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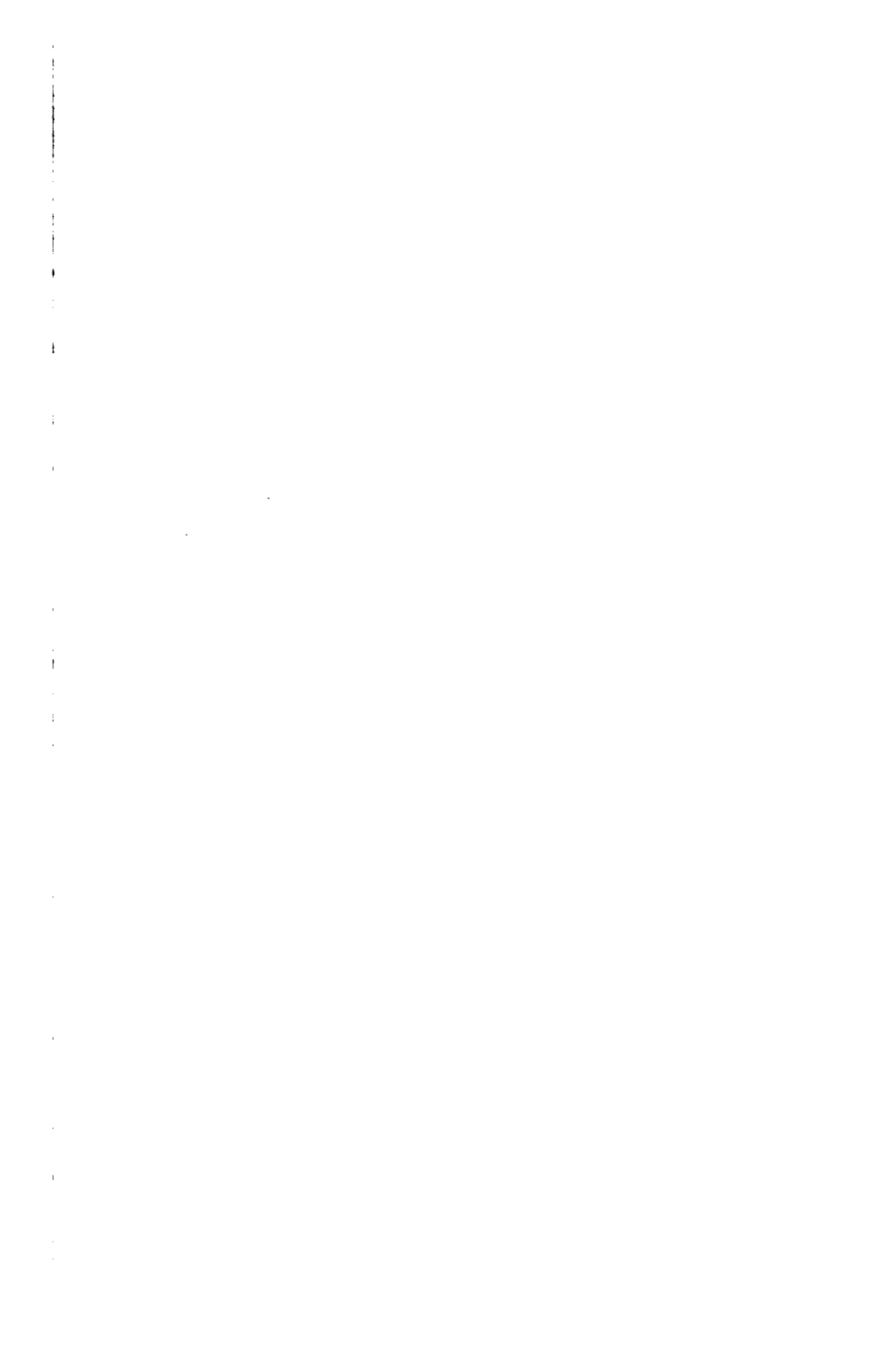
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LIFE IN SPAIN;

PAST AND PRESENT.

BY WALTER THORNBURY,

AUTHOR OF

"EVERY MAN HIS OWN TRUMPETER," "ART AND NATURE,"
"SONGS OF THE CAVALIERS AND ROUNDHEADS," ETC.

When you have said "Spain," you have said "every thing."

Spanish Proverb.

"A boat, a boat to cross the ferry,
For we'll go over and be merry,
And laugh, and quaff, and drink good sherry."

Old English Glee.

With Illustrations.

NEW YORK:
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1860.

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1860. Apr. 17.

copy of

Prof. James R. Lowell
(class of 1838.)

"No country is less known (than Spain) to the rest of Europe. . . . There is a great deal of Spain which has not been perambulated. I would have you go thither."—
Dr. Johnson (to Barrett and Boswell).

P R E F A C E.

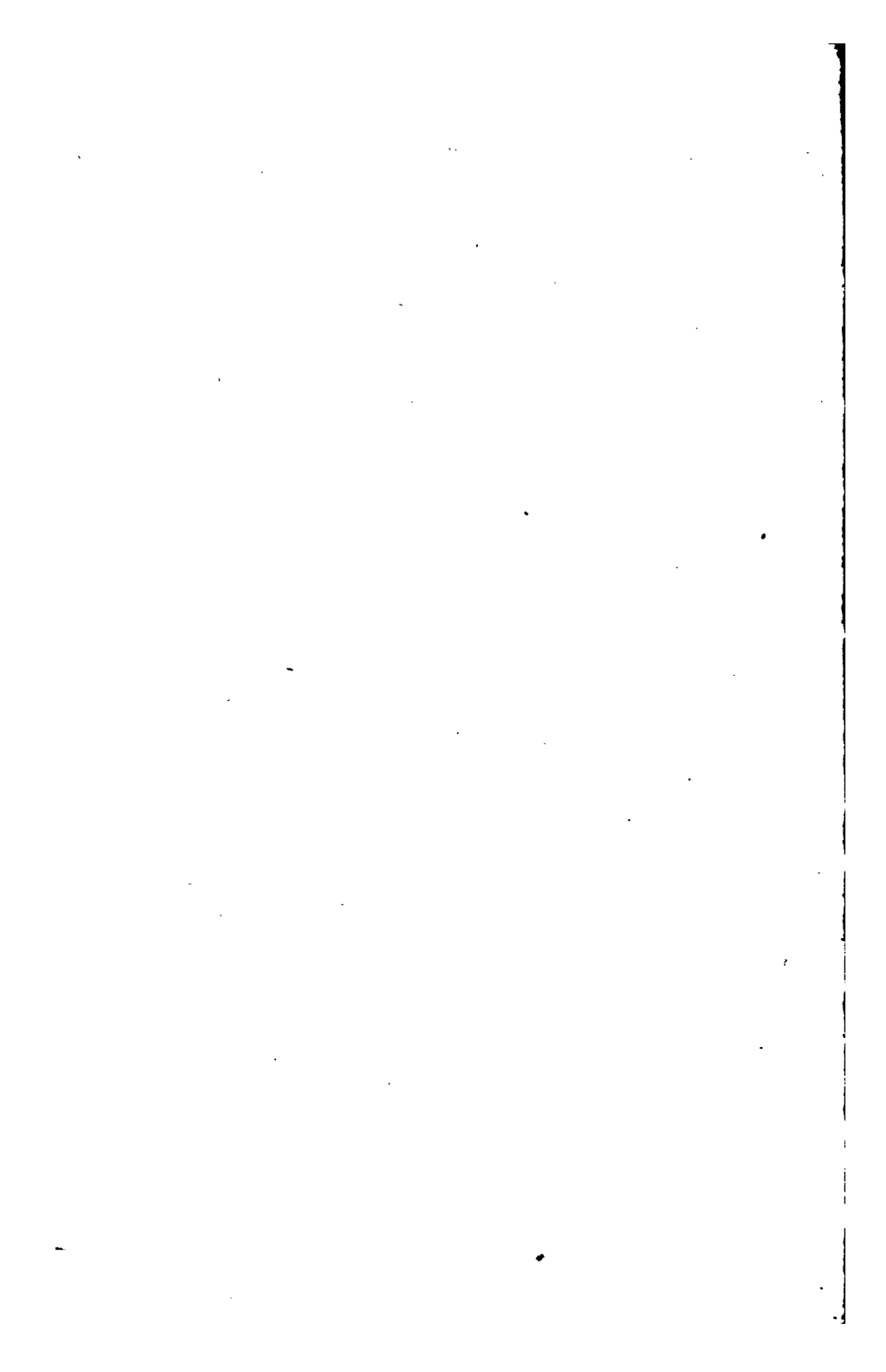
PHOTOGRAPHY is gradually forcing painters to greater care in drawing and more loving attention to detail. It is also, I think, making travelers more accurate and painstaking.

Whether the new art has had any effect on me, I know not; but I hope so; for I tried on the spot for local color and vividness, where vividness could be given without hazarding truth. To throw indigo into the sea, or to smear a cheek with carmine, never gave me pleasure, if I merely imagined the colors and had not seen them. It is the same with feeling as with color.

These notes were taken (I assure you, dear reader) on cigarette paper, and written with ink made of orange-juice and Spanish liquorice. I only trust that no feebleness of my pen may prevent these humble memoranda appearing as truthful as they really are.

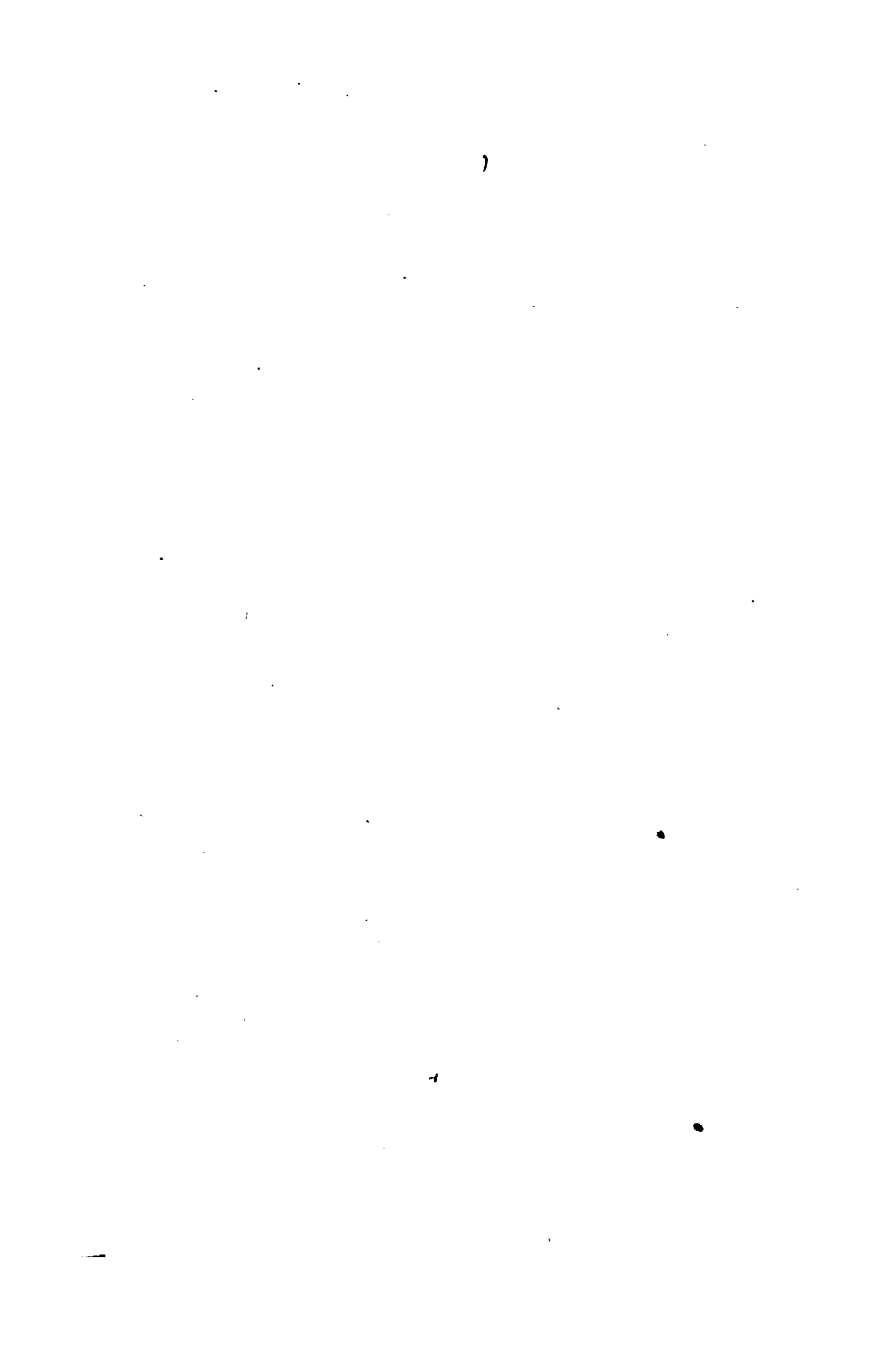
WALTER THORNBURY.

Furnival's Inn, August, 1859.



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LIFE IN SPAIN.

CHAPTER I.

GOING OUT.—OLD BLOWHARD'S YARN.

“Spain, the land of fan-leaved chestnuts,
Spain, the land of oil and wine.”

I WENT out to the Mediterranean in the *Negus*. I came home in the *Oporto*. They were both steamers of the Peninsular and Oriental Company.

Nothing could be more distinct than the *Negus* and *Oporto* captains. One was a dandy captain; the other an old salt captain. BLOWHARD I found the sailors called the latter, because he liked rough weather, and was always in highest spirits when the wind was highest. If a hurricane rose and grappled with the ship like a wrestling devil with a praying Puritan, then he was calm, sturdy, and unflinching—ready for any thing. Risen from a common sailor, Jolly (*alias*) Blowhard had been pitching and tossing all over the world. His complexion was chocolate-color, and the whites of his eyes were coffee-color. What in other men looked like wet white porcelain, was in him of a rich brown, partly owing to repeated yellow fevers, partly owing to malaria attacks on the coast of Africa. But, in spite of his eyes, and short, squat figure, Captain Jolly was a real honest sailor; punctiliously cautious of his ship's safety, and sparing no pains nor anxiety to insure us a quick voyage. In all weathers he was upon the paddle-box bridge, glass in hand, looking out for pilots, or the mouths of rivers, or shore, of something; never down to dinner with us, if the navigation was at all risky.

Of the dandy captain of the *Negus* I can not say so much. He was too smart in his dress for rough weather, too bright and unimpeachable in his shining French-polished boots; al-

ways wearing tight kid gloves; always tripping about like a dancing-master, and flirting with the ladies, old or young; much too dapper, spruce, and *débonnaire* for real use and honest rough weather; too cultivated of taste, and voice, and manner to be much trusted in danger; more fit, I thought, for sunshine than storm. I never could fancy the dandy captain on a raft, or handling nasty tarred ropes, or raising blisters on his white hands by cutting away a broken mast, or surrendering his white cambric to tie it up aloft for a signal, or sweating at an oar, or pulling at any thing, or hauling any thing. He was much too clean and gentleman-like, was the dandy captain. But I may have done him wrong, and he may rise to his real stature, and swell out to a perfect Neptune in a storm. Still, I must confess, I would rather face a gale with old Blowhard of the *Oporto*, than with Trippet, the dandy captain of the *Negus*.

Well, with one I saw Cape Finisterre, through a glass darkly, and with the other the memorable Cape Trafalgar, in the broad, open, blessed sunlight, that capped its undulating brown cliff as we steamed on over the dead hosts that lie below the waves. It was as we steered thoughtfully past that glorious Cape that Blowhard told me how, off Tarifa, he had helped to lower David Wilkie, the painter, into his deep blue undug grave. From this time I began to look with veneration on Blowhard as an historical personage.

It was not, however, till one night that we were lying off Vigo, dreading quarantine, and waiting for the mail-boat to come off, that I really understood Blowhard. We were there—half a dozen of us—on the quarter-deck, waiting for the boat that was to start from the shore at five minutes to gun-fire; it then wanted half an hour or more to that explosion. We were not particularly cheerful; for the yellow fever was in Vigo, and we associated it in some way or other with that gaudy yellow Spanish flag flying from the ship of war up toward the quarantine harbor. The green Welsh-looking hill shores looked mournful again and disconsolate to our discouraged eyes. The great rocks that stood like petrified ships away at the mouth of the bay loomed threatening, as if they were drawn up to bar our escape. The only sound that came to us from shore was the heavy toll of a convent funeral bell,

that told of another victim to the disease some West Indian ship had brought to this quiet Gallician bay, where Admiral Vernon once broke the boom and swept in as a conqueror.

A lively man told us that the Vigo fever was peculiarly infectious: carried off a man in an hour; cramps and convulsions; doctors useless; death-bell always going; buried without coffins, and other pleasing and exhilarating intelligence calculated to rouse the spirits and quicken the pulse. Then some one volunteered a story about the Welsh legend of the corpse lights. Another person told a story, horrible enough for Mrs. Crowe, about second-sight, which our comic man declared, if it meant seeing double, he had known sometimes come on after dinner. All this time the mournful wind kept bringing us wails of the death-bell from the shore, telling us that another soul had been launched from Vigo into the dark uncharted sea. The green hills looked bare and doleful. No one cared to be told that those green-mantled slopes were vineyards, and those lined plateaus olive-gardens. The land wind seemed to breathe yellow fever, and we longed to get away. We all got dull; and, very soon, only five of us were left on the long green garden-seat that was placed near the cabin stairs. The rest had turned in, after much of that sham peripateticism that the old traveler affects on board ship. We—a little man in a snuff-colored coat, whom we looked upon as a great authority because he had been wrecked once off Cape Saint Vincent, where he lost his own wife and saved somebody else's; the thin egg-merchant from Corunna; a blustering Portuguese captain; Blowhard, and myself—were all that were left. As for the steward, he was busy seeing some cases hauled up from the hold, and some green orange-trees for England duly lowered without damage into the same cockroach-haunted vault, where the ship's cat, and some Spanish sailors, who played at cards night and day, were the only inmates, lurking about under boxes and bales, like proscribed Royalists or Chouans flying the guillotine.

Blowhard—jovial, calm, and imperturbable—having let off his steam by a destructive battery of oaths against the city of Vigo, its laws and regulations, ordered cigars and hot glasses of grog round, which every one submitted to with a remonstrating look, as if grog was not their nightly custom.

I thought old Blowhard was coming out with a yarn when I saw him look at us all, then stretch out his legs, button up his blue frock-coat very tight, stir round his grog, and stare up at the toothed top of the funnel. Sure enough, out it came:

"Gentlemen," he said (and I leave out his sea jargon, telling the story my own way), and all our eyes turned on him—"gentlemen, as your jawing-tackle does not seem in running order, I suppose I sha'n't offend any of you much by telling you over our grog a disagreeable little thing that happened to me once, when I commanded the Dancing Jinny, bound from Bristol to Mangrove River, near Old Calabar, to trade and barter with the natives, muskets and gunpowder against palm oil and ivory. A very disagreeable thing it was—a 'nation disagreeable thing; but I got well out of it, or you would not see me here.

"Now, I may as well go back, and say that I am the son of a Gloucestershire parson, and that ever since I knew a frigate from a felucca I had determined to go to sea; yes, ever since I could gnaw a biscuit, I had resolved to be a second Captain Cook or Lord Nelson, I did not especially care which. I had been bitten somehow by my nurse's stories about a certain uncle of mine who had died in Jamaica of yellow fever. I could listen all day to those stories about his pigtail and flute-playing; the ships he drew in our nursery-books I could still see and admire; and I was often shown, on state occasions, the ingenious quill necklace he had made when a prisoner in the Isle of France. In vain my father used to take me to an old one-legged Greenwich pensioner in the neighborhood, who had been bribed to tell me horrible stories of shipwrecks and sea-fights. These only made me more anxious than before to see blue water. In vain old Liddy, our nurse, told me that she had foretold my Uncle Charles's death by the death smell that came from his clothes which hung in the nursery cupboard the night he died at Kingston. I always ran off to climb the mainmast of a poplar in the orchard, or to scramble about the roof of the pigeon-house. I tried all sorts of ways of hardening myself—slept on the bedroom floor, fancying it a hammock; and, one night, roosted up in the yew-tree in the churchyard to see how I could bear a high wind and a dog-watch. My favorite amusement was to load an old horse-pistol with powder, and in some safe field get up an imaginary single com-

bat between myself and Will Watch the bold smuggler, or Blackbeard the pirate, in which I always got the better of it; punctuating the *coup de grace* by a bang of my weapon which alarmed the whole village, and frightened my father nearly into fits just as he was putting the crowning wind-up to his Easter sermon.

“I reproach myself for it now; but I suppose it is the same with every one who has once got that roving spoonful of salt in his blood. I cared for nothing. The old rectory, with the apricot-tree under the bedroom windows, the swallows' nests, the rats so racingly tumultuous at night, the garden, the beehives, the trout-stream, the ferreting—all grew flat and wearisome to me. I cared for nothing but punting about the mill-pond, swimming, cruising in a tub, and aping in any way a seafaring life.

“Now I dare say, at that time, if I had been shown as through a window some of the awful scenes I've witnessed at sea—those heavy blue metal waves that seem ready to wash down the stars and drown the world, vessels smashing on to the beak of a reef, and such like, I should have been a bit cowed; but then I had never swung in a hammock, or knocked a weevil out of a biscuit; however, I had a stout heart, and I don't think Robinson Crusoe himself could have kept the long-quiet more than a day or two.

“I remember as well as if it was yesterday the night my father, tired out at last, settled I should go to sea. He had set me to learn Gray's *Elegy* for swinging myself from one poplar-tree to another by a rope, and then fighting Bogy Griffin, the bully of the village, for saying I was not fit even for a powder-monkey on board the lord-mayor's barge. I had been reading a book of voyages, and gone to bed so full of them, that I lay awake fancying I heard, in every bough that shook at the window, a sheet snap or a mast go by the board. I was still awake when my poor father came up, as he always did the last thing, to put by his papers for the night. I heard him go into his study, stop a few minutes, then come out as usual, composedly lock the door, walk twenty yards down the corridor, then go back—unlock the room, look in nervously to see there was no fire, again relock it—and go down stairs. This time, to my astonishment, however, he had not descended three steps before he

came back toward my room ; his hand was on the lock—he was in. I can see now his grave, formal face, keeping down all rebellious emotions as he came through the slant moonbeams and stood by my bed. ‘Tom,’ says he, gravely, ‘you have always been longing to go to sea. Now you’re going. I left your mother all in tears, packing your things down stairs. You go to-morrow by the Stroud coach, that will be at the Burnt Ash Turnpike at ten o’clock. May my poor prayers avert the evil that sometimes falls on disobedient children. Good-night. God bless you.’

