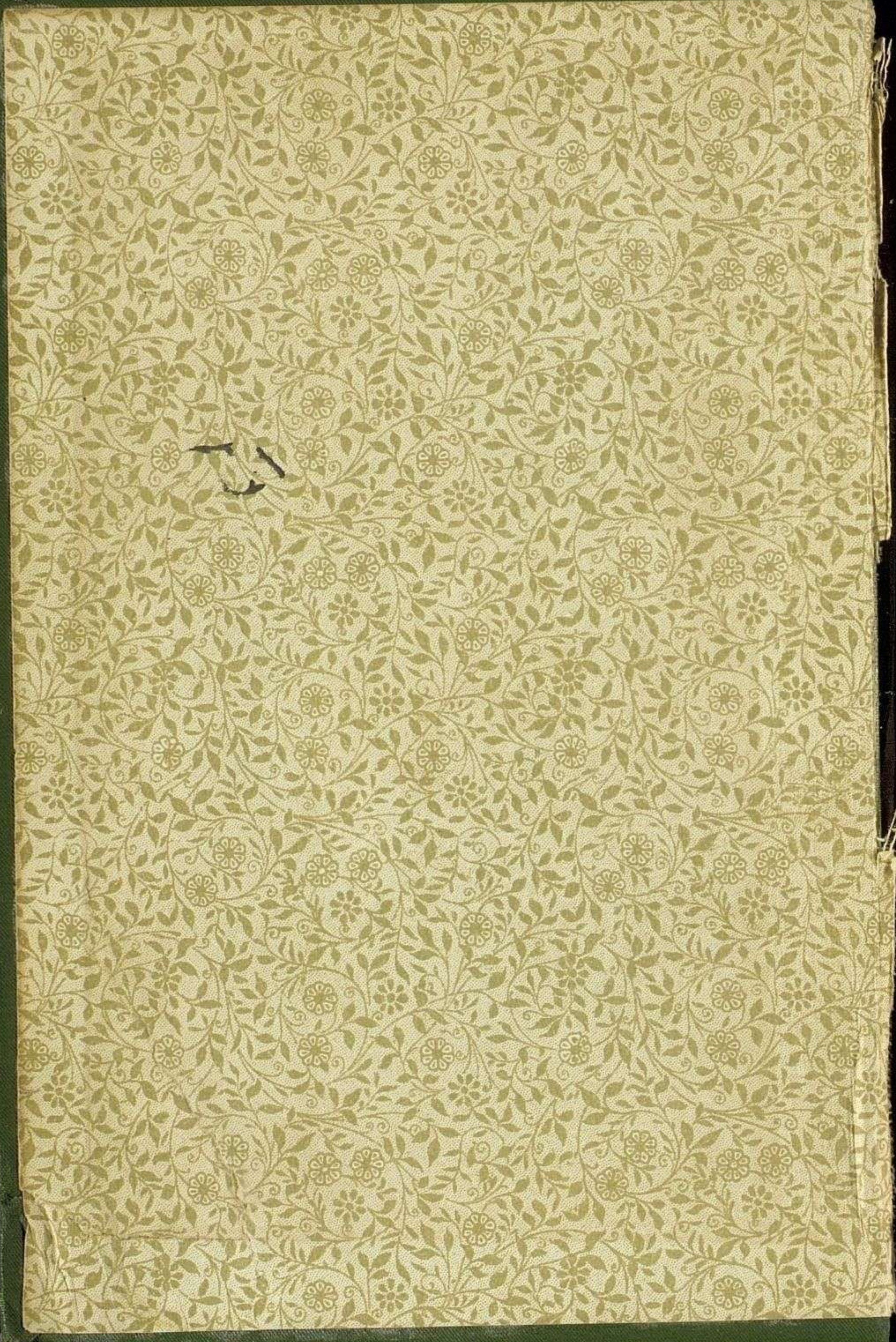


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ALL ROUND SPAIN

BY ROAD AND RAIL,

WITH A SHORT ACCOUNT OF
A VISIT TO ANDORRA.

By F. H. DEVERELL.

“¿Qué se dice de España?”

LONDON :

SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE & RIVINGTON,
CROWN BUILDINGS, 188, FLEET STREET.

1884.

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Donación
De Hoyos



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ALL ROUND SPAIN

BY ROAD AND RAIL

WITH A TOUR THROUGH

WEST TO ANDORRA

LONDON :

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CONTENTS.



CHAPTER I.

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	I

CHAPTER II.

FROM LONDON TO VALENCIA.

To Paris—An incident on the way—Sign of the backward state of Spain—Paris to Avignon—The city of the popes—To Port Bou—Difficulty in getting money changed—Difficulties with regard to the time in Spain—The Civil Guards—Gerona—Barcelona—Tarragona—The country and its cultivation—*Norias*—*A Calvario*—*Agua fresca*—Valencia station—Hotel 12

CHAPTER III.

VALENCIA.

The province—Physical characteristics, pleasant climate, prodigious fertility of the *huerta*—The people—The city—Its history, characteristics, inhabitants—Singing and dancing—The market—*Lonja de Seda*—The river—The *Salon de Cortes*—The picture gallery—The cathedral—The Gate of the Apostles and the “Tribunal of the Waters”—A drive out into the country—Irrigation channels—Rate of increase of corn—Underground dwellings—Moorish subterranean granaries—Prompt activity—The *Miserere* at the *Colegio del Corpus Cristi*—Valencian ladies—The *tartana* 23

CHAPTER IV.

VALENCIA TO ELCHE.

Rice-fields—Játiva—Hermitage of San Filiu—Alicante—Spanish politeness—Beating the natives—Diligence ride to Elche—

	PAGE
Arrival at the "City of Palms"—Elche, its situation and appearance—The palms and palm-groves—The inn—Railway from Murcia—An agitating scene—The palm, a favourite Oriental figure—Spanish unpunctuality—A walk about the town—The crescent over a house—Dinner—A circus—"The black hand"—Respect for property—Early morning walk—Sermon at church on Whit-Sunday morning—Visit to the house of a marquis—Childish innocence—Looking over the battlements—A funeral—A dinner-party—Spanish courtesy 51
CHAPTER V.	
ELCHE TO MURCIA.	
The journey, by diligence—Orihuela—Intense heat—The <i>huerta</i> of Orihuela—A <i>rambla</i> —The <i>huerta</i> of Murcia—Gathering leaves—Opposition to anything new—A journey across country arranged for—Murcia, the province and the city—The cathedral—Eastern-looking dress—Spanish readiness to help—Great heat—Spanish habit of bargaining—Visit to a monastery—Friars—Mulberry-leaves—A boy beating a donkey—A waste howling wilderness—Boys' games 76
CHAPTER VI.	
MURCIA TO GRANADA.	
Itching fingers—Diligence to Lorca—The inn at Lorca—A pleasant but wild country— <i>Tartana</i> and horses engaged for Baza—Spanish courtesy and kindness—A talk with mine host—A son of Lorca—Journey to Baza—Wild open country—The <i>Rambla de Nogalte</i> —A train of prisoners—Velez Rubio—Wretched inn—The people—A poor dinner for a hungry man—Labouring men eating from one common bowl—To Bertientes—A country village inn—A night in an uninhabited house—To Baza—Women in gay clothing—Inhabited caves—Temporary houses—Baza—The inn—A good meal at last—A gulf of separation—The town—The market-place—A magistrate at dinner—Spanish courtesy—Description of stables—A "blowing-up"—To Granada—A lonely road— <i>Venta de Baul</i> —A place without clocks or watches—The morning star—"Feeing"—Civil Guards—Guadix—Marvellous scene of savage grandeur—Approaching Granada—My macintosh—Review of the week—Granada—An English lady 99

CHAPTER VII.

GRANADA TO MALAGA AND GIBRALTAR.

	PAGE
Santa Fé—Antequera—Spanish women's feelings soon moved—A gorgeous carpet of flowers—Malaga—Poor hotel—Wine—Along the river-bed—Beautiful <i>haciendas</i> —To Cártama—Diligence to Coin—On horseback to Gibraltar—Magnificent mountain ride—Oranges from the grove—A greedy guide—"Not for water"—The Mediterranean in view—Mines—Murders—Sugar-cane harvest—Working in companies—The pillars of Hercules—Estepona—Spanish unpunctuality—Food at Spanish inns—How to travel in Spain—Guide will not get up in the morning—"Took up his bed and walked"—A rough breakfast—Ferried over a river—The "lines"—Gibraltar—Worn out—The Queen's birthday—A bragging rider brought low	145

CHAPTER VIII.

GIBRALTAR TO PUERTO DE SANTA MARIA.

Boat to Algeciras—Smuggling—Algeciras—A grand journey by diligence—The country—Tarifa and its "lions"—The Salado—The south-west coast of Spain—Magnificence of panorama and historic associations—Laguna de la Janda—Medina Sidonia—Steps up to the house-top—San Fernando—Train to Santa Maria—The mantilla	172
---	-----

CHAPTER IX.

PUERTO DE SANTA MARIA TO ASTORGA.

To Seville—Seville to Zafra by diligence, a hard journey—Frejenal—Zafra—Inattention at Spanish inns—Money refused—Almost broken down—To Mérida by rail— <i>Despoblado</i> —Roman bridge—Roman aqueduct and storks—Estremadura, why so desolate—The <i>mesta</i> —Shepherding—Locusts—Pigs—To Madrid—The Castilians not a true type of all Spaniards—Madrid to Avila—Avila—Its walls—Oriental appearance of the surrounding country—Destruction of trees—A pig in a cathedral tower— <i>Toros de Guisando</i> —To Salamanca—Cathedral—Mozarabic ritual—University—Irish college—To Valladolid—An English college, and a Scotch college—To Astorga—Palencia—A mistake—A fine breakfast at Leon station—Astorga—Its walls—Cathedral—Sir John Bennett's idea—

	PAGE
B and v—A funeral—House where Sir John Moore stayed— Money refused—The <i>Maragatos</i> —Storks—A strange idea	... 189

CHAPTER X.

ASTORGA TO PAMPLONA.

To Pamplona—Large earrings—With a bull-fighter—Pamplona— Chocolate in the morning—Offerings of bread to the <i>manes</i> of the dead—Sunday observance—Religion in Spain—To Ron- cesvalles by diligence—Smuggling—Burgete—A comfortable inn—A walk through the valley to the monastery and to Val- carlos—Danger—Spanish hospitality—Return to Pamplona	... 227
--	---------

CHAPTER XI.

PAMPLONA TO BARCELONA.

Diligence to Sangüesa—A dissatisfied coachman—A difference of opinion—A weird land—Sangüesa—Escutcheons on poor houses —A naughty landlord—Muleteers—The English pound weight in use—To Tafalla on donkey-back—A dangerous place—The conscription—Refused admission at an inn—Conversation with a lawyer—Foundling hospital—The donkey-boy—To Saragossa —Fertile land and desolate wastes—Saragossa—Night watch- men—To Barcelona—The province and people of Catalonia— Visit to Montserrat— <i>Puente del diablo</i> 251
---	------------

CHAPTER XII.

BARCELONA TO ANDORRA.

Short account of Andorra—Third attempt to reach Andorra—Rail to Ripoll—A Frenchman going to the mountains—Dogs—A land- slip—Ripoll—Old monastery—Talk with a tailor—To Puigcerdá by diligence—To Porté (France) in a cart—A wretched inn— Man and horses engaged for journey to Andorra—A mountain ride—Wet through—In the main valley of Andorra—Saldeu— A pleasing incident—Canillo—More rain—Encamp—Las Es- caldas—At Andorra town—Well received at the inn—Good food and good bed—Morning ride—A talk with an Andorran— Sign of independence—San Julian—Visit to the Parliament House—A good breakfast—Return journey—To Hospitalet— My guide and I part—Ride in a cart to Ax—Diligence to Tarascon—Rail to Toulouse, and Paris—Home 274
--	------------

ALL ROUND SPAIN.



CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

69
"Sin el arpa de Homero
Cómo cantar de España la grandeza,
Y la gloria inmortal que eterna brilla
En el egregio trono de Castilla?"

LUIS BALACA Y GILABERT.

IN previous travels in Spain I had visited most of the principal towns of that country, and also some of the rural parts. There remained, however, various places and objects of interest which I greatly wished to see. I was very desirous of being present at the "Tribunal of the Waters," at Valencia, and of attending the Friday morning service in the chapel of the *Colegio de Corpus* in that city; I also much desired to see Elche, the "City of Palms;" and a visit to these places would take me to the east of Spain. Then I wanted to see our wonderful English possession,

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Gibraltar, and also several places in Spain lying in that direction, especially Tarifa, in order to see the "lions" of that place, that is the women with their faces covered, in the Arab style; and this would take me to the south of Spain. Next, I desired to visit Estremadura, to see the "abomination of desolation" spoken of concerning that province, the uncultivated lands, *dehesas y despoblados*, and to inquire about the locusts said to swarm there, and about the *mesta* and the migratory system of shepherding which formerly existed there; I wished, moreover, to go to Astorga, to see that curious race of people called *Maragatos*; and these visits would take me to the west of Spain. And, lastly, I was bent upon realizing a long-cherished hope of visiting the celebrated pass of Roncesvalles, and the curious little republic of Andorra; and this would take me to the north of Spain. Thus, without any such purpose on my part, my project really resolved itself into a journey round Spain. This I have been able to accomplish. The journey is over, and I have done most of what I set myself to do, falling short certainly a little in some respects, but in other respects doing a little more than I originally purposed. In the south I just touched on England, that is to say Gibraltar, and I passed thence by water to Algeciras; and in the

north I was for a few miles on French territory, and after that in the little independent state of Andorra; with these exceptions my tour round Spain was entirely by land and on Spanish territory. And for any slight incorrectness in the title of this book, I beg my reader's kind indulgence, for indeed I do not know any other title that would so fully and fairly represent the outline of my tour.

The journey was a tedious one, especially in the parts across country; and I could not recommend others to try it unless they were able to spend three months upon it, and even then were prepared to "rough it" a little. The worst parts were from Murcia to Granada, from Coin to Gibraltar, from Seville to Zafra, and, in a much less degree, the detours into Roncesvalles and Andorra. I was more than once glad to make a meal off bread and onions, with perhaps a little wine; and on one occasion I was travelling continuously for more than thirty hours without sleep, except such sleep as I could get in a diligence, and without a meal of food or the chance of getting one. However, even thus things on the whole were not so bad as I might have expected from accounts which have been given of the country; and with more time at my disposal I might have done better.

But although my journey was tedious, it was one of great interest, and it has been a source of much enjoyment to me, as my previous travels in Spain have been. Indeed, Spain so abounds with subjects and objects of interest and instruction that they seem practically inexhaustible. They lie scattered all over the land, frequently in places almost as unknown and unvisited as the wilds of Africa. Turn wherever you will, it is the same. One's interest never flags; the difficulty is to know what to omit. The people themselves, of character and customs quite unique in Europe; the fine sonorous language; the religious festivals and ceremonies; the glorious monuments of antiquity and relics of past greatness; the riches of archæology; the splendour of church architecture; and the revelation which awaits the lover of art on his first visit to the picture galleries of Madrid and Seville;—all these are things of great charm. And besides these delights, pleasant memories occupy my mind and agreeable pictures pass before me like a panorama, as I think of charming Cordova, and delightful Granada, and picturesque Ronda, and Elche, the "City of Palms;" of Seville, the "marvel of Andalusia," and imperial Toledo seated on the lordly Tagus, and Valencia rich in Eastern associations; of Murcia and Mérida,

Barcelona and Burgos, and the wall-girt cities of Avila and Jaca and Astorga; of the enchanted palace of the Alhambra, and the gloomy old Escorial, and the monastery of Montserrat, perched on its rocky heights; of the curious little republic of Andorra, and Roncesvalles echoing with historic strains, and the coast-lands on the south-west with their long train of thrilling human associations; and of the country itself, of marked and diversified features, and, like the people, grand, with its great mountains and broad plains and fertile valleys, and its rich fruits and flowers, and other things of varied interest. Then Spain is the land of brigands and of bull-fights, of mantillas and fans, of muleteers and water-carrying maidens, the land of the guitar and the serenade, the land of ballad and romance, and the land of perpetual love-making. In fact, in Spain there seems to be a kind of enchantment dancing around everything; even the Gipsies seem invested with a peculiar interest not attaching to them in other countries. And then there is the history; and what a story that is! Other countries—Greece, Rome, and Palestine—have had a more world-wide influence, have left a deeper impress upon society, have had more to do in forming the course of general history and the destinies of the human

race ; but perhaps it would hardly be too much to say that Spain's history is more romantic and fascinating than that of any other country of the world. Here we meet with the Basques, a people of unknown origin, who occupied the peninsula before our pre-historic Aryan ancestors left their home in the East ; here we trace the footsteps of the earliest settlers in the land after the flood ; here we are reminded of Phœnician colonists of the time when Tyre and Sidon were the first commercial cities of the world ; and here of colonies founded by the Greeks, the dreaded rivals of the jealous Phœnicians. Far and wide throughout the land are the marks of imperial Rome ; and the name of Rome's stout Semitic rival for the dominion of the West, the Phœnician Carthage, still lives in the name Cartagena, a city in the south of Spain, the old Carthago Nova. Here we track the Vandals, who entered Spain from the north, and afterwards passed over into Africa, and founded there a powerful empire which lasted for nearly a century, and who may have left a memorial of their presence in Spain in the word "Andalucia," which may possibly mean Vandalucia, the land of the Vandals. In Catalonia (*Cataluña, Gothalaria*), again, we have a record of the Gothic invaders of Spain, who ruled in that land,

to a greater or less extent, for nearly three hundred years. And, yet once more, and of more romantic interest, across the narrow strip of water which separates Spain from Africa, coming in countless hosts from the Saracen dominions in Asia and Africa, passed the dusky turbaned Moors and the Arabs and the Berbers and other Mohammedan tribes, who, without either extermination of the people they found in Spain or amalgamation with them, held more or less of this country as a conquered possession for nearly eight hundred years, a feat without parallel in the history of the world. Through this land Spain's neighbour, France, has again and again marched, leaving behind her the sad traces of her destructive work; and here has England shown her strength and courage, and poured out her blood and treasure, in the sacred name of freedom. Thus, in this peninsula, for thousands of years there has been a struggle of peoples and nations for the mastery, a struggle which has continued to our own day, but which is now probably closed for ever. Then, apart from her struggles with foreigners, Spain has had a chequered and painfully interesting internal and domestic history. This is the land which was once the richest and the most powerful country in the world; this is the land of Columbus, the land which

sent out Cortez and Pizarro, the land of the Inquisition and of the Armada, and the classic home of revolutions and *pronunciamientos*. Once the foremost of the nations, with extensive commerce and a powerful fleet, holding vast foreign possessions, and rich with the spoils of Mexico and Peru, she has failed to rise to the moral requirements of her position; she has shrivelled under oppression; she has panted for the breath of life under the throttling grasp of the Inquisition; she has struggled for her daily bread amidst the meshes of legislative restrictions on energy and enterprize; and she has been convulsed by rival claims to the throne and by revolutionary uprisings.

Through this romantic land I have had the pleasure of travelling on various occasions; and in the following pages I propose to give, in a simple and straightforward manner, some account of a tour I had there in the spring of 1883, together with a short notice of a visit to Andorra. This account will be very much a narrative of personal incident. It may be that, in a few particulars, it will be found to run counter to some previously conceived ideas respecting Spain. But probably of few known countries have Englishmen had such fictitious ideas as of Spain, and certainly their knowledge of the country has not

kept pace with the changes which have been taking place there in recent times ; for Spain has changed considerably during the past generation, and even during the last few years. I can myself see a distinctly noticeable difference since my earlier travels there, beginning in 1878. Spain has, in fact, entered upon the path of "progress." Land formerly lying waste is being brought under cultivation to some slight extent ; roads are being made in all directions, and excellent ones too ; bridges are being built, and fine ones they are ; railroads also are in course of construction in all parts of the country ; good inns and hotels are being opened, even in places where a few years ago there was not a decent house for a traveller to stop at ; and even excursions are being organized, for both internal and foreign parts. Then the Union Bank of Spain and England has been established ; and steps have been taken with a view to the conclusion of a commercial treaty between these two countries. In short, Spain has begun to march forward, and to march with that steady tread which indicates that she intends to keep on in the direction in which she has started. There are signs that now Spain means to do it. And Spain is a land of almost boundless possibilities. She may yet lift up her head ; she has the necessary elements and resources, a vigorous

stock of men and vast stores of natural wealth. A generation of repose from external complications, a stable government at home, free play for human skill and energy, accompanied with that which is unvaryingly indispensable for all true and lasting improvement—a steady elevation of the moral standard—and Spain may become a prosperous nation. But centuries of ill are not all put right in a generation.

Of course, with these changes Spain is losing some of her distinctive features : the glorious *mantilla* is going out, and even the fine old *capa* ; the people are losing something of their charm of native simplicity, and are beginning to be rather less given to hospitality ; Madrid life is becoming more like Parisian life ; prices are going up ; attendants are more on the look-out for fees or “tips ;” there is more freedom between the sexes in public ; and in some places the rich, full-bodied Spanish wine is suffering deterioration and becoming somewhat thinner and poorer.

As a result of my journey, I may say I found the people courteous, friendly, hospitable, reliable ; and, if my experience might be taken as a fair test, I should say that honesty and cleanliness and even industry are as much characteristics of the Spaniards as courtesy. I met with much attention and even

kindness, so that I sometimes felt that I was being treated more as a friend than as a mere money-paying traveller. I could feel that the English name stood high with the Spaniards. As regards actual travelling, for the most part the roads (where there are roads) are good, better than in England; they are scientifically made, are in many cases new, and, owing to the dryness of the climate, are well preserved, although at present the country as a whole is very deficient in roads. The inns (*fondas* and *posadas*) generally contain a bed which is the picture of cleanliness; and at the worst they can usually furnish something that can be eaten, occasionally excellent milk and eggs. In places even quite out of the way I have found really good accommodation, quite beyond anything I had expected, and entirely superior to what I should expect in many out-of-the-way places in England; but at other places, especially at the mere *ventas*, the village and roadside inns, there is sometimes little comfort or provision, these places being in fact intended rather for mules and horses than for men. And, finally, of the country, and especially of the cultivation of the soil, this visit has led me to form a higher opinion than I had before.

CHAPTER II.

FROM LONDON TO VALENCIA.

To Paris—An incident on the way—Sign of the backward state of Spain—Paris to Avignon—The city of the popes—To Port Bou—Difficulty in getting money changed—Difficulties with regard to the time in Spain—The Civil Guards—Gerona—Barcelona—Tarragona—The country and its cultivation—*Norias*—A *Calvario*—*Agua fresca*—Valencia station—Hotel.

“A quién vela
Todo se revela.”

ON Saturday morning, the 5th of May, 1883, I left Cannon Street by the ten o'clock train for Paris, *viâ* Dover and Calais. The only incident of my journey along this well-known route that need be related is the following. In the carriage with me were a man and woman and a little boy. They talked, and before long the man said, “I went into Westminster Abbey yesterday, for the first time in my life;” and then, after a slight pause, he added, “I didn't think much of it.” Now, as this is an opinion different from that which is generally held, and as it is an independent

and perfectly frank one, it may be worth recording ; for perhaps light has at length dawned on the world upon a subject respecting which the world had not before so much as imagined that there was any possibility of its being in the wrong.

After a day in Paris, I left at 8.15 o'clock on Monday morning by express train for Avignon. This route was not the most direct for Spain ; but I wanted to see Avignon, and to get a glimpse of certain parts of France which I had not seen before. In the waiting-room at the Paris station, I noticed an indication, slight but very decisive, of the backward state of Spain as compared with some other countries. On the bookstalls in that room were guide books and illustrated books and geographies of various countries and districts, but I could not see a single book about Spain. Much the same thing is noticeable at other places also. The journey through France was of course pleasant. I beguiled the time with friendly chat, reading, and looking out upon things we passed by. The train arrived at Avignon about ten p.m., and soon I found myself in a fine old inn—I will not call it an hotel. It was a place with an air of ancient grandeur about it. Though late, I strolled out in the cool night air of the South. While out, the sound of the clock striking the hour

suddenly broke upon my ear—a melancholy, ecclesiastical, mediæval sound, clear, slow, gloomy, and as if in some way connected with the grave, and yet with a touch of grandeur in it; it seemed to fit in with the surroundings, to be well suited to the city of the popes. I paused; and listened, almost with awe. Vague thoughts of the past flitted through my mind. The very sound seemed laden with history.

Next morning I got just a peep at the town and at the tombs of the popes, and was off in good time along the railway for Barcelona, which enters Spain at Port Bou—a line which was only opened in January, 1878, and along which I travelled in 1879 when leaving Spain. In the train with me was a monk or member of some holy brotherhood, a fine big man. He was bare-headed, with sandals on his feet, and he wore a long brown robe, with a rope of white cord twice round his waist.

Perhaps unwisely, I had not on this occasion provided myself with a sufficient supply of either French or Spanish money; and it was amusing how I was put off, successively, from one station to another, when I tried to get a five-pound note changed. When I asked at one station, they said they could not change it there, but at some station further on they would. But when I inquired at a station further on,

they could not do it there, I must try further on still. I tried at various places, and failed at all. Had it not been that I was anxious to push on as rapidly as possible to Valencia, in order to be there in time to see the "Tribunal of the Waters" on the following Thursday morning, I could easily have got some cheques cashed; for there are agents of the Cheque Bank in several of the towns along this route.

We passed Tarascon, Nîmes, Montpellier, Cette, Narbonne, and Perpignan. On our right was seen the imposing mass of the Canigou Mountain, standing out from the rest of the Pyrenean chain, and rearing its snow-covered head above the other peaks, to a height of more than nine thousand feet. On our left we got glimpses of the blue Mediterranean, with sailing-boats upon it, and people on the shore; and sometimes we were almost close to the sea. One noticeable feature along this coast is that vines are being planted out on the sea-shore, where before nothing grew. This has been done since the phylloxera began to make its ravages among the vines, and it is said to be answering well.

The frontier is between Cerbère in France, and Port Bou in Spain. At Cerbère tickets were looked at; and at Port Bou I got my luggage through the Custom House. I was now fairly in Spain; and I

soon found I could not speak Spanish so readily as French, nor so freely as I had expected to be able.

We had to wait at Port Bou longer than I had anticipated ; but Spanish railway time here is twenty-five minutes behind French time, and is according to the meridian of Madrid. In Spain there are three or four meridians by which railway time is regulated in different parts of the country ; besides which, each large town regulates its clocks by its own meridian. This naturally causes difficulties, and sometimes it leads even to disputes, as at Seville, where there was a feud of long standing between the town and the railway authorities on the clock question. I have myself had several curious personal incidents arising from these complications.

At Port Bou things were different from what they were in France. Not only was the dress different, and the language, but the general aspect was different ; the place itself seemed to have a different tone and atmosphere ; one seemed to feel the difference as well as to see and hear it. About the station, moreover, were the Civil Guards (*Guardias Civiles*), that fine semi-military body of men, so distinctive of Spain, who have done so much to put down brigandage and to give tranquillity to the country. In simple fact, it was Spain I was now in, and not France. At

length the train started, and I began a journey which was about to take me, in the first place, from the extreme north to the extreme south of Catalonia, the province of industry and of insurrection, a fine province, with glorious scenery, and full of objects of deepest interest, a part of Spain about which I had travelled before. We started, and in a few minutes arrived at another station, where were a crowd of people, noisy, as crowds usually are at Spanish railway stations. Here the contrast to France was still more marked. As the train proceeded, night soon closed in around us. We passed Gerona, which boasts that it was the first town in which St. James and St. Paul rested when they came to Spain; although it is almost certain that Paul never realized his intention of visiting Spain, which he expressed in his letter to the early Christians at Rome, whatever grounds there may have been for the Spaniards to claim St. James as their patron saint. We also went by Granollers, for our route was along the inland line and not by the coast.

At eleven o'clock (Spanish time) we reached Barcelona; and, starting again at 11.30, we arrived at Tarragona at two o'clock Wednesday morning. Here, at the *Fonda de Paris*, I went to bed, and was up again about 7 a.m. I saw a little of the

town, and had a look at the noble cathedral. Tarragona contains about twenty thousand inhabitants; it is said to have had a million in the time of the Romans. It is an interesting old place, with records of Phœnicians, Romans, Goths, and Moors. It has passed through many civil, military, and ecclesiastical vicissitudes; it is an agreeable and healthy place; and the country around is pleasant and inviting. I returned to the inn, and then left for the station, a boy carrying my bag. We went along by the sea and the fortifications, passing the convicts, who were at their labours among the stones, guarded by soldiers. The train left at 9.45 a.m.; and we went through a beautiful country—the Mediterranean on the one side, sometimes almost close at hand, affording ever and anon pleasant views, and fanning the warm land with its cool breezes; and, on the other, mountains, stretching irregularly along, sometimes bending into the country and sometimes drawing near to the sea. Between the hill-country and the sea lie valleys, of extreme fertility, and well watered by the admirable system of artificial irrigation introduced by the Moors. The vineyards here are of vast extent, and produce wine of excellent quality, almost to superfluity; the orange groves extend for miles; the olive plantations are very

large; and flowers and fruit and vegetables are varied and rich. The cultivation, it need hardly be said, is magnificent; but the results are obtained by incessant labour and attention, all day long from dawn till dusk, seven days a week, except holidays and saints' days (now only about a dozen in the year), leaving no time for recreation or mental improvement (even if facilities for mental improvement existed), and hardly time for rest. The villages among the vineyards, and the gardens with their water-channels and water-wheels (*norias*) of the Oriental pattern, are picturesque and pleasing. These *norias* are seen over a great part of Spain, in the open country and in private gardens, some of those in connection with the irrigation works being very large. They are picturesque, though in that respect I think they are surpassed by the old English windmills. Their construction is very simple. A broad wheel the diameter of which is not less than the height to which the water is to be raised, having jars or cups affixed to the rim, or with some other equivalent contrivance, is turned round, usually by a mule, by means of simple apparatus including properly arranged cog-wheels. As the wheel revolves, the empty jars pass under the water, are brought up full, and as they turn over the top and descend they

discharge the water into a trough, which conveys it to a reservoir or cistern, whence it flows along the appointed channel. *Norias* (the Persian water-wheel, *na'ura*) are used in vast numbers in the East—Palestine and Syria and other countries. They are well adapted to the circumstances of those lands, as also to those of Spain; and they are not likely to be soon superseded for general use by modern inventions, such as the centrifugal pump. To some people they may appear to be old-fashioned; but they are simple in construction, cheap, easily made, easily managed, and easily repaired; moreover, by their general and long-continued employment they have proved their adaptedness to the requirements of the countries in which they are used, and that is what no other form of raising water has yet done in those lands.

At Atmella the land was rough, wild, waste. Towards twelve o'clock, near Amposta, there was a shower of rain. Near Vinaroz, at about two p.m., we left Catalonia, and entered the province of Valencia. At Benicarló the Civil Guards had white coverings to their hats, which those before had not—a sign that we were getting into warmer parts. In the neighbourhood of Benicarló much rich wine is produced. Soon after Alcalá de Chisvert we

passed a *Calvario*, or place in the open country where prayer is wont to be made. *Calvarios* are common in Spain, especially in the north-west; they are usually a little way outside some town or village. A series of crosses, called *Las Estaciones de la Cruz del Campo* (the Stations of the Cross of the Field), often commencing at a church, lead from the town to the *Calvario*, or Golgotha—a hill with a chapel upon it, or perhaps only a cross, being a memorial of the crucifixion. During Passion Week these stations are visited, and a prayer is said at each of them. But the days of this kind of piety, which, be it admitted, was a piety real and sincere, seem to be dying out even in Spain; for when at Seville on one occasion, I inquired, and was informed that the “stations” there, leading from “Pontius Pilate’s House” to a *Calvario*, were not much frequented. At Torreblanca there were a great many water-wheels. At Benicasin was a church with a white tower, and here were many palm trees. After this came large orange plantations. Then I saw a dry river-bed, an indication that we were getting into the dry and thirsty land where no water was. Then came Villareal, which seems to be the centre of a vast orange district. On the south side of it the orange plantations extend uninterruptedly nearly to

Nules (six miles). At Sagunto or Murviedro there were a crowd of people, chattering, noisy, crying out *Agua fresca! Agua fresca!* (cool water! fresh water!) Sagunto is the old Saguntum of Roman history, and is said to have been founded by the Greeks.

At length we arrived at the fair city of Valencia. Here began my real visit to Spain. I had now reached what I may call my first centre.

Here, as at most places in Spain, representatives from the hotels meet the trains. These representatives very often become quite an annoyance, unless one is prepared for them. It is therefore well for travellers to decide beforehand to what hotel they are going, and at once to join themselves on to its representative; this may save them much pestering. I put up at the *Fonda de la Villa de Madrid*, where I had been four years before. One thing I noticed on leaving this hotel was that prices had gone up nearly fifty per cent. since I was there before. Naturally so; and I know several places in Spain where I feel sure if visitors in considerable numbers were to go the prices would very soon rise fifty per cent., and perhaps before a great while a hundred per cent.

CHAPTER III.

VALENCIA.

The province—Physical characteristics, pleasant climate, prodigious fertility of the *huerta*, the people—The city—Its history, characteristics, inhabitants—Singing and dancing—The market—*Lonja de Seda*—The river—The *Salon de Cortes*—The picture gallery—The cathedral—The Gate of the Apostles and the “Tribunal of the Waters”—A drive out into the country—Irrigation channels—Rate of increase of corn—Underground dwellings—Moorish subterranean granaries—Prompt activity—The *Miserere* at the *Colegio del Corpus Cristi*—Valencian ladies—The *tartana*.

“Poned juicio en la puerta.”

AMÓS.

VALENCIA is the capital of the small Province of Valencia, which, in its maritime strip of level land, is perhaps the most fertile in Spain. The *huerta* is verily a “garden of the Lord,” as some of the ancients speak. Here the Moors carried their magnificent system of irrigation perhaps to its fullest perfection. The produce of the rich alluvia plains of Valencia in wine, and oil, oranges, figs, dates,

almonds, and raisins, and other fruits, in vegetables, and flowers, in hemp, flax, barilla, esparto, and cochineal, and honey, and other things, besides the ordinary cereals, wheat, rye, barley, and maize, is very great; but owing to the large quantity of water employed in their production, they are not quite equal in quality to those of some other parts where the process of production is less artificial. So abundant is the fertility, and so rapid the growth, and so congenial the temperature, that the land produces three crops a year. Thus, for example, wheat may be sown in December and reaped in June; then may follow a crop of maize or haricots, occupying the months of July and August; after this, about September, may come (say) a crop of potatoes, occupying the months of October and November. In fact, the succession of crops never ceases. Green food, such as clover, is cut five or six times a year or even more; the mulberry trees are stripped of their leaves once, twice, or three times a year; the fig trees of course bear two crops a year; and the orange trees often have on them ripe fruit, green fruit, and the blossom for a third crop, all at the same time, and so productive and rich are they that an acre of them will sometimes yield fruit and flowers to the value of £600 in a year. Rice is a chief article of produce

and of food; and silk is produced here in large quantities.

The Valencian people have points of difference from the other people of Spain; they are rather African in their appearance, and have a large admixture of the Moorish element in them, together with something of the Provençal nature. They speak a dialect of their own. The women have great fondness for ornaments, especially for the head. The men of the labouring classes wear a short jacket, and of course have the sash (*faja*) round the waist, as all Spaniards of the labouring class have; over the shoulder is cast the *mantà*, which they carry summer and winter, and which answers to the Castilian *capa*. Often the head is bound round with a handkerchief, which thus has something of the appearance of a turban; and besides this, here, and throughout all the south of Spain, are seen from time to time men wearing loose white linen drawers, their legs either naked, or covered with stockings without foot pieces, a kind of greaves, and with sandals to their feet—an antique costume, Asiatic, or even Greek or classical, noticeable at first sight but suited to the climate.

The city of Valencia dates back in history to the time of the Romans. It has had its vicissitudes, like

most places in Spain. Not to dwell on Roman, Gothic, and early Moorish days, here the Cid warred, and also James the Conqueror. To Valencia belonged many of the industrious *Moriscos* expelled by Philip III. in 1610; and here the French have more than once committed great depredations. The city is Moorish, though there are others more so. It contains some noble houses, and is well provided with public gardens and promenades, and it is quite an ecclesiastical place.

After necessary preliminaries at the hotel, I went into the town with a French-speaking guide. We visited a *café*, where singing and dancing were going on; for the Valencians enjoy the dance and the song, and some of their dances are of a very gay character. On this occasion there was nothing of that sort; but about half a dozen buxom girls and strong young men were on the platform, sending forth the long-sighed, jerky, tremulous notes of some Arab music, and clapping their hands and waving their arms and stamping, in the regular Andalucian dance. Some people speak with delight of this dance; but it is a poor affair. It is also low in its associations and tendencies; indeed, it is a melancholy spectacle. I have seen it on several occasions and in various places, and always with dissatisfaction. Even the

Gipsy dancing in the caves of Granada, which is one of the sights of Spain, and one which ought not to be omitted, did not call forth my admiration. This time I took special notice of the players ; they looked thoroughly animal, without a gleam of soul sparkling in their countenances. My guide informed me that they were not Valencians, but were from Andalucia. One man had a very Gipsy cast of countenance.

The next day (Thursday), by arrangement, we had a good day together ; and as my guide was thoroughly acquainted with the place, we were able to accomplish a great deal. We visited the market, which, like many markets in Spain, is very pleasing. Here fruits and flowers and other produce of the fertile *huerta* are displayed in rich abundance, and are very cheap ; here articles of very varied kinds, a rare medley, are exposed for sale, including even silkworms. Hither flock the peasants from the surrounding country, in their native naturalness, and dressed in their Valencian costume, the women with their earrings and head-gear, the men with their sashes round their waists, and bearing their *mantas* over their shoulders. The scene is picturesque, animated, full of life, such a scene as I like to see. When travelling abroad, I am fond of visiting the

markets. They are pleasing to the eye, and are full of interest and instruction; they are, too, scenes of busy life, and as such have higher attraction than theatrical representations, even as real history is richer and higher and more captivating than fiction. But still, this is not saying all the truth; for in theatrical representations it is not the purely theatrical that captivates, and in fiction it is not the purely fictitious that enchains the heart; but it is the real, or possibly real, underlying the theatrical and the fictitious, that is the true source of attraction. It is the secret hope of making real life more like the theatrical and fictitious representations of life, the hidden desire to translate into actual life the ideals of life which are set forth on the stage and in the novel, that invests play and fiction with such an absorbing interest. Were it not for this real, or possibly real, were it not for this secret wish, theatre and novel would have little attraction for most men; they would be cold as philosophy, or even positively repulsive; in fact, they would be outside the sphere of the sympathies of human nature. But "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin;" and it is real life, actually real or possibly real, it is the inner feelings of the human heart, the delicious pangs and the agonizing joys of our dear old human nature, set

forth in play and fiction, that are the true source and fountain of the sway which those representations hold over men's hearts. It is the possibly real in the actually unreal that so often makes the actually unreal more captivating than the really real; and the reason of this greater influence is that in theatre and novel the representations of life are of a deeper colour, more decided, more intense, than the slow and wavering movements of actual life.

In the market-place (*El Mercado*) is the silk hall or exchange (*Lonja de Seda*), a piece of fine Gothic civil architecture of the Middle Ages. The hall itself, which is the chamber of commerce, is large and lofty, and the roof is supported by spirally fluted pillars representing palm trees. Valencia is the chief seat of silk manufacture in Spain; much silk of the first quality is produced here. I visited one large silk manufactory, and saw various processes, from spinning the threads to the actual formation of the article. I also visited the principal shop for silk goods. Here, in particular, are fans (*abanicos*), *mantillas*, and handkerchiefs (*pañuelos*). The fans are of exquisite make, with hand-worked figures representing Valencian costumes and other subjects; and the *mantillas* of silk lace are very rich and costly, the price rising to as much as £40, still they are not necessarily dear at

the price ; certainly the handkerchiefs are not dear. The head of this house is a marquis, I was told ; for in Spain and Portugal there is not that separation between trade and nobility which there is in England, Spain and Portugal being centuries behind England in that respect. The house is of high standing, and in no case is any reduction of price made, however much may be the amount expended by the purchaser.

We visited the river, the Turia or Guadalaviar, a broad river, with five massive bridges over it. It was almost dry, like many rivers in Spain during the summer, a result arising from three combined causes—a short supply of rain, evaporation by the great heat, and the drain for irrigation. People were walking about in it ; oxen were feeding in it, on food which had been brought there to them ; and horses and carts were being driven about in it. This, as I learnt, is a favourite place for trying horses before purchasing them ; and, certainly, to work in the sandy bed of a river is a good test of a horse's strength and soundness. This river is sometimes full, even to overflowing, causing at times serious inundations.

The *Salon de Cortes* in the *Audiencia* or *Casa Consistorial* is a noble room, ornamented with old frescoes representing the ancient Deputies of Valencia, who used to meet here. The carving and the panelled

ceiling are a charming specimen of decorative architecture. With the exception of fresh brightening up, the room remains in its original state. The building, too, is noble, and a fine specimen of its kind.

