Allen Grant, Griffiths Arthur, Ball E. A. R., Bonney Thomas George, Traill Henry Duff

# The Mediterranean: Its Storied Cities and Venerable Ruins

**E. Ball**
**Grant Allen**
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# T. G. (Thomas Gray) Bonney, E. A. R. Ball, H. D. Traill, Grant Allen, Arthur Griffiths
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## I
## THE PILLARS OF HERCULES

Portals of the ancient world – Bay of Tangier at sunrise – Tarifa – The Rock of Gibraltar – Wonders of its fortifications – Afternoon promenade in the Alameda Gardens – Ascending the Rock – View from the highest point – The Great Siege – Ceuta, the principal Spanish stronghold on the Moorish coast – The rock of many names.

The "Pillars of Hercules!" The portals of the Ancient World! To how many a traveller just beginning to tire of his week on the Atlantic, or but slowly recovering, it may be, in his tranquil voyage along the coasts of Portugal and Southern Spain, from

the effects of thirty unquiet hours in the Bay of Biscay, has the nearing view of this mighty landmark of history brought a message of new life! That distant point ahead, at which the narrowing waters of the Strait that bears him disappear entirely within the clasp of the embracing shores, is for many such a traveller the beginning of romance. He gazes upon it from the westward with some dim reflection of that mysterious awe with which antiquity looked upon it from the East. The progress of the ages has, in fact, transposed the center of human interest and the human point of view. Now, as in the Homeric era, the Pillars of Hercules form the gateway of a world of wonder; but for us of to-day it is within and not without those portals that that world of wonder lies. To the eye of modern poetry the Atlantic and Mediterranean have changed places. In the waste of waters stretching westward from the rock of Calpe and its sister headland, the Greek of the age of Homer found his region of immemorial poetic legend and venerable religious myth, and peopled it with the gods and heroes of his traditional creed. Here, on the bosom of the wide-winding river Oceanus, lay the Islands of the Blest – that abode of eternal beauty and calm, where "the life of mortals is most easy," where "there is neither snow nor winter nor much rain, but ocean is ever sending up the shrilly breezes of Zephyrus to refresh man." But for us moderns who have explored this mighty "river Oceanus," this unknown and mysterious Atlantic to its farthest recesses, the glamor of its mystery has passed away for ever; and it is eastward and not

westward, through the "Pillars of Hercules," that we now set our sails in search of the region of romance. It is to the basin of the Mediterranean – fringed with storied cities and venerable ruins, with the crumbling sanctuaries of a creed which has passed away, and the monuments of an art which is imperishable – that man turns to-day. The genius of civilization has journeyed far to the westward, and has passed through strange experiences; it returns with new reverence and a deeper awe to that *enclave* of mid-Europe which contains its birthplace, and which is hallowed with the memories of its glorious youth. The grand cliff-portal which we are approaching is the entrance, the thoughtful traveller will always feel, to a region eternally sacred in the history of man; to lands which gave birth to immortal models of literature and unerring canons of philosophic truth; to shrines and temples which guard the ashes of those "dead but sceptered sovereigns" who "rule our spirits from their urns."

As our vessel steams onward through the rapidly narrowing Straits, the eye falls upon a picturesque irregular cluster of buildings on the Spanish shore, wherefrom juts forth a rocky tongue of land surmounted by a tower. It is the Pharos of Tarifa, and in another half hour we are close enough to distinguish the exact outlines of the ancient and famous city named of Tarif Ibn Malek, the first Berber sheikh who landed in Spain, and itself, it is said – though some etymologists look askance at the derivation – the name-mother of a word which is little less terrible to the modern trader than was this pirate's nest itself to

his predecessor of old times. The arms of Tarifa are a castle on waves, with a key at the window, and the device is not unaptly symbolical of her mediæval history, when her possessors played janitors of the Strait, and merrily levied blackmail – the irregular *tariff* of those days – upon any vessel which desired to pass. The little town itself is picturesquely situated in the deepest embrace of the curving Strait, and the view looking westward – with the lighthouse rising sharp and sheer against the sky, from the jutting cluster of rock and building about its base, while dimly to the left in the farther distance lie the mountains of the African coast, descending there so cunningly behind the curve that the two continents seem to touch and connect the channel into a lake – is well worth attentive study. An interesting spot, too, is Tarifa, as well as a picturesque – interesting at least to all who are interested either in the earlier or the later fortunes of post-Roman Europe. It played its part, as did most other places, on this common battle-ground of Aryan and Semite, in the secular struggle between European Christendom and the Mohammedan East. And again, centuries later, it was heard of in the briefer but more catastrophic struggle of the Napoleonic wars. From the day when Alonzo Perez de Guzman threw his dagger down from its battlements in disdainful defiance of the threat to murder his son, dragged bound before him beneath its walls by traitors, it is a "far cry" to the day when Colonel Gough of the 87th (the "Eagle-Catchers") beat off Marshal Victor's besieging army of 1,800 strong, and relieved General Campbell and his gallant little

garrison; but Tarifa has seen them both, and it is worth a visit not only for the sake of the ride from it over the mountains to Algeciras and Gibraltar, but for its historical associations also, and for its old-world charm.

We have taken it, as we propose also to take Tangier, a little out of its turn; for the voyaging visitor to Gibraltar is not very likely to take either of these two places on his way. It is more probable that he will visit them, the one by land and the other by sea, from the Rock itself. But Tangier in particular it is impossible to pass without a strong desire to make its acquaintance straightway; so many are the attractions which draw the traveller to this some-time appanage of the British Crown, this African *pied à terre*, which but for the insensate feuds and factions of the Restoration period might be England's to-day. There are few more enchanting sights than that of the Bay of Tangier as it appears at sunrise to the traveller whose steamer has dropped down the Straits in the afternoon and evening hours of the previous day and cast anchor after nightfall at the nearest point off shore to which a vessel of any draught can approach. Nowhere in the world does a nook of such sweet tranquillity receive, and for a season, quiet, the hurrying waters of so restless a sea. Half a mile or so out towards the center of the Strait, a steamer from Gibraltar has to plough its way through the surface currents which speed continually from the Atlantic towards the Pillars of Hercules and the Mediterranean beyond. Here, under the reddening daybreak, all is calm. The blue waters of the bay,

now softly flushing at the approach of sunrise, break lazily in mimic waves and "tender curving lines of creamy spray" upon the shining beach. To the right lies the city, spectral in the dawn, save where the delicate pale ivory of some of its higher houses is warming into faintest rose; while over all, over sea and shore and city, is the immersing crystal atmosphere of Africa, in which every rock, every ripple, every housetop, stands out as sharp and clear as the filigree work of winter on a frosted pane.

Nothing in Tangier, it must be honestly admitted, will compare with the approach to it by its incomparable bay. In another sense, too, there is nothing here or elsewhere which exactly resembles this "approach," since its last stage of all has to be performed alike for man and woman – unless man is prepared to wade knee-deep in the clear blue water – on the back of a sturdy Moor. Once landed, he will find that the picturesqueness of Tangier, like that of most Eastern cities, diminishes rather than increases on a nearer view. A walk through its main street yields nothing particularly worthy of note, unless it be the minaret of the Djama-el-Kebir, the principal mosque of the city. The point to which every visitor to Tangier directs his steps, or has them directed for him, is the Bab-el-Sok, the gate of the market place, where the scene to be witnessed at early morning presents an unequaled picture of Oriental life. Crouching camels with their loads of dates, chaffering traders, chattering women, sly and servile looking Jews from the city, fierce-eyed, heavily armed children of the desert, rough-coated horses, and the lank-

sided mules, withered crones squatting in groups by the wayside, tripping damsels ogling over the *yashmak* as they pass, and the whole enveloped in a blinding, bewildering, choking cloud of such dust as only Africa, "*arida nutrix*," can produce – such dust as would make the pulverulent particles of the dryest of turnpikes in the hottest of summers, and under the most parching of east winds, appear by comparison moist and cool, and no more than pleasingly titillatory of the mouth and nostrils – let the reader picture to himself such a scene with such accessories, and he will know what spectacle awaits him at early morning at the Bab-el-Sok of Tangier.

But we must resume our journey eastward towards the famous "Rock." There at last it is! There "dawns Gibraltar grand and gray," though Mr. Browning strains poetic license very hard in making it visible even "in the dimmest north-east distance," to a poet who was at that moment observing how "sunset ran one glorious blood-red recking into Cadiz Bay." We, at any rate, are far enough away from Cadiz before it dawns upon us in all its Titanic majesty of outline; grand, of course, with the grandeur of Nature, and yet with a certain strange air of human menace as of some piece of Atlantean ordnance planted and pointed by the hand of man. This "armamental" appearance of the Rock – a look visible, or at any rate imaginable in it, long before we have approached it closely enough to discern its actual fortifications, still less its artillery – is much enhanced by the dead flatness of the land from which its western wall arises sheer, and with which

by consequence it seems to have no closer physical connection than has a gun-carriage with the parade ground on which it stands. As we draw nearer this effect increases in intensity. The surrounding country seems to sink and recede around it, and the Rock appears to tower ever higher and higher, and to survey the Strait and the two continents, divided by it with a more and more formidable frown. As we approach the port, however, this impression gives place to another, and the Rock, losing somewhat of its "natural-fortress" air, begins to assume that resemblance to a couchant lion which has been so often noticed in it. Yet alas! for the so-called famous "leonine aspect" of the famous height, or alas! at least for the capricious workings of the human imagination! For while to the compiler of one well-reputed guidebook, the outlines of Gibraltar seem "like those of a lion asleep, and whose head, somewhat truncated, is turned towards Africa as if with a dreamy and steadfast deep attention;" to another and later observer the lion appears to have "his kingly head turned towards Spain, as if in defiance of his former master, every feature having the character of leonine majesty and power!" The truth is, of course, that the Rock assumes entirely different aspects, according as it is looked at from different points of view. There is certainly a point from which Gibraltar may be made, by the exercise of a little of Polonius's imagination, to resemble some couchant animal with its head turned towards Africa – though "a head somewhat truncated," is as odd a phrase as a "body somewhat decapitated" – and contemplating that

continent with what we may fancy, if we choose, to be "dreamy and steadfast attention." But the resemblance is, at best, but a slender one, and a far-fetched. The really and strikingly leonine aspect of Gibraltar is undoubtedly that which it presents to the observer as he is steaming towards the Rock from the west, but has not yet come into full view of the slope on which the town is situated. No one can possibly mistake the lion then. His head is distinctly turned towards Spain, and what is more, he has a foot stretched out towards the mainland, as though in token of his mighty grasp upon the soil. Viewed, however, from the neutral ground, this Protean cliff takes on a new shape altogether, and no one would suppose that the lines of that sheer precipice, towering up into a jagged pinnacle, could appear from any quarter to melt into the blunt and massive curves which mark the head and shoulders of the King of Beasts.

At last, however, we are in the harbor, and are about to land. To land! How little does that phrase convey to the inexperienced in sea travel, or to those whose voyages have begun and ended in stepping from a landing-stage on to a gangway, and from a gangway on to a deck, and *vice-versâ*! And how much does it mean for him to whom it comes fraught with recollections of steep descents, of heaving seas, of tossing cock-boats, perhaps of dripping garments, certainly of swindling boatmen! There are disembarkations in which you come in for them all; but not at Gibraltar, at least under normal circumstances. The waters of the port are placid, and from most of the many fine vessels that touch

there you descend by a ladder, of as agreeable an inclination as an ordinary flight of stairs. All you have to fear is the insidious bilingual boatman, who, unless you strictly covenant with him before entering his boat, will have you at his mercy. It is true that he has a tariff, and that you might imagine that the offense of exceeding it would be punished in a place like Gibraltar by immediate court-martial and execution; but the traveller should not rely upon this. There is a deplorable relaxation of the bonds of discipline all over the world. Moreover, it is wise to agree with the boatmen for a certain fixed sum, as a salutary check upon undue liberality. Most steamers anchor at a considerable distance from the shore, and on a hot day one might be tempted by false sentiment to give the boatman an excessive fee.

Your hosts at Gibraltar – "spoiling" as they always are for the sight of new civilian faces – show themselves determined from the first to make you at home. Private Thomas Atkins on sentry duty grins broad welcome to you from the Mole. The official to whom you have to give account of yourself and your belongings greets you with a pleasant smile, and, while your French or Spanish fellow-traveller is strictly interrogated as to his identity, profession, purpose of visit, &c., your English party is passed easily and promptly in, as men "at home" upon the soil which they are treading. Fortunate is it, if a little bewildering, for the visitor to arrive at midday, for before he has made his way from the landing-place to his hotel he will have seen a sight which has few if any parallels in the

world. Gibraltar has its narrow, quiet, sleepy alleys as have all Southern towns; and any one who confined himself to strolling through and along these, and avoiding the main thoroughfare, might never discover the strangely cosmopolitan character of the place. He must walk up Waterport Street at midday in order to see what Gibraltar really is – a conflux of nations, a mart of races, an Exchange for all the multitudinous varieties of the human product. Europe, Asia, and Africa meet and jostle in this singular highway. Tall, stately, slow-pacing Moors from the north-west coast; white-turbaned Turks from the eastern gate of the Mediterranean; thick-lipped, and woolly-headed negroids from the African interior; quick-eyed, gesticulating Levantine Greeks; gabardined Jews, and black-wimpled Jewesses; Spanish smugglers, and Spanish sailors; "rock-scorpions," and red-coated English soldiers – all these compose, without completing, the motley moving crowd that throngs the main street of Gibraltar in the forenoon, and gathers densest of all in the market near Commercial Square.

It is hardly then as a fortress, but rather as a great entrepôt of traffic, that Gibraltar first presents itself to the newly-landed visitor. He is now too close beneath its frowning batteries and dominating walls of rock to feel their strength and menace so impressive as at a distance; and the flowing tide of many-colored life around him overpowers the senses and the imagination alike. He has to seek the outskirts of the town on either side in order to get the great Rock again, either physically or morally, into

proper focus. And even before he sets out to try its height and steepness by the ancient, if unscientific, process of climbing it – nay, before he even proceeds to explore under proper guidance its mighty elements of military strength – he will discover perhaps that sternness is not its only feature. Let him stroll round in the direction of the race-course to the north of the Rock, and across the parade-ground, which lies between the town and the larger area on which the reviews and field-day evolutions take place, and he will not complain of Gibraltar as wanting in the picturesque. The bold cliff, beneath which stands a Spanish café, descends in broken and irregular, but striking, lines to the plain, and it is fringed luxuriantly from stair to stair with the vegetation of the South. Marching and counter-marching under the shadow of this lofty wall, the soldiers show from a little distance like the tin toys of the nursery, and one knows not whether to think most of the physical insignificance of man beside the brute bulk of Nature, or of the moral – or immoral – power which has enabled him to press into his service even the vast Rock which stands there beetling and lowering over him, and to turn the blind giant into a sort of Titanic man-at-arms.

