company with a couple of youthful warriors, at whose quarters some distance above the town, I procure a *refresco*, (I should now say a whet,) in the shape of soda-water dashed with a thought of brandy, and at 6 A. M. find myself returning alone in the car to the Ragged Staff, where my trunk is placed beside me, and we trot down to the Waterport. The street is now filled with troops turning out for morning parade, looking very fresh and soldierly in their bright scarlet tunics and white caps: proud indeed do I feel at being their countryman and a fellow-subject of their beloved Queen. On reaching the steamer, thanks to the kindness of an amiable purser, I am allotted a very comfortable berth in a large unoccupied cabin, of which I remain sole occupant during the voyage home.

The *Ganges* is a fine paddle-steamer, belonging to the Peninsular and Oriental Company; a steady old sea-boat of about two thousand tons. We have upwards of eighty passengers on board, chiefly officers and their families returning from India, all ap-

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parently very anxious to get back to dear old England. At 8 A.M., August 27th, we weigh anchor, and steam grandly out of the bay. Farewell to the land of the Cid! A long farewell to thy beautiful *señoras*, thy gorgeous Moslem palaces, thy glorious paintings, thy romantic peasantry, thy fertile plains, thy lofty mountains, thy arid steppes! Thy *tartanas*, *diligencias*, mules, *pucheros*, olives, garlic, fleas, mosquitoes, O farewell!

Passing Tarifa, an old Moresco-Arabic town, we are all assembled on the quarter-deck, spying at it through our glasses, when suddenly the report of a gun is heard from the shore. "What the deuce is *that* for?" The British ensign is proudly floating at the peak, who dares to insult it? Presently, *bang!* goes another gun, and to our utter astonishment a shot is seen skipping along the water, and finally sinking close to the vessel's side. Many of the passengers throw themselves flat on their faces, while others entrench themselves behind light breastworks of camp-stools and easy-chairs. Indignant ejaculations of "D—d scoundrels!" "Monstrous outrage!" "Infernal rascals!" are heard on all sides; we run up the P. and O. flag, and pursue our course without further molestation, deriving consolation from the fact that the affair will all come out in

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the 'Times' a few days hence. And now the notes of a bugle ring out shrilly in the morning air; it is the call to breakfast, and we repair to the saloon where a sumptuous repast awaits us, to which we do ample justice. The fare is indeed excellent; we carry a cow, a butcher, a baker, and many other auxiliaries of good cheer on board, and could not fare better even in a metropolitan hotel; and well that it is so, for eating and drinking are the main employments on ship-board, where feats of gastronomy are achieved, such as never could be attempted on terra firma. We are allowed as much beer, wine, and spirits, as we choose to partake of: at one we take tiffin; at four, dinner; at seven, tea; and nightcaps of "hot with" or "cold without" at ten; the lights in the cabins are extinguished at eleven, when all are supposed to be in their berths: altogether the arrangements in this fine boat are excellent.

On the following morning the muster-roll is called, the crew, about fifty in number, being ranged along the deck in their Sunday attire and Divine service is afterwards performed in the saloon, the skipper reading the prayers. I find Captain Vicks a first-rate fellow, very attentive to the ladies, a *leetle* vain, but withal as thorough a seaman as ever trod a deck. During the day I occupy myself in finishing some

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of my sketches and comparing them with those of a gallant officer, who is also dabbing away vigorously at his Indian drawings. We are much struck with the similarity existing between the Spanish and Bengal views, for in both the skies are very blue, the buildings very white, the palms very dusty, the children very pot-bellied, and the men very dark, and half-naked. At about 7 P. M. we pass Cape Espichel, on the coast of Portugal, and shortly afterwards Cape Roca, near the mouth of the Tagus; so close do we run to the shore, that we have a good view of the headlands, and Cintra on the other side of the Cape.