The picture gallery, which I had seen before, has some good paintings, especially Ribaltas ; and it well deserves attention, for here can be studied the works of quite a different body of artists from those of the Seville gallery ; but it is not equal in merit to the Seville gallery, and is out of comparison with that of Madrid.

The cathedral, *La Seo*, is not a fine work of architecture. The spot on which it stands appears to have been for many centuries the site of temples devoted to religious worship, by the Romans dedicated to Diana, by the Goths to the Saviour, by the Moors to Mahomet, and by the Spaniards to the Virgin. Rodrigo de Borja, one of the family of the notorious Borgias, was the first archbishop of Valencia, A.D. 1429. We ascended the tower, called *El Miguelete*, from whence there is a good view over the town and the surrounding country. Near the top of the tower, on the outside, is a curiosity—a small tree growing out of the masonry, which must, it would seem, have sprung from a seed dropped by a bird. But the most interesting part of the cathedral is the Gate of the Apostles (*la puerta de*

los Apostoles), interesting, not in itself so much, but from its being the meeting-place of the "Tribunal of the Waters."

In this dry and thirsty land production from the soil is only secured by means of artificial irrigation; and perhaps nowhere, in or out of Spain, is irrigation more perfect than in the province of Valencia. The elaborate but simple system of irrigation in Spain is admirable, second only to that best of all systems, the rain from heaven. It is the work of the enlightened and industrious Moors, who delighted in running waters and fountains and wells of water, and in gardens and trees and fruits and flowers. Such a work must have been by no means free from difficulties, especially on the more level ground, where every little rise and fall would have to be provided for; and in the present day it would be regarded as a triumph of engineering skill. But the Moors had great skill in dealing with water. They had in themselves the requisites of success—pleasure in their work, brains to direct it, and willingness to labour. They delighted in fertility; they saw clearly what was needed, and they did not mind the work necessary to do it; in simple fact, they went at it with a heart. And to have a heart for one's work is far better than any cant about "intelligence," or boast

about "education," or talk about "science;" even the god "capital" needs the co-operation of the heart. When people go to their work with a heart, practical difficulties vanish away and all things become clear. It is "the slothful man" who says, "There is a lion without, I shall be slain;" and, "if thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light." Knowledge and skill, insight and practical ability, are questions of morals more than of anything else. This work of the Moors still lasts; and it is not at all probable that the Spaniards would have provided such works if the Moors had not done so. The laws and customs, too, which are in force at the present day for regulating the supply of water have descended from Moorish times, and even the technical terms employed now in connection with irrigation are of Arabic origin.

The water for irrigation is, of course, obtained from the rivers, and is drawn off as the streams descend the mountains and high lands. Rivers thus drained of their water are said to be *sangrado* (bled); and sometimes they are bled nearly to death, that is, in the hot seasons, when the natural supply is short, this great drain leaves hardly any water in them. For purposes of distribution there are complete systems of canals and water-courses, each system

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consisting of a main-trunk canal (*acequia*), with smaller channels branching from it, and quite a network of little water-courses; while dams and sluices and water-wheels (*norias*) and reservoirs are provided to work and regulate the supply. As the water descends along the channels, it is distributed over the land, the occupier of each portion of land to be irrigated having the right to turn on the water for a certain regulated length of time—a right which is bought and sold with the land, one of the stipulations on purchase being that it includes the right of irrigation.

The apportionment and distribution require careful regulation, in order to secure a fair distribution of water, so that each person may get his proper share, and that no land may be left dry, and none overflowed. And here control steps in to supplement the work of skill and science; the work of the engineer has to be followed by the work of the legislator and the judge. For this purpose each *acequia* has its own particular regimen with a *sindico* and governing *junta*. But water being of such vital importance, it is eagerly sought after; naturally, it is an object with those who have lands to be irrigated to obtain a plentiful supply of water, each for his own land; and, naturally, disputes arise. For example, a

man may open his sluice before his proper time, and thus draw off the water which belongs to his neighbour whose turn comes just before his own ; or he may keep it open too long, and so use the water which should go to his neighbour whose turn comes next after his own. To decide such disputes, there is at Valencia a regulating Tribunal, called *El Tribunal de Acequeros de la Vega de Valencia* (The Tribunal of Inspectors of Canals of the *vega* of Valencia), or *El Tribunal del Riego de las Aguas* (the Tribunal of the Irrigation of the Waters). This tribunal was instituted by Alhaken Almonstansir Billar (961-976). It is of a surpassingly interesting character, on account of its constitution, its mode of procedure, and its place of meeting. The members of this tribunal are the eight *sindicos* of the eight canals of the *vega*. They sit once a week, on Thursdays (not being church festivals), at half-past eleven o'clock in the morning, on a bench in the open air, in "the gate" of the cathedral, called "the Gate of the Apostles," to decide questions and disputes respecting irrigation. The discussion is carried on *vivâ voce*, in public ; the decision is summary, and from it there is no appeal. This is the ancient and traditional Tribunal of the Waters of the *vega* of Valencia. In this place rural judges elected by their fellows have sat in judgment from time im-

memorial. And though it is in "the gate" of the cathedral and not in the gate of the city or of the king's palace, it is, with this variation as to place, a remnant of the old Eastern custom, frequently referred to in the Bible, of administering justice in "the gate," in its ancient and Oriental form and force. "Judges and officers shalt thou make thee in all thy gates, which the Lord thy God giveth thee, throughout thy tribes: and they shall judge the people with just judgment." Now, this is positively charming; it is charming to think that this patriarchal tribunal, so thoroughly Oriental, and which carries us back by association to the early ages of the world's history, is in actual existence and exercising its functions, at the present time, and in a country of Europe. And, for us of modern days, this is one of the most delightful of the many delightful things in Spain. There is, moreover, nothing else like it in Europe; and even in Spain it stands alone.

I was fortunate in my visit, and was well repaid for my effort to be there. My guide and I were at "the gate" some time before the commencement of the proceedings. A small circular space just outside one of the gates of the cathedral, temporarily enclosed for the occasion with an iron railing; inside this space a circular bench with a back, covered with a piece of

inexpensive material and with a plain cushion on the seat;—such was this simple court of justice. The public stood round, outside the enclosure. A little old man with a stick in his hand acted as a sort of beadle, and was the only attendant on the court. He performed his duties in a quiet, subdued, unostentatious manner. The judges arrived and took their seats at the time, 11.30 a.m. They were six in number, plain-looking countrymen. The impression they produced on my mind was that they were unpretending, honest, industrious, practical men, who understood what they were doing, and were desirous of doing what was right. One other impression made on my mind was that the judges were, one and all, superior men to the litigants,—superior in physique, in mental calibre, and in moral qualities. It is very natural that they should be so. Still, I have since felt some surprise that the difference was so marked, and more so that it seemed unvaried by a single exception; but perhaps I need not have felt surprise. It is probably owing to the system of popular election by which the judges are chosen, probably an inevitable result of a pure democracy, a democracy based, not on sentiment and passion, but on community of interest. For where all have an equally real interest, where there is honesty of purpose, the

single eye, the steady aim, there the right result is almost sure to be obtained, even as schoolboys bent on the attainment of an object and in whom one set purpose leaves no room for envy, prejudice, or selfishness, never fail to choose the right "captain." And this principle would seem to hold good generally of the active, practical, and rougher affairs of life.

The man who acted as president or foreman was the finest of the six (of course he was under a pure democracy), a strong-looking massive man, rather past middle-life, with bushy eyebrows. He impressed me as being a man of sense and brain-power, and withal a true man, though not what is called a cultured man. In questioning and in giving the decisions, he seemed to think first, to think earnestly and deliberately, but quickly and decisively, without doubting, wavering, or uncertainty, and then to speak.

In the enclosure, all, judges included, take off their hats. Deference and respect are shown to the judges. The beadle brings in the parties to the various suits, and having brought in a party, he stands behind them during the trial. When before the judges, no one is allowed to speak till called upon, or to say anything irrelevant to the subject in

hand, or to call in question a decision, or to move till directed. The accuser and the accused stand side by side in the middle of the circle, facing the judges, the accuser on the right hand of the accused. To the right and left of these may be others, as witnesses or parties otherwise concerned. The accuser speaks first, making his complaint. Then the accused replies. Others may be called upon. The case for and against having been stated, the judges consult together; and then the president gives the decision, possibly asking a question or two before doing so. When the case is over, the beadle passes to the front, then the parties turn round and go out.

There were five cases tried in my presence. In the first case, four men were brought in. This case was rather long. There was considerable consultation of the judges; the parties went out for a short time, and were then recalled; ultimately the case was adjourned. In the second case, three men were brought in at first, and another was called in afterwards. This was soon decided; the accused got off. In the third case, two men came in. This was rather long. In the course of the trial, as the judges were consulting, the defendant began to make some warm remarks, saying to the judges that they were against

him because he had not a vote ; but he was at once stopped, the judges joining in a chorus of "Sh—sh—sh !" This case was ultimately adjourned. In the fourth case, three men were brought in ; the accused was condemned. Then, for the fifth case, the accuser and the accused in the fourth case changed places, the accused becoming the accuser, and *vice versa* ; this case was adjourned.

The session closed at five minutes to twelve ; it had thus occupied twenty-five minutes. Here, then, surely, no one could complain of the slow course of justice and "the law's delay." Five cases in five-and-twenty minutes ! Even the Court of Chancery, with all its paid officials, could not beat that. How different this from our elaborate, cumbrous, costly, and uncertain legal system, which has grown up with our "civilization !" Here is a system beautiful in its simplicity and single-mindedness, directed by practical wisdom, which all concerned understand and which they all have an interest in maintaining in purity, a system in which justice is inexpensive, quick, certain, mild, and effective. Here, too, is a pure democracy, honest and wise—a democracy charming to think of, not like the cut-throat institutions that most of the democracies and republics which the world has known have been.

The legal interests in Spain have tried to put down this ancient tribunal, and to get the cases tried in the ordinary law courts. No doubt they would like it. But, happily, hitherto they have been without success ; and may they continue to be so.

It was now time for our *almuerzo*, so we returned to the hotel ; and at the appointed time in the afternoon we went for a three-hours' drive in an open carriage. It was then that we visited the silk factory. We also went over the rich, well-watered Botanical Gardens, containing fine exotics, which flourish here as in tropical climes. These gardens are said to have the finest collection of plants in Spain, which no doubt is true in some particulars ; but I think in some respects the gardens around Malaga surpass it. We also just looked at the outside of a manufactory of *azulejos*, or "Dutch tiles," which have long been made with great success here. Passing along by well-watered and fertile fields, I had a near and good view of irrigation channels, both large and small. Some of the little water-courses were carrying the life-giving fluid to the land ; others were dry, it not being the time for the particular portions of land on which they bordered to be irrigated. The crops of corn were luxuriant. My guide carefully told me that the land produced three crops a year, explaining their course ;

he also told me more than once that it gave so many fold increase, or so many for one, as he put it. I have since been struck, in looking over an old book of travels in Spain, published in 1831, to find it stated of this same land, "Wheat sown in November yields thirty for one in June," which is, I think, the same rate of increase for wheat as my guide told me. Probably the people there have been talking in the same way ever since, stating to one another and to strangers that the land yields so many for one; and probably they have talked in the same way for untold ages. Possibly also even the rate of increase has remained unchanged for centuries. Now, this form of expression indicates a special habit of mind, a habit of mind different from that of the English; it would seem to be Oriental. In the Book of Genesis we are told that Isaac sowed in the land of the Philistines, "and received in the same year a hundredfold;" and in the parable of the sower and the seed it is said that the good seed brought forth "some an hundredfold, some sixty, some thirty." One never hears an Englishman talk thus; one never hears in this country of land yielding so many "fold," or so many "for one." Englishmen speak of land producing so many quarters per acre, or so many bushels, or as it may be; but I never remember on any one

single occasion to have heard an Englishman speak of the land producing so many fold increase. Such a thought does not enter into an Englishman's head—it is foreign to the English habit of mind ; and were an Englishman asked such a question, it is probable that neither he nor the questioner would know what it meant or how to set about finding the answer, and truly it would need some precise definition before it could be answered.

We went out to the village of Burgasot, some short distance from Valencia, situated on rising ground. Here we descended, and walked about on the higher ground at the back of the village. My guide drew my attention to certain openings in the ground—of course protected—down one or two of which I looked ; and he explained that these openings were connected with houses underground. I was, in fact, walking about all unconscious that an inhabited village lay hidden beneath the ground under my feet. The openings were from the back courts of these houses, and were for light and ventilation. The courts are used for such varied purposes as back courts might be expected to be used for. In one, for example, I saw some rabbits ; and in one there was a goat. We next went down to the side of the hill, where it faces the road, and saw the fronts of

these houses. I looked in. They seemed comfortable ; and, as a fact, I believe they may be very nice—cool in summer, and warm in winter (such winter as they have here). One curious thing with these houses was that before each door there was a fig tree. I did not see a single exception to this custom, which no doubt has, or at least had, a meaning ; but what the meaning is I know not.

A little higher up this rising ground is another curiosity—a series of underground Moorish caves (*mazmorras*), which were used as granaries. There is a large piece of ground covered over with paving-stones ; I should think it must be half an acre in extent or more ; and we walked about upon it. This is the top ; and from it openings lead to spacious vaults underground, said to be thirty-nine in number, and twenty-five or thirty feet deep, like vast jars, and lined with hewn stone. Here the old Moors stored corn, and to the present day these crypts are partially used as storehouses (*almacenes*) for seed-corn. The entrances, when not required open, are hermetically closed by means of large stones plastered down, so as to be air and water tight, it being considered that corn thus kept free from the influences of the atmosphere and of moisture is better for seed than corn which has been exposed

to those influences. Whether this is so, I am not prepared to say, but it seems in itself probable. Moreover, the Moors who made this place and adopted this plan delighted in fruitful gardens and fields, and have perhaps never been surpassed in skill in making the land bring forth abundantly. The Spaniards also in this part, as already stated, obtain splendid crops. We know, too, that corn found in mummies has retained its vitality for thousands of years ; while it is quite certain that corn exposed to the atmosphere would not retain its vitality for any considerable length of time, whence it may reasonably be argued that even in so short a time as between harvest and seed-time, say six months, in Spain, the atmosphere and moisture may have some deteriorating influence upon grain ; and if this is the case in a dry climate like that of Spain, it must be considerably more so in the damp climate of England. From these four considerations it seems probable that the practice pursued at Valencia with regard to seed-corn is founded on practical knowledge and sound wisdom.

The mode of proceeding with this corn is as follows. The place and the corn in it belong to the municipality ; at seed-time the farmers come to the municipality and ask for the corn they want.

This is given out to them, and they do not pay anything for it. But when the harvest has been gathered in, they give back to the municipality the same amount of corn as they received at seed-time, with an addition of six per cent. The process is repeated from year to year. The six per cent. goes to pay expenses and for the general good of the community.

After having finished this inspection, a pleasant ride home and round another part of the town, brought us to the large silk shop, where I wanted to make some purchases, and where, therefore, I parted with my coachman. Then, after having finished shopping, we returned to the hotel, in time for dinner, and so brought near to its close a day of very varied interest, pleasant and instructive.

I had originally intended to remain at Valencia over the following Sunday, which would be Whitsunday, in expectation of important religious ceremonies; but on inquiry I learned that there would not be any very great ceremonies there that day. Whitsuntide is not a day of the highest celebration in Spain, as Easter and Corpus Christi and the festivals of local saints are; and as I had got through my work at Valencia better and more quickly than I had expected, it seemed to me advisable to leave

next day by the 2.26 p.m. train, and I decided to do so. I was desirous of pushing on as fast as I could do so, wisely; for though a tour of seven or eight weeks may seem long, I had a long programme before me, and I needed to keep well up to the work at first. I had already planned out my course broadly and roughly, but in addition to this I had to be constantly planning it out in detail; and I judged it well to make good use of my time at the commencement—not to loiter then, nor to allow myself to glide into the idea that I had plenty of time before me and could take it easily; for “long enough” generally proves short enough, and “plenty of time” is an expression which should be taken, not as a licence to inactivity, nor as liberating one from the necessity for energy, but as meaning that there is plenty, and a little to spare, provided you make good use of it.

The next morning I changed some Cheque Bank cheques (£15), getting over a hundred reales to the pound; the exact sum was 100.208 reales, and was governed by the published rate of exchange, which the banker was very careful in looking out. This rate was, I think, the highest at which I have ever had money exchanged in either France or Spain. One hundred reales (equal to twenty-five francs) is

a good price for the English sovereign ; often ninety-eight reales is the sum given, sometimes only ninety-six. I have noticed that in places rather out of the way and not much frequented by foreigners, one often gets more than in the busy centres and places where foreign visitors are numerous, where frequently there is a fixed price for English money, irrespective of the rate of exchange.

This morning I accomplished another chief object of my visit to Valencia, in attending the Friday morning service (the *Miserere*) at the Chapel of Corpus Christi College (the *Colegio del Corpus Cristi* or *del Patriarca*). As advised, I arrived about nine a.m. ; a service was then going on. I inquired about the *Miserere* of some women who were sitting at needlework at the door inside the entrance-hall of the building, and learned that it would be soon after ten o'clock, before mass, as there was some special service that day. Sometimes it is after mass. This is one of the most interesting of Spanish religious services. The church, naturally rather dark, is rendered more so by exclusion of light, making the solemn service still more impressive by something of "a dim religious light ;" everything is cool, quiet, subdued. The people, especially the ladies, dressed in black, and seated or kneeling on the ground, the

priest prostrates himself before the high altar, and the solemn chant begins. Then the beautiful picture above the altar—a last supper, by Ribalta—descends by means of an invisible mechanism, and disappears, disclosing a veil, which is withdrawn as the chant proceeds, and its place is supplied by another, which also in its turn is drawn aside, disclosing still another, the veils being all of different colours. Then this last veil is removed, and a magnificent crucifix is exposed to view—Christ dying upon the cross—a figure of natural dimensions, held in great veneration by the Valencians, the maker of which is unknown. The imagination is thus worked upon, adding to the effect produced upon the feelings by the pervading devotional influence, the solemnity of the occasion, the beautiful and tender penitential Psalm, and the choir of silvery voices. I was deeply interested in these details; but the reality fell below my expectations, which had been very high, perhaps too high. I expect, however, on further visits the service would make still more impression upon me. In the later part of the service my attention was much drawn off by the magnificent Valencian ladies, of fine build and dignified air, splendidly dressed in black, with an appropriate amount of jewellery, with rich mantillas falling in graceful folds from the top

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of the head over the neck and shoulders, and with handsome fans and rosaries and service books. As they came out, gentlemen, dressed in black and perfect in attire, escorted them to well-appointed *tartanas* drawn by splendid horses. In all this, however, there was the absence of everything tawdry or fictitious ; all was good, handsome, plain, genuine, truthful.

CHAPTER IV.

VALENCIA TO ELCHE.

Rice-fields—Játiva—Hermitage of San Filiu—Alicante—Spanish politeness—Beating the natives—Diligence ride to Elche—Arrival at the “City of Palms”—Elche, its situation and appearance—The palms and palm-groves—The inn—Railway from Murcia—An agitating scene—The palm, a favourite Oriental figure—Spanish unpunctuality—A walk about the town—The crescent over a house—Dinner—A circus—“The black hand”—Respect for property—Early morning walk—Sermon at church on Whit-Sunday morning—Visit to the house of a marquis—Childish innocence—Looking over the battlements—A funeral—A dinner-party—Spanish courtesy.

“Tu estatura es semejante á la palma.”

SALOMON.

AFTER Valencia, my next centre was to be Elche, the “City of Palms;” but I wanted to see the intervening country also, so I took train to Játiva, or San Felipe. We passed along through the rich *huerta* of Valencia, well watered and fertile, with lands girdled and intersected by rivers and canals, the *norias* giving their touch of beauty to the picture.

Here I saw, I think for the first time, the swampy and unhealthy rice-fields, consisting of land banked round and flooded with water, in which men were labouring, some of them nearly up to their knees in mud and slush and water, working the soil—ploughing it, and otherwise. The seed-rice is sown upon the water, truly a casting of bread upon the waters, to be found after many days. Here, too, stately Oriental-looking palms beautify the landscape, especially around Carcagente, where each peasant's cottage is shaded with a cluster of palms. Carcagente is also a great place for oranges, of which I saw a large heap in a shed, evidently there to be sent off. After such a picture of fertility, it is only fair to state that further on I noticed some waste land.

We arrived at Játiva at 4.15 pm., and I at once got into a cart for the town, which is a little distance off. It was a rough conveyance; and when I asked how much there was to pay, the answer was, "What you like." I have found this plan adopted on several occasions in Spain, chiefly at places where they do not have many visitors, and consequently have not a visitors' tariff, and where the ordinary fare for the natives is very low. In this way they get from strangers more than the poor local fare.

The inn was very fair. Here I made inquiries,

and found that there seemed to be no satisfactory way, if any way at all, of getting across the country to Alicante, either by public diligence or special conveyance; and so, tired as I was by travelling under the hot afternoon sun of south-eastern Spain, after my previous exertions, I determined to go off by rail that night, by the 8.45 train to Alicante. Had I not gone by that train, I could not have left till 4.15 p.m. the next day. I therefore took a little rest in the bedroom, and then went out.

Játiva is an out-of-the-world kind of place, hardly known even by name in England, except to a very few; yet it has a name in history, especially as the birthplace of Rodrigo Borja (afterwards Pope Alexander VI.), of the notorious Borgia (Borja) family, an ancient family of Játiva. I was surprised to find the place so good as it was; rather ancient, it is true, and without much of note in it, but in the main street are some large houses with fine portals. The climate is said to be delicious, and water abundant. The evening I was there was agreeable. I visited the very pleasant hill just outside the town, on the two summits of which is an old castle, vast in its dimensions and of historic interest. Two men of whom I inquired were very attentive in giving me information as to the neighbourhood.



On this hill are various hermitages. I visited that of San Filiu, a boy guiding me. It is curious and interesting for an Englishman to visit a real hermitage, for hermitages seem such old-world, out-of-date things to us; they create a smile as we think of them. In Spain they come down to a more recent date than in England; but hermits are few, even in Spain, at the present time, and there is no hermit at San Filiu now. Perhaps, if seclusion from the world be taken to constitute the hermit life, there are more hermits in London than in Spain, and the writer of this a chief one among them. In passing along to this hermitage, I saw a man cord-making. I should not wonder if cord-making had gone on in that place for centuries (I do not mean by the same man, of course not); but such has been in times past the permanence and continuity of life and occupation, that on this level spot, quiet, secluded, and shaded and protected by a hill, this industry may have been handed down from generation to generation for thousands of years, and possibly, though not probably, it may continue to go on there for centuries more.

After wandering about this pleasant hill, and passing by the *Calvario*, I turned towards the inn. Darkness was coming on, and the labourers were return-

ing from their work. At the inn I got my bag from the bedroom, with some difficulty owing to the absence of lights and attendants. I made a very fair dinner, which, in old Spanish fashion, and, as it happened, rather conveniently for me, was behind the set time. Then I was driven to the station, and left for Alicante. At La Encina is the junction with the main line. Here we waited for the train from Madrid. We arrived at Alicante at 5.25, Saturday morning. It was then cool and pleasant, and I walked about to get warm after my night's ride. At the *Fonda Bossio*, a very satisfactory hotel, I went at once to bed, and got up again for breakfast between eleven and twelve o'clock. Just after breakfast, I was particularly struck by the conduct of a Spaniard. As I was opening the door of the dining-room to pass out, a Spaniard approached, and I, knowing the great courtesy of Spaniards, determined to be courteous too, and so held the door for him to pass out first, which he did almost unconsciously; then suddenly finding that he had passed out before me while I held the door, he turned most apologetically to me and repeatedly expressed his regret. I shall not soon forget his tone, nor the feeling of concern which was shown in his countenance. Of course I gave him the proper assurances, as best I could; and then, to ease his

mind, I asked him a question, which I did not need to ask, about the postage of a newspaper to England, which he took pains to answer.

Alicante is of no great special interest. It has a fine open bay. Its export trade is considerable, especially in esparto grass, which is grown in large quantities in this neighbourhood. On the *paseo* facing the sea, the male palm trees were in full flower; these flowers I now saw for the first time, a strange sight.

As I was intending to make a long and probably expensive journey, for the most part across country, I thought it well to lay in a good stock of Spanish money. So I changed two five-pound Cheque Bank cheques, getting this time only ninety-six reales, or twenty-four francs to the pound.

The public conveyance for Elche was to leave at three p.m. I paid the fare thereof, and engaged a seat. After a time the coach and horses were ready; a rare old shackly coach, which for convenience I will call a diligence, and four wretched horses. I mounted, with my "Gladstone," for which they then asked me an extra half-franc, to which demand I objected; not that I should have much minded paying the sum, for the fare I had paid for the journey was very little, but it was more for the pleasure of dealing with the natives and beating them in their own language. This

I did. The demand was not renewed. I accomplished a similar feat once before, on the occasion of my second visit to Manresa (in 1881). Going into an *estanco* (tobacco shop) to buy a stamp (*sello*) for a letter to England, I had to instruct the people what to charge me. There were two people there, a young man and a young woman. They did not know at all what priced stamp was required, and they were even going to charge me the *impuesta de guerra* (the war tax), till I pointed out that that did not apply to letters going foreign. I expect these people had never seen a foreigner in their shop before. I had quite a little discussion with them, all in good humour; but it was rather a satisfaction to me, a foreigner, with a very limited knowledge of the language, to put them right as to their own regulations. That was the chief pleasure. For the rest, I was clearly exempt from the war tax; and, on the other hand, it would not have done to let them charge me too little, as they might have done at first, for that would have led to inconvenience. But the Post Office is the most unsatisfactory institution I have had to do with in Spain. It is, however, undergoing improvement, like other things in that country.

The journey to Elche was over an extensive plain; it occupied two hours and a half, and was pleasant

enough. We passed along through a country rough and rather poor, quite a contrast to the rich gardens I had been seeing. Horses were changed at about 4.30 p.m. The houses along here had an Eastern look. For the first time I saw a man with the classical white linen drawers on. As we advanced the palm trees increased in number. Barley-reaping was in progress, and rollers were out on the threshing-floors. At length, in the midst of the plain, the palm groves of Elche came in sight, and we arrived there at 5.30. Our horses, though poor, had much spirit in them, and on approaching the stable one of them could hardly be restrained by the combined force of the coachman and a man at its head.

I had at length reached Elche, which I had long desired to see; and truly it was a city of palms, the stately trees growing all round, and right in the town itself. They seem verily to luxuriate in the place. The Israelites were delighted when they got to Elim, "where were twelve wells of water and threescore and ten palm trees." I expect it was the wells of water more than the palm trees that gave them such pleasure; if so, then Elim may have been more desirable than Elche in that respect, for although there is a moderate-sized stream here, flowing even in summer, Elche is not well off for water. Rain is so

scarce that it often does not rain for months or even years together ; indeed, the landlord at the inn assured me that he had known seven years there without a drop of rain, more or less. But if it was the seventy palm trees that delighted the Israelites, what would they have thought of Elche ? for here there are thousands upon thousands of palm trees, to the number of about forty thousand ; and formerly there were more.

Elche, situated on a wide open plain, beside a stream of water, amidst a forest of feathery palm trees, is truly Oriental in appearance. It has the aspect of an Arab town, and its climate is like that of the East, only the dusky sons of Hagar are wanting for inhabitants to enable one to fancy it a town on the borders of the Arabian desert or of the great Sahara. The houses are Moorish in style—low, and close on the exterior, with flat roofs surrounded with battlements ; small square towers rising above, with outside steps leading from the roof to the top of the tower, add to the Orientalism of the scene, which is still further increased by people on the housetops looking over the battlements. In some cases vines are trained above the roofs, where they spread themselves as an awning. Little domes here and there give a mosque-like appearance to the buildings ; and over

one large old prison-like house even the crescent rises.

There is but one Elche in Europe, and even in Spain it is unique ; for although palms are grown as ornaments and as garden trees from Barcelona to Malaga, and although in other places in Spain there are palm trees in great numbers, there is no other place where there are so many splendid groves, or where the cultivation of the tree has been carried on with so much skill and productiveness. There are, too, other places in Spain which are very Oriental ; but when you have seen Elche, you have seen the one which, in respect to its houses and its general appearance, is the most so. Elche has retained its old style and character ; it is as it was hundreds of years ago. It has been shut up to itself, away from the outer world, and has hardly been touched by the waves of modern progress, which for three hundred years have been sweeping through other places ; but those waves are now close upon it.

The palms of Elche are the date palms. They are mostly in groves enclosed within mud walls, where they are planted in regular order, in rows across the enclosure or all round it, the inner portion of the enclosed space being often cultivated as a garden or field ; and they are watered by the aid of large

trenches. They grow to a great height, as much as from sixty to one hundred feet; and they live for centuries, bearing fruit even in old age. The palm trees are the principal source of income to the people of this place; the fruit is exported. Considerable profit is derived from the leaves, which are used for the processions and decorations of Palm-Sunday, as I have witnessed at Córdoba. The tufted tops from which these palm branches are taken, are carefully bound up to make the leaves white. On the approach of Palm-Sunday, thousands of loads are sent away and distributed all over Spain, and even exported. The trees which furnish this annual supply of palm branches are estimated to number as many as eight thousand.

It is curious that, though the sex of plants and their fertilization were long thought to be modern discoveries (as truly they were), these facts were known and made use of hundreds of years ago by the Moors of Spain, who used to fertilize the female plants by depositing on them the pollen from the flowers of the males. It has been the same with many other things, as, for instance, the mariner's compass, of comparatively modern invention, which was known to the Chinese before the Christian era. And so, too, many truths respecting the economy of

human life have been known and acted upon in private life long before they have been publicly accepted. This has been the case in faith, and morals, in politics, still more so in political economy, and much also in agriculture. Such truths have been privately known, perhaps, for a long period; then, as time has become ripe for them, some one has "discovered" them, or circumstances have brought them into public notice, and they have then come before the world with all the force of new truth. In such cases, it is not so much that real discoveries have been made as that discoveries have been made public property. Truths well known to individuals, or it may be truths only darkly perceived, have been made, as our poet tells us, "current coin," given to the world once and for ever; and, of course, the only kind of discovery which the world can recognize is that by which the world, and not merely the individual, is made the possessor of truth.

The inn at Elche is the *Nuevo Restaurant y Hospederia de Juan Martinez y Cai* excellent. It is not grand, but it is clean, with good plain bedrooms; and the food and wine are entirely satisfactory. There is no drawing-room, but that does not signify much for travellers in Spain. The plain entrance-hall or court is cool; the doorway is hung with curtains to

keep the heat out; at the opposite end stand the beautiful cool Spanish water-jars; a door leads out behind; on one side are steps leading to the rooms above; and right and left of the entrance-door are the dining and other rooms. The landlord had had the inn only about five months. Before his time, I was told, the place was so bad that strangers could hardly stay in it; in fact, it was the old style of Spanish inn and not the new. He is hoping for better days for his establishment.

A line of railway is in course of construction from Murcia to Elche, afterwards to be carried on to Alicante. This railway will enter Elche by a fine bridge over the ravine which separates the town from the open country outside, and the station is to be in the midst of a grove of palm trees. I cannot help thinking that when this line has been completed, Elche will gradually come to be much visited. I took several meals at the inn with the engineer of this railway. He was a Spaniard, with some American blood in him. He spoke French fluently.

My bedroom looked N.N.E. Expectation and curiosity beat high within me, almost to excitement, as I looked out at the window and wandered to other parts of the house to gaze on the wondrous Oriental

scene around. Eastern-looking houses were visible from my window, and palm trees too, one especially, a splendid fine one, tall, and richly tufted. What a favourite Oriental figure the palm is! It grows slowly, lives long, and brings forth fruit in old age. It is tall and graceful, erect as honesty, holding high its head, calmly and with dignity, as if conscious that it is fulfilling well and faithfully the end and object of its existence. It grows in sandy soil, in hot and dry climates; and with its tuft of branches at the top curving down towards the earth, it affords a refreshing shade. No wonder, then, that it has touched Oriental poetic fancy. In the East it has been the custom to plant these trees in the courts of temples and mosques and palaces, and in "high places;" and so David says, "The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree: he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon. Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God. They shall still bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing"—a beautiful figure of the end of the righteous. Solomon compares his spouse to a palm tree, "This thy stature is like to a palm tree." And how the use of palm branches in Spain on Palm-Sunday carries back the mind to that day when Jesus of Nazareth made His public entry into Jerusa-

lem amid the acclamations of the multitude, when "much people that were come to the feast . . . took branches of palm trees, and went forth to meet Him, and cried, Hosanna : Blessed is the King of Israel that cometh in the name of the Lord."

I inquired, as usual, as to meals ; and was told that dinner was at seven p.m., and *almuerzo* at ten a.m. ; but in this my landlord was a true Spaniard of the old type, for it was nearer eight than seven when dinner was ready, and the next day it was twelve or after before breakfast was ready. I next had a walk round the town, to get an idea of the place, which has about twenty thousand inhabitants. I noticed a kind of kite flying, which, however, was more like the top of an umbrella than like our English kite. I am glad Spanish children fly kites : I hope they will some day play cricket. There was a circus procession round the town, prior to an entertainment in the evening : this I watched. I was immensely struck to see the sign of the crescent over a house, as I should have thought such a sign of Moorish domination would have been swept away ages ago ; but Moorish influence was strong here long after Moorish rule had ceased, lasting down to the time of the expulsion of the Moriscos ; and much of the Moorish element has remained even to the present day. This

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crescent was over a large old building, of the character of which at the time I was in doubt: there were in fact, as I afterwards saw, several crescents over it. I took care to be back to dinner about seven o'clock, or a little after; but found I had some time to wait. I got into conversation with my landlord, who informed me that the house with a crescent (*media luna*) over it was the house of the Marques de Lendines, who had a collection of antiquities, which I could see: he would speak to the marquis for me: he added that in that town people all knew one another, a statement which he made to me several times.

The dinner was good: after it I went to the circus, to see how they do these things in Spain: a boy who had been standing about at the entrance to the inn, and who, with Oriental intimacy, had joined in the conversation, went with me, of his own accord: I paid for him and gave him a franc for himself: before going in, having time to spare, we looked about a little: we saw the outside of the Alcazar, which is now a prison; and I learned that murders are not unknown even at Elche. The circus was a fair specimen of its class. On my return home, my landlord informed me he had seen the marquis, and had arranged for a visit next morning at nine

o'clock ; and I fixed to go accordingly, after church. I sat down with my host and his wife, at their invitation, and had a talk about various things : the landlady said, not bitterly, though perhaps with a touch of sadness, that the people there were poor and stayed at home ; the English travelled. Looking at a newspaper, I saw in it something about "the black hand" (*la mano negra*) ; so I asked about it, and was assured by mine host and hostess that there was nothing of that sort in that neighbourhood : it was in Andalucia where that existed : here, in this part, they said, the people were good : and they explained it thus :—the land in Andalucia is held in large estates, but in this part it is very much divided, and consequently the people here have great respect for property : even the marquis, they said, who passes for a rich man in the town, is not rich like rich men in London and Paris and Madrid ; and his chief estates are not in this neighbourhood, but in Andalucia. In another connection also this respect for property was most decisively stated. It is noticeable how respect for property and regard for law and order are attributed to the subdivision of the land : I have heard the idea in France and in Spain, and it is held or professed by a party in England : it is part of an old idea which has been handed down the

stream of human life for thousands of years ; and still it clings : once let a wrong idea get abroad in society, and there is no telling when it may be got rid of : thousands of years have not been sufficient to rid the world of some false conceptions and wrong views of life, which have been set afloat in it : the death-struggles of thought have probably been more agonizing than the birth-pangs.

I retired to rest. Next morning I was out before six o'clock, and I walked all round the town. I saw most of the groves ; and, taking the liberty to trespass a little, went into two of them, without let or hindrance ; and, truly, for travellers in desert lands, the shade of a cluster of palm trees, beside some stream or fountain or well, amidst a weary waste of sand, must be refreshing and delightful. I had proposed attending the service at the church at eight o'clock ; but, wandering too much and getting a little out of my way, I did not arrive there until about twenty minutes to nine : I heard part of the sermon, the subject of which was the Holy Spirit—appropriate to the day, it being Whit-Sunday. I left before the sermon ended, but was late for my appointed visit ; and, strange to say, my Spaniard seems to have been punctual this time : he had been in search of me : I now went in search of him.

About ten o'clock we were off to the house of Don Rafael Brufal Melgarejo, Marques de Lendines. It is an old house, dating back to the time of the Romans. The marquis received us kindly and ceremoniously: we sat for a short time in the study, and had a little general conversation: then we went and saw the museum, many of the articles in which were dug up in the neighbourhood: Roman antiquities seemed to predominate: the marquis appears to be an expert in numismatics: his collection of ancient coins is large, many of them are already well arranged, in a scholarly manner, by himself, with historical references. We went to the dwelling apartments above; I just saw the marchioness (*la Marquesa*), whose appearance was pleasing; a pretty little girl, their daughter, was there too, I am sorry to say, playing with a butterfly; if children torture butterflies at four years of age with the approval of their parents, no wonder if they come to enjoy bull-fights when they are grown up. Still she was a dear little thing; and it gave me much pleasure to give her a kiss before leaving: she offered me the butterfly: I did not understand her prattle, but my landlord, laughing cheerily, told me that she had said it was for my little girl, all unconscious that I was a poor old bachelor. But it was very pretty, this childish innocence. Eventu-

ally, to my satisfaction, the butterfly got away : so far so good, for that particular butterfly ; but character and habit remained unchanged ; and another butterfly might be served in a similar way. But why have I been talking thus ? I killed plenty of butterflies in my childish days, and did more cruel things than that. After this we went to the top of the house, and stayed there some little time, looking about over the battlements : below us lay the town, and we had good command over the roofs of the lower houses : I could now well realize accounts in Scripture of scenes on the house-tops. We descended : a few minutes more in the little study, and then we parted, before which, however, I made a little speech to the marquis, as best I could, thanking him for his kindness, and saying how pleased I was to see his collection of antiquities. During the visit the marquis offered me a cigar, which, though not much of a smoker, I of course accepted. This visit ended, my landlord took me to the house of a friend of his, where I saw a stone with an ancient inscription on it : this gentleman was courteous, gave me his card, and in true Spanish style asked me to come to this *my* house whenever I pleased to favour it. For this is the manner in Spain. A Spaniard meeting you near his house, and not having an unfriendly feeling

towards you, would say, "*No quiere Usted entrar en esta su casa?*" ("Will you not enter into this your house?") And on your leaving his house, if he cares to see you again, the formal expression is, "*Esta casa está muy á la disposicion de Usted cuando guste favorecerla.*" ("This house is quite at your disposal whenever you please to favour it.") The point is that, on addressing a person with whom you wish to be friendly, you must not call your house your own, but his: by calling it his you place it at his disposal, but to call it yours would be to forbid his entrance thereto. Next, we had a look over the casino; and after that went home. It was now past midday, and I had been going about for six hours, without bit or drop, and was therefore more than ready for the (ten o'clock) breakfast.

In the afternoon I looked about a little, and went into the church. I was much struck with one thing:—a number of men were standing in the street nearly opposite the inn, with their faces towards the church: at a particular moment they seemed, with bowed heads, to tap their breasts and say something; and then they turned away. These devotions in the public street may have been in connection with a funeral which took place from a house just there a little later on. I understood that there had been

service in the church for the departed. In this funeral the priests came to the house to meet the corpse ; and I was asked if they did that in England, to which, of course, I answered that it was the custom to meet the corpse at the gate of the churchyard.

Evening came on : I waited about : and at length, considerably after the appointed time, I was summoned to dinner : I sat down ; and, to my surprise, instead of my being almost alone, I found myself with a considerable company : in fact, the engineer and his friends were about to have a dinner together ; and I was a lonely one amongst them. We began well : presently the champagne came round (another surprise to me—to see champagne here) : I was invited to take, but of course declined, and, equally of course, was pressed, and took some : some one from the other side sent me a cigar. The dinner was good ; and the company were very lively, and they were friendly and courteous to me : I felt tolerably comfortable ; but I was alone, and I was not perfectly satisfied at taking other people's champagne : still, I had been let into it, without the slightest idea beforehand of what was going to take place, not that it could have made much difference had I known it, for I wanted my dinner, and must sit down with the rest. After dinner the company

went off to take coffee in the town, and asked me to go, but I declined. I thanked the gentleman who had sent me the cigar: he replied with courtesy, and then, just as he was going out, as if moved by some happy inspiration, he turned back and offered me the stick he had in his hand: of course I did not take it: to offer it was a thorough act of Spanish politeness; but Spanish courtesy, as well as my own feelings, required that the offer should be refused: had it been seriously intended that I should take the stick, it would have been offered a second time, and then it would have been my place to take it, not omitting, however, to find some means of returning the compliment. It is a rule with Spaniards, when any one admires anything of theirs, to immediately offer to give it to the person so admiring it. "*Está muy á la disposicion de Usted*" ("It is quite at your disposal") is the form of speech in such cases. Of course, the proper thing is to refuse such an offer: if it is meant seriously it will be repeated; and then the right thing is to accept. I remember once, when in the north-west provinces, I was in a train alone with a young lieutenant of the army: he showed me an ornamental pipe he had, and I innocently praised it: he at once offered to give it me: for the moment I was taken by surprise; but immediately recollecting that this

was a Spanish custom, I straightway refused it, as nearly as I could in the formal manner of the country; and there the case ended. On the present occasion my friend did not wait for me to express admiration for his stick; but, going beyond the required politeness of the country, took the initiative, and offered it of his own accord. Again, it is common for Spaniards to offer to others who may be with them a share of anything they may be about to have; and especially is it a rule with them not to commence eating or drinking in the presence of another without asking him to partake. "*Guste Usted comer?*" ("Will you be pleased to eat?") is a common form of offering food. I have had these offers many times, generally without any serious purpose; but on one occasion, in a railway train, after I had refused once, an offer was repeated earnestly; and, though I did not wish for it, and would almost rather have been without it, I was in a sense compelled to share quite a little meal with some people. In such a case the rule as to refusing and accepting applies; but a cigar may be taken without a formal refusal.