“He was gone. I put my head under the sheet, and blubbered like a young whale that is cutting his wisdom teeth. I fell asleep just as the sky was getting gray, awoke with a shiver two hours after, dressed, and went down stairs. I gulped down a mouthful or two of breakfast, and was ready to take my father’s hand to walk to the turnpike a full hour before there was any occasion. The weather looked dirty behind me as I left mother and sisters in tears and tried to look like a man, but I comforted myself with my new navy jacket, blue and glossy, and smelling of the wool. Presently the Stroud coach came flashing in sight. My father—‘sir’ I always called him—pressed my hand, whispered in my ear, as advice for my behavior at Bristol, where I was to join my ship, ‘Take care of crimps and ring-droppers,’ said he, as he drew me to him, and gently pushed me off. Away we went. Sober John the coachman kept up his steady and safe pace of four miles an hour, to the great derision of some wild young bloods who passed us, bound for the covert. My father’s foreboding about a disobedient son made me cry for a night or two, but I soon forgot it.

“Not any thing happened to me at Bristol worth recording ; for I was all day in the counting-house, making out lists of sugar-casks and rum-puncheons—the cargo of a West Indian vessel, that the merchant to whom my ship belonged had just received from Saint Kitt’s, and which work he kept me at, kindly, to prevent my being taken by a press-gang, or getting into any other mischief. It was one day that I was walking round Queen Square—whose deserted splendor impressed me, and where I got the sailors, for small treats of grog, to tell me all the horrors of the late riot : how they had seen men floating

about screaming in the molten tanks of lead on the top of the porticoes; and how they had seen dragoons slice off a thief's head at a single back cut—I was idling along one of the quays, looking at the ruined and tumbled-down houses, when an old negro woman, frightfully ugly, and scrunched up in a heap between two sugar-casks, fixed her eye on me, and asked for alms: 'Gib hum someting for de lub ob de Lord,' she mumbled, holding out her black cup of a hand. I looked at her, whistling and making fun of the old wretch. She was a butt of the river-side taverns. I asked her if she could give me change for a five-pound note. I saw her mouth twitch and her eyes work. I had heard she was epileptic; and, before I could speak, she fumbled in the ragged bosom of her gown and pulled out what looked like the white skull of a snake, with dry grass wrapped round it. 'Do you see dat,' she said. 'That is my fetish—fever fetish; has been in this busum forty year, ever since I left Brass River. You have been and broken your fader's heart, and now you will pay for it, my little picaninny—burn and rot you!' I moved on whistling 'Up with the Jolly Roger,' and thought no more of it till I got to Mangrove River. Then I began to remember what she had said.

"We had a pleasant voyage out. Went first to Bonny River for oil, then to Old Calabar for ivory. Every thing went well: The captain was stern, but kind. The first mate made a pet of me and turned schoolmaster, keeping me at quadrant and observation making, so that I got on, to the astonishment of the ship. The first week out, I had learned by name every rope and spar in the vessel; and, as for climbing pranks to the cross-trees, I cared no more for the mast-head than a squirrel for a high bough. Every thing went well. We had made a quick passage out—fair wind, and good weather. The cash came in. We sold half our powder, all our beads and muskets, and had already stowed away enough oil and tusks to pay a handsome profit on the voyage. We had seen nothing of pirates or slavers, and were as snug and healthy as if we had been lying in the Bristol Docks, or at Portishead waiting for a wind. We arrived at Mangrove River the day before we had expected, to lay in some hard wood, just to fill up the hold. I was proud of my ship, and happy as a king. I bought a red

and gray parrot at Cape Coast for my sister Kate, and I now began to think of dear Gloucestershire and home.

"One or two of us, however, had a sort of feverish cold, which the captain laughed at, and called 'a seasoning;' and, except rubbing the decks now and then with dry sand, we laughed at all the croaking stories of our supercargo about the African climate. The cook, who had once lived on the Nun River, said, with a sort of grumbling regret at his prophecies not coming true, that even Africa wasn't what it used to be. I really believe that he would have liked to have seen just one or two of us with a shot tied to our heels, to prove he knew more about fever than we did. The doctor, who was writing a book on 'sun-stroke,' was unfortunately, while making an experiment on himself, knocked down by the sun (who did not like being set at defiance by even a doctor), grew delirious, and was obliged to be lashed in his hammock. This was the only drawback on the universal good temper of every one on board. The cook sulked a little, and used to go about looking at the sky, and muttering; but as his moodiness only showed itself in getting out on the bowsprit in royal solitude and scouring a favorite stew-pan, he offended no one. The captain was in a dancing state of delight, and swore, if the old vessel ever was broken up in his lifetime, he would buy her figure-head, to put it in his garden at Lower Easton. I used to go on shore to shoot parrots, or get a cut at a hippopotamus; and, what with that and the flute, and learning all the sail-makers' knots and my trigonometry, I was pretty well occupied.

"How well I remember that river, turning the sea to a slab soup color at its mouth, and narrowing to mangrove creeks and jungly ditches as it mudded the bright, blue, crisp water that I had learned to love as so safe and sure a sign of the deep sea! 'Twas up this fatal river—not green and transparent yellow, but brown and sewer-like—that we lay, some way from the bar, where there was always a trembling line of froth; near the ruins of an old Portuguese fort, which some husky dwarf palms, dry and bloodless, crowded over, and some three miles from the negro village where we got our hard-wood cutters from. The heat was that of a furnace door when you throw it open suddenly and shut your eyes as the great tongues of fire

lick out savagely and blindly. The low morass banks were without a hut, and covered with thick jungle of palm and mangrove. No sound came from them but the mournful shriek or bellow of some unknown amphibious bird or beast. The wild reeds on the banks, too, had a way of tossing and heaving, apparently without a cause; but—except for four hours in the evening, when the negro king came to us for rum, or the workmen brought us wood—we saw no living creature, so that we got dull and satiated with incessant steaming sleep, and eager as children for a holiday to get home.

“One day the negro king, a magnificent potentate, with a fish-strainer for a breastplate and a triple tiara of old hat, came in state, followed by a retinue of greasy rascals with spears, to warn us of the hot season that would begin in a few days. The captain winked at us, and said that if it rained brimstone he was not going to trip anchor till he had got all his hard wood on board. He knew all their tricks. They had got all the presents out of us, and now they wanted to save their trouble with the wood and get us off. Words ensued between the king and the captain, ending with the captain kicking the king into his boat, and one of our men getting wounded in the hip with a spear—rather a troublesome thing; for the wound wanted probing, and, when we went to the doctor, he only raved and wallowed about, and said ‘we were all doomed.’ He indeed kept shouting throughout the night, ‘All doomed!’”

“The next day no negro came near us, and we got anxious; but the captain said the voyage had been a good one; there was no hurry, and he should wait if it was three weeks, hot season or no hot season, for he wasn’t going to be cheated by a set of niggers. That was Tuesday. Wednesday, when I got up an hour before daylight for my watch, I found a hot steaming fog choking up the river—fog that made you cough involuntarily. I felt as sick as I was in my first gale of wind; and, to my surprise, when I looked round, I saw the cook holding his nose, and pulling a longer face than usual.

“‘What church-yard are you last from?’ I said.

“Said he, ‘I think I could tell you better what church-yard I am going to—and some more of us.’

“Upon this we fell to words, and I declared I would report him to the captain; for, in those young days, like all young-

sters, I stood very much on my dignity—having nothing else to stand upon, in fact.

“‘Pipe away,’ says he; ‘but cap’en has just turned in.’

“‘Not well?’ said I.

“‘*Not well,*’ echoed the sulky fellow, looking at me from under his eyes with, I thought, more pity than vexation.

“‘We are all doomed!’ roared the doctor from his hammock.

“‘And that’s about it,’ said the cook, grumbling off to get on the bowsprit to scour his stew-pan.

“Every day came that mist, passing into a warm dropping dew as the sun broke out like a swift, red-hot twenty-four pounder through the winks of fading stars. Then followed the long, long, burning, dull day; then night, and the low creeping death-mist and its warm strangling vapor over again. The doctor got worse and worse, and when I went one morning to see if I could get from him some advice about the captain’s fever, I found him, with clenched teeth, trying still feebly to repeat the words, ‘All—doomed.’ A short interval of feeble sanity came on; he managed to raise himself in bed, and point to a certain drawer in his medicine-chest. I touched the two first knobs, and he shook his head. I touched the third, and he smiled, gasped out something, fell back, and died.

“When I opened the drawer I found a paper labeled Peruvian Bark, a great antidote for such fevers as were now smouldering through the ship; but, unluckily, the rats and cockroaches had got at it, and not more than two tablespoonfuls were left. I, whom they all looked up to because I had some book-learning, divided this among the men; for the captain refused to take any, and said I wanted to poison him and to sell the ship to the nigger king. His mind wandered through weakness, and he seldom came on deck; sleeping much, and I am afraid drinking—no one daring to stop him.

“There was no doubt now that we had the fever. Five were down. The cook first fell ill; then the boatswain, who died positively of sheer fright. Still we dared not turn the ship homeward while the lading was unfinished. The work went on very languidly; for now seven of the best hands were ill, and the negroes sent us fewer men than before. The sailors were sulky, frightened, and quarrelsome; and I think, if the fever had not spread like a devouring fire, every morning

claiming some fresh victim, that they would have either broken into the spirit-room, or seized the ship and steered home. One day the negroes took alarm. I thought they would. They wormed the fever-secret out of a drunken sailor by giving him some gold-dust. One of them raised his paddle as a signal, and, suddenly dropping their burdens, the rest leaped into their canoes and paddled away up the river. They never came near us again; and the drunken sailor firing a pistol after them did not improve matters. That night the captain was found dead in his cabin, his arm resting on a letter beginning, 'Officers and men, I implore—'

"But how can I bear to recall that horrible time? One by one, every man sickened. Some, while aloft, fell down pale and trembling. Others while at table; others while on watch; others at the galley fire; others were taken in their hammocks: all the same symptoms—fever, cramp, convulsions, and death. The cook died. Then I thought of my father's words and the old negro woman. Some died grappling and screaming, as if death was a real visible being that could be threatened and driven away; others went as to a sleep, with prayer and moan: one, a boy, talking of green fields and primrose meadows; others with allusions to crime and sin. One by one they passed away, till the horrid conviction came over me that I should be left alone there in the ship to die of the fever, unpitied and alone. I was, however, still just strong enough to drag the last poor fellow to the side, and push him overboard in the clothes that he had died in.

"Oh! how horrible the loneliness of that first night, as the shadows of the palms stretched across the vessel, like the black feelers of some devilish creature groping for its prey! The fire of sunset died out over the swamps and jungles, and the vessel grew dark. Mosquitoes spread in clouds, as if they had been bred from the dead bodies. The bar sounded louder. The beasts on shore howled as if impatient at lingering life. The long white vapors stole toward me like ghostly snakes. Heaven knows how my brain escaped, but I suppose the hope of life saved my reason. I went to all the berths where the men had died that I might catch the disease. I handled the spokes of the wheel. I climbed aloft. I threw myself into a hammock. I put on the doctor's clothes. I threw myself into

the captain's chair. I fell on my knees in the lonely cabin and prayed for forgiveness, for disobeying my father and insulting the wretchedness of the aged and miserable negro woman. I also prayed passionately for death.

"I passed a week thus—such a week as a sane man unjustly confined in a mad-house may spend. I used to go and sit aloft, looking up the river for the negro boat. Sometimes my reason seemed to wander, and I fancied the dead men were thrusting their heads up round the ship and cursing me as the bringer of evil to the ship. Sometimes I fancied I heard voices in the cabins, or could see shadows pacing at the watch or turning the wheel. Sometimes I fancied the vessel locked in a sea of corpses, though I had by tremendous efforts set every stitch of sail, in hopes that it might serve as signals and be seen by some wandering hunter of the hippopotamus from the shore. Then the planks would appear covered with the doctor's words, 'All doomed;' and thousands of black beggar-women's hands would be held up before my eyes, ready for that alms I had refused. I must have been on the very verge of madness—yet between madness and death—and stood unharmed.

"I remember as if it was yesterday how weak I became with this dreadful struggle of fear and hope, superstition and repentance. One day, a vulture, attracted by the smell of death, after hovering round the vessel for nearly an hour, alighted on the mast—a grim omen of death and doom. At any other time I should have been startled at so ghastly a proof of the silence and desolation of my vessel; but now I spread food on the deck, in half insane hopes to tame and win this grisly pursuer of corruption; and when at last the filthy bird stretched out its sluggish wings and slowly staggered to the shore, I fell on my face and wept that every living thing should desert me. Yet all this time, though muskets and powder were in the ship, thank God I kept some hope and never once thought of suicide.

"If there had been one living thing to rest my heart on, this dreadful suspense had been more tolerable. I used to spend many hours a day listlessly angling over the ship's side, just to while away the hours, and yet keep a bright look-out up the river and over the bar. One day I caught a large mud-fish—a sort of pig-fish—that was so heavy I could hardly draw it

up; but I did at last, taking care not to tear his mouth in getting the hook out. I turned it into a huge tub, which I filled with the brackish water, and at once decided to make a pet of him. I grew as fond of this monster in two days as if it had been a brother; and I really used to think those fat glazed eyes grew brighter when I came toward the tub the first thing in the morning with food. But every thing but myself seemed cursed; for on the Thursday (the last man died on Monday), when I got up and ran to play with my favorite, I found it dead and swollen, floating on the top of the water. Oh! those weary hours I waited, watching that hot mist burn away to a fiery-quivering horizon, hemmed in with bloodless palms and jungle.

“But I had forgot the most horrid sight—it was to see the alligators round the vessel the third day, when some of the bodies I had thrown overboard began to float, fighting for them, and tearing them to shreds with their huge, saw-like teeth, and their glaring eyes, that I fancied turned up mockingly at me. There was something so devilish and horribly ferocious in their snapping and gnashing fight, their tiger rush and their plunging races as every fragment disappeared; and though it lasted but a few minutes—for the river was dark with them: you could have walked on shore on their backs—it drove me nearly mad: had it lasted longer I think it would have killed me. But,” continued Blowhard, perhaps to relieve the agony which came over him again even in telling the story, “I see a shore-boat coming with the mail-bags, so I must cut my tale short. Suffice it to say that the negro king at last sent down a boat to me to propose peace; gained courage at finding me still alive; and, after much diplomacy, threats, entreaties, and presents, put a negro crew on board to take the vessel to Baragoon, where I got assistance from the consul. I reached England, and was at once promoted. You may be sure I asked for that fetish woman when I got back to Bristol, and, curiously enough (you will call it a sailor’s superstition), I was told she died the very day our first man was taken ill in Mangrove River. We of this age are deuced clever, but I don’t think, in spite of ‘The Times’ and the Electric Telegraph, that we have yet got to the bottom of every thing.

“I was going to end with a yarn about a monkey coming

on board to steal a fowl that I had killed and hung in the rigging, and how, when I chased him, he took a ship's musket, fired into the powder magazine, and blew me and the ship's papers high and dry on shore; but I thought that was pulling it rather too strong."

"Thank you, captain, for your story," we all sang out in chorus.

"Mail-boat!" cried a voice from under our quarter.

CHAPTER II.

AT LISBON.

I FELL asleep last night at twenty minutes past eleven, somewhere off the coast of Portugal, which was then a mere blue-rimmed line on our right—or shall I say starboard; the sea running by us in rolling hills of blue liquid metal, ghastly and livid. This morning, at half past seven, I awake, look out of my square bedroom port-hole, and see, beating up against our black ship's side, a merry sunny sea, of the exact color of a soda-water bottle, with a light, playful, effervescing froth feathering about its fluent curves.

"Halloa, steward!" Why, the great brass-valved heart of the steam-engine, that has been all night pulsing, and thumping, and jolting us on with untiring spirit power—gasping—stops. "Are we going down?"

No; we are snug in the Tagus, and have stopped off the famous Belem watch-tower, that Don Manuel, surnamed the Fortunate, built. We are waiting for the adouaneros, or custom-house officers, to come on board, and for the sanidad, or health-officers, to give us pratique, and pronounce our bill of health clean; for we have been visiting Vigo, where the yellow fever is raging, and have been threatened and worried with flag-signals at Oporto, and we may be put in quarantine—fifteen days' imprisonment, with not even hard labor to amuse ourselves with, which God forbid!

There is a great putting off of boats, great locking and strapping of bags and portmanteaus, for we are near Lisbon, and are going to land. The lady with the celestial and terrestrial globes, and the two parrots that she is so anxious about, is

hard at work with the two spheres, packing them safe for transport; the puling little usher going out to the Catholic college at Lisbon at last tries to drag himself out of his little tray of a berth, in which he has for seven days kept immovably; the Newcastle lawyer, who fancies every place like Constantinople, and contradicts you about every thing out of Murray, bustles about his boxes, which are being hauled out of the hold. A splashing under our bow—a strong voice hails us. It is the quarantine boat, manned by eight stout Portuguese, with straw hats, and red sashes round their waists. The officer, holding official papers in his hand, stands up and directs the men to pull in under our quarters, that he may come on board. Among the men are two handsome, stalwart blacks, with bare arms swollen with banded ropes of straining muscles. I feel directly that I am in a country connected with the Brazils, and that the old slave element in the population has not yet died out.

Now we have got our sanitary passport, and, though one or two brown-coated officials remain on our decks to go with us to Lisbon, we drop down the Tagus toward Lisbon; we drop past Belem, that little filigree match-pot of a tower, with its enriched windows of Moorish origin, its twisted cable cornices and pierced balconies; we pass the convent built to celebrate Vasco de Gama's Indian discovery; we drop along the grand river past the sloping hills of olives, the white, dusty-looking hills covered with flocks of wind-mills, the arms Greek crosses, not plain Saint Andrew's, as in England. We pass, on the other hand, curious earth-cliff banks, and small villages that seem to have come down to the great river-side to drink. Far away behind us we leave Belem guarding the entrance of the green and frothy river, the distant Torres Vedras lines, the Saint Julian fort that Wellington strengthened, and the Bougie Tower beyond the bar where the surf runs threateningly.

Now we pass more houses and convents, yellow, and blue, and rose-colored buildings, and the great sloping-terraced city of Lisbon runs down the hill-side to meet us. We have reached the great red egg-shaped buoy of the Peninsula and Oriental Company's steamers, opposite the Black Horse Square, where a mounted bronze statue, like that of the Commandante

in Don Juan, stands on guard. A flock of dragon-fly boats surround us, the crews jabber out the names of rival hotels. "Let go the anchor!" says the captain with the yellow whites to his eyes and the signal-gun voice. The chain runs out with a clattering, shaking jolt; over goes the anchor in a headlong suicidal way, striking up a white flood of water like a dying whale. We are anchored. The mail-agent has gone ashore with his great brown leather saddle-bags of letters. We may land. Lisbon is all before us, where to choose.

I land, not at Black Horse Square, haunted by boatmen, but am paddled by John Fish, a young Massaniello of Lisbon, to the wet steps of the Praça dos Romulares, a pretty little tropical square quite to the left, near the great Arsenal, where the Portuguese seamen of a war fleet which exists only on paper are trained. There are spiked aloes, and orange and pimento trees about it, in tubs and oil-jars; and in the middle of the square, which is paved with black and white pebbles in mosaic, so as to resemble the dial face of a compass (the rays being some thirty feet long), in the centre (I say) is the marble pillar with the sun clock, where merchants sit and smoke cigarettes, or rough sea-captains, real Captain Cuttles, stand discussing the rig of their ships in the Tagus bay, not a boat's length off, the water of it lashing up on the stone steps below. All round this square are lodging-houses, hotels, and country houses, where men sit poring over books, cigar in mouth and pen in hand; and high over all is, not the citadel of Saint George, but the great Bragança Hotel, with its square tall block of building rose-colored against the burning blue of a dazzling sky. We mount from this mosaic-paved square, its flowers and chattering smoking groups, up the steep Rua di Aligrima, which rises straight into the sloping city. We meet jolting oxen, leaning against each other, and drawling along with a cart which is nothing but a heavy wooden slab; we see graduses of cafés, shops, and dwelling-houses, intersected here and there by cross traverses, or alleys—the river still ever hot and blue in sight behind us. On our right hand the wall goes up by steps till it stretches in a broad unbroken expanse of some fifty feet high, broad as a fortress, with no chink even for a quick-eyed lizard to hide in. At the top are some black-spiked cypresses and a square bower trellis, green-roofed

with vines; and higher up still, in this place, where one might expect to see some Don Quixote duchess, is a grating that shows one it is the convent of the Heart of Jesus. As I stand at the corner of the Rou de San Domingos, reading the placard of a bull-fight at Saint Anna, or rather Vilafranca, which is a good fifteen miles off by railway, and am now, having sifted this, wandering off to an illustrated placard representing the Dutch giant standing in full evening costume with his legs in a tub, together with an English sailor, rather caricatured, making a seal (called in the bills Sea Monster) dance upon its tail in a manner that is a caution to mermaids, I look back from these appeals to the senses, which some ugly Portuguese in black hats tasseled with black puffs are intently reading, toward the great broad bay and the crowd of boats, with their barber-pole masts tufted and striped red and yellow. Crescent swallows skim round us, and reconnoitre for flies. That house beyond the convent, which seems crusted with slabs of blue china, is all but breast-plated with blue-figured tiles in a way worthy of Nankin or Chingfou. Some negroes—their black faces bound up with yellow handkerchiefs—pass us; all of a sudden they cross themselves and look up, as through the grating, like a perfume, glides some hymn of the Church, sung as by imprisoned angels, with such simple purity, so uncadenced and unrouladed, that it might be the song of angel children, so full of rapture is its every breath.

We stand entranced and petrified with expectancy—all ear. We are all but swept away by the storming Badajoz diligence, which, regardless of our being an Englishman—one of that nation that had once something to do with that Badajoz—tore pompously and overbearingly round the corner, and nearly made an omelette of me, the votary of Church music, just as I was thinking what a capital way of making signals to a nun you were in love with it would be to toss up an orange through that black grating. The immense hearse of a 'bus—I mean the Badajoz diligence—is steered by a post-boy, a little fellow in immense jack-boots which seem to be slowly swallowing him up, and a large white hairy hat that quite extinguishes his face, but for fierce tossings back, as he rows on with his booted elephantiasis legs.