The following day passes very pleasantly, the weather continuing fine, and the sea remarkably calm. To enliven the proceedings we get up a raffle for some models of Turkish galleys, and indict a stormy letter to the P. and O. directors, complaining of the outrage we have received at Tarifa. I may add here, that the only result, so far as I am concerned, was my having to visit a lawyer in London, make affidavit of the circumstances, and subsequently swear to the same in the awful presence of the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House; the document was then swallowed up in the Foreign Office, where it was doubtless enveloped in red tape, and will probably

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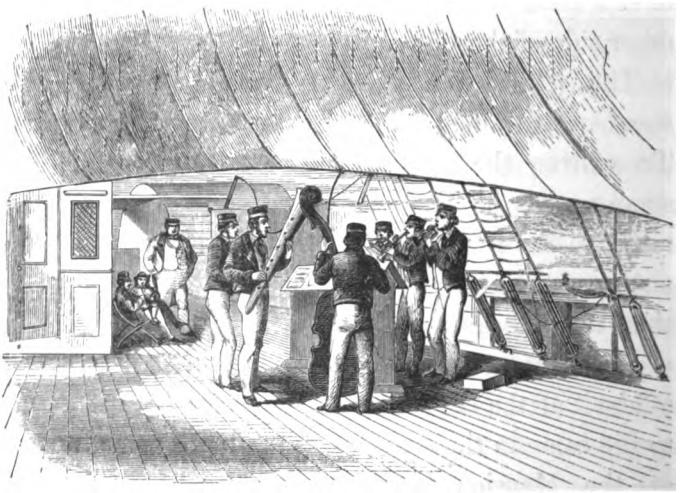
never be heard of again till the crack of doom. Many of the passengers seem seized with a rabid mania for backgammon, in which jovial game they indulge to a morbid extent, sitting on camp-stools and cane chairs, planted in secret nooks and corners all over the deck. Reading is also a favourite occupation: stale copies of the 'Times,' a fortnight old, are at a premium, and great is the demand for the railway library, and other cheap novels of the day.

Twice a day we are entertained by the strains of



a brass band, consisting of the musically inclined portion of the stewards, who divide their attention

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between waiting at table, washing plates and dishes, and performing operatic selections on the cornet, ophicleide and violoncello.

In the evenings we repair to the main-deck, where, watching the huge cranks alternately appearing and disappearing from the depths of the engine-room, we enjoy the weed in undisturbed tranquillity save when an occasional stoker approaches with a bucket of ashes, and growling out "By your leave, gentlemen!" steps forth on the sponson and empties his dusty burden into the seething foam of the paddle-churned waters. The log is hove several times during the day, but we never manage to knock more than ten knots per hour out of the old boat; and I hear a sagacious old gentleman attribute our tardy progress to the fact that "we are cutting off steam at one fourth of the stroke, and working expansively to save coal, sir, to save coal!" At about 11 P.M., on the 29th, we pass Cape Finisterre, and begin to look out for squalls.

No need of the *reveillé* sounding the old air of "The Bay of Biscay O!" for, on awakening the next morning, I find my cabin reeling about in a decidedly drunken manner. Dressing now becomes a matter of no small difficulty; I am obliged to flirt with my peg-tops, dancing wildly on one leg, while I watch an

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opportunity of suddenly diving into the other: I have to coquet with my shirt before insinuating my head and shoulders; and finally stagger spasmodically into my coat, forcing in my arms with a plunge, and clutching desperately at the sides of the berth on termination of the ticklish task. Coming on deck, I find we are fairly out in the dreaded bay. Enormous long rolling swells come sweeping in from the broad Atlantic; but the old boat behaves beautifully, taking the seas in gallant style, now rising on the summit of a wave like a duck, and gently subsiding into the hollow of the next. The motion of the vessel is comparatively easy, and wholly different from what I have formerly experienced on many occasions in crossing the English Channel: I nevertheless trifle a little with my breakfast, and truth compels me to confess that I afterwards retire behind the wheel-house to watch the porpoises tumbling astern; but after this brief episode I suffer no further inconvenience; sea-sickness seems quite unknown, and rough as is the sea, not a single basin is called into requisition. The swell continues throughout the ensuing day: at meals all the plates and dishes are confined in mahogany trays, to which we grasp wildly at every roll of the vessel. The passengers are in the highest spirits at the prospect of soon landing in