The day closed: night passed away: morning came: and at 10.30 a.m. I was to start for Orihuela, on my way to Murcia, by diligence. I sat down to a special and early breakfast; and now, as the people had

been very courteous and attentive to me, I wanted to make some recognition of it, so I offered a small English penknife to the landlord, with a request that his wife would accept it: this gave great satisfaction. One thing I did not like, and that was that they drove off the breakfast till late, and told me there was plenty of time, and then at the last I was hurried by the announcement that the coach was ready. As to payment, two dollars was the amount charged: a good bedroom, good living, including good wine at discretion, with courtesy and attention into the bargain, for two full days, for eight shillings and fourpence, and no extras. This is I think the lowest price I have paid for hotel life in Spain; and the accommodation and provisions were much better than at some places where I have paid much more, twice or even three times as much, notably at Malaga, Madrid, Barcelona, and Santander.

So ended my long-wished-for visit to this waving Palmyra; and I had been well repaid for my journey, by such an unparalleled scene.

CHAPTER V.

ELCHE TO MURCIA.

The journey, by diligence—Orihuela—Intense heat—The *huerta* of Orihuela—A *rambla*—The *huerta* of Murcia—Gathering leaves—Opposition to anything new—A journey across country arranged for—Murcia, the province and the city—The cathedral—Eastern-looking dress—Spanish readiness to help—Great heat—Spanish habit of bargaining—Visit to a monastery—Friars—Mulberry-leaves—A boy beating a donkey—A waste howling wilderness—Boys' games.

“La cortesía de boca mucho vale y poco cuesta.”

WE left Elche about half-past ten in the morning, passing out by the handsome bridge over the gorge or ravine which runs close under the town on one side, and partly through the town. The country outside is a plain—rough, wild, and open, in fact rather desert-like. At a village (Crevillente) some sports were going on, and the bells were ringing, for it was Whit-Monday, and it was the *Fiesta de San Isidro*. The houses along here had an Eastern aspect. In one

place I noticed a man in the white Grecian-looking *bragas* or drawers. At Coj were many palm trees. Soon we got into the *huerta* of Callosa de Segura: here I saw a man in loose white drawers, white leggings, black vest, black hat, and coloured coat. At Callosa also the *Fiesta de San Isidro* was being held. Passing on, with the rough hills near to our right and a rich *huerta* to our left, we reached Orihuela at about two p.m., under a burning sun. So intensely hot was it, that I was nervous as to what the effect might be upon me; but it was a dry heat, and did not seem to overcome one like the heat does in England. I had had some thought of stopping a night at Orihuela, for it is described as being very Oriental; and its *huerta*, watered by the river Segura, is said to rival those of Murcia and Valencia: indeed, its fertility has passed into a proverb: but, having seen Elche, the best of towns of this description, and Valencia and her rich gardens, and wishing to move forward quickly, I now decided to go on. Here we changed horses. We started again, passing into a rough country, with mountains on the right hand: but soon it became very fertile on the left hand, with palms here and there, and some oxen. Presently we crossed over a dry river-bed, and I asked if that was a river (*rio*), and was told that it was a *rambla*. This

word comes from the Arabic *raml* (sand). In winter, the *rambla* is the channel of a stream, serving for fish and waterfowl; and in summer it dries up, and is often used as a roadway for man and beast. The word was already familiar to me as a written word; but by asking this question I made sure of its use as a spoken word. At 3.30 we reached San Tomera: the land on both sides of this place is rough. A little further on we came to a rich *huerta*, the *huerta* of Murcia, in which tall whispering canes are a noticeable feature among its many rich products. We traversed this garden a long distance, right up to the city; and truly it was a garden of plenty, a very picture of fertility: it seemed to me even finer than that of Valencia, though certainly here I was more among the fruits, while at Valencia I was more among the corn; and, as a fact, it is not equal to that of Valencia. The change was striking after some of the rough land I had seen. I was now thoroughly in the province of Murcia, having in my journey passed from the extreme north of Valencia almost to its extreme south. As we went along I saw a boy up in a tree with a large basket, gathering leaves: the sight was strange. Gathering leaves! But presently there was another boy doing the same thing; then I saw trees stripped of their leaves. I had my suspicion that

these were mulberry trees: I did not know, and the mystery remained unsolved for a time.

About five o'clock we arrived at Murcia. The journey had been through a plain, bounded on the west by the mountains of the inner country, and on the east by the sea, the plain itself consisting of dry, treeless, verdureless, rough, semi-cultivated land, alternating with well-cultivated spots of prodigious fertility, especially the *huertas* of Callosa, Orihuela, and Murcia: in general character, the district was Oriental in appearance.

At Murcia I went to the *Fonda de Patron*, walking there with another person from the diligence, and leaving my bag to be brought on. As is common in Spain, the ground-floor of the hotel is not used as a dwelling-place. We went up to the entrance-hall on the first floor above ground, where I afterwards recognized the pictures I had seen there four years before. I was taken upstairs into an unprepared chamber, with another man, while some arrangements were being made as to rooms. My bag soon arrived: a wash was the first thing to think of after such a ride as I had had. Before leaving home I had planned to go across country, direct from Murcia to Granada, and my hope was to do the journey on horseback: of course I could have gone by rail, a

circuitous route ; but I did not want to go by rail at all. I wanted to see the country, to visit the out-of-the-way parts, away from the railway track, in fact, to see Spain and the Spaniards in their native naturalness. Before arriving at Murcia, I had asked about this journey, and had been advised not to go across country, advice which came natural to me, for I knew full well beforehand what to expect as soon as ever I mentioned my plan ; and it happened just as I expected. I now asked the gentleman who was with me about it : he went against it, of course he did : he began, as people generally do in such cases, to tell me what I knew, that I could go by rail, explaining it so prettily, but so annoyingly : this did not suit me ; and so he went on to point out another way, viz. by rail to Cartagena, thence by water to Malaga, and thence by rail to Granada ; and when I continued to speak of going across country, he seemed (contrary to Spanish character) to get almost cross (as though it were anything to him !) and said decisively there were those two ways, and besides those there was no other : here our talk ended : but I was not to be stopped thus : I was in Spain to please myself as to where I should go, and not to please other people on that question. How strange it is that people will set their backs up

against one's doing anything different from the established and ordinary course of things: but this I have found over and over again in Spain, no sooner have I proposed to go by a certain route and in a certain way than people have begun to pour in objections:—It is a long distance, so many leagues, it would take a long time, it would cost much, the road is bad, and so on; not that the Spaniards are different from the English in this respect, for it is marvellous how strong this feeling is even here. I could hardly have believed it, had I not had personal experience of it. One does not know it, until one begins to do something which touches it up, perhaps to plant a tree where there has never been a tree before, then he begins to find the force of active opposition and the power of *vis inertiae*. I well remember that, in my earlier visits to Spain, when Spain was a country which people never thought of going to, I used to steal off nearly unknown to people, and I had almost to apologize for going—it was thought so strange that I should go to Spain, it was such a funny country to go to, no one went to Spain. If one is alone, with entire freedom of action, not dependent on other people—labourers, workmen, innkeepers, friends—then he may make his experiments; otherwise, he must either give way, or

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he must force his point by a strong will, by bribery, or by apologetic coaxing or sagacious diplomacy, coupled with such other agencies as he may have at his command or may think well to use ; but he must go through a struggle. People will assert their own ideas, and answer their own thoughts and feelings, even while pretending to assist others. Instead of trying to meet your views, they try to force their views on you, which is, no doubt, a mode of procedure exactly suited to people who do not know their own minds ; but for one who knows what he wants, it is very trying to the patience. Well, afterwards, I had two talks with the people at the inn about this proposed journey. They began (of course they did) advising me to go by rail, evidently thinking I simply wanted to get to Granada, which was not what I wanted at all ; and when I urged a journey across country, it seemed to me that they thought it strange, unreasonable, a stupid freak ; and, though firm of purpose, I had to proceed cautiously, diplomatically, almost apologetically. I talked about a diligence ; but there was no direct diligence, though there were several, taking different stages round by Almeria. I pushed my plan for a horseback journey, which I wanted to do in two days : the distance is stated to be 170 miles ; and I now know there is a

good road all the way. But to this there were strong objections. Ultimately, as the result of our first talk, it was arranged that the man who kept the horses should come at a certain time and see me on the subject, which he did not do. At the next interview, I saw a man who was said to be the horsekeeper; and he assured me that with two horses and a man it would take at least five days and a half to get to Granada: that was too long; so, having discussed the matter, I decided at all events to start and do the first stage, that is to Lorca, by diligence, after which I could do what might appear best, for it seemed something like plunging into the wilds of Africa—I knew nothing of the country myself and the natives seemed almost afraid of the journey. For the information of any of my readers who may wish to see this part of the country, I may say that a railway is about to be constructed between Murcia and Granada, and will probably be opened in the course of the next three years.

But, now, to return to my proceedings at the hotel: I was put into a bedroom, which I believe was the very one I occupied when there in 1879. It had a balcony in front with an awning over it, as houses in Spanish towns often have, and it looked out on other high houses, and on the narrow street

below : a pleasant place it was too. These Spanish balconies are very nice : one sees many ladies looking out from them, and a charming sight it is.

The first evening, besides looking about town, I went to the theatre—an excellent building, good acting, and good company. The next day I gave up to the town and neighbourhood. The province of Murcia and the people thereof have very similar characteristics to Valencia and her people. The Moors sometimes called it Mizr, Egypt. Besides the numerous other products of its soil, the soda plant and esparto grass grow freely here, and it is specially rich in minerals. The Phœnicians probably traded, and worked mines, here : Murcia was the cherished province of the Carthagenians, who have left their name here in the word Cartagena. Like all the east coast of Spain, it was much mixed up with Roman affairs. Goths, Moors, and Spaniards have followed each other in the possession of the soil. The city of Murcia, with ninety thousand inhabitants, is Moorish, picturesque, and of considerable interest : it is situated on the river Segura, which is much drained for irrigation.

I ascended the lofty tower of the cathedral : the ascent is easy, by a succession of inclined planes on the inside of the tower. The view from the top is

very fine, perhaps the finest I have ever seen from the top of a high building: the morning I was there was favourable; and I do not think I have ever seen a panorama from a place of that kind to such advantage: I stayed there some time. The bells in the tower are fine. The cathedral itself is large, with a noble façade, and is of great merit, but it is not of the first order: it contains a sarcophagus, enclosing the heart and bowels of Alonso X., called the Wise, who reconquered Murcia after a rebellion, and bequeathed these memorials of himself to the cathedral as a legacy: his body is at Seville. About the town I noticed a man with a black hat, a vest, a white shirt, loose white trousers (*bragas*), white coverings to his legs, and sandals, and a red sash round his waist: a few special instances are mentioned in which I noticed this costume with so much of an Eastern character about it, because although it is sufficiently common to establish the wearing of it as a custom, it is by no means general; and I should think it is not so common now as formerly: certainly, of the white turbans or white handkerchiefs on the heads of the peasants, of which some speak, I have not seen one: coloured handkerchiefs are a common headcovering, and also the broad-brimmed black felt hat.

The willingness of the people to help one is surprising. I asked a boy where a certain church was, and he started off and went with me quite a long distance, nor did he seem even to expect any gratuity for it: I really believe he was ready to go with me a still longer distance, had I wished it. Again, I wanted to send a little parcel by post, and inquired of a man in the street where the post-office was, telling him what I wanted: he at once went there with me and made inquiries, then took the parcel to the shop of a person he knew and got it weighed and an appropriate envelope specially made for it, for all of which, including the envelope, nothing was expected. As he was not a man to whom I could offer money, I asked him to take coffee with me: according to the custom of the country he declined: but on a little pressure he consented: we went in and had coffee; and when I was about to pay, both he and the keeper of the house joined in the answer, "It is paid:" and although we had a cigar each, it was only after a considerable discussion, and after I had requested it as a favour, being an Englishman, and considering I was going to leave that day and should not have an opportunity of returning his kindness, if he paid, it was only then that I was allowed to pay. After this he showed me the way to my hotel; and

then before parting he gave me his card, and, in true Spanish style, placed his house at my disposal by inviting me to *my* (that is, *his*) house whenever I liked to favour it, or (as I was going away) when at Murcia another time: we then parted, he having shown me an amount of courtesy and warmth which are strange, almost stupefying, after what one has been used to in England. But such conduct ought not to seem strange to us English people: courtesy and hospitality are by no means dead with us, but they are much mixed up with other things; and formerly they were more decided, and to be looked for with more confidence. Still we need not fear: all that was good in the past will come back, and better too.

The Spaniards are naturally kind-hearted, and given to hospitality; and I had before had experience of their readiness to help a stranger in time of difficulty. In 1879, when going from Cadiz to Valencia in a Spanish coasting boat (a most undesirable means of transit), I landed for a short time at Cartagena, the place where old Carthage sought to compensate herself for the loss of Sicily. I inquired carefully of the boatman who took me ashore, and who arranged to take me back, what time the boat would leave, and he assured me most

positively it would not go till four o'clock ; but, unwisely, I did not get the word of the captain or of the first mate for it. The result, however, made me glad that I had been unwise on this occasion : when one is out for pleasure, and alone, a mishap, of not too serious a character, is by no means a bad thing : it puts one to the test : it causes a little excitement, lends variety to the journey, creates novelty of situation, and so, in various ways, adds new pleasure to one's experience.

I landed, and looked about the town ; and when I had nothing more to do there, I thought I might as well go off to my boat, although it was two or three hours before the time I expected it to start. I went to the quay : there was scarcely any one about, and naturally so, for it was the time of the *siesta*. The heat was intense ; and I shall not soon forget the effect the glare of the sun on the white sand had on my eyes—so painful that I was glad to get away from it : I have never experienced a similar effect, anywhere else. On the quay I looked about for my boatman ; but he was not to be found. My vessel too was not to be seen. I wandered about : at length a man came up to me, and spoke ; and he informed me that the steamer for Valencia had left, some time. Alas ! for my luggage was on board, but I was not. I made as

much fuss as I could, which was not much ; and probably the best proof of capacity to use a foreign language, is ability to quarrel in it. I went to the English consulate, where I was politely treated, and from whence I was taken to the office of the vessel, where they promised to telegraph to Valencia for my luggage to be left for me, which, on my arrival at Valencia, I found they had not done. Having done what I could in the matter, I started off by train. Sunday I spent at Murcia, and Monday I went on to Valencia, where I found myself in the unenviable position of being a stranger in a strange country, looking after his lost luggage, and unable to speak the language of the country. I began by asking among the one hundred and forty thousand people who inhabit that city for the office of the boat company. I made inquiries of several people ; but though I got some direction, and even found out the central office, I could not make much progress. At length I inquired of a young man, perhaps sixteen years of age, of respectable appearance : I told him my case as best I could ; and he at once started off on the quest. First we went through the busy streets to the central office for the boats. After obtaining information there, my young friend took me, a considerable distance, to the office of the particular boat

I wanted. The people there did not know anything about my luggage ; and they had not received any telegram concerning it (so much for Spanish promises) ; but the vessel had arrived and was lying in the harbour. This was good news. I thanked my friend, and offered him a gratuity ; but he refused money, and, to my surprise, asked me if I should like him to go to the boat with me. Naturally I was only too glad to have him : so, off we went to the harbour (*el Grao*, the *gradus*, or *step* to the sea), a mile and a half or two miles out of the town, travelling part of the way by tram-car. We approached the water ; and there to my satisfaction lay the vessel I wanted. My friend engaged a small boat, and told me what to pay. We went on board the steamer. Having found the captain, I thought it best to assume a bold front ; so, after a few words, I asked him (in French) who was going to pay me the expenses I had been put to through his having left without me ; when, strange to say, it appeared that he also had a grievance, and he replied by asking me who was going to pay him for the time he had waited for me at Cartagena and Alicante. I was, of course, no match for the skipper ; and so, having had the first word in the quarrel (if such it may be called), and having secured myself against unpleasant demands

and complaints and so made my way clear, I was quite content to let the subject drop. I then went down to my luggage which I found all right. I did certainly give a small gratuity to the steward, who was quiet, and whose face seemed to betoken some sympathetic feeling and possibly even pity, though I was in no giving mood. I went back in the little boat with my friend, who helped me to carry my luggage and then engaged a *tartana*, in which we drove off to the hotel. Such a friend in need certainly deserved some recognition ; and, as he had refused money, I thought of something else, and said, "You will go and take breakfast (*almuerzo*) with me at the hotel?" To this he consented. As we went along, I was asked to what hotel I was going. I said the Madrid. But both the driver and my friend advised some other hotel, much cheaper they said than the Madrid, which they seemed to think very dear. Several times they repeated the advice ; but I remained firm. I never knew the reason why they urged me to go to another inn ; but, at the time, I certainly took it to be the result of an honest regard for my purse. And I looked upon the whole conduct of this young man in this affair as an act of disinterested kindness to a stranger—the simple outcome of a kind heart, a sympathetic nature, a genuine

national feeling of hospitality. At the hotel we had a good breakfast ; and my friend and I parted on terms of amity. Kind-heartedness and practical sympathy are very general among Spanish people who have not yet been brought into association with foreigners, especially among the poor ; and I like to look upon this little event as something more than a personal incident, as an exhibition of a national characteristic.

But to return to my doings at Murcia. After parting with my kind friend, I had breakfast at the hotel. In the afternoon I went about again, saw the gipsy quarter, and looked at the old Moorish granary (*almudi*), an interesting but not handsome block of buildings, still used as a storehouse for grain. The heat this afternoon was intense ; and over the metal roof of a building situated down on the river side the air seemed to dance, and quiver, and vibrate. Who says that we cannot see the air? I believe we can under certain conditions : I believe I saw it that day, and that I have seen it at other times, both dancing in the heat and also under other circumstances. Here I got into a long conversation with a Spanish gentleman, who told me a good deal about the place ; and among other things I learned that there had recently been an assassination, in the very part where we were, but

my friend thought the man would not be brought in guilty of murder.

After this I went to see a monastery, situated in the open country, some distance from the town. I inquired about a *tartana* to go there: they asked twenty-four reales: I said that was too much: they then asked how much I would give: I proposed fifteen reales: and they at once accepted the offer. It is the usual thing in Spain to bargain. Even in putting up at the inns it is customary to ask the price and make an agreement first, although I have rarely, if ever, done so myself. I once (in 1881) went into a shop at Manresa, in company with a Spanish priest; and I was surprised to find that he, a priest, followed the Spanish custom of beating down: after much talk he bought a cap (*bareta*), then we went to another shop, where he tried to bargain for some little silk tassels, and finally left the shop without buying them, because the woman there would not come down to his price.

In my journey to the monastery, a boy drove the *tartana*; and he took up another boy, a smaller one. We trotted along, fast at first, slower afterwards, passing out of the town by the beautiful *alameda*, a long avenue formed by trees on each side of the road: after some distance we turned off out of the main

road. Presently we saw three friars (*frailes*) coming along: they all raised their hats, to which I of course responded: my attendants told me that the friars always raise their hats to people, they would do so even to a child. How delightful! No more cant and bombast about the "enthusiasm of humanity!" Here is the real thing itself. Respect even to a child. What a reverence it shows for man! "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, That in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father who is in heaven." How different this to the ways of men in general, who honour a man when he has "got on in the world" and "made a position;" but if he does not "get on in the world" or "make a position," then his body may go to the dogs and his soul to the devil, and they will not care a fig about it.

We went along by the gardens: here I saw people gathering leaves off trees, and also many trees quite stripped of their leaves: my curiosity had already been roused on this subject, and I was on the tiptoe of expectation, and on the look-out for information: of course I inquired; and I now learned that these leaves were to feed the silkworms: the trees were, in fact, as I had suspected, mulberry trees, the leaves of which are gathered and taken to the worms,

as we cut "green meat" and take it to horses. The fact was quite new to me; for I had before imagined that the silkworms lived on the mulberry trees and fed there and there formed their cocoons; but I now found this to be quite a wrong idea, except as regards worms in their natural and uncultivated state. With such a sight in view, one naturally thought of the lament—"Nothing but leaves." It is, however, necessary, in order to have a correct appreciation of this lament, to remember that when first uttered it referred to a fig tree, and to a fig tree only: it would hardly be applicable to a mulberry tree; for, however worthless a crop of leaves may be on a fig tree, the especial function of which is to produce fruit, a crop of mulberry leaves, in a silk district, is really valuable, the produce of a mulberry tree, in leaves, being worth more than the produce of the same tree in fruit. The leaf-gatherers climb up into the trees and fill their baskets, or they get on steps, or pull the branches down to themselves: they pluck off the leaves, sometimes gathering them by handfuls, by running their hands along the branches: and it is curious to see them marching away with baskets full of leaves: three crops are sometimes so gathered in the course of a year: the trees thus left bare present a strange and even painful appearance, as they stand

naked in summer and amongst other trees clothed in living foliage. One can rejoice with a sheep relieved of its fleece—there is life in that ; but a tree stripped of its leaves is pain-giving, it seems to speak of decay, disease, death. As we went along I saw a boy beating a donkey, not cruelly, it is true, but still giving it a good beating : it is such a rare thing to see a Spaniard beat his donkey, more than giving it just a stroke, or a poke with the end of his stick, that this was noticeable : Spanish donkeys are very nice creatures ; they are worth much, and are highly prized by their owners : I have scarcely ever seen a donkey kick or bite or lay down its ears, in Spain ; and possibly the misconduct of donkeys in England may be in great part a result of the unkind treatment they receive. Soon, three other friars came along, who, I was told, were of a higher order than the former three : I looked at them and thought they were not going to raise their hats, but they did.

Presently we got completely outside of the cultivated district, the *huerta* of Murcia. To the right, lay a waste howling wilderness, stretching away to the hills beyond, a barren desert, uncultivated, dry, arid, rough. I had never before so completely realized what Eastern desert cities must be like. I had seen Madrid, which is much like a city dropped down on

the border of a desert ; and I have since seen other parts of even more desert-like character, if possible ; but, here, I not only saw, but was right out in the "desert" land itself, in a small cart, on a rough, jolting track, and not in a railway train, or on a main road. There lay Murcia surrounded with its gardens of rare beauty and exuberant fertility, watered by its river and its artificial system of irrigation ; and, here, a little way outside, was a barren waste. As regards situation, Murcia might almost have been Damascus, "embosomed in a wide forest of fruit trees, intersected and surrounded by sparkling streams, in the midst of an earthly paradise," with the great Syrian desert lying outside. Such places are common in Spain : one journeys along over large open plains, stretching away as far as the eye can reach or to where the mountains bound the view, uncultivated, treeless, verdureless, bare, with hardly a piece of green to be seen, or it may be only here and there a cultivated patch, producing a thin and weakly crop ; while flocks of sheep and goats are taken about to pick up the scanty supply of food : presently trees appear to view, there are signs of fertility and cultivation, and soon the traveller comes upon a town surrounded with a rich cultivated district, like an oasis in the desert, its position being most likely

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determined by the course of a river. But, to continue, we jolted along, and at length came to the great building. Here we sought admission; and I was taken round in a courteous manner: the chief thing is the chapel, of no special merit: on one side of the building is a fine garden, like another oasis in the desert: we stood and looked at it, and over it across to the hills beyond. After a little talk with the person who was showing me round, I left: there had been nothing of great importance to see; but it was interesting to visit a real monastery; and that, with the drive, the talk, what I saw, and especially the character of the country, made this a very satisfaction-giving journey. We went back, passing again the second company of three friars we had passed before, when hats were again raised. Then I saw a boy flying a kite, and in this I felt interested: a kite is a nice thing for a boy: and then again, there were boys playing at leap-frog: they did it badly, it is true, but it is a good thing they did it at all. I got home for dinner, after which, and all things being duly settled, I left Murcia.

CHAPTER VI.

MURCIA TO GRANADA.

Itching fingers—Diligence to Lorca—The inn at Lorca—A pleasant but wild country—*Tartana* and horses engaged for Baza—Spanish courtesy and kindness—A talk with mine host—A son of Lorca—Journey to Baza—Wild open country—The *Rambla de Nogalte*—A train of prisoners—Velez Rubio—Wretched inn—The people—A poor dinner for a hungry man—Labouring men eating from one common bowl—To Bertientes—A country village inn—A night in an uninhabited house—To Baza—Women in gay clothing—Inhabited caves—Temporary houses—Baza—The inn—A good meal at last—A gulf of separation—The town—The market-place—A magistrate at dinner—Spanish courtesy—Description of stables—A “blowing-up”—To Granada—A lonely road—*Venta de Baul*—A place without clocks or watches—The morning star—“Feeing”—Civil Guards—Guadix—Marvellous scene of savage grandeur—Approaching Granada—My macintosh—Review of the week—Granada—An English lady.

“ Si me presta sus favores
Precisa y fiel la memoria,
Voy á contar la historia
De un arroyo y de unas flores.”

Spanish Ballad.

FOR the journey to Lorca I mounted the diligence, choosing the *coupé*, or upper front outside seats, for

the purpose of seeing all I could. A man who took upon himself the duties of porter, whose assistance I did not need, was looking sharply out for a fee, and as he made his request, he held out his right hand, at the same time suggestively rubbing the ends of his fingers against his thumb, as if his fingers were itching to receive the coin he hoped for: he appeared well satisfied with half a franc. This significant action accompanying a request for a *gratificacion* is common in this part of Spain. At eight o'clock p.m. of Tuesday, the 15th of May, we started, passing out of the town by the *alameda*. It seemed rather dark at first: the night was moonlight, but not very bright. I was rather tired, and the vehicle was not favourable for sightseeing, and so I did not see much; but the character of the country immediately around Murcia was now pretty well known to me, though I should like to have seen more of it further on. The journey was not altogether an enjoyable one; but it got me along a stage. Much of the country seemed wild, rough, exposed, and very thinly inhabited: we changed horses from time to time: in these wild districts, roadside stables are placed at convenient distances, even apart from any houses, and the horsemen sleep in them. I looked into one of these stables: it was an immense large place,

capable of holding many animals, and it was warm and comfortable, as Spanish stables generally are. There are along this route several towns of considerable size, Lebrilla, said to be picturesque, and the head-quarters of the gipsies of Murcia, Alhama de Murcia, with a fine modern bathing establishment, well conducted, and Totana, another gipsy place.

We arrived at Lorca about three a.m. ; and having inquired for the best inn, I was taken to the *Fonda la Roca* or *Hospedaje de Comercio*. In Spain, the titles of inns and places of that class are in a state of transition : there is a sort of struggle to pass from the lower word *posada* to the higher word *fonda*, and similarly from *fonda* to the more modern word *hotel* : the process is however only partial ; and in one place a *posada* may be better than a *fonda* in another.

In this untravelled part of the country, I was in great doubt as to what sort of a place I was come to, as regards people, town, and inn ; for the general accounts given of Spain have represented it as a land of brigands and garlic, of filth and discomfort, a country quite unsafe and unfit for a stranger to travel in ; but I found the inn clean and comfortable, the food satisfactory, the people courteous, and the town altogether superior to anything I had expected. Before I left the place my doubts and misgivings had

been dispelled, and I had begun to feel at home and full of confidence. "Surely the Lord is in this place; and I knew it not," said Jacob; and Spain and the Spaniards are better than we have given them credit for being. On arrival at the inn I was at once taken to my bedroom; and the woman who showed me there told me there was a diligence to Granada the next evening. Then, tired and weary, after a wash, I committed myself to the bed, in doubt and uncertainty as to what terrible fate might be in store for me: but I rose again, at eight o'clock in the morning, when I found I had not been murdered, no, nor robbed, nor even devoured by insects.

Well, here I was, in a wild open country, far from any railway, at Lorca, a place but little known to the outside world, but having fifty thousand inhabitants. It is a town of very ancient origin, built on the banks of the *Rambla Sangonera*. It contains some good houses, the windows of which are closely railed in, as usual in the south of Spain. I walked out: the morning was pleasant, just an agreeable temperature, with a nice air. I went up to see the remains of the old Moorish castle and of the long lines of Moorish walls, on the *Monte-de-Oro*. From this hill there is a good view: on one side is a tract of cultivated land, and, on the other, an open waste, a picture of desolate

rugged grandeur, not altogether unpleasing to the eye in those parts in the distance where the lights and shades of the mountains show. Looking abroad, I could see in the plain a thrashing-floor, at which they seemed to be preparing for threshing.

Early in the day, I mentioned that I was going to start for Granada by diligence in the evening; and it was well I did so, for I was at once told that there was no diligence for Granada; there were, as I had learned before, diligences to Almeria and thence to Granada, but not one by way of Baza, which is the direct route. I could have a special conveyance to Baza, and the landlord thought a *tartana* and one horse would cost me seven or eight dollars: he arranged to see about it. Afterwards a man came: and he said I could have a *tartana* and one horse for eight dollars, or a *tartana* and three horses for nine dollars. Not to be too abrupt, or to seem too eager, I talked a little, but soon said I would have the *tartana* and three horses. And it was arranged that we should start at five o'clock the next morning. In our agreement it was expressly stipulated that the man should pay all expenses connected with himself and horses and that I should have no extras, though naturally I did not keep strictly to this bargain, for I paid something for him at the two inns at which we

stopped, and also gave him a little extra at the end. The transaction was conducted in the entrance gateway of the inn: there were several people standing about, and all took an interest in it; in fact it seemed a little like those Eastern transactions, which are made in the audience of all that go in at the gate of the city. And so the contract was concluded. At the time, I was not acquainted with the journey, but I thought the price very moderate, and I had been prepared to pay much more. No doubt it was the price of that part; and though it was low, it was not so low as it may at first sight seem; for, in England, many a man going such a journey for himself would take a light trap and one horse and drive the whole distance in one day: and then the style of travelling, the time occupied, and the amount of convenience, must be taken into account: possibly, too, there was some reason unknown to me why the man proposed to take three horses. However it was a great contrast to what I once paid for a journey over the Pyrenees from Bayonne to Elizondo, to a Spanish-speaking Frenchman, and also to what I once paid for another journey over the Pyrenees from Solsona to Bourg-Madame, to a man who spoke French, in the former of which journeys, a hundred francs was the sum drawn from me, for a journey which was

accomplished with ease between six a.m. and four p.m., allowing a break for luncheon and another at the frontier. I have found that genuine unadulterated Spaniards are very moderate and honest: the people in Spain to be avoided are those who have a smattering of French or English, especially if they take an interest in you.

Later in the morning while going about, I looked into a beautiful garden, well watered, and rich in fruits and flowers, but still the garden of a man in a comparatively humble station of life. The owner came out to me. In some doubt as to how he would receive me, but with a preponderance of expectation that I should be well treated, I expressed a wish to see his garden: he seemed pleased, and at once took me round, and we had a little talk together. He refused money, so I gave something to a lad—his son, I presume: then the wife came out, and saluted me, and went and cut me a splendid bouquet of flowers: and they cordially invited me and my family to see the garden and to *my* house whenever we liked to favour it. Truly the Spaniards are in some respects much nicer than the English; though, like their great grand country, they have some drawbacks.

In the afternoon I had a good talk with my

landlord. He showed me some photographs of mines, etc. : he talked about these mines, and about his children, some of whom were doing well in connection with the mines. He also showed me a photograph of a young Englishman, who, he informed me, was murdered about four years previously on the very road along which I was going the next morning. He however, in answer to my careful inquiries, gave me the strongest assurance that the journey I proposed was quite safe for me. He was a Republican—and there seem to be a lot of these people about now in Spain, and also in Portugal. In the course of our talk we spoke of the time when there were a number of different kingdoms in the present territory of Spain ; and I remarked that there was no necessity for more than one king for that peninsula, to which he replied, "Not one." I said, "You are a Republican, then?" He said, "Yes." He pointed to his head and said the king had not a good head : they had a bad Government in Spain, they wanted a good one : in England we had a good Government : and his argument was that a king with a good head, that is with brains, would choose a good Government. He pointed out that the Spanish Government was constitutional, and asked if the English Government was : he appeared

to think highly of constitutional government, and to imagine that it was easily brought about: I pointed out to him that it had taken five hundred years to make the English constitution (I might have said longer), and that a constitution grows, as a man grows: he seemed to see it. Speaking of people, he said Castelar was good for speaking and writing but not for action. In the evening I walked round the town with him: besides other places, we went to the river, or rather the *rambla*, which was then, in one part at least, quite dry, so dry that apparently one could have walked across it: at times it becomes a mountain torrent, and occasionally overflows to the extent of causing serious inundations, as in the year 1880, when this town suffered severely from the terrible floods in the south-east of Spain. At the time I was there, water was scarce. To provide against scarcity of water, there is at some distance from the town, an enormous reservoir called the *pantano* of Lorca, built across a narrow valley, and said to be fifteen hundred feet high, which, however, I did not see. The *rambla* is spanned by a handsome new bridge, built, as my landlord said (speaking after the manner of Spaniards), by a son of Lorca, that is a native of Lorca, whom he described as the first engineer in the world, an opinion which he

immediately qualified by saying he was one of the first, adding that he was consulted by engineers of other countries. I asked my landlord to take coffee with me, but he refused: I had some, and then returned and went to bed.

The next morning, I was down before the appointed time, five o'clock, and before the arrival of my Jehu with the chariot and horses: these however at length appeared, coming along the public street; and at 5.30 we started, several people being at the door to see us off. I entered Lorca at the first, in doubt: I had spent a very pleasant little time there: and now I was leaving under agreeable circumstances. It was a bright morning, clear and fresh. The conveyance by which I was to travel was a rough country cart, but cushioned and decent, and there had been an evident attempt to make it comfortable for me: the driver was a steady, serious man, still young: and the horses were very fair animals, and belonged to some member of his family: he also took a boy with him. The journey through this wild, open, untravelled country, amongst the gloomy sierras, and over the sweeping plains, was one to keep expectation awake. We went along through a thinly inhabited part, in which were few towns or villages. After some hours we reached the pass or

defile called the *Puerto de Lumbreras*, and here we entered the *Rambla de Nogalte*, at this time completely dried up, and so forming a broad and deep sandy valley, having hills on each side, in which I saw numerous caves in the ground, used as human dwelling-places. I had often wanted to go along the bed of one of these dried-up mountain torrents, or *wadies*: I had read about them, and had seen dry river-beds, but had not gone along one: now, however I was right in one, and I was glad to be there. All things, it is said, come round to him who has time to wait for them: and it certainly is very striking that, by labouring, waiting, trusting, we eventually get the desires of our hearts. I was pleased, both for the romance of the thing itself, and more because of the associations, for this event brought me into closer acquaintance with those deceitful brooks to which Job compared his inconstant friends, those vanishing streams which confounded the troops of Tema and the companies of Sheba. We went along this river-bed a considerable distance: the greater part of the way we walked, trudging through the deep sand, and up the hill at the other end, where we passed out of the valley, towards Velez Rubio. Further on, we passed a train of prisoners, walking along the high road: they

were being taken from one place to another under the conduct of civil guards: it was a disagreeable sight. A little before reaching Velez Rubio we passed out of Murcia into the modern province of Almeria, but the old province of Granada. We arrived at Velez Rubio about half-past twelve o'clock, and here we stopped two or three hours. Velez Rubio, with its white houses, is situated on rising ground, exposed to the glaring heat of the sun: it is said to have thirteen thousand inhabitants, but it is a poor place, more like a big village than a town: the people must be closely packed, as indeed many places in Spain seem to be, although it is such a big country and has so few people in it. There is a wretched *posada* here, which has spacious room for horses and oxen, and provision for their drivers, but is absolutely without accommodation or provision for travellers of the tourist class. I had hoped for better things, in spite of my guide book, and I was disappointed, for I had risen early, had left without breakfast, and on the way I had had only a scrap of food I had brought with me, it was now very hot, and I was faint. The landlady (or the woman who appeared to be the landlady) was a buxom, fine-built woman, well dressed, and looking quite gay in her bright yellow *saya* or skirt with a narrow red

stripe near the bottom. In the house, an old woman was sitting at the table with a large basin before her, containing some kind of stew or broth, helping herself out of the basin with a spoon: she asked me to have some: faint as I was I declined; and I think before I could have joined her, I must have been something like Esau thought himself, or pretended to think himself, when he said he was at the point to die, and begged some of Jacob's red pottage. I expect, however, Jacob's lentil pottage was not half bad. Esau knew what it was; and I am inclined to think if Esau had come into the room where I was, instead of going into the presence of Jacob, he would not have been so eager for the pottage before this old woman as he was for Jacob's: after all I believe this incident in Esau's history is a truer index of his character than of the state of his body: we may depend upon it his body would have kept up a little longer: it was his faithless undisciplined soul that gave way: but, of all pieces of unreasoning reason and of illogical argument, there surely can hardly ever have been anything more unreasoning, illogical, and stupid, than the argument of Esau. I afterwards spoke to this old woman, as she was standing at the door, knitting; and, though she was one of those who in days of yore might have been burnt as a

witch (for being an old woman, and little), she seemed a decent body, spoke sensibly, and with a rather pleasant voice; I remember her words and her tone of voice to this day. When I first entered the house I began at once to ask about food; for I wanted to have some food and then look about: I was told I could have some. I asked for milk, but they had not any; they sent out for some, but could not get any. I waited about a long time, but nothing appeared, so I went and looked round the town, with the hope of perhaps dining there, but I could see no place for dining. I came back; and now a happy thought struck me—bread and onions. I am very fond of onions. So, on reaching the house, I asked if I could have some onions. They said, "Yes." A little table was put for me, and a chair; and I sat down. About half a dozen rough, labouring men were sitting round the ordinary table, on which was a large bowl containing some kind of mess: each man had a spoon, with which he helped himself from the bowl. They all eat slowly, and with noticeable regularity, without any scramble, or any attempt on the part of one to get a larger share than the others: they seemed like men trained to eat together: there was something almost pathetically pleasing in seeing those rough sons of toil thus sharing their frugal

meal, under a strict and self-accepted discipline, with an honest share-and-share-alike feeling, a genuine sense of what is due to others. I have never in my life seen a dinner at which there appeared to me to be shown so much of the highest, and the most unselfish, feelings of the true gentleman, as at this table. And yet (let it be said) I should not have liked to join those men, in their food ; neither would you, my reader, be you who you may. One feels one would like to see such men raised in the social scale, and enjoying more of this world's goods : and yet one almost fears such a process, especially if rapid : one fears that they might be lowered in character, degraded : but, say you, that is not a sufficient reason why the material condition of such men should not, if possible, be improved : quite true ; and yet one likes to see other people good, even though one may not be good one's self. These men finished up their meal with a few green pods of a kind of bean. I expect this was the first meal they had had that day. In England, an agricultural labourer would have had at least three meals by that time.

At the time I came in, my attendants had had their food : I was asked several times to have something, the nature of which I did not know : I declined : I thought the people seemed to think it strange of

me: and I believe they imagined the food they had proposed was something very good. At my little table, by myself, I had my bread and onions, with a tumbler of poor wine: I also tasted a bit of raw garlic, for once, just to see what it was like; but it did not suit my taste. I expect those around me thought mine a strange meal for a traveller: probably, too, they thought me proud and cold, and certainly they could not have felt any oneness with me, any ground of common sympathy. I spoke a little; but I did not get chatty as I did at some places: I was faint and in a not over-good humour: a good meal would have made all the difference. Still I enjoyed my food; and it helped me on. I paid five francs, for myself and attendant; but it was very little of the five francs' worth I had myself.