I go up a side street. where the ground floors of the gentle-

men's houses seem all stables: you can nose them as you pass, and hear the horses dragging at their chains, or pounding with restless feet at the straw. At one door there is a heavy, patient-looking bullock being shod, surrounded by an anxious, idle set of sympathizing friends of the smith, who, with his leathern apron on, looks at the crescent-split hoof with the serious air with which a dentist looks for flaws in your teeth, hoping to find them, or determined to invent them. Those men standing in a row, with small barrels on their shoulders, at the long, manger-like fountain under the wall, are the honest and industrious Gallegos, or Gallicians, the serfs and Gibeonites of the Lisbonese—the drudges who hew their wood and draw their water, and all to get back to the green hills of Vigo with some money to marry with. Ask a Portuguese to carry your carpet bag to the boat at the Black Horse Square, and he will say, "I am not a Gallego." "God made the Portuguese first," runs the proverb, "and then made the Gallegos to wait upon them." You see them in the steep side streets of a morning going off to supply their family with water. They are like the Caudies in Edinburgh, or what the Swiss used to be in Paris. They are simple-hearted, quiet, brave-working fellows, worth a dozen lazy Portuguese. There are more than three thousand of them in Lisbon, and they do all the porters' and

(C) water-carriers' work.

I passed some doors where tough, dry, knotty olive-roots are for sale as fire-wood, and pass a barefooted, sturdy country boy, who carries at either end of a long slender pole, balanced on the shoulder of his pink shirt, a shallow, broad basket of dusty velvet peaches, and transparent ambery grapes. Some English sailors in canvas shoes, fresh from the wine-shop, their collars far back on their broad shoulders, their black silk handkerchiefs carefully tied with white cord—they are Spitfires, you see by the gold-lettered bands on their cap—gather round the grinning boy, and empty his store, flinging the sippy peachskins at the pariah street-dogs, lean and wandering, with which Lisbon abounds quite as much as it does with tropical flowers and loathsome smells, that seem to wait to knock you down at street-corners. Now some—what are they—six nuns?—pass; grave-looking peasant-women, but not nuns, with white starched linen head-cloths pinned over the forehead, and stretching

out behind in long peaks. They wear, hot as it is now, long-caped dark cloaks, such as the Irishwomen use, and, indeed, in face and manner look not unlike them. No touch of rose color about them; grave, still as mutes; and so ugly and soulless, that I think no country but Portugal, with its mean, half-Jewish race, could match them. As for the Portuguese men, they have none of the Spanish fire, none of the Andalusian kingly spirit and independence. Monks I see not, for they are abolished, and the priests are only distinguished by wearing pantaloons and Hessian boots. The mantilla is a modified one, and the fatal French bonnet is creeping in, to the destruction of the national black veil and the fan parasol.

I am bound for the post-office, which lies up a quiet side street, at one end of which there are great gates as of some grandee's mansion. I enter the office by a court, a sort of hall, with folding-doors and rooms on either side. The place is pigeon-holed all round, and I read over two of the boxes "Teneriffe and Pernambuco," which reminds me where I am. Our Admiralty agent, in gold-laced cap and blue uniform, enters as I leave with the prize of a letter; he is followed by his coxswain and another sailor in blue jerseys, toiling up the steep street with our leather bags on their backs.

I toil up still higher to Saint Roque, and, pushing by the flapping red curtain, enter the church, where beggar-women and ladies kneel side by side—crutch and gilt fan alternating on the pavement—before a glittering side-chapel that seems dug out of solid gold—a metal cave, indeed, ponderously rich. The reckless street-dogs run and sniff in and out of the church, vulgarly careless and restless, among the worshipers, whose eyes turn from the altar to the door whenever any one enters. The ceiling is of mere painted linen, and a tawdry green orchestra blocks up one end of the building, where perhaps poor dying Fielding once strolled and wondered. There was the great novelist's grave on the hill of the Estrella, where the dark cypresses we saw peering stood like black marks of admiration.

I observe the special charm of Lisbon, apart from its orange-trees, public gardens, and rows of red coral-berried pimentoes, is its eastern, almost Chinese character. Apart from the crowd of black faces, sun-burned with red yellow, that you see, there is a tropical glow of color all about the city. The roofs are

tiled with a curious ridge-and-furrow tile that is quaint of outline. The roofs go up into pagoda-like crescents, and have figured curving finials that are Chinese and fantastic. The shop walls, too, facing the street, are frequently paneled with blue porcelain tiles, which seem just fresh from Canton. Indeed, the Portuguese were the first to import Chinese dragon jars, china punch-bowls, and tea-cups. Sometimes private houses, big as palaces, shine with these rude blue mailings; and as for green and gilt balconies, they hang out every where, and ten to one but on the third or fourth tier of them there is a row of large red oil-jars, forming the base to a thicket of oleanders, gorgeous with a wealth of purple bloom. Twenty to one but half way up, in a gilt cage, hangs a Brazilian parrot, green and red, or gray and scarlet, chattering, listening, or thoughtful. Sometimes the yellow straw mats or green blinds are trailed over the balcony ledge, so as to form a sort of porch or tent to the shaded room, where the donnas and some portly priest, with a head smooth and yellow as a billiard-ball, sit and gossip; the parrot catching part of their discourse and coming out with it by snatches, as if he was learning a lesson.

The shops have a curious country-town look, generally uniting several trades in one, like an American store. The pastry-shops sell port wine, which seems quite a liqueur, and the grocers fire-wood and such trifles. The wine-shops are quite open to the air, and are full of negro sailors and English mariners, talking very loud, to make the English easier to the "d—d furriners, who could understand if they would—don't you tell me, Jack." These are the rough jokers who have been known to charge across the Black Horse Square, disarm the sentinels, drive back the relief guard, and force a way to their boat, pushing off with three cheers, their faces beaming with a sense of having properly and creditably done what England expects every man (and woman) to do. You meet them every where, arm-in-arm in brandy-shops with red, coppery, pirate-looking negro sailors, or carrying to their boat fish wrapped up in red handkerchiefs, their clasp-knives hung by a neat white knotted cord round their necks; their broad blue collars lying far back on their sun-burned shoulders; small gold rings, perhaps, in their ears; their shoes small and dandyish; their walk a rolling stagger, as if they were stepping on waves,

and did not find dry land as firm as it was generally reported to be. There they go, boatswain, coxswain, quarter-master, and able-bodied seamen, staring in at churches, full of scented smoke, as if something or other was cooking perpetually in the side chapel; pacing round the centre statues in sea-side squares; ogling up at servants watering the oleanders, or feeding the parrots in the balcony; or chaffing with the king's farrier, who keeps a hotel near the sea water-side, and is as intense a John Bull, with as buxom a rosy wife, as ever England bred.

But let us go into the Don Pedro Square. The immense *plaza* is paved with wavy bands of black and white stones as with a great oil-cloth, giving it a strange Rio-Janeiro sort of look. It is one of the largest squares in the world—quite a Champ de Mars, surrounded by shops, diligence offices, and counting-houses. At one end, near a large glass-windowed café, where officers read papers and sip ices, and are so multiplied by the mirrors on the walls that they seem like a whole regiment reading papers and sipping ices by word of command, stands the theatre of Donna Maria, a handsome building, with wide, tall portico, but with an unfortunate reverberating zinc roof, that in rainy weather renders the actors inaudible.

I go in one night, attracted by the crowds that are flowing to the doors like steel-filings flying to the arches of a magnet. The interior is rich with hangings of topaz-colored satin, banded here and there with purple. The seats in the pit are all of cane; there is every provision for airiness and lightness. There are, of course, some English middies and sailors in the pit, who talk very loud, and have a defiant, contemptuous manner peculiarly national. The only thing I can decipher out of the snuffing, nasal Jew Spanish which is called Portuguese, is, that a certain Don Jose Herriero de los Santos, who is dressed like Lord Nelson, and who nearly kills me every time he enters by his absurd bows and grimaces, has come in the disguise of a poor artist to a family with whom he is about to enter into alliance. The father, a little, prosy, Keely sort of man, with a dry drollery of his own, suspects him to be a swindler, a suspicion that leads to various complications, at last legitimately removed, when the Don appears in all his lustre and claims his bride, at which the little diplomatic man

takes snuff, and rubs his hands as if he had seen through it all. The drollest thing was, that at the end of each act, every human being in the pit rose with one accord, without smiling, tied handkerchiefs to the backs of their cane seats, and retired to the lobby to hastily smoke a cigarette and eat stewed pears, which were in active sale at the buffet. The phlegm, dullness, and ugliness of the Lisbon race exceeds any thing I could have expected. I do not think there was one woman in the pit; indeed, in some Spanish theatres, the women all sit huddled in a sort of omnibus-box by themselves. Now that the men with the yellow teeth, sallow full faces, and scorched forefingers have untied their handkerchiefs, and are waiting for Lord Nelson in the white satin knee-breeches with intense expectation, I look up at the boxes, beating the covert for a beautiful face. What! not one? Only Jewish fat and sensual faces, all run to nose, as if by perpetually smelling at greasy dinners, crisp, wiry, animal, negro hair, full brown red lips, mean chins, and foreheads villainously low. Bands and ropes of black shiny hair looped up with strings of pearls, gold bobs, and strings of coral—go to, not one beauty! Yes, one, with fire-fly eyes and soft brown cheeks, deepening to a peachy red, who, with rounded white arms, leans forward, hanging upon the lips of Lord Nelson in the court suit, tail-coat, and white satin breeches.

Tired of this, and the perpetual running in and out to smoke cigarettes and eat stewed pears in the lobby, I leave just as the scene opens with the little Keely-man dressed as a cobbler, singing comic Portuguese songs, much to the indignation of Lord Nelson, who is now bolstered out as a despotic rich man, who lives in a sort of palace near the cobbler's stall. I hasten up and down streets, which seem alternately hills and valleys, to the public gardens, which lie in the centre of the city, to the left of the square of Don Pedro, dropping in first at the Bragança to see a friend, and finding the bore who compares every thing to Constantinople reading Napier's Peninsular War, and then running out on the balcony to point out Galata Tophana, and the Golden Horn.

I hasten out again as *de re infecta*, and push for the public gardens. Suddenly, at the door of a small theatre, a dirty touter runs out, and catches me by the arm: "Come in," he

says, "gentleman, and see Monsieur Robinson play the fool. Oh, he play the fool vary well—Robinson!" Resisting this pathetic appeal, I push on to the gardens, and, after some zig-zagging, get there. It is a large, square, inclosed garden, walled in by iron palisading, against which the wistful, dull, apathetic crowd flatten their large noses. You do not pay as you go in, but as you go out. I enter a long garden walk, with flower-borders on either side, thorny with aloes, and pass down between rows of feeble Vauxhall-looking lamps and lines of flaccid-looking pimento-trees, studded with innumerable berries, that look like pale red coral; at the end there are some tent booths, as dull as a wet Greenwich fair used to be, and beyond this a sort of summer-house stage, with four foot-lights, and a band playing underneath to a dozen rows of very patient and untenanted chairs. On the stage sat two painted singers, who talk across the lamps, twiddle their fans, laugh, and play graceful little tricks as the company begin to assemble—grave city-looking men, pompous, dull officers, and a few ladies, who seem to feel no interest in any thing, and none of whom ever laughed even at the comic songs. The performance commences. It consists of tinselly French ballads, full of *l'amour*, *la gloire*, and *l'honneur*, and ends with a caricature representation of an English traveler in Paris, which made me rather clench my fists, and drove a commercial traveler who sat next to me to declare that he should certainly come the night following with Smith of Birmingham, and Brown of Sheffield, and a few other traveling gentlemen, representatives of highly respectable wholesale houses, storm the orchestra, and thrash the buffoon—a patriotic resolve which I, most anxious for his discomfiture, warmly encourage. The fun of this representation consisted entirely in the mime's keeping his arms rigidly close to his side, wearing immense shirt-collars, rolling his eyes, and answering to every thing "Yaase, yaase." The Englishman eventually volunteers a dance at the Mabile, and exits with a flabby hornpipe, entirely misunderstood, and turned it into a mere *ballet pas seul*. I must say, in justice to the Portuguese, that nobody laughed, but then I do not think their common people ever laugh. I afterward met with young Portuguese of a high class, who gamboled, grimaced, and chattered like monkeys—loud, impudent, and ceaselessly; but I have

no reason to hope that the mere street Portuguese ever laughs on any provocation whatever.

Lisbon, allowing for the dullness of its amusements and the phlegm of its people, is full of pictures, whichever way you look at it, whether far away from the great unfinished palace of the Necessidades, or from the long chain of stilted aqueducts, that near the Wind-mill Hill give quite a Roman character to the environs in the direction of Cintra, green amid a brown, scorched-up desert, or from the fortified hills opposite, where you look across the blue field of the bay, at the great archbishop's water-side palace, and the yellow dome of the Estralla. Beyond the hill of Buenos Ayres, higher up the bay, is a region of wild myrtle heaths, olive-fields, and vineyards. The yellow arsenal and the citadel are before you. This is the city of Vasco di Gama, Cabral, the discoverer of Brazil, Don Sebastian, and Albuquerque. From hence sallied, past Belem, the fleet that discovered the Azores, and first rounded the dreaded Cape. The shade of Camoens paces by the Tagus side, Saint Vincent sleeps soundly in that hill church, where so many hearers have since slept soundly too. This is the city of that dreadful earthquake that in seventeen hundred and fifty-five, in our quiet Horace Walpole days, swallowed at one gulp forty thousand people, and I don't know how many millions of treasure. Since the beginning of time, Death, the insatiable, had never such a sudden rich sop thrown into his black jaws, and that neither by battle, massacre, nor conflagration. Let us pace up and down by these trees that face the Custom-house, which, daubed with yellow ochre, is tapestried with Oriental-looking flowers, not caring to stop opposite that hard, handsome-looking official, surrounded by military boatmen, who is white with rage at the French gentleman, who will tear up a whole box of cigars, and, rather than pay duty on them, crush them to dust with his feet; or, rather—for there is a fuss here of landing travelers, and we shall be disturbed—let us cross Black Horse Square, where Don Jose the First, the patron of the terrible iron-handed Pombal, the enemy of the nobles, rides and dominates in bronze, and get to the quieter Largo di Pelerhinos, or square by the arsenal, where the curious corporation pillar is, that is made of twisted strands of marble that look like a cable. Where that skeleton armil-

lary sphere now stands on the top of that open-work column was once a garrote-scaffold, with rings and chains, where criminal noblemen were strangled. Just a little lower there, in the Praça dos Romulares, in the time of Dom Miguel, five traitors were burned and their ashes thrown into the Tagus.

Look up here, too, below the Black Horse Square, now tenanted by boatmen waiting for hire, sentinels, and booted hackney-coachmen, just above where the three streets, Santa Anna, Augusta, and Prata, meet, you see the arches and tottering ruins of the Carmo, one of the relics of that dreadful earthquake that one frosty morning—in fact, on November the first, seventeen hundred and fifty-five, at forty-five minutes after nine A.M.—suddenly shook down the great slave-trade city, and devoured it with one snap of its jaws.

Lisbon had had several previous shocks, but, being uninspired, forgot them, and did not consider them to be warnings or even threats. Science had not reduced the actions of earthquakes to any certain terms, and considered them inconsistent sequences; they were then, as they still are, mysteries. There was at first an undulating tremble of two minutes, which many laughing, feasting people thought was caused by a wagon rumbling underneath the windows. Then another in a few minutes, worse and unmistakable, so that houses split and rent, and a dust arose that hid the sun. Then another interval of dreadful silence, and the city fell to pieces like a card-house—palace, hut, and cabin, church, casino, gambling-house, and thieves' kitchen, amid a dusty fog as of an eclipse, through which dreadful apocalyptic darkness arose groans, screams, and shrieks of the dying and the immured. An eye-witness, in a ship lying in the Tagus, said, "He saw the whole city heave like a wave. Lisbon had disappeared." Another man wrote a day afterward, "There is not a house to rest one's head in." At the same time, to swell the horror, the sea rose as if torn up by the roots, and threatened to bury even the ruins. This ten minutes' spasm of the earth was felt not merely on the volcanic line; it spread like a storm even through Loch Lomond, it tossed ships in the Atlantic, it was seen at the Orkneys, it turned the springs at the Clifton Hot Wells dark as ink; the very intelligence of it came like a thunder-clap on men's minds. The Last Day was prophesied

louder than ever by the men who live by frightening people sillier than themselves with such prophecies. It drove men mad, it increased atheism, it hurried men to convents, it turned prodigals pious in a single day; High Tories, who never could see any cause for the French Revolution, even declared that this earthquake was one of the motive causes that led to that great moral convulsion that split thrones, swallowed up dynasties, and devoured effete and rotten institutions that cumbered the ground. It was taken, on the other hand, by free-thinking writers and encyclopedists as a proof of God's disregard of his creatures, and of the non-existence of a special Providence.

It is difficult to realize the punishment of Corah and his company in this bright city, now hung with flowers, and canopied with a roof of such blue and fiery brightness. Yet all these furrows that are now streets, all these sudden slopes that drive you down alleys like well-shafts, all these cliff-heights such as the public gardens in the place are terraced on, are the results of this great reformer and unbuilder. The brute power of the earthquake shook the city into rubbish-heaps in ten minutes, and the most terrible feature of its cruelty happened in this very Black Horse Square I now carelessly walk over, whistling as I go, and looking at the red-funneled steamer waiting for me in the offing. It was to this broad space in front of the palace that, when the first shock subsided, and the roofs had ceased to split, and the floors to gape open for a few minutes, that thousands of the Lisbon people rushed with children, caskets, or whatever they deemed most precious, to fall on their knees and pray to the God whom they expected every moment bursting from the clouds—his voice the thunder, in the great fury of his anger appearing to reap the guilty world. That moment, as in huddled, frightened, half-naked groups the boldest lay trembling, entranced, palsied, or screaming—the square opened in the midst, and into that yawning grave they all sank, and the earth closed over them. At the same moment a great convulsion swallowed up the quays, and the waves closed over every boat and vessel anchored there, not a fragment of them ever appearing again. Now, when I hail John Fish, and call for a boat, I little think of the dead lying under that church-yard square; and so far are the lounging

English sailors from having any very clear tradition about it, that, when I ask one of them, he tells me that the old city was on the opposite side of the bay, not knowing that he now stands on the burial-place of thousands.

Since that, I have met with travelers who have felt earthquakes at sea and seen them on land; I have clear notions now about the horizontal and the upward motion, and I find out it was neither one nor the other destroyed Lisbon, but a sort of clash and conflict of the two, as if two cross veins of earthquake had met and disagreed. I am told it brings on a sort of sickness; and that it is one of the most terrible things in the world to see an earthquake come up a Mexican valley like an advancing wave, shaking trees, and making houses and hills nod to each other. It drives brave men to prayer, and cowards it frightens into a sort of drunken courage. If it is dangerous and repeated, as in Lima and the Caraccas, its tendency is to demoralize society, drive men to reckless pleasure and crime, as in Lisbon at the time of which I speak, when great fires swept through the city, and when the smoking ruins were for fifteen days haunted by bands of robbers, till the stern Pombal hung three hundred of them, and so stanch'd the moral wound.

That night, looking from the Bragança window at the weltering bay, which seemed turned to silver dross, over which highway of angels I could see away to Belem, the guarded mouth of the Tagus, I looked on the terraced roofs below, quiet in the moonlight—for the willful Mohammedan moon was in her crescent, and I could almost imagine myself in the old Moorish city. As I looked I fell into a reverie in my chair in the Bragança balcony, and Napier's Peninsular War dropping from my hand, I imagined myself, that November morning, on that safe roof-top watching the tranquil city. Suddenly the houses all around me began to roll and tremble like a stormy sea. Through an eclipse dimness I saw the buildings round my feet, and far away on every side, gape and split; while the floors fell with the shake of cannons. The groans and cries of a great battle were round me. I could hear the sea dashing on the quays, and rising to swallow what the earthquake had left. Through the air, dark with falling walls and beams, amid showers of stones red with the billows of fire

from sudden conflagrations, I see the cloudy streets strewn with the dead and dying, and screaming crowds running thickly, hither and thither, like sheep when the doors of the red slaughter-house are closed. Suddenly a voice in my ears cries in bad Portuguese, "I thought you rang for coffee, sir."

It was the waiter. I was saved!

CHAPTER III.

CADIZ STREET-SCENES.

I SIT in my murky London chambers one of these tawny foggy days, when the sky keeps changing colors like a great sickly chameleon, and I turn over the red-edged leaves of my Spanish note-book to rub up my memory.

I find among other notes:

1. "GRANADA, Monday, August —, 1858.—The string of apish-browed galley-slaves in yellow jackets, who clink in chains, sprinkling water up and down the parade on the river side, trying maliciously to splash the passers-by."

Let that go.

2. "THE MAD-HOUSE AT CARTHAGENA.—The silent officer who had not spoken for three days, and the moaning woman with the frightened staring eyes and black disheveled hair, who had but the night before murdered her two children."

That won't do.

3. "MURILLO'S PICTURE at the Seville Museo.—The saint holding his own heart, red as a pin-cushion, and with a sort of Valentine dart stuck through it."

I shall deal with Murillo another day.

4. "The first glimpse of that great sapphire mountain of a whale that we sighted off Cape Saint Vincent, and which sent up a water-rocket as a signal to us, then touched his hat, bowed, and disappeared. A phenomenon followed by a neck-and-neck somersault-race of porpoises all round our vessel, and a huge ugly drift of a shark that we fired at, spotted with blood, but could not capture."

No; I must look at my Cadiz pages, for those are what I want just now. Here they are:

"CADIZ.—The perpetual dimpling of the hotel fountain pool, and the blowing in and out, light and dark, of that luminous sail in the boat I took

to cross the bay. N.B.—The water near the shore of the pleasant color of lemonade with the sun on it.”