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England, and the health of Captain Vicks is drunk with all due honours. Towards midnight, as we are entering the Chops of the Channel and Ushant light glimmers in the distance, not satisfied with our previous hilarity, a number of us assembling on the main deck, each sings a song in turn, and all join in chorus. After a brilliant concert, in which Sims Reeves would have been nowhere, Robson nothing, and Henry Russell thrown into the shade, we wind up with these lines, sung *fortissimo*—

'For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne,'

grasping hands, and capering about like madmen. Every one catches the infection; old sea-dogs, bluff Hooghly pilots, dried-up nabobs, venerable Bengal majors, and raw young subs, all like a parcel of children jumping about and hallooing loud enough to waken the Seven Sleepers. A Spaniard would have opened his eyes and cried "*Caramba!*" at the extraordinary spectacle; but the worthy skipper, in language no less forcible, soon gives us to understand, that though he can make allowances for young blood (he might add old), he will nevertheless not permit his well-organized ship to be turned into a pot-house, and

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having completed his oration, sends us all to our berths, whither we retire feeling not a little fortunate in having escaped the previous "warming" usually administered to refractory infants.

The next morning, September 1st, on coming on deck, the first object which meets my view is that well-known headland, the Bill of Portland, and I fondly gaze on the twin lighthouses, and grassy slopes, where many a time and oft, my feet have wandered on a summer's eve. Short though my absence, my heart bounds at the sight of home, not that I love Hispania less, but that I love old England more—

> "This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
> This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars;
> This other Eden, demi-paradise;
> This fortress built by Nature for herself,
> Against infection and the hand of war;
> This happy breed of men, this little world;
> This precious stone set in the silver sea,
> Which serves it in the office of a wall,
> Or as a moat defensive to a house,
> Against the envy of less happier lands."

Every stitch of canvas is now set, and we bowl up Channel in gallant style. At breakfast all are speculating on the pleasure of reaching home, looking forward to greeting old familiar faces, and the warm welcome of friends and relatives, from whom many have been long, long parted. The band now begins

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making preparations for a grand final performance: we soon sight the Needles, and enter the Solent; passengers now dive down below to come up as "swells," shaving the accumulated stubble of weeks, and donning uncouth *solar topees*, or quaint felt helmets to cut a figure with on landing. A gay widow who has been the life and soul of the party during the voyage, now appears in deepest mourning, staggering under a load of crape, with a most woe-begone physiognomy, also



put on for the occasion. Among others, I notice Mr. Brazier, a nabob, who after "spending half his life of a gridiron," is returning to his native country with a large fortune and an enormous paunch; he is attended by two native servants, lanky, attenuated

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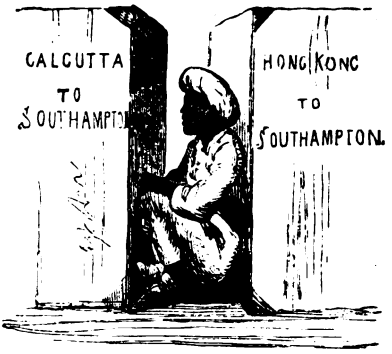
beggars, who seem utterly careless and indifferent



of all that is passing around them; one I discover squatting in an attitude suggestive of horrible cramps, between two chests about ten inches apart, probably at his devotions.