We started again, in the hot afternoon. My coachman had proposed to stop for the night at Chirivel, a poor village of sixteen hundred inhabitants; but he pushed on a little further, to a village called Bertientes, arriving there at 7.30. p.m.: it was then nearly dark. Here the inn was a poor place, a mere *venta*, hardly a *posada*: it was, as is common in Spain, house and stable combined. We drove right into the building, by two large open doors: the cart was left in the space inside; and the horses were taken to

the stables a few yards further on, on the right hand side. On the left hand on entering this house, was a well, where they watered the horses, a little further on were two dark bedrooms, and beyond that a door leading to a little court outside ; on the right hand, in a recess or open room, was a large hearth with a wood fire on it and with kitchen utensils about it, and rising by the inner side-wall of this recess, were steps leading up to a room or loft ; beyond this the place narrowed, forming a kind of broad passage leading straight through from the door to the stables above spoken of. I was glad to warm myself at the fire. I inquired of some one if I could have some milk : if only I could have got a good basin of bread and milk I should have been content ; but that failed me. For throughout a great part of thirsty Spain, where green fields and pastures are almost unknown, milk is not a common article of diet, that of cows being very rare, and that of goats by no means too plentiful. In true old Spanish style, no one came to see to me, to make arrangements or to ask what I should like. I waited about : went a few steps out of doors : looked into the stable : watched my coachman as with his big knife he cut up some green food he had wisely bought on the way for the horses, and which the boy carried into the stable :

but no one paid any attention to me. A number of people, including the coachman, afterwards sat round the fire, and I sat down with them, not over cheerful, for I had travelled long, had had little to eat, and the prospect of the night was uncertain. Things went on thus for perhaps two hours or more: then I was summoned. The landlady was a widow (there seem to be a good many widow women keeping inns in Spain, perhaps there is some mystery behind it): she had a little house in the village, a shop, which was empty; and she proposed to put me in there for the night. We went over, landlady, coachman, and myself; and there I was offered an extemporized bed on the floor of the front room, downstairs. They asked me if I would have a fire: of course I said "No." They also suggested supper, to which also I said "No"; for, though I was weary and faint, I was in no mind to eat just anything that might be set before me: I was not quite exhausted yet; and it is bad if a man who has been well fed before, and has a prospect of soon being well fed again, cannot hold out one day. And, just fancy! a meal at ten or eleven o'clock at night when one has to be up at five o'clock in the morning. But this is the way among the poor in many parts of Spain: I have often seen it—two meals a day, one at about one or

two o'clock in the afternoon, and another at any time from eight to ten o'clock at night: so, indeed, it was with my coachman this day, and he seemed surprised at my not taking supper, and no wonder, after my poor dinner. Soon I was left alone. I took just a momentary mental survey of the situation, and then at once set to work trying to barricade my room door, making use of the chairs and my umbrella for the purpose; but I was not very successful, till, going into the shop I saw standing by itself the flap of the counter: this I took; and, fixing it between the floor and a panel of the door, I believe I made it quite impossible for the door to be forced, and thus rendered myself secure from without. This protection was the more necessary as there was no chance of escape by the window, which was protected by iron bars, as all windows in the south of Spain are. My lamp soon went out, and I was left in darkness; but having lucifer matches I was able to prowl about, and I explored the place upstairs and down, and saw as best I could to the fastenings of the doors; but I was not very sure as to the security of the back part of the house; still, as I was safe in my own room, the only way to get at me would appear to have been to burn the building down over my head, or to force an entrance through the fabric.

I had not been long in the place, when I was startled by a noise of people at the window : for aught I knew this might be the men of the city compassing the house round ; but almost immediately I heard the voice of my coachman : he and the landlady were come to get some sausages that had been left in the shop : that was all. I let them in, and let them out : then fastened the door. Evidently some people, at all events, were not going to bed without supper.

At length I lay down, and went to sleep ; and in the morning I woke up and found, as at Lorca, I had not been murdered, robbed, molested, or disturbed ; and the bed had not been so bad. I was up at 5.30, and my man came to me : then, having roused the widow, in order to pay her bill, we started off at six o'clock.

On leaving this place, there were mountains on both sides of us, and in front : the scenery was rugged and grand. We reached Cullar de Baza at eight a.m. This town has about six thousand inhabitants : it lies in a fertile valley : above, is a Moorish castle, with tower and cupola. All along here women may be seen dressed in gay colours, their *sayas* or skirts yellow and red and green : indeed it is quite a pretty sight to see, as I have many times seen, a number of women so dressed, together, out in the

fields or elsewhere. These thick flannel stuffs must be very comfortable and enduring, and I should think much better than the draggle-tail cotton things that one sees women going about in, in England, even in wet weather. The striking feature at Cullar de Baza is the number of caves in the ground, in which people live: the hill sides are honeycombed with these caves; and they look miserable places, not like those around Valencia. Rising, perhaps six or seven feet, above the ground are the chimneys of these caves, looking like so many little pillars, a curious sight. Another curious thing along this route, and throughout the south of Spain, is the temporary houses in which people dwell. In summer, many people leave the towns and villages, and take to the mountains and the wild *campo*, where they excavate caves, or make temporary dwelling-places. A rough frame-work covered with flags or reeds or straw or something of that sort, forms a low shed or house, in which they place the very minimum of furniture, not however omitting a barrel of *aguardiente*, and in which they find shelter at night and shade by day. In fact, in the south of Spain, a large number of people live a semi-Oriental life, a half Bedouin-Arab existence: a great part of their time they are in the open air; and they go under cover for a short night and for the

siesta during the period of greatest heat in the middle of the day. In this way they live an easy-going life, at a most trifling expenditure of money, free from the vexations of civilization, with few wants and perhaps fewer cares: bread and water, vegetables, a little fruit, a very small amount of meat, and perhaps a little wine, are their means of subsistence. In fact, in Spain, all through society, living is very frugal: in Madrid and a few places, expensive habits are being adopted; but these are the exception, and are quite modern.

At Cullar I noticed a local guard (*guardia de pueblo*, I was told), not like a civil guard, an inferior style of man, in build and outfit. Further on the country was open and wild, another waste howling wilderness, where sweet-smelling shrubs and aromatic herbs scent the air. Then, as we approached Baza, we got into a fertile plain, called *La Hoya*. This is ploughed up in a curious way, with deep furrows almost like ditches or even ravines. Here the coachman bought a good stock of green food for the horses, which he loaded under the bed of the cart, in Spanish style, binding it up with a piece of coarse canvas. At length we passed along a pleasant *alameda*, and entered Baza at 11.30 a.m., by which time I was nearly worn out. Here was a very comfortable inn;

and having settled with my coachman, and had a wash, I sat down to a very good breakfast, about midday on Friday: this was the first meal I had had since my dinner at Lorca on Wednesday evening. "And David's heart smote him when he had numbered the people." And my heart smote me, as I sat down in a good room, to a good breakfast, with a servant to wait upon me, and thought of those two I had left outside to get their food how or where or of what kind I knew not, but food certainly inferior in kind to mine and served up in an inferior manner. It is true I had paid them all they had asked, and something more; and they were glad of the job: most likely, too, I had fared harder than they during the journey: but now, here was a distinction, a gulf of separation, and money did not bridge it over. No: rather it increased it, perhaps created it. Money is the biggest old cheat that was ever invented. It makes men rich who ought never to be rich, and others poor who ought never to be poor. "The deceitfulness of riches" is a term which, when applied to money, has a meaning which probably the Author of the expression never intended. Money is deceitful, not only in its effects on the character, but also in its effects on the material well-being of society. And its working is so insidious and crooked

and dark and mysterious that men perceive it not, neither understand it. The great body of people, who are constantly using money, are as profoundly ignorant of its real nature, its economic action, and its social effects, as they are of the topography of the planets. Political economists talk round the question ; but they do not explain the real nature of money, or trace out its working. Mr. Ruskin has come very near to the point. And the following curious incident shows the interesting condition of the mind of a man who was groping in the dark around this question. A few years ago I went up to London, from one of the suburbs, to have a look at some of the hop-pickers going off by special train to the hop districts. I arrived at Charing Cross Station between twelve and one o'clock in the early morning : then, wandering about to fill up the time, I contrived to be at London Bridge Station at about two o'clock. Here, in the large open space in front of the station, were assembled a large body of people, men, women, and children, many of them Irish, with their bundles, and their pots and other utensils, standing about, and sitting down on the edge of the pavement, and variously filling up the time of waiting ; and, here in the early morning, I watched this mass of humanity, till the doors were open for admission to the station,

when a severe rush began : then, having given this amount of satisfaction to my feeling of interest in the affairs of the human race, I turned for a five or six miles walk home. In going along, I fell in with a man, an Irishman, who happened to be a hop-picker ; and I had a long talk with him. He told me he had sent wife and children down by train ; but, not having money enough, he had to walk himself : then he began in this style, "A queer thing that money : that is a queer thing ;" to which I gave my hearty assent : he continued in the same strain, and then he said, "I wish there was no money ;" to which I suggested an inquiry as to how we should get people to do things. How, for instance, would he have got the railway people to take his family down into the hop country ? What would he have given the company in return for that service ? This was too much for him. He said, "Give them anything : pick up a stone and give them." Here he was out of his depth : but in that expresion, "I wish there was no money," there lies hid in darkness the seed of a truth which may some day be proclaimed upon the house-tops, the germ of an ideal to which humanity may some day rise, a vision of the mind faintly perceived by the seer but which may some day become a reality seen and understood of all men. Money is not a real necessity

of society: it is only a relative necessity, an expedient rough-and-ready and imperfect and unequal, arising out of the imperfections of human nature and human institutions: and as the necessity is only relative, so the use need only be temporary. No: the distinctions of society must cease. The day must come when the relations of servant and master, and servant and mistress, will be looked upon in very much the same light as that in which we now look upon the old relation of slave and master, and as being just as truly immoral: the day must come when to lay up treasure for oneself upon earth will be looked upon in much the same light as that in which we now look back upon the conduct of a downright miser: the day must come when the development of humanity in all its power and its beauty and its glory will be the one end sought for, and when all the wealth of the world will be practically a common fund to contribute to this end. But not yet: everything in its own order; and the world is not yet ripe for this. A few gracious souls have risen to such a strength, and truth, and sublimity of character as to be able to bear this doctrine; but the great mass of mankind are not yet fit for the kingdom: many of those who may perhaps most loudly applaud this idea are people who would render its realization at

present impossible, because they will be thinking chiefly of what they may *get* out of it: long years of discipline will be needed to leaven society sufficiently to make this vision a reality: and so for the present we must go on as we are; but it will be a blessed thing for the world when it has once and for ever done with money. The change will come as a mighty relief from care, as the lifting of a vast load from the human mind, like release from a horrible nightmare, when it is clearly known that do what a man may, he never can be the owner of anything, when no man shall say that aught of the things which he possesseth is his own, but the human race shall have all things common.

“Oh, glorious end! oh, blessed consummation!
Oh, precious day! for which we wait and yearn,
Thou shalt come, and knit men nation unto nation.
But not for us, who watch to-day and burn,
Thou shalt come, but after what long years of trial,
Weary watchings, baffled longings, dull denial!”

Yes, poet, your idea is a noble one; but for all that it is insufficient. We must have something more than the knitting of men “nation unto nation;” there must be the knitting of man unto man: there must be the harmonizing of the interests not only of nation with nation, but of individual with individual.

After luncheon, I laid down to rest for some time, and then went out. Baza is an ancient place : it has about fourteen thousand inhabitants. Round the town are richly cultivated gardens, which develop into the great fertile plain called the *Hoya de Baza*. Baza is quite antique. Here you see people in their real native costume, unchanged by modern fashions and external influences. An open space or square in the middle of the town is what might be called the grass market : here, lying on the ground, were a large number of little bundles of green food, each perhaps about enough for a mule for one night : a great number of men and boys were standing about amongst these bundles, dressed in an antique style, and presenting a very strange appearance, in their black felt hats, short jackets, vests with enormous fantastic buttons, trousers reaching to the knee with the bottom of each leg slit open on the outside, their legs covered in white, and sandals on their feet, with the usual sash (*faja*) round the waist, the great *capa* or Spanish cloak being also worn by some. I like to see the busy scenes of active life ; and more than that, I like also, when in a foreign city, to visit the lower parts, to see the poor, and to get a glimpse at thieves, beggars, smugglers, gipsies, the bull-fighting gentry, and rascals in general ; for in such one sees

reality in real, man without the artificiality and veneer of human civilization: these classes also furnish valuable specimens of colour, form, costume, attitude, grouping, language, and ideas—subjects and examples of real life, models for the painter and sculptor and food for the poet and novelist: and in such fields of observation Spain is rich. But of the many groups of people I have seen in Spain, I have not seen another which has presented to me such a striking picture of native costume as this at Baza. The large fantastic buttons spoken of are quite a curiosity: I saw some in a shop, and inquired about them: some are of silver, sold by weight, and are expensive: others are of less costly metal: all are curiously wrought.

In this market-place I also saw some of the finest oxen I have ever seen.

There is a beautiful *alameda* in the town, one of the pleasantest I have seen in Spain. Here some boys were playing at leap-frog: I noticed that they took a spring before making the leap. Here I passed a priest, who bowed to me. The women of Baza are said to be some of the prettiest in Spain; and certainly I saw two, apparently mother and daughter, who would have been an attraction in many places, especially the daughter, bright and

clear of complexion, well formed, and nicely dressed in black.

But I had now to hasten in to dinner. On my left, at table, sat a fine-looking man, who seemed to speak with authority, and who I afterwards learned was the judge or magistrate of the place. After a time he addressed me, asking if I was an Englishman; and we became very friendly. He seemed pleased to meet me: he had met some English before, abroad, and appeared proud of the connection. Others joined in our talk, and I prevailed on them to take a special bottle of wine with me. At the close there was a friendly rivalry as to who should pay for the coffee: they wanted to pay even for the coffee I had had in the morning. They would not hear of my paying: eventually however I left the money for it. I then went out into the town with one of my companions: we took coffee at the casino; and when I wanted to pay, the answer was, "It is paid." Time after time was this politeness shown to me during this tour; and though the total sum paid for me was very little, the kindly feeling was pleasing: of course I did not allow it to be all on one side: and I expect I paid for others much more than others paid for me. While out, I took ticket for Granada, choosing the *berlina*, or front inside seats, the best part of the

diligence, as my former nocturnal ride outside had not enabled me to see much. However, later on, I rode outside a great part of the way.

I had said to my coachman, before we parted, that we should see one another again in the course of the day, and I quite hoped to do so, in order that I might show him a little special attention. I now went into the stables, and saw some horses there, and had a little talk with a man: I inquired about my man, but I could not find him, though his horses were said to be there. These stables were worth noticing: they were stables, cart-house, sleeping-place, and cooking establishment, all combined. In the central space stood the carts: on the right hand on entering, were the sleeping apartments, on the ground-floor and in a loft above, where the men could wrap their cloaks round them and throw themselves down on the floor for the night: further on was the entrance to the stable proper: and on the left hand were fireplaces and arrangements for cooking, where the men could prepare such food as they brought with them. Laugh not, my reader, that which has lasted long has some element of good in it: this establishment is the outcome of practical life, and it is suited to the circumstances of the place; and that is what is required, not something else, how-

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ever much better you may think it. I once heard a young Londoner address a country lad, and pointing to the Cannon Street Hotel, say, "What would they think of that in ——"? (naming a small place in the country), as if the credit of the building belonged to him: the country lad answered that it would be as useless there, as the small corresponding country building would be for the purposes of the Cannon Street Hotel.

A crowd of people were assembled to see the diligence start, among them my friend the judge, who gave a man a sound blowing-up for asking me for money: he, however, concluded by saying that if the gentleman liked to give something by way of a gratuity, that was another thing. I do not know what the man had done for me, beyond lifting my "Gladstone" up, and I certainly could have done without him, but of course I gave him something. At ten o'clock we started. It was a beautiful night. We left the town, and were soon out in the waste howling wilderness again. Pushing our way along this lonely road we seemed to climb almost to the top of the mountains, till we reached *Venta de Baul*, at perhaps about one o'clock in the morning: here we changed horses. I went into the *venta*: on the right hand, raised perhaps a foot above the ordinary level,

was the dwelling-room, if dwelling-room it could be called: on the left hand, some men were lying on the floor asleep, wrapped up in their cloaks: just beyond, were the stables. They boast of the excellence of the water of this place: I drank a little from the stream. Marvellous to relate, here was a place to which watches and clocks had not yet penetrated, but where our fellow-men still measured time by the movements of the stars, as perhaps their predecessors, or possibly even their own lineal ancestors, had done ever since the period when human life first dawned upon those southern Spanish sierras. A man pointed out to me two or three stars, explaining that when such a star reached such a place, it was such time, and when it reached another place, it was such and such time, and so on: and he said this was the only means they had there of knowing the time: he said, too, that it was only at night, that is when the diligences came, that they needed to know the time: in the day they slept and ate and—did anything. On we went again, along the lonely road, no villages, hardly a sign of human habitation, till about three we reached another roadside stable, where we were detained for a long time: something it seems was wrong, but I could hardly find out what. I looked into this stable: a little way in, to the right, was the dwelling-place, where some

men were sleeping on the ground, muffled up in their cloaks or mantles : another little place close at hand, but partitioned off, was the hen-roost : at the further end were the stables. While waiting here, I walked about the road for some time : presently I saw a bright light over the mountains : I watched it, for I knew not what it was : it rose ; and, lo ! it was the morning star, Venus, clear and bright as I thought I had never seen star before : it seemed to have something peculiarly beautiful about it, in the cold grey of the morning, as it rose over the southern sierras of Spain. Seldom if ever before had I seen the morning star, and never before had I watched it rise. It was glorious : I gazed upon it : and I marvelled to see how quickly it rose in the heavens, for it seemed so close to the mountains that one could mark the space it travelled over. Here we changed coachmen, and the man who left wanted a "gratification." I gave him a trifle ; but happily this system, which is at once annoying to the payer and degrading to the receiver, is not yet common in Spain. Presently we met some Civil Guards. I had not seen many of these guards along this route. They are, however, constantly met with in parts which, though themselves wild, secluded, and thinly inhabited, are near centres of life or near paths leading to such centres.

For, brigands want the security of wild mountains, and their occupation requires that they should come into connection with property. I was once asked for my passport by two Civil Guards, when on the mountains of Ronda, between that place and Gibraltar, on horseback, with a guide. We met these guards, and I rather pushed a conversation. They asked me if I had a passport. I said it was not necessary ; they said it was : I said, No ; I was an Englishman, and did not need one. How did I know ? they asked. I said I knew the law ; and a passport was not needed for an Englishman. But, having said so much, I added that I had a passport with me, and they might see it if they liked. Then my guide said, "Come on ;" so I went on. Our little talk had been in a friendly way, and I found some pleasure in it. Once before this, I refused my passport in Spain, and did not produce it.

At six a.m. we reached Guadix : I hoped for breakfast here, for I was cold and tired and faint ; but, alas ! I was doomed to disappointment. The best I could get was a piece of bread, and some wretched coffee, of which the one virtue was that it was a little warm. Guadix (the water of life) is a miserable town, with wretched streets and poor houses, and without a good inn ; but it is prettily situated,

on the bank of the river Guadix, about ten miles north of the Sierra Nevada, amid a scene of fertility: the entrance is fine: here among the thickly planted elm trees the birds were singing cheerily. I had not time to look round, for the luggage was quickly transferred to another coach, and very soon we were off again, not however till another coachman and a porter had taken their "tips." This time we had nine mules to draw us, not very fine animals certainly. Would it not be cheaper to have fewer animals, and keep them better?

The road from Guadix to Granada is mountainous, and is through a stern melancholy country, destitute of life and loveliness, for the most part uninhabited and untrodden, and indescribably lonely, solitary, and silent; but, still, with a kind of charm about it, a kind of weird charm, as of a land to think about—at a distance, or to visit—for a short time. Soon after leaving Guadix, and in a still more striking degree further on, we passed through country of most extraordinary character, presenting a marvellous appearance—peaks and points and large hillocks rising over a vast extent of surface in a strange and curious manner: the general appearance might be compared to a stormy sea whose crested waves have been suddenly transformed into solid substances, or, perhaps

better still, to the appearance of the black tents of a mighty army, seen in the distance. The country in this part is wild and desolate, almost destitute of vegetation except esparto grass; and the hillocks are said to be excavated into caves forming the miserable abodes of gipsies. Purullena, a small village, is in the midst of a fertile little plain: here a numerous gipsy population live, in wretched caves. After a time we walked up a high hill: it was now warm and bright and pleasant: here we saw a fine bright green lizard (*el lagarto*, the lizard, from whence, according to Trench, comes our word "alligator"). A strange story is that told of the Sultan of Egypt, who, it is said, wishing to obtain the daughter of Alonso the Wise, of Spain, in marriage, sent him for a present a crocodile (*lagarto*)—hardly a symbol of affection, one would think, unless Egyptian ideas on the subject were different from our ideas: naturally, he was rejected by the infanta: this animal, or a representation of it, still hangs suspended at one of the gates of the cathedral at Seville. Continuing the journey, we again passed by country with those strange hillocks, a more marvellous scene than that we had looked on before. As we went on, in one place were some sheepfolds, one of which looked as if made of cord: in another place they were dressing the land,

with common manure, carrying it in panniers on mules—a rather primitive mode, certainly. I had been looking out to see some eagles among the wild mountains; and, seeing a large bird, I asked the driver if it was an eagle: he said it was; but I did not think it was, so suggested a hawk, when he replied that that was the same thing—very unsatisfactory this to an inquirer, certainly; but these people have little knowledge of natural history, and a very small vocabulary for the world of nature. I found it the same with regard to flowers as to birds.

At ten a.m. we arrived at Diezma, a dry burnt-up wretched village. Further on we came upon some wonderful scenery, a picture of wild savage grandeur; it looked as if all the forces of nature had been at work to make the place as wild and savage as it could be made: it must be seen to be understood: I know nothing to compare it to: I have seen wild nature in the Pyrenees, but that is far below this: Scotland is tame to it: and as for the "Valley of Rocks" at Lynton, over which some have gone into ecstasies, and justly so, that is only a trifle compared with it. I looked at it as long as I could; and rejoiced in it: I felt I should like to spend a winter there, a good rough winter. How glorious that would be! to breathe the pure air of the mountains:

to see the delicate, lovely snow, and roam at large over the dry frost-bound earth, amid rocks and hills and caves : to hear the roar of the howling winds, and the blast of the storm : to dwell with the beasts of the desert, and be companion with birds of prey : in short, to be with nature untouched by the hand of man, free from the toils and meshes of "civilization." Yes, glorious—for a time, and with all necessary provision, and due protection, and provided there were no over-balancing side to the picture. But, oh ! I am so glad that God has made some parts of this earth of ours incapable of cultivation.

Just beyond this most savage part, we passed through the two fine passes or defiles called *Los Dientes de la Vieja*, and *El Prado del Rey* (the Old Woman's Teeth, and the Field of the King). At *Venta Molinyo*, at twelve o'clock, we stopped some time, and changed horses. Some of the travellers had brought their own food, which is the common practice in Spain, whether travelling by rail or otherwise. I got two very good eggs, and some bread, and two small tumblers of wine, which, with the exception of what I had at Baza, was the best meal I had had since leaving Lorca. I paid eightpence for it ; and was waited upon by a tolerably decent young girl, at a little table by myself. Before start-

ing again, another "gratification" was asked for, and given.

For miles along the route, before reaching Granada, the snowy ridge of the Sierra Nevada was visible on our left. After *La Venta de la Cruz del Puerto* the road descends, entering at length by a steep winding hill into Granada. From this side, there is no grand view of the city, as the traveller approaches it; and I suppose the journey had tamed me; for I did not lift up my eyes in the distance and catch the first glimpse of Granada, overpowered by emotion, and then enter the city consumed by the intensity of my feeling. I had come in a cumbrous fashion, not riding up on horseback, after a long and exciting journey, moved to tears at the sight of this city of old romance. No: I entered Granada in a very prosy mood: I was not in a condition of body or in a state of mind to feel romantic.

It was five o'clock p.m. of Saturday the 19th of May, when we reached Granada; and it was then intensely hot. One little incident of this day's journey may be worthy of notice. During my night travels I had been glad to wear a macintosh, which I had taken out from England with me. The coachman noticed it, and spoke of its usefulness, to which I assented: he kept up the subject; and

after a time, as I did not make any move in the direction he wanted me to go, he asked me plainly to give it to him : this I refused, and I told him I was going north, to the Pyrenees, and might need it there ; but, said he, " You have money, you can buy another ;" and he pointed out how useful it would be to him in his journeys along that road in rough weather ; still I refused, and so the subject dropped. He was a continual smoker ; but I did not, as I might have done, point out that by giving up his smoking he might soon have money enough to buy a macintosh himself. I thought about the request : it seemed unwise to part with my macintosh, especially with a journey in the north before me : I might not be able to buy another on the way, or I might not wish to : then I thought of the man, and his journeys, and considered that probably this was his only chance, and if he did not get this macintosh he would never get one at all ; and I thought of the credit of my country : at last I decided that goodness (perhaps some would say softness) should get the better of discretion. Even if I did get wet in the north, and did experience some discomfort, that would not matter much : what, however, was more serious was the possibility of catching cold by getting wet, and so being laid up and losing time. Still, I resolved to

risk it ; and at Granada I handed over the macintosh to the coachman.

I went to the hotel *Los Siete Suelos* ; and here I was glad of the opportunity to rest and be thankful. I left Elche on the preceding Monday morning, and had had hard travelling, hard work, hard fare, and little rest ; but it had been a journey of deep interest : I had been among glorious mountains, in the midst of some of the wildest scenery of the Spanish sierras : I had seen the waste howling wilderness and the parched desert, alternating with the fertile oasis : I had been over the sweeping plain, where wild aromatic herbs cover the ground and scent the air : I had passed along the dry bed of the *rambla* : I had visited the cathedral town, had seen the poor country village, and had passed by underground dwelling-places : I had been in a monastery, and had made acquaintance with *ventas* or roadside inns resembling Eastern *kahns* more than English hotels : and I had seen Spanish peasants in their pure native character. It had been an eventful week ; and now, once more, and for the third time, I was in Granada, lovely Granada, the city of running waters and fountains and gardens, the place of old renown, the theatre of passion, the scene of legend and romance—a spot which has called forth unmingled

admiration, which has been spoken of as an Eden or terrestrial paradise, which painters have sketched and poets have sung, a place the Moor loved so dearly, for which he fought so stoutly, the loss of which he mourned so bitterly, and for the recovery of which he still offers up his prayers to Allah ; and this time it seemed more lovely than ever : the tall elms looked taller and of fuller foliage and appeared to cast a deeper shade, than before : it was, too, the time of full moon, and in the moonlight the old Alhambra seemed clothed with beauty and shrouded in mystery ; and, as I wandered around it, and looked over the city lying below, a feeling of wonder, perhaps of awe, seized upon me, mingled with peace and gladness, not untouched with yearning and unsatisfied desire : thoughts of the marvellous past flitted through my mind, the events of which Granada had been the theatre, the strivings and passions of our common humanity. Over the human heart must Granada ever hold a spell, while human nature remains what it is, or till we come to some cold grey passionless impalpable state, unmoved by the torrents of affection, untouched by the sweet pangs of love. But, how then shall we look upon it ?

I shall not here describe Granada, as I did not this time attempt much sightseeing, for I was now

only taking a peep at the place, in passing. Of course the great thing here is the Alhambra ; and the *vega* around is one of the richest in Spain.

On Sunday morning I went to an English service at the Washington Irving Hotel. Of course I visited the cathedral ; and there I had a good long talk with the sacristan. Just before I left, he said to me, in a rather confidential way, "What is the Protestant religion? Do the priests marry? I saw some English clericals walking about in the church with women." I gave him the proper answer, at which he looked a rather strange look, the meaning of which was not quite clear to me, but I think it meant some degree of approval of the Protestant custom ; and then he walked away. No doubt he had been brought up in the old cathedral idea, once very strict here, of which a record remains in the notices still up in conspicuous letters in various places round the church, forbidding men and women to walk about in the church together, under pain of the major excommunication.

After dinner, I made inquiries about getting across country to Malaga on horseback, which formed part of my plan ; but I found it would take more time than I could afford, so I decided to go by rail. I retired to rest : the night was hot. At 3.30 a.m.

I was called : I went down : coffee was ready for those who were leaving, even at this early hour, for such is the practice of Spain : I once had chocolate prepared for me still earlier than this. There were several carriages there to take us to the station. An attendant took me to one carriage, as the one in which I was to go, and put my bag up in it. The seats were at that time all unoccupied, and I accordingly appropriated one, facing the horses ; then, leaving my umbrella in the place, I went away and had a talk with some English people. On returning Lady A—— was in the carriage, in the seat adjoining the one I had taken ; and Sir B—— was there, but had not taken his seat. They were both unknown to me ; but, seeing how things were, I at once moved my umbrella, and took a seat with my back to the horses, at the same time informing the lady that I had done so, thinking she and the gentleman might like to sit together. I had imagined I was acting very courteously ; but, “ Oh ! ” said the lady, with an air of surprise and a tone of dissatisfaction, “ are you going in this carriage ? ” and turning to Sir B——, as I replied in the affirmative, she continued, “ Then, we had better go in another carriage.” There was there a young man, apparently of their party, and there was with them a young lady, evidently an

“inferior ;” so, seeing this, and thinking they might all like to go together, I offered to change carriages, which offer, however, Lady A—— had good sense enough to decline. Off we went, Lady A——, Sir B——, and the young man, and myself. Not a word passed between us during the journey to the station. I sat silent, but by no means subdued under this rude treatment, a strange contrast to the courtesy and kindness I had received from the Spaniards during the fortnight I had been in the country ; and I thoroughly believe there was not, in that land, a genuine pure Spaniard, uncontaminated with foreign ideas, who would have been capable of acting in such a manner. This carriage was a general conveyance for people going from the hotel, as much so as an omnibus ; and I had been allotted a seat in it : no doubt my lady might have had a private carriage to herself, had she ordered one : no doubt she might even have had a special train to herself. But, only think of the condition of humanity, of the state of soul, of a person who could be stung by another person being put in the same public conveyance with her.

CHAPTER VII.

GRANADA TO MALAGA AND GIBRALTAR.

Santa Fé—Antequera—Spanish women's feelings soon moved—
A gorgeous carpet of flowers—Malaga—Poor hotel—Wine
—Along the river-bed—Beautiful *haciendas*—To Cártama
—Diligence to Coin—On horseback to Gibraltar—Magni-
ficent mountain ride—Oranges from the grove—A greedy
guide—"Not for water"—The Mediterranean in view—
Mines—Murders—Sugar-cane harvest—Working in com-
panies—The pillars of Hercules—Estepona—Spanish un-
punctuality—Food at Spanish inns—How to travel in Spain
—Guide will not get up in the morning—"Took up his bed
and walked"—A rough breakfast—Ferried over a river—
The "lines"—Gibraltar—Worn out—The Queen's birthday
—A bragging rider brought low.

“ Preguntéle en un jardin
A una jóven muy graciosa
Y por bella querubin,
Qué flor era mas hermosa ;
Y me contestó :

La Rosa.”

D. ACEBAL Y ROCHAMBEAU.

AT Granada station I took ticket for Malaga. The morning was cool: the train left at 5.30. We went along through fertile land, passing near Santa Fé

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(sacred faith) built by Ferdinand and Isabella while besieging Granada, and where the capitulation of Granada was signed. It was from here that Columbus started to reach the New World; and at Pinos Puentes, by which we passed, a little further on, he was stopped by a messenger from Isabella, to receive the assistance which had before been refused him. In this district the soil seemed rich: in some parts it was of a deep red colour. After a time there were signs of still more wealth: I could tell we were nearing some town; and soon we were at the interesting old town of Antequera. Here, there was such a to-do at the station, among a number of women, old and young, who were crying and in sad distress, on account of three men who were being taken off by train as prisoners, under the charge of three Civil Guards. Spanish women of the poorer class are very affectionate, and their feelings are soon moved. I have seen their faces marked with sorrow, and have heard their outpourings of passionate grief, at railway stations, when young recruits were going off to join the army—old women and young girls, in pitiful distress of mind, crying, and screaming, and hugging the youthful warriors who were about to leave them. On one occasion, in 1881, I was coming northward in a train in which were some young con-

scripts, and I got out at Gobantes, and went to the little wayside *posada* in order to go by diligence to Ronda. A number of people were at the station to see the recruits off; and when the train started on its journey again, a young girl, in gay dress, came away, crying bitterly as she walked along to the *posada*, as if her heart would break, and then with sobs and groans she filled the house with her lamentations, and would not be comforted, because her lover had been taken off to Lerida as a soldier. How charming such pure natural feeling! This was real "love."

At Antequera I noticed touters from the hotels, at the station. We reached Bobadilla at ten a.m. One chief pleasure of this ride had been the sight of the beautiful wild flowers in the fields, as we passed along; for the spring flowers were out in blossom, and I never before saw such a gorgeous carpet of flowers. I had thought English fields very lovely in spring and early summer, with their buttercups and daisies and primroses and cowslips and bluebells; and so they are; but for brilliant gorgeousness these Spanish fields far surpass the fields of England. Most noticeable among the flowers were *amapolas* and *amarillas* (the former, common poppies, and the latter, flowers like large yellow daisies). But southern Spain is, in parts, a land of flowers; and spring there

is as a picture painted by the fancy of poets, with heavens undimmed by cloud or vapour, days bright with golden sunlight, and nights clear with the silvery light of the moon and the sweet shining of the stars: the *vegas* covered with verdure as with a carpet of green, and decked with gay flowers scattered over them in profuse and wild loveliness; the air of the wide wastes perfumed with aromatic herbs and shrubs; and gardens and orchards and the *patios* and balconies of houses adorned with flowers in rich variety. Who that has seen the sight, can forget the lavish profusion of roses, and the surpassingly brilliant vermilion flowers of the pomegranate, and the white orange blossom, of most delicious fragrance, scattered like snow among the green leaves of forests of orange trees laden with green and ripe fruit as with an adornment of emeralds and fine gold? The botanical range of Andalusia is wide, from the sugarcane and cotton plant in the plains, to the plants which grow on mountains whose summits are covered with eternal snow. Here, Ceres and Pomona and Flora have showered their favours with lavish hands; and the *vegas* and *huertas* and *haciendas* are as Elysian Fields and Gardens of the Hesperidēs. Here, even the poor adorn themselves with flowers; and Andalusian maidens bear on their breasts and amid

the rich tresses of their raven hair some of the choicest gifts of nature. And all this loveliness is made still more charming by the songs of many nightingales, in shady avenues, blending their clear notes with the murmuring music of fountains and running waters. And then, to think that beyond the rich cultivated parts decked with so much beauty are vast plains, desert steppes, deserted wastes, miles upon miles of lonely hills and wild *campo*, stretching away in rolling undulations, grey, dusky, tawny, waterless, abandoned to a state of nature, where civilization has done nothing, and where the earth is as it has been, possibly from the beginning of human history, and certainly from the time of the Moors. Not that wildness is entirely bad: no: I love wild nature, and am very much out of sympathy with many phases of the present phase of civilization. An Englishman, whom I met in this journey, and who has lived many years in Spain, told me he should think that more than half of the land of Spain was left entirely uncultivated: he also said that the process of cutting down the trees, without planting others, a process which the improvident Spaniards have been carrying on for centuries, had been going on during his time.

But to continue my journey, at Bobadilla I changed trains, and turned south. Along here, too,

were some glorious wild flowers ; and here also were men dressed in white Eastern-looking clothes, but with black hats. The train passes through a magnificent gorge among riven rocks, a scene of wild savage grandeur, beyond which the character of the country suddenly changes to a rich tropical plain, the plain of lower Andalucia.

As we got further south, the country was tamer and there were fewer flowers. The train reached Malaga about one o'clock. I went to the best hotel in the town, third-rate and dear : the wine I could not drink. Speaking generally, the ordinary drinking wine the traveller will get in Spain is capital. At home, I miss it. It is much superior to the French ordinary wine, richer, more full-bodied. After it, the French wine seems thin. I noticed in this journey that the wine was worse as I got further south. At Murcia it was not so good as further north ; at Granada it was still worse ; and at Malaga undrinkable. Malaga is a great wine-producing place, and most of its best wine is exported. It is therefore not the place where good ordinary wine is in common use. The best places to get such wine are parts more removed from the influence of trade and commerce, and not much visited by strangers ; but even thus you may get too far away, for there are parts of Spain

where no wine is grown, and where wine is very little used. I have been to a place in Spain where I have not been offered wine, or where they have had to send out from the inn to get it; and at one such unfrequented place I found the wine exceedingly bad. As to the quantity consumed, of course, in Spain, wine is freely taken by all classes; but, although drinking to excess is sufficiently common, Spaniards are as a people abstemious, both in eating and drinking, and water is much more freely taken than any other beverage: many of the labouring classes drink a great deal of wine, and naturally so; but a very large proportion of the poor of Spain, especially in the rural parts, where they have very little money, drink little or no wine, the women and children almost none at all, the men just a little. In talking with a Frenchman, living in Spain, whose business took him about the country very widely, and who had also lived two years in England, he said he believed that, on an average, more wine per person was drunk in England than in Spain: I was surprised at the statement, and can hardly accept it even now.

At Malaga, my first care, after *almuerzo*, was to arrange for my next journey. I wanted to go overland, on horseback, from Malaga to Gibraltar, between which places there is no communication either by

railroad or by carriage road. On inquiry I found there were no horses to be had : formerly there were horses, but the man who had them was now dead : I was however advised to go back by rail to Cártama, and thence by diligence to Coin, where I should get horses for Gibraltar. Next morning I just saw the English-speaking guide at the hotel, who advised the same route, but with a little difference of arrangement.

Having decided my route, I was now able to look about. Malaga lies on the borders of an extremely fertile *vega*, where wine and fruit and vegetables are produced in rich abundance. The climate is warm and dry, tempered with sea-breezes, but also troubled sometimes with trying winds. Here, it is said, rain, whether little or much, falls, on an average, on only twenty-nine days in the year. Malaga is beneficial to invalids. I, next day, met with an Englishman from Leeds who had been staying there for some time, and had found great relief from asthma : he said he believed he should not have lived to that time had he remained in England. For my part, I should think places on the east coast far pleasanter than Malaga ; and personally I should prefer more mountainous districts. The year 1883 was an exceptionally cold one in Spain. I am informed that snow fell at Malaga, even as late in the season as April. It was

quite an event for the Malagueños, for possibly snow had never been seen there by any person then living. Frost, also, nipped the sugar-canes in the south of Spain.

Malaga dates back to the time of the Phœnicians, and has a rather unhappy and inglorious history. The city I do not care for. Outside, are some beautiful *haciendas*, or estates, or gardens, belonging to private people, in which are rare and choice plants and trees, which flourish here in rich luxuriance, as in a tropical clime. I hired a carriage, for ten francs, and went out and saw two of them, in getting to which we rode part of the way, along the bed of the river, the Gua-dal-medina (the water of the city), which afterwards passes right through the city, and is another instance of a water-course sometimes dry and used as a roadway, and at other times the channel of a torrent. While out, I also visited the English cemetery, the first Protestant burial-ground permitted in Spain, which was enclosed in 1830.

Next morning, I was off at 7.30 by rail for Cártama: in the train was the Englishman just referred to. From Cártama station I went on by diligence to the prettily-situated town of Coin, passing through a fertile country, the chief crops being barley and bearded wheat. Cártama town is

a decent little place, with whitewashed houses, and trellised vines trained over the courts behind the houses. When I was there once before, it was the *fiesta*, and I saw a genuine Spanish country dance, not a got-up affair for show, but the real thing. Further on, at a *venta*, some of us went in: I had a small glass of simple wine; and, when I was about to pay for all, a man said, "It is paid:" I urged to be allowed to pay, but he said, "Impossible." At Coin the question of horses for Gibraltar came up at once. There were people about at the *posada*, who listened and took part in the talk: I do not know whether they had anything to do with the question; but this habit somewhat prevails in Spain, and is probably a relic of Orientalism; for in the East everybody seems to claim the right to take part in the business of everybody else, in public. I moved into the little dining-room, which I found slightly less public. Here I had a very good breakfast, and finally made an arrangement: I was to have a man and two horses, to Gibraltar, for twelve dollars, which was reasonable, though more than I had been led to expect when I was at Malaga. I was now off for a hard but magnificent mountain journey. I prepared myself for riding, posted a letter, watched the blacksmith attending to the shoes of one of the horses,

gave some coppers to some children, and then left at about one o'clock. I was mounted on a little grey horse, and I took charge of a small satchel and an umbrella: my guide was on a little black horse, with my "Gladstone." The road at first was good, through the fruitful *vega* around Coin. Passing by some orange groves, we asked a man for some oranges, and he brought us some, fresh gathered, direct from the grove, for which I of course paid. They were nine in number, my man said: and he deposited them in his bag, and consumed seven of them himself: and when, next day, I was going along the hot, wearisome journey, parched and dry and faint, and asked if there was an orange left, there was not one left for me. I did not like this: it was greedy: he might have been satisfied with a half, say five. At a cottage, just beyond where we got the oranges, I asked for some water; and when I went to pay for it, the woman said, "No, not for water." So I gave a halfpenny each to three little children, and this gave much satisfaction. We continued our journey, up hill and down, scrambling up difficult ascents, and down still more difficult descents, in and out among huge stones and through bushy shrubs, with no road, only a track over the mountains, making a slow and tedious progress. At one part

we dismounted and walked down the mountain side, as it was too bad for riding. Still it was a superb mountain ride, over country wild and rough and grand, presenting a wilderness of scenery surpassing description : and among the flowers and plants around a botanist might have revelled. In England or even Scotland, I, for my part, know nothing that in any way approaches these parts of Spain for rough, savage wilderness. I think, too, in all my life, I never saw such signs of poverty as I saw on this journey—children, not absolutely naked, but as nearly naked as they could be without being actually so : one child had not a shred of clothing on besides a kind of bodice round the chest. The contrast is noticeable between these and the agricultural labourers of England, whose children are decently clothed, and whose infants are wheeled about in perambulators. Thanks to the climate, poverty is not so unendurable in the country parts of Spain as similar poverty with only similar resources would be in England.