Such reflections as these, however, would probably whet a visitor's desire to explore the fortifications without delay; and the time for that is not yet. The town and its buildings have first to be inspected; the life of the place, both in its military and – such as there is of it – its civil aspect, must be studied; though this, truth to tell, will not engage even the minutest observer

very long. Gibraltar is not famous for its shops, or remarkable, indeed, as a place to buy anything, except tobacco, which, as the Spanish Exchequer knows to its cost (and the Spanish Customs' officials on the frontier too, it is to be feared, their advantage), is both cheap and good. Business, however, of all descriptions is fairly active, as might be expected, when we recollect that the town is pretty populous for its size, and numbers some 20,000 inhabitants, in addition to its garrison of from 5,000 to 6,000 men. With all its civil activity, however, the visitor is scarcely likely to forget – for any length of time – that he is in a "place of arms." Not to speak of the shocks communicated to his unaccustomed nerves by morning and evening gun-fire; not to speak of the thrilling fanfare of the bugles, executed as only the bugler of a crack English regiment can execute it, and echoed and re-echoed to and fro, from face to face of the Rock, there is an indefinable air of stern order, of rigid discipline, of authority whose word is law, pervading everything. As the day wears on toward the evening this aspect of things becomes more and more unmistakable; and in the neighborhood of the gates, towards the hour of gun-fire, you may see residents hastening in, and non-residents quickening the steps of their departure, lest the boom of the fatal cannon-clock should confine or exclude them for the night. After the closing of the gates it is still permitted for a few hours to perambulate the streets; but at midnight this privilege also ceases, and no one is allowed out of doors without a night-pass. On the 31st of December a little extra indulgence

is allowed. One of the military bands will perhaps parade the main thoroughfare discoursing the sweet strains of "Auld Lang Syne," and the civil population are allowed to "see the old year out and the new year in." But a timid and respectful cheer is their sole contribution to the ceremony, and at about 12.15 they are marched off again to bed: such and so vigilant are the precautions against treachery within the walls, or surprise from without. In Gibraltar, undoubtedly, you experience something of the sensations of men who are living in a state of siege, or of those Knights of Branksome who ate and drank in armor, and lay down to rest with corslet laced, and with the buckler for a pillow.

The lions of the town itself, as distinguished from the wonders of its fortifications, are few in number. The Cathedral, the Garrison Library, Government House, the Alameda Gardens, the drive to Europa Point exhaust the list; and there is but one of these which is likely to invite – unless for some special purpose or other – a repetition of the visit. In the Alameda, however, a visitor may spend many a pleasant hour, and – if the peace and beauty of a hillside garden, with the charms of subtropical vegetation in abundance near at hand, and noble views of coast and sea in the distance allure him – he assuredly will. Gibraltar is immensely proud of its promenade, and it has good reason to be so. From the point of view of Nature and of Art the Alameda is an equal success. General Don, who planned and laid it out some three-quarters of a century ago, unquestionably earned a title to the same sort of tribute as was bestowed upon a famous

military predecessor, Marshal Wade. Anyone who had "seen" the Alameda "before it was made," might well have "lifted up his hands and blessed" the gallant officer who had converted "the Red Sands," as the arid desert once occupying this spot was called, into the paradise of geranium-trees which has taken its place. Its monuments to Elliot and Wellington are not ideal: the mysterious curse pronounced upon English statuary appears to follow it even beyond seas; but the execution of the effigies of these national heroes may, perhaps, be forgotten in the interest attaching to their subjects. The residents at any rate, whether civil or military, are inured to these efforts of the sculptor's art, and have long since ceased to repine. And the afternoon promenade in these gardens – with the English officers and their wives and daughters, English nursemaids and their charges, tourists of both sexes and all ages, and the whole surrounded by a polyglot and polychromatic crowd of Oriental listeners to the military band – is a sight well worth seeing and not readily to be forgotten.

But we must pursue our tour round the peninsula of the Rock; and leaving the new Mole on our right, and farther on the little land-locked basin of Rosia Bay, we pass the height of Buena Vista, crowned with its barracks, and so on to the apex of the promontory, Europa Point. Here are more barracks and, here on Europa Flats, another open and level space for recreation and military exercises beneath the cliff wall. Doubling the point, and returning for a short distance along the eastern side of the promontory, we come to the Governor's Cottage, a cool summer

retreat nestling close to the Rock, and virtually marking the limits of our exploration. For a little way beyond this the cliff rises inaccessible, the road ends, and we must retrace our steps. So far as walking or driving along the flat is concerned, the visitor who has reached the point may allege, with a certain kind of superficial accuracy, that he has "done Gibraltar." No wonder that the seasoned globe-trotter from across the Atlantic thinks nothing of taking Calpe in his stride.

To those, however, who visit Gibraltar in a historic spirit, it is not to be "done" by any means so speedily as this. Indeed, it would be more correct to say that the work of a visitor of this order is hardly yet begun. For he will have come to Gibraltar not mainly to stroll on a sunny promenade, or to enjoy a shady drive round the seaward slopes of a Spanish headland, or even to feast his eyes on the glow of Southern color and the picturesque varieties of Southern life; but to inspect a great world-fortress, reared almost impregnable by the hand of Nature, and raised into absolute impregnability by the art of man; a spot made memorable from the very dawn of the modern period by the rivalries of nations, and famous for all time by one of the most heroic exploits recorded in the annals of the human race. To such an one, we say, the name of Gibraltar stands before and beyond everything for the Rock of the Great Siege; and he can no more think of it in the light of a Mediterranean watering-place, with, a romantic, if somewhat limited, sea-front, than he can think of the farmhouse of La Haye as an "interesting Flemish homestead," or

the Chateau of Hougoumont as a Belgian gentleman's "eligible country house."

For him the tour of the renowned fortifications will be the great event of his visit. Having furnished himself with the necessary authorization from the proper military authorities (for he will be reminded at every turn of the strict martial discipline under which he lives), he will proceed to ascend the Rock, making his first halt at a building which in all probability he will often before this have gazed upon and wondered at from below. This is the Moorish Castle, the first object to catch the eye of the newcomer as he steps ashore at the Mole, and looks up at the houses that clamber up the western slope of the Rock. Their ascending tiers are dominated by this battlemented pile, and it is from the level on which it stands that one enters the famous galleries of Gibraltar. The castle is one of the oldest Moorish buildings in Spain, the Arabic legend over the south gate recording it to have been built in 725 by Abu-Abul-Hajez. Its principal tower, the Torre del Homenaje, is riddled with shot marks, the scars left behind it by the ever-memorable siege. The galleries, which are tunneled in tiers along the north front of the Rock, are from two to three miles in extent. At one extremity they widen out into the spacious crypt known as the Hall of St. George, in which Nelson was feasted. No arches support these galleries; they are simply hewn from the solid rock, and pierced every dozen yards or so by port-holes, through each of which the black muzzle of a gun looks forth upon the Spanish

mainland. They front the north, these grim watchdogs, and seeing that the plain lies hundreds of feet beneath them, and with that altitude of sheer rock face between them and it, they may perhaps be admitted to represent what a witty Frenchman has called *le luxe et la coquetterie d' imprenable*, or as we might put it, a "refinement on the impregnable." Artillery in position implies the possibility of regular siege operations, followed perhaps by an assault from the quarter which the guns command; but though the Spanish threw up elaborate works on the neutral ground in the second year of the great siege, neither then nor at any other time has an assault on the Rock from its northern side been contemplated. Yet it has once been "surprised" from its eastern side, which looks almost equally inaccessible; and farther on in his tour of exploration, the visitor will come upon traces of that unprecedented and unimitated exploit. After having duly inspected the galleries, he will ascend to the Signal Tower, known in Spanish days as El Hacho, or the Torch, the spot at which beacon fires were wont on occasion to be kindled. It is not quite the highest point of the Rock, but the view from it is one of the most imposing in the world. To the north lie the mountains of Ronda, and to the far east the Sierra of the Snows that looks down on Granada, gleams pale and spectral on the horizon. Far beneath you lie town and bay, the batteries with their tiny ordnance, and the harbor with its plaything ships; while farther onward, in the same line of vision, the African "Pillar of Hercules," Ceuta, looks down upon the sunlit waters of the Strait.

A little farther on is the true highest point of the Rock, 1,430 feet; and yet a little farther, after a descent of a few feet, we come upon the tower known as O'Hara's Folly, from which also the view is magnificent, and which marks the southernmost point of the ridge. It was built by an officer of that name as a watch tower, from which to observe the movements of the Spanish fleet at Cadiz, which, even across the cape as the crow flies, is distant some fifty or sixty miles. The extent, however, of the outlook which it actually commanded has probably never been tested, certainly not with modern optical appliances, as it was struck by lightning soon after its completion. Retracing his steps to the northern end of the height, the visitor historically interested in Gibraltar will do well to survey the scene from here once more before descending to inspect the fortifications of the coast line. Far beneath him, looking landward, lies the flat sandy part of the isthmus, cut just where its neck begins to widen by the British lines. Beyond these, again, extends the zone some half mile in breadth of the neutral ground; while yet farther inland, the eye lights upon a broken and irregular line of earthworks, marking the limit, politically speaking, of Spanish soil. These are the most notable, perhaps the only surviving, relic of the great siege. In the third year of that desperate leaguer – it was in 1781 – the Spaniards having tried in vain, since June, 1779, to starve out the garrison, resorted to the idea of bombarding the town into surrender, and threw up across the neutral ground the great earthworks, of which only these ruins

remain. They had reason, indeed, to resort to extraordinary efforts. Twice within these twenty-four months had they reduced the town to the most dreadful straits of hunger, and twice had it been relieved by English fleets. In January, 1780, when Rodney appeared in the Straits with his priceless freight of food, the inhabitants were feeding on thistles and wild onions; the hind quarter of an Algerian sheep was selling for seven pounds ten, and an English milch cow for fifty guineas. In the spring of 1781, when Admiral Darby relieved them for the second time, the price of "bad ship's biscuits full of vermin" – says Captain John Drinkwater of the 72nd, an actor in the scenes which he has recorded – was a shilling a pound; "old dried peas, a shilling and fourpence; salt, half dirt, the sweepings of ships' bottoms, and storehouses, eightpence; and English farthing candles, sixpence apiece." These terrible privations having failed to break the indomitable spirit of the besieged, bombardment had, before the construction of these lines, been resorted to. Enormous batteries, mounting 170 guns and 80 mortars, had been planted along the shore, and had played upon the town, without interruption, for six weeks. Houses were shattered and set on fire, homeless and half-starved families were driven for shelter to the southern end of the promontory, where again they were harried by Spanish ships sailing round Europa Point and firing indiscriminately on shore. The troops, shelled out of their quarters, were living in tents on the hillside, save when these also were swept away by the furious rainstorms of that region. And it was to put, as was

hoped, the finishing stroke to this process of torture, that the great fortifications which have been spoken of were in course of construction all through the spring and summer of 1781 on the neutral ground. General Elliot – that tough old Spartan warrior, whose food was vegetables and water, and four hours his maximum of continuous sleep, and the contagion of whose noble example could alone perhaps have given heart enough even to this sturdy garrison – watched the progress of the works with anxiety, and had made up his mind before the winter came that they must be assaulted. Accordingly, at three A. M. on the morning of November 27, 1781, he sallied forth with a picked band of two thousand men – a pair of regiments who had fought by his side at Minden two-and-twenty years before – and having traversed the three-quarters of a mile of intervening country in swift silence, fell upon the Spanish works. The alarm had been given, but only just before the assailants reached the object of their attack; and the affair was practically a surprise. The gunners, demoralized and panic-stricken, were bayoneted at their posts, the guns were spiked, and the batteries themselves set on fire with blazing faggots prepared for the purpose. In an hour the flames had gained such strength as to be inextinguishable, and General Elliot drew off his forces and retreated to the town, the last sound to greet their ears as they re-entered the gates being the roar of the explosion of the enemy's magazines. For four days the camp continued to burn, and when the fire had exhausted itself for want of materials, the work of laborious months lay in ruins, and

the results of a vast military outlay were scattered to the winds. It was the last serious attempt made against the garrison by the Spaniards from the landward side. The fiercest and most furious struggle of the long siege was to take place on the shore and waters to the west.

And so after all it is to the "line-wall" – to that formidable bulwark of masonry and gun-metal which fringes the town of Gibraltar from the Old Mole to Rosia Bay – that one returns as to the chief attraction from the historical point of view, of the mighty fortress. For two full miles it runs, zigzagging along the indented coast, and broken here and there by water-gate or bastion, famous in military story. Here, as we move southward from the Old Mole, is the King's Bastion, the most renowned of all. Next comes Ragged Staff Stairs, so named from the heraldic insignia of Charles V.; and farther on is Jumper's Battery, situated at what is held to be the weakest part of the Rock, and which has certainly proved itself to be so on one ever memorable occasion. For it was at the point where Jumper's Battery now stands that the first English landing-party set foot on shore; it was at this point, it may be said, that Gibraltar was carried. The fortunes of nomenclature are very capricious, and the name of Jumper – unless, indeed, it were specially selected for its appropriateness – has hardly a better right to perpetuation in this fashion than the name of Hicks. For these were the names of the two gallant officers who were foremost in their pinnaces in the race for the South Mole, which at that time occupied the

spot where the landing was effected; and we are not aware that history records which was the actual winner. It was on the 23rd of July, 1704, as all the world knows, that these two gallant seamen and their boats' crews made their historic leap on shore; and after all, the accident which had preserved the name of one of them is not more of what is familiarly called a "fluke" than the project of the capture itself, and the retention of the great fortress when captured. It is almost comic to think that when Sir George Rooke sailed from England, on the voyage from which he returned, figuratively speaking, with the key of the Mediterranean in his pocket, he had no more notion of attacking Gibraltar than of discovering the North-West Passage. He simply went to land England's candidate for the Spanish throne, "King Charles III.," at Lisbon; which service performed, he received orders from the English Government to sail to the relief of Nice and Villa Franca, which were supposed to be in danger from the French, while at the same time he was pressed by Charles to "look round" at Barcelona, where the people, their aspirant-sovereign thought, were ready to rise in his favor. Rooke executed both commissions. That is to say, he ascertained that there was nothing for him to do in either place – that Barcelona would not rise, and that Nice was in no danger of falling; and the admiral accordingly dropped down the Mediterranean towards the Straits – where he was joined by Sir Cloudesley Shovel with another squadron – with the view of intercepting the Brest Fleet of France, which he had heard was about to attempt a junction

with that of Toulon. The Brest Fleet, however, he found had already given him the slip, and thus it came about that on the 17th of July these two energetic naval officers found themselves about seven leagues to the east of Tetuan with nothing to do. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the attack on Gibraltar was decreed as the distraction of an intolerable ennui. The stronghold was known to be weakly garrisoned, though, for that time, strongly armed; it turned out afterwards that it had only a hundred and fifty gunners to a hundred guns, and it was thought possible to carry the place by a *coup-de-main*. On the 21st the whole fleet came to anchor in Gibraltar Bay. Two thousand men under the Prince of Hesse were landed on what is now the neutral ground, and cut off all communication with the mainland of Spain. On the 23rd Rear-Admirals Vanderdussen and Byng (the father of a less fortunate seaman) opened fire upon the batteries, and after five or six hours' bombardment silenced them, and Captain Whittaker was thereupon ordered to take all the boats, filled with seamen and marines, and possess himself of the South Mole Head. Captains Jumper and Hicks were, as has been said, in the foremost pinnaces, and were the first to land. A mine exploded under their feet, killing two officers and a hundred men, but Jumper and Hicks pressed on with their stout followers, and assaulted and carried a redoubt which lay between the Mole and the town. Whereupon the Spanish Governor capitulated, the gates on the side of the isthmus were thrown open to the Prince of Hesse and his troops, and Gibraltar was theirs. Or rather it

was not theirs, except by the title of the "man in possession." It was the property of his Highness the Archduke Charles, styled his Majesty King Charles III. of Spain, and had he succeeded in making good that title in arms, England should, of course, have had to hand over to him the strongest place in his dominions, at the end of the war. But she profited by the failure of her protégé. The war of the Spanish Succession ended in the recognition of Philip V.; and almost against the will of the nation – for George I. was ready enough to give it up, and the popular English view of the matter was that it was "a barren rock, an insignificant fort, and a useless charge" – Gibraltar remained on her hands.