Ah! now I remember. Yes; it was after days of stormy vicissitude and Odyssean coasting of cape and promontory, rock, monastery, and hill, that a certain bright ten o'clock of an August morning (almost the very morning that Columbus in a fishing-smack pushed out of the harbor at Palos) certain voices on the quarter-deck called out that they saw land. Somewhere under the light there was certainly something, as I said to Parker, who was looking quite in the wrong direction—indeed, staring hard at a salmon-colored and irrelevant cloud. It was more like a small luminous fog-bank, or a low bar of golden-breathed vapor, than land. Gradually it grew and grew, faster than the magic bean-plant in the fairy story—grew, grew, from a shapeless blurred line, like so much canceled sunshine, to solid gold dross; then this purified to a finer ore; and, lastly, when we poured up like a party of boarders, hot from a tea-and-toast breakfast, singing snatches of naval songs, and looking up at the rigging to appear nautical, we saw the gold veil filtering off, and a real bullion pyramid of houses, in fact a *city*, lying at the water's edge waiting for our arrival. It was Cadiz, the merchant city, the sister of Havana, the city English guns have often vomited fire at through stormy whirlwinds of crimson and sulphurous smoke. It is the wine city—the city at whose capture Elizabeth stamped her foot and cried, “Marry! well done.” The yellow glazed domes, like tea-cups turned over by a giant to preserve some special specimen of the bigot or fanatic homunculus, belong to the Cathedral; those square brown walls are forts. These are the palm-trees. See how the batteries run surging into the sea like so many sharks' snouts. Those white walls are government store-houses. The great yellow building is a barrack or a hospital. How graciously the city grows and grows, sending up tower, and terrace, and dome in cluster after cluster, till, forgetting that it is we who are in motion, we fancy we see some great procession advancing and widening toward us.

An artist who had studied at Madrid told me, as an instance of the gravity and dignity of the Castilian, that he once saw in a public square in that city an itinerant dentist mounted on a horse, to whom a patient, in the shape of a pain-stricken

muleteer, came griping at his jaw for advice. The grave quack did not dismount, hardly stooped in his saddle, but with one experienced, far-sighted, keen glance at the cavernous tooth, drew a long Toledo rapier with a curious twisted steel hilt that hung by his side, slipped the point under the muleteer's black fang, and scooped it out with a single twitch. With military precision he then wiped his sword, slipped it back into its sheath, held out his hand for the twopenny fee, touched his sombrero, and rode gravely off. I certainly never saw any thing quite equal to this deed of surgery, though I did once see a quack at Florence stop his chaise in the great Castle Square, and take out a man's tooth in the front seat of the vehicle, surrounded by an admiring crowd. I have indeed, too, seen odd sights; for instance, a Spanish beggar on horseback, and heard a Sicilian mendicant plead that he was a marchese; but I never saw any thing quite so gallant, gay, and chivalrous as the agile man in black who sprang up the vessel's side. As we let the anchor go over the side with a crashing froth and a chinking run and jolt of the chain cable, several bright-colored boats, whose red oars cast red reflections in the water as from flamingos' wings, approach; but first of all, like a conqueror, leaped on board this brown-faced fencing-master man, who might, for shrewd daring and gallant mien, have been a younger brother of the Don Quixote, or even third cousin twice removed of the Cid himself. He bowed to us all, and double bowed and pirouetted to the ladies, who, at these moments of approaching shore, turn out especially gay, cheerful, and unruffled, though but yesterday wallowing victims of the sea malady.

"Good-evening, sar. How you, sar? all right, sar? Love England, sar; vary big country, sar; vary good peoples, Inglis, sar. I speak Inglis vary well, sar. I half past two yar in Inglis, sar," says the young Don to our fat captain with the coffee-colored eyes, who stands serene and indifferent at the gangway, waiting for the Custom-house officer.

I stood watching this the first native I had seen, admiring his nimble, dancing motion, the perch-back ruffle of his shirt-front, his light cassock waistcoat, his serge paletôt, and his white Leghorn planter's hat, with the black ribbon and sable lining. Suddenly the fat captain makes a side spring at me, puts the back of his hand to his mouth as a wall to talk behind,

and, in a speaking-trumpet whisper, says confidentially, "That is the biggest thief in all Cadiz!"

"What, Higginos?" says the first mate ("the good man 'who carried away his funnel' when captain of an Australian steamer")—"The dirtiest rascal in all Spain."

"What's he up to now, Simmons?"

"Why, touting for the Fonda Europa—the filthy little inn by the bull-ring in Hamilcar Street."

"I should like to throw him overboard: he once swindled me out of five shillings."

I might have heard farther revelations; but just at this moment a bare-legged boy, clinging round the mast-head, has some difficulty in reeving the P. and O. flag which is to intimate our arrival. The boy scrambles about as if he was bird-nesting, but the red whip will not fling out its yard or two of scarlet thread.

"Let a *MAN* go out!" cries the captain, shouting himself into a crimson apoplexy, laying the sort of contemptuous emphasis on the word "man" that Queen Elizabeth did when she said, "My father loved a *man*!" Out goes a man, and out goes the flag; and at this moment Higginos—Don Antonio Higginos—seeing the angry stare of the first officer at him, hastily dealt out a pack of lying hotel cards, and dropped, like a ripe or rotten fruit, precipitately into his boat which lay alongside. And, seeing his sudden retreat, and almost fall over, a lady near me started, and as she started I started, and dropped myself and trunk into Higginos's boat. He was counting some shillings with a chuckle; when he had done it, he arranged his blue-caped cloak on his left shoulder, looked up at the mate's red face, which hung over the vessel's side like a full-blown rose over a black wall, and smiled deprecatingly and innocently. He now stands up and cries to him,

"You want any cigars, sar? Best Havanas, sar!"

"You be ——!" cries the first officer, shaking his fist at the Don in a perfect monsoon of impotent rage.

I will not more than epitomize my first impression on landing of a lovely Spanish face seen through the black convent-netting of a mantilla, or of the crowds of leather-greaved and bobbed and tasseled men I passed through on my way to my hotel in the grand square. I will not stop at the reed-thatched

and walled quay-stalls, formed of maize-stalks tied together, where hot yellow tomatoes were for sale, or where half-naked fishermen, with brass charms hanging by dirty wet strings from their brown lean necks, sat before heaps of some rough fishes that looked like purple chestnuts in the husks. The great bullock-carts, with the solid wooden wheels, cumbrous and slow, shall not stop me; nor the chinking and jangle of the perpetual mule-bells; nor the crews of lateen-rigged boats lying off the harbor, with their curved and sweeping sails white in the intense sunlight. The heaps of chick-peas on the quays, and the dry black kidney-bean pods of the carob-trees keep me for a moment, but I push on through a crowd of lounging porters, who seem all armed with pink slices of melon and brown-ringed crab-shaped loaves of bread, each stamped with a sort of talisman seal. Every where sounds the bullying, angry cry of the water-sellers, which has an Oriental savor, and makes you feel thirsty whether you will or no.

As for my hotel, all I need say of it is that it looked out on a public walk; was next to a nobleman's house on the one side, and on the other to a blacksmith's shop, where, through the black frame of the door, I saw all day, and half the night, the red sparks flow upward, and the great orange-colored flame throb up and down like a living thing eager to devour, quivering ever in a forked and breathing pyramid. Not far off was a nunnery, and nearer me were some suspicious, thievish-looking houses, where faces were always watching you as you passed from behind the striped mat that was flung out, tent-wise, over the strip of projecting balcony.

But I will begin with next morning; when, before breakfast—as the brown chocolate was frothing up and leaving brown high-water lines in the bright tin pot—I sallied out down a side street leading from the outer walks on the wall into the small, trellised square where the post-office stands, and where the houses have all those curious little badges of the figure of the Virgin that may be insurance records or religious memorials, I forgot to ask which. How curiously the different classes still nestle together—noble and blacksmith, merchant and barber, nuns and I do not know what—I have already mentioned. The same odd sort of country town of the seventeenth century, mingle-mangle, characterizes the appearance of the

streets this blessed pure early morning, when the soft sea air fans through the streets of Cadiz. In this narrow passage, where no one particularly seems stirring, there are heaps of white unslaked lime lying just as the mules have shook it down from their panniers—perhaps that very obstinate wretch of a mule whom I saw yesterday, when he was struck, lie down on his back and kick with all his four feet at once, like a sulky, bad-tempered boy. As for the gutter that runs down the centre of the street, it is heaped with melon-rinds, cigar-stumps, and dusty refuse swept out of the houses. Ah! here come the street-sweepers, with a dusty smoke, which almost hides them, heralding their approach; they bear up, a lazy, bustling string, with a smoky dust before them as of a file of skirmishers. God bless them! I see they move the dust, but I much doubt if they remove it. I gaze up the bright, pleasant little street at the doors, which have neat bronze pendent hands, beautifully modeled, for knockers, and look up at the green cased-in projecting windows, which are so Eastern and attractive. I think that dandily-dressed young citizen behind me—and looking up, too, just as a white hand on the third story opens and shuts a lattice—has come here to pay his morning devours; for he now kisses the tips of his fingers, a sunshine breaks out in his face, and he walks away with a quick, joyous step, “his bosom’s lord” evidently “sitting lightly on his throne,” and no daymare waiting at his door for him to mount. Talk of the nightmare! What is she to that daymare that hides the sun from us, often neighs at our window, and will keep beating its feet impatiently upon our heart till we throw it out some sugared sop of consolation?

Now, just as I cross into the square, I cut in two a religious procession filing down the street. They are two and two, some brotherhood, in yellow and white dresses, carrying candles (to help the sun, I suppose); then one miserable, drawling man, who represents the band, alone, with a blunderbuss of a bassoon tucked under his arm; and, almost last, a lounging priest, in a three-pointed black cap and in a cloth-of-gold robe, carrying the Host under a portable canopy. Every one bows and takes off his hat as the procession rambles carelessly by. The square I enter now is trellised round with half-dead, dusty vines, sapless and juiceless, the fruit shriveled and withered

for want of moisture. Even at this hour, in the soft growing heat, there are gossiping loungers on the benches round the square, talking over the paper or the last bull-fight at Seville. There are no listening, analyzing sparrows about, and I hear no crush or roll of vehicles. I see none and hear none. The city is as quiet as the country, but more cheerful and sociable. The waiter-looking servants, in the light jean jackets, exchange civilities, proverbs, and repartees as they brush about in a playful, careless, Spanish way, at their masters' doors. Even now, early as it is, if you were to go into the quiet shut-in cafés, you would find burgesses at dominoes; and as you sat at your coffee, would be pestered by the peddlers, who come in with their wares, and tease the habitués. You must observe, as you get into the bright street, the Calla Ancha (Broad Street), the pleasant light emerald-green used on the balconies and window-frames, and the general shine and glitter of gilding about the trellises, which seem as rich as bullion. At some of the doors are huge lions' heads, with gold rings in their mouths; though the place is but a packet-station, it was once the exchange; the court-yard is paved with marble; other doors are bossed with long coffin-nail bosses, and over some thresholds are strongly-cut helmets and deep-bitten-in coats of arms. High up, too, cutting against the sky, are the celebrated miradores—flat-topped towers, which the Cadiz merchants build for various purposes—partly to catch the air, to smoke and read in, and chiefly as observatories to look seaward for their home-returning argosies.

But here come two Spanish ladies, going to early mass, with the inevitable old duenna—close, watchful, and important as the nurse in Romeo and Juliet—at their heels; for this is a country where hearts are tinder, and sparks are always at hand. They look, as all Spanish ladies do to English eyes, full-dressed; so that a street full of Spanish ladies at the fashionable shopping-hour looks very much like an open-air ball-room. Their hair is glossy as a blackbird's wing; soft, I dare say, to the lover's hand as a mole's fur. The mantilla gathers round on their shoulders in a cascade of blackness; and their black fans work and winnow in that enchanting manner which, it is said, takes seven years to learn. The Cadiz foot is a proverb—the Cadiz beauty is famous—the Spanish walk is an

institution. These ladies float along; walking, as Juno does, on clouds; there is no stalking tramp here, no tremendous, vigorous exertion of muscles. No; there is only a gliding, a divine passage, not to be accounted for by vulgar mechanical laws. Just behind these comes a mule laden with twin altars of split fire-wood securely corded on his panniers, and followed by an old patriarchal muleteer, who gives one the impression of Abraham going up the mountain to sacrifice Isaac. The mule (the leader of a string of others) bears an immense bell, large as a coffee-pot, underneath its neck; its mane is cut into a pattern; it is branded in large letters with the owner's name on the left flank; it wears red bunches and turfs over its blinkers, and a great red-and-yellow tassel over its bent forehead. No wonder, with all these badges of distinction, that it leads somewhat proudly the train of mean and servile followers. After these comes a dust-cart, with a jolting bell stuck in its front; and after this a blind fellow playing a guitar, led by a Murillo-like child, who always contrives to pitch for the time near a fruit-stall, where a beggar sort of vendor peels prickly pears as quick as a fishmonger opens oysters.

The Cadiz Spaniards cling very much to their Carthaginian ancestors, to judge by the names of the Cadiz streets, which are, as in Seville, labeled Hamilcar, Hanno, Hasdrubal, just as we call our great London streets after our own great men—Bacon, Newton, Shakspeare, Cowper, Johnson—and not after mere earthworm builders or unfortunate rich men. The Spanish street-names are always sonorous or sacerdotal, ringing out with a processional majesty and stamp of empire about them, as the street of Manuel Henriquez, or the Rua de Villalobos; sometimes they have a mediæval solemnity and quaintness about them, as the Street of the Five Wounds, the Street of the Seven Sorrows, the Plaza Jesus-Nazaren, the Street of Saint Elmo (the sailor's saint), the Five Towers, the Rosary, the Pirates, the Doubloons, the Wine-skins—all characteristic and suggestive names.

I even bought a little cobweb-map of the ham-shaped city, and jotted down the most picturesque and national names, as a caution to the nation that calls its streets King Street, and William Street, and Cannon Street, and such insipid names. I noted the streets of Consolation, of the Three Men, of the

Cross, of Saint Dimas (the penitent thief), of God's Blessing, of Calvary, of the Capucins, of the Emperor, of the Flemings, of Saint Gines, of the Apple, of Hercules (founder of Cadiz), of Saint Ines.

But, then, these are not a whit more picturesque than those of old Paris, where there was the Street of the Armed Man; or of Naples, that has its Street of the Marble Foot; or of Rome, that has its Street of Madame Lucretia and the Three Robbers; or a certain old dirty brick Babylon, that, with all its Jones Terraces and Laburnum Villas, has still certain Old-World nooks, fragrant with the names of Bleeding Heart Yard and Lillypot Lane, and certainly fragrant with nothing else. Cadiz, then, has, besides these older streets, its bran-new squares, where the bands triumph and dominate, of summer evenings, on a green-shelved scaffold, under the light of golden-flowered lamps that scorn the sharp-rayed stars cutting the blue darkness above them. This is the square of San Antonio, with low stone seats all round it—low iron-backed seats, where you sit and tip off the white column of ash from your cigar against the end of your boot, and try and look as if you saw nothing as Pedro's cheek comes so very near the brown-redness of Juanna's, that you really wonder the fat, comfortable old burgess of a father, who is talking patriotism with the thin neighbor on the next seat, does not make some remark.

This is the square where, in sixteen hundred and forty-eight (there is no doubt in Cadiz about it), the figure of the saint came down from its pedestal (in a high wind) to succor and heal some poor stricken water-carriers. Nobody can disbelieve it, for there is the clearest possible evidence (much more clear than about the Commandant's statue in Don Juan) that the saint was seen getting down from his pedestal and getting up again. Ask at any of those fizzling fried-fish shops, that flame purgatorially at night, and they will tell you, with any number of oaths you may require, that greater miracles have been done here than any where in Spain. Why, there was one local saint who was not quite sure if it was right to attempt to perform a miracle, and save a mason who was falling from a scaffold in the Franciscan church; so he went home and prayed to the Virgin, and the answer came that it was right. So off he

posted back to the church, expecting to find the man dead, and intending to rub him all over with the great Arab doctor Ben Hollowaway's ointment. To his wonder and delight, he found the man, by the Virgin's aid, suspended in mid-air; and he stretched out his hand, and drew him back on the scaffold. But this is nothing; for Saint Vincent once swam down a river on a millstone, to which the Moors had tied him; which is the more wonderful, because the legend says, at the time he had in the pocket of his friar's frock a copy of the pseudo-religious poems of Don Martino Tuppeero. And even this is a trifle to the miracle of Father Joseph, of the Convent of the Bleeding Heart, at Seville; for he, one burning day in July, having forgotten the dinner-hour in the refectory, went out in the olive garden of the convent, and holding a raw beefsteak in his hand, held it to the sun, which, focusing instantly upon it, cooked it in exactly three minutes. His absurd calumniators, indeed, hating and fearing truth, and materialists to a man, go so far as shamelessly to impugn the splendor of this miracle, and to assert that the saint took the steak out with him ready cooked—an assertion as impudent, we need scarcely say, as it is illogical and unphilosophical. But even this great proof of the triumph of our faith pales before the great and crowning proof of Christian charity given us by Brother Lorenzo, of the Minorite Convent at Bilbao, who one day, going into a vineyard to eat grapes and meditate alone (Nanita, of the neighboring posada of Villa Dolces, is the witness of this miracle), held out his hand, as men do, to see if it rained: at that moment, a thrush from a neighboring pomegranate-tree flew down and laid an egg in the cup of his hand, then accidentally hollowed into the shape of a nest. The holy man, praying for aid with divine patience, actually waited till the whole five eggs were laid and hatched; and the grateful bird, in the presence of Nanita and thousands of peasants, flew to the nearest fig-tree, changed itself into an angel, and sung the *Nunc Dimittis*, or Song of Simeon.

Now we stop to listen to the blatant outburst of the Verdi military music, which makes up by marrow-bone-and-cleaver violence in noise for what it wants in thought, tenderness, or genius, which includes all these requisites. And while I think over these things, and compare San Antonio to Cockspar Street

King George, who never does any thing like that, I am suddenly found out as an Englishman by a picaroon boy, who lets out chairs and sells fusees. Having found this out, he sees no reason why I should pass unnoticed and ungreeted (he has only one shoe, and carries a tin pot for his money). He comes round to the back of my bench, grins at me, and says,

“Inglis, G-d dam. I Inglis! How you do, sar? Very well, thank you. All right: good-night—you give me? Tank you—how you do?—all right. Good-by, sar.”

Before I get well rid of this little human flea I am accosted by a neatly dressed fellow in white trowsers and black serge frock-coat. He begins by following me close, slowly creeping to my left side, then ostentatiously allowing me to pass; then watching my eyes, that turn to a list of voters pasted up at the post-office door; then, as if I had asked him something, saying in good broken English, nodding and showing his teeth as I turn round,

“I know—I am Inglis. Born at Geeberalter, sar. Very good man, father, sar. Had ten children, sar. Oh, very good Christian man, sar. He die, sar; mother die, sar; leave me all children to subsist on. Have saretificate, sar, here. You kind charitè full of; very full of, sar. Give me money, I go back to Geeberalter, sar—per l'amor de Dios—for Goddes sake. I spit blood, sar” (here coughs violently, which is partly accounted for by a van of street-sweepers, with broad cane brooms, approaching us, veiled in clouds of dust).

I look at the certificate, and find that it declares that Balthazar di Barbate “has suffered very much, has by ill events quite lost his respectability, and is now very ill-conditioned, with a pulmonary chest.” I think the fellow has deserved something for following me through six streets, and, to my great subsequent regret—as I am immediately after warned against him—I give him a quarter dollar.

But Cadiz has other scenes than its fine central street of green and gilt balconies, merchants' look-out towers, pierced doors, and pillared courts, where the silver of the fountain seems always trying to leap itself up into the semblance of twenty pounds' worth of change, and its gardens square, broad, and spacious, and fit for mantilla'd ladies, armed with black fans, and eyes that stab you through and through. There are

long defiles of pleasant streets, where open-air store-shops try to attract you with rusty carbines old as the age of Cortez, dinted powder-horns, rows of scallop-shell castanets, tinsel fans, broad bead combs, golden-brown strings of dried flaky fish, old shoes, necklaces, relics, and rosaries. Here the seamen drink aniseed and fire-water, and utter their vehement beliefs, and here country girls stop and barter and gossip. I venture through Carthaginian-named passes, where no carts go and mules seem never to trot, and chink and clatter to wide wastes, out by the ramparts, where the sea moans and complains because it can not swallow the earth, as it wants to, and is only allowed to gnaw and nibble at the cliff and shore.

Perhaps I break out by some stranded-looking store-house or deserted barracks, and come to the bull-ring, which the sea has undermined, and which will never more be safe. See the great brown Windsor stone-heaps, the piles of rubbish in the crumbling amphitheatre, where bulls and men have often bled within sound of the great suffering moan of the sea, that has always, be it storm or calm, that great settled sorrow at its big heart, that dreadful dream of the Deluge, that complaint of its imprisoned genii.

It is in these seaward parts of the city, where the black lava-like Mediterranean dust which forms the road lies in great sifted heaps up against the stone-heaps of the deserted bull-ring, inside the circus, no longer crimson with bull's blood or the gore of bronze-faced men, that you come to dreadful Spanish rookeries, where ghastly bearded ruffians, smoking in half-naked sprawling groups, scowl at you from the open doors, and where hideous leering women, in puffing white dresses, their black horsehair-looking tresses folded and looped with gold and pearl, greet you with horrid siren-kissing whispers from under the shadowy twilight of the tent-like matting that trails over the balcony, or from the interstice of some colored curtain that sweeps down over a mysterious window. It is in the "slums" and the behind-the-scene world of Cadiz—under these whispering windows, which seem innumerable, and beside these ruffian-guarded thieves'-dens, that the strange motley masquerade of Spanish low life meets the Englishman's astonished eye. It is not on the four miles of sea ramparts, with the fire-tipped light-houses and fire-breathing forts, with

their portly priests, tinsel soldiers, fantastic dandies, and ladies who seem to float on air or walk on clouds, that the traveler is to obtain his true notion of Spanish life. No; it is the rows of naked-legged fishers for red mullets, who balance all day with their long cane rods, with their backs to the fashionable promenaders, with a patience which has become proverbial, and who mutter prayers and talismanic adjurations to lure their dinner from the great, full-blooded, teeming sea; it is in the blind guitar-player, whom that sweet-eyed child leads every morning to the door of the Academia de Nobles Artes—where Spanish art starves in the old suppressed Capucin convent—where Essex (who had then his head very tight on) had his victorious quarters, and where much Canary was drunk, and many hearty English oaths sworn.