About four o'clock, to my surprise and delight, the Mediterranean Sea burst suddenly upon my view. If mountains are grand and glorious, so too is the sea ; and both have an irresistible charm for an Englishman. Down by the side of the sea lies the

little town of Marbella (beautiful sea), not far from which we passed, a little later on. Among the mountains in this part extensive mining operations are carried on ; and there is a railroad, along which the ore is carried direct from the mines to the ship, at Marbella. The mineral wealth of these mountains is enormous, which adjective, however, conveys no idea of the richness and vastness of the deposits of iron ore existing there. We went close by these mines. In the course of this journey, I had noticed votive crosses, marking spots where the assassin's stab had done its work ; and now, near these mines, I saw three crosses together, rough crosses, let into rough niches in the sandy bank by the side of the road : my guide said three persons had been murdered there. I have noticed that these murder crosses are frequently in the vicinity of towns or villages, and not quite in the open country. The Spanish people are naturally hasty and impulsive, they have never learnt to exercise much self-discipline and self-control ; they sometimes get heated with wine ; and murder is a result. This I am inclined to think is, as far as individuals are concerned, the real explanation of Spanish murders, rather than essential badness of disposition. Of course there is also the question of want of efficient

police supervision. It may, however, be observed that assassination, although still rife, and brigandage, although still in existence, have both much decreased in Spain in recent years, thanks in great measure to the Civil Guards, but also in part to some degree of awakening among the people themselves, the two things naturally working together.

After a time we got down the other side of the mountains, and into a high road beside the sea, a short distance inland. The great heat of the day had now passed away, and it was quite pleasant here, though I was beginning to feel tired. Soon we came upon extensive sugar plantations, and passed a large sugar mill. It was the time of sugar harvest: many of the canes had been cut, some were lying in the fields, and some were being carried to the mill, in carts drawn by oxen. There seemed to be a great number of people employed; in fact it was quite a scene of busy life, not so charming as English hay-making in the olden time, nor so glorious and beautiful as the old English harvesting: it had about it more of the commercial character: it appeared to be wanting in the charm of the idyllic element, under which there is joy in work, and men go forth to their labour under the spell of a higher impulse than that of the mere hireling who labours just to get a morsel

of bread. Let us hope there is in England some slight reaction against mere commercialism, towards which there has been such a strong tendency in these days of "advance, progress, and civilization." In one place I saw nearly twenty yoke of oxen in one field ploughing up the land. Spaniards seem to like working in gangs rather than singly: perhaps this is a remnant of Orientalism. These oxen were not all in one line, but I have often seen in Spain a number of yokes of oxen ploughing in a line, four or six or perhaps eight or ten, reminding one of the scene when "Elisha was ploughing with twelve yoke of oxen before him, and he with the twelfth." I walked a little way and talked with my guide, then rode again. I became exceedingly tired, and dismounted, and walked a short distance for the very sake of resting myself. I got some water at one of the houses of the *peones camineros* (road-makers). As the night came on, I could see plainly the two lights—on this side of the strait, that of Gibraltar, and on the other side, that of Ceuta, the African pillar of Hercules, which is in the possession of the Spaniards. What a pity Ceuta does not belong to the English. What a strength of position it would give us. We would not complain of our fathers, who did such wonders for their country: but there surely must

have been opportunities amid the commotions of the past when we might have secured it for ourselves; but now there is little likelihood of such a chance occurring; and it would hardly do in the present day to take it without some plausible excuse. Still, it ought to be in the hands of the English; and, indeed, what place ought not? On we went, and at about half-past nine o'clock at night we reached Estepona, after a nine hours' ride, mostly at a walking pace, but with an occasional trot or canter, without resting on the way. I had had just a morsel of bread and cheese and two oranges, and the horses once got a few bites of grass by the roadside: that was all. At Estepona the *posada* was poor, but not so very bad; and it was a resting-place. There was the usual large entrance court or room, through which the horses were taken to the stables beyond. In this room was a fire, and some people were there, and a table, at which afterwards my guide and others had supper. I was soon taken to an upstairs room, a decent little room, with pictures hanging round the wall. I asked for hot water to wash with. On the way my man had asked me what I should like him to order for my supper, but I preferred to take that into my own hands: I however mentioned milk to him, but he did not think much of that: now, in my

room, I quickly made my own arrangements : I was to have eggs, and bread and milk with sugar in it, but I directed the bread, the milk, and the sugar to be given to me separately, so that I might suit my own taste and appetite : supper was to be ready in ten minutes. I washed with the hot water, put myself in order, and hastened down so as to be in time ; but there was no sign of supper ; and, notwithstanding our precise and definite arrangement, mine host said he had thought I should like to go out into the town first, which would have been all very well, had it been so agreed upon, but it had been decided quite the opposite. Oh ! Spanish procrastination and unreadiness ! Oh ! *Cosas de España !* I went out, had a cup of coffee, returned, and then after waiting some time longer, supper was ready, in a little room, which was a kind of store and business room. The eggs were fresh and good, the milk was delicious, and the supply of both abundant : one or two other things were offered me, but I did not care for more, though they looked good. The old lady who served me seemed proud of her food, and the landlord and others talked a little with me : altogether I did very well.

Spanish inns have a bad reputation for food : only so late as the 29th of March 1884, in the *Illustrated*

London News, it was said, "There is, as a rule, little to eat in Spain." Now, with all due respect to the well-known and accomplished author of this statement, I may perhaps be allowed to say that in my opinion this is by no means the "rule" at the present time, whatever may have been the case a few years ago. I have had a large amount of good living in Spain, and the memory of some meals I have had there lingers with me to the present day, and certain places have become associated in my mind with good meals. Even in out-of-the-way places I have sometimes been surprised, agreeably surprised, to find such good provision. For instance, at Jaca, an old town, with three or four thousand inhabitants, hid away among the mountains of the north, which I visited in 1880, I expected the *fonda* to be a miserable place; but, not so: I was pleasantly received, and comfortably lodged; for breakfast they gave me a fresh omelette, two sweet mutton-chops, a very nice roast partridge from the mountains, invitingly prepared, little cakes, cherries, and wine *ad libitum*. Then, after I had been out on a visit to the old monastery of San Juan de la Peña, and had returned home between nine and ten o'clock at night, dinner was got for me, even at this late hour—soup, two trout, a hot chicken, cakes, cherries, and wine. Let no one,

henceforth, say that Jaca is outside the pale of civilization as regards food. I do not mean to say that good living is universally found at the inns in Spain, far from it; but neither is bad living universal.

The arrangement I had adopted in this journey to Gibraltar, viz. that of keeping myself to myself, is not good when travelling in the country parts of Spain: of course at the large hotels in large towns it is different. I tried it on this occasion, for once; but in other journeys I had done differently; in fact, in travelling in the lone parts of Spain, I have tried various ways—Paying so much a day for man and animals, and paying also all expenses at the various inns as we went along, the guide taking his food with me: another way—Paying a fixed sum for the journey, the guide to provide for himself and his horses, he however taking his food in common with me: or thirdly, as in this instance—Living quite separate. Of course, in these journeys, one is much the creature of circumstances, and not entirely one's own master. I am, however, sure that to get along nicely, you must be very free with these people, especially in your manner of treating them. And even when the agreement is for a fixed sum including the cost of provision for the man and horses, it comes to this that you must pay a considerable part of that cost

yourself. And of course you have to give something special at the end.

At length I went to bed, at about midnight. My room was lighted with a classic-looking lamp, of a style which has likely enough been in use in this part from before the Christian era. I lay down: the bed would have done very well, but it was not quite unoccupied, either a gentleman of the bed-chamber had possession or else I had contracted a friend in my journey (*chinchá* by name); so I got up, and lay on the floor, and was not troubled any more. This was the only time I was inconvenienced in this manner during my journey.

On the way we had talked about the time of starting next morning; my guide said, more than once, that we could start when I liked, and accordingly it was definitely arranged that we should start at three o'clock in the morning. At 2.30 a.m. I rose and went down. In the large entrance room or court, stretched on the ground-floor, muffled up in their cloaks or *mantas*, lay a number of men, my guide included, wrapt in sound slumber: for it is thus the travelling Spaniard sleeps, his cloak or mantle forming part of his clothing by day, and serving as his bed by night, similarly to what we find mentioned in Exod. xxii. 26, 27, Deut. xxiv. 13, Job xxiv. 7-10: he wraps

himself up in it ; and with a pack-saddle or a saddle-bag or anything else for a pillow, he lies down on nature's bed, and apparently falls at once into a profound sleep. Even at inns in large towns, and at other houses, the attendants stow themselves away in odd corners, stretch themselves out for the night on forms, or lie down on extemporized beds : indeed, many Spaniards know little of a bedroom in our sense of the term. My man, as I said, was fast asleep. Oh ! Spanish procrastination again ! Oh ! land of *mañana* ! Oh ! *Cosas de España* ! I roused him : but he was unwilling to get up. I waited about, roused him again, and yet again, though with some fear, lest I should rouse his ire : he made excuses, said it was too soon, and so on, muttering some things intelligible and some not. I went out of doors twice ; and I left the door ajar to let the cold air in, hoping thus to drive slumber away, but all to no purpose : later on, one man coughed several times, a deep cough, and I began to be afraid lest I was driving him into a consumption—a needless fear ; towards five o'clock there was a man about in the street, and day began to break : I thereupon announced—*Hace dia* (it is day-break) ; but for a short time no one moved. Soon, however, one man suddenly jumped up ; and, like the impotent man in

the Gospel, took up his bed and walked: presently, my man, as if taken by a sudden inspiration, jumped up, and with his bed in his hand, marched straight into the stable. There was no morning toilet. I wonder whether these men ever do wash. I expect, as in England, there are hosts of people in Spain whose bodies have not been washed for half a century. Now the horses must be fed, and that meant further delay. At length we left, at about six o'clock, after I had been waiting about for three hours: I was vexed, and I afterwards spoke to the man on the subject: he made an excuse about the horses and their food: but as I pointed out he should not have told me he would start at three o'clock. I did not get on nicely with this man: perhaps it was my fault; but he certainly was not nice.

We went along close by the sea, even in it. At eight o'clock we got to a place where was a shop: here, I got a little rough fare, to eat going along; and here also I went into a *venta*, where I got into talk with some workmen, one of whom had worked in the mines, under an Englishman: we became very friendly; and we shook hands on parting. I like to fraternize a little with such people. Further on, I found I had lost my umbrella, and my man went back for it, but could not find it; so now macintosh

and umbrella were both gone. I bought another umbrella at Gibraltar, just a common one. While my man was away I went to the back court of a house and begged some water.

We crossed the river Guadiaro, in a ferry-boat, horses and all, along with other people and animals, for which I paid a *peseta*. The journey now became dreadfully rough and tedious, over the hills, worse than the preceding day. This may perhaps be a place for a glorious ride; but I was very tired. I could hardly have believed that I should have got so tired: indeed, some part of the way on both these days I hardly knew how to sit in the saddle. On we went, leaving San Roque on the right, till we got down on to the sands, where for perhaps nearly a league we rode along on the hot sands under a burning sun. Then we passed some cottages; but they did not look like English homes, nor did the children look like the clean well-dressed children of English soldiers: a little further on we entered a town, which was full of animation, decked out for the *dia de corpus*, the bull-ring being especially conspicuous. I was now within the Spanish lines, *Las Lineas*. The place had a Spanish appearance, a poor Spanish appearance: I was not pleased with it. Here I parted with my guide, first giving him a "gratification," though I had

not been pleased with him. A carriage soon took me to Gibraltar, that is to the entrance, as far as allowed; and in a short time I was at the Royal Hotel, arriving there at about 2.30 p.m. I was nearly worn out. For two days in succession I had been in the saddle eight or nine hours a day: I had had little food, and little sleep, the road had been rough, and the weather very hot. So much was I exhausted that in my bedroom I drank down a good draught of the hot water I had called for, without perceiving its great heat, although afterwards I found it was so hot that I could not bear my hands in it.

Well, here I was, at the Mountain of Tarik, the wonderful Gibraltar, that pearl in the English Crown, classic in its associations, as one of the old-world pillars of Hercules, romantic, in its connection with the Moorish invasion of Spain, and now one of the proudest marks of England's power: and it was nice to see the "red-coats" again. Natural and national feeling combined to create this sense of pleasure. But besides this, there is about the English soldier a smartness, a robustness, an intelligence, and a strength of physique and of character, such as the soldiers of few if any other nations possess. They made me feel a little proud, especially after the style of the people I had been seeing during the preceding

two or three weeks. One can join with Borrow in his ecstasy of praise of the English soldier, and in his outburst of delight at England's greatness as seen in Gibraltar. This place is interesting as being a general meeting-place for Europe, Africa, and Asia, where may be seen a curious motley assembly of people of varied nationalities, costumes, languages, and creeds. Its formation, too, is of interest, and still more its peculiar character, standing out alone, a strange solitary rock, like a grim sentinel, as, indeed, it is. I had some food, slept, and then went to dinner. In the evening I walked out to the Spanish lines, taking care to be back before the time the Gibraltar gates were shut, about ten o'clock. Next morning, I again went to the lines, and saw there a religious procession in connection with the Corpus Christi celebration—a shabby affair. Here I saw my guide, and I gave him an extra *peseta*, for my heart relented, and perhaps this was a case in which the heart should relent. Afterwards I went about the "Rock;" and I talked with an English soldier, who seemed to think Gibraltar a very dull place. This being the Queen's birthday there was a review in the afternoon, a very pretty review, of the military and naval forces combined. It was attended by representatives from the Spanish army, at which I was

surprised ; though a little more thought and experience have taught me that this is not a thing to be surprised at. The royal salute from the galleries in the north rock is very striking. You look up to this great rock, there comes a puff of fire, then a smoke, and then is heard the boom of a cannon : this is taken up from gun to gun and from gallery to gallery, in succession, with great regularity and effect. The scene is one which probably could not be witnessed in any other place in the world. It was quite cool this afternoon, and there was a little rain.

Friday morning I went round and saw the usual sights of the "Rock." Four of us went together, of course on donkey-back. At table, at the hotel, there had been a man, a very objectionable man, I think he was a Norwegian or else a Swede, but he spoke English, and had lived in Australia. He talked very large about his riding : as for Australian "buck-jumpers," he thought nothing of riding those horses. Indeed it was wonderful, almost incredible, the feats of riding he had accomplished. But to-day we had not proceeded far before this Australian "buck-jumper" had been pitched over the head of his donkey, an event which caused much amusement to some of us. In our round we of course saw the galleries, and the signal tower, and St. Michael's cave

with its fine stalactites, lighted up by the approved blue-lights brought for the purpose. In the course of the day, I changed some Cheque Bank cheques, getting one hundred reales to the pound. At five o'clock in the afternoon, I left by boat for Algeciras.

CHAPTER VIII.

GIBRALTAR TO PUERTO DE SANTA MARIA.

Boat to Algeciras—Smuggling—Algeciras—A grand journey by diligence—The country—Tarifa and its “lions”—The Salado—The south-west coast of Spain—Magnificence of panorama and historic associations—Laguna de la Janda—Medina Sidonia—Steps up to the house-top—San Fernando—Train to Santa Maria—The mantilla.

“Cortan la nevada espuma
 Del azul Mediterráneo,
 Esbeltas naves moriscas
 Sus velas al viento dando.
 Surcan por donde dos mares
 Se unen en estrecho lazo,
 Y no hay poder que las tuerza,
 Ni sirte que les dé espanto.”

RICARDO GUIJARRO.

THE short passage from Gibraltar to Algeciras, occupying about an hour, was the only part of my journey round Spain which was by water. On the way I noticed smuggling going on. One man had a packet of cakes, apparently of cavendish tobacco, which he was secreting in the sash (*faja*) round his

waist—a very convenient place for such a purpose. All Spaniards of the lower class wear the sash, they would hardly venture out without it, especially in the evening and at night. Though not exactly the same, this sash answers to the “girdle” of the Bible: John the Baptist wore “a leathern girdle about his loins:” to “gird up the loins” signified earnestness, and readiness for service: to loose the girdle was a sign of indolence, and of inclination to give way to repose: and in Scripture days the girdle was used for carrying articles, especially weapons, a purpose for which it is used by the Arabs and other Eastern people at the present day.

I once had the extreme and much-desired gratification of seeing a little smuggling going on inland. On the mountains of Ronda, along that superb ride, by hill and dale and precipice, between Ronda and Gibraltar, along which I was going as far as Gaucin, my guide and I met two men and three mules, the mules carrying burdens. My boy (who was the letter-carrier, acting as my guide) stopped and had a talk with the men. I did not, just at that time, suspect smuggling, though I had been hoping to see something of it. After we had parted from the men, my boy said, in a manner which seemed to show a kind of suppressed pleasure and a sense of cleverness,

“Tobacco.” At once a light shone on my mind. “Contrabandistas?” said I, inquiringly. “Yes,” said he. Then he showed me a letter they had given him, of which I afterwards copied the address. It was addressed to the Alcalde (justice of the peace) of a certain place. I asked about the letter: my boy said it was to pay two dollars, but to whom was not quite clear to me. Remembering the Civil Guards we had shortly before met, I said, “If they meet the Civil Guards?” “They will pay them,” said he. “How much?” “Two dollars.” This was contrary to what is generally understood concerning the Civil Guards, who are reported to be quite above taking a bribe, and, as for complicity in breaking the law, that is supposed not to be even thought of concerning them. But, perhaps the boy was right, for the Civil Guards are but men, and the mountains of Ronda are a very open field, and it is difficult fully to resist that subtle electric influence which passes from one person to another, when the sympathetic feelings of a whole community go forth in one direction. It is, however, noticeable that the smugglers were following in the wake of the Guards, and no doubt were being kept well acquainted with their movements. I then said to my boy,—“Two dollars for the Alcalde and two dollars for the Civil Guards?” “Yes,”

said he. "Where do they come from?" I said. "Gaucin." "Where are they going to?" "Ronda: they will be at Ronda to-day, and will go back to Gaucin to-morrow, for more." "Where does the tobacco come from?" "From Gibraltar." "I suppose other men bring it from Gibraltar to Gaucin?" "Yes." We passed through several of the Moorish villages of this part, where the people live a semi-Oriental existence: I saw them sitting at their doors, generally on the ground; and particularly noticeable were the pigs, basking in the sun beside the people, as if they were members of the family, much in the manner in which we treat our dogs. We usually went through these villages at a trot, the boy leaving letters here and there in a regular manner, besides some that he gave to people who met him on the road. At one village, he threw a letter into a door, without stopping, and trotted briskly away. This he told me was *the* letter. The fact of the smuggling going on seemed to be well known, for, both in going and in coming back, there were significant inquiries and remarks addressed to the boy, even people at work in the fields, a distance off, shouting out to him. There seemed to be an undercurrent at work: I could feel it; though, had I been alone, I might not have been aware of it. I asked what these inquiries

and remarks were about, for I was very curious on the subject of Spanish smuggling, and expectation ran high within me: my boy said they were about the smuggling. And so it would seem that letter-carrier, Alcalde, and even the Civil Guards, were all "in the swim," along with the general body of the people, in the game of smuggling. And they do say that the smuggler is looked upon with no unfriendly eye by the priests: as for the village maidens, of course he is a hero in their eyes. Well! be it so. Say what you like, righteousness is on the side of the smuggler, though the law is on the side of governments. As for morality, well, our recognized morals rest, all round, on a basis very favourable to the rich. Of course governments must get money somehow, righteously or unrighteously (mostly, if not entirely, in the latter way); and here the end is held to justify the means. No doubt indirect taxation is more convenient than direct taxation, although the general effect is the same, and the final incidence not entirely different; but still, laws which prevent free trade and free intercourse, and which lead to under-hand dealing, must eventually be abandoned. The smuggler plays a useful part in morals, and is a standing protest in favour of the personal dignity of man, and against arbitrary restrictions imposed by mere authority.

At Algeciras the inn was satisfactory. While here I saw a smart little Moor, dressed in blue, with a fez. I walked out into the pleasant and fertile country around. There was a good road, and a capital new bridge. I also had a talk with several people. In the town I saw a woman with an enormous-sized earring.

Algeciras is not much of a place ; but it, and indeed all the south-west part of Spain, is full of romantic history. In this part, Phœnician, and Greek, and Roman, and Moor, and Spaniard, and also the French and the English, have played a part ; and the siege of Algeciras by Alonso XI. in 1333-34 was the great military event of that day. A few miles off is El Rocadillo, one of the several places in Spain said to be the site of the old Phœnician town of Tartessus, a name which in the misty geography of the ancients was applied both to a particular place, and also in a general way to the whole of the southern part of Spain. Tartessus, moreover, was the Tarshish to which Jonah tried to flee, and to which reference is made by the prophets Isaiah and Jeremiah and Ezekiel. The first mention of the name is in Genesis x. 4, where it occurs as that of a grandson of Noah ; and this may be a clue to the earliest settlers in this part of the world.

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Next morning, Saturday, 26th of May, I rose at four a.m. There had been a nice sharp rain in the night: it was now cool: the sun rose about 4.30 a.m. (Spanish time); and it became bright. I had coffee. At 5.30 I started by diligence for a grand journey, round the coast by Tarifa to San Fernando near Cadiz. We had a little rain on the first part of the way, and a rainbow appeared in the west. There was also a nice pleasant breeze; but it was just a little cool. This ride over the mountains is fine, and on a nice warm and quite agreeable day would be glorious. Around us stretched the wild forest, with the curious cork trees stripped of their bark; beyond lay the grand old Mediterranean, and the "Rock," the only rock in the world for an Englishman. I thought the appearance of the country something like parts of Scotland. On the other side of the mountains, down by the sea, lay Tarifa, the most Moorish town of Andalucia, where we arrived at nine a.m.

To visit Tarifa was one of the objects of this tour of mine in Spain, in order to see the women with veiled faces; and my wish was gratified, for I saw some women here so veiled, but the practice is not general. Those I saw were tall graceful women, dressed in black, and they all seemed to be people of a status above the working class. Some of them

appeared to be coming from church. The veil or mantilla is held down by the hand; and the face is more than half covered, one eye only is exposed to view, but that, some people say, is enough. This custom is a splendid relic of Orientalism left in Europe, and is of course a legacy from the Moors. It exists in Spain only at Tarifa. And it is fitting that Tarifa should be the last place at which this Moorish custom should linger in the country, for it was the first place at which the Moorish invaders landed in Spain. Tarifa thus becomes witness of the first and the last of the Moorish invasion. I know not, but there may be design in it. Who can tell what may be passing through the minds of these people? Their sympathies are evidently not with the Spaniards. They may be abiding their time, waiting in hope, looking for the restoration of Spain to the Moors. For it is said that the Moors of Africa still offer up their prayers to Allah for the restoration of that land to them; and that at Tetuan, which was founded in 1492, by refugees from Granada, many of the direct descendants of those refugees still retain the title-deeds of their ancestors' Andalucian estates, and the keys of their houses at Granada, which they hope once more to use when they return to the homes of their forefathers.

Tarifa is the most southern part of Spain and of Europe: it is a town of ancient date, with narrow winding streets, a Moorish alcazar, and Moorish walls now going to decay. It has also more modern fortifications. The name is after the Berber chief, Tarif, the first Moorish chief to invade Spain, who landed here. Centuries after this invasion, as Spanish power rose and Moorish power decayed, Tarifa was a frontier town between Christian and Moslem; and here took place the horrible murder of the son of Alonso the Good, the founder of the family of the princely Dukes of Medina Sidonia: a tower, which I saw, called the Tower of Guzman, commemorates this shameful deed and Alonso's brave conduct. At Tarifa I bought some milk, and also some oranges, which were fairly good, not better than that, though Tarifa oranges are said to be the sweetest in Spain.

We started again, along by the side of the sea, through a flat district; and we passed through a wonderfully historic country. Here are the plains of Salado, watered by the brackish waters of the river Salado or Guadalecito, where Wialia, the West-Gothic king, defeated the Vandals, who afterwards, in A.D. 429, founded a kingdom in Africa, which lasted for nearly a century, once more raising Carthage to temporary commercial importance. Here also, in 1340, the

brave and Christian king, Alonso XI., defeated the united forces of the Mohammedan kings of Granada and Fez. Further on, near the tower called *La Peña del Ciervo*, the magnificence of the panorama and of historic association seems to culminate. Here two continents are before us: we stand on Europe, and in Spain, the most romantic country of Europe: across the water is seen the gloomy, mysterious, old-world Africa, still half shrouded in darkness, the town of Tangier lying on the near coast, backed by the burning desert and the snow-capped mountains of the Atlas range: between the two continents are the Straits of Gibraltar, a highway for the nations: behind us are the mountain of Tarik, and the city of Tarif, and Tartessus, the old Tarshish of the Bible, there too are the plains of Salado, where Goth and Vandal, and Moor and Christian, have striven for the mastery, and further eastward is the old Mediterranean, jealously guarded by those grim sentinels, the pillars of Hercules, around which, in olden times, myth and legend freely gathered: and before us, landward, lies the city of Sidon (Medina Sidonia), and, seaward, forming the south-west corner of Europe, the low sandy headland of Trafalgar, a name which needs no comment for an Englishman, while further out, westward, rolls the glorious Atlantic, to the ancients an

unknown waste of waters, but now traversed in all directions. On this coast, at Tarshish, settled men of the Aryan race, a branch of the descendants of Japheth, leading back the thoughts to the early ages of the world, when humanity, though young in years, had grown old in sin, and had to make a fresh start in life: here, later on, but still in the olden times, when the world was busy, as it is to-day—the farmer, the trader, the smith, the carpenter, the mason, the miner, the sailor, the fisher, the jeweller, each at his own trade and calling, when the Phœnicians, of the race of Ham, were the great trading nation of the world, and the inhabitants of Britain were savages, the merchants of Tyre and Sidon planted colonies, leaving to this day a monument of their presence there in the name of the old town Medina Sidonia: here traded the ships of Solomon, a thousand years before Christ: here Greece planted colonies: here the power of old Rome was felt in deadly strife with Carthage: here Vandal and Goth have held sway: and over this water passed and repassed, for more than seven hundred years, the Mohammedan conquerors of Spain, where they lived, and ruled, and fought, and worshipped, and built, and cultivated, but never took root and never amalgamated with the native inhabitants. These scenes pass before us, not merely

as a panorama, but as if they were being enacted before our own eyes: the past becomes present and real, we live in it, enter into its activities, understand its soul. And I rejoice that I did not go along this part of Spain without some little feeling of emotion, some degree of excitement, some pleasing satisfaction, even though it was little more than a vague, undefined, uncertain feeling of wonder, and was wanting in that fulness and richness and keenness with which some giants in spiritual perception and mental vision and physical eyesight would have scanned the scene. It was a grand place, an inspiring place, to be at. No man with emotion, with the poetry of nature in his soul, and with a few of the facts of the history of that part of the world before him, could come out from such a scene quite the same man as he went in. Moses may have had a deeper personal interest in the goodly land which he viewed from Pisgah's height; but I wonder whether the view of physical nature which he got from that famed mountain-top was as grand as the view which he might have had, had he been with me in this part of Spain. As to the greater and more important question of association with human life, I doubt whether the activities of the people of those lands which Moses surveyed on that crowning closing day of his life,

which activities he perhaps in mental vision looked back upon, were as spirit-stirring as those of which these corners of Spain and Africa have been the theatre. But, as to the people who entered the Promised Land, whose future history Moses in spiritual vision may have foreseen, their life and work were far more spirit-stirring and transcendently more glorious in character than the life and work of the people of these parts; for the Jews have probably done greater things for mankind than any other nation of the world has done: they have lived for the human race, they have enriched the world with a priceless legacy, while Phœnician, Greek, Roman, Vandal, Goth, Moor, and Christian, who have played a part in this corner of the earth, have there left little legacy behind them except the legacy of rack and ruin, offspring of passion and covetousness. As I passed along here, my heart was glad, and yet not all glad; and I said to myself, in the words of a poet,

“ We thank Thee more that all this life is mixed with pain ;
So that earth’s joys may be our help, and not our chain.”

Continuing the journey, I noticed a dusky Moor sitting outside a house: I had read of dusky Moors, but still I was surprised to see him so dark as he was. After a time our course lay further inland from the sea, and the sight was less grand. We crossed over

a hill, and there the country was open, and not so interesting, but there were many flowers, some brilliant, like those spoken of before. We went by the lake, the Laguna de la Janda. In this neighbourhood began, on the 19th of July, A.D. 711, the battle between Tarik and his African host, and Roderick the last of the Goths and his forces, which was ended on the 26th of July, on the Guadalete, near Jerez, a battle which handed Spain over to the Moslem. Then we passed near Vejer, leaving Trafalgar on the left. In this part the country remains in a state of nature, untouched by the hand of man, given up to the wild plant and insect. It is noticeable that in Spain there is much splendid cultivation where the land is owned in small properties; and, on the other hand, there are great desert wastes where the land is owned in large properties, or where it has belonged to great feudal lords. Still, large properties are quite as likely to be the effect as to have been the cause of this deserted state: probably, for the most part, they are neither cause nor effect, but the waste condition is the result of other causes. And yet, while in Galicia there seems to have been considerable evil caused by too great subdivision of the land, it is tolerably certain that the sterility and desolation of some parts, as in Aragon and Estremadura and Andalucia, have

resulted from, or at least have been maintained by, an oppressive system of land tenure. Putting these things together, it would appear clear that no general principle can be drawn from the condition of agriculture in Spain in favour of either large or small landed properties. Perhaps however it would be safe to draw from it a general principle against State interference with the land, and in favour of leaving land to the free and economic working of society.

At one place we stopped and had food; and I nearly got left behind, and had to run after the diligence to catch it; but I was getting bold in Spanish travel. At five o'clock, Medina Sidonia lay to our right, and I made inquiries about it, and was told that it was a poor place. It has, however, an interest in being of evident Phœnician origin. We passed through Chiclana, which seemed rather a decent place. I noticed here a house with steps to the roof from the outside—"Let him that is on the housetop not go down into the house, neither enter therein, to take anything out of his house."

We reached San Fernando about 6.45 p.m. The town has an Oriental appearance, but is clean and nice, the houses are white, with latticed windows, and flat roofs, with battlements, over which people were looking. I was pleased with it.

Next I went by rail to Puerto de Santa Maria, arriving there about eight p.m. ; and here I put up for the Sunday at the *Vista Alegre* (Beautiful View) inn. I had thus in the week passed from Granada to Port St. Mary. To a great extent it had been a hard week, but it was a week of much gratification to me. A man carried my bag to the hotel, and I gave him a *peseta* : he asked to carry the bag back again on my leaving. Santa Maria is a rather nice town, with some pretty promenades. It is a great wine-exporting place. Good bull-fights also take place here : there is a fine bull-ring, and another was in course of construction, when I was there : this does not look like the abolition of bull-fighting. On Sunday morning I rose at 9.30 : I went to the English consulate to attend service, but there was not any. While walking about I asked a man to let me go round his orange grove : he readily consented. It was a nice little grove, well stocked with orange and lemon trees : outside, an ox was turning a *noria*, sending forth streams of living water. The day was fine, and, except in the afternoon, cool. Many people were about, and there was public music. In the streets I noticed greater freedom between the two sexes than I had before seen in Spain. Almost all the young girls wore hats or bonnets. The charming old

mantilla is dying out. But oh! how despicable, in physique, in style, and in character, were these poor, frivolous, inane, little minxes, running about the streets, and aping French fashions, compared with the grand, dignified ladies of Valencia, with their glorious mantillas, ladies whose position and character are so high that they can afford to keep to what is good even though it is old-fashioned. Verily, from the beginning, even until now, it has been, and it is, and must be, that, where the result is attained with truth and honesty, there, higher in position means higher in character; and so it will be, as long as the present course of things shall last.

CHAPTER IX.

PUERTO DE SANTA MARIA TO ASTORGA.

To Seville—Seville to Zafra by diligence, a hard journey—Frejenal—Zafra—Inattention at Spanish inns—Money refused—Almost broken down—To Mérida by rail—*Despoblado*—Roman bridge—Roman aqueduct and storks—Estremadura, why so desolate—The *mesta*—Shepherding—Locusts—Pigs—To Madrid—The Castilians not a true type of all Spaniards—Madrid to Avila—Avila—Its walls—Oriental appearance of the surrounding country—Destruction of trees—A pig in a cathedral tower—*Toros de Guisando*—To Salamanca—Cathedral—Mozarabic ritual—University—Irish college—To Valladolid—An English college, and a Scotch college—To Astorga—Palencia—A mistake—A fine breakfast at Leon station—Astorga—Its walls—Cathedral—Sir John Bennett's idea—B and v—A funeral—House where Sir John Moore stayed—Money refused—The *Maragatos*—Storks—A strange idea.

“Hay de todo.”

“(De lo que Usted trae).”

ON Monday morning my man was at the hotel to take my bag. I left at 6.44 a.m. for Seville. We passed by the celebrated Guadalete, and by Jerez de la Frontera, the home of the noted wine called sherry

—a name corrupted from Jerez. I had been at Jerez before, and had visited two of the great *bodegas* or wine-cellars. As I went along I noticed several yokes of oxen working together, and men at work in gangs. Utrera had a nice appearance: it is said to be a wealthy agricultural place. Beyond this were some rich flowers. Soon after ten we reached Seville, the wonderful Seville, the “marvel of Andalucia.” I had, after much thought, decided to go across country from Seville to Mérida, a route along which few foreign travellers, possibly no foreign traveller, had passed before. I hoped however to be able to stay a night, or at least some hours, in Seville; for, although I had previously paid two good visits to that famed place, I should have liked a little time there again. Leaving my bag at the station, I walked into the town. Before reaching the hotel I was going to, the *Fonda de Madrid*, the most lovely hotel in the world, I saw a diligence going along: I followed it, and found it was the one I wanted: it was going to Zafra, on the road to Mérida; and it was going to start at eleven o’clock. I was sorry; but there was no help for it. So I took a cab to the station, and got my bag. The man drove rapidly, but charged six francs for half an hour’s work. I just managed to buy a morsel of food; and at eleven o’clock we started.

At first I rode outside the coach ; but as it was a burning hot day I went inside. I noticed, just as we were getting outside the town, a man lying by the wayside, in a helpless state of intoxication, and, a little further on, another. We went by Santi Ponce, on the site of the ancient Italica, founded by Scipio Africanus, and where, before that, stood an old Iberian town. Along here was nothing of special interest. In the diligence were two of the fair sex, perhaps mother and daughter. Talking went on, in which I did not take much part: at one time the talk got on to religion ; and I was appealed to on one point. The matron expressed her dislike of this conversation, "*No me gusta,*" said she. About five o'clock these ladies got out, at El Ronquillo, a poor village of five hundred inhabitants, of which they did not think much, and where I in vain looked about for food. I had not had a meal that day: this route all along was a poor part for getting food ; and at one time the coachman plainly told me there was no food to be had there. As evening came on it was pleasant. We crossed over the Sierra. Morena, and so from Andalucia into Estremadura. These mountains are not high here : I could see hills around me, but night came on, and altogether I was unconscious of having passed over a range of mountains. At one place,

after dark, I got three small cups of coffee and a small cake or two. On we went, all through the night. I had little repose; and in the morning I had a chill, pain in my limbs, and a slight toothache. The day had been hot, the night cold, and I thought of Jacob's complaint to Laban—"In the day the drought consumed me, and the frost by night." At six a.m., we arrived at Frejenal de la Sierra, where we changed coaches, and where I got a cup of something warm to drink, and a few biscuits. Soon we were off again, this time in a smaller and smarter conveyance. A fellow-traveller informed me that Frejenal was six hundred metres above the sea-level. The country was certainly fertile and pleasant. I noticed a votive cross, showing that murder is not unknown here. The road was good; but I grew exceedingly tired, even to agonies: it was almost unbearable. I walked, and ran behind the conveyance, just for relief. In the latter part of the way my only fellow-passengers were two gentlemen, one of whom had a book he had published. At one part we all walked across some fields, and cut off a corner, while the carriage went round. At length we reached Zafra, and one of my companions kindly took me to the inn. The journey thus completed had been through an untravelled country, thinly inhabited, with no towns and few

villages on my line of route, a country rich in agricultural products, not scorched up as so much land in Spain is, but green, and pleasant in appearance. Some of the land, indeed, was even walled round, and looked not unlike an English park; and certainly the uncultivated wastes of Estremadura, of which one reads, are not in those parts south of the Guadiana, through which I had thus far passed.

It was about the middle of the day on Tuesday, or perhaps even later, when I arrived at Zafra, that is thirty hours or more after I left the hotel at Santa Maria, during which time I had had scarcely any food or sleep; indeed, my last preceding meal had been my Sunday evening dinner: even now, in true old Spanish style, the people at the inn did not offer me any food, they left me to wait about, and hardly noticed me: by specially calling for it I got a glass of hot milk; but it was a long time before the hour for a regular meal arrived, and when the meal did come it was not much to my taste.

As for the inn, it was fairly comfortable, but strangely constructed, one room within another, and with little connection with the outside air, but, so far, good to keep out heat. There were two entrances to my bedroom, each from another bedroom; and in one direction I had to traverse two sitting-rooms and

one bedroom before I could gain access to my room. The only light my room had was through the glass in the door leading to one of the adjoining rooms. The bed-linen was clean, as always in Spain. There were plenty of mosquitoes about, but they did not hurt me, as they had done at Seville on previous visits I had made to Spain. As for the general food here, it was only fairly good. The wine was excessively bad, worse than at Malaga. I went round the town: it is ancient, dating back to the time of the Iberians, and it is walled in; but it is a poor place, with little in it worth notice. There is an old palace, formerly belonging to the Dukes of Feria, but now to the Medina Celi family: this also is a poor place: the man who took me over stoutly refused to receive any money from me, on the ground that there was nothing to be seen there. At night a pretty and peculiar band played. Next morning when I awoke it was nearly eight o'clock, and too late for the train. This was excusable under the circumstances. I had to stay another day, and it was quite as well I did stay, for I was really almost broken down. I laid on the bed, eat little, and during the whole day went out of doors for only about five minutes, in the evening. After I had gone to bed for the night some people came through

my room to get to theirs. Next morning I rose at 5.15, and went off by coach, passing by rich crops of corn, including beans. From outside the town, the palace of Zafra had a nice appearance. The train left about seven a.m. We passed some *despoblado* land, which looked quite pretty, with its wild flowers—a fine and uninvestigated field, it is said, for the study of natural history, and botany. I also saw some large flocks of sheep and herds of pigs, for both of which animals Estremadura is noted. Near Mérida I saw the celebrated Roman bridge, built about A.D. 100, by Trajan, who seems to have been great at bridge-building, as witnessed by Mérida and Alcántara. It has eighty-one arches, and much is made of it in books. Of course it must have been strong to have served so long; but it will not do beside good modern bridges. A Spaniard in the train spoke to me of it as *mal hecho* (badly built); and when I expressed surprise, he said it had recently been partly destroyed by inundations. I saw also the remains of the Roman aqueduct, with its arches and numerous tall shafts, a splendid relic left by the solid, practical Romans. These old ruins with storks perched upon them, in large numbers, are very picturesque. The city itself is pre-eminently an old Roman city, and is rich in monuments of antiquity.

At Mérida, where we arrived about 10.15 a.m., I had *almuerzo*. Before this I had had long consideration as to what my next step should be. I wanted to plunge into the northern part of Estremadura: there was much there that I wished to see; but I had to give this up, for want of time.

Estremadura means *extrema ora*, the extreme coast, because it is the limit of Spain, westward. Its capital, Badajoz, has for motto, *Plus ultra*, more beyond, meaning Portugal: this may be taken as expressing an aspiration. The province is thinly inhabited, and the people are generally of not a high standard of intelligence; but it has produced some great men, as Cortes and Pizarro. Estremadura has a rich soil, which, aided by warmth and moisture, is of exuberant natural fertility. The people speak highly of its great and varied productiveness. But, for want of population, large portions of it are abandoned to a state of nature. These deserted parts are called *despoblados* (dispopulated). Under Romans and Moors, Estremadura was a granary and a garden; but it has been terribly depopulated. In the thirteenth century, the Spaniards, on driving out the industrious Moors, destroyed the towns, and massacred the people or sent them into slavery; and only a portion of the large tracts of land thus left

in a state of solitude and desolation were afterwards recultivated by the conquerors. After this, it suffered from border forays, and conflicts between Moor and Spaniard. The scanty population of the province, already so much reduced, was almost annihilated by that terrible pestilence known in England as the Black Death, which swept through China, India, Western Asia, and Europe, reaching Spain in 1348, and England in 1349, causing the most awful mortality ever suffered by mankind, and being ushered in and accompanied by an uninterrupted succession of paroxysms of nature and physical convulsions, which shook the earth's surface during the preceding quarter of a century. At later periods Cortes and Pizarro, who were swine-herds of Medellin and Trujillo, in this province, went forth to conquer Mexico and Peru; and thousands of the Estremeños followed them. In addition to this Estremadura has been largely drawn upon for military service. Thus, in these several ways, the province has been depopulated. It was never properly repeopled after its reconquest by the Spaniards; and after the plague of 1348 many entire districts were left unclaimed. Into these rich pastures the shepherds of the high lands of Leon and Castille took to bringing their flocks for the winter, taking them back again for the

summer, thus gradually gaining a prescriptive right of pasturing over these common lands, and establishing a migratory system of shepherding, like that of the Arab sheiks of the East. This was the only way the Christian conquerors saw of utilizing these vast and thinly peopled possessions. The claims of these rich sheep-owners prevailed over those of the settled inhabitants; and the laws of the Council of the *mesta*, or body of sheep and cattle owners, were passed, under which these shepherds had the right of forcible entrance for pasturage into all orchards and vineyards, and might take their sheep and cattle into almost any property, on their line of march, to feed, or to pass the night; a space of ninety paces was reserved for them on each side of the highway; no land might be enclosed; and where these flocks had once fed, the land might not be sold, or alienated to any other purpose. No wonder that agriculture did not flourish there. The *mesta* was not totally abolished as to its privileged claims over property till 1835: it afterwards became an agricultural association.