Undoubtedly, the King's Bastion is the center of historic military interest in Gibraltar, but the line-wall should be followed along its impregnable front to complete one's conception of the sea defenses of the great fortress. A little farther on is Government House, the quondam convent, which now forms the official residence of the Governor; and farther still the landing-place, known as Ragged Staff Stairs. Then Jumper's Bastion, already mentioned; and then the line of fortification, running outwards with the coast line towards the New Mole and landing-place, returns upon itself, and rounding Rosia Bay trends again southward towards Buena Vista Point. A ring of steel indeed – a coat of mail on the giant's frame, impenetrable to the projectiles of the most terrible of the modern Titans of the seas. The casemates for the artillery are absolutely bomb-proof, the walls of such thickness as to resist the impact of shots

weighing hundreds of pounds, while the mighty arches overhead are constructed to defy the explosion of the heaviest shells. As to its offensive armament, the line-wall bristles with guns of the largest caliber, some mounted on the parapet above, others on the casemates nearer the sea-level, whence their shot could be discharged with the deadliest effect at an attacking ship.

He who visits Gibraltar is pretty sure, at least if time permits, to visit Algeciras and San Roque, while from farther afield still he will be tempted by Estepona. The first of these places he will be in a hurry, indeed, if he misses; not that the place itself is very remarkable, as that it stands so prominently in evidence on the other side of the bay as almost to challenge a visit. Add to this the natural curiosity of a visitor to pass over into Spanish territory and to survey Gibraltar from the landward side, and it will not be surprising that the four-mile trip across the bay is pretty generally made. On the whole it repays; for though Algeciras is modern and uninteresting enough, its environs are picturesque, and the artist will be able to sketch the great rock-fortress from an entirely new point, and in not the least striking of its aspects.

And now, before passing once for all through the storied portal of the Mediterranean, it remains to bestow at least a passing glance upon the other column which guards the entrance. Over against us, as we stand on Europa Point and look seaward, looms, some ten or a dozen miles away, the Punta de Africa, the African Pillar of Hercules, the headland behind which lies Ceuta, the principal Spanish stronghold on the Moorish coast. Of a truth,

one's first thought is that the great doorway of the inland sea has monstrously unequal jambs. Except that the Punta de Africa is exactly opposite the Rock of Gibraltar, and that it is the last eminence on the southern side of the Straits – the point at which the African coast turns suddenly due southward, and all is open sea – it would have been little likely to have caught the eye of an explorer, or to have forced itself upon the notice of the geographer. Such as it is, however, it must stand for the African Pillar of Hercules, unless that demi-god is to content himself with only one. It is not imposing to approach as we make our way directly across the Straits from Gibraltar, or down and along them from Algeciras towards it: a smooth, rounded hill, surmounted by a fort with the Spanish flag floating above it, and walled on the sea side, so little can its defenders trust to the very slight natural difficulties offered even by its most difficult approach. Such is Ceuta in the distance, and it is little, if at all, more impressive on a closer inspection. Its name is said to come from Sebta, a corruption of Septem, and to have been given it because of the seven hills on which it is built. Probably the seven hills would be difficult to find and count, or with a more liberal interpretation of the word, it might very likely be as easy to find fourteen.

Ceuta, like almost every other town or citadel on this battle-ground of Europe and Africa, has played its part in the secular struggle between Christendom and Islam. It is more than four centuries and a half since it was first wrested from the Moors

by King John of Portugal, and in the hands of that State it remained for another two hundred years, when in 1640, it was annexed to the Crown of Castille. King John's acquisition of the place, however, was unfortunate for his family. He returned home, leaving the princes of Portugal in command of his new possession; which, after the repulse of an attempt on the part of the Moors to recapture it, he proceeded to strengthen with new fortifications and an increased garrison. Dying in 1428, he was succeeded by his eldest son, Edward, who undertook an expedition against Tangier, which turned out so unluckily that the Portuguese had to buy their retreat from Africa by a promise to restore Ceuta, the king's son, Don Ferdinand, being left in the hands of the Moors as a hostage for its delivery. In spite of this, however, the King and Council refused on their return home to carry out their undertaking; and though preparations were made for recovering the unfortunate hostage, the death of Edward prevented the project from being carried out, and Prince Ferdinand remained a prisoner for several years. Ceuta was never surrendered, and passing, as has been said, in the seventeenth century from the possession of Portugal into that of Spain, it now forms one of the four or five vantage-points held by Spain on the coast of Africa and in its vicinity. Surveyed from the neighboring heights, the citadel, with the town stretching away along the neck of land at its foot, looks like anything but a powerful stronghold, and against any less effete and decaying race than the Moors who surround it, it might not possibly prove very easy to defend.

Its garrison, however, is strong, whatever its forts may be, and as a basis of military operations, it proved to be of some value to Spain in her expedition against Morocco thirty years ago. In times of peace it is used by the Spaniards as a convict station.

The internal attractions of Ceuta to a visitor are not considerable. There are Roman remains in the neighborhood of the citadel, and the walls of the town, with the massive archways of its gates, are well worthy of remark. Its main feature of interest, however, is, and always will be, that rock of many names which it thrusts forth into the Straits, to form, with its brother column across the water, the gateway between the Eastern and the Western World. We have already looked upon it in the distance from El Hacho, the signal tower on the summit of the Rock of Gibraltar. Abyla, "the mountain of God," it was styled by the Phœnicians; Gibel Mo-osa, the hill of Musa, was its name among the Moors; it is the Cabo de Bullones of the Spaniard, and the Apes' Hill of the Englishman. It may be well seen, though dwarfed a little by proximity, from its neighboring waters; a curious sight, if only for its strange contrast with the European Pillar that we have left behind. It is shaped like a miniature Peak of Teneriffe, with a pointed apex sloping away on either side down high-shouldered ridges towards its companion hills, and presenting a lined and furrowed face to the sea. It is its situation, as has been noted already, and not its conformation, which procured it its ancient name. But however earned, its mythical title, with all the halo of poetry and romance that the

immortal myths of Hellas have shed around every spot which they have reached, remains to it for ever. And here we take our farewell look of the Pillars of Hercules to right and left, and borne onwards amidstream by the rushing current of the Straits, we pass from the modern into the ancient world.

# II
# ALGIERS

"A Pearl set in Emeralds" – Two distinct towns, one ancient, one modern – The Great Mosque – A Mohammedan religious festival – Oriental life in perfection – The road to Mustapha Supérieur – A true Moorish villa described – Women praying to a sacred tree – Excessive rainfall.

"Algiers," says the Arab poet, with genuine Oriental love of precious stones in literature, "is a pearl set in emeralds." And even in these degenerate days of Frank supremacy in Islam, the old Moorish town still gleams white in the sun against a deep background of green hillside, a true pearl among emeralds. For it is a great mistake to imagine North Africa, as untravelled folk suppose, a dry and desert country of arid rocky mountains. The whole strip of laughing coast which has the Atlas for its backbone may rank, on the contrary, as about the dampest, greenest, and most luxuriant region of the Mediterranean system. The home of the Barbary corsairs is a land of high mountains, deep glens, great gorges; a land of vast pine forests and thick, verdant undergrowth. A thousand rills tumble headlong down its rich ravines; a thousand rivers flow fast through its fertile valleys. For wild flowers Algeria is probably unequaled in the

whole world; its general aspect in many ways recalls on a smaller scale the less snow-clad parts of eastern Switzerland.

When you approach the old pirate-nest from the sea, the first glimpse of the African coast that greets your expectant eye is a long, serrated chain of great sun-smitten mountains away inland and southward. As the steamer nears the land, you begin, after a while, to distinguish the snowy ridge of the glorious Djurjura, which is the Bernese Oberland of Algeria, a huge block of rearing peaks, their summits thick-covered by the virgin snow that feeds in spring a score of leaping torrents. By-and-by, with still nearer approach, a wide bay discloses itself, and a little range of green hills in the foreground detaches itself by degrees from the darker mass of the Atlas looming large in the distance behind. This little range is the Sahel, an outlier just separated from the main chain in the rear by the once marshy plain of the Metidja, now converted by drainage and scientific agriculture into the most fertile lowland region of all North Africa.

Presently, on the seaward slopes of the Sahel, a white town bursts upon the eye, a white town so very white, so close, so thick-set, that at first sight you would think it carved entire, in tier after tier, from a solid block of marble. No street or lane or house or public building of any sort stands visible from the rest at a little distance; just a group of white steps, you would say, cut out by giant hands from the solid hillside. The city of the Deys looks almost like a chalk-pit on the slope of an English down; only a chalk-pit in relief, built out, not hewn inwards.

As you enter the harbor the strange picture resolves itself bit by bit with charming effect into its component elements. White houses rise up steep, one above the other, in endless tiers and rows, upon a very abrupt acclivity. Most of them are Moorish in style, square, flat-roofed boxes; all are whitewashed without, and smiling like pretty girls that show their pearly teeth in the full southern sunshine. From without they have the aspect of a single solid block of stone; you would fancy it was impossible to insert a pin's head between them. From within, to him that enters, sundry narrow and tortuous alleys discover themselves here and there on close inspection; but they are too involved to produce much effect as of streets or rows on the general *coup d'œil* from the water.

Land at the quay, and you find at once Algiers consists of two distinct towns: one ancient, one modern; one Oriental, one Western. Now and again these intersect, but for the most part they keep themselves severely separate.

The lower town has been completely transformed within half a century by its French masters. What it has gained in civilization it has lost in picturesqueness. A spacious port has been constructed, with massive mole and huge arcaded breakwater. Inside, vast archways support a magnificent line of very modern quays, bordered by warehouses on a scale that would do honor to Marseilles or to Liverpool. Broad streets run through the length and breadth of this transformed Algiers, streets of stately shops where ladies can buy all the fripperies and fineries of Parisian

dressmakers. Yet even here the traveller finds himself already in many ways *en plein Orient*. The general look of the new town itself is far more Eastern than that of modernized Alexandria since the days of the bombardment. Arabs, Moors and Kabyles crowd the streets and market-places; muffled women in loose white robes, covered up to the eyes, flit noiselessly with slippered feet over the new-flagged pavement; turbaned Jews, who might have stepped straight out of the "Arabian Nights," chaffer for centimes at the shop-doors with hooded mountain Berbers. All is strange and incongruous; all is Paris and Bagdad shaking hands as if on the Devonshire hillsides.

Nor are even Oriental buildings of great architectural pretensions wanting to this newer French city. The conquerors, in reconstructing Algiers on the Parisian model, have at least forborne to Haussmannise in every instance the old mosques and palaces. The principal square, a broad place lined with palm-trees, is enlivened and made picturesque by the white round dome and striking minarets of the Mosquée de la Pêcherie. Hard by stands the Cathedral, a religious building of Mussulman origin, half Christianized externally by a tower at each end, but enclosing within doors its old Mohammedan *mimbar* and many curious remains of quaint Moorish decoration. The Archbishopric at its side is a Moorish palace of severe beauty and grandeur; the museum of Græco-Roman antiques is oddly installed in the exquisite home raised for himself by Mustapha Pasha. The Great Mosque, in the Rue Bab-el-Oued, remains to

us unspoiled as the finest architectural monument of the early Mohammedan world. That glorious pile was built by the very first Arab conquerors of North Africa, the companions of the Prophet, and its exquisite horse-shoe arches of pure white marble are unsurpassed in the Moslem world for their quaintness, their oddity, and their originality.

The interior of this mosque is, to my mind, far more impressive than anything to be seen even in Cairo itself, so vast it is, so imposing, so grand, so gloomy. The entire body of the building is occupied throughout by successive arcades, supported in long rows by plain, square pillars. Decoration there is none; the mosque depends for effect entirely on its architectural features and its noble proportions. But the long perspective of these endless aisles, opening out to right and left perpetually as you proceed, strikes the imagination of the beholder with a solemn sense of vastness and mystery. As you pick your way, shoeless, among the loose mats on the floor, through those empty long corridors, between those buttress-like pillars, the soul shrinks within you, awe-struck. The very absence of images or shrines, the simplicity and severity, gives one the true Semitic religious thrill. No gauds or gewgaws here. You feel at once you are in the unseen presence of the Infinite and the Incomprehensible.

The very first time I went into the Great Mosque happened, by good luck, to be the day of a Mohammedan religious festival. Rows and rows of Arabs in white robes filled up the interspaces of the columns, and rose and fell with one accord at certain

points of the service. From the dim depths by the niche that looks towards Mecca a voice of some unseen ministrant droned slowly forth loud Arabic prayers or long verses from the Koran. At some invisible signal, now and again, the vast throng of worshippers, all ranged in straight lines at even distances between the endless pillars, prostrated themselves automatically on their faces before Allah, and wailed aloud as if in conscious confession of their own utter unworthiness. The effect was extraordinary, electrical, contagious. No religious service I have ever seen elsewhere seemed to me to possess such a profundity of earnest humiliation, as of man before the actual presence of his Maker. It appeared to one like a chapter of Nehemiah come true again in our epoch. We few intrusive Westerns, standing awe-struck by the door, slunk away, all abashed, from this scene of deep abasement. We had no right to thrust ourselves upon the devotions of these intense Orientals. We felt ourselves out of place. We had put off our shoes, for the place we stood upon was holy ground. But we slunk back to the porch, and put them on again in silence. Outside, we emerged upon the nineteenth century and the world. Yet even so, we had walked some way down the Place de la Régence, among the chattering negro pedlers, before one of us dared to exchange a single word with the other.