The band now strikes up, and the decks resound with "Home, sweet home!" and "Auld lang syne," as we majestically paddle up the Solent. We reach Cowes, the helm is put hard a port, we round the bell buoy, enter the Southampton water, and at 2 P. M. arrive at the mouth of the dock; a warp is passed round the dolphin, a few turns of the capstan, and we are alongside the quay, over the gangway and on English ground. The voyage has lasted five days and a quarter, and, *mirabile dictu!* I have enjoyed it thoroughly.

A party of twelve is at once formed, who march in a body to Radley's where we take a hearty dinner, and, luggage passed at the custom-house, seek the railway station; at 10 P. M. I find myself once more in London, on the platform of the Waterloo

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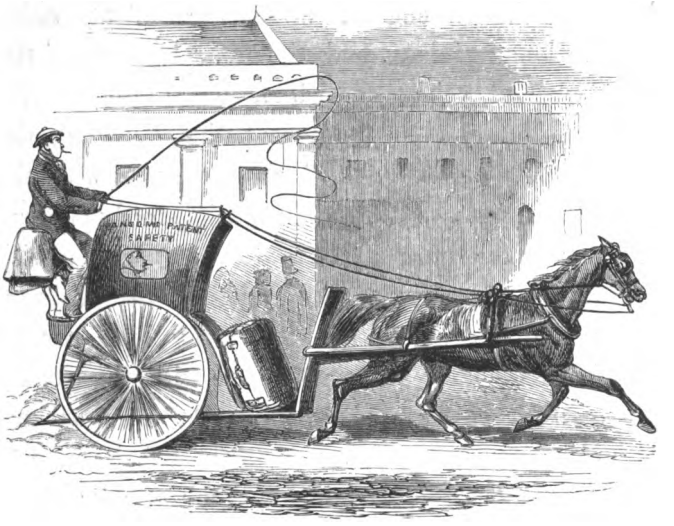
station; here we part company, all radiating in different directions, probably never to meet again. Separating with deep regret from my 'jolly companions,' I call a Hansom, throw myself into the seat, bang down the doors, light a cigar, and fall into a reverie as we gallop along the Waterloo Road.



The longer I reside in mighty London, the more am I impressed with its colossal proportions, its solid grandeur, enormous traffic, extraordinary wealth and immense population, subjects of which, year by year, I have vainly endeavoured to form an adequate

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conception, but which I now begin to believe too vast for human comprehension.

Passing down the Strand, and up Regent Street, I contrast the magnificence of the shops with the poverty-stricken character of those at Madrid; I draw "odious comparisons" between the imposing, though smoky, stateliness of the streets with the gimcrack, though cheerful appearance of the *calles* of Barcelona, Malaga, and Seville. I compare the well-appointed vehicle in which I am riding with that dreadful Spanish equivalent, the *Tartana*; the neat handsome omnibuses which rattle past with the lumbering diligences of Andalusia; the sturdy yeoman with his wagon, on his way to Covent Garden, with the tawny mule-driver of Catalonia; the stalwart soldierly guardsmen with the swarthy little *carabineros*, and the active vigilant police with the ponderous *guardias civiles*. Short as has been my sojourn in, and brief my experience of Spain, I feel bound to add, that though it certainly has great advantages of splendid climate, fine paintings, lovely women, gorgeous Moslem and Gothic relics, picturesque scenery, rich historical associations, and mournful traces of ancient grandeur; yet when I reflect upon the poverty-stricken nature of the country, its ignorance, its tardy advance in civilization, its bigotry and

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religious intolerance; and when I ruminate over my individual experience of its antediluvian means of conveyance, the inferior quality of its hotels, the nasty style of living, the impassability of its inhabitants, the bother and worry of the passport, quarantine, and customs' regulations, the vermin, the garlic, the oil, and the smells,—I arrive at the conclusion that there is no place like old England for freedom, wealth, cleanliness, and comfort; and, like the historian, proudly glorying in my British birthright, I exclaim, with downright national conceit, "Thank God! I am an Englishman!"

Patriæ fumus igne alieno luculentior.

THE END.