It is in the Plaza de Mina, once the garden convent, where monks once tended their little grave-plots of flowers between the buttresses, where the great dragon-trees and the celebrated palm-grove once stood, and where now the Murillo children gnaw at melons, and wrestle and gamble with buttons, using religious curses and saints' names for abjurations. It is in the hospital, where those seven men who were stabbed the week I was there turn groaning on their pallets, and renew their quarrels from bed to bed, till a bandage strains and breaks, and, with a gush of blood, the wailing thief, a curse on his pale lips, falls back and dies: an occasion seized by that stalwart black curly-headed wretch, with no nose and ulcerous lips, to utter the appropriate proverb of his country, "When one door is shut, another is open;" by which he means that the next birth in Cadiz will make up for the last death. Is not that hard rattlesnake laugh hideous, that runs down the line of sick men's beds?

"Have you always this great number of knife cases?" I said to the hard-faced doctor who paced with me up the long hospital corridor, down which the soft sea air of Cadiz seemed to flow like an invisible and subtle liquid.

"Hombre. No; but last week the Solano wind was blowing: that sent up the mercury ball in a white thread Caramba six degrees in one night. The cursed dry heat poisoned the city, and drove the hot-bloods mad. I was up all last night looking at knife-cuts. Hombre. You should have seen some

of them. You know the first slice in a shoulder of mutton? Very well, then. By-the-by, have you eaten yet any of our famous gilt red-fish, with tomato sauce? It is a meal fit for the Pope."

If you really want to see and feel the extreme animal misery and poverty of Spanish low life, go to the great yellow-ochre Doric Casa de Misericordia, where one thousand beggars noddle their beards daily over their messes of smoking soup. There you will see every note in the long gamut and keyboard of poverty, from the robust fisherman, who seems hammered

out of steel, to the little old man shriveled and burnt up by the sun till he looks like an Indian idol hewn out of a black-red mahogany log.

There, too, are those special Spanish children, with ape-foreheads, and claws for arms, with a vacant idiot knavery twinkling in their black beads of eyes. Spain once had its paladins and champions—once its chop-pers-off of Moorish heads and cleavers of Moorish hearts; but now it is peopled by padded, white-livered officers, intriguing in miserable little plots to subvert viler men than themselves; and atheistic priests, who sneer behind the altar at the dolls they play and juggle with. Unhappy indeed the country where the

nobles are in mind and body fit only for the nation's scavengers, and the scavengers in bearing and body are palpably Nature's nobles.



CHAPTER IV.

SHERRY.

"TIME flies," says the epicurean idler of Cadiz, who is fond of proverbs; "meanwhile, take a boat."

I obeyed the proverb; and till the Xeres, or rather Port Saint Mary steamer was ready (it was now puffing as if to test the strength of its lungs), I took a lateen-sailed boat, and skimmed over the luminous green water, which washed and rolled like so much tinted sunlight in the Bay of Cadiz, through which the red mullet steered and caracoled like enchanted fish, laughing to scorn all those bare-legged fisher-boys, who (as I have described), with cane rods at least fourteen feet long, bob for them all day from the quay-ledges.

I was tired and burnt up with lounging about among the men in buff-colored jackets and black and red scarfs round their waists; with reading the lists of voters on the post-office wall; with cheapening green figs, the dew still on them; with talking to a Moor who sat on his counter grave as a *cadi*, in rhubarb-colored slippers; with watching the lazy warehousemen on the quays throwing up golden red maize into dry pyramid heaps; and with looking at the rows of street-songs, all about guerrillas and bull-fighters. So now, abroad on the delicious light-green water, in the trusty boat known as *La Bella Gaditana*, I lay on a seat, and paddled about my brown hands in the lukewarm waves that glittered and frothed about the boat.

There lies Cadiz, that new-built Venice, with its yellow and rose-colored palaces, its tall miradores (watch-towers), where anxious Antonios sit waiting for the first sight of their Indian argosies; the flat Eastern roofs, where the dons repose and smoke, and the donnas chat and sing; the yellow porcelain domes, so like mosques; the long dark batteries, like sharks' jaws, which are teathed with cannon; the barracks, and the hospitals. There they all are, crowding to the sea-shore, as if to welcome some conqueror. It is a new and brighter Venice, trooping down

to the strand to welcome some new Columbus who comes not yet. It is the city that our Essex sacked; in fact, the city of sack; that old admirals of ours, long since laid in pickle in the great salt sea in their laced waistcoats and cocked hats, have fired and frowned at a thousand times.

We must return. Friend Pepe puts me on board the Saint Mary steamer, that is now snorting angrily at delaying passengers, and snorting like a war-horse thirsting for the charge. I humor the monster, and go on board, Pepe saying "Ombre," I have paid him too little; but he laughs as he says it, and lights a cigarette, which he takes from the hollow rim of his black montero cap.

The boat is full of little cane cages of emerald-necked pigeons; frails of grapes, covered with vine-boughs, already drooping with the intense sun-heat; protuberant melons, the white netting over one of which I spend some time in trying to decipher, being quite sure it was a congeries of old Asiatic inscriptions, now unreadable except by afrites.

The deck is crowded with people—neat, thin, rather short men, in light summery jackets and canvas shoes. One I observe in a yellow nankeen jacket with black spots. All have the red faja (sash) and the round turban-cap. The richer, who wear white linen jackets, and Leghorn hats lined with black, sit on their portmanteaus smoking, and are easy and courteous in their manner. There are a few real Andaluçian dandies, with puce-colored and chestnut-colored jackets, the sleeves and edgings covered with figured velvet, their gaiters hung with leather fringes, like Indian moccasins, knives in their bright red sashes, and their leggins embroidered like those the Albanian wears. Of course there are frolicking brown children, that skim about like birds, and mothers and sweethearts by the dozen. The women have no bonnets—nothing but the graceful nun-like mantilla drawn jealously over the face or streaming over the neck; long black rays (which the world calls eyelashes), darting from their passionate eyes, and black fans that never are still. Look at that Zuleika who sits on the low camp-stool, with her back to those immense oleanders planted in olive-oil jars which are going to Don Sanchez Montilla, the very wine-merchant of Xeres to whom I have letters of introduction in the ambuscade of my left-hand pocket. How

beautiful she is! not beautiful with the rose-blood of English beauty, but with a pale, spiritual light in her colorless brown face. Her black hair, profuse as Cleopatra's, is braided in loops round her ears, which are pink as sea-shells. A great gold pin, below her high comb of pierced tortoise-shell, fastens up her back hair. She has not those dangerous little side-curls gummed over the temple which the Spaniards call *picardias* (*rogneries*). There are blood-red cloves in her hair, and she trifles back the lace folds of her mantilla with her fan to prevent their being ruffled. She talks playfully with an old Figaro, who has a heavy club of a stick, with a brass lion couchant as a handle. Is she going to play at work—to net, to sew? No. She unfastens a bundle which she takes from her reticule—a luncheon of those famed Cadiz dainties, the “*bocas de la Isla*”—small pink and white claws, torn from the living crabs that frequent the marshes of San Fernando. How she sucks and cracks them, caring no more about the maimed creatures stumping about the marshes like so many armless Chelsea pensioners than I do for the men who fell at Agincourt.

We touch the shore and hurry to the railway station with one backward glance at the vessels laden with fragrant empty wine-casks, now soulless and disenchanting—no longer caskets of hope and love, joy, death, and madness, but mere hollow hooped-up barrels, yellow or red, lined with a dry crust of tartarous-looking dregs. The carriages are comfortable, and filled with wine-merchants and their clerks returning from bathing at this port. We are now at Saint Mary's, which is the shipping port of the wine district of Cadiz. A demon scream, a champ as of a thousand horses, and we are away on the wings of the wind to the region of your nutty, full-flavored, unbranded, Amontillado sherry—the golden juice I have so often held up to the light with ridiculous affectation of knowingness; the stuff, to use Binn, the wine-merchant's, affectionate phrase, “that Falstaff grew witty and racy on, and called his sherry sack—by which he meant the seco, dry wine of Xeres or Cheres.” The guttural X rather teases an Englishman.

But, Lord, to see, as Pepys would say, the dusty barrenness of the country! Why, it is mere white, sun-baked turnpike road turned into fields, sprinkled here and there with patches

of melons and tufts of the Indian corn just in tassel. The hedges are lines of cactuses and prickly pears growing in a dry, bloodless, eccentric manner, and looking like spiky fish turned into vegetables; or—especially the prickly pear—like a collection of green hairbrushes that have stuck together at all sorts of odd angles, and so taken root.

But what are those hills of stony shifting chalk that look like railway embankments, and are studded with stunted green gooseberry-bushes? Those are the real sherry vines. One small shed of a station, and we are at Xeres.

I—disdaining a certain mild stupor and desire of sleep, which, even just after breakfast, will sometimes come over you in Spain—push past the expectant omnibus and a mosquito swarm of hungry boys who want to act as guides and show me the cellars (the bodegas), and toil up the city's long, hot streets, past clanging cooperages, blue-domed collegiatas, and long barrack wine-stores; past the flame-shaped battlements of the old Moorish citadel, now whitewashed. At last I reach the house of Don Sanchez Montilla, the great sherry wine-merchant—a house gay with gilt balconies and shaded windows.

A ring at the hall bell. A few words of Spanish, and I am at home with my kind friend, who, I find, is of Irish descent. He is a grave caballero; chivalrous in manner, a great smoker, but one who never sips his own wine but to select it or to reject. We are followed, as we go toward the cool cellar (which is above ground, and entered from the garden court-yard), by his capataz, or head man, who is a quiet, shrewd-looking Asturian. The various cellars contain about four thousand casks. We entered the first, its gray, cool shadiness only here and there stabbed by a golden dagger of sunbeam, which pierced some stray chink. Pedro, the Asturian, follows us, with a long round deal stick, to the side end of which is attached a sort of tin extinguisher which holds about a wineglass full. Don Sanchez himself (his father's name was Doolan) carries gingerly in his left hand a long-stalked glass, which ought to have turned topaz color, so many thousands of times had it received that tin extinguisher full of Amontillado—curious, dry, clear, and generous.

We pass along rows, three deep, of casks, standing stolid in rank and file, cold in exterior, but their heart-blood warm as

that of your grave Englishman. There they are, of all degrees of ripeness, and of all ages, from the green wine of last year, mere white sap, to the thirty-year old wine, fit drink for heroes, statesmen, and poets. They are all silent; there is no buzz of fermentation, no sign of the prisoned life within. A few chalk scratches indicate to experienced eyes their respective grades of age and merit. How can we tell the stripling of last summer from the veteran who has mellowed through twenty summers? We shall soon see. Our foreign eyes are soon to be opened. The witch oil is to be rubbed on our eyes; we shall look round and awake in another country. We shall be like Thomas the Rhymer, who fell asleep at Ercildoune and awoke in Fairyland.

There is something judicial, far-seeing, and thoughtfully benignant in the eye of Don Sanchez as he ejaculates in a low voice to Pedro,

“Toma!” (take), and he holds out the expectant glass.

In an instant Pedro lunges at a ten-year old cask, and whips the golden liquor into the glass. He hands it to me, and dashes out half a glass to wash it first, to prevent any extraneous chill, or taste of the last water the glass was cleansed with. I toss it off and shake my head. I do not want to commit myself.

“Toma!” Fifteen years.

The next glassful is flung away with regal recklessness to wash out the fifteen-year old.

I smack my lips and look thoughtful.

“Toma,” again. Another sip; twenty years.

I hold up the glass and smile. I think that a safe game.

“But these are poor wines,” says Sanchez. “Not yet cooked for the London market.”

I nod to express that I know all about that. There was no taking me in.

Pedro smiles inside the extinguisher. I am afraid he sees through me.

Old tasters only sip the first glasses, for the old wines are shown last.

Five-and-twenty years.

Not to be done, I sip and hand it back to Pedro, who slips it back into the cask. This is too “curious” a wine to be thrown away. I almost wish I had drunk it.

Thirty years.

I am safe now, and I assert that this is a very full-bodied, nutty wine, with a rich aroma and a wonderful bouquet.

"It is our best Amontillado; but, as you see, pale—a faint straw-color. It is one of what we call our mother wines, with which we flavor and strengthen less favored vintages. Pe-martin, nor Dominique, nor even Garvey, nor Duff-Gordon, could beat that. It is Xeres wine, rich and pure. Pedro, fetch the doctor!"

"The doctor!" Was he afraid I should suddenly lapse into dangerous inebriety? I need not be alarmed. Pedro brings the doctor in a moment in the shape of a glassful of rich, treacly-looking liquid, like Tent.

This is our boiled wine, which we employ for coloring. We do not use burnt sugar or any chemical infusion, and very rarely brandy. We do not use chemical means to obtain 'pale sherries,' for sherries are naturally pale. The doctor sweetens, colors, and gives body. The English palate would not like our thin, raw, weak sherry; and we can not drink your sherry, except as a liqueur after dinner, just as you take brandy after goose or plum-pudding."

I don't know what I did next, but I remember seeing a variety of different yellow colors, varying from straw to citron, luminous saffron, and deep orange: some thin, sharp-witted, and dry; others thick and fiery; some oily and sweet; others brown-red and nectareous. There was the chamomile flavor and the dry bitter; the aromatic and the musky. I learned to turn the wine-glasses into hour-glasses, and to decide which was the oiliest wine by watching the last drops race in two rival glasses. There was wine I could have written epigrams on, and wines that would have driven me to the grandest epic failures.

Don Sanchez, who considers my quotation of Falstaff's praise of sack "decidedly clever," proposes a cigar and a bottle of Hock in the cool marble-paved hall.

Seated in rocking-chairs, softly cushioned, Pedro places before us two long green bottles of the Rhineland wine, some tolosas (or sugar-cakes), and some fragrant Havanas. "But," says Don Sanchez, diving into a side-pocket of his white linen jacket, "you must first try one of the cigars from my own petaca"

(cigar-case made of colored aloe thread). "You know the prime of our Cadiz youth go as merchants to Havana, which is Spain's Hesperides. We, as old schoolfellows, keep up correspondence, and now and then exchange the best Spanish wine for the best Havana cigars. 'Spare no expense,' I say, 'but send me over the very best.' Here they are."

"Their age?"

"They do no good after one year. Then a cigar is in its prime. The sea-voyage mellows them as it does our sherry. They are expensive. Even at first price, and without any profit going to my friends, they cost me fourpence each. Judge what your London cigars must be."

"How many cigars does a tobacco debauchee smoke per day?"

"At the most, a dozen. This is my seventh. This is the second time this has been lit. I see, you stare; you English throw away a cigar after a few puffs, like the Dutch epicure, who said that, after two glasses, the bloom was off the bottle, and called for another. A Spanish smoker thinks, on the contrary, what you call rancidness is flavor, and likes a re-lit cigar. Shall I roll you a cigarette just as he does? Remember the *pecho*, or last burning puff of a cigarette, when the bit of paper all but scorches your lip."

"Do ladies smoke here?"

"No; it is thought a vice, like drinking, for women; and the few who do it do it by stealth. Try a cheroot?"

I took one.

"Excuse me—be a Spaniard for once. Never light a cheroot at the large end, but at the small; do not hold it between your teeth, but between your lips. To epicures these small things are important."

Our episodic discourse then fell upon cigarettes. The Don assured me that paper cigars were introduced partly from their cheapness, partly for their cleanliness and suitability for smoking at odd moments when there was no time for a cigar—at church-doors, for instance; before going into mass; in the market, over a bargain; at lunch, over a "nip" of *aguardiente* flavored with aniseed; or between the acts of a sword-and-cloak comedy.

Then we drove back to the old high-road, and got again on

wines. Did I remember the glass from the Saint Barbara cask, just after the brown-gold one in the Saint Antonio? That was real Amontillado. What was Amontillado? Where did it grow? Bless me! why, nowhere. It was an accidental quality, discovered by tasting. It had an almondy, dry, bitter flavor, which rendered it of rare value to mix, because I must clearly understand (and it was only fair to tell me) that English sherry was a chemical compound, made, like a French side dish, of many ingredients, and of various ages and qualities of wines.

In Xeres there were five hundred thousand arrobas of wine—thirty of which went to a bota (butt)—made annually. This made thirty-four thousand butts, nine thousand of which were of first quality. Sherry is too strong and too dear for Spaniards, and too feverish for the climate. The best is, in Xeres, a dollar a bottle. The best in the bodega is worth from fifty to eighty guineas a butt; and, after insurance, freight, and the sale charges, it stands the importer in from one hundred to one hundred and thirty guineas before it reaches his cellar (say) in Belgrave Square.

“How many gallons to the butt, Don Sanchez?”

“About one hundred and twelve. This will bottle into about fifty-two dozen, and the duty is five shillings and sixpence the gallon. So you may form your own opinion about cheap London sherries, which are, generally, very ‘curious’ indeed—mere doctors’ draughts, in fact, made up according to certain swindling prescriptions.”

Here was a blow for my old friend Binns, who opens a bottle of forty-eight shilling sherry with the air of an antiquarian unswathing a mummy Pharaoh. Thought I, the next time the deluded man points to the oily stickiness of his glass, I will leap up, seize him by the white cravat, and say in a hollow voice,

“Binns, you are the victim of a life-long delusion; that stuff you drink you think is the juice of Spanish grapes, plucked by men playing guitars and smoking cigars; you call it, in poetical moments, bottled sunlight, sunfire, and so on—bah!” (after the manner of Napoleon): “it is only a chemical compound, made up of drugs and infusions, like Daffy’s elixir or James’s powder. It is cooked up with boiled, treacly wine, and

brandy. It is a compound mixed from a dozen barrels, and made to order for a particular market. If the vines of Xeres grew till they got black in the face, Binns, they could not yield wine like your forty-eight shilling sherry."

The Don laughed, and said that certainly the sherry wine district was very small—not more than twelve miles square; therefore it could not yield honest wine enough even for half London. The sherry grape grew only on certain low, chalky hills, where the earth, being light-colored, is not so much burned—did not chap and split so much by the sun, as darker and heavier soils do. A mile beyond these hills the grapes deteriorate. The older the plants the better, but the fewer the grapes.

There was something serenely contemplative in Sanchez as he discussed with fatherly affection tin extinguishers full of Pedro Ximenes and the wine of Pajara, or the rare grape fluid grown at Mr. Dorney's pleasant villa of Maclarnudo, which Pedro tossed out in a legerdemain style, that reminded me of a conjuror's trick. We rocked and sipped in the cool, quiet hall, where the perpetual fountain measured itself out like a Danaid's bottle ever decanting. Heat and glare were fenced out; we were cool and shaded by the green arches of the ribbed banana-leaves that tossed themselves over our head. The cicadas outside on the aloes and dusty olive-trees spun and sung in a sharp, shrill drone, like the buzz of a spinning-wheel, or as if they were chafed by the sun. A pecked locust shuffled about in the dust at the door. The only restless life near us was a chameleon in a small cane cage. Oh! what a monster that was! mixture of toad and lizard, with rough, spiked, brown skin, and large head like a perch. If you pushed it, it opened its fleshy red mouth, and hissed in impotent rage. Its eye projected from the head in a small cone of leathery skin, which came to a point, and was generally closed like a telescope out of use, but sometimes slid back like the lid of a night-glass, and disclosed a shining and revolving bead, maliciously dull, yet twinkling with a certain latent mischief and spite, like the eye of a dwarf eunuch. Sanchez tried to make it change color by wrapping it in a crimson silk handkerchief; but, like a restive "phenomenon," it would not go through that performance.

"It is an idle, quiet life," said Sanchez, filling my glass and dismissing Pedro, who had work to do in the cooperage, "with its measured occupations and siesta-sleep at noon. First thing after breakfast, I mount the Arab stallion you shall presently see, and ride out to my farm and vineyards. The way out to it lies up the Street of the Idols. I look at the men, give directions, and return. Then comes siesta and dinner; in the evening, music with my sisters, cards, or a read at the Casino, and bed. Sometimes I ride out to Port Saint Mary and bathe. I am fond of pictures, and play sometimes at billiards."

I asked about the laborers—if they worked hard.

No. They had a respite, for a cigarette, once an hour. Had two hours for dinner, so that they might sleep.

Here he clapped his hands, as people do in the Arabian Nights, and Pedro appeared, like one of Aladdin's afrites when he rubbed his ring. At a signal (Sanchez was too lazy to speak) Pedro reappeared with a large Moorish water-jar, so cool and porous that its stony surface was covered with a thick pearl-dew. A mysterious case accompanied it, which was so small that it seemed a sort of page to the big bottle.

"Toma, amigo mio," said Sanchez. "This is our home-made Spanish brandy; take care! it is strong."

Strong! it flew through my blood like electric fire. It seemed to scorch my lips; it made my eyes water; and all with a spoonful.

"There," said Sanchez, "that's what we could make, if there was a demand for it. We could easily give it more flavor; indeed, I have no doubt that we could even rival the French Champagne by using unripe grapes with the dew on them."

I felt glad, for a moment, to put into such a quiet haven as this, far away from those ceaseless cries of "A-gooa," shouted like insults, and that ceaseless patter and stumble of fruit and charcoal mules, cheered along with the unintermitting "A-r-r-r-è, A-r-r-r-è," and the sound thwack of cork-sticks. Here I was far from the screams of green and crimson parquets in glistening gilded balconies; out of ear-shot of castanet rattle and guitar twang; decanting, with thoughtful pleasure, a glass of scented vine-juice from the choicest Hock district of the Rhineland. A tree, with the beautiful name of "the Danc-

ing Shade," moved timidly at the grated window, where grapes hung, and terra-cotta pomegranates poised and swayed. For a moment I thought, Happy is the man who can give his life to the noble object of concocting wines. I fell into a reverie, and when I turned Don Sanchez gave a start, and made me a low bow worthy of the Don of Dons himself.

"I am afraid," he said, "I was what Spanish wits call 'fishing,' that is, nodding like old gentlemen after dinner. The steady burning of a Xeres noon-day is too much for any one. In a stand-up fight it beats down all pluck and resolve, except when one is just fresh from leaving England, the real country for the utmost strain of bodily and intellectual exertion, and where, with all its faults, as Charles the Third, one of your kings, said" (Sanchez had grown quite a Spaniard), "there were more days really available for exercise than in any other country. Come, and let us go over the house."