If the new town of Algiers is interesting, however, the old town is unique, indescribable, incomprehensible. No map could reproduce it; no clue could unravel it. It climbs and clambers by

tortuous lanes and steep staircases up the sheer side of a high hill to the old fortress of the Deys that crowns the summit. Not one gleam of sunshine ever penetrates down those narrow slits between the houses, where two people can just pass abreast, brushing their elbows against the walls, and treading with their feet in the poached filth of the gutter. The dirt that chokes the sides is to the dirt of Italy as the dirt of Italy is to the dirt of Whitechapel. And yet so quaint, so picturesque, so interesting is it all, that even delicate ladies, with the fear of typhoid fever for ever before their eyes, cannot refuse themselves the tremulous joy of visiting it and exploring it over and over again; nay, more, of standing to bargain for old brass-work or Algerian embroidery with keen Arab shopkeepers in its sunless labyrinths. Except the Mooskee at Cairo, indeed, I know no place yet left where you can see Oriental life in perfection as well as the old town of Algiers. For are there not tramways nowadays even in the streets of Damascus? Has not a railway station penetrated the charmed heart of Stamboul? The Frank has done his worst for the lower town of his own building, but the upper town still remains as picturesque, as mysterious, and as insanitary as ever. No Pasteur could clean out those Augean stables.

In those malodorous little alleys, where every prospect pleases and every scent is vile, nobody really walks; veiled figures glide softly as if to inaudible music; ladies, muffled up to their eyes, use those solitary features with great effect upon the casual passer-by; old Moors, in stately robes, emerge with stealthy tread

from half-unseen doorways; boys clad in a single shirt sit and play pitch-and-toss for pence on dark steps. Everything reeks impartially of dirt and of mystery. All is gloom and shade. You could believe anything on earth of that darkling old town. There all Oriental fancies might easily come true, all fables might revive, all dead history might repeat itself.

These two incongruous worlds, the ancient and the modern town, form the two great divisions of Algiers as the latter-day tourist from our cold North knows it. The one is antique, lazy, sleepy, unprogressive; the other is bustling, new-world, busy, noisy, commercial. But there is yet a third Algiers that lies well without the wall, the Algiers of the stranger and of the winter resident. Hither Mr. Cook conducts his eager neophytes; hither the Swiss innkeeper summons his cosmopolitan guests. It reaches its culminating point about three miles from the town, on the heights of Mustapha Supérieur, where charming villas spread thick over the sunlit hills, and where the Western visitor can enjoy the North African air without any unpleasant addition of fine old crusted Moorish perfumes.

The road to Mustapha Supérieur lies through the Bab-Azzoun gate, and passes first along a wide street thronged with Arabs and Kabyles from the country and the mountains. This is the great market road of Algiers, the main artery of supplies, a broad thoroughfare lined with *fondouks* or caravanserais, where the weary camel from the desert deposits his bales of dates, and where black faces of Saharan negroes smile out upon

the curious stranger from dense draping folds of some dirty burnouse. The cafés are filled with every variety of Moslem, Jew, Turk, and infidel. Nowhere else will you see to better advantage the wonderful variety of races and costumes that distinguishes Algiers above most other cosmopolitan Mediterranean cities. The dark M'zabite from the oases, arrayed like Joseph in a coat of many colors, stands chatting at his own door with the pale-faced melancholy Berber of the Aurès mountains. The fat and dusky Moor, over-fed on kous-kous, jostles cheek by jowl with the fair Jewess in her Paisley shawl and quaint native head-gear. Mahonnais Spaniards from the Balearic Isles, girt round their waists with red scarves, talk gaily to French missionary priests in violet bands and black cassocks. Old Arabs on white donkeys amble with grave dignity down the center of the broad street, where chasseurs in uniform and spahis in crimson cloaks keep them company on fiery steeds from the Government stud at Blidah. All is noise and bustle, hurry, scurry, and worry, the ant-hill life of an English bazaar grotesquely superimposed on the movement and stir of a great European city.

You pass through the gates of the old Moorish town and find yourself at once in a modern but still busy suburb. Then on a sudden the road begins to mount the steep Mustapha slope by sharp zigzags and bold gradients. In native Algerian days, before Allah in his wisdom mysteriously permitted the abhorred infidel to bear sway in the Emerald City over the Faithful of Islam, a single narrow mule-path ascended from the town wall to

the breezy heights of Mustapha. It still exists, though deserted, that old breakneck Mussulman road a deep cutting through soft stone, not unlike a Devonshire lane, all moss-grown and leafy, a favorite haunt of the naturalist and the trap-door spider. But the French engineers, most famous of road-makers, knew a more excellent way. Shortly after the conquest they carved a zigzag carriage-drive of splendid dimensions up that steep hill-front, and paved it well with macadam of most orthodox solidity. At the top, in proof of their triumph over nature and the Moslem, they raised a tiny commemorative monument, the Colonne Voirol, after their commander's name, now the Clapham Junction of all short excursions among the green dells of the Sahel.

The Mustapha road, on its journey uphill, passes many exquisite villas of the old Moorish corsairs. The most conspicuous is that which now forms the Governor-General's Summer Palace, a gleaming white marble pile of rather meretricious and over-ornate exterior, but all glorious within, to those who know the secret of decorative art, with its magnificent heirloom of antique tiled dados. Many of the other ancient villas, however, and notably the one occupied by Lady Mary Smith-Barry, are much more really beautiful, even if less externally pretentious, than the Summer Palace. One in particular, near the last great bend of the road, draped from the ground to the flat roof with a perfect cataract of bloom by a crimson bougainvillea, may rank among the most picturesque and charming homes in the French dominions.

It is at Mustapha, or along the El Biar road, that the English colony of residents or winter visitors almost entirely congregates. Nothing can be more charming than this delicious quarter, a wilderness of villas, with its gleaming white Moorish houses half lost in rich gardens of orange, palm, and cypress trees. How infinitely lovelier these Eastern homes than the fantastic extravagances of the Californie at Cannes, or the sham antiques on the Mont Boron! The native North African style of architecture answers exactly to the country in whose midst it was developed. In our cold northern climes those open airy arcades would look chilly and out of place, just as our castles and cottages would look dingy and incongruous among the sunny nooks of the Atlas. But here, on the basking red African soil, the milk-white Moorish palace with its sweeping Saracenic arches, its tiny round domes, its flat, terraced roofs, and its deep perspective of shady windows, seems to fit in with land and climate as if each were made for the other. Life becomes absolutely fairy-like in these charming old homes. Each seems for the moment while you are in it just a dream in pure marble.

I am aware that to describe a true Moorish villa is like describing the flavor of a strawberry; the one must be tasted, the other seen. But still, as the difficulty of a task gives zest to the attempt at surmounting it, I will try my hand at a dangerous word-picture. Most of the Mustapha houses have an outer entrance-court, to which you obtain admission from the road by a plain, and often rather heavy, archway. But, once you have reached the

first atrium, or uncovered central court, you have no reason to complain of heaviness or want of decoration. The court-yard is generally paved with parti-colored marble, and contains in its center a Pompeian-looking fountain, whose cool water bubbles over into a shallow tank beneath it. Here reeds and tall arums lift their stately green foliage, and bright pond-blossoms rear on high their crimson heads of bloom. Round the quadrangle runs a covered arcade (one might almost say a cloister) of horse-shoe arches, supported by marble columns, sometimes Græco-Roman antiques, sometimes a little later in date, but admirably imitated from the originals. This outer court is often the most charming feature of the whole house. Here, on sultry days, the ladies of the family sit with their books or their fancy-work; here the lord of the estate smokes his afternoon cigar; here the children play in the shade during the hottest African noon-day. It is the place for the siesta, for the afternoon tea, for the lounge in the cool of the evening, for the joyous sense of the delight of mere living.

From the court-yard a second corridor leads into the house itself, whose center is always occupied by a large square court, like the first in ground-plan, but two-storied and glass-covered. This is the hall, or first reception room, often the principal apartment of the whole house, from which the other rooms open out in every direction. Usually the ground-floor of the hall has an open arcade, supporting a sort of balcony or gallery above, which runs right round the first floor on top of it. This balcony is itself arcaded; but instead of the arches being left open the whole

way up, they are filled in for the first few feet from the floor with a charming balustrade of carved Cairene woodwork. Imagine such a court, ringed round with string-courses of old Oriental tiles, and decorated with a profusion of fine pottery and native brasswork, and you may form to yourself some faint mental picture of the common remodeled Algerian villa. It makes one envious again to remember how many happy days one has spent in some such charming retreats, homes where all the culture and artistic taste of the West have been added to all the exquisite decorative instinct and insight of the Oriental architect.

Nor are fair outlooks wanting. From many points of view on the Mustapha Hill the prospect is among the most charming in the western Mediterranean. Sir Lambert Playfair, indeed, the learned and genial British Consul-General whose admirable works on Algeria have been the delight of every tourist who visits that beautiful country, is fond of saying that the two finest views on the Inland Sea are, first, that from the Greek Theater at Taormina, and, second, that from his own dining-room windows on the hill-top at El Biar. This is very strong praise, and it comes from the author of a handbook to the Mediterranean who has seen that sea in all aspects, from Gibralta to Syria; yet I fancy it is too high, especially when one considers that among the excluded scenes must be put Naples, Sorrento, Amalfi, Palermo, and the long stretch of Venice as seen from the Lido. I would myself even rank the outlook on Monaco from the slopes of Cap Martin, and the glorious panorama of Nice and the Maritime Alps from

the Lighthouse Hill at Antibes, above any picture to be seen from the northern spurs of the Sahel. Let us be just to Piræus before we are generous to El Biar. But all this is, after all, a mere matter of taste, and no lover of the picturesque would at any rate deny that the Bay of Algiers, as viewed from the Mustapha Hill, ranks deservedly high among the most beautiful sights of the Mediterranean. And when the sunset lights up in rosy tints the white mole and the marble town, the resulting scene is sometimes one of almost fairy-like splendor.

Indeed, the country round Mustapha is a district of singular charm and manifold beauty. The walks and drives are delicious. Great masses of pale white clematis hang in sheets from the trees, cactus and aloe run riot among the glens, sweet scents of oleander float around the deep ravines, delicious perfumes of violets are wafted on every breeze from unseen and unsuspected gardens. Nowhere do I know a landscape so dotted with houses, and nowhere are the houses themselves so individually interesting. The outlook over the bay, the green dells of the foreground, the town on its steep acclivity, the points and headlands, and away above all, in the opposite direction, the snow-clad peaks of the Djurjura, make up a picture that, after all, has few equals or superiors on our latter-day planet.

One of the sights of Mustapha is the Arab cemetery, where once a week the women go to pray and wail, with true Eastern hyperbole, over the graves of their dead relations. By the custom of Islam they are excluded from the mosques and from all overt

participation in the public exercises of religion; but these open-air temples not made with hands, even the Prophet himself has never dared to close to them. Ancestor-worship and the veneration of the kindred dead have always borne a large part in the domestic creed of the less civilized Semites, and, like many other traces of heathenism, this antique cult still peeps sturdily through the thin veil of Mohammedan monotheism. Every hillock in the Atlas outliers is crowned by the tiny domed tomb, or *koubba*, of some local saint; every sacred grove overshadows the relics of some reverend Marabout. Nay, the very oldest forms of Semitic idolatry, the cult of standing stones, of holy trees, and of special high places on the mountain-tops, survive to this day even in the midst of Islam. It is the women in particular who keep alive these last relics of pre-Moslem faith; it is the women that one may see weeping over the narrow graves of their loved ones, praying for the great desire of the Semitic heart, a man-child from Allah, before the sacred tree of their pagan ancestors, or hanging rags and dolls as offerings about the holy grove which encloses the divine spring of pure and hallowed water.

Algiers is thus in many ways a most picturesque winter resort. But it has one great drawback: the climate is moist and the rainfall excessive. Those who go there must not expect the dry desert breeze that renders Luxor and Assiout so wholesome and so unpleasant. Beautiful vegetation means rain and heat. You will get both in Algiers, and a fine Mediterranean tossing on your journey to impress it on your memory.

# III
# MALAGA

A nearly perfect climate – Continuous existence of thirty centuries – Granada and the world-renowned Alhambra – Systems of irrigation – Vineyards the chief source of wealth – Esparto grass – The famous Cape de Gatt – The highest peak of the Sierra Nevada – Last view of Granada.

Malaga has been very differently described and appreciated. The Arab chroniclers who knew it in the palmy days of the Moorish domination considered it "a most beautiful city, densely peopled, large and most excellent." Some rose to poetical rhapsody in describing it; they praised it as "the central jewel of a necklace, a land of paradise, the pole star, the diadem of the moon, the forehead of a bewitching beauty unveiled." A Spanish poet was not less eloquent, and sang of Malaga as "the enchantress, the home of eternal spring, bathed by the soft sea, nestling amidst flowers." Ford, on the other hand, that prince of guide-book makers, who knew the Spain of his day intimately from end to end, rather despised Malaga. He thought it a fine but purely commercial city, having "few attractions beyond climate, almonds and raisins, and sweet wine." Malaga has made great strides nevertheless in the fifty-odd years since Ford so wrote of it. While preserving many of the charming characteristics which

evoked such high-flown encomiums in the past, it has developed considerably in trade, population, and importance. It grows daily; building is constantly in progress, new streets are added year after year to the town. Its commerce flourishes; its port is filled with shipping which carry off its many manufactures: chocolate, liquorice, porous jars, and clay figures, the iron ores that are smelted on the spot; the multifarious products of its fertile soil, which grows in rich profusion the choicest fruits of the earth: grapes, melons, plantains, guava, quince, Japanese medlars, oranges, lemons, and prickly pears. All the appliances and luxurious aids to comfort known to our latter-day civilization are to be found in Malaga: several theaters, one of them an opera house, clubs, grand hotels, bankers, English doctors, cabs. It rejoices too in an indefeasible and priceless gift, a nearly perfect climate, the driest and balmiest in Southern Europe. Rain falls in Malaga but half a dozen days in the year, and its winter sun would shame that of an English summer. It has a southern aspect, and is sheltered from the north by an imposing range of mountains; its only trouble is the *terral* or north-west wind, the same disagreeable visitor as that known on the Italian Riviera as the Tramontana, and in the south of France as the Mistral. These climatic advantages have long recommended Malaga as a winter health resort for delicate and consumptive invalids, and an increasingly successful rival to Madeira, Malta, and Algiers. The general view of this city of sunshine, looking westward, to which point it lies open, is pleasing and varied; luxuriant southern

vegetation, aloes, palmetto, and palms, fill up the foreground; in the middle distance are the dazzling white façades and towers of the town, the great amphitheater of the bull ring, the tall spire of the Cathedral a very conspicuous object, the whole set off by the dark blue Mediterranean, and the reddish-purple background of the Sierra Bermeja or Vermilion Hills.