Of these *despoblado* lands I saw a little; but I could not get much information from the people concerning them, nor yet about the *mesta*.

Naturally, Estremadura has been great in sheep: these were of the celebrated merino breed, sometimes

said to have been originally of English stock, which, however, is doubtful. Its flocks used, in times past, sometimes to contain ten thousand sheep; and the watching of the flocks by night, and the sheep-shearing with its festivities, were quite Oriental. The shepherds, too, it is said, knew their sheep, every one, and were known of them. In thinking of all this, how the mind travels back to the wandering shepherds of the patriarchal ages, and to the sheep-shearing festivities of Absalom, and to that sweet starlight night when on the plains of Bethlehem "there were shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night," and to Him who said, "I am the Good Shepherd, and know My sheep, and am known of Mine."

One result from this state of desolation has been the presence of swarms of locusts. These creatures have made their home in the wastes of Estremadura; and have sometimes gone forth ravaging not only this province but other parts of the country, till there was nothing left on their line of march for them to destroy, except perhaps the red tomato, which they will not touch. So serious has the plague of locusts been that on some occasions even in recent years thousands of soldiers have been called out in the spring, to aid in their destruction.

In reply to my inquiries the people would not admit that there were locusts (*langostas*) in Estremadura: in La Mancha, they said, there might be, but not in Estremadura, at least not in that part. Perhaps they considered it a reproach to have locusts about; and so, I think, it is; for it is a remarkable fact that locusts will not lay their eggs on cultivated soil, but only on ground left untilled, thus they are not only a cause of desolation but a result of it.

In Estremadura, pigs, also, are reared in legions. They are fed largely on sweet acorns, and beech nuts, and chestnuts, out in the open country; and the ham and bacon are considered of very superior quality. The pigs are said, on returning home from the fields in droves, to know their own places, just as a horse knows its own stall.

I left for Madrid by the 10.48 train. The first part of this route is through Estremadura, then, beyond Cabeza del Buey, through a corner of Andalusia, and thence into New Castille and La Mancha. Between Cabeza and Pedroches I noticed some very pretty bits, sketches for the artist—a great plain with oxen and goats upon it, and, beyond, a jumble of mountains. Here I saw temporary houses, such as before spoken of. We passed Almaden, rich with quicksilver mines. Along this part, the route for

very many miles is through *despoblado* steppes, a wide wilderness. Further on we passed by cultivated land ; and after Veredas, some land was cultivated near the line of rail, but waste out beyond. Here there were large flocks of sheep, one flock being in a fold made of rope or cord. Afterwards, I saw some olive trees. At Ciudad Real, I got dinner. Here the train divides, part going round by Manzanares, and part by the more direct route, to Madrid : I chose the latter. I got no sleep all that night. The morning broke glorious. The land on this, the south, side of Madrid is cultivated right up to the town, although the country around Madrid is for the most part like a desert, with its *despoblados* and *destierros*. Remembering how on a former visit to Madrid six francs had been demanded of me for an omnibus from the station to the hotel, a drive occupying about ten minutes, I waited till most of the people were gone and then started off walking in a decided manner, carrying my "Gladstone," which a man soon offered to carry for me ; and he was well rewarded by a *peseta* with twopence extra. I got indoors about 6.30 in the morning, at the *Fonda de Paris*, where I washed and went to bed. I did not much like the hotel.

Madrid, the capital of New Castille and of Spain, is situated very nearly in the centre of the country.

In these central parts, including Old and New Castille, Leon, La Mancha, and Estremadura, the rural inhabitants have changed little for centuries. In character, the Castilians are high-bred, and they have many sterling qualities, as well as many defects: they are grave, courteous, formal, slow of speech, but ignorant, lazy, and bigoted, corrupt in money matters, cruel when excited, and proud though not ashamed to beg. It is the Castilian type of character that is generally conceived of by foreigners as that of the whole Spanish nation; but this is a mistake, for the Castilians are by no means representative of the whole nation: they are really less civilized than some others of the various peoples of Spain; but owing to their central and elevated position in the country, they have been able, as warriors and statesmen, to exercise a predominating influence in the State, a fact which needs to be borne in mind in considering the condition of Spain, but which is apt to be lost sight of.

Madrid stands more than two thousand feet above the level of the sea. In summer it is very hot, and in winter very cold, being exposed to the blasts which sweep down from the mountains and across the open plains. Madrid is not a Paris or a London; nevertheless it is a place of considerable interest: its

picture gallery is exquisite. But as I had been there twice previously, I did not tarry long on this occasion. After changing some money, inquiring for letters, and looking about a little, I left in the evening for Avila. The route to Avila leads by the wonderful Escorial, the royal burial-place reared by Philip II., at once a tomb, a temple, and a palace,—a great gloomy building, situated two thousand seven hundred feet above the level of the sea, in a desolate region among the solitary and savage Guadarrama mountains. After this the road continues ascending till, near to La Cañada, it attains its greatest altitude, viz. 4565 feet above the sea-level, or only 715 feet less than a mile, being the highest point reached by any railway in Europe. An ordinary railway rising to the height of nearly a mile! It seems almost incredible. We in a land like England can hardly have an idea of the difficulties and the expense of railway construction and road-making in a mountainous country like Spain.

Arriving at Avila station about one o'clock in the morning, I had to wait some time for an omnibus for the town. At the hotel I went to bed for some hours, and afterwards devoted the day to looking about. This picturesque, wall-girt city, which I had wanted to see, stands on rising ground, nearly three thousand five hundred feet above the sea. It is a splendid

specimen of a mediæval fortified town, a glorious relic of the past, as if the Middle Ages had come down to the present day. And its name, I doubt not, has some remote connection with the Havilah of the Garden of Eden. Its walls, which are still kept perfect, are forty feet high and twelve feet thick, and it has eighty-six towers and nine gateways. It must have been a strong place in the times before cannon came into use. The inhabitants are proud of their walls, and jealous of them too. Some people may laugh at this, as conservatism. I sympathize with it. It is delightful to get a glimpse of the long past brought down to the present. I hate the thoughtless, inane, bombastic, irreverent spirit of those who without discrimination affect to despise old things. The general continuity of history is a fact. And happy are they who have the enjoyment which a survey of the continued stream of human life can give, and whose judgments are guided by its teaching. Disastrous to any nation has been the effect of breaking with the past.

Outside of Avila is a rough uneven plain, partly cultivated, but in great part the very picture of a desolate stone-strewn waste; flocks of sheep and goats feeding there add to the naturally Oriental appearance of the neighbourhood.

At Avila, I met with an Englishman, a most uncommon occurrence in Spain, except in a few places. He was the owner of the inn, and had come there to visit his property. We went about together. He informed me that twenty years ago there were many trees around Avila. At the present time there are scarcely any. This is just a specimen of what has been going on throughout the centre of Spain. The Castilians seem to have a positive hatred of trees. They have destroyed the mountain forests, and left the plains bare, without trees or hedges or fences: in fact they have denuded the country of trees. They will not plant what they are sure never to reap the reward of; and the peasant farmers do not like their small properties to be overshadowed by trees, or to lose the ground which would be taken up by trees. Some people may call this "utility," for trees and hedge-rows take up room, and cast a shade. But in Spain the result of getting rid of the trees has been disastrous. For, besides causing a want of fuel and timber, it has contributed to produce alternate drought and inundation, with the consequent terrible loss of wealth and life. It has caused the soil to be washed off the mountains, so making them bare and unfertile. And it has left the land exposed to cold winds and scorching suns, and has thus produced sickness and

death. Of course peasant farmers want all the little they can get, for immediate use, and naturally think they cannot afford to look forward to the future. But the process has in reality been a costly one for them and for the nation.

Avila has a grand cathedral, which is half a fortress, and is well worth looking at. There are other churches and convents at Avila; that of San Vincente is very interesting. In the cathedral tower, a man lives, with his family; and, curiously enough, he keeps a pig up there. I thought the place smelt very unsavoury as I ascended.

In this town are some strange stone animals, sometimes called *Toros* (bulls) of Guisando, but my friend called them pigs; and certainly they are less unlike pigs than bulls—great, unshapely, rudely-sculptured creatures, of enormous weight. They may have been deities of the natives of this part in some early period, and may be remains of the art of a people whose name, age, and ethnic affinities are now totally unknown. Several traditions and explanations are given respecting their origin, but nothing is known for certain on that point.

In the evening there was a tremendous hailstorm, which came on while we were at dinner: the stones were the largest I ever saw, though not so large as

pigeons' eggs—a favourite figure of English people for describing large hailstones. There was also much rain, with thunder and lightning; and it was still raining when I left, about eleven o'clock, for Salamanca, where I arrived about half-past seven next morning. The journey was broken at Medina del Campo, where there was some time to wait. I arrived at the inn with a young Frenchman, an engineer, who was come to take part in the construction of a railway, which will complete a direct connection between Paris and Lisbon, without going through Madrid. He seemed pleased with his appointment. He could not speak Spanish; but he said in three months he should speak as the natives—a rate of progress in a foreign language, which unfortunately I do not understand. As for railway construction in Spain, the French seem to have the field nearly to themselves, with little competition on the part of the English.

I spent Sunday and Monday at this ancient university town. It was wet and dirty. Salamanca is an old place, dating back to the time of the Iberians, and it has seen many vicissitudes. The French, in 1812, wrought great destruction there; and ruins they caused remain unrepaired to the present day, a true sample of the neglect and decay

which have been going on throughout Spain for centuries. The city is dull ; but it has many interesting specimens of architecture. Churches and convents and religious places abound. Examples of native costume are there to be seen, and curious articles of jewellery, and ornaments of the Moorish type, especially earrings and buttons.

The cathedral, built of a warm cream-coloured stone, in the modern Gothic style, is of imposing appearance outside, where it is profusely decorated ; and in the interior its effect is admirable. Adjoining is the old cathedral ; and in a chapel in the cloisters of the old cathedral, originally destined for the purpose, service is celebrated six times a year according to the Mozarabic ritual, the old ritual of the Christians in the parts occupied by the Moors, which, having fallen into desuetude, was re-established at Toledo, by Cardinal Ximenez, in 1512, to meet the peculiar circumstances of the time ; and it is observed there, in a chapel of the cathedral, to the present day. This return to an old ritual showed that Spain had not entirely forgotten her former spiritual independence and the days of the free reading of the Bible. For, even in Spain, the great power exercised by Rome for so many years was not established without meeting with opposition ; and the Spaniards

have always shown some slight feeling of protest against the dominion of the foreign pontiff.

Of course the university is the leading feature of this celebrated seat of learning; but its monopoly is now gone. It has only about three or four hundred students: in the fourteenth century it had ten thousand, it is said. In antiquity it is second to Oxford; and as a place it is quite wanting in the beauties and glories of its English rival. I attended the Sunday afternoon service in its chapel: if pomp and circumstance are proofs of learning, these Salamanca Doctors must be very learned; but this sort of show does not suffice under the new order of the present day, when leaders of thought are foremost in the activities of life. The university library contains some remarkable old books, which were shown with evident pleasure to my French friend and myself. The grand façade of the university library is said to be "alone worth an architect's visit to Salamanca to see." Opposite, is the hospital for poor students.

In the church of San Esteban or Santo Domingo, I saw the room where, it is said, Columbus explained his theories, for the first time, the Dominican fathers espousing his cause. One might spend a delightful tour in Spain in visiting places connected with

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Columbus. Indeed, Spain offers an almost inexhaustible field of delights—a tour to visit the places connected with Don Quixote, an ecclesiastical tour, a religious festival tour, an architectural tour, an ethnological tour, an antiquarian tour, a biblical illustration tour, a linguistic tour, for all these, and others too, Spain has rich resources, and offers a glorious reward to the receptive mind of the patient worker and truthful learner.

At Salamanca is an Irish college (*El Colegio de Nobles Irlandeses*), for training Irish students for the priesthood. I called there, and was kindly received by the rector, and was shown over the place by a student, in a very pleasant and agreeable manner.

On Monday, at 6.30 p.m., I left for Valladolid, arriving there at 12.20 a.m. of Tuesday. Valladolid, two thousand one hundred feet above the sea-level, is an old city and a former capital of Spain, and as such it has many historical associations: for example, here Philip II. was born, and here Columbus died. Much of modern busy life is however now mixed up with the old; and the place is likely to become still more busy. There are many shops, and I bought some books there. Valladolid has a cathedral; and it is a city of churches, that of San Pablo being especially noticeable, for its beautiful

ornamented Gothic portal, and the adjoining *Colegiata de San Gregorio*, for its rich façade and portals and its Moorish remains.

At Valladolid is an English college and also a Scotch college, for training for the priesthood. I visited both. At the Scotch college I saw the rector. He talked, gave me a cigarette and some of the college wine; for the college authorities have a vineyard or farm, of one hundred and twenty acres, and make a considerable quantity of wine, both for use and sale. They have one butt which holds eleven thousand gallons. It was a light simple wine, and, as the rector said, pure and harmless. At the English college I was kindly received by a gentleman, who talked for some time with me. The rector was away. In these colleges, and in that at Salamanca, there is not much of special character to see; but there is great interest attaching to a visit to them, for it is a curiosity that there should have been colleges of our countrymen, hid away in this unvisited land, where they have taken root, and survived for nearly three hundred years. They were all founded about the same time, when the Roman Catholics were at a discount in our own country, or, as the Scotch rector put it, with a quaint smile, at a time when it was too hot for them in England.

Leaving Valladolid at 12.20 a.m. of Wednesday, I arrived at 1.19 at Venta de Baños, where I slept, and started again at 5.50 the same morning, for Astorga. Arriving at Palencia junction at 6.15 I had to wait half an hour, and went into the town; but understanding an official to say that I had forty-five minutes to stay, whereas it appears he meant that the train left at 6.45, I stayed too long, and so got too late for the train, which had gone forward, taking my luggage with it. This was good, as it put things to the test. A telegram was sent, and the luggage came back by the next train, safe; and my ticket was made available for the following day. The courtesy and honesty shown in this affair were quite Spanish. I now stayed a day at this ancient city. The unpretentious inn was good and clean. The cathedral has a fine exterior appearance, and a picturesque interior, although architecturally it is defective. At one end, outside, was a stork's nest, with young ones. Every year there is a nest of young storks there; and the law does not allow these birds to be killed. Outside the town, around a piece of water, in the open air, were a host of washerwomen at their work, scores of them I should think, a gloriously picturesque sight; but one would imagine it must be cold work for them sometimes,

though perhaps healthy. In a place in the town, sheep-shearing was going on: there were five shearers, who began shearing on the breast, working first up to the throat, which I believe is the way in England: one man brought out the sheep and tied up their legs in readiness for the shearers: another man was tying up the fleeces after they had been shorn off: the custom of tying up the sheeps' legs for shearing, which I do not remember ever to have seen in England, struck me as sensible; and it is one which I should think might with advantage be copied by our countrymen.

At 6.45, Thursday morning, I left for Astorga; and passing through a flat country, with much poor and waste land and very few trees, but with hills in the distance, both right and left, I arrived at Leon station, where I had one of the best breakfasts that ever fell to my lot—soup, fish, meat and potatoes, a plate of green peas, fowl and salad, rice pudding, cheese, fruit, and wine *ad libitum*, all of good quality, price, four francs and a half. Many a good meal have I had at railway stations in Spain, no makeshift kind of things, but thorough good meals, which one can look back upon with satisfaction. This is a point in which the English might copy from the Spaniards; and there are other points too—for

instance, the price is printed on every railway ticket, a very useful arrangement. Leaving Leon at 11.15 we went through a flat and wild but cultivated country, the snow visible on the Asturian mountains. Noticeable along here were some hedge-rows, so unlike Spain, but so much like England. We reached Astorga at 12.46. Here I got on comfortably as regards lodging and food: the *mantecadas*, small square cakes made here, are very nice. This ancient city is situated on a hill, and is surrounded by walls flanked with low semi-circular towers. It is even more gloriously picturesque than Avila, although the surroundings are not so Oriental. A visit to Astorga is worth a journey round the world; indeed, like so many things in Spain, it is almost beyond money price. The fortifications are Roman; they are now partly in decay. For a considerable distance I walked round on the top of the walls: at one part of the ramparts is a charming rose-planted *paseo*, in which may be seen ancient Gothic inscriptions, and others of the third and fourth century. From the walls a good view may be had of the well-cultivated plain around and the snow-capped mountains in the distance.

The city is rather dull, but quaint. The cathedral, late Gothic in style, has a very nice appearance,

and much resembles that of Salamanca in the stone used for part of it, also in the exterior decoration, and in the interior arrangement and ornamentation. This is an instance of what may be noticed elsewhere, as in Catalonia, that church architecture has local characteristics, although a general oneness of character throughout the country marks the style of each architectural period. Above, is a curious weathercock, consisting of the figure of a *Maragato*, modelled and painted in the peculiar costume of the clan.

Over the town-hall hangs a great bell, upon which the hours of the municipal clock are struck by two figures, man and woman, represented in the picturesque dress of a *Maragato* and a *Maragata*, the man striking first, then the woman. Sir John Bennett's idea may have been original; but he certainly was not the first who caused the time to be struck in public on a bell by figures of human beings.

In the town I noticed an inscription,—*Despacho de Bino*, "bino" being here used for *vino* (wine), showing how completely the distinction between the letters *b* and *v* is sometimes lost sight of in Spain.

Seeing a funeral procession moving along, I followed it to the cemetery (the *Campo Santo*). It was the funeral of a poor girl, and was followed by about

thirty other girls. At the grave the corpse was removed from the coffin, which was taken away for future use. Two ropes were put under the body, and it was lowered into the grave; and then two rough men began to pile the earth upon it. I saw the face, for the handkerchief over it fell off, but was replaced before the earth was thrown in upon the body. There was no service at the grave; but the girls stood round repeating prayers, of which I could catch the words "Holy mother." They then moved away, and stood round a rose-bush for some time, repeating prayers. I asked one of the grave-diggers who it was that was being buried: he answered in a careless manner that it was a *Chica del Hospicio* (a girl of the house of charity). I afterwards looked round the outside of this house. It bore the inscription—*Aquí se reciben los niños expósitos* (here foundlings are received). There seemed to be a great number of young people there, though perhaps they were not all foundlings. If there were twenty or thirty big girls at the funeral, there were probably a still larger number of younger ones, who did not go: add the boys; and that would make a large number of foundlings in a town of five thousand people, even if the surrounding neighbourhood be added. I spoke of this to a man: he replied in an

apparently unconcerned manner, "It's enough." The whole affair was excruciatingly painful.

Touching the question of burial, I have already spoken of a funeral at Elche, which was evidently that of a person not of the poorer class of society, the deceased being in a coffin which was clearly not a parish coffin, and being met at the house by the priests. Then there is this one at Astorga, in which the deceased was buried without a coffin, and without any attendant priest, the corpse being placed in the earth in the body of the grave-yard. But a usual mode in Spain is not to bury in the earth at all, but in a hole in the wall surrounding the burial-ground. This wall is very thick, a kind of double wall, broad enough for a man's body to be placed across it, lengthways, and to be enclosed there; and it is built with a great number of these holes in it, like so many ovens, each with an opening on the inside of the *campo*, but not on the outside, where the wall is blank. The entrances to the holes are kept closed up; and to a person looking at them from the inside of the ground, they present an appearance something like so many oven-doors. A person dying, the body is placed in one of these holes, which is then plastered up, and an inscription is put on the front. Bodies thus deposited remain for a certain period: they are

then removed and dropped into a deep well or pit dug for the purpose. When I was at Jaca, in 1880, I was walking out into the country and got into conversation with a person from the cathedral, not a priest, nor the sacristan, but some official; and he showed me the *Campo Santo*, and pointed out the pits, whose mouths, like grim death itself insatiable, were open, ready to receive more food; and he told me a few particulars, saying that the usual term for which the bodies were placed in the niches was eight years; but they might remain longer, according to the payment made. Not many people are buried in the centre of the grave-yards, though in some places a few are, and some few have monuments erected to them. On the subject of burials in Spain much of interest might be told, especially in connection with the last resting-place of the great Ferdinand and Isabella at Granada, the remains of Saint Ferdinand at Seville, and the gloomy but grand old Escorial with its marble coffins placed like chests on shelves round the royal tomb.

And now to pass to something more pleasant. Among other things in Astorga I looked out for the *Casa Moreno*, the house in which Sir John Moore lived for a short time towards the close of the year 1808 in the course of his retreat towards Coruña. For

some time I could not find it, although I made various inquiries. At length, seeing a good-looking house, with a man and woman standing at the front gate, talking, one inside and one outside, I, in order to open up a conversation, inquired if that was the bishop's palace, for in going about I had heard the bishop's palace mentioned. The woman informed me that it was the *Casa Moreno*. Thus unexpectedly I had come upon the very house I had been looking for. This led to a little talk. While standing there I was surprised to see, on the side-wall of a rich staircase leading up from the *patio*, a representation of a man in Scotch dress, either a mural painting or a figure on wall-paper. I made further inquiries, and asked to be allowed to enter. The woman took me in, upstairs as far as I might go, then into the back garden, and round the *patio*. The garden was well walled in, and had a *noria* for watering it; and in the *patio* was a well, and round the walls of the *patio* were mural paintings of Scriptural subjects. This must be a place of pleasant retreat. The woman was very kind, gave me, at my request, a glass of water to drink, and stoutly refused money. What a dignity of character this shows, what a freedom from cringing, what an assertion of personal self-respect and noble independence. Surely the poor of Spain rise to greater

dignity of character than the middle and lower classes of England. What a glorious leap up it would be if a "labourer," instead of taking twopence for holding the horse of a "gentleman," were to offer to give him twopence.

But the great object of my visit to Astorga was to see the *Maragatos*, a peculiar people who, like the Jews and the gipsies, dwell alone and have not been mingled with the rest of the Spaniards. Several explanations have been given of the origin of these people: probably they are descended from some section of the Moorish conquerors of Spain. One of them speaking to me called the word *Morogato*, dwelling on the first "o," at the same time pointing out the connection of the word with the Moors (*Los Moros*). Most likely they are descendants of a remnant of some wild Berber tribe, who stayed behind when the less wild Moors retreated south before the advance of the conquering Christians from the north, and adopted the Christian religion and the Spanish language, but retained some of their own special religious ceremonies and other customs and habits. The *Maragatos* are said never to marry out of their own tribe; and their marriage ceremonies are stated to be very peculiar. The men are nearly all engaged in the carrying business: they are the trusted *arrieros*

or muleteers of Leon, and are chief among the muleteers, the lords of the highway, emphatically the carriers of the country. And it is noticeable, as possibly connecting them with the Moors, that Spanish words relating to the caravan craft, and to horses, are mostly of Arabic origin.

They seem a healthy race. The men are thick-set and strongly built, but rather short. The women do the work at home and in the field, while the men are going about riding on their mules, on business as *ordinarios* or carriers. They have excellent mules. As to dress, the man wears a broad-brimmed hat, a red waistcoat, a large jacket with flaps, enormous trousers coming down to the knee and so full that they look as if the wearer might carry two or three half-quartern loaves in each leg; then they have leggings extending over the top of the foot, and low shoes. The women are fond of large earrings and pendants; and formerly the great peculiarity of their dress was a necklace with reliquaries, weighing sometimes as much as thirteen pounds, the special delight of the young maiden on her marriage-day.

I saw some of this tribe at Astorga, and noticed some large ornaments being worn by women there; but, although Astorga is the capital of the Maragateria, I was told there were not many *Maragatos*

living there: to see them I must go out into the country. And so, having learned the names of a few villages where they were best to be seen, I next morning went off along the roads and through the corn-fields. I saw women at work in the fields and men riding about. One woman, dressed in Maragata style, with yellow *saya*, and sash round the waist and falling down the back, was at plough with two oxen, and a man was following, but whether he was doing any work or only superintending I could not see. Now, although the men are really bread-winners as well as the women, and although the *Maragatos* seem to be comfortably off and without signs of squalid poverty, yet the division of occupation between man and woman, as above stated, does seem rather noticeable to a person brought up with English ideas; and it reminds me of what I once saw in the south of France, in the country of the Béarnais, when a Frenchman with me on the diligence said, "Look, the men are walking about, the women are at work," and sure enough there they were, the women hard at work on in the fields, the men taking their walks abroad; and we went on for a long distance, and the first man I saw doing anything was a man carrying a baby. In Navarre, too, I have seen women with bare feet out in wet fields, at work among the green flax. And in the

north-west of Spain, between Oviedo and Santander, I have seen barefooted women engaged in road-making. So much for *La petite culture* and peasant proprietorship, which means—Make the country people poor and keep them so.

But to proceed with my journey in the Maragato country. The villages I passed were mostly poor: Castillon was better—a thorough rustic village, prettily situated, near a stream of water, with elm trees about, and birds singing in them. On the end of the church was a stork's nest with four young ones. One young stork was half ready to fly: spreading its wings, it seemed nearly lifted up and borne away, and hardly able to keep its feet on the nest. To watch it was amusing. It was almost an allegory of scenes in human life. Fain would I fly, but that I fear to fall. But wait a bit, it will fly: strength and courage will come, and that quickly; and then will come a glorious flight. So, too, will it be with all human aspirations that are borne up by the strength of truth and the courage of faith.

I looked in at a gateway leading to a house where was a tobacco shop (*estanco*), and as I did not see my way to the shop, a man in the street, who was a *Maragato*, came up and took me in; and there I got into conversation with him and a *Maragata* and two

women of the house, one of whom was spinning. They pointed out and named some of their clothes. And I made them, especially the two women, laugh heartily by inquiring about the earrings and necklaces and other articles. They told me there were not many necklaces remaining among them, they were gone to the silversmiths: a few, they said, were preserved in the drawers, but most were gone. The man would not have it that I was an Englishman. He asked me what countryman I was. Of course I said, "An Englishman." "No, you are not," he said. I persisted; but he would not have it. He said, "You may belong to some other part of the country, but you are not an Englishman." Then (I do not know whether or not it was meant as a test) he asked, "How do the English eat their meat, raw or cooked?" "Cooked," I said. "No, they do not," said he, "they eat it raw." And then in an energetic manner he described to the women that the English eat their meat raw, like wild beasts, with the blood running down from each corner of the mouth; and, suiting the action to the word, he put his hands to his mouth and imitated a wild beast gnawing at a piece of flesh, first on one side of the mouth and then on the other. Of course argument was useless with such a man, even had my command of the language been such as

to enable me to argue with him. It is marvellous what ignorance there is in the world. And it is just as well that men so devoid of intelligence, so much in love with their own ideas, so satisfied with untruth, should be left low in the social scale. It is, moreover, noticeable how sure and certain ignorance often allows people to be, while men who think deeply, and investigate for themselves, are often less certain, because they see more sides and bearings than one to a question, and because they see so far into a subject that they feel that an explanation of it cannot be summed up in a superficial maxim or a plausible phrase: some people, too, have an inconvenient habit of inquiring into the truth of statements: they will try to trace things backward to their origin and onward to their natural and inevitable results: they will not be satisfied with echoing passing opinions: they will seek truth before all things else, and in their relation to the world of truth they will not be creatures of passion but wielders of power. I have had French people stand me out that the French won the battle of Trafalgar, and state earnestly that the French had great difficulty in inducing the English to accept the principle of Free Trade. But strange as these ideas are, they are perhaps hardly more grotesque than some which hosts of English people

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have had concerning their own countrymen, and which have been promulgated for ages by the press, the pulpit, and the platform, in particular the ideas about that mythical monster the English landlord, that ignorant tyrant the English tenant-farmer, and still more particularly that mythological creature the English agricultural labourer with his wife and six children living on nine shillings a week—all fanciful creations possible only on account of the existence of crass ignorance and culpable distaste for the truth. The world has been saturated with false and stupid ideas, of which some have even passed for wisdom: happily, some of them are now dying out.

On my way home, at Morias, I talked with another *Maragato*. He did not know the origin of the word *Maragato*; but said it was a name like other names, as Asturias, Castillo.

The *Maragatos* are a curiosity; and like them there are other tribes dwelling in the secluded parts of Spain, where they have lived distinct from the other inhabitants of the peninsula and almost as much cut off from the outer world as the people in the unexplored regions of Central Africa. These people offer worthy studies for the ethnologist, and for those interested in the survival of ancient customs and habits and laws.

In the afternoon of this day I left for Pamplona.

CHAPTER X.

ASTORGA TO PAMPLONA.

To Pamplona—Large earrings—With a bull-fighter—Pamplona—Chocolate in the morning—Offerings of bread to the *manes* of the dead—Sunday observance—Religion in Spain—To Roncesvalles by diligence—Smuggling—Burgete—A comfortable inn—A walk through the valley to the monastery and to Valcarlos—Danger—Spanish hospitality—Return to Pamplona.

“No habia rincon en la Cristiandad donde no sonara el Hospital de esta Real Casa. . . . Roncesvalles resplandecia más que por sus riquezas, por su hospitalidad.”

D. HILARIO SARASA.

ON the way from Astorga I noticed some large necklaces ; and in the train was a woman with earrings about as big as the top of an ordinary coffee-cup, just plain rings. I slept at *Venta de Baños*, where I arrived a little before ten at night. Next morning (Saturday) I started at 7.18 a.m. by train for Alsasua. In my compartment of the train was the great bull-fighter (*espada*) Frascuelo. His hair was plaited into a little pig-tail behind, the style bull-fighters adopt.

He wore a low open vest, with embroidered shirt in which were two large gold and diamond studs; on his left hand he had one large gold and three diamond rings; he also wore a large gold watch-chain, with a large silver anchor as pendant. With him were his company (*cuadrilla*). They were going to Bilbao for a bull-fight next day. In the train they were playing at cards.

Arriving at Alsasua at 4.1 p.m. I had to wait till 6.30. This is a wretched village; but there is now a very good restaurant at the station.

I was now going across the country the whole length of the Pyrenees, through the old kingdoms of Navarre and Aragon and the principality of Catalonia—all out-of-the-way, untravelled lands, almost cut off from the outer world, except a little just along the line of the railway, and that only during the last few years. The northern parts of these provinces are very mountainous, with both grand and beautiful scenery. Here, wild glens and natural fastnesses are the haunts of the smuggler and the home of wild beasts and birds. But some parts, to the south, are extremely desolate. My route was at first through a country well wooded and fertile, but further on more bare. About nine o'clock at night we reached Pamp-lona, called by the Romans Pompejopolis, the city

of Pompey, who rebuilt it: this name the Moors corrupted to Bambilona, whence came Pamplona, which the French call Pampelune, and the English Pampeluna. When I first visited this town, in 1878, I went to an inn, in the principal square; and I well remember that after I had found my way up a dark staircase on to a landing, I was taken up another staircase still more dark, and put in dingy apartments, where I afterwards passed the night, and where I was in much doubt and uncertainty as to what might happen, for at that time a pleasure visit to Spain was almost unheard of in England, and I was afterwards regarded as a bold adventurer for having gone there. I remember too a little plan I adopted in order to make known something I desired, for I could hardly speak a word of Spanish. I knew the word for railway and for morning. So by saying *mañana* (morning) and *ferro-carril* (railway) I indicated to the people of the inn that I wanted to go off by rail in the morning: then by rapping with my knuckles I intimated that I desired to be called: and by pointing to my watch we arranged the time. My second visit was not much more satisfactory in respect to accommodation. This my third visit was rather better. But hotel accommodation at Pamplona is about the worst I have met with at any considerable

town in Spain, and worse than that at some small places.

Pamplona, the capital of old Navarre, is a fortress of the first class. It has a long and somewhat eventful military history. And the neighbourhood is of high interest for Englishmen from its association with the army of the duke. The town is well supplied with water brought from the mountains nine miles off. It contains some good public gardens. Its principal square is one of the finest in Spain, and is in course of reconstruction; but the town is still rather old-fashioned and dingy. The cathedral is plain outside; but its interior merits are great; and it has very beautiful cloisters. In an adjoining room (*La Sala de la Preciosa*), was formerly held the Parliament of Navarre, when Navarre was an independent kingdom.

At Pamplona, Ignatius Loyola was wounded, in 1521, when defending the city. A chapel has been erected over the spot. It was after this that he left the army for the church, and matured his plan for forming the Order of the Jesuits.

The evening of my arrival I went to the theatre, which was very good. The principal actress was excellent, but she seemed most clearly to me to be imitating Sara Bernhardt.

Next morning, Sunday, I had chocolate and biscuits in my bedroom, in true Spanish style. When out, I went to the church called San Saturnino, after the name of the first Bishop of Pamplona. There I saw in practice the ancient custom of offering loaves of bread to the *manes* of the dead. In the body of the church were three loaves on a table before the high altar: people were there at worship, the men mostly standing, the women chiefly sitting on the floor in the peculiar but graceful and easy manner of Spanish women in church. In a later part of the service, after these loaves had been removed, a number of the people seated on the floor had before them, each one, three candles burning, and a basket containing a small loaf of bread, or two loaves if quite small. These oblations are called *robos*; they are said to have been originally offerings to the souls of the dead, on the anniversary of death, but of course that idea has long been lost sight of. The antique custom is a remnant of heathenism, retained in the Christian church. And the fact that the people have maintained to the present day a custom which they took over from heathenism many centuries ago, is a fact of marvellous interest: it brings us into close association with the past: it throws light upon the course of Christianity: it shows how isolated these people have remained,

how effectually they have been cut off from the outside world, and have lived in a little world of their own, and how thoroughly they have remained unchanged by the changes which have been going on in the great world outside their own. I saw the same custom at Sangüesa in 1880; where, however, the first part of the ceremony here spoken of was wanting, and in the second part the people, seated on the ground, had little baskets, full of earth, in each of which was fastened a stick bearing a lighted candle above, the loaves being on the earth in the baskets. This custom is observed in the Basque provinces, and in Navarre which is the only other province where the Basque language is spoken. Possibly this may intimate some connection between the Basque people and the origin or continuance of the custom in Spain.

I noticed at Pamplona that nearly all the shops were shut all day on Sunday. Generally speaking, in Spain work proceeds on Sunday the same as other days: there is even less observance of Sunday there than in France. I also noticed that there was preaching in two churches that I visited on Sunday morning. Preaching seems to be more general in Navarre than in most parts of Spain: I heard it at Sangüesa in 1880. In fact the Navarros are a religious people.

While going about I fell in with a man who informed me that he had a brother a canon of the cathedral, a canon of the first class, who received eighteen thousand reales a year, that is £180. His house was kept by his niece, my companion's daughter, a widow, of about forty years of age, whose son was studying law in the town. My companion had come to visit his daughter; but he was anxious for my company, for he was alone, the canon being occupied; and he said even when the canon was not occupied he did not care to go about with him. In fact he said church matters did not please him: they were a necessity of society, he said, leaving me to infer what else he thought of them. He evidently had great repugnance to religion: he did not want even to go into churches with me. I however got him into San Saturnino, to see the loaves of bread; but he was glad to come out again, though he said the priest was preaching a good sermon. I could not get any information from him respecting the bread. Though a vast mass of the Spanish people are devout in their religion, and though perhaps still more of them are bigoted, it is evident that religion has lost its hold upon some of them; and this is especially the case in such a place as (for example) the manufacturing town of Barcelona, in Catalonia,

from which province my friend came. I have noticed the same tendency elsewhere in Spain, and I well remember, when at Panticosa, the first question a priest, next to whom I sat at table, asked me, after a few introductory remarks, was whether in England the priests married. The Roman Catholic Church will never again have in Spain the political and social influence and control it once had. And as the Spaniards are essentially a religious people, and devout, the question naturally arises—What will the future of religion in Spain be? One fears that, if our English religious influence should come to prevail there, it would take away from the Spaniards much of their charming simplicity; and, for that genuine warmth of character which renders Spaniards always approachable with confidence, would substitute our cold, haughty, purse-proud, religious stand-off-ishness.

I sounded my friend on the general question of priests and their nieces, for it is the common thing for priests to have their houses kept by their nieces (*sobrinas*), and funny tales are told on this subject. He seemed sceptical as to the nieces, but he did not say much.

Monday came; and I was going to start for Roncesvalles, of old renown, a place I had long wished to visit.

“ O, for a blast of that dread horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne,
That to King Charles did come,
When Rowland brave, and Olivier,
And every paladin and peer,
On Roncesvalles died ! ”

One seems, even now, almost to catch the sound of the warrior's horn, sweeping along the valley and resounding through the woods of this historic pass, the scene of the “dolorous rout” of the army of Charlemagne, in the year A.D. 778 when his army was all but annihilated and nearly all his peerage fell. Through this valley our Black Prince led his legions to aid in replacing Don Pedro the Cruel on the throne of Castille ; and gained a victory at the battle of Navarete on the 3rd of April 1367. Four centuries and a half later the Pyrenees were once more connected with English history, in a more glorious cause : the 25th of July 1813 witnessed a combat between the French and the English known as the combat of Roncesvalles, one of the series of actions in the Peninsular War, comprised under the name of “Battles of the Pyrenees.” And at Roncesvalles, Don Carlos was proclaimed king on the 12th of October 1833.

I had twice before been very near Roncesvalles. Once, in passing from Bayonne to Pamplona over

the mountains, I wanted to go through this valley, but failed. On the present occasion I tried to get horses for my visit; but, strange to say, there were no horses to be had in this city of twenty-five thousand inhabitants, formerly the capital of a kingdom; so now I was going by diligence. The journey there was not one of any special interest. On the road I spoke about smugglers, and on approaching a village some one said they were all smugglers there, to which I added,—“And coachmen the chief of them.” He took it well; but did not deny it. Along the extensive and rugged mountain line between France and Spain it must be almost impossible to prevent smuggling, especially with such inefficient administration as that of the Spanish Customs. A Spaniard in London a year or two ago told me he did not suppose there was an honest Custom House officer in Spain. At length, passing away from wooded mountains, we entered a rich pastoral plain, the northern part of which bears the historic and celebrated name of the valley of Roncesvalles.

We arrived at a village, at perhaps ten o'clock at night: it was then dark and cold and damp. At the inn I sat in the kitchen, by a fire on a large open hearth. Among the company were three priests.

Soon we had a hot supper in the dining-room, one priest joining, the others taking only a little. After supper and another warm at the fire, I retired. The bedroom contained a good bed, a table with books on it, an armchair, and washing apparatus, and other marks of civilization: in short it was a very nice little room.

On Tuesday morning I awoke at 8.30, at Burgete. Chocolate was brought to me in my bedroom. I rose; and after talking about arrangements, I started off on a walk, at about ten o'clock. Glorious mountains were all around, well wooded, and difficult, mountains of Navarre, which once and again have been the asylum of independence where the hardy vigorous and liberty-loving Vascons in times past defended themselves against Romans, and Moors, and other invaders. There were hedge-rows there, as in England, hedge-rows of whitethorn; and numerous cattle fed on the pastures. It was a place to make one glad, so free from the world's din and strife and jealousy, with air so pure and nature so lovely, and with such a stirring event in history connected with it. It was almost too good: I was actually in the valley of Roncesvalles, the associations of which have moved the poetic spirits of Dante and Milton and Scott and Mrs. Hemans.

“The mountain-storms rise high
In the snowy Pyrenees,
And toss the pine-boughs through the sky
Like rose-leaves on the breeze.
But let the storm rage on!
Let the fresh wreaths be shed!
For Roncesvalles' field is won,—
There slumber England's dead.”

This little valley, so secluded, so little visited by the stranger, has clustering around it historical associations, spirited and romantic, though perhaps not of world-wide importance like some events which have had a decisive effect in determining the course of the world's history. In Charlemagne, it witnessed the championship of a corporate religion; and in his defeat it saw the struggle of a nation to maintain its independence. It has known the inward march of the invader, and his outward retreat. It has seen the conflict of two foreign powers—one the friend of the country and one the foe. And it has witnessed the coronation of a pretender to the throne.