So up the broad marble stairs we went, and into the long, richly-furnished rooms, crimson-cushioned like the divan of the Sultan Shalabala of fairy-book celebrity; the walls not hung, but hidden with a patchwork of indifferent pictures—poor family portraits of a livid and carrion color; for art is very low in Spain: extravagant effects of light; views of trees in a liquorice fog; and a few Damon and Phyllis scenes, that seemed all in a blue mould, so livid was their simpering gayety. Still, in spite of El Tío Tom (Uncle Tom), that lay in state on a loo-table, and in spite of illuminated books of devotion, Pickwick, and some books of seguidillas, the deserted rooms, though the sunshine did pour in hot and strong, were rather deathly and melancholy. The piano, covered up with brown holland, looked like a large sarcophagus, and the pictures had a painful, hopeless way of lifting up and down with a flap when we opened the white and gold doors. I never saw such a hospital of art, I think, before, not even at the London Pantheon. There were the works of the great imitated with every fault exaggerated: blustering vulgar Salvator Rosas; invisibly black Poussins; expressionless Raphaels; simpering Murillos; loathsome Brauwers; meretricious Greuzes. There was only one beautiful thought in all this menagerie of art, and that shone out like a star. It was a head of Christ, with a pitying angel's hand removing the crown of thorns; but never did i

see the sorrowing forgiveness of a martyr shine out of such suffering, saintly eyes. It was only a sketch, however, perhaps thrown off by Guido to pay some gambling debt.

Again we went down in the court and chatted.

I am lost in admiration of the quiet, sleepy orientalism of this scene, and listen, with half-shut eyes, to the quiet, hopeful prophecies of Spain's future that Don Sanchez is enunciating; the splashing fountain—his pleasant chorus—running on in a gay, rippling treble; a clock in the adjacent dining-room rings out the hour with such a silvery clearness that every stroke seems to puncture me as with a fine gold needle, rousing, but leaving no wound.

I leap up, nearly upsetting the green hock-bottles, and so startling the usually imperturbable Don Sanchez that he drops his cigar.

"I shall lose the train," I said, chafing to depart.

"Wait till mañana," said the dilatory Spaniard, who never hurried.

Was he sure the train went at thirty minutes past four?

"Che sabè? (Who knows?) Antonio, look at the train-bill." Oh! the idle Moor!

No, I had still ten minutes to waste.

"O jalah," said the Moor; "would it were forty. Come, look at my Arab—Maugraby."

We went through groves of oranges and spice-smelling bushes; past kitchen gratings that smelled vociferously of garlic, to the stable where Maugraby, branded on the right flank in large scorched letters, S. M., churned and fretted. Its large liquid eyes turned toward us as we entered; and, as I said "Ajour" (the Spanish-Moorish adieu), looked almost sadly, as I thought, at me.

I just saved the train, and rushed back in a white cloud to Cadiz, thinking of what the Don had told me, as a fervent Catholic and from long experience, that there were signs of awakening in Spain. Education was increasing; indeed, more children, taking the percentage, were educated in Spain than England. There were hopes of constitutional government. The dry bones began to stir and come together. The great country that had once ruled the world, that kept one armed foot in Flanders, another in Germany, while she held America

in her arms, and threatened Africa with her glance, may again revive, and stand like a freeman among the nations.

The train stopped. "Cadiz!" cried a voice at my elbow; I looked up, and saw again the "Silver plate," as the sea-washed city is called, bright and happy, before me, with the yellow dome of its Cathedral, its colored walls, and watch-tower miradores.

As I passed down the Delicias toward the Alameda and Blanco's Hotel, the lamplighters were beginning to flit about with their ladders and lighted linstocks. The great sentinel palm-trees at either side of the Delicias steps were cutting their dark and drooping shades against the rose, and orange, and pale emeraldine chrysolite of evening. The strange, husky-banded stems were dark as ebony pillars. The Ave Maria was over, but the love-making and fan-signaling had only just begun. There was Guzman, pretending to fan Inez, and Lola signaling to Perez; as for old Pedro, he was enjoying the fresco, quite unaware how near that scapegrace Juan was to his pretty niece Caterina.

On the low stone benches with iron backs that faced the public walk there was a great gathering of honest, portly burghesses, with their graceful daughters; jovial priests, with their long rolled hats; and lively, proverb-quoting majos, with the cups of their caps full of spare cigarettes. It was pleasant, strolling there on the Cadiz Alameda, under the dusty, burnt-up acacias, and in the purple hush of the evening, to hear the surf far away out beating against the Puercas (hogback) reefs.

I do not particularly recollect getting into bed, but I know I dozed uneasily to the chorus of a clump of mosquitoes, who were all repeating, like the ghosts of so many Master Bettys, that great eulogium of sack which Don Sanchez had patronizingly pronounced as "decidedly clever."

"A good sherris sack hath a twofold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain, dries me there all the dull and crudy vapors which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes, which, delivered over to the voice, become excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is the warming of the blood, which, before cold and settled, leaves the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice; but the

sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illumineth the face," etc.

Here I fell asleep soundly.

CHAPTER V.

SPANISH DINNERS.

It may be interesting to uneasy philologists to know that Ham settled in Spain. It was the splendor of the pork brought that great patriarch to Spain—at least, so the great Himmelenbogen thinks. *Vide chapter thirty, section ten, Leipsic edition, 1604.*

A certain dead traveler, speaking (when alive) of Estremadura, the country of aromatic sheep-walks and acorn-eating swineherds, where the locust is indigenous, and in summer the air is musical with the soft cooing of the Barbary pigeon, says, with epicurean exultation, "Montanches (Snakes Cliff), snug in its saucer of hills, is the capital of the pork world." You approach the place by an old Roman road covered with cistuses and with huge trees growing out of the pavement, that leads from Merida to Salamanca, and is marked by Roman milestone columns. The Duke de Arcos used to feed his pigs here on vipers, on which they marvelously fattened. Here the Duke de Saint Simon, that king of memoir-writing, ate and praised the little vermilion hams, with the admirable perfume, and the *goût* so exquisite and so refreshing. The fat is like melted to-paz. The flavor defies language. The Montanches hams surpass the sweet ham of the Alpujarras, the bacon of Galicia, and the chorizos of Pique. Now the fact is, the Spaniards, being spare livers and rough travelers, like bacon as a traveling portable food. It suits the burning climate because it will keep, and is always ready to be cooked. It ranks with the salt codfish as a national food. They bring you bacon in the Alpujarras that is scarcely pickled at all, but preserved by hanging up in the snow—a kind of food the traveler will probably remember when the kiln-like scorched mountains and purple defiles are forgotten; for the human stomach has a fine memory. I myself have forgotten a thousand acts and looks

that I should have printed and burned in on the red-leaved tablets of my heart, but shall I ever forget the tender pink of those thin ham slices Dolores cut for me at the Alhama inn, after my hard day's riding, when I dreaded they would slit up some old pack-saddle, fry it in black grease, and call it bacon? Shall I ever forget the curdy snow whiteness of the outside fat, and the soft cream color of its inner shadings? In the midst of the hard fare of Spain, how it made me long for the flesh-pots of the Club kitchen, how it made my eyes water, recalling to me in a dream that night one of those unctuous London eating-houses, where a greasy steam trickles ever oozily down the window-glass, where the soup-vapor gushing up the grating is strong enough to feed a Yorkshire school with, and where the curious eye, looking through the door, distinguishes a comely buxom maiden armed with a perfect cimeter of a knife, who must be Judith, and a huge sultan of a man in white, with a conical night-cap on, who must be the fat Holofernes, on whom Judith is about to operate, though she is at present only experimenting horizontally on a quivering round of beef. I awoke the next morning hungry from that sumptuous and stimulating dream, but I never saw that ham again: not to me, wanderer from the far west (W. C. district of the metropolis), was it any more given with fond eyes to see that precious and only too transitorily beheld ham. My breakfast was a light and inadequate one of a butterless roll and four unripe prickly pears. If at that moment I could have met with one of those "Bath chaps" they advertise in London windows, it would have been the worse for that chap. I rode off lighting a cigar and parodying Tom Moore, "I never loved a tender ham," etc. That ham and I were separated never to meet again. I always pitied the Moors because they never could eat ham or drink sherry, the two best things Spain, that lost country, the dunghill of dead greatness, produces, and which, while the Cid and the great Captain, Columbus and Isabella, Quevedo and Cervantes, Calderon and De Vega, have passed into road-dust, alone remain unchanged and unchangeable—objects for gastronomic pilgrimage.

If ever I undertook, what I think some day of undertaking, an epicure's journey in search of pictures and dinners, I will first go to Dunstable for its huge larks, and to York for its

clotted snow cheeses; to Finnan for its haddocks, and Penzance for its pilchards; to Cheddar's rocky pass for its curdy cheese; to the South Downs for their ortolans; to Jersey for its conger-eel soup, and to Whitstable for its pulpy oysters, delicious as those that the old Roman used to call "the Ears of Venus," and which were found in the blue bay of Naples, the mirror of that goddess.

The pomegranate salads of Spain I did not taste, and much do I regret it; but I must say that, though the red-cored pippy fruit may throw a pleasant acid halo about the shred lettuce blandly luminous with golden oil, the fruit itself is a most ugly and disappointing thing in real life. I remembered how the Arab poets used to liken the mouths of their Oneizas and Leilahs, when the white teeth showed between their vermilion lips, to the seeds of a chapped pomegranate. Directly I got into a Spanish market-place I ransacked every stall for this precious vegetable, which seemed to hide from me behind the fiery orange heaps of tomatoes. I was helped by my kind young subaltern friends, Driver and Spanker, now on furlough from Gib—brave young spirits, always ready to shed their blood or drink beer for their country's honor.

Suddenly ceasing to sing, the sly trader passes his hand with juggler quickness over the different compartments of his stall, repeating the name of each fruit. I start as he touches one very unpromising lot, which stands next to the green figs, and cries, "Pomegranates of the first excellence, Caballeros"—nasty earthy round fruit, not unlike the hand-grenade, to which they gave the name, with a rind like an unpolished shell or the half-baked crust of a doughy meat pie. You split them, and discover nothing but white bean-like seeds set in a red pulpy flesh of a pleasant sour taste: so much for the metaphor of the Arab poets. It must be a very burning country to make one take much pleasure in so deceptive and unsatisfying a fruit. What! can this be the fruit of the red-blossomed tree, with the glossy leaf? No; this is only our old friend, the disappointing apple of Sodom, made so much of by the poets as a symbol of whited sepulchres.

And now, as I have begun, capriciously enough, with the dessert of the Spanish dinner, let us discuss the figs, having first scooped out the sour, red fleshy seeds of the pomegranate,

and thrown them on the dunghill of contempt, to use a true Oriental form of speech. Now there are the green figs and the purple figs. The green fig is a little shriveled green bag of a fruit, looking like the bladders from which the old artists squeezed their colors. Eaten with the early dew on it, it is a thing to remember; and many a morning have I strolled down the rough street leading to a Spanish market-place, taking side-looks, as I passed, in at morning masses, where the incense was breaking out in gusts of ambrosial fragrance, sweet as the meadows of Asphodel, that it was given to our blind poet to see and sing of. There they are, like so many bloated green gages, side by side with their darker-blooded Moorish kinsmen, who wear the royal purple—a purple a little ashy, and cold as of dulled unpolished porphyry. But such bags of cloying sweetness! For all that, you soon fall from them satiated, and long for the sour stimulus of a juicier and keener fruit. As for the melons, they melt to golden liquid directly your lips close on them, and you bless the lush plains of Valencia, where all the best melons of Spain come from. The melon always seemed to me a sort of lotus fruit, moulded out of consolidated sunshine—iced sunshine; for it is endowed with a concentrated cool sweetness that makes a pine-apple a mere baked potato beside it. I always used to wonder, when I saw a brawny, bare-chested mendicant squatted down at a church porch, just outside the greasy, heavy leather curtain, and within ear-reach of the great pulse of the organ that jars the choir, and makes even the vast stone columns answer with a ghostly echo of Amen—to see, I say, this brown tough beggar, with his round head close shaved, as the Andaluçians are used on account of the heat, dining with supreme content off a mere pink section of melon as large as the bottom of your hat. Here is a dog, who could pull a bull down by the horns, drive his knife through a three-inch plank, yet he nourishes his “robur” and stamina on half a pink melon, brought from that moist province, where the mocking proverb says, “The trees are grass, the earth water, the men women, and the women—nothing.” Yet on that, or bread dipped in a cow’s horn of oil, and another of vinegar spiced up with hot green pepper, garlic, and salt, that dog will toil all day long in the Castle of Solomon copper-mine in the Cabeza Colorada, where the stalac-

tites are emerald and amethyst; will sweat at the olive-press or the grape-crushing, and wander home at night, not pale, fretful, and collapsed, but merry and gay, ready to go mad at the distant tinkle of a guitar, and to beat his hands sore keeping staccato time to the Cadiz cachuca. I, who only yesterday saw an Englishman double up and pack on his fork for one calm mouthful about four square inches of red roast beef, think we lay far too much stress on the necessity of heavy eating. The Arab, on his rice diet, scourged the shrinking world. The Roman soldier, on his sour wine and vinegared bread, mapped out Europe with his roads. Perhaps to produce unlimited cotton prints a beef diet is indispensable, but for what else?

The Spaniard who wears the Moorish turban still or its effigy—who carries the Moorish javelin turned to a stick—who lives in Moorish court-yards—who uses Moorish words, blessings, and curses—who covers his streets with Moorish awnings—who uses the Moorish boat, and hunts bulls like the Moors used to, lives still on the rough food of that Roman soldier—the bread soaked in oil and vinegar, the bread salad, so refreshing and healthy in a burning climate, where the oil stands for the most ethereal fat you can feed the stomach flame with, and vinegar for the destroyer of thirst and purifier of the blood.

Beware, O traveler in Spain, of your unbridled English appetite—cut not those stewed quails, that smell so of garlic—dismiss untouched those gravel-walked white-fish—return that brown pad of steak, with the crisp potato wafer, and the savory, brown, bubbly gravy—all of which, with certain cameo pats of butter, oval white rolls, crackly toast, coffee, etc., Don Hieronymo, your landlord, expects you to eat for breakfast on this baking morning, in the great city of nuts—Barcelona.

You awoke, say an hour ago, with the hot air puffing in at your glass door of a window, fanning the mosquito curtains of your bed that cage you in, and calling you in a hot, angry whisper to rise, “or be forever fallen.” Just as you turn in the hot trough of your bed, the clump of your boots on the red-tiled floor outside your bedroom decides you to get up with a sudden stoic spring and somersault, thinking of the old sea proverb, “The man who is always wanting to turn in will never turn out any thing.”

The cold floor against your feet acts as a tonic, and drives you to fresh stoicisms with cold water, for which you mentally applaud yourself. You dress, and go down to the breakfast-room, stopping half way down stairs to read the following card nailed against the wall :

“VICKETT HOTEL OF TANGIERS.

“Travelers will find excellent accommodation and cookery. The guides and the dogs for the sportsmen.”

Pepys' Tangier! Tangiers that we got in dowry for Charles the Second with Katherine of Braganza. I must go there. As I say this I button up my coat to express determination, and suddenly look up and find a waiter watching me, who, seeing me, smiles, and calls out, “All raité—all raité. I know Inglis—the room of the breakfast—primo al derecho—furst to ze raité. Good-evening, señor. All raité, señor.”

You reach “the room of the breakfast,” and find a large, bare square hall, with enormous windows opening from roof to floor, and leading to a balcony. Pleasant sounds and cries steam up to you from the street—pleasant sounds because new sounds—voices that lull and soothe you with new hopes, and numb and silence the ceaseless clamor of the old worm in the heart core—the worm that never dies. There are cries of water-sellers and fruit-sellers—of boys with fire for cigar-smokers, and of the jangling tin box of itinerant mendicants—strings of donkeys, of course, careering horses, a church procession, an eleemosynary guitar, some street-jugglers that would be hissed in Southampton Street, and some stormy, gusty drums belonging to the shining steel bayonets, whose tops I can just see. Above all a great Titian sky, billowed with foam-white clouds, *voilà la scène*.

It is early yet. Still there have been, I should say, from the table, half a dozen breakfasts already. You can tell this by the dashes of raspberry-vinegar-looking wine in the tumblers, the glasses of water, the broken rolls, the dorsal bones, like arrow-plumes, of the whittings, the crusted brown water-mark lines in the chocolate cups, the golden green grape-skins, the testamentary melon-rinds with the aforementioned Arabic inscriptions all over them, left for future vegetarian Layards.

Presently, my breakfast—the one I described (do not be afraid, I am not going to describe it again), comes in. A di-

vine power of appetite comes to me. I do not follow my own advice. I decapitate eggs with what apoplectic effects I will presently relate. I gash the steaks as if they were cut from enemies I had slain in battle. I anatomize the fish. I toss off the coffee. I part the rolls. I smile round me benignly, and feel happy. "Heart full and eyes full—bad," says the proverb; "but head full and stomach full—good, good:" and now, having laid sure foundations for a long day's work, and filled the hopper with material for all hands to go on with (I keep no cats that do not catch mice, and for idle stomachs or idle hands Satan still finds work in fretting or backbiting, if not in stealing), I prepare for the playful dessert that always concludes a Spanish breakfast. I turn to the great central altar of an epergne that, decorated with flowers, gives the table rather an operatic character. I toy with a fig or two—trifle and unstring a bunch of grapes. I peel a melting slice of melon, and, lastly, following the national custom—very refreshing and anti-feverish it is—I drink two tumblers of sparkling water, just blushed with wine, large inky decanters of which stand on the table. I had done, I felt, what the Reverend Mr. England expected every one to do—his duty—his Sunday duty.

All breakfast time I had been watching Fortywinks, the great traveler, who, with sanguineous face, sat opposite to me, plunging into Spanish conversations, and performing in them wonderful feats of agility by leaping from one language to another. I delighted to listen to the contrast of the sharp, clear-cut Castilian with the soft, gliding, kissing, lover-like Andalusian. I never quite settled that *th* question. At Toledo they laugh at you if you say Saragossa: they call it Tharagotha. Yet at Seville they quiz you for saying Granada when it should be Granatha; at Malaga again I got soundly rated for calling Andaluz Andaluth, when I should have said Andaluze; but then the correction came to me as I was walking between two Spanish ladies, and the scorn came from such rosy lips, the contempt from such twilight eyes, the critical laughter from such coral caves, that I could have wished to have had a week of such pretty scolding; and as I walked up and down in that summer dusk along the crowded parade, within sound of the sea, that seemed to murmur solos and dirgeful themes between the hurricane tornadoes of the band, as I walked in an endless

ebb and flow of priests, officers, and nun-like ladies in black, under the lamp-lit trees, where the water-seller plied his innocent trade, and the very peasants, in their hussar-jackets, shirt-sleeves, and close-cropped heads, were grave, courteous, and sedate, I fancied myself in a quiet side-walk of the Elysian Fields, walking between Dante's Beatrice and Shakspeare's Rosalind—those blessed queens of the world's dream-women.

But let me get to the fatal symptoms of that apoplectic breakfast. Shall I ever forget that numbing sleep that came over me within an hour; that dreadful lotus-eating indifference to labor; that tendency to look for a sofa and to go into a hot, steaming sleep which seemed the precursor of a fever; that pinching at my liver; that full-blooded face; that thirst and reptile torpidity; that terrible conviction that I had made a mistake, and had better have breakfasted off a mere slice of melon, a roll, and a cup of fat brown chocolate-paste. I never sinned again, however, and Apoplexy left me to go and throttle a fat canon in the next street, which served him (the canon) right.

But I must get on to dinner—Spanish dinner, a thing as peculiarly national as liquorice, oranges, or garlic. As for lunch (*lonch*, as they call it), it is a mere social accident, not an institution at all; it is just an impromptu affair of rolls and butter, grapes, and melon, eaten with wine-and-water interludes in a room closely blinded up as if the landlord were just dead. But dinner—dinner—is “something like,” as Spanker used to say.

I am in that Fonda Londres (Seville), in the Plaza Infanta, half an hour before the mesa redonda (table d'hôte) begins; the hour being five, you may easily guess what the half hour was. I am off after dinner to see the house of Pontius Pilate, then to the government pottery, and then to the cannon foundry, so have ordered horses to the door at six, and am waiting for my bill, which I want to scan over.

“Notta” they call the bill, and a notable bill it is. The waiter brings it on a tray, the charges are so heavy. It is one yard long, imperial measure.

“Let me overhaul it,” says Spanker, who prides himself on his complete knowledge of the Spanish language. “I'll knock some of it off. They won't do me. I know a thing or two.

I'm too much for them. They've got a rummy customer to deal with in Spanker of the Buffs."

I handed it.

"'Labandera'—lavender. Oh, that's washing—'sixteen reals.'

"'Pollo'—That's chicken—'eight reals.'

"'Pan'—By Jove, what's Pan to do with it? Oh yes, bread; yes, yes—'one real.' I say, old man, send some one to my digging for my dictionary. What the d—l do they mean by 'cuarto-cuarto.' Four? Oh no. I see. 'Room, sixteen reals.' That's too much.

"'Two amontillados, twenty-eight reals.' That's sticking it in, rather; but let it go!

"'Twelve cigarros, eighteen reals.'

"'Two convidadas comer'—two fellows to grub: that's me and Driver—'twenty-four reals.' Knock four off that.

"'One something roto.' What's roto? Oh, roast. Ah! so it is, roast. Yes, of course, roast. 'One roast vaso'—whatever that may be—'five reals': too much.

"'Caballos and horses'—Caballos is horses—'three hundred and twenty reals.' By George! Oh, yes, that's for your two days' ride.

"'Almuerzo'—breakfast—'eight reals.' Why, that's more than the Fonda Minerva at Granada."

"Fonda Minerva" smiled the waiter, "I know Casa, Numero 40. Carrera de Genil, Acera de Darro, Gomez de Brigand."

"Exactly," said Spanker; "right as a guide-book. But who asked you to clap your oar in, old fellow? Shut up!" (voice of thunder.) Waiter dropped the tray on my toes.

"'One botella Xeres, fifteen reals.' Oh, it's all right enough. Put pago (*paid*), waiter; one can not bother all day about the cursed items."

Till dinner came I and Spanker amused ourselves by smoking at the door, or on one of those low stone seats, with iron backs, that, interspersed with orange-trees and iron lamp-trees, parade round the square. Behind us lay the hotel, with all its windows gasping open, and its green side-blinds lying back against the wall.