There is active enjoyment to be got in and near Malaga as well as the mere negative pleasure of a calm, lazy life amid beautiful scenes. It is an excellent point of departure for interesting excursions. Malaga lies on the fringe of a country full of great memories, and preserving many curious antiquarian remains. It is within easy reach by rail of Granada and the world-renowned Alhambra, whence the ascent of the great southern snowy range, the Sierra Nevada, may be made with pleasurable excitement and a minimum of discomfort. Other towns closely associated with great events may also be visited: Alhama, the mountain key of Granada, whose capture preluded that of the Moorish capital and is enshrined in Byron's beautiful verse; Ronda, the wildly picturesque town lying in the heart of its own savage hills; Almeria, Antequera, Archidona, all old Moorish towns. By the coast road westward, a two days' ride, through Estepona and Marbella, little seaside towns bathed by the tideless Mediterranean, Gibraltar may be reached. Inland, a day's journey, are the baths of Caratraca, delightfully situated in a narrow mountain valley, a cleft of the rugged hill, and famous throughout Spain. The waters are akin to those of Harrogate, and

are largely patronized by crowds of the bluest-blooded hidalgos, the most fashionable people, Spaniards from La Corte (Madrid), and all parts of the Peninsula. Yet another series of riding excursions may be made into the wild Alpujarras, a desolate and uncultivated district gemmed with bright oases of verdure, which are best reached by the coast road leading from Malaga through Velez Malaga, Motril to Adra, and which is perhaps the pleasantest route to Granada itself. On one side is the dark-blue sea; on the other, vine-clad hills: this is a land, to use Ford's words, "overflowing with oil and wine; here is the palm without the desert, the sugar-cane without the slave;" old Moorish castles perched like eagles' eyries crown the hills; below cluster the spires and towers of churches and convents, hemmed in by the richest vegetation. The whole of this long strip of coast is rich with the alluvial deposits brought down by the mountain torrents from the snowy Sierras above; in spring time, before the summer heats have parched the land, everything flourishes here, the sweet potato, indigo, sugar-cane and vine; masses of wild flowers in innumerable gay colors, the blue iris, the crimson oleander, geraniums, and luxuriant festoons of maidenhair ferns bedeck the landscape around. It is impossible to exaggerate the delights of these riding trips; the traveller relying upon his horse, which carries a modest kit, enjoys a strange sense of independence: he can go on or stop, as he chooses, lengthen or shorten his day's journey, which takes him perpetually and at the leisurely pace which permits ample observation of the varied views. The scene

changes constantly: now he threads a half-dried watercourse, thick with palmetto and gum cistus; now he makes the slow circuit of a series of little rocky bays washed by the tideless calm of the blue sea; now he breasts the steep slope, the seemingly perilous ascent of bold cliffs, along which winds the track made centuries since when the most direct was deemed the shortest way to anywhere in spite of the difficulties that intervened.

Malaga as a seaport and place of settlement can claim almost fabulous antiquity. It was first founded by the Phœnicians three thousand years ago, and a continuous existence of thirty centuries fully proves the wisdom of their choice. Its name is said to be Phœnician, and is differently derived from a word meaning salt, and another which would distinguish it as "the king's town." From the earliest ages Malaga did a thriving business in salt fish; its chief product and export were the same anchovies and the small *boquerones*, not unlike an English whitebait, which are still the most highly prized delicacies of the Malaga fish market. Southern Spain was among the richest and most valued of Phœnician possessions. It was a mine of wealth to them, the Tarshish of Biblical history from which they drew such vast supplies of the precious metals that their ships carried silver anchors. Hiram, King of Tyre, was a sort of goldsmith to Solomon, furnishing the wise man's house with such stores of gold and silver utensils that silver was "accounted nothing therein," as we read in the First Book of Kings. When the star of Tyre and Sidon waned, and Carthage became the

great commercial center of the Mediterranean, it controlled the mineral wealth of Spain and traded largely with Malaga. Later, when Spain passed entirely into Roman hands, this southern province of Bœtica grew more and more valuable, and the wealth of the country passed through its ports eastward to the great marts of the world. Malaga however, was never the equal either in wealth or commercial importance of its more eastern and more happily placed neighbor Almeria. The latter was the once famous "Portus Magnus," or Great Port, which monopolized most of the maritime traffic with Italy and the more distant East. But Malaga rose in prosperity as Roman settlers crowded into Bœtica, and Roman remains excavated in and around the town attest the size and importance of the place under the Romans. It was a municipium, had a fine ampitheater, the foundations of which were laid bare long afterwards in building a convent, while many bronzes, fragments of statuary, and Roman coins found from time to time prove the intimate relations between Malaga and the then Mistress of the World. The Goths, who came next, overran Bœtica, and although their stay was short, they rechristened the province, which is still known by their name, the modern Andal-, or Vandalucia. Malaga was a place of no importance in the time of the Visigoths, and it declined, only to rise with revived splendor under the Moors, when it reached the zenith of its greatness, and stood high in rank among the Hispano-Mauresque cities.

It was the same one-eyed Berber General, Tarik, who

took Gibraltar who was the first Moorish master of Malaga. Legendary story still associates a gate in the old Moorish castle, the Gibralfaro, with the Moorish invasion. This Puerta de la Cava was called, it has been said, after the ill-used daughter of Count Julyan whose wrongs led to the appeal to Moorish intervention. But it is not known historically that Count Julyan had a daughter named La Cava, or any daughter at all; nor is it likely that the Moors would remember the Christian maiden's name as sponsor for the gate. After the Moorish conquest Malaga fell to the tribes that came from the river Jordan, a pastoral race who extended their rule to the open lands as far as Archidona. The richness of their new possession attracted great hordes of Arabs from their distant homes; there was a general exodus, and each as it came to the land of promise settled where they found anything that recalled their distant homes. Thus the tribes from the deserts of Palmyra found a congenial resting-place on the arid coast near Almeria and the more rugged kingdom of Murcia; the Syrian mountaineers established themselves amidst the rocky fastness of the Ronda Serranía; while those from Damascus and Bagdad reveled in the luxuriant beauty of the fertile plains watered by the Xenil and Darro, the great Vega, with its orange-groves and jeweled gardens that still make Granada a smiling paradise.

These Moslem conquerors were admirable in their administration and development of the land they seized, quick to perceive its latent resources and make the most of them. Malaga itself became the court and seat of government of a powerful

dynasty whose realms extended inland as far as Cordova, and the region around grew under their energetic and enlightened management into one great garden teeming with the most varied vegetation. What chiefly commended Malaga to the Moors was the beauty of its climate and the amazing fertility of the soil. The first was a God-sent gift, the latter made unstinting return for the labor freely but intelligently applied. Water was and still is the great need of those thirsty and nearly rainless southern lands, and the Moorish methods of irrigation, ample specimens of which still survive, were most elaborate and effective contrivances for distributing the fertilizing fluid. Many of these ancient systems of irrigation are still at work at Murcia, Valencia, Granada, and elsewhere. The Moors were masters of hydraulic science, which was never more widely or intelligently practiced than in the East. So the methods adopted and still seen in Spain have their Oriental prototypes and counterparts. They varied, of course, with the character of the district to be irrigated and the sources of supply. Where rivers and running water gave the material, it was conveyed in canals; one main trunk-line or artery supplied the fluid to innumerable smaller watercourses or veins, the *acequias*, which formed a reticulated network of minute ramifications. The great difficulty in the plains, and this was especially the case about Malaga, was to provide a proper fall, which was effected either by carrying the water to a higher level by an aqueduct, or sinking it below the surface in subterranean channels. Where the water had to be raised from underground, the simple pole,

on which worked an arm or lever with a bucket, was used, the identical "shadoof" of the Nile; or the more elaborate water-wheel, the Arab *Anaoura*, a name still preserved in the Spanish *Noria*, one of which is figured in the Almeria washing-place, where it serves the gossiping *lavanderas* at their work. In these norias the motive power is usually that of a patient ox, which works a revolving wheel, and so turns a second at right angles armed with jars or buckets. These descend in turn, coming up charged with water, which falls over into a reservoir or pipe, whence it flows to do its business below.

Under this admirable system the land gives forth perpetual increases. It knows no repose. Nothing lies fallow. "Man is never weary of sowing, nor the sun of calling into life." Crop succeeds crop with astonishing rapidity; three or four harvests of corn are reaped in the year, twelve or fifteen of clover and lucerne. All kinds of fruit abound; the margins of the watercourses blossom with flowers that would be prized in a hothouse, and the most marvelous fecundity prevails. By these means the Moors of Malaga, the most scientific and successful of gardeners, developed to the utmost the marvelously prolific soil. Moorish writers described the pomegranates of Malaga as red as rubies, and unequaled in the whole world. The *brevas*, or small green figs, were of exquisitely delicious flavor, and still merit that encomium. Grapes were a drug in the markets, cheap as dirt; while the raisins into which they were converted, by a process that dates back to the Phœnicians, found their way into the far

East and were famous in Palestine, Arabia, and beyond. The vineyards of the Malaga district, a wide tract embracing all the southern slopes towards the Mediterranean, were, and still are, the chief source of its wealth. The wine of Malaga could tempt even Mohammedan Moors to forget their prophet's prohibition; it was so delicious that a dying Moor when commending his soul to God asked for only two blessings in Paradise, enough to drink of the wines of Malaga and Seville. As the "Mountains," this same wine was much drunk and appreciated by our forefathers. To this day "Malaga" is largely consumed, both dry and sweet, especially that known as the Lagrimas, or Tears, a cognate term to the famous Lachrymæ Christi of Naples, and which are the very essence of the rich ripe grapes, which are hung up in the sun till the juice flows from them in luscious drops. Orange groves and lemon groves abound in the Vega, and the fruit is largely exported. The collection and packing are done at points along the line of railway to which Malaga is the maritime terminus, as at La Pizarra, a small but important station which is the starting point for the Baths of Caratraca, and the mountain ride to Ronda through the magnificent pass of El Burgo. Of late years Malaga has become a species of market garden, in which large quantities of early vegetables are raised, the *primeurs* of French gourmets, the young peas, potatoes, asparagus, and lettuce, which are sent north to Paris during the winter months by express trains. This is probably a more profitable business than the raising of the sugar-cane, an industry introduced (or more exactly, revived, for

it was known to and cultivated by the Moors) in and around Malaga by the well-known General Concha, Marques del Duero. He spent the bulk of a large fortune in developing the cane cultivation, and almost ruined himself in this patriotic endeavor. Others benefited largely by his well-meant enterprise, and the sugar fields of southern Spain prospered until the German beet sugar drove the homegrown hard. The climate of Malaga, with its great dryness and absolute immunity from frost, is exceedingly favorable to the growth of the sugar-cane, and the sugar fields at the time of the cutting are picturesque centers of activity. The best idea, however, of the amazing fertility of this gifted country will be obtained from a visit to one of the private residential estates, or *fincas*, such as that of La Concepcion, where palms, bamboos, arums, cicads and other tropical plants thrive bravely in the open air. It is only a short drive, and is well worth a visit. The small Grecian temple is full of Roman remains, chiefly from Cartama, the site of a great Roman city which Livy has described. Some of these remains are of beautiful marble figures, which were found, like ordinary stones, built into a prison wall and rescued with some difficulty. The Malaga authorities annexed them, thinking they contained gold, then threw them away as old rubbish. Other remains at La Concepcion are fragments of the Roman municipal law, on bronze tablets, found at Osuna, between Antequera and Seville.

Malaga possesses many mementoes of the Moors besides their methods of irrigation. The great citadel which this truly

militant race erected upon the chief point of vantage and key to the possession of Malaga still remains. This, the Castle of Gibralfaro, the rock of the lighthouse, was built by a prince of Granada, Mohammed, upon the site of a Phœnician fortress, and it was so strongly fortified and held that it long resisted the strenuous efforts of Ferdinand and Isabella in the memorable siege which prefaced the fall of Granada. How disgracefully the Catholic kings ill-treated the conquered Moors of Malaga, condemning them to slavery or the *auto da fé*, may be read in the pages of Prescott. The towers of the Gibralfaro still standing have each a story of its own: one was the atalaya, or watch-tower; on another, that of La Vela, a great silver cross was erected when the city surrendered. Below the Gibralfaro, but connected with it and forming part of the four deep city walls, is the Alcazaba, another fortification utilized by the Moors, but the fortress they raised stands upon Phœnician foundations. The quarter that lies below these Moorish strongholds is the most ancient part of Malaga, a wilderness of dark, winding alleys of Oriental aspect, and no doubt of Moorish origin. This is the home of the lower classes, of the turbulent masses who have in all ages been a trial and trouble to the authorities of the time. The Malagueños, the inhabitants of Malaga, whether Moors or Spaniards, have ever been rebellious subjects of their liege lords, and uncomfortable neighbors to one another. In all their commotions they have generally espoused the cause which has ultimately failed.

Thus, in 1831, Riego and Torrijos having been in open

revolt against the Government, were lured into embarking for Malaga from Gibraltar, where they had assembled, by its military commandant Moreno, and shot down to a man on the beach below the Carmen Convent. Among the victims was an Englishman, Mr. Boyd, whose unhappy fate led to sharp protests from England. Since this massacre a tardy tribute has been raised to the memory of the slain; it stands in the shape of a monument in the Plaza de Riego, the Alameda. Again, Malaga sided with Espartero in 1843, when he "pronounced" but had to fly into exile. Once more, in 1868, the Malagueños took up arms upon the losing side, fighting for the dethroned Isabella Segunda against the successful soldiers who had driven her from Madrid. Malaga was long and obstinately defended, but eventually succumbed after a sanguinary struggle. Last of all, after the abdication of Amadeus in 1873, the Republicans of Malaga rose, and carried their excesses so far as to establish a Communistic régime, which terrorized the town. The troops disbanded themselves, their weapons were seized by the worst elements of the population, who held the reins of power, the local authorities having taken to flight. The mob laid hands on the customhouse and all public moneys, levied contributions upon the more peaceable citizens, then quarreled among themselves and fought out their battles in the streets, sweeping them with artillery fire, and threatening a general bombardment. Order was not easily restored or without the display of armed force, but the condign punishment of the more blameworthy has kept Malaga

quiet ever since.