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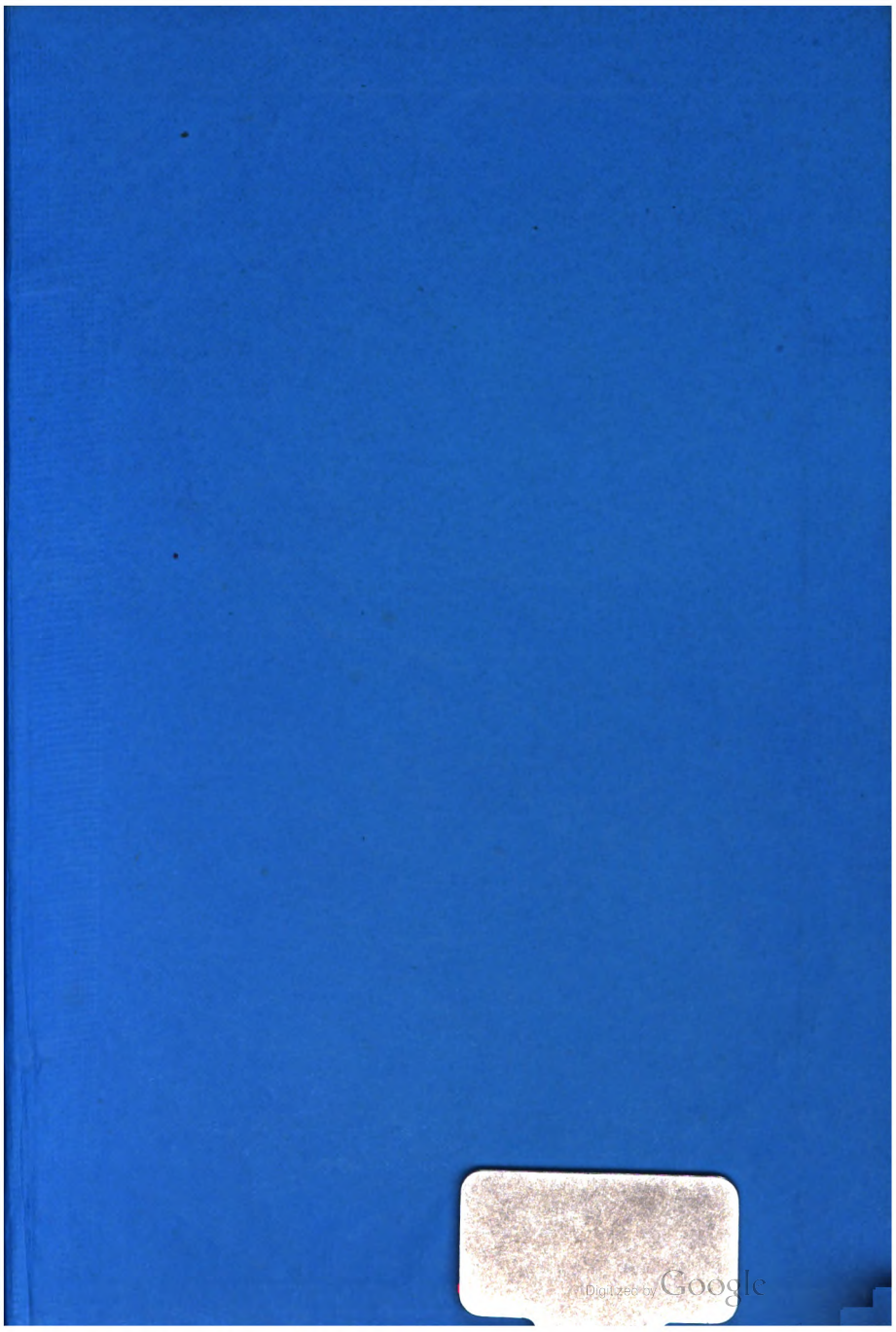
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