The valley itself is rich and pleasant; and it has associations which keenly touch human life. Outward nature alone is insufficient to satisfy man's heart, as many a weary soul located among glorious scenery has found. Localities and landscapes are wanting in one element of delight, apart from human associations. How dull and drear the tenantless

house looks : we turn from it with a sense of depression. But how different is our feeling with regard to the house where a friend lives. Within those walls is a human being, a mind, a heart, a soul ; perhaps there is beauty there also, and grace, and external loveliness : and we are glad. Or, we pass a house of which we know nothing. It is large and fine ; we can see that it is handsomely furnished ; and there are marks of wealth and plenty. We hear sweet strains of music from a well-tuned instrument ; and more melodious still, yea more heavenly, the sound of a human voice breaks upon our ears : there are signs of life, and youth, and beauty, and gladness : and we too are glad. But, it is not the house and its fittings, useful and desirable as they may be, it is the human form within, the mind, the heart, the soul, that makes us glad. We look on a beautiful landscape, and the gratification of the sense of vision is agreeable and valuable. But, even if we can link no human associations with the place, the greatest part of our pleasure will probably arise from the thought of afterwards talking to others of what we have seen. If however we can associate the place with human life and action, especially if we can associate it with high and noble action, in thought, in word, in deed ; if man has trod there, if grace and beauty have adorned

the spot, and still more if high-souled life has spent itself there : if that place has been witness of man's labour, physical or mental, if it has known his doubts, his fears, his hopes, his joys, his aspirations, his suffering, fighting, struggling, yearning, agonizing, his spiritual defeats and victories ; then the place awakens a new thrill of emotion, touches the heart, speaks to the soul, becomes instinct with life and meaning. The lake district of England is beautiful in its natural scenery, and as such may be enjoyed ; but it becomes invested with another meaning when we enter into communion with the high intellects, the true hearts, the noble souls of men who have trod those hills and vales, and have enriched the world with literature laden with exalted and exalting thoughts. Spain has many associations springing from and touching human life, pleasing, painful, spirited, romantic. Here, probably, more than in any other country of Europe, the human passions have had sway, sometimes high passions with something noble and high-souled in them, but still passions. Old Rome, the mistress of the world, and classic Greece, charm the student of ancient life. And I envy not the soulless man who can visit Stonehenge without a feeling of reverence, or the birthplace of William the Conqueror without some special sense

of historic interest. But of how much deeper character are the human associations of that little land, whose people have played the very first part in the world's history, over whose fields walked the feet of Him who triumphed in the greatest of all human struggles, and who perfectly fulfilled the greatest of all ministries—the ministry of suffering. This old earth of ours, to which we cling so tenaciously, is dotted over with places rich in human associations which move the spirit and thrill the soul, which call forth veneration, which cause us to bow the knee in reverence, and which make us feel what a glorious thing it is to be a man. And these inspiring associations, in varied spheres, are around us on every hand. Even a child trundling a hoop is a sight to fill the heart with joy. But, wherever human foot has trod, wherever human physical activities have been put forth, still more wherever human intellect has worked, yet more wherever the joys of the human heart have been felt, and most of all wherever the agonies of the human soul in upward aspiration have been endured—that spot is holy ground.

As I walked along this valley, the mountains around covered with clouds, I fell in with an old woman, who was very chatty. She told me the

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wolves sometimes came down there from the mountains: I have, however, found great difficulty in discovering to what extent wolves exist in the Pyrenees, the accounts I received in answer to inquiries were contradictory and uncertain. Still, wild life is abundant there. From the fierce wild boar to the nimble squirrel, from the large heavy vulture to the simple small bird, wild beasts and inoffensive animals in an interminable scale roam these solitudes. The wild boar, the wolf, the fox, the deer, the izard, the hare, the marten, the hedgehog, the squirrel, the dove, the thrush, the quail, the duck, all have their dwelling-place in these thickets. For some of the mountains of the Pyrenees are so covered with wood and so solitary that they are scarcely visited by a human soul except the keepers in charge of them, and even these have perhaps never been to the tops of some of them: it is in such places that wolves and bears find a home. My pleasant old lady took me to the inn at the village of Roncesvalles, where I sat by the kitchen fire and talked, and where they treated me kindly, and took trouble to arrange for me to go over the old monastery, to which a girl afterwards conducted me. This monastery has a long history, going back to the time of Charlemagne (Carlo-Magno), who founded at Ibañeta, a short distance from Roncesvalles,

a monastery, with a church and an hospital (one of the four hospitals-general of Christendom), and established there a military-monastic order, which was the cradle and origin of that since known at Roncesvalles. In lawless times and unsettled ages, and in those wild regions, it was a useful institution, especially in aiding the large number of pilgrims from Germany, Italy, and France, who passed that way to visit the shrine of Santiago. Here without distinction of class or nationality, sex or age, all comers were received, and to all hospitality was freely shown, the poor were aided, and protection was afforded to travellers in the passage of the Pyrenees.

A singular legend is connected with this monastery. At the time of the invasion of Spain by the Moors, in the beginning of the eighth century, pious Christian persons in that country sought to preserve the holy images of the temples from destruction and profanation. At that time the Image of the Virgin, venerated in Roncesvalles, was hidden in the ground, the act remaining a secret and not being made known even at the death of those who carried it out. The Mussulman power did not succeed in establishing itself in this part of the country. The intrepid Vascons, ever jealous of their independence, fought and conquered. God rewarded their valour and the constancy of their faith,

with a jewel most precious and estimable, restoring to them the image which their fathers had been accustomed to adore in Roncesvalles. One night, when all nature was wrapped in slumber, a shepherd, who while watching his flock found himself in the neighbourhood of Roncesvalles, perceived, a short distance off, two lights of resplendent brilliancy. He approached and saw a stag, on the horns of which two dazzling stars were shining. The shepherd thought he was dreaming; he made efforts to awake; and when he had assured himself that what he saw was a reality, he returned to his cottage in astonishment. Again and again the same wonder was repeated; and now the shepherd, not able to keep the secret any longer, makes it known throughout the town. He is not believed, and is taken for a visionary, a dreamer. He insists on the truth of what he reports; and on such persistency there are not wanting persons who place themselves on the watch, and they have to confess what they had been unwilling to believe. The fact spreads with great force. The rumour assumes grand proportions. Another night when the stag has appeared, the inhabitants of the town approach, and, marvellous to relate! a celestial song in praise of the Virgin falls on their ears, a song which seems to come from the ground on which the

beautiful animal is standing. The stag disappears, the song ceases, the people retire in amazement, to return with the clergy, determined to unravel the mystery. They call the monks of Ibañeta : these make a report to the Bishop of Pamplona. The bishop refuses to believe the marvel, is undecided, vacillates, and an angel reveals the truth to him in dreams. The prelate arrives at Roncesvalles, and, surrounded with the monks of Ibañeta, presents himself at the place of the prodigy. They begin to remove the earth, and a little way down the tool comes upon something hard : they dig carefully on the sides ; and to the admiration and astonishment of those standing around, the Image of Our Lady of Roncesvalles appears in a niche of stone. Quickly the piety of the king and queen demands a temple, to which the image is removed ; raises a monastery as a residence for the monks of Ibañeta ; and builds an hospital, which takes the place of that of Carlo-Magno at Ibañeta.

This legend seems like a distant echo from the plains of Bethlehem, borne along through the ages, from that night when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea. The shepherds abiding in the field keeping watch over their flocks by night, the appearance of a supernatural light, the heavenly song, and the object

of the revelation, are points so much in common in the two cases as to seem to make the second story referable to the same origin as the first. It is, moreover, noticeable that a very similar legend is told about the Virgin of Montserrat.

The date of this apparition is uncertain: it can only be approximated as between 835 and 857, or between 926 and 970.

The great monastery, of the Order of Saint Augustine, is now of little use, and is entirely without splendour. It contains a chapel, and the tomb of *Sancho-el-Fuerte*, also some relics, as the clubs of Roland and Olivier, and some links of the chain captured at *Las Navas de Tolosa*. There is also a book of the Gospels, upon which the kings of Navarre used to take the coronation oath. In the library are more than seven thousand volumes, including the "Philosophy of Confucius," in Chinese characters. Of course, the great object of all is the Image of the Virgin, which, however, is not shown in common. My attendant was connected with the institution, but was not a priest: he showed me over; told me where the battle with Carlo-Magno is supposed to have taken place; and on parting refused money, saying they never took it.

After this, I started for Valcarlos (the valley of

Carlos), near the other end of the valley. The road was good, and lay among grand, well-wooded mountains. Unfortunately, it came on to rain; but of course I kept on. My macintosh might have been useful here. At Valcarlos there are several inns: I went, unintentionally, to one kept by a man who was at supper with me the night before. It was very comfortable, and they treated me well, and got me a capital little dinner, although it had to be specially prepared for me, at an unaccustomed hour. Here too I sat by the kitchen fire, and talked, and warmed myself: and they gave me sandals to wear while my boots were being dried. I thought of going afterwards to the French frontier; but the people considered it would be dangerous. They asked me whether I had a pistol, or what arms I had, and advised me to go back at once. They said that only the preceding year a person had been taken, and left bound to a tree. So, about four o'clock I went off. After a time I turned aside to go by the shortest route, down by the side of the river, the Valcarlos, and among the woods. It might have been a glorious walk; but it again came on to rain, in torrents, and the path was difficult, while at one place I had to trust almost to instinct to guide me. At length, I got back to Roncesvalles, where I paid for what I had had at the inn, and got a book I

had left there; after which another short walk brought me back to Burgete, about eight p.m. Here the people were very kind. They lent me the landlord's coat to wear—a good one, which fitted me well, stockings too they lent me, and slippers; and they took pains to dry my clothes. We chatted and got on very comfortably. They said they were accustomed to help people in that way; and I made them laugh by intimating that they were continuing the former work of the people at the old monastery, showing hospitality *como los frailes*. Another hot supper followed, of which the three priests partook; and after this, and a further short time at the fire, I went to bed. Before retiring I just looked in to say "Adieu," when I found the company round the table, evidently at some game, something after the style of the olden times in England, or like what one reads about concerning old English society, without any sign of coarseness or lowness or excess. In the course of my long walk this day I made various inquiries; but on one occasion I failed to make a man understand me. I was puzzled and also vexed, for I laid it to my bad Spanish. Further on, another man could not understand me; but, just beyond that, I made the same inquiry of another man, and he did understand me; so I asked him how it was the other man did not

he said the man was a Basque: this was a relief to me.

Next morning I was up about three o'clock. My clothes—coat, trousers, under-clothing, stockings—which had been put round the fire, were dry; but, oh, what a swarm of black beetles poured out of them! These creatures however quickly disappeared; and the people laughed when I told them about them. My shoes still remained wet. Some hot milk was got for me even at this early hour. The charge made for my stay here, everything included, was five francs, very moderate, certainly. To the attendants, a little extra, on account of the special trouble they had had, evidently gave pleasure. The innkeeper, I afterwards learned, was the *alcalde* of the town.

My visit to Roncesvalles was one ever to be remembered, for the place itself, for my own movements, and also on account of the great kindness shown me wherever I went.

Before daybreak I was off by diligence to Pamp-lona. The morning was cold. In our company was one of the three priests. He repeated to me the account of the discovery of the image, which he had before related at the supper-table. He also had a long talk with another man, who, for one thing, put to him this query, "Islands have been discovered

where the inhabitants have not even known of the existence of the rest of the world. Do you think those people sprang from Adam?" To which the priest replied, "Todos, Todos,"—all, all.

At length we reached Pamplona. Here I had breakfast, at my old inn, where I had left my bag. I also had a bath in the town. And in the afternoon I left for Sangüesa, by diligence.

CHAPTER XI.

PAMPLONA TO BARCELONA.

Diligence to Sangüesa—A dissatisfied coachman—A difference of opinion—A weird land—Sangüesa—Escutcheons on poor houses—A naughty landlord—Muleteers—The English pound weight in use.—To Tafalla on donkey-back—A dangerous place—The conscription—Refused admission at an inn—Conversation with a lawyer—Foundling hospital—The donkey-boy—To Saragossa—Fertile land and desolate wastes—Saragossa—Night watchmen—To Barcelona—The province and people of Catalonia—Visit to Montserrat—*Puente del diablo.*

“Hombre prevenido
Nunca fué vencido.”

IN the first part of the journey to Sangüesa I sat beside the coachman, and talked with him. He told me his wages, and he seemed to think he was poorly paid for his work : evidently the wage question is not settled in Spain, any more than anywhere else. He did not think much of the people of Pamplona : said they got all the money they could, and kept it : but the English and French travelled and spent

money. One thing was amusing: I had previously understood that that part was a stronghold of the Carlists, and I spoke about it accordingly, to a man at Pamplona, but he assured me there were no Carlists there; so I now said to the coachman,—“There are no Carlists about here now?” to which he replied decisively,—“All.” Evidently, each was speaking for the whole community according to his own personal feelings. The journey was along a good road, through an open country, with hills in the distance on each side. Near Sangüesa, on the right hand lies an open, inhospitable country, suggestive of the thought of brigands; and on the left hand a cold, sullen, beautiless river, called the Irati, rolls slowly along, like the River of Death or the Stygian waters. No bridge here spans the stream, but passengers are ferried across in a boat, as by a modern Charon. Beyond the river, stretching away to the heights of the Pyrenees, is a wild, mountainous country, a land of shadows, weird, untravelled, roadless. Fain would I visit that land: its very wildness has an attraction for me: nor would I shrink from it any more than did Orpheus shrink from visiting the land of the shades in search of his Eurydice. And perhaps after all the land of spirits, in the unseen world beyond the River of Death, is not really terrible, any more than

this land on the left-hand side of the river Irati in Spain, only it is unknown. Once before I went along this road, in the hot summer time. The hills then looked terribly bare, and all things about Sangüesa—the country, the town, the people—seemed parched and dry, with a “blasted” appearance.

On a hill-top we saw one of the old watch-towers formerly used to give signal of danger, when Navarre, surrounded by France, Aragon, and Castille, had to be ever on her guard against neighbours ready to devour her: at the signal of danger the people, burning with the spirit of nationality and independence, sallied forth from their wild glens and mountain fastnesses to the place of meeting, to defend their land.

We arrived at Sangüesa towards eight o'clock at night. The town is unpleasing, dull, brown, heavy, poor; whole streets have hardly a pane of glass in the windows; but many of the houses bear coats-of-arms. And this is very common in Navarre, where entire villages have scarcely a pane of glass, but stone escutcheons above the doors of the houses are quite common. It is rather laughable to think of—a house without glass but with a coat-of-arms upon it. It reminds one of the boy with “a patch on both knees, and gloves on.” But it indicates the decayed

state of the country ; for these houses, though for the most part poor places according to our ideas, were once abodes of the old nobility and gentry of Navarre, now all gone, consumed in the decay which for centuries has been eating out the vitality of the nation. Perhaps the owners of some of these houses were Basques ; for the people of the Basque race are all "noble." As for dwelling in such houses, it seems rather bad to sleep in a room without any glass in the window ; but I have done so, and I was very comfortable. Still, in the winter, especially in the cold and mountainous and wind-blown parts, it must be bad ; and it must be entirely inimical to reading, study, and artistic pursuits. I should think there will some day be a good opening in Spain for trade in glass.

The inn at Sangüesa is plain. The landlord is a thorough Spaniard : he recognized me as having been there before. I remember a remark of his, at that time :—he said he thought the English were more Protestant than Christian. I was surprised to hear him say so ; but yet somewhat pleased, on account of its implied appreciation of Christianity : similar expressions, otherwise applied, are however to be heard in England. He also pooh-poohed the idea of there being any danger in travelling in that part : he

said the people there were good, but in England bad. I remember too, on that occasion, the men had supper first, and the women waited on them, and were left to get their food afterwards, a thoroughly Eastern custom. Here, too, I then saw the *trillo* thrashing corn on the threshing-floor. I was also much amused to see the old system of lighting the street by a lamp swung across from one side to the other. And I was interested to see little children playing a game which was evidently the same as our old game—"This is the way we wash our clothes on a cold frosty morning." I have noted other English games in Spain, indicative of a common humanity. Surely games practised among two nations thus widely separated in distance and in character, and between whom there has not been any popular intercourse, must, like myths and stories, have had a common origin.

On the present occasion, as before, I wanted to go over the mountains and across country to Jaca, and thence across to Andorra. This was unusual: the landlord made difficulties (of course he did). He advised me to go to Pamplona and thence by rail (I knew he would). But that was just what I did not want to do. I proceeded cautiously; and he promised he would see about mules and talk to me on the

subject in the morning. But when I got up in the morning he was gone out into the fields, and all the mules of the town had gone out too. I was vexed. People said, "Go to Pamplona;" but that did not suit me. So, having thought it over, I made long and persistent efforts to get across country to Tafalla, one reason for my persistency being that I might not have to stay at this man's inn another day. Neither horse nor mule was to be had; but after a long time and after many inquiries had been made on my behalf, I got a widow's donkey, and a young man to take me. I was anxious to be off early, so as to catch the afternoon train at Tafalla; but it was a long time before the donkey came; and in the end I was too late for the train, which however I had no reason to regret; and it is a curious thing that I have generally found delays and mishaps in Spain turn out for my advantage. While I was waiting, it was quite a sight to see the number of mules and donkeys coming into and going out of the town. For this is the chief town for many miles round; and here the muleteers stop on their journeys, as Jacob's sons stopped to give their asses provender at the inn. These muleteers were strangers to the town, and some of them were in Aragonese costume, for Sangüesa is on the borders of Aragon. The muleteers or *arrieros* are one of the

sights of Spain. They are the carriers of the country, channels of commerce, especially in the mountainous and secluded districts; for even now a large part of the traffic of Spain is carried on by means of mules and donkeys, which fill the place of our luggage vans. These men traverse the country in all directions, with their mules decked out with bright trappings, looking quite gay. I have often seen them; and I once fell in with a band of muleteers in Catalonia on their line of march. We travelled some distance together. Evening came on; and as we drew near the Catalonian village where we were going to pass the night, according to their custom, they struck up a tune, a gentle, melancholy tune, and approached the village with a song.

These men lead a wandering life: they have few wants and fewer cares: their intellectual attainments are almost *nil*; but like the poor of Spain, generally, and unlike the poor of England, they often have a good deal of poetry in their soul. They tell tales on the way, and sing ballads and ditties, sometimes composed impromptu: they travel long distances, slowly winding their way by hill and vale; and at night, after they have attended well to their animals, they wrap their cloaks or mule-cloths around them, and with an improvised pillow, lay themselves down on

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the ground in the stable or in the entrance of the inn, and then sleep soundly till daybreak.

Before starting from Sangüesa I bought a pound of cherries in the market, for a penny ; and, strange to say, they were sold by the English pound (*la libra Inglesa*). I had once before bought cherries by the pound, in Spain. It is strange how the use of the English pound weight can have got into that country, and in such a secluded place as Sangüesa. Perhaps it was from the presence of the English army there.

This morning, I had little to eat ; no regular meal-time having arrived before I left the town.

At length, at about half-past eleven o'clock, the donkey came. The bag was bound on : the widow received her five francs : and I mounted, and so passed by the old church, over the old bridge, and out into the open country. It was then very pleasant. Soon the baggage slipped on one side ; and again and again we had to put that right. As for the country, mountains were to be seen in all directions : much of the land was cultivated, and other parts were being brought under cultivation. Near to Tafalla is a large open plain, rich and well cultivated. At one part of the way, down in a hollow, there was a wood on one side. I was walking down the hill a little in advance, when the boy, who was riding, called me back, and

told me not to get away from him, as that was a dangerous part; and he went on to say that recently there had been more attacks on people there than usual. This was certainly not pleasant for a stranger. Clearly the place was one of bad repute, like the road from Jerusalem to Jericho, just the kind of place where a man was in danger of falling among thieves. During this tour I heard of murders or saw signs of them, north, south, east, and west. My guide was rather communicative; but he wanted to stop at every village and at every wayside inn, for wine, which was only about a penny for a small glass. In true Spanish style, he thought very much of his own town, Sangüesa: there were, he said, such and such towns in Navarre, but Sangüesa was first of them all, even before Pamplona. He was a shoemaker by trade, but had been drawn as a soldier, and had had some military training at Pamplona: but he was small, and by no means military in appearance, according to English ideas. He was under engagement to serve in Cuba; and he showed me his paper. He said some young men ran away to France to escape service in Cuba, but he should not do so. However, an elderly woman at one of the inns told me, confidentially, that he was going to run away to France for that purpose; but when I afterwards put it to him he denied it. This

conscription is a horrible thing in Spain, worse than in France: I heard of it in several places. Its effect on the nation is very baneful: it is constantly proving the ruin of individuals and families: young men maim themselves and some even kill themselves to escape it. To purchase exemption the penalty is £60 (three hundred dollars), and to pay this sum many men, it is said, especially small farmers, cripple their resources and even bring themselves to ruin. My boy further informed me that his father was dead. He added that his father was the best father in the world: if he had one fault it was that he was a little too strict. I believe I have heard this same tale, almost the same expressions, in England. I expect it is a tale in blank form, like a blank cheque, floating about the world, to be filled up with names and dates suitable to individual cases. As we went along my boy made out that the corn brought for the donkey had been lost: I do not believe it: nevertheless I had to pay for more.

The boy rode much more than I did. Indeed I walked most of the way. Near Tafalla he fell in with company, and got separated from me, and I entered the town alone, on donkey-back. I should not like to have done so in England. The town has five thousand inhabitants. I went to the head inn; and here, for the first and only time in my life, I was refused admission

to an inn. I entered the gateway, and had dismounted, and was tying up my beast, when a woman came, and curtly and almost snappishly told me I could not stop there. I pressed, and very innocently asked questions, not even suspecting the real cause of this refusal, but in vain ; the woman said I could not stop there, round the corner there was an inn to which I could go ; so I went out, quite puzzled to understand it, for it had not occurred to me that it could be on account of the donkey. I am afraid, however, that the woman, in her zeal for the honour of the house, told several little fibs. I spoke to some people outside, but could get no explanation. Presently my boy came up : I told him : he went in, and very quickly I was admitted. I paid off the boy, and he said he should leave next morning. On inquiring why I had been refused I was told by the landlord that the woman seeing me with a donkey thought "it was a man of another class." The woman now became very attentive to me.

A young doctor was living at the inn, and also a lawyer. The lawyer was very friendly with me ; took me several times to the casino to have coffee with him, and said if I had been going to stay over Sunday he would have taken me to his parents' home in the country. Talking about public affairs, he said

several times that Spain was like Turkey—about to die. I could see he was only trying to draw me out, and I answered him frankly. Then he said that they meant to keep at peace, and attend to their internal affairs, and in twenty years Spain would be very different from what it is now. This I could see was his genuine feeling; and there was something about it which told me that in that feeling he was keeping touch with the feeling of the nation. He expressed agreement with me that it would be good for Spain to get rid of Cuba. He stated that Spain and Portugal were going to unite, there being, he said, at the present time, among the two peoples a disposition for union, which did not formerly exist; and on this subject he confided to me the entirely new piece of intelligence that Portugal was only a dependency of England. He also added that Spain would annex Andorra. He inquired about Ireland and the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish (by-the-bye, was not Mr. Burke murdered also? I think I heard so at the time; but very little, comparatively, has been said about him: I suppose he was “a man of another class”); and he talked about the Queen and other persons, showing a rather intimate acquaintance with current English affairs.

At Tafalla there was once a palace of Charles III.

of Navarre, called the Noble. There is a show of poor fortifications round the town. The storks and their nest, on the church of San Pedro, are pleasing. Here, as usual in Spanish towns, is a foundling hospital: over it is the verse—

“Mi padre y madre
Me alejan de si.
La Caridad Cristiana
Me recoje aquí.
1875.”

(“My father and mother cast me off. Christian charity gathers me here.”)

Foundling hospitals (*casas de expositos*, houses of the exposed) are very general in Spain; they are a standing institution in most towns; and they appear to be well patronized. That at Seville (*La Cuna*, the Cradle) is one of the chief: I visited it in 1881. Outside, in the wall of the building, is a round kind of box, called *el torno*, which turns round, and into which the living treasures are popped at the rate of about three every twenty-four hours, a bell being at the same time rung to give notice of the deposit. A marble tablet on the wall bears the inscription,—“Since my father and my mother have forsaken me, the Lord has taken me up.” Inside, I asked the sister who was conducting me, whether many children were left there. Opening wide her eyes,

and with a look which I feel hardly competent to analyze or describe—perhaps a look of wonder that I should ask such a question, perhaps a look of bewilderment that ever such things should be, perhaps there was pity in it, or a little natural sympathetic feeling, or even some slight anger; but whatever it may have been, she answered, in a low tone, and with an air of mystery, quickly, as if stating a secret, “An infinity.” I asked about how many a year. She said—Eight or nine hundred; but formerly there were more. Respecting this number, however, it should be observed that many children are left at these places by their parents simply on account of poverty. Once, at Toledo (in 1879), in talking with a Spanish gentleman, who sat at the head of the table, and who I was informed was a general, this subject was just touched on: I asked him what they did with all these children. He replied in a very few words, saying they were taught trades, and . . . and so the subject dropped.

Next day, in the afternoon, when about to start, I found my boy had not gone: his donkey was there: and he had told the people I should pay for it, the lost corn included. The sum was not much, and I paid it; but it was contrary to agreement with him; and he had told a great falsehood. He afterwards

met me at the station, and wanted to shake hands with me: this I refused, telling him what he had done, to which of course he had his reply.

At 4.35 I left by train, travelling first through the southern part of Navarre, where, in contrast to the beautiful valleys and Alpine scenery of the mountainous parts of the north, the country is flat. Near Tafalla the land is fertile; but at the south-east corner of Navarre, the road skirts the domains known as the *Bardenas Reales*, one of those desert tracts so common in Spain—stony hills, scored with deep ravines, desolate, brown, bare, and barren, with hardly a tree to be seen on it, except perhaps in the far distance, and with few signs of life beyond a flock of goats here and there picking up some scanty herbage or winding their way up a dry gorge. The place is something horrible. Then, as we approach Tudela, the land becomes splendidly fertile, like a desert made to rejoice and blossom as the rose. Soon however the scene again changes to one of barrenness, with an occasional fertile spot, and here and there, generally near some station or village, patches of ground bearing poor crops, where some kind of attempt has been made at cultivation. Far as the eye can reach or till bounded by the distant mountains this barren land, this treeless, joyless, songless, verdureless, hopeless

waste lies stretched out. And that people should live there! What it must have been before it had a railway, it seems dreadful to think of. For desolate as it still remains, the railway must have brought a little relief along its line of route here, though only a little. And there are vast tracts of country, mighty stretches of land, still unrelieved by even a railway. But possibly the people like it, even as the Arabs love their desert. At about ten p.m. we reached Saragossa, the time-honoured capital of the old kingdom of Aragon, which was for four centuries in the hands of the Moors, a place I had previously visited. Here I slept; but I could not sleep. Before, however, retiring to rest that night, I went out for a short time; and I noticed the night watchmen pacing the streets. This night-watch, copied from the English, was first established in Spain, at Valencia, in 1777. The watchmen traverse the cities of Spain all night long, with lantern in one hand and a kind of pike or lance in the other. They are called *serenos*, from the word *sereno*, clear or serene. These men call out the time every quarter of an hour, and announce the state of the weather, thus,—*Las onze y media y sereno*, “Half-past eleven and fine;” and as it is generally fine in Spain, the word *sereno* is almost a regular cry with them, hence they have come to be called *serenos*.

Strange noises they make, differing in different towns and according to personal peculiarities ; but one and all seem to take a delight in giving the least possible articulation to their sounds, frequently laying special emphasis on some one syllable while slurring over the others, the whole being done as if the chief object were to prevent people understanding what is being said, reminding one in this respect of London street cries, and even of some of the cries of English railway porters. These men I have often heard, in various parts of Spain. They will probably die out gradually, there not being so much need for them now as there was formerly, when murder and intrigue were the order of the night.

Next morning at 6.55, I left for Barcelona. For thirteen kilometres, to Villanueva, the land was cultivated ; then came the "desert" again, with cultivated patches, and with a little of what looked like land newly broken up for cultivation. At Tormillo the land was something terrible : the ground behind the houses seemed as bare as a sun-dried mud wall. At length we reached Lerida, some little distance within the borders of Catalonia, around which town there was fertility and cultivation, although the province of Lerida (one of the four provinces of the old province of Catalonia), with its sandy, deserted,

wind-swept wastes, is called "the Province of Desolation." After this the route passes the plain called the *Llano de Urgel*. As we proceeded, we at times had nice views over Catalonia, till, passing Manresa, of Ignatius Loyola renown, and where I once had an interesting conversation with a Spanish priest, we got magnificent views of the jagged outline and the grand pointed pinnacles of the wonderful and imposing mountain called Montserrat, grand and yet lovely, standing alone in sublime isolation on the plains of Catalonia, twenty-four miles in circumference, and three thousand eight hundred feet high. After this we passed through a richly cultivated plain to Barcelona, where I arrived at about 6.30. p.m.

Barcelona is the first industrial and commercial town of Spain, and the second in point of population. It is the capital of Catalonia, which is the most thickly inhabited province of the country. As Barcelona is now visited by a few Englishmen, from time to time, it may pass without further notice from me than to say that it is a fine city, prosperous, healthy, and beautifully situated. It has a rich cathedral, and a university, and it possesses numerous social advantages. It is in fact a little Paris. And the people are very proud of their city, which they place much before Madrid.

Catalonia is a glorious province, presenting grand, picturesque, glowing scenery, and it is well cultivated. In the Mediterranean region, the flora is gorgeous and the natural productions generally are varied and abundant, being, in fact, similar to those of the Riviera, and including palms, oranges, olives, and the mulberry. The flowers and fruits displayed on the *Rambla* and in the market of Barcelona are brilliant and rich, even rivalling those of Valencia. This province is, in fact, in regard to its vegetable produce, the entrance to that zone of luxuriant and exuberant fertility which is seen in the more southern provinces of Valencia and Murcia, where the fruits and flowers and vegetables show a marvellous richness of variety, size, colour, and form, and where they are so abundant and cheap that they enter into the use of even the poor with a freedom and fulness not thought of in our colder climate.

The people of Catalonia are hardly Spanish. The name of the province (Gothalunia, Cataluña, Catalonia) indicates its Gothic association. Here the Provençal element is mingled with the Spanish, modifying by its fire and dash the gravity of the Spaniard. The language, too, and the pursuits and the political tendencies of the people, especially in the provinces of Gerona and Barcelona, are as much Provençal as Spanish, perhaps more so.

The coast of Catalonia, as indeed all the east coast of Spain, is intensely historic. Here are footprints of all the races that have dominated the Mediterranean Sea. Here Phœnician and Greek have left traditions and remains. And along this route, from Cartagena to the Pyrenees, have marched the mighty armies of Romans and Carthaginians, in a great struggle between an Aryan and a Semitic race for the dominion of the West—a struggle which, for other immediate purposes, and in other parts of the world, has been going on, from time to time ever since, always with the same result, the final triumph of the Aryan.

At Barcelona I stayed at the Four Nations Hotel, as I had done before. Here I spent Sunday, and went to the English service twice. In order to get a parcel from Valencia, which had been flying about the country from one place to another for me, I stayed the Monday also, and went to the glorious Montserrat, to visit the hermitage of San Geronimo, which I had not seen, although I had been in the wondrous grottoes—those splendid stalactical caves in the side of the mountain, and had slept in the old monastery perched mid-height up that gigantic, precipitous mass of rock. Leaving by the 5.40 train in the morning, I went to Martorell, and thence by

coach to Colbató, where I had food at the *Posada Nueva de las Cuevas*, kept by Don Pedro Bacarisas y Pujol, who has for his motto, in the entrance hall of the house, on the left hand in Latin and on the right in Spanish,—

“In necessities unity,
In doubtful things liberty,
In all things charity.”

A guide was found, with a mule; and I set off on mule-back. The guide was communicative. He said he worked in the fields for four *pesetas* a day from four o'clock in the morning till eight at night, with a rest (*siesta*) in the middle of the day, the hours in winter, however, being shorter. That is, in simple fact, he worked during daylight. Compared with this, six *pesetas* for about four hours with me was favourable. It was a glorious mountain climb; but the guide was used to it, and did not enjoy it so much as I did. He said he preferred taking rest in the shade at home: when he became rich, he would not go to San Geronimo, for six *pesetas*. I let him ride part of the way. Like so many others in France and Spain, he had the idea that in England there were only two classes of people, the very rich and the very poor. In Spain he said there were eight or nine classes. We reached San Geronimo: and it was a thing of interest to enter what was once

really the lonely mountain cell of a hermit, into which, in days of yore, the anchorite entered, never to return to the world of active life. But, shades of the holy man! there were a lot of noisy visitors there, Spaniards; and drinking seemed to be the chief thing going on. For the house of prayer and fasting had been turned into a kind of tavern—verily, in regard to one phase of society, a true type of modern life as compared with the past. Just above the hermitage is a rocky dome, the highest point of the mountain, which I ascended, and from whence there is a glorious view, northward, over the plains of Catalonia, to the snowy range of the Pyrenees, and eastward and southward to the old Mediterranean. I then, with my guide, returned to the inn, pleased with this my second visit to Montserrat, which, viewed from near or far, is a scene of beauty and grandeur almost unsurpassable. After this I went back to Martorell, where I saw, at a little distance, the bridge called the *Puente del diablo* (the bridge of the devil), said to have been built by Hannibal, B.C. 218, and therefore vividly recalling Roman history to mind. Though strong, and doubtless suited to the circumstances of the time when it was built and even long after, this bridge will not do beside modern bridges, for style or for the requirements of our day; and

perhaps some modern bridges are quite as durable as it. Interesting as an ancient work, it is hardly "magnificent." Strange to say, and yet perhaps not strange, remembering what we know of men, people of that part seemed unconscious that they had a wonderful bridge in their neighbourhood, or one that had any reputation. I made several inquiries, and almost despaired of seeing it, till one man said in a listless way that there was the *Puente del diablo*; but the thought seemed never to have entered his mind that there could be anything about it to make a person from England care to see it. After this a short railway journey landed me at Barcelona again.

With my arrival at Barcelona I had completed a journey round Spain—east, south, west, and north. There remained, however, one other thing I wanted to do—perhaps the crowning part of my tour, although among the many delightful events of the journey there were several others, each of which, apart from this, might well have been called crowning. This one thing was a visit to Andorra.

CHAPTER XII.

BARCELONA TO ANDORRA.

Short account of Andorra—Third attempt to reach Andorra—Rail to Ripoll—A Frenchman going to the mountains—Dogs—A landslip—Ripoll—Old monastery—Talk with a tailor—To Puigcerdá by diligence—To Porté (France) in a cart—A wretched inn—Man and horses engaged for journey to Andorra—A mountain ride—Wet through—In the main valley of Andorra—Saldeu—A pleasing incident—Canillo—More rain—Encamp—Las Escaldas—At Andorra town—Well received at the inn—Good food and good bed—Morning ride—A talk with an Andorran—Sign of independence—San Julian—Visit to the Parliament House—A good breakfast—Return journey—To Hospitalet—My guide and I part—Ride in a cart to Ax—Diligence to Tarascon—Rail to Toulouse, and Paris—Home.

“Aman los valles al rio
Y las plantas al rocío,
Las flores al sol fecundo
Y las aves al estío,
¡ Todo es amor en el mundo !”

CAMILO ABARCA.

ANDORRA is a little republic, buried in the Pyrenees, which has maintained its independence, and pre-

served its institutions, in the midst of surrounding political convulsions, for about eleven hundred years, thus presenting to modern civilization the strange example of an ante-feudal state of society which has remained virtually stationary and unchanged during all these centuries, to the present day. It was first enfranchised by Charlemagne, whose son, Louis le Debonnaire, on All Saints' Day in the year 819, granted it a charter, by which these valleys were placed under the jurisdiction of the then existing Bishop of Urgel, and his successors, and were made free, neutral, sovereign, and independent of every kingdom and province, with their own particular government, which form of government has been preserved in its essential purity through all the succeeding ages. This little state, whose very existence is known but to few people, and which Napoleon is said to have spared because it was *une curiosité politique*, is under the joint protection of France (now represented by the prefect of the department of the Pyrénées Orientales), and the Bishop of Urgel in Spain (who bears the title of prince-bishop). It owes its practical independence to the singular fact of a double Seigneurie, it having two protectors neither of whom is fully master; and thus, through the jealousies and rivalries of the two, it has remained

unattached by either. Though, as regards the question of independence, there are several other Pyrenean communities of Spain, which are said to have freer constitutions than Andorra. A tribute of nine hundred and sixty francs a year is paid by Andorra to France, and four hundred and eighty francs a year to the Bishop of Urgel.

Andorra is governed by a council-general, consisting of twenty-four members, being four representatives from each of the six communes or *parròquias* composing the confederation of Andorra: these members are elected for four years, by the heads of families. The council has for president a first syndic, assisted by a second syndic, who are both nominated by the council, for four years. The executive power belongs to the first syndic. The judicial power is exercised by two veguers (*vegueres*) or magistrates, and a civil judge: the two veguers are nominated by France and the Bishop of Urgel—one each, and have equal powers; and the civil judge is nominated alternately by France and the bishop.

Andorra has no written laws, no taxation, no public debt, little crime. There are only three or four paid officials. The expenses of justice are paid by the accusers and the accused; and the cost of government and of the administration of the com-

munes is met by the rent or dues paid for the right of pasturage and of cutting wood on communal lands. There is no standing army; the recognized number of armed men is six hundred, one per family, about one-tenth of the population, but these are without uniforms, flags, drums, and the usual ornamental equipments of an army: on necessity all able-bodied men may be called to arms. There are few monuments of antiquity in the country, few manufactures, and no trade to speak of. There is no telegraph in the land, no railroad, not even a carriage-road; and there are no steam engines: all work is conducted in a style which, surely, would delight the heart of Mr. Ruskin.

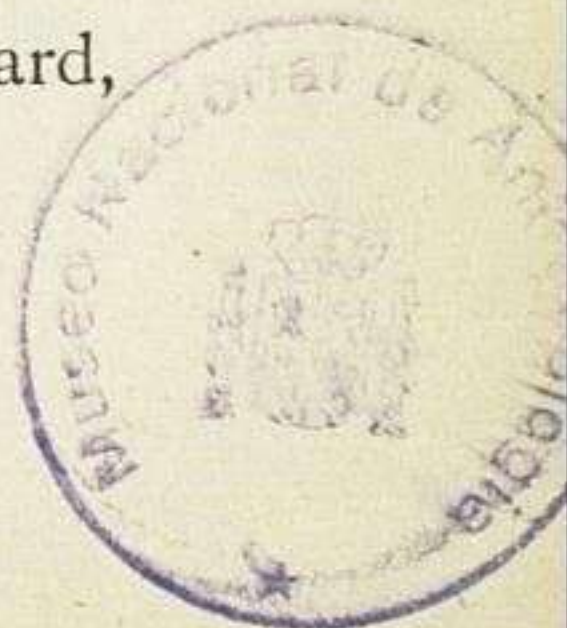
This curious little country is adjacent to the French department of the Ariège, but geographically more in Spain than in France, being on the southern side of the watershed, and surrounded on three sides by Spanish territory, viz. the province of Lerida in Catalonia. It is about twenty-eight miles long, from north to south, and twenty miles broad, from east to west; and the limits are the same to-day as those which were marked out by Louis le Debonnaire. It is shut in by high mountains on all sides except the south, where the river Valira, otherwise called the Embalire, issues out, into Spain. The country con-

sists, for the most part, of mountains ; but there are three principal valleys, pastoral and picturesque. Through the main valley, north and south, runs the river Valira, which, after having received the waters of the minor streams of the country, flows into the Segre at Urgel. Through the other two valleys run the Ordino and the Os. There are other small streams and valleys, and a few small lakes ; and mineral waters abound at Escaldas. The mountains are grand, of great elevation, and covered with forests of pine. Altogether, this is one of the wildest districts of the Spanish Pyrenees. The very name, Andorra, is said to mean "a place thick with trees," from the Arabic "Aldarra." In these mountains, I was told, are wolves and izards ; and some accounts say there are bears also, and even wild boars.

A considerable number of sheep, goats, cows, horses, and mules are fed on the pastures and about the mountains. Timber is cut, and floated down the Valira to the Segre, and thence on the Ebro to Tortosa. Iron is found here, and is smelted, and roughly worked by rude smiths in about half a dozen primitive forges. A little coarse cloth and linen is also produced. The exterior trade is very small ; but by the sale of the small quantity of goods produced over and beyond the native consumption, aided

(it is said) by smuggling, corn and a few articles not produced in the country, including even salt, are obtained, mostly from Spain, and entirely from Spain and France; for probably not a single article of merchandise reaches it from any other country.

There are six chief towns or villages, which are the heads of the six communes or *parróquias* constituting the federation of Andorra. They are Andorra, the capital, with seven hundred inhabitants,—San Julian de Loria, the former capital, with five hundred inhabitants,—Canillo, with five hundred inhabitants,—Ordino, on the river of the same name,—Encamp, and Massana. Besides these there are from twenty to thirty smaller villages or hamlets. The total population is perhaps about seven thousand; but there has never been any exact census, and accounts differ considerably as to the number of the inhabitants both of the entire country and of the various towns. Naturally, most of the people live in the valleys, but there are a few about the mountains. They are quiet and unaggressive, simple, and somewhat primitive it is true, living very much as their fathers did a thousand years ago, knowing little of luxury, art, and the ways of large cities; but they are by no means uncivilized. The love of independence burns in them. Education is at a low standard,



and schools are few. The religion is Roman Catholic, under the Bishop of Urgel. But even in this there is a kind of dual control, favourable to the spirit of independence. For, during four months of the year the religious authorities are nominated by the Bishop of Urgel; and during the other eight months they are proposed by the bishop and nominated by the pope. Thus over the Andorrans the pope has not full direct spiritual control, their own prince-bishop coming between them and the pope.

This little republic I was now about to visit. It is by no means easy of access. I had before on two occasions tried to get there. In the year 1880, I started from Manresa and went by Cardona to Solsona. As far as Cardona there was a good road, through a wild country, zigzag, ascending, pleasant, among hills and woods, midst vines and pine trees. But, beyond Cardona, for the greater part of the way, there was not any highway road at all, only a mule-track, along which we beat our way in our little jolting cart, as best we could. Soon after starting we had to ford a river, which even then, in summer, was of considerable width, and which in rainy seasons must render this journey absolutely impossible. In one place we got down and walked through a wood, while the cart went round by a circuitous route which

was just practicable for it, joining us again some distance beyond, on the other side. This condition of things is, however, very common in Spain, among the mountains, where, even in summer, many places are difficult of approach from any considerable distance off; and in rough and rainy and snowy seasons, they must be quite unapproachable from the outside world, entirely cut off from all parts except just their immediate surroundings, in fact buried to all the rest of the world. There are some main roads (*Carreteras* or *Caminos Reales*) in the country, and there are also some bye-roads; but Spain is at present very incompletely supplied with good hard roads; and there is a great want of bridges. Some places have perhaps one road leading to or passing through them, while in all other directions they are entirely without such means of access; and even these places in bad weather are not always easily approachable even along the hard road. But there are vast stretches of land left in solitude, with few hard roads opening them up into communication with the main roads of the country. Of course, it is not so long ago when many places in England were without hard roads; though there were hardly, even then, places in England buried as these places in Spain have been for centuries and still are. But roads are being con-

structed in all directions in Spain ; and when this has been done, how much of the charm will have gone !

We reached the ancient fortified city of Solsona, with its two thousand five hundred inhabitants, where I slept, and from whence, for efficient and sufficient reasons, I turned back.

In 1881, I made another attempt, starting as before from Manresa. I went again to Cardona, which is a town well placed, standing on a hill, beautiful for situation, with its castle towers and long lines of fortifications dominating river and valley below. Here I visited the wonderful mountain of salt, said to be nearly five hundred feet high and a league in circumference and to reach deep down in the ground. At the inn I arranged for a man and two mules to take me over the Pyrenees. I then went on to Solsona, with other people, in a small, rough, covered cart, with one horse ; and early next morning I started for a long mountain ride, during which, what with the fatigue, the hot sun, and the oily food, I was very ill. All along this journey people kept saying that Andorra was besieged, and that I could not go there ; though the man of whom I hired the mules was silent on the subject, probably from an interested discretion. It was quite true that Andorra was besieged : this was the time of the gambling-

table question : the French were guarding it on one side, and the Spaniards on all other sides : no one was allowed to enter or to leave the country : and had I got in, I might have had difficulty in getting out again. But an Englishman is not to be stopped thus easily : so I went on. Starting from Solsona with my guide and two mules, we journeyed over glorious mountains, among woods of box and pine, through valleys, and by rills and streams of water, to Oliana. Thence we went along the side of the River Segre, passing by gigantic rocks, through a narrow defile and a picturesque gorge, amid buttresses and towers and pinnacles and weird and frightful precipices, where the scenery is grand, but where it often has a look of stern desolation about it, which is especially the case near the village of Orgañá, at which we stopped for the night. Here I wrote two letters, one in Spanish to the governor of Urgel, asking to be allowed to enter Andorra, and the other in French to the French commander, requesting to be permitted to go out on the other side. Early next morning we were off again ; and, passing by a votive cross marking the site of a murder, we forded a river, and entered a tremendous gorge, and went along a narrow path cut out of the side of the mountains, having on our left hand enormous bare rocks towering two thousand

feet above and capped by steep slopes of still greater height, and on our right the river Segre running in rocky depths below, shut up within the bases of these enormous mountains—grand, gloriously grand, but stern and desolate. Perhaps the gorges of the Segre are unsurpassed in weird magnificence by any in Europe. On these rocks the Carlists waged war, for this was one of the two districts of their operations. In the central parts of the Pyrenees, between Roncesvalles and Puigcerdá, the mountains are almost impassable, so that there supplies to an irregular army would be uncertain, and the barren plains of Aragon are not favourable for foraging; but in the western Pyrenees where the mountains are practicable, and where there are woods and passes and valleys, where too the Basques inhabit both sides of the frontier between Spain and France, and in the eastern Pyrenees where there are rocky gorges and natural fortifications and labyrinthine hiding-places, from which it would be almost impossible to dislodge a determined force of practised mountaineers, and where the Spanish Catalans are very similar in race and sympathies to the inhabitants on the French side of the frontier, everything is favourable to guerilla warfare, and there the Carlists carried on their operations.

Then again, in these parts, one may notice indications of that general sense of insecurity which has always prevailed throughout Spain, and particularly in the Pyrenean district, for here there has been the double danger of both external and internal enemies. Except in the Basque provinces lone houses are scarcely ever seen in Spain: the lands are solitary, there are no farm-houses and homesteads out in the country, the corn is thrashed in the fields at the time of harvest and brought home for storage, the people, with hardly any exceptions, are gathered together, as if they dared not trust themselves outside the walls of their towns or the limits of their villages; and these towns and villages are frequently perched high up on the slopes of mountains, or on the edge of precipices, or in narrow gorges, and many of them are fortified; moreover, throughout the peninsula, the people, as a matter of course, carry their large knives, many of them have daggers also, and it is only a few years since they went about armed in a more formidable manner, with pistol and musket. These precautions, however, are little if at all necessary at the present day: in so far as they now exist they are survivals of the past, and habits arising from natural disposition and taste.

Arrived at gloomy Urgel, called *La Seu* (or *Seo*)

de Urgel, and often only *La Seo* (the see), I called upon the governor, and delivered my letter myself. He read it slowly ; and then replied in a decisive but not harsh manner, in French, "Impossible." Then began an explanation and a conversation, in which I urged every plea I could, but all in vain. Not a single person, he said, was allowed to enter or to leave Andorra. So, as the case was hopeless, I thanked the governor, and retired ; and then, at my own time, I turned aside from Andorra, and passed over the Pyrenees by Puigcerdá, and so home. Thus ended my second attempt to reach Andorra.

I was now to make a third effort. I planned my route with a view to seeing another part of Catalonia, having also regard to means of communication. At four o'clock, on the morning of Tuesday the 19th of June, I rose, and at five o'clock I started by train for Ripoll. In the train was a Frenchman, who spoke English, though imperfectly : he had lived two years at a school at Hackney : his wife and little boy were with him. He was living in Spain, but was now on his way to the mountains for a holiday ; for, like a true verdure-loving Frenchman, he found the dry, arid, parched land of Spain terrible to live in. He was going to a peasant farm-house, to stay there some considerable time, where he said he

should have good izard shooting, besides hare and rabbit shooting. He had a nice dog with him. Speaking of dogs, one sees in these parts dogs wonderfully like a bear—with shaggy hair, and even the same kind of walk : I saw two of them, on this journey : they are said to be good for izard hunting. So, too, there are here dogs very much like wolves, large, strong, and said to be very savage—wolf-dogs, in fact : they are used for shepherding.

We passed by Vich, which I noticed the people pronounced *Vick*, which is by no means Castilian pronunciation. Near Ripoll there had been a great landslip : the line was blocked : and we had to get out, and walk to another train, on the other side of the fallen earth. I remember once, in the journey, by diligence and eight, up to Panticosa, eight thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea, where the road is cut out of the side of the mountain, having on one side mighty rocks towering high above it, and on the other side yawning depths descending to the rocky bed of a river below, there had been a great landslip, by which we were detained several hours. But this is an inconvenience and a danger necessarily incurred in travelling in these mountainous parts.

At Ripoll, where we arrived towards ten o'clock, we heard that, three days before, the coach to Puigcerdá

had been overturned, one man being killed and others injured : I afterwards heard that another man had died from the accident.

My companions went on to Puigcerdá the same morning ; but I passed the night at Ripoll. This is a place that has known better days. It is situated at the junction of two rivers, in a rather pretty valley, in a part of Spain which was once volcanic. Ripoll suffered much in the recent civil wars. Here are ruins of a once magnificent Benedictine monastery, built in the tenth century, presenting vestiges of various epochs of architecture. The doorway to the church is curiously and richly carved ; and the sculpture of some of the capitals in the cloisters is of high interest. Here rest the remains of some of the ancient lords of Ripoll. Portions of the building are undergoing reconstruction. To get admission I was directed to the house of a working tailor ; but the man who kept the key was away ; and as I like to mingle with all sorts and conditions of men, and to touch humanity at as many points as possible, I was glad of the chance to sit down in this shop and talk with a Spanish tailor. He was pleasant, and seemed sensible. Talking of various things, he said the thing in London which he should think was very grand, was St. Paul's Cathedral. He spoke

about constitutional government ; and I note that the idea of constitutional government seems to have laid hold of the Spanish mind. We passed some time in talk, in the latter part of which the tailor's daughter was present and took a little part : then the man came with the key.

Up to the time of my arrival at Ripoll I was in a state of inquiry as to how best to get to Andorra, still thinking somewhat of going by way of Urgel. But my landlord explained to me what he considered the best way ; and he seemed to know the country. I followed his plan, and it answered well. Next day, at eleven a.m., I left by coach for Puigcerdá. The ride was pleasant, but not glorious : there were mountains, but not so very grand, and not well wooded : sometimes they opened out and formed little plains : at one place the torrent and the road were shut up within a narrow space, forming the gorge called *Las Cobas de Ribas*. We went over the bridge where the accident had happened ; and it seemed difficult to conceive how it could have occurred there, except from some fault on the part of the coachman. At length we passed through an extensive plain and went up a hill to Puigcerdá, arriving there at seven p.m. Here, at the inn, I again joined my French friends, who had apprized

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the landlord of my expected arrival. Puigcerdá is about four thousand feet above the sea-level, situated on an elevation overlooking the large, beautiful, and rich mountain plain, on the southern slope of the Pyrenees, through which we had just passed. It is the chief town of the Spanish Cerdaña, and it is slightly fortified: the place is rather decayed in general appearance, but is of more pretensions in some respects than might have been expected in this part. It has an old church, which I saw when there before, with a cupola over the middle, in which the echo of sound produced below is repeated many times, gradually dying away. The evening was beautiful. I stood on a balcony, looking over the plain, rich in corn, studded with villages, and surrounded with hills: everything seemed calm and peaceful. It is a peculiar sight, that, to see ten or twenty villages from one spot. In England, with its undulations, it is seldom that two villages can be seen from one place; and that is nicer, as a rule.

This evening I arranged with a man to take me on in the morning to Porté in France. Next morning I was up at 4.30; and about five o'clock I set off in a little cart driven by an old man. The mountain air was fresh; but as we passed out of the town the washer-women were already at work, washing

clothes in the cold running water. Really, washing seems to be carried on more extensively in Spain and France than in England. A ploughman, too, was out to his work. In this part there were hedges, and grass meadows, and there was sweet new hay. Things had a different aspect to what I had been recently seeing. In fact, at the time of starting I was on the border of France; and before I knew it I was some distance within France itself, for, in this part, the frontier is marked by neither stream nor mountain and French territory stretches quite on the south side of the Pyrenees as in a part of the western Pyrenees Spanish territory stretches over on the north side. After a time we passed along a savage gorge, with some fearful hills, rocky, stony, bare, desolate, with only here and there a few trees, for with French economy, a tree seemed planted in almost every spot where there was earth enough to bear one, so different in this respect are the verdure-loving provident French to the Castilians, though so much like the Catalans. This was in fact the valley of Carol, so named after the grand old Teuton, Charlemagne.

The sun rose over the mountains at seven o'clock, and we went jogging along. We passed a sheepfold made of hurdles, and even that was something

different from Spain, where folds are of cord or rope-netting of esparto grass. Beside the fold was a little kind of chest, the shepherd's sleeping-place. For in these parts, both in France and Spain, the sheep and cattle are never left, day or night, without some one to guard them, partly on account of the unenclosed state of the country, and partly because of the wolves in the mountains. We passed Portas, and arrived at Porté at 7.30 a.m. Here I paid for my ride, ten francs.

Porté is a poor village, and the inn is poor. We entered a cattle-yard: on the opposite side was the house, the lower part of which was a shed or hovel, open to the use of pigs and poultry: an uninviting staircase led to the dwelling parts above, which seemed more like a hen-roost than an inn; and one felt afraid even to touch things. Everything was in disorder. There were some slovenly girls about, and an old woman. The inn in fact was wretched; but I was cold and hungry, and was glad to eat some breakfast, which was not so very bad after all, though I did not fully relish it. This inn had over the front a dial, with the motto "*Vide et vade.*"

My chief work now was to arrange for my visit to Andorra, for it was still an open question whether I should get there. At first, things did not seem favourable; then some one, who I afterwards under-

stood was an old woman, was to be got, to conduct me there ; and the thing seemed so far settled. I believe it was intended that the woman should walk while I rode. Under this arrangement I expect we should have taken two days to go and two to return, so making nearly a week of it altogether. This would have been very unsatisfactory, and the journey would, I fear, have been rather miserable. But this had not all been told me at the time the arrangement was made ; and even if it had I expect I should have decided to go under those conditions rather than not at all. However, presently a young man came in, and offered to take me. We discussed the matter, like men, and came to an agreement : he was to take me, with a horse for each of us, to Andorra, and bring me back to Hospitalet the next day, for sixty-five francs.

I had now some time to wait, and I looked about. The country, just in that spot, which is at the meeting-place of two little valleys, seemed very fertile, but the people very poor. I talked with a miller, and went into his mill : it was he who mentioned about the old woman. I also watched some sheep-shearing : seven men were at work, and other people were about : the most noticeable feature of the affair was that the sheep appeared not to have been washed first. After

a time I had luncheon ; and then for what I had had at the inn, I was charged five francs, probably as much as they would have charged me at any hotel in London or Paris.

At length we started. My man had certainly provided two useful horses. Mine was a thick-set, capital little bay. It was a pleasure to sit on it. And oh! the delight! I was now really off to Andorra, which I had so much and so long wished to see—a land then clothed in mystery and uncertainty, but now, since my visit, lying before me in clear mental perspective.

We left Porté at 11.30 a.m., and soon striking off to the left, we rode uphill along a rough mountain path, which brought us out on a wide plain, where cattle were feeding and where snow was lying in patches. There was no road, only a track. A simple brook, in a valley between two high hills, divides France from Andorra : this we rode over, and entered on the pasturages of Andorra, without let or hindrance, just where we liked, for the country is quite open and there are no custom houses. On the way we passed some French ironworks ; and at one place we met a man with a riding-chair on a horse, going to Puigcerdá to fetch a woman home, who was said to have been a passenger by the coach that was over-

turned ; and next day we met him returning, with the woman. It seems an old-fashioned way to travel ; but it is the best way a woman can get out of Andorra into France, with any comfort ; I might almost say it is the only way.

Our journey was rough and uncomfortable, but for all that glorious. For mountain-climbing is essentially glorious : it makes one feel so grand : the spirits rise : the sense of freedom is so keen : and there is a "moral bracing" in it, seeming to elevate the nature, to enlarge the soul and its sympathies, and to drive out all littleness—envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, and everything of that sort. And oh ! I am so glad there is something in this world besides large cities, useful as they are. We had to climb up difficult hills, with deep snow on the top : and not so very long after starting we were caught in a storm : it rained, and hailed, and snowed, and once it thundered ; and it was bitterly cold. We were literally drenched through to the skin. Perhaps after all my macintosh would have been of some use to me, though I never for a moment regretted giving it up. How could I ? I do not know that I even thought of it. As for my Gibraltar umbrella, I did not attempt to use it, and it would have been of little use if I had. My guide had his travelling-cloth,

and he put my umbrella up for a short time ; but he did not fare much better than I. After a time it cleared off, the sun even coming out later on, and we walked a good distance, down the mountains, on the other side. We thus got into the main valley of Andorra, a pretty Swiss-like valley, in which runs the river Valira ; and here we got on a very good hard bridle-road following the course of the river, and along which we continued the rest of the journey. The valley is narrow : on each side of it are mountains, which for the most part are nearly close to the stream, enclosing the torrent and the path within a very narrow space ; but in some places they open out, forming little valleys or fields, fertile and pleasant. The sides of the mountains, facing the river, are wooded, principally with fir trees, but not thickly.

We reached the first village, Saldeu. Here, for curiosity's sake, I went to the inn, with my guide ; and we had a glass of wine each, not very good wine certainly. As we were leaving, a young girl, in a simple kind manner, gave us each a little bunch of wildflowers—very charming of her, and a pleasing act to look back upon as almost the first incident in my associations with the Andorrans, a little act, truly, but one which I think I shall never willingly allow to fade from my memory. Next came Canillo,

prettily situated : here we crossed the river. By this time, what with sun and air, we were getting a little dry ; but presently came another sharp rain wetting us through again. From Canillo we went along a narrow defile, by an ascending path, passing the chapel of Mérichel, a place of pilgrimage ; then, descending, we reached Encamp, a poor village but pleasantly placed. After Encamp came the charmingly-situated village of Las Escaldas, where there is said to be a veritable torrent of warm sulphurous water running to waste, and where a mountain stream, foaming and sparkling, rushes into the Valira. Here was the nearest approach to anything like a machine, that I saw in Andorra, but it appeared to be worked by power ready provided by nature. At the junction of the two streams there was a frame-work of wood in the water, and there a large wooden beam with a headpiece kept rising and falling, apparently automatically, the head beating against whatever might be placed so as to receive the blow : it seemed to be moved by the force of the current. Thump, thump, it went, continuously, unceasingly, making its noise heard above the din of the waters for a considerable distance round : it was going when I went, and it was going when I returned. I could readily believe that, for certain kinds of work, such for example as

that of cleansing, it might be very effective, and by the continuousness of its action might produce large total results: certainly its results would be attained with little expenditure of human labour. But this account is only from impressions I gained in passing: I could not stop to examine the mechanism, or to inquire about it, and my guide did not give me much information on the subject; and so I may be under a misapprehension in my ideas about it. I should like to have found out its exact nature; but I could not: perhaps, however, that information may come another day. After Escaldas, another twenty minutes brought us into Andorra town, on a fine evening, about seven o'clock. Here I had decided to stay, after having made due inquiries as to which was the best place to stop at, this or San Julian, for, from what I had read, I was expecting the accommodation to be almost insufferable. I was now, however, about to put to the test, as I have put to the test so many things concerning Spain, whether the inn at Andorra was really "intolerable." I was well received; and was at once taken upstairs into a room, while another room was being got ready for me. I made a complete change of clothes, except coat; and then, without a coat, went down, and sat by the kitchen fire, and talked a little: but here they speak a kind of Catalan lan-

guage, and only some of the people can talk Castilian. Next I had a comfortable meal, to my satisfaction. When my guide told the people I did not like oil, they said they knew it: and I had no reason to complain on that ground. At this meal my guide sat down with me; and throughout the journey he and I fared alike, as to food, at my expense, though the arrangement made had been that he should bear his own expenses. We talked again, and arranged to go out early next morning. Then I retired to rest. The bed was clean and comfortable, and I slept. At four in the morning I rose. As my coat was still wet, the landlord's was lent to me: it was a good one and just fitted me. I then went out on horseback, accompanied by the landlord's son, down the valley, by the side of the river, to San Julian, which is not far from the frontier of Spain, towards Urgel. This morning's ride gave me an opportunity for a few inquiries. My guide pointed out various places. He talked about the State, and its constitution and officers. He informed me that there was little crime there; but the year before there had been a murder, and the murderer had been condemned to eight years imprisonment in France. For they do not imprison in Andorra, except for small terms and for minor offences. In a case of serious offence, the culprit is

sent to Spain or France for punishment. He further said they did not want to unite with any other country, all they wanted was their independence, a feeling which certainly prevails, and of which, in my ride through the country the day before, I had had good evidence, evidence which seemed to show that the people of Andorra do not mean, at present, to submit tamely to foreign interference: the French had taken upon themselves to erect telegraph posts through the country: the Andorrans had cut them down, at least some of them, and others they had chopped and injured; and many posts overthrown were lying by the side of the way. On my return journey, too (anticipating a little), I saw an indication of this feeling, which I had missed seeing the day before: it was simply this—at the entrance of a village was the “Tree of Liberty,” which in Andorra takes the place of a national flag. My attendant said also that they hoped in a few years to have a road; and then he expected they would have more visitors. No doubt they will have more visitors before long, road or no road; but with a few improvements there is no reason why the number should not become considerable. It is likely, however, that opening up the country will bring many other changes with it, both social and political. Probably the people, or their

representatives (which of course must be the same thing), will soon find it convenient to have a few taxes, with perhaps custom houses; then no doubt they will want to be like the rest of the nations and have that accompaniment of modern civilization—"A Public Debt;" along with these "improvements" may come a standing army, so that Andorra too may have some little share in the world's fighting, always of course for a moral purpose and in the interests of peace. Then, after that, they will probably be within measurable distance of the end. "Wheresoever the carcase is, thither will the eagles be gathered together." Two eagles have their eyes on Andorra, ready to pounce down upon her, should corruption and decay set in. Forewarned is forearmed. On the old lines Andorra has maintained her independence for more than a thousand years. Will she maintain it another thousand years? Fain would I hope that the people may keep themselves out of the clutches of governments. And, splendid would it be, should such a thing be practicable, if Andorra were to make the experiment of seeing if it is possible for personal and material improvement and development to proceed side by side with the absolute independence of the individual, and thus lead the world one step forward towards that glad good time when all rule

and all authority shall have been put down, and governments shall be no more.

While out, my attendant pointed out a Spanish priest who did not dare return to Spain, because he had sided with the Carlists.

In this little morning outing, we passed through the lower part of the valley in which Andorra town is situated, down by the side of the river, which we crossed over near the junction of another stream with it; then, at the little village of Santa Coloma, we traversed a torrent, and thence went onward a short distance, arriving at San Julian at 6.30 a.m., where we had a cup of coffee each, while the horse was in the stable. San Julian was formerly the capital of the republic. It contains about five hundred inhabitants, and is the chief seat of the trade of the country, and is said to be the centre of smuggling operations. Here, there are some small shops; I saw also a great drove of sheep here, rather small animals; one man was splitting wood in the street; another man was making harness, and I went into his shop, and saw some very gay harness, with the bright trappings so common in Spain; another man had a scythe; another was with some mules; and a woman at the inn got our coffee. So the world was moving along, here; and my mind reverted to England, to think

of how people there, in various places, were occupied at that same hour.

We returned to Andorra town, called *la Vieja* (the old), the capital of the state, with, it is said, about seven hundred inhabitants. It is a quaint old place, rather dull and poor, situated in a picturesque and fertile valley, at the foot of Mount Anclar, near the junction of the river Massana with the Valira. It contains a simple church, and a president's house, and the inn at which I was staying. But the most important building is the Parliament House, dating from the fifteenth century, where the council-general hold their sittings, and which, at my request, I was taken to see, the key having to be first obtained from the president : five or six of us went together. The building is heavy, and of modest appearance, situated at one end of the town, in a strong position. On the outside it bears a little figurative ornamentation. Inside, a staircase leads to the council chamber, which is a large hall, in some sense a fine hall, but simple and plain, surrounded with oaken benches, on which the deputies sit. At one end is the president's seat ; and between the two windows of the wall at this end is a painting of Jesus Christ. Two maps of Andorra were hanging on the wall. We saw the president's cap and gown. On one side of the hall is the door

of an armoury where the archives of the State are kept: this door is locked with six keys, one for each commune, the names of the communes being against the respective locks, so that it can be opened only in the presence of a representative from each of the six communes—truly a logical arrangement for a commune, and one which seems to show that a commune may have a deeper sense of wisdom and honesty than the general history of such institutions might have led us to expect. There seems something genuine in the democracy of Andorra.

This building is used for other purposes: it is a town-hall: here the syndics lodge: and a school for small children was being conducted in it when I was there.

Near the town is the old Moorish castle of Carol, so named from Charlemagne, who has left an impress on the borderland of Spain and France, both in the east and the west, of which Valcarlos, referred to in connection with my visit to Roncesvalles, and the valley of Carol, mentioned in the account of my journey from Puigcerdá to Porté, are examples. Besides this castle, there are, near Ordino, the ruins of the old castle of *la Mecca*. But remains of ancient buildings are few in Andorra.

After this visit, we had breakfast, and a capital

one, too, food good and plenty of it, better than they gave me at the first hotel in Barcelona, where the charges are double those at Andorra. The inn is not a pretentious one: there is little accommodation for those who want to lounge about in luxury and ease; but it is clean, the bed I had was comfortable, the food was good, the people were kind; and I did very well there. Let no one henceforth say that the inn at Andorra is unfit to go to. As for the town, well, certainly it is not much, but the surroundings are pleasant. And as regards the country—why, Andorra has its charms: wild nature reigns over its woods and mountains; and there are some pretty spots there; the people say it is very healthy; waters abound, including mineral waters; in the mountains there is game; and at all events it has the charm of novelty. For myself, I can say that my visit gave me much satisfaction. And since my return, I have been amused to read, in a book published in 1859 giving an account of a tour in the Pyrenees, the following statement about Andorra—"A path diverging to the right leads into the Val D'Andorre, that curious little republic which, too poor and wretched to be an object of national desire, has not been invaded or disturbed by France or Spain for six centuries. You may look into the portal of its valleys without, I venture to say,

having any desire to penetrate its sterile depths." Well, since 1859, at least one person has had a desire to penetrate into Andorra ; and having once penetrated there, he would like to go again.

At breakfast was a Frenchman, from Porté, whose son was at school in France, and had written in distress to his father, to ask him what he ought to do, for he had saluted the Mayor of Porté, and the mayor had not returned the salute. The mayor was the brother of my guide ; and now the father told him about it, and appealed for my opinion on the point. He was a tall man, sensible, well-behaved ; and, evidently, with true nobility of character, he expected from others the courtesy he so well knew how to show. Indeed he seemed to expect, as a natural and right and proper thing, an amount of personal respect which in England is seldom shown by the middle classes to a man of his standing. He and I got on very well together. One good thing he said was that he impressed upon all his children the rule—"Always do the thing that is good : whatever others may do to you, always do what is good."

At length we prepared to start. Several people were there to see us off ; and I think there was satisfaction and pleasure on both sides ; at all events there was on mine : they had treated me well ; and I

left in good spirits. It was perhaps about eleven o'clock when we started. The morning was pleasant. We went along, up the valley, by the river-side, passing Escaldas, Encamp, Canillo, and Saldeu, after which we bore rather to the left of our previous journey; and then again came the mountain climbing, rough and steep, bringing us to the crest of the "port" or pass of Saldeu, more than a mile and a half above the level of the sea, or about twice the height of Puigcerdá, and nineteen times the present height of Shakespeare's cliff at Dover. Here we had to wade through snow, which was sometimes up to the horse's belly, and which covered our path for a long distance. In the descent on the other side, we walked a considerable way down the most difficult part, sometimes leaving the horses to themselves. Here a large number of cattle and mules were feeding on the pasture lands of the republic. These animals, I was informed, belonged to a man in France: so even here land is not all divided into small holdings. Lower down, we came upon a hard bridle-road. Long before I had expected to be at Hospitalet, my guide announced that we should be there in a quarter of an hour. I was surprised; but as I had been leading, and had had a strong horse, and hoped possibly to get on to Ax, or even further, the same night, I had pushed along well.

We did not get there in a quarter of an hour ; but we were not long.

France is entered by the *Pont de Cerda*, over a little stream, which divides the two countries. We passed the Custom House, and in a very short time we were at Hospitalet, which we reached soon after five o'clock, though people had said we should not be there till seven. We had thus taken from six to seven hours in the journey from Andorra, and that was good work : with some people, and with poor horses, it would have occupied two days.

I had asked my guide to take me on to Ax, that night, but he would not, though at one time he had seemed inclined to do so. Hospitalet is a poor place : the inn, too, is poor, the keeper of it tried to keep me there all night ; but I did not want to stop : fortunately, perhaps designedly, just then there was a cart going to Ax. Guide and I had some food ; and I settled with him, giving him five francs extra, besides what I had paid for him on the way. A drive of eleven miles, by a girl, in a small cart, with another man, got me to Ax, at about eight o'clock in the evening. For the drive I was charged five francs. At Ax I stayed the night ; and I was surprised to see what a nice place it was. I had thought this was an out-of-the-world part ; but no ; here is a place with large hotels, and

hydropathic establishments, and with an air of superiority about it. Ax (the Latin *Aquæ*) abounds in mineral waters: it is as it were on a reservoir of boiling waters. Little visited by English people, in fact little known in England, it is, like other almost equally unknown places in the French Pyrenees, well worthy a visit. Then, the surrounding country is beautiful, the verdure of the slopes of the Pyrenees on the French side being a delightful contrast to the dry land of Spain. Next morning I was off by coach at 4.30 o'clock, along a pleasant country, to Tarascon, where I got rail to Toulouse. Here I breakfasted, and almost got left behind because I had not sufficient French money to pay my fare to Paris, although I had taken some pains to provide enough. The booking clerk at the railway station was not inclined to help me; but he became willing enough to take Spanish money, when he found that I was willing to let him make a profit by the exchange. A pleasant journey through the centre of France brought me to Paris, where I spent Sunday. The next day got me first to Cannon Street, then to Paddington, then, at ten o'clock at night, to a little station in the country, from whence I walked nine miles, arriving at the town of my destination just before midnight of Monday the 25th of June. So ended my tour.

One great relief to my mind awaited me, and that was to find all my friends alive. For, in wandering about in out-of-the-way parts of Spain, with little chance of communication with home, the thought had weighed as a burden upon me, that it was quite possible that during the time of my absence some one dear to me might be dead and buried, without my knowing anything about it; and that I might arrive at home to find that we had already spoken our last words to each other, and that we should never again see each other in this world. It was a drawback to the pleasure of my journey. Relief now came, though not with complete satisfaction.

INDEX.

A

Agriculture, 11, 19, 24, 44, 67, 185
Alameda, 100, 120
Algeciras, 177
Alicante, 55
Almeria, 103, 110
Andorra, 274
Art, 4, 31, 203
Astorga, 214
Avignon, 13
Avila, 203
Ax, 308

B

Backwardness of Spain, 13
Barcelona, 17, 268
Bargaining, 93
Baza, 120
Bertientes, 114
Black hand, 67
Bridges, 9, 30, 107, 195, 272, 281
Burial, 71, 215

C

Calvario, 21
Cártama, 153
Castille, 202
Catalonia, 17, 269
Chocolate in bedroom, 231, 237
Civil guards, 16, 132, 146, 174
Coats-of-arms, 253
Coin, 153
College—Irish, Scotch, English, 210, 211

Conscription, 259
Courtesy and kindness, 10, 55, 69, 70, 72, 86, 94, 105, 113, 128, 154, 219, 242, 243, 247, 248, 296, 298
Crescent (the), 65

D

Dancing, 26
Desert and wild land, 2, 20, 76, 96, 102, 119, 130, 134, 136, 156, 167, 185, 195, 201, 204, 252, 265, 267, 283, 291.
Dogs, 287
Donkey, 96, 256
Dress, 25, 49, 118, 126, 173, 221
Dwelling-places, 43, 59, 79, 84, 109, 110, 114, 119, 129, 131, 135, 200

E

Elche, 58
Estepona, 160
Estremadura, 196

F

Fees, 100, 130, 132, 134, 138, 164, 167, 308
Fertility, 5, 18, 23, 41, 77, 78, 105, 126, 134, 142, 148, 152, 196, 265-9
Floods, 30, 107, 195
Flowers, fruits, etc., 18, 23, 27, 41, 52, 56, 58, 78, 105, 120, 147, 153, 156, 158, 178, 180, 185, 195, 214, 237, 269

Food (short supply), 110, 116, 160,
166, 191, 193
Frejenal, 192
Frost, 153
Future of Spain, 9, 262

G

Games, 65, 98, 127
Garden, 105
Gate, 31, 104
Gerona, 17
Gibraltar, 168
Gipseys, 5, 26, 92, 101, 135
Government, 106, 176, 289, 302
Granaries, 44, 92
Granada, 110, 138
Guadix, 133
Guides, 26, 103, 154, 163, 256, 293

H

Haciendas, 153
Heat, 20, 30, 53, 77, 92, 110, 158,
167, 191
Hermitages, 54, 271
Hire of horses, etc., 82, 93, 103,
154, 256, 293
Hospitalet, 308
House-tops, 59, 70, 186
Huerta, 23, 51, 77, 78

I

Inns, 11, 22, 62, 79, 101, 110, 114,
120, 129, 130, 131, 133, 137,
140, 143, 147, 150, 160, 164,
190, 193, 229, 236, 247, 248,
254, 260, 271, 292, 298, 308
Inundations, 30, 107, 195
Irrigation, 23, 32
Izards, 287

J

James (Saint), 17
Játiva, 52

L

Labourers, 19, 52, 158, 190, 251,
271
Ladies, 49, 69, 84, 127, 143, 188
Laguna de la Janda, 185
Landslip, 287
Las Lineas, 167
Leaves, 24, 78, 94
Legend, 140, 243
Locusts, 199
Lorca, 101

M

Madrid, 201
Malaga, 150
Manresa, 57, 93, 268, 280, 282
Mantilla, 29, 49, 187
Maragatos, 220
Markets, 27, 126, 258, 269
Meals, 65, 112, 116, 143, 160,
213, 237, 247, 255
Medina Sidonia, 181, 186
Mérida, 195
Mesta, 198
Modern changes, 9, 57, 60, 129,
187
Monastery, 93, 162, 242, 270, 288
Money, 14, 47, 121
— refused, 90, 105, 194, 219,
246
Montserrat, 268, 270
Mountain-riding, 108, 130, 154,
178, 191, 203, 236, 271, 280,
283, 287, 289, 291, 294, 307
Mozarabic ritual, 208
Muleteers, 221, 256
Murcia, 79
Murders, 66, 92, 106, 157, 192,
247, 258, 299

N

New ideas (opposition to), 80, 255
Noria, 19, 51, 187, 219

O

Offerings to the dead, 231
 Oranges from grove, 155
 Orientalism, 20, 36, 52, 59, 64, 66,
 70, 95, 96, 104, 109, 119, 154,
 159, 164, 166, 173, 179, 186,
 192, 198, 204, 256, 265, 292
 Orihuela, 77
 Ornaments, 25, 27, 126, 177, 208,
 221, 227
 Oxen ploughing, 159, 190

P

Palencia, 212
 Palms, 52, 58, 77, 269
 Pamplona, 228
 Panorama, 31, 84, 102, 136, 156,
 178, 181, 272
 Paul (Saint), 17
 Port Bou, 15
 Porté, 292
 Puerto de Lumbreras, 109
 Puigcerdá, 286, 289

R

Railways, 9, 16, 17, 22, 277
 Rain, 20, 59, 152
 Rambla, 77, 107, 109, 153, 269
 Religion, 21, 191, 234, 249
 Ripoll, 287
 Rivers, 30, 33 (*v.* Rambla)
 Roncesvalles, 234

S

Salamanca, 207
 Sangüesa, 251
 Santa Fé, 145
 Santa Maria, 187
 Saragossa, 266
 Serenos, 266
 Shepherding, 197, 291
 Smuggling, 172, 236, 279, 302

Snow, 152
 Spring-time, 147
 Stables, 100, 110, 115, 129, 131
 Storks, 195, 212, 223, 263
 Sugar-canes, 158

T

Tafalla, 260
 Tarascon, 15, 309
 Tarifa, 178
 Tarragona, 17
 Tartana, 50, 93, 103
 Time, 16, 131
 Toros de Guisando, 206
 Toulouse, 309
 Tribunal of the Waters, 31

U

Unpunctuality, 55, 65, 161, 165,
 256

V

Valcarlos, 246
 Valencia, 23
 Valladolid, 210
 Valley of Carol, 291
 Vega, 35, 142, 152, 155
 Velez Rubio, 110
 Venta de Baul, 130
 Vich, 287

W

Water, 22, 32, 58, 155, 159, 167
 Wolves, 242, 278
 Women, 25, 27, 146, 178, 187, 221,
 255 (*v.* Ladies)

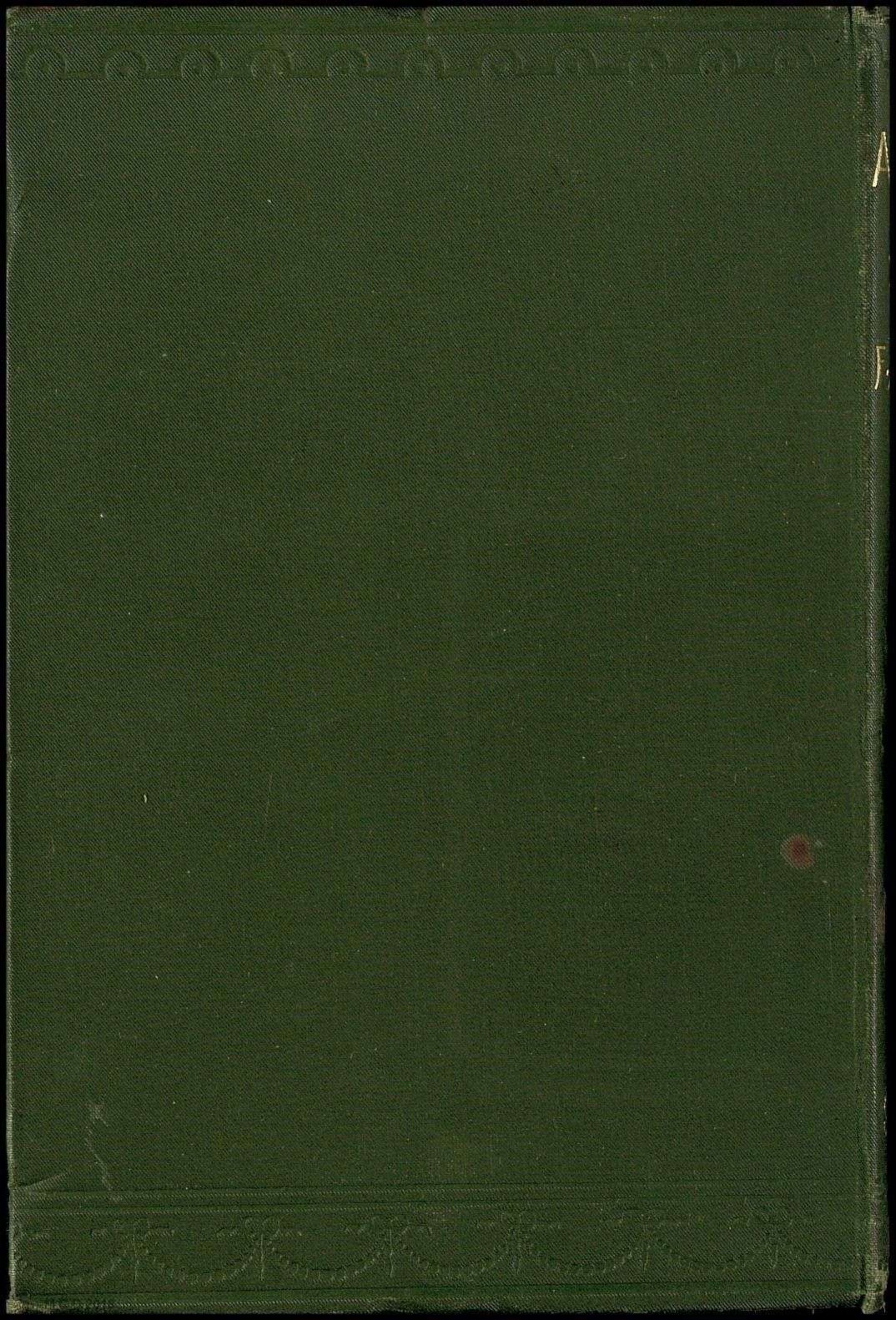
Z

Zafra, 193

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town, and had a look at the noble catagoga contains about twenty thousand is said to have had a million in the Romans. It is an interesting old place of Phœnicians, Romans, Goths, and passed through many civil, military, and vicissitudes; it is an agreeable and and the country around is pleasant returned to the inn, and then left for boy carrying my bag. We went along and the fortifications, passing the coast at their labours among the stone soldiers. The train left at 9.45 a.m. through a beautiful country—the Moorish the one side, sometimes almost affording ever and anon pleasant views the warm land with its cool breeze on the other, mountains, stretching irregularly, times bending into the country drawing near to the sea. Between the mountains and the sea lie valleys, of extreme fertility, watered by the admirable system of irrigation introduced by the Moors. They are of vast extent, and produce wheat of quality, almost to superfluity; they extend for miles; the olive plant