While the male sex among the masses of Malaga enjoy an indifferent reputation, her daughters of all classes are famed for their attractiveness, even in Spain, the home, *par excellence*, of a well-favored race. "Muchachas Malagueñas, muy halagueñas" (the girls of Malaga are most bewitching) is a proverbial expression, the truth of which has been attested by many appreciative observers. Théophile Gautier's description of them is perhaps the most complimentary. The Malagueña, he tells us, is remarkable for the even tone of her complexion (the cheek having no more color than the forehead), the rich crimson of her lips, the delicacy of her nostril, and above all the brilliancy of her Arab eyes, which might be tinged with henna, they are so languorous and so almond-shaped. "I cannot tell whether or not it was the red draperies of their headgear, but their faces exhibited gravity combined with passion that was quite Oriental in character." Gautier drew this picture of the Malagueñas as he saw them at a bull-fight, and he expresses a not unnatural surprise that sweet, Madonna-like faces, which might well inspire the painter of sacred subjects, should look on unmoved at the ghastly episodes of the blood-stained ring. It shocked him to see the deep interest with which these pale beauties followed the fight, to hear the feats of the arena discussed by sweet lips that might speak more suitably of softer things. Yet he found them simple, tender-hearted, good, and concluded that it was not cruelty of disposition but the custom of the country that drew them to this

savage show. Since then the bull-fight, shorn, however, of its worst horrors, has become acclimatized and most popular amidst M. Gautier's own country-women in Paris. That the beauty of the higher ranks rivals that of the lowest may be inferred from the fact that a lady whose charms were once celebrated throughout Europe is of Malagueñan descent. The mother of the Empress Eugénie, who shared with Napoleon III. the highest honors in France, was a Malaga girl, a Miss Fitzpatrick, the daughter of the British consul, but she had also Spanish blood in her veins.

A near neighbor and old rival, as richly endowed, may again pass Malaga in the great race for commercial expansion. This is Almeria, which lies farther eastward and which owns many natural advantages; its exposed port has been improved by the construction of piers and breakwaters, and it now offers a secure haven to the shipping that should ere long be attracted in increasing tonnage to carry away the rich products of the neighboring districts. Almeria is the capital of a province teeming with mineral wealth, and whose climate and soil favor the growth of the most varied and valuable crops. The silver mines of the mountains of Murcia and the fertile valleys of the Alpujarras would find their best outlet at Almeria, while Granada would once more serve as its farm. So ran the old proverb, "When Almería was really Almería, Granada was only its alquería," or source of supply. What this time-honored but almost forgotten city most needs is to be brought into touch with the railway systems of Spain. Meanwhile, Almeria, awaiting better fortune,

thrives on the exports of its own products, chief among which are grapes and esparto. The first has a familiar sound to British ears, from the green grapes known as "Almerias," which are largely consumed in British households. These are not equal to the delicately flavored Muscatels, but they are stronger and will bear the packing and rough usages of exportation under which the others perish. Esparto is a natural product of these favored lands, which, after long supplying local wants, has now become an esteemed item in their list of exports. It is known to botanists as the Spanish rush, or bass feather grass, the Genet d'Espagne, and is compared by Ford to the "spear grass which grows on the sandy sea-shores of Lancashire." It is still manufactured, as in the days of Pliny, into matting, baskets, ropes, and the soles for the celebrated Alpargatas, or rope sandal shoes, worn universally by Spanish peasants in the south and Spanish soldiers on the line of march. The ease and speed with which the Spanish infantry cover long distances are greatly attributed to their comfortable chaussures. Nowadays a much wider outlet has been found for esparto grass, and it is grown artificially. When rags became more and more scarce and unequal to the demands of the paper-makers, experiments were made with various substitutes, and none answered the purpose better than the wild spear-grass of southern Spain.

Almeria, while awaiting the return of maritime prosperity, can look with some complacency upon a memorable if not altogether glorious past. Its very names, Portus Magnus under the Romans,

and Al Meriah, the "Conspicuous," under the Moors, attest its importance. All the agricultural produce of the prolific Vega, the silks that were woven on Moorish looms and highly prized through the East, were brought to Almeria for transmission abroad. The security and convenience of this famous port gave it an evil reputation in after years, when it became an independent kingdom under Ibn Maymum. Almeria was the terror of the Mediterranean; its pirate galleys roved to and fro, making descents upon the French and Italian coasts, and carrying back their booty, slaves, and prizes to their impregnable home. Spaniards and Genoese presently combined against the common enemy, and Almeria was one of the earliest Christian conquests regained from the Moors. Later still the Algerian Moors took fresh revenge, and their corsairs so constantly threatened Almeria that Charles V. repaired its ancient fortifications, the old Moorish castle now called the Alcazaba, the center or keep, and hung a great tocsin bell upon its cathedral tower to give notice of the pirates' approach. This cathedral is the most imposing object in the decayed and impoverished town. Pigs and poultry roam at large in the streets, amidst dirt and refuse; but in the strong sunlight, white and blinding as in Africa, the mean houses glisten brightly, and the abundant color seen on awnings and lattice, upon the women's skirts and kerchiefs, in the ultramarine sea, is brought out in the most vivid and beautiful relief.

The scenery on the coast from Malaga eastward is fine, in some parts and under certain aspects magnificent. Beyond

Almeria is the famous Cape de Gatt, as it is known to our mariners, the Cabo de Gata of local parlance, the Agate Cape, to give it its precise meaning. This remarkable promontory, composed of rocks encrusted with gems, is worthy a place in the "Arabian Nights." There are miles and miles of agates and crystal spar, and in one particular spot amethysts are found. Wild winds gather and constantly bluster about this richly constituted but often storm-tossed landmark. Old sailor saws have perpetuated its character in the form of a proverb, "At the Cape de Gatt take care of your hat." Other portions of the coast nearer Malaga are still more forbidding and dangerous: under the Sierra Tejada, for example, where the rocky barriers which guard the land rise tier above tier as straight as a wall, in which there are no openings, no havens of safety for passing craft in an inshore gale. Behind all, a dim outline joining hands as it were with the clouds, towers the great snowy range of southern Spain, the Sierra Nevada, rejoicing in an elevation as high as the Swiss Alps, and in some respects far more beautiful.

There are, however, no such grim glaciers, no such vast snow-fields as in Switzerland, for here in the south the sun has more power, and even at these heights only the peaks and pinnacles wear white crests during the summer heats. This more genial temperature encourages a richer vegetation, and makes the ascents less perilous and toilsome. A member of the Alpine Club would laugh to scorn the conquest of Muley Hacen, or of the Picacho de la Veleta, the two crowning peaks of the

range. The enterprise is within the compass of the most moderate effort. The ascent of the last-named and lowest, although the most picturesque, is the easiest made, because the road from Granada is most direct. In both cases the greatest part of the climbing is performed on horseback; but this must be done a day in advance, and thus a night has to be passed near the summit under the stars. The temperature is low, and the travellers can only defend themselves against the cold by the wraps they have brought and the fuel they can find (mere knotted roots) around their windy shelter. The ascent to where the snow still lingers, in very dirty and disreputable patches, is usually commenced about two in the morning, so that the top may be reached before dawn. If the sky is clear, sunrise from the Picacho is a scene that can never be forgotten, fairly competing with, if not outrivaling, the most famous views of the kind. The Mediterranean lies below like a lake, bounded to the north and west by the Spanish coast, to the south by the African, the faintest outlines of which may often be seen in the far, dim distance. Eastward the horizon is made glorious by the bright pageants of the rising sun, whose majestic approach is heralded by rainbow-hued clouds. All around are the strangely jagged and contorted peaks, rolling down in diminishing grandeur to the lower peaks that seem to rise from the sea.

The highest peak of the Sierra Nevada is Muley Hacen, although it has only the advantage over the Picacho de la Veleta by about a couple of hundred feet. It is a longer and more

difficult ascent, but in some ways the most interesting, as it can best be reached through the Alpujarras, those romantic and secluded valleys which are full of picturesque scenery and of historical associations. The starting point, as a general rule, is Trevelez, although the ascent may be equally made from Portugos, somewhat nearer Granada. Trevelez is the other side and the most convenient coming from Malaga by way of Motril. But no one would take the latter route who could travel by the former, which leads through Alhendin, that well-known village which is said to have seen the last of the departing Moors. This is the point at which Granada is finally lost to view, and it was here that Boabdil, the last king of Granada, took his last farewell of the city whose loss he wept over, under the scathing sarcasm of his more heroic mother, who told him he might well "weep like a woman for what he could not defend as a man." Near this village is the little hill still known as the site of "El Ultimo Suspiro del Moro, the last sigh of the Moor." This same road leads through Lanjaron, an enchanting spot, posted high upon a spur of the hills, and famous as a bathing place with health-giving mineral springs. From Portugos or Trevelez the climb is easy enough: to be accomplished a great part of the way on horseback, and in its earlier levels ascending amid forests of evergreen oak; after that, long wastes of barren rock are passed, till at length the summit is reached, on a narrow strip of table-land, the highest in Southern Europe, and with an unrivaled view. The charm of the Muley Hacen peak is its isolation, while the Picacho looks better from

it than Muley Hacen does from the Picacho, and there is a longer vista across the Mediterranean Sea.

# IV
# BARCELONA

The flower market of the Rambla – Streets of the old town – The Cathedral of Barcelona – Description of the Columbus monument – All Saints' Day in Spain – Mont Tibidaho – Diverse centers of intellectual activity – Ancient history – Philanthropic and charitable institutions.

"Barcelona, shrine of courtesy, harbor of the wayfarer, shelter of the poor, cradle of the brave, champion of the outraged, nurse of friendship, unique in position, unique in beauty!"

Such was the eulogium bestowed upon Barcelona by the great Cervantes several hundred years ago, an eulogium warranted by a stranger's experience in our own day. The matchless site of the second city of Spain, its luxuriant surroundings, awaken enthusiasm as of old, whilst even the briefest possible sojourn suffices to make us feel at home. A winning urbanity, a cosmopolitan amiableness, characterize the townsfolk, Spanish hauteur is here replaced by French cordiality. Softness of manner and graces of speech lend additional charm to a race conspicuous for personal beauty. The Barcelonese are described by a contemporary as laborious and energetic, ambitious of social advance, tenacious of personal dignity, highly imaginative, at the same time eminently practical, steadfast in friendship,

vehement in hate. The stir and magnificence of the city attest the progressive character of the inhabitants.

Few European capitals can boast of finer public monuments, few indeed possess such a promenade as its famous Rambla. The Rambla may be regarded as an epitome, not only of the entire city, but of all Spain, and here the curious traveller should take up his quarters. A dozen brilliant or moving spectacles meet the eye in a day, whilst the normal aspect is one of unimaginable picturesqueness and variety. The dark-eyed flower-girls with their rich floral displays; the country folks still adhering to the costume of Catalonia – the men sandaled and white-hosed, for headgear, slouch caps of crimson, scarlet, or peach-colored felt, the women with gorgeous silk kerchiefs pinned under the chin – the Asturian nursemaids in poppy-red skirts barred with black, and dainty gold and lace caps; the ladies fanning themselves as they go in November, with black lace mantillas over their pretty heads; the Guardia Civile in big, awe-inspiring cocked hats and long black cloaks reaching to the ankle; the trim soldiery in black and red tunics, knickerbockers and buskins, their officers ablaze with gold braid and lace; the spick-and-span city police, each neat as a dandy in a melodrama, not a hair out of place, collars and cuffs of spotless white, ironed to perfection, well-fitting costumes, swords at their sides; the priests and nuns; the seafaring folk of many nationalities; the shepherds of uncouth appearance from the neighboring mountains – all these at first make us feel as if we were taking part in a masquerade.

Now way is made for the funeral train of some rich citizen, the lofty car of sumptuous display of black and gold drapery, wreaths of fresh roses, violet, and heliotrope, large as carriage-wheels, fastened to the sides, the coffin, encased in black and violet velvet, studded with gold nails; following slowly, a long procession of carriages bearing priests, choristers, and mourners. And now the sounds of martial music summon the newcomer a second time to his window. It is a soldier who is borne to his rest. Six comrades accompany the bier, carrying long inverted tapers; behind march commanding officers and men, the band playing strains all too spirited it seems for such an occasion. There is always something going on in this splendid avenue animated from early morning till past midnight, market-place, parade ground, promenade in one.

The daily flower-market of itself would almost repay the journey from London. When northern skies are gloomiest, and fogs are daily fare, the Rambla is at its best. The yellowing leaves of the plane-trees look golden under the dazzling blue sky, and brilliant as in a picture are the flower-sellers and their wares. These distractingly pretty girls, with their dark locks pulled over the brow, their lovely eyes, rich olive complexions, and gleaming white teeth, have nothing of the mendicant about them. As they offer their flowers – perhaps fastening roses to a half-finished garland with one hand, whilst with the other a pot of heliotrope is reached down – the passer-by is engagingly invited to purchase. The Spanish language, even the dialect of Catalonia, is music

to begin with, and the flower-maidens make it more musical still by their gentle, caressing ways. Some wear little mantillas of black, blonde, or cashmere; others, silk kerchiefs of brightest hue – orange, crimson, deep purple, or fanciful patterns of many colors. Barcelona is a flower-garden all the year round, and in mid-winter we stroll between piled-up masses of rose, carnation, and violet, to say nothing of dahlias and chrysanthemums.

It is especially on All Saints' and All Souls' Days that the flower-market of the Rambla is seen to advantage; enormous sums are spent upon wreaths and garlands for the cemetery, the poorest then contriving to pay his floral tribute to departed kith and kin.

In striking contrast with the wide, airy, ever brilliantly illuminated Rambla, electric light doing duty for sunshine at night, are the streets of the old town. The stranger may take any turning – either to right or left – he is sure to find himself in one of these dusky narrow thoroughfares, so small ofttimes the space between window and opposite window that neighbors might almost shake hands. With their open shops of gay woolen stuffs, they vividly recall Cairene bazaars. Narrow as is the accommodation without, it must be narrower still within, since when folks move from one house to another their goods and chattels are hoisted up and passed through the front windows. The sight of a chest of drawers or a sofa in cloudland is comical enough, although the system certainly has its advantages. Much manual labor is thereby spared, and the furniture doubtless

escapes injury from knocking about.