"Just look," says Spanker, exhibiting a card, "what an infernal rascal, named Tomas Rodriguez, who calls himself in-

terpreter to the hotel, has just put in my hand: 'List of curiosities in the City of Seville Cathedral, percussion-cap factory, mint, pottery.' Here's a jumble. What do I care for percussion caps, or mints, or potteries? I swore yesterday I would not go into any more cathedrals, or look at another picture. If a man has his weed and his horse—but I say, old man, what are you going to do to-night?"

"Look here," I said, taking up the little paper—The Voice of Liberty—"here is a baile (ball) to-night at Don Manuel de la Berreràs at half past nine; entrance fifteen reals. There are to be dances of society of the nation. It is in the elegant saloon."

"Elegant saloon! I know it—Gammonio! Tarifa Street."

"All the best boleras are to be there, and several gipsies and cantadores of the highest fame, and Don Manuel has spared no time or sacrifice in order that the dances shall be executed with the proper splendor and brilliancy."

"Old rogue! He used to keep the Hotel Central, Caes de Sodre, Lisbon, in that little sea-side square, where the dial and the pimento-trees are. Didn't he stick it in for pale ale? ask Driver when we get to Gib."

"A curious people this," said I, pointing to an advertisement in the paper, headed by a black cross, and the letters R.I.P.A. "Don —, public scrivener, his sons Don Francisco, Don Juan, Don Manuel, and Don Carlos, sons of the said Don Pedro de la Torre, beg that those who have not yet received notes will assist at the funeral, which, for the eternal rest of Don Pedro's soul, will be celebrated to-morrow (Sunday), at eight and a half in the morning, in the parish of St. John the Baptist, of the Palm, from whence the body will be carried to the public cemetery of San Fernando, for which favor they will remain indebted. Street of the Holy Spirit, Numero 20."

"Shall we go and help bury the old bloke?"

"What, at half past eight in the morning? Catch me! Lieutenant Spanker up in the morning's no for me. The man who stirs early, Tom Hood said, 'was a spoon!'"

"Devilish good of Hood. Was that Hood who tied such a good cloth—fellar we used to call 'Pod' at Eton, because he was so podgy?"

"I think not. Well, but here, Spanker, is an advertisement

more in your way. 'The Society of Athletes and Acrobats, Bull Ring, Seville. Sunday. Weather permitting.'

"Sunday; that's wrong. But here they pull a man up if he reads the Bible."

"Illustrations: a fool with a jackass on his shoulders dancing on a very low tight rope."

"I can't swallow that, old fellow. Fact?"

"You observed in the funeral notice the deep religious tone of faith, and the curious mixtures of ceremonious address. It is the same here: 'Don Hieronymo de Villafranca thanks the illustrious and gallant population of the loyal and glorious city for their favors and promises.' All this, just hear it, reads like a country circus placard."

"Let me look over you," said Spanker; "I think you're humming me."

"'Brilliant symphonies by all the band. The Sylphs and the Satyr. Egyptian Pyramids. The Escapada reel, by the Miraculous Maiden, on the tight rope. The Giralda of Seville. The Carib Exercises. The Russian Mountain. Feats by the Youths of Barcelona. To end with the Two Minstrel Brothers, in which the Count de Foja, a town near Naples, will seek his lady, who is taken by the bandits, at the head of a troop of men disguised as tumblers. Open at three; commence at half past four. Seats, six reals.' Hallo! there's the waiter squalling to us for dinner."

Dinner is a solemn thing, with thirty heads at once in thirty soup plates; waiters, in pink and yellow jackets, skimming about like butterflies. Oxtail is being put out of sight. Vermicelli twines its white Medusa hair for me and Spanker. The table is gay with stands of fruit, flowers, and small dishes of almonds and ratafias, which a little attorney, who looks like a plump spider, ogles already ogreously. There is a curious superstition of putting the dishes for a moment on the table, and then removing them to be carved and distributed in rotation by the waiters. If you see the dissected chicken and water-cresses passing round to your next neighbor while you are still at your soup, tremble, for you will be the loser of this race. Every where round the table (as in other scenes of life nearer home) I see a dozen faces, gluttonously greedy, selfish, and rapacious, trying to look philosophically calm and unconcerned.

One would think that a large prize had been offered to the man who should first finish dinner, and yet not forget to taste every dish. Plain joint of my country, over-roasted by plain cook of my country, I despise ye. Here is a flower-bed of dishes. Stewed snails: I let them pass. Broccoli alone, in a sea of butter. I don't seem to see it; no more does Spanker, who is getting warm in the race, and would, if I did not stop him, madly call for Champagne, to be "in silver goblets quaffed," regardless of expense. Now tear by us, ducking in and out, the serried waiters, putting in for shelter to temporary bays. There is veal, in warm brown slices, lapped, fiery and deliciously, in tomato sauce. There is wild duck, with a fine savagery in its flavor. There is roast beef; and between duck and beef, a capricious mockery of sweet custard and burnt sugar. Then comes a partridge, and more fowl and more veal, just as if the cook, in an exhausted syncope of imagination, had given over invention, and, like our modern dramatists, began again with the A B C of his art. Now there is a rush, cautiously violent—like the rush of despairing sailors to the spirit-room—to the sweetmeats; a fierce, but playful dipping for lots into the ratafia dishes; then a wiping of beards and lips with wet napkins; a drawling and tossing back of chairs, and we are done, all but a group of three English bagsmen, defiantly at their ease, who have just come in, and, without bow or greeting, are beginning, *da capo*, at the soup.

Now all this dinner-time I have been trying to enlarge my knowledge of Spanish gestures. An Italian once told me that in five minutes with Signor Rossini he had observed him use forty-two gestures. Now I am sure the Spaniards have far more gestures than the Italians. Gesture is the telegraph language of a hot, lazy country; it expresses passions that language is too slow and inadequate for. The Spaniards call each other by a spitted-out hiss. They draw you to them by raising the open hand; they warn you by wagging the forefinger at their nose; they cross themselves to express surprise and astonishment. In parting, they do not tamely kiss the hand; they kiss the five fingers drawn to a bunch, and then spirt them out with a start and a laugh. They are a curious and an interesting people.

"Well," says Spanker, in his pleasant, frank way, as we

strolled together to the hotel door to look for the horses, "I think we have had a jolly good blow-out. Suppose, before you start, you come to my diggings, and have just a glass of sherry: it puts a fellow right. I am close by."

CHAPTER VI.

SPANISH HOTELS.

I LOOK out of my hotel window, in the Square of the Magdalen at Seville, and feel, in the fiery heat, that I have put my head in at a furnace door, so I push it back again behind the dim striped blue and red curtain, that I am all day furling and drawing, and tying down, to try and screen out my blinding enemy, the Spanish sun, that seems determined to reduce me to a Lot's-wife heap of gray ash just as I have done my last cigar.

But, quick out and in as my head went, it was long enough to take a flying eye-shot down below, in the corner of the square, at the grand tinselled lemonade-stand that, night and day, stares at the hotel door. Can I believe my eyes? Why, the name of the proprietor, duly labeled in long, spindly, rickety yellow letters, is—no? yes! is Colon—(COLUMBUS). Columbus in the city where the tower still exists where his Indian gold was piled—where his son sleeps his last sleep. It does one good to see the great name even on a lemonade-stall, and I feel that I am indeed not in the modern Spain of great words and little deeds, but in the old Spain of great deeds and few words. I feel as one does when one sees a boy Shakspeare playing at marbles in Stratford-on-Avon, or as when I first recognized the name of Quixote over a butcher's shop in a back street in Barcelona. I felt inclined, if it had not been so scorching hot, to have braved a sun-stroke, rushed out, embraced Colon, and invited him in to tea in honor of his great name. On looking again, I found the great man's descendant decidedly oily of face and dirty of hand. As to discovering a new world, I do not think any thing but my hat full of shillings would have induced the lazy, loafing rascal to have walked ten times up and down the graveled square, benched round and treed round, with its little stone Magdalene weeping all day,

like a water-hour-glass, into the fountain's marble font. The stall of our friend Columbus was a wooden erection, painted red, green, and coarse yellow, with a pyramidal shelved stand of red bottles of sirup and orgeats; above them a tinselled daub of the Virgin. It was pleasant to see the complacent idleness with which all day Columbus sat behind the dirty table-cloth of his stall counter, rubbing his brass taps bright, or smearingly cleaning his glass tumblers. Now chattering lazily in his shirt-sleeves with a thirsty muleteer, whose beasts are trailing panniers of white gesso for building, or coolly sitting down with two or three of our pink-jacketed waiters, who, putting their heads together, read the Gazette, and rail at Orguloso Albion (proud Albion), being rank Afrancesados, occasionally smiling and winking in my direction, to indicate that I am one of the hated race who so much hindered the expulsion of the French from Spain. The donkeys give a battle snort, or practice their dreadful octaves down a distant street, as if chiding their lazy driver, and away he runs, with his short whip stuck in his greasy sash, that before now has bound up knife-wounds, and swabbed nasty stab-holes—away, in the Triano, or poor quarter, where the green shining jars and cream-colored pipkins, that Murillo liked to paint, are still made in such numbers, that the front of the hovels, near the bridge, seems a perfect Pharaoh's brick-kiln. Now from the pathway runs a mule-boy, and steals a hasty farthing's-worth of strange straw-colored drink. By-and-by a soldier drinks gravely a red glassful. O Columbus! didst thou discover a world, and yet left no copyright of it to thy truckling and degenerate kinsmen? Columbus a water-seller, Quixote a butcher, Cervantes a tailor, and Calderon keeping a brandy-shop! How are the mighty fallen!

But I only sketch Columbus, the water-seller, because he is just under my hotel window, and I want to describe my Seville hotel and some other such caravansaries, to show in what points they differ from the hotels of the country I grumble at, but allow no one else to. Say I am just here from unknown seas. I came up the Guadalquivir (the Arab river) in the boat with the grumbling English engineer aboard, the grimy hot man, who came up, like Zamiel, from the great subterranean fires, and volunteered objections to the whole navigation of the

muddy, flat-shored, extraordinary river. "There haint water enough to begin with," said the suffering man, wiping his streaming forehead with the black oil-rag he kept for special points of the machinery; "take the passengers again," said the martyr and noble exile, shaping his old course in a world that's new; "leastwise, they'd have blowed her up long ago if it was not for me," he added, and then dived below to take a part at all-fours. Then there was the dry, sour-faced waiter, who astonished me by suddenly proclaiming himself an Englishman, shrugging and smirking contemptuously to me at the Spaniards dining in the cabin, and relieving his mind by swearing at them in English, which offended nobody. What wonderful changes we passed through in that day's progress, from the cold, steaming dank fog at daybreak, that put the English engineer quite in spirits, he hating your (adjective) blue sky, to the intense violence of a heat that glared on us with a force reflected from the white sand-banks on the shore. On one bank-side of us stretched a forest of low, shelving stone-pines, green and tabular, under whose red shadowing wild boars were said to root and grunt; on the other, a barren plain, where the mirage sometimes mocks the eye, and where perennial fevers torture the half-naked herdsman, black-brown with the sun and cowering under his matted shed, watching the horsemen chase the cattle for the bull-ring through stormy clouds of circling dust, or smugglers riding contemptuously along the shore with bale and carbine. And now we pass some boys, sitting with their naked legs dangling over the low, chapped, baked-looking earth-banks, and hear them shout as we plow onward to Saint Lucar. Now we see a fellow driving horses round a ring trampling out wheat, and sturdy, savage-looking men throwing up grain in broad shovelfuls to the winnowing wind. Now the river splits and winds, so that the distant dim blue mountains seem now this side of us, now that. There is always some object of interest: now a group of Wouverman-looking horsemen on the shore; now a truant bull broken from the herd, and swimming across the strong tidal river, pursued by shouting mulattoes in boats. There is great ringing of bells as we touch at Saint Lucar, and take off a motley band of soldiers with yellow dirty jackets, raw leather powder-pouches, and hempen sandals, just covering the tips of their bruised and

naked toes; now a party of peasant women, hearty and chattering, bright in yellow and scarlet bodices and gold earrings, laden with cheap pictures of saints, their last new purchases at the town; now a hacienda bushed with orange-trees, a turnpike tower or two, old as the Moors, with spiked battlements; then the Torre d'oro (golden tower), and we are at Seville. It is nearly dark; we snort off our steam, and a dense phalanx of black turban-capped men board us, as we stretch great poles from the ship's side to keep us in deep water. The bank is of crumbling earth. We break through porters, touters, and cabmen, who all but tear us limb from limb, and mount a grand barouche, which is the Sevillian form of fly. The coachman is in livery, and a sort of brown-faced tiger tucks us up and shuts the door. We tear across the Rotten Row of Seville, jammed full of equipages parading slowly between young trees and lamps down the river-side—Alamedas or Delicias—and pass the great Cathedral, where, high up, round some saints' niches, votive lamps shine; tear down the Street of Oranges, across the new square, where the band plays, and reach the Hotel de Minerva. Bare-legged, sturdy porters, just like the hammels of Constantinople, with immense boxes, slung by ropes to tree-like poles passing across their shoulders, stagger past us, and now an Andaluçian buck, gay and hectoring, in his high and demi-peaked war-saddle, rides by on a horse trapped with netted and tasseled housings.

We get to the hotel, with its door ever open, its curtained windows, and smoking loungers. The landlord bows, rubs his hands, and reads the directions on our trunks, under pretense of directing the perspiring porter, who could carry Primrose Hill on his head if it only had handles to it, and who now, swinging off his charge, worries the cord-knots with his black teeth, smiles, and watches my purse. The landlord looks at a black square board, with figures painted on it, and cries out *siete* (seven), the number of my room. I give a look at the hall I am in, and approve the chirping kisses the water-drops keep giving each other in the central fountain, where the nosegays lie ready for the table d'hôte dinner to-morrow. I observe the great maps, that look like venous dissections framed, and give in my name for the police to the landlord, who now sits like Rhadamanthus at his book at the small side-table in the hall.

I look at the names of new arrivals written up at the hotel door, and at the letters stuck up ready for stuck-up people who are expected. Among all the Dons and Quixotes, there is sure to be some stubborn, upstart, snappish Brown or Jones, who prefers going wrong with Murray to going right by asking a native.

Some guides from Gib are hanging about the door, ready to plunge you into incredible dangers for the small sum of a dollar a day. I look in at the door to the right, find the windows shut to, and the windows of the table-d'hôte room closed, to keep out the torment of the sun. The bare table laid out with craggy melons under wire covers, and water-bottles perpetually in a cold sweat, looks depressing, in spite of the little napkins of Sevillian papers, and a spoonful of red Catalonian wine left in some late visitor's tumbler. I go up the broad marble stairs to reconnoitre my bedroom and sitting-room, for in Spain you can not get a single room, however humbly you travel. I walk round the corridor that from each of its four sides looks down on the nose-gays and the fountains, the maps, the smoking loungers, the clothes-brushes, and the distant Columbus. I turn a huge key that Tubal Cain might have fashioned, and open one half of the folding-doors that lead into my bedroom, which is floored with glazed tiles, cool and hard to the feet; a singing whine, faint and far, tell me that there are musquitoes; I tremble for the night, and look to the musquito curtains, for fear of man's smallest and most dreadful enemy. In doing so I examine the room, which is light and transparent; for the bed is iron and painted green, and has no dusty funereal valance or dark tester. I become aware of an eye watching me from the wall, which is papered. It follows me about in a scaring way, but as I approach it disappears. I found it to be a round peep-hole (*trou-judas*), about as large as the top of a bodkin, which leads to a sort of servants' waiting-room, next to mine, for I hear them laughing and wrangling with a noisy, purposeless vehemence peculiarly Spanish. As I am not a state prisoner or a conspirator, I carefully plug up this ear of Dionysius, which gave me the same sensation that it did once, finding a sliding panel in a suspicious country inn near Ulm.

One peculiarity of Spanish hotels is that you never can be sure of having a bell in your room, or if you have, of its being

answered more than once in ten times. You may go out in the passage and shout down the stairs, or beat upon the wainscot, still nobody cares to come, or perhaps ever hears you. In fact, the Spanish hotel is not at all, and never was, what we call an hotel. It in one way resembles the Italian furnished lodging or the Turkish caravansary. The rooms are good, but you must attend on yourself, make your bed, feed your horse, and procure your own food. If you want to dine, you must come to the table d'hôte at half past five, when neighbors and regular visitors come there as to an eating-house. They charge you by the day, not by the meal; the charge is moderate, but does not include wine, except you drink from the common decanters of the landlord's *chasse-cousin* (*chase-cousin*), as the French wittily call the wine they keep to drive away obtrusive poor relations.

But let me sketch another hotel of a different type. I am just landed on the quay at Cadiz, and am going to Blanco's hotel, which faces the sea, and looks down on a *fag-end* of the Alameda and those eternal fishers for mullet, who balance themselves like young crows on an elm-branch on that sea-wall. I hire a porter, who carries a *jereed* stick, and packs grapes, matches, cigarettes, and a dirty wisp of a red handkerchief in the black cup-like rim of his *montero*, and push off to the Custom-house. We push past beggars who are smoking cigarettes for luncheon, and trains of mules, their head-stalls strung with bells, like rows of foxglove flowers; watch the ginger-colored dust spirt from some stone-cutter's saw, and at last reach the long covered-in stalls of the fish-market, where eels twist and twine in a humility deprecatory of the stew-pan hissing for its savory victims, where red mullets with their flushes of scarlet and pearl seem in a conscious blush at their own exquisite flavor; or as a strolling epicure poet near me mutters to a cassocked priest, who rolls his eyes and whets his lips prophetic of the feast, "as if they were trying to turn themselves into cactus flowers." There, too, are piles of a sort of smelt, for Cadiz is the fish paradise of the epicure, and even in the Romans' time was the great emporium of salt fish for the far-reaching, many-palaced city; they look like whist counters wrought in silver. All shades of brightening pearl sea agate and cornelian are there on those stalls, leaning against

which the fishermen, with tucked-up sleeves, smoke and chatter, and do battle with far-sounding cursing shrieks over difficult labyrinths of bargains. I feast my eyes on a sea monster—perhaps a sturgeon, for I could not recognize it by the Spanish name, Gomenache, which measured four or five feet long, and lay like a young shark upon the wet stone slab of the proud captor's stall.

We pass some defiant turbulent water-sellers, with their jars balanced on a leather tray, fastened to the left shoulder, with their money-boxes and cases for tumblers fastened in front of their aprons. We stroll past some brown masons working with handkerchiefs trailed over the back of their head to keep the scalding heat off the nape and spine, where the sunbeam daggers are apt to pierce. Trains of mules laden with the white sand or gesso used for building pass us, tinkling—tinkling. We look into doorways, and see beggar-men asleep, with the wet flattened stumps of cigarettes between their teeth, and the green and dull red parings of prickly-pears all around them, in their hermit shady nooks. This is their siesta, after their meal on the wild fruit; thank God, there is no better sort of sleep for the rich man; in sleep, as in death at least, we are all equal.

Now we turn off seaward to the right, down a sort of lane-court, and come to a porticoed barn they call the Custom-house; we English passengers—the florid, redundantly good-natured Yankee-Irish wine-merchant, the bagman all whiskers, with the red suffering face, the man who swears by Murray, and compares every place to Constantinople, where he has never been, and who dresses in a game-keepery sort of way, which he thinks marks the veteran traveler—we are all there, grumbling, puffing, swearing, chafing, seeking comfort in cigars, and in preparing ostentatiously our bunches of keys; a little army of Atlas porters, with red rope sashes round their waists, follow us, and condole and encourage us with timid looks of defiance cast toward the entrance-gate. *Cosas de España*. Nothing is ready; the officer is not come; he may be five minutes or an hour; he is a government officer not to be hurried; he is cheapening red mullet, or at mass, or out riding, or at his chocolate. *Quien sabe? Dios sabe! Who knows? God knows!* In Spain, the only thing ever ready is unreadiness.

Storm a Spanish fort at a dash, says Ford, and you will find the guns unloaded and the gunners at their siesta. Over the door of the Custom-house room is a scaffold, on which a negro mason stands plastering in a lazy, lotus-eating way, that, after the chronic fever of London workers, is calming and grateful to see.

In England, by mutual fretting, we chafe each other into feverish action; every day, with us, seems the last day; only faded, worn-out traditions talk of yesterday; we live in to-day. But in Spain men grow lazy by sympathetic idleness: they live in the morrow—to-morrow is their God. They never do to-day what they can leave till to-morrow. So worked this mason, till, trying to make room for the porters to pass, he let the plank he stood on fall and all but killed a covey of us, who, however, with a little benediction of whitewash, escaped.

At last, down the hot white lane slowly strolls the officer, swinging his keys upon his brown forefinger. He greets us with a stolid official look, and goes slowly to work. He can not understand hurry, and goes no quicker, though a dozen portmanteaus, red and green-badged, are opened round him, as if the owners were wreckers showing him samples. Some mariners kneel down, slip their hands between shirts and under-coats, smile, nod their heads, say "Bueno—basta!" and hand you the keys; but if you have a pomatum-pot that will not open, or a tooth-powder-box that is screwed tight, woe betide you!

All right! We are *good*, and so off we go, following the moving carpet-bag mountains to Blanco's. We find it at the corner of the Alameda, facing the Hog Back rocks, that the surge buffets, and punishes, and frothily raves about, proclaiming them his (the surf's) vexations. It is a queer old building, with cumbrous green balconies, glass doors, windows; the lower casements grated like a prison; the main entrance large as that of a coach-house, and opening to a whitewashed court with a banana-tree in a tub to cast abroad and project its green arches. I find my room one of a set of five, situated far away, not up the great central staircase, but in a sort of distant wing, got to through passages and up dark steps, all looking down on the great upstart banana that thrusts its plumes almost to the roof. As I go up I pass a sort of stalled lumber-

room full of dry white maize husks, and I think, with a nervous twinge, especially as it is close to my bedroom door, of a careless Dolores dropping a spark into this gunpowder magazine. Every where about on the whitewashed walls is a black tangled rigging of loose bell wires, going and coming no one knows where, for no room, after all, seems to have a bell, nor is there one at the entrance. I pass, too, a red-curtained room, where the hotel laundress and some girls are laughing, sewing, and nursing brown babies, as yet innocent of garlic or cigars, guitar-playing or stabbing. My five rooms are some of them without windows, and resemble condemned cells; the floors are matted, and the doors shut only by bolting. They are of the age of Wamba, and are plated with iron, as if a sort of siege of Saragossa or war to the knife had gone on at some time or other here during the old times. My door, too, has a nun's gridiron wicket, through which I shout for my boots or water for shaving; and, when I thus call steadily for twenty minutes, up comes Old Blanco—a little dirty Jew man in a white waistcoat and nauseous shirt—who has generally not heard me, but looked in by chance to tell me about the boats to Marseilles. He talks that peculiar negro-English common to Spaniards, as thus: "Good-morning, sar. You want change for three Isabels? I bring you change, sar. You want Amontillado? I no got Amontillado; but wait, wait, I get you very good wine from Xeres. How you like Cadiz, sar? How you like beautiful bay? Oh, bay vary beautiful, sar! An English lord marquis say to me, 'Blanco, sar. I have seen all the bays as ever will be, but I never shall or will see a bay like your beautiful bay, Blanco.'"