The wise traveller will elect to live on the Rambla, but to spend his time in the old town. Wherever he goes he is sure to come upon some piece of antiquity, whilst here, in a great measure, he loses sight of the cosmopolitan element characterizing the new quarters. Novel and striking as is its aspect to the stranger, Barcelona must nevertheless be described as the least Spanish of Spanish towns. The second seaport of Spain is still – as it was in the Middle Ages – one of the most important seats of international commerce on the Mediterranean. As we elbow our way along the crowded Rambla we encounter a diversity of types and hear a perplexing jargon of many tongues. A few minutes suffice to transport us into the old-world city familiar to Ford – not, however, to be described by the twentieth century tourist in Ford's own words. "A difficult language," he wrote just upon half a century ago, "rude manners, and a distrust of strangers, render Barcelona a disagreeable city." Nowhere nowadays is more courtesy shown to the inquiring stranger. He is not even obliged to ask his way in these narrow tortuous streets. The city police, to be found at every turn, uninvited come to his aid, and, bringing out a pocket-map, with an infinity of pains make clear to him the route he has to take. The handsome Calle San Fernando leads to the somber but grandiose old Cathedral with its lovely cloisters, magnificent towers and bells, deep-voiced as that of Big Ben itself. All churches in Spain, by the way, must be visited in the forenoon; even then the light

is so dim that little can be seen of their treasures – pictures, reliquaries, marble tombs. The Cathedral of Barcelona forms no exception to the rule. Only lighted by windows of richly stained old glass, we are literally compelled to grope our way along the crowded aisles. Mass is going on from early morning till noon, and in the glimmering jeweled light we can just discern the moving figures of priests and acolytes before the high altar, and the scattered worshippers kneeling on the floor. Equally vague are the glimpses we obtain of the chapels, veritable little museums of rare and beautiful things unfortunately consigned to perpetual obscurity, veiled in never-fading twilight. What a change we find outside! The elegant Gothic cloisters, rather to be described as a series of chapels, each differing from the other, each sumptuously adorned, enclose a sunny open space or patio, planted with palms, orange and lemon trees, the dazzlingly bright foliage and warm blue sky in striking contrast to the somber gray of the building-stone. A little farther off, on the other side, we may see the figures of the bell-ringers high up in the open belfry tower, swinging the huge bells backwards and forwards with tremendous effort, a sight never to be missed on Sundays and fête days.

This stately old Cathedral, like so many others, was never finished and works of reparation and restoration are perpetually going on. Close by stands the Palais de Justice, with its beautiful Gothic court and carved stone staircase, the balustrade supported by lovely little statuettes or gargoyles, each an artistic study in

itself. Abutting this is the Palais de Diputacion, Provincial or local Parliament House, a building of truly Spanish grandeur. Its wide marble staircases, its elaborate ceilings of carved wood, its majestic proportions, will, perhaps, have less interest for some travellers than its art-treasures, two *chefs d'œuvre* of the gifted Fortuny. Barcelona was the patron of this true genius – Catalan by birth – so unhappily cut off in his early prime. With no little pride the stately officials show these canvases – the famous "Odalisque" and the "Battle of Tetuan" – the latter, alas! left unfinished. It is a superb piece of life and color, but must be seen on a brilliant day as the hall is somber. Nothing can exceed the courtesy of the Barcelonese to strangers, and these pictures are shown out of the regular hours. But let no one incautiously offer a fee. The proffered coin will be politely, even smilingly, rejected, without humiliating reproof, much less a look of affront. Ford's remark that "a silver key at all times secures admission" does not hold good in these days.

Near the Cathedral, law courts, and Provincial Parliament House stands another picturesque old palace of comparatively modern date, yet Saracenic aspect, and containing one of the most curious historic treasures in Europe. This is the palace of the kings of Aragon, or Archivo General de la Corona de Aragon. The exterior, as is usual with Spanish buildings, is massive and gloomy. Inside is a look of Oriental lightness and gaiety. Slender columns, painted red, enclose an open court, and support a little terrace planted with shrubs and flowers. Here in perfect order

and preservation, without a break, are stored the records of upwards of a thousand years, the earlier consisting of vellum scrolls and black letter, the latter showing the progress of printing from its beginning down to our own day. The first parchment bears date A. D. 875. Among the curiosities of the collection are no less than eight hundred and two Papal Bulls from the year 1017 to 1796. Besides the archives of Barcelona itself, and of the kingdom of Aragon, to which it was annexed in the twelfth century, the palace contains many deeply interesting manuscripts found in the suppressed monasteries.

The archives have been ingeniously arranged by the learned keeper of records. The bookcases, which are not more than six feet high, stand on either side of the vast library, at some distance from the wall, made staircase-wise; one set of volumes just above the other, with the result that no accumulation of dust is possible, and that each set is equally accessible. The effect on the eye of these symmetrically-placed volumes in white vellum is very novel and pleasing. We seem to be in a hall, the walls of which are of fluted cream-colored marble.

The little museum of local antiquities in the ruined Church of Santa Agneda, the somber old churches of San Pablo del Campo, Santa Maria del Mar and Belen, the fragments of mediæval domestic architecture remaining here and there – all these will detain the archæologist. Of more general interest are the modern monuments of Barcelona. In no city have civic lavishness and public spirit shone forth more conspicuously.

A penny tramway – you may go anywhere here for a penny – takes you to the beautiful Park and Fountain of Neptune. The word "fountain" gives an inadequate notion of the splendid pile, with its vast triple-storied marble galleries, its sculptured Naiads and dolphins, and on the summit, towering above park and lake and cascades, its three gigantic sea-horses and charioteers richly gilt, gleaming as if indeed of massive gold. Is there any more sumptuous fountain in the world? I doubt it. In spite of the gilded sea-horses and chariot, there is no tawdriness here; all is bold, splendid, and imposing. Below the vast terraced galleries and wide staircases, all of pure marble, flows in a broad sheet the crystal-clear water, home of myriads of gold fish. The *entourage* is worthy of so superb a construction. The fountain stands in the midst of a scrupulously-kept, tastefully laid-out, ever-verdant park or public pleasure-ground. In November all is fresh and blooming as in an English June. Palms, magnolias, bananas, oleanders, camellias, the pepper-tree, make up a rich, many-tinted foliage. Flowers in winter-time are supplanted by beds of brilliant leaved plants that do duty for blossoms. The purple, crimson, and sea-green leaves are arranged with great effect, and have a brilliant appearance. Here surrounded by gold green turf, are little lakes which may be sailed across in tiny pleasure skiffs. At the chief entrance, conspicuously placed, stands the fine equestrian monument to Prim, inaugurated with much civil and military pomp some years ago. It is a bold statue in red bronze. The general sits his horse, hat in hand, his fine, soldier-

like face turned towards the city. On the sides of the pedestal are bas-reliefs recording episodes of his career, and on the front these words only, "Barcelona à Prim." The work is that of a Spanish artist, and the monument as a whole reflects great credit alike to local art and public spirit.

But a few minutes' drive brings us within sight of a monument to one of the world's heroes. I allude to the memorial column recently raised to Columbus by this same public-spirited and munificent city of Barcelona. Columbus, be it remembered, was received here by Ferdinand and Isabella after his discovery of America in 1493. Far and wide over hills and city, palm-girt harbor, and sea, as a lighthouse towers the tremendous obelisk, the figure of the great Genoese surmounting it, his feet placed on a golden sphere, his outstretched arm pointing triumphantly in the direction of his newly-discovered continent as much as to say, "It is there!"

Never did undertaking reflect more credit upon a city than this stupendous work. The entire height of the monument is about two-thirds of the height of the Monument of London. The execution was entrusted to Barcelonese craftsmen and artists; the materials – bronze, stone, and marble – all being supplied in the neighborhood.

On the upper tier of the pedestal are statues of the four noble Catalans who materially aided Columbus in his expedition – by name Fray Boyl, monk of Montserrat, Pedro Margarit, Jaime Ferrer, and Luis Sentangel. Below are allegorical figures

representing, in the form of stately matrons, the four kingdoms of Catalonia, Castille, Aragon, and Leon. Bas-reliefs, illustrating scenes in the career of the discoverer, adorn the hexagonal sides, six magnificent winged lions of greystone keep jealous watch over the whole, and below these, softening the aspect of severity, is a belt of turf, the following inscription being perpetually written in flowers: "Barcelona à Colon." The column is surmounted by a globe burnished with gold, and above rises the colossal figure of Columbus.

No happier site could have been selected. The monument faces the sea, and is approached from the town by a palm-bordered walk and public garden. The first object to greet the mariner's eye as he sights land is the figure of Columbus poised on his glittering ball; the last to fade from view is that beacon-like column towering so proudly above city and shore. A little excursion must be made by boat or steamer, in order to realize the striking effect of this monument from the sea.

To obtain a bird's-eye view of Barcelona itself, the stranger should go some distance inland. The Fort of Montjuich, commanding the town from the south, or Mont Tibidaho to the north, will equally answer his purpose. A pretty winding path leads from the shore to a pleasure-garden just below the fort, and here we see the entire city spread as in a map at our feet. The panorama is somewhat monotonous, the vast congeries of white walls and grey roofs only broken by gloomy old church towers and tall factory chimneys, but thus is realized for the first time

the enormous extent of the Spanish Liverpool and Manchester in one. Thus, indeed, may Barcelona be styled. Looking seaward, the picture is animated and engaging – the wide harbor bristling with shipping, lateen-sailed fishing boats skimming the deep-blue sunny waves, noble vessels just discernible on the dim horizon.

The once celebrated promenade of the Murallo del Mar, eulogized by Ford and other writers, no longer exists, but the stranger will keep the sea-line in search of the new cemetery. A very bad road leads thither, on All Saints' and All Souls' days followed by an unbroken string of vehicles, omnibuses, covered carts, hackney carriages, and private broughams; their occupants, for the most part, dressed in black. The women, wearing black Cashmere mantillas, are hardly visible, being hidden by enormous wreaths, crosses, and bouquets of natural and also of artificial flowers. The new cemetery is well placed, being several miles from the city, on high ground between the open country and the sea. It is tastefully laid out in terraces – the trees and shrubs testifying to the care bestowed on them. Here are many costly monuments – mausoleums, we should rather say – of opulent Barcelonese, each family possessing its tiny chapel and burial-place.

It is to be hoped that so progressive a city as Barcelona will ere long adopt the system of cremation. Nothing can be less hygienic, one would think, than the present mode of burial in Spain. To die there is literally – not figuratively – to be laid on

the shelf. The terrace-like sides of the cemetery ground have been hollowed out into pigeon-holes, and into these are thrust the coffins, the marble slab closing the aperture bearing a memorial inscription. Ivy and other creepers are trained around the various divisions, and wreaths of fresh flowers and immortelles adorn them; the whole presenting the appearance of a huge chest of drawers divided into mathematically exact segments. To us there is something uncanny – nay, revolting – in such a form of burial; which, to say the least of it, cannot be warranted on æsthetic, much less scientific, principles. It is satisfactory to find that at last Protestants and Jews have their own burial-place here, shut off from the rest, it is true by a wall at least twenty feet high, but a resting-place for all that. It was not so very long ago that Malaga was the only Spanish town according Protestants this privilege, the concession being wrung from the authorities by the late much-esteemed British consul, Mr. Mark.

For some days preceding the festival of All Saints the cemetery presents a busy scene. Charwomen, gardeners, masons, and painters then take possession of the place. Marble is scoured, lettering is repainted, shrubs clipped, turf cut – all is made spick and span, in time for the great festival of the dead. It must be borne in mind that All Saints' Day in Spain has no analogy with the same date in our own calendar. Brilliant sunshine, air soft and balmy as of July, characterize the month of November here. These visits to the cemetery are, therefore, less depressing than they would be performed amid English fog and drizzle. We

Northerners, moreover, cannot cast off gloomy thoughts and sad retrospection as easily as the more elastic, more joyous Southern temperament. Mass over, the pilgrimage to the cemetery paid, all is relaxation and gaiety. All Saints' and All Souls' days are indeed periods of unmitigated enjoyment and relaxation. Public offices, museums, schools, shops, are closed. Holiday folk pour in from the country. The city is as animated as Paris on the 14th of July.

In the forenoon it is difficult to elbow one's way through the crowded thoroughfares. Every street is thronged, men flocking to mass as zealously as devotees of the other sex. In these early hours most of the ladies wear black; their mourning garb later in the day to be exchanged for fashionable toilettes of all colors. The children are decked out gaily, as for a fancy fair. Service is being held in every church, and from all parts may be heard the sonorous Cathedral bells. Its vast, somber interior, now blazing with wax-lights, is a sight to remember. Crowds in rapt devotion are kneeling on the bare stones, the ladies heedless of their silks; here and there the men kneeling on a glove or pocket-handkerchief, in order to protect their Sunday pantaloons. Rows of poor men – beggars, it would seem, tidied up for the occasion – sit in rows along the aisle, holding lighted tapers. The choir is filled with choristers, men and boys intoning the service so skilfully that they almost seem to sing. Soon the crowds fall back, and a procession passes from choir to high altar – priests and dignitaries in their gorgeous robes, some of black, embroidered with crosses in gold, others of white and purple or yellow, the

bishop coming last, his long violet train borne by a priest; all the time the well-trained voices of the choristers – sweet treble of the boys, tenor, and base – making up for lack of music. At last the long ceremony comes to an end, and the vast congregation pours out to enjoy the balmy air, the warm sunshine, visits, confectionery, and other distractions.

Such religious holidays should not be missed by the traveller, since they still stamp Spain as the most Catholic country in the world. Even in bustling, cosmopolitan, progressive Barcelona people seem to spend half their time in church.

In the capital of Catalonia, twentieth-century civilization and the mediæval spirit may still be called next-door neighbors. The airy boulevards and handsome villas of suburban Algiers are not more strikingly contrasted with the ancient Moorish streets than the new quarters of Barcelona with the old. The Rambla, its electric lights, its glittering shops, cafés, clubs, and theaters, recalls a Parisian boulevard. In many of the tortuous, malodorous streets of the old town there is hardly room for a wheelbarrow to be drawn along; no sunbeam has ever penetrated the gloom.

Let us take a penny tramway from the Rambla to the gloomy, grandiose old church of Santa Maria del Mar. Between the city and the sea rises the majestic monument to Columbus, conspicuous as a lighthouse alike from land and sea. We follow a broad palm-bordered alley and pleasure garden beyond which are seen the noble harbor bristling with masts and the soft blue Mediterranean. Under the palms lounge idle crowds listening to

a band, shading themselves as best they can from the burning sun of November! What a change when we leave the tramway and the airy, handsome precincts of the park, and plunge into the dark, narrow street behind the Lonja Palace. The somber picture is not without relief. Round about the ancient façade of the church are cloth-shops, the gay wares hanging from each story, as if the shopmen made a display of all their wares. Here were reds, yellows, greens of brightest hue, some of these woolen blankets, shawls, and garments of every description being gay to crudeness; grass green, scarlet, orange, sky-blue, dazzled the eye, but the general effect was picturesque and cheerful. The dingy little square looked ready for a festival. In reality, a funeral service was taking place in the church. If Spanish interiors are always dark and depressing, what must they be when draped with black? No sooner does the door swing behind us here than daylight is shut out completely as on entering a mine; we are obliged to grope our way by the feeble rays of light penetrating the old stained glass of the clerestory. The lovely lancets of the aisles are hidden by huge black banners, the vast building being only lighted by a blaze of wax tapers here and there. Sweet soft chanting of boys' voices, with a delicious organ accompaniment, was going on when I entered, soon to be exchanged for the unutterably monotonous and lugubrious intoning of black-robed choristers. They formed a procession and, chanting as they went, marched to a side altar before which a priest was performing mass. The Host elevated, all marched back

again, the dreary intoning now beginning afresh. It is impossible to convey any adequate notion of the dreariness of the service. If the Spaniards understand how to enjoy to the uttermost what Browning calls "the wild joy of living," they also know how to clothe death with all the terrors of mediæval superstition. It takes one's breath away, too, to calculate the cost of a funeral here, what with the priests accomplished in the mystic dance – so does a Spanish writer designate the performance – the no less elaborate services of the choristers, the lighting up of the church, the display of funeral drapery. The expense, fortunately, can only be incurred once. These ancient churches – all somberness and gloom, yet on fête days ablaze with light and colors – symbolize the leading characteristics of Spanish character. No sooner does the devotee rise from his knees than the Southern passion for joy and animation asserts itself. Religious exercise and revel, penitence and enjoyment, alternate one with the other; the more devout the first, all the more eagerly indulged in the last.