When I go down to dinner, and find my way to the table-d'hôte room, like Ulysses, after many wanderings, looking down, as I pass, at the hall, at a pretty Creole-looking girl playing at red-pipped cards with an infant Blanco, who keeps sweeping them all into his pinafore, and roaring again with hysteric joy as Maraquita or Catarina pounces him up and smothers him with laughing kisses. I enter the doorless room, which opens on an inner well-court, and find the company assembled in a long blank-looking hall leading to the kitchen, which hisses at us as if we were acting an unsuccessful comedy.

The walls are hung with bright-colored hard pictures of still

life; cut melons like green washing-basins, mashy figs, metallic-looking fish, and stewpans shining like coppery mirrors. The Blanco servants are dining behind a screen at the lower end of the hall, and Blanco, who is like Scott's Black Dwarf, waits on us, rubbing his dirty hands, and entering freely into conversation about bull-fights, money-changing, trains, and steam-boats. Opposite to me, on rush-bottomed chairs, sit a venerable-looking Spaniard, and a lady who keeps performing dentistic researches with a tooth-pick. A new arrival from Gib, hot and uneasy, and with a dreadful consciousness of being a parvenu at a board where the oldest of us is only of two days' standing, fires snap-shot questions at me as to whether the wine is good, and if Blanco's can be called a first-rate hotel, and is frequented by the tip-tops: he gradually warms to the narration of his sufferings in the Bay of Biscay, garrison news of Gib, and details of ministerial difficulties. He is going on to innuendoes against the tooth-pick lady, but is stopped by a cynical glance of our chairman, Mr. Malmesbury, the English merchant, who will not condescend to talk to any one but the two Spaniards, and watches us with an insolent-looking stare and a sullen reserve that rather heats my blood. It is astonishing how soon an Englishman gets Spanishized. I saw, too, many instances of how soon that subtle demoralizing climate saps the English pluck and energy, and reduces a man to the languid, lounging, smoking, idle, procrastinating Spaniard, whose energy is fitful, Eastern, and passionate, whose life is a sleeping dream, and can hardly be called a life at all, the real workers of Spain now being all smugglers, thieves, fishermen, sailors, and muleteers. Soup, slices of veal, shreds of endive, a scramble a little hasty and selfish at the dried fruit, and ratafias, and we, one by one, push back our chairs and rise. There is no bowing as in polite France, or rather it is here exceptional, and not the rule. France is vain, and therefore polite; Spain, like England, rude, because it is proud. The proud man wants only to win his own approbation, therefore snubs the indifferent world. The vain man, living on others' smiles and approbation, pines without the bows that he buys by bows. A sullen *vaya con Dios* is the general salutation you receive in Spain, and that is said as if it were a curse thrown at you, or an alms given. There can be no politeness without a sense of equality. The proud

man hates equals, and looks on them only as rivals ; therefore the Englishman, if he is polite, is so on the pure traditional habit, or from feeling that he can assert his superiority by it. If you are higher than he is in rank, he is polite to show you that he is your equal. There is very little taking off of hats in Spanish streets but to ladies or the little shriveled-up grandees.

At the Spanish hotel there is generally a touting commissioner, a dry, sly, brown, small man, who goes errands, inquires about steam-boats, and shows you the way to intricate churches. He goes to the post for your letters, brings your boatman to reason, and helps the porters and flymen to fleece you. He leads you at night past the flaming lights in the frying-fish shops, and past the stall of the cobbler, who works by the flame of a real Roman lamp, to the theatre, or to the special café you wish to visit for the sake of its burgess, military, or ecclesiastical character. He waves his hand to you at parting, and gravely bows toward your receding boat. Let him cheat you, and he is as faithful a rascal as the world produces, and will let no other rogue approach your presence.

That was my Cadiz hotel and hotel staff; my Sevillian one I have already sketched; my Madrid experiences are not to be now written; but my Malaga hotel was of a far different kind. There I had a great modern corner-house, large as a barracks, opening to the parade, with some glimpses of the blue Mediterranean down side streets, and a perpetual procession of picturesque figures flitting along the public walks. You entered a great green and gilt gate, and found a hall surrounded by offices. Here was the boots' den—there the waiters' assembly-room—and on this side the counting-house, which gave the place a judicial look. You ascended flights of stairs winding round the centre hall, where the bath-closets, lined with blue porcelain tiles were; half way up were the visitors' books, where you looked to find the names of the odd people who had excited your curiosity at dinner the day before, and stared at your great discoveries.

But the hotel at Algeziras was a place of much greater character, because it had more of the dawdling slovenly Spanish inn about it, and sailor-boys were always playing at dominoes in the doorway. All day, opposite my window on the swelling beach, a man was fishing, with nothing on but a broad-

brimmed hat, and up to his waist in the waves, that broke round him as round a light-house. All day there the boys dabbled about, pulling at the wet ropes fringed with weeds, or the half-stripped porters kept wading in for the sacks that a *xebec* had brought from Barbary. A Frenchman, of the classic name of Rousseau, kept the inn, which he called a Casa de Pupillos, or lodging-house, and so certified on the great, faded yellow sun that swung on his sign-board under my balcony, below which some boys sat and played on a red, rusty, broken anchor half imbedded in the sand.

There I sat, in a room hung round with French prints, watching in the dusk the beautiful sight of the luminous surf breaking in a line of harmless and fitful fire along the mile of shore, while away across the bay Gibraltar lifted up its dark mountainous back, and answered the lights in our windows by a string of signal-lamps; I liked to see the periodical Spanish scowl as the evening gun shouted out across to us, "Take care," "Beware!" and then was silent. This hotel was a ramshackled place, chiefly remarkable for the claret Rousseau smuggled over from Bordeaux, sending for it bottle by bottle from Gib, and the excellence of which made Driver and Spanker, who visited me, riding round by St. Roque, exclaim in one breath, "Scissors!" and fill their glasses again.

The entrance to this auberge was a dark passage, the playground of fishing-boys; a palisaded door and a stumbling staircase led to the dark dining-room that looked on the sea, and to whose balcony rose, day and night, a buzz of gossiping custom-house officers, boatmen, and citizens.

Some of these were men who would be seized by the Rif pirates, and kept to draw the plow like draught oxen. The Moors, that over in Gib were respectable, thriving merchants, potent on 'Change, they regarded as red-handed murderers, the sworn enemies of Christianity and Spain—robbers and heathens, whose shaven heads, if they could seize them on the high seas, they would lop off on the boat's side; and though far be it from me to revile men potent on 'Change, and with an account at their banker's, I do not think they were far wrong, bare-footed ignorant sailors though they were.

My dining-room, with its sitting-room opening out of it, was far away from my bedroom; that was up another dark stum-

bling staircase, all alone, and it led into a deserted sitting-room, hot and stuffy, with a window that did not open. Once in this bedroom, I was perfectly helpless. If I had fired off a pistol it would not have been heard. There was no bell; and there I sat, sighing for my boots, or longing and pining for my abstracted trowsers.

The mosquitoes here were dreadful; perpetually raising their little cavalry trumpets, sounding the charge on me, and leaving me in the morning red, sore, itching, and swollen. I tried all sorts of ingenuities: I made a sort of strait-waistcoat of my night-gown, and got Rousseau to come and button the sleeves over my hands the last thing. I made a perfect Desdmona of myself by covering my face with a blood-red silk handkerchief, which I really believe only attracted them like so much raw meat. I fondly imagined that by keeping the candle alight in the stuffy inner room I should drive the little wretches, who dunned me for my blood, away from me to a fiery trap and their own destruction. Not I; they knew that trick, and every other. They were not going to leave a savory man for an unsavory candle. They kept singing wake-dirges round my mosquito-curtains; and woe to me if in the hot struggles and turnings of the night, I thrust a naked foot through the white dusty-smelling net curtains into the cold sea-air that careered through the room. They fastened on it in a clump, and set to digging like so many Californian speculators. In the morning I found it covered with red pustules, as if I had put my foot into a solid spotted fever that some previous traveler had left till called for.

Another horror of mine was (not the scorpions, for I never saw any of those crab-like poisonous biters, but) the cockroaches that haunt every Spanish inn. I had seen them depicted by a morbid Spanish painter in a convent that Murillo has adorned in Seville, running about with hideous vivacity over the skeleton of a bishop decorated with a jeweled mitre and robes of cloth-of-gold tissue. I remembered their prawn-like feelers—their brown, shining, sharded bodies—their countless legs—and their shrimpy, loose, black balls of eyes, that protruded with a sort of reptile malice.

For three nights after they ran about in my dreams; I fancied myself devoting a long and useful life to doing what

Scrooge would have done, scrunching them. A day or two of impunity made me regard them as extinct animals—as gone with the dragon-goose and the elephant-toad of Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins at the Crystal Palace. One night—alack that night!—I entered hurriedly a lumber-room where my boxes were condemned to solitary confinement. As I entered the place, before the candle-flame had quite righted itself, I had a general impression of a scurry and dispersion of a cockroach parliament. Some (inch and half long) slipped between the boards; others behind ragged flaps of the loathsome, diseased-looking, colorless paper, that was peeling in a sort of dirt leprosy off the walls; others, inquiring, yet timid, scuttled down chinks, then turned like lightning, and watched me, with their filthy pointed prawn heads, with a sagacity quite devilish. The quickness, size, eagerness, and sense of these vermin sent me into horrid charnel-house dreams, and that hideous picture seemed to fresco itself on the vile walls.

The man who goes to Spain with cosmetics, powders, brushes, collar-boxes, and such dandy paraphernalia, will be rather astonished at the dirt and negligence of Spanish inns; where there is plenty to eat if you bring it with you, and very good beds if you like the plain ground. Waiters with black overcoats, white waistcoats, and clerical ties, you will not find. Iberian waiters are spare brown men, in linen jackets, not anxious to exert themselves, and not caring for your personal admiration, because they (the waiters) are made regular items in the bills. The landlord is not a pleasant, smirking, port-wine-colored man, with a bow-window stomach thrown out in front, but a stiff Don, who thinks he obliges you by taking you in at all.

There are no brisk, neat-handed chambermaids, but only an old duenna, who comes for your washing things, calls herself the "lavandera," just as you find the word in old romances, and pretends to sweep the tiled floor of your bedroom with a long, skirmishing broom made of slips of cane, that does not require stooping to. The café is not like the cozy saw-dusted London tavern with the snug fire, talkative kettle, and the perpetual cries of "Edward, pay one—chop and chop to follow—stale or new, sir—stout or bitter—two sausages well done—coming down together!" but a quiet place, with a few groups

of smoking men sipping coffee and lighting their cheroots at curious little chafing-dishes with shaving-pot handles, filled with white ashes that kindle as you breathe and blow to a living scarlet that would make a chilly salamander clap his hands and perform the double shuffle for pure joy.

CHAPTER VII.

SPANISH PROVERBS.

THE Spanish proverbs, the floating literature of Spain, handed down by verbal tradition, smell of garlic and orange-peel, and are as profoundly national as the English nautical song or the Welsh triad.

They are shot at you, or stabbed into you, or pelted at you at every tavern door and at every table d'hôte. They are the grace for the sour gaspacho and the unsavory salt codfish (bacalao). They are the Spaniard's shield and stiletto. They are the wisdom of the age before books, and as Spain changes no more than China, they are the wisdom of the present day. They are to the cigarette-smoker and melon-eater what quotations are to the club man, and to the debater in Parliament, whom country gentlemen always cheer when he quotes Horace—thinking it Greek, and to show they understand him. To many who do not think at all they supply the place of books altogether, and are the traditional Corpus Juris of traditional wisdom bequeathed them by their ancestors, who did think. It might be a question, indeed, worth the theorist-spinner's while to trace the effect of these floating proverbs on a race to which they serve as creeds, statutes, and guides of life; of which they express the mode of thought, and, at the same time, influence and direct it—moulding and being moulded. In these proverbs we find every phase of the Spanish mind exemplified—its "pundonor," its punctiliousness, its intolerable and mean pride, its burning fever for revenge, its hardness, that we call cruelty, its love of ease and pleasure, its unprogressiveness, and its ardent religious instinct which degenerates to superstition. For all those pleasant national vices that brought their own special scourges, these proverbs have warn-

ing or encouragement. Their kindlier feelings, too, do not pass uninstanced. Proverbs with wise men are the small change of wit, but with the Spaniard they are too often his whole mental capital. By an apt quotation, a good memory can always appear a genius in Spain; and proverb-writers being all anonymous when living and forgotten when dead, there is no indictment in the High Court of Plagiarism against the appropriator who lets off his mental fire-work without saying that he purchased it, but yet was not the maker. When a man in England is witty, we suppose the wit is his own; but when a Spaniard is witty in rolling diligence or in striving steam-boat, you may be almost sure it is the proverb of some contemporary of Cervantes, dead these two hundred years, that tickles your diaphragm, and which you swallow with a smile like a French sweetmeat. It acts as a sort of mental snuff, pleasantly irritates, and leaves you refreshed. A man must be very mentally dyspeptic indeed who can not digest a proverb without inconvenience or struggle. If a Spaniard sees you smiling at a Spanish street-group rather overdoing the bowing, as Spaniards sometimes will, he will say in a rhyme, "A civil tongue is not expensive, and it is very profitable." As the old Italians of Machiavelli's time used to say, "It is a good outlay to spoil a hat with often taking it off." You feel at once that you have heard a shrewd proverb intended to explain to worldly people the courtesy of a proud race.

In Ireland, as in Spain, you are often astonished by wit that appears extemporaneous, but is really old as Brian Boru—merely, in fact, an old quotation newly applied, and picked up as a man might pick a fossil off the road to fling at his pig. The first time I met a proverb-monger was in a Seville steam-boat, as I sat watching the passengers doing homage to a bull-necked, pig-eyed commandante, who sat in a state arm-chair under the striped quarter-deck awnings. The commandante was silent, in a sort of brutal pasha luxury, beating on the deck with his heavy bamboo cane, watching with his stiff-necked bullety head two charming sisters who sat coquetting and winning hearts not many feet off. Every wave of their shining black fans fanned some lover's flame—every quick furl of them let in the sunshine of their eyes, like pulling up blinds, on some happy one of their retinue. Those little black hooks of side

curls had hooked many a heart, I was sure; and I myself began to feel I had such a thing about me. I heard a quiet, chuckling, good-natured laugh behind me, and saw sitting on the low gunwale of the vessel a real *majo*—a pure Andalusian buck of the first water: laced jacket, round turban cap, leather greaves, javelin-stick, cigarette and all. He was resting his arm on a pink hat-box, and watching the two beautiful sisters with the almond eyes.

“Jeweler’s daughters, for they have diamond eyes,” he said, in a quick, merry voice, at the same time handing me his open cigar-case, the Spaniard’s mode of entering into conversation and introducing himself. He saw I was amused by his proverb, and that I was a foreigner. What a curious feeling it is, being a foreigner! Spanker used to say an Englishman could never be a foreigner—they were foreigners. I do not know how he proved it.

I bowed, and said I seldom smoked, though I liked to be near the man who did.

“He who smokes, *señor*,” said the *majo*, “makes his own cloud, and need not care how the sky is. I love my cigarette in its white shirt, though I burn it; one can’t have the church censer, you know, always under one’s nose. Isn’t this breath of wind, *señor*, pleasant? and I’m like Pedro, who was never afraid of draughts in the open air. Now a draught is like a bull—you should never get in its way. But long tongues want the scissors. How he’s talking! Did not *señor* ask if we Spaniards wore our cloaks only in summer?”

I said “Yes. I thought there was a Spanish proverb, ‘When there is sun, to prevent a cold, and when there is cold, in case there should be sun.’”

“That,” said the *majo*, as I afterward found, laughing at me, “is one of John di Cocco’s sayings; and your telling me one of my own proverbs reminds me of the Gallician water-carriers in Lisbon, who say, ‘We are God’s people. It is their water, and we sell it them.’ We have many sayings about the cloak, that in the north they never go without. ‘A cloak covers every thing;’ ‘There is many a good drinker under a ragged cloak;’ and ‘Take care of your cloak in Andalusia.’”

“Why, you seem made up of wise sayings.”

“Well,” he said, “he who stirs honey must have some

stick to him,' and I have not been all my life 'like the tailor of Campillo, who worked for nothing and found thread,' though I am, you will say, so talkative that you will compare me to the 'piper of Bujalance, who wants a maravedi to begin, and two to finish.'"

I soon lost sight of my friend, and amused myself by watching the shifting of the tents and the breaking up of the encampment, as the tacks and twists of the river compelled all the sitters on camp-stools, even the beautiful sisters and the sultan's commandante, to frequently change seats, to avoid the influx of sunshine that swept in on us with intolerable violence and with a golden severity of heat. At this moment, just as I was pleasantly contemplating the pretty flurry of the ladies, and the elaborate anxiety of their lovers and retinue of attendant slaves, the clatter and bang of a frying-pan gong informed us that dinner was ready below.

I took a look, as if I was going down never to come up again, at the low brown banks of the dirty yellow river, at the wading oxen and the herdsmen on horseback. I found the soup begun—in fact, in full cry upon it, who should be opposite me but my old friend the proverb-monger, who was serenely happy, and making great play with the tubular joints of an ox's tail. I asked him, when he had completed his anatomical studies, and laid down his spoon with a sigh, if his countrymen had many proverbs about eating?

"Millions—millions!" he said, looking round to catch the eye of some friends. "Here are a pottle or two for you to break your fast, Señor Englishman, upon. 'No olla without bacon, no wedding without a tambourine;' 'A partridge frightened is half cooked;' 'Do not drink from the brook; do not eat more than one olive;' 'A fowl one year old and a goose quite young;' 'Fresh pork and new wine send a Christian to the church-yard.' Now that is a proverb won't offend the Jews, and eating takes off the headache."

But I must drop my friend, or I shall never be able to examine the whole treasury of Spanish proverbs, and point out their nationality. I particularly like those which are intensely Spanish, and refer to our general passions by means of Spanish imagery; as, for instance, "I would not trust him with a sack of scorpions"—a bitter way of expressing your opinion of one

of those low scoundrels who never tumble into a good action. "As sick as a Jew on Saturday"—is a curious allusion to the old days of persecution when a Jew had to pretend illness on Saturday to prevent being compelled to transact business on his Sabbath. There is also a proverb which calls the Gallician beggarly and the Castilian covetous, because the Gallicians are poor and the Castilians proud. Now this is partly true, because Galicia is by nature a poor country, and its inhabitants wander to Portugal to become the helots of Lisbon; and it is true of Castile, because the Castilians are proud of their ancient families. But then there are other proverbs, which, perhaps once true, are now only fit to use as missiles; as, for instance, the sayings that advise you to beware of a dog, a black, and a Gallician—the Gallician being the very type of quiet drudging fidelity. Some of these virulent and false proverbs are, however, still true as provincial expressions of national dislike, as that one, "Cross yourself once for an Andaluçian, and three times for a Genoese"—which merely shows you, not that the Andaluçians are rogues, and the Genoese worse, but that a proud, jealous Castilian is venting his spite. "Beware black hair and a fair beard," is a similar instance of national dislike to a rarity in the race.

Some Spanish proverbs remind you as much of the country as the smell of garlic would, or the sight of a split pomegranate in a fruit-shop window. Some of these, too, are not merely founded on ingenious analogies, half poetry, half wisdom, finely welded, but are records of curious facts, as "What the ripe mulberry stains, the green one cleans;" and, "The paring of an apple is better than the kernel of an acorn;" and, "He is not worth his ears full of water;" which last, one might see, is the proverb of a thirsty country.

When we say, "Such a man is like Paul Pry," the Spaniards say, "He is like the soul of Garibary." When we say, "That will be when pigs fly," they say, "when oxen fly." When we say, "That is to expect to catch fish ready roasted," they say, "That is to expect the wolf to leave meat at your door." When we say, "Such a one is on the ground," they say, "At the horses' feet." When we say, "It is not for asses to lick honey," they say, "Pine-apple kernels are not for monkeys." When we say, "A naked person is dressed in Adam's livery,"

they say, "He is as the devil appeared to Saint Benedict." All stories we tell of Yorkshiremen, Spaniards tell of Biscayans or Andaluçians. The contempt we heap on Frenchmen in old stories they pile on the Portuguese. A large class of Spanish proverbs consists of sayings of some fabulous personage like our Robin Hood or Friar Tuck. Such is Pedro Grullo, who, when his hand was closed, called it his fist; Martha, who sang when she had had her dinner; Zonta, whose dogs, when they had nothing else to bite, bit each other; and daughter Gomez, who looked well and ate well.

There is, indeed, no end to the wit and salt of Spanish proverbs, by which a clever man with a good memory might find something to say for a whole year's conversation, and yet not take the trouble to invent or coin one new observation of his own. A Spaniard's conversation without a proverb in it would be indeed like a sermon without a quotation from Saint Augustine, or an olla without bacon.

As marginal references to Spanish history, as running comments on Spanish social manners, these proverbs are invaluable; for here you have a nation who still have proverbs without having books, and who still sing and recite ballads, such as we now collect in England, as antiquarianisms. It would not be difficult to get some hard hits at the national church of Spain from the proverbs, which show that if there was never a Reformation in Spain, at least there were lampooners and bitter-tongued would-be reformers. They say, "The sacristan's money comes singing and goes singing;" "That the devil gets up to the belfry by the vicar's skirts;" "That the friar says No, and holds out his cowl." "We pray by saints, but not by all of them," is another saying of some unknown Spanish Wickliffe.

Now, whether proverbs are verses of old books broken loose, or lines of old romances escaped from their cages, or wise men's sayings passed from mouth to mouth, and so handed down, certain it is that many proverbs allude to local stories, in themselves very amusing