On the Sunday morning following the Festival of All Saints – the 4th of November – the splendid old cathedral was the scene of a veritable pageant. Wax lights illuminated the vast interior from end to end, the brocades and satins of priestly robes blazed with gold embroidery, the rich adornments and treasure of altar and chapels could be seen in full splendor. Before the grand music of the organ and the elevation, a long, very long, sermon had to be listened to, the enormous congregation for the most part standing; scattered groups here and there squatted on the

stone piers, not a chair to be had anywhere, no one seeming to find the discourse too long. When at last the preacher did conclude, the white-robed choristers, men and boys, passed out of the choir, and formed a double line. Then the bishop in solemn state descended from the high altar. He wore a crimson gown with long train borne by a priest, and on his head a violet cap, with pea-green tuft. The dresses of the attendant clergy were no less gorgeous and rich in texture, some of crimson with heavy gold trimmings, others of mauve, guinea-gold, peach color, or creamy white, several wearing fur caps. The procession made the round of the choir, then returned to the starting-point. As I sat behind the high altar on one of the high-backed wooden benches destined for the aged poor, two tiny chorister boys came up, both in white surplices, one with a pink, the other with sky-blue collar. Here they chatted and laughed with their hands on the bell-rope, ready to signal the elevation. On a sudden the tittering ceased, the childish hands tugged at the rope, the tinkling of the bell was heard, and the multitude, as one man, fell on its knees, the organ meantime being played divinely. Service over, the crowds emerged into the dazzling sunshine: pleasure parties, steamboat trips, visits, theaters, bull-fights occupied the rest of the day, the Rambla presenting the appearance of a masquerade.

An excursion northwards of the city is necessary, in order to see its charming, fast-increasing suburbs. Many, as is the case with those of Paris, Passy, Auteuil, Belleville, and others, were formerly little towns, but are fast becoming part of Barcelona

itself.

Most musically named is Gracia, approached by rail or tramway, where rich citizens have their orange and lemon gardens, their chateaux and villas, and where religious houses abound. In this delightful suburban retreat alone no less than six nunneries may be counted; somber prison-like buildings, with tiny barred windows, indicating the abode of cloistered nuns of ascetic orders. That of the Order of St. Domingo has been recently founded. The house looks precisely like a prison. Here also are several congregations of the other sex – the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart, the Fathers of San Filipe, and others.

Gracia may be called the Hampstead of Barcelona. Hardly a house but possesses its garden. Above the high walls trail gorgeous creepers and datura, whilst through the iron gates we obtain glimpses of dahlias in full splendor, roses red and white, and above these the glossy-leaved orange and lemon trees with their ripening fruit. The pleasantest suburb of Barcelona is well worthy of its name. As Sarria is approached, the scenery becomes more rural, and under the brilliant November sunshine reminds the traveller of the East, the square, white, low-roofed houses rising amid olive and palm trees. The aloes and prickly pears on the waste ground again and again recall Algeria. Here are vast stretches of vegetable gardens and vineyards supplying the city markets, and standing in their own grounds on sunny hill-sides, the quintas or country houses of rich citizens and grandees.

From the little town of Sarria – hardly as yet to be called

suburban – a glorious view is obtained of city, port, and sea. The narrow dusty streets, with their close-shuttered houses, have a sleepy look; yet Sarria possesses one of the largest cotton-mills in Spain, several thousand hands being employed by one firm. The branch railway ends at Sarria. Here tourists and holiday-makers alight; the hardy pedestrian to reach the summit of Mont Tibidaho on foot – a matter of two hours or so – the less enterprising, to accept one of the covered cars awaiting excursionists outside the station. Mont Tibidaho is the favorite holiday ground of the citizens. Even in November numerous pleasure parties are sure to be found here, and the large restaurants indicate the extent of summer patronage. On the breezy heights round about are the sumptuous mansions of nobles and merchant princes; whilst down below are numerous picturesque valleys, notably that of San Cugat. The stranger fortunate enough to obtain admission will find himself in the kind of fairyland described by Tennyson in his "Haroun-al-Raschid," Owen Meredith in "The Siege of Constantinople," or Gayangos in his delightful translation of the "Chronicles of Al-Makkari." Marble courts, crystal fountains, magnificent baths, mosaic pavements, statuary, tapestries, aviaries, rare exotics, gold and silver plate, are now combined with all modern appliances of comfort. A sojourn in one of the well-appointed hotels will suffice to give some notion of Spanish society. During the holidays many families from the city take up their quarters here. Social gatherings, picnics, excursions, concerts, are the

order of the day, and good military bands enliven the gardens on Sundays.

To the south-east of Barcelona lies the suburb of Barceloneta, frequented by the seafaring population. Penny boats ply between city and suburb, on Sundays and holidays the music of a barrel-organ being thrown into the bargain. The harbor is then black with spectators, and the boats and little steamers, making the cruise of the port for half a franc, are crowded with holiday-makers. The bright silk head-dresses of the women, the men's crimson or scarlet sombreros and plaids, the uniforms of the soldiers, the gay dresses of the ladies, make up a picturesque scene. On board the boats the music of the barrel-organ must on no account be paid for. A well-intentioned stranger who should offer the musician a penny is given to understand that the treat is gratuitous and generously supplied by the owners of the craft. Greed being almost universal in those parts of the world frequented by tourists, it is gratifying to be able to chronicle such exceptions. Seldom, indeed, has the sightseer at Barcelona to put his hand in his pocket.

If inferior to other Spanish cities in picturesqueness and interest generally, the capital of Catalonia atones for the deficit by its abundance of resources. It possesses nothing to be called a picture-gallery; the museums are second-rate, the collections of antiquities inconsiderable. But what other city in Spain can boast of so many learned bodies and diverse centers of intellectual activity? Excessive devotion and scientific inquiry do not here

seem at variance. Strange to say, a population that seems perpetually on its knees is the first to welcome modern ideas.

The Academy of Arts was founded in 1751, and owes its origin to the Junta, or Tribunal of Commerce of Catalonia. This art school is splendidly lodged in the Lonja Palace, and attached to it is a museum, containing a few curious specimens of old Spanish masters, some rather poor copies of the Italian schools, and one real artistic treasure of the first water. This is a collection of studies in black and white by the gifted Fortuny, whose first training was received here. The sketches are masterly, and atone for the insignificance of the remaining collection. Students of both sexes are admitted to the classes, the course of study embracing painting in all its branches, modeling, etching, linear drawing and perspective, anatomy and æsthetics. It is gratifying to find that girls attend these classes, although as yet in small numbers.

The movement in favor of the higher education of women marches at a snail's pace in Spain. The vast number of convents and what are called "Escuelas Pias," or religious schools, attest the fact that even in the most cosmopolitan and enlightened Spanish town the education of girls still remains chiefly in the hands of the nuns. Lay schools and colleges exist, also a normal school for the training of female teachers, founded a few years ago. Here and there we find rich families entrusting their girls to English governesses, but such cases are rare.

We must remember, however, that besides the numerous

"Escuelas pias" and secular schools, several exist opened under the auspices of the Spanish Evangelical body, and also the League for the Promotion of lay Teaching. We need not infer, then, that because they do not attend the municipal schools the children go untaught.

How reluctantly Catholic countries are won over to educate their women we have witnessed in France. Here in the twentieth century the chief occupation of an educated Spanish lady seems to be that of counting her beads in church.

Music is universally taught, the cultivation of the piano being nowhere more assiduous. Pianoforte teachers may be counted by the hundred; and a Conservatorium, besides academies due to private initiative, offers a thorough musical training to the student. Elegant pianos, characterized by great delicacy of tone and low price, are a leading feature of Barcelona manufacture, notably of the firm Bernareggi.

The University, attended by two thousand five hundred students, was founded so long ago as 1430, and rebuilt in 1873.

A technical school – the only complete school of arts and sciences existing in Spain – was opened under the same roof in 1850; and, in connection with it, night classes are held. Any workman provided with a certificate of good conduct can attend these classes free of cost. Schools of architecture and navigation are also attached to the University.

Thirst after knowledge characterizes all classes of the community. A workman's literary club, or Athenæum, founded

a few years back, is now a flourishing institution, aided by municipal funds. No kind of recreation is allowed within its walls. Night-schools opened here are attended by several hundred scholars. Barcelona also boasts of an Academy of *Belles Lettres*, the first founded in Spain; schools of natural science, chemistry, agriculture, of medicine and surgery, of jurisprudence, an academy devoted to the culture of the Catalonian language, and containing library and museum. This society has greatly contributed to the protection of ancient buildings throughout the province, besides amassing valuable treasure, legend, botanical and geological specimens and antiquities. The Archæological Society of Barcelona has also effected good work: to its initiative the city is mainly indebted for the charming little collection of antiquities known as the "Museo Provincial," before alluded to.

In places of public entertainment Barcelona is unusually rich. Its Opera House, holding four thousand spectators, equals in spaciousness the celebrated house of Moscow. The unpretentious exterior gives no idea of the splendor within. A dozen theaters may be counted besides. Bull-fights, alas! still disgrace the most advanced city of the Peninsula. The bull-ring was founded in 1834, and the brutal spectacle still attracts enormous crowds, chiefly consisting of natives. The bull-fight is almost unanimously repudiated by foreign residents of all ranks.

A few words must now be said about the history of this ancient place. The city founded here by Hamilcar Barco, father of the great Hannibal, is supposed to stand on the site of one

more ancient still, existing long before the foundation of Rome. The Carthaginian city in 206 B. C. became a Roman colonia, under the title of "Faventia Julia Augusta Pia Barzino," which was eclipsed in importance, however, by Tarragona, the Roman capital. In 409 A. D. it was taken by the Goths, and under their domination increased in size and influence, coining its own money stamped with the legend "Barcinona." On the destruction of Tarragona by the Moors Barcelona capitulated, was treated with clemency, and again became a metropolis. After many vicissitudes it was ruled in the ninth century by a Christian chief of its own, whose descendants till the twelfth governed it under the title of Counts of Barcelona, later assuming that of Kings of Aragon, to which kingdom the province was annexed. During the Middle Ages Barcelona played a foremost part in the history of commerce. In the words of Ford, "Like Carthage of old, it was the lord and terror of the Mediterranean. It divided with Italy the enriching commerce of the East. It was then a city of commerce, conquest, and courtiers, of taste, learning, and luxury – the Athens of the troubadour."

Its celebrated commercial code, framed in the thirteenth century, obtained acceptance throughout Europe. Here one of the first printing-presses in Spain was set up, and here Columbus was received by Ferdinand and Isabella after his discovery of a new world. A hundred years later a ship was launched from the port, made to move by means of steam. The story of Barcelona is henceforth but a catalogue of tyrannies and treacheries,

against which the brave, albeit turbulent, city struggled single-handed. In 1711 it was bombarded and partly ruined by Philip V.; a few years later, after a magnanimous defense, it was stormed by Berwick, on behalf of Louis XIV., and given up to pillage, outrage, fire, and sword. Napoleon's fraudulent seizure of Barcelona is one of the most shameful pages of his shameful history. The first city – the key of Spain, as he called it – only to be taken in fair war by eighty thousand men, was basely entrapped, and remained in the hands of the French till the Treaty of Paris in 1814. From that time Barcelona has only enjoyed fitful intervals of repose. In 1827 a popular rising took place in favor of Don Carlos. In 1834 Queen Christina was opposed, and in 1840 public opinion declared for Espartero. In 1856 and 1874 insurrections occurred, not without bloodshed.

Barcelona is a great gathering-place of merchants from all parts of Europe. In its handsome hotels is heard a very Babel of tongues. The principal manufactures consist of woolen stuffs – said to be inferior to English in quality – silk, lace, firearms, hats, hardware, pianos; the last, as has been already stated, of excellent quality, and low in price. Porcelain, crystal, furniture, and inlaid work, must be included in this list, also ironwork and stone blocks.

Beautifully situated on the Mediterranean between the mouths of two rivers, – the Llobregat and the Besos – and possessing one of the finest climates in the world, Barcelona is doubtless destined ere long to rival Algiers as a health resort. Three lines

of railway now connect it directly with Paris, from which it is separated by twenty-eight hours' journey. The traveller may leave Barcelona at five o'clock in the morning and reach Lyons at midnight with only a change of carriages on the frontier. The route *viâ* Bordeaux is equally expeditious; that by way of Clermont-Ferrand less so, but more picturesque. Hotels in the capital of Catalonia leave nothing to desire on the score of management, hygiene, comfort, and prices strictly regulated by tariff. The only drawback to be complained of is the total absence of the feminine element – not a woman to be seen on the premises. Good family hotels, provided with lady clerks and chambermaids, is a decided desideratum. The traveller wishing to attain a knowledge of the Spanish language, and see something of Spanish life and manners, may betake himself to one of the numerous boarding-houses.

Barcelona is very rich in philanthropic and charitable institutions. Foremost of these is its Hospital of Santa Cruz, numbering six hundred beds. It is under the conjoint management of sisters and brothers of charity and lay nurses of both sexes. An asylum for the insane forms part of the building, with annexes for the convalescent. The Hospital del Sagrado Corazon, founded by public subscription in 1870 for surgical cases, also speaks volumes for the munificence of the citizens. The only passport required of the patient is poverty. One interesting feature about this hospital is that the committee of management consists of ladies. The nursing staff is formed

of French Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul. Besides these must be named the orphanage for upwards of two thousand children of both sexes – Casa de Caridad de la Provincia de Barcelona – asylums for abandoned infants, for the orphaned children of seamen, maternity hospitals, crêches, etc. There is also a school for the blind and deaf mutes, the first of the kind established in Spain. Here the blind of both sexes receive a thorough musical training, and deaf mutes are taught according to the system known as lip-speech. All teaching is gratuitous.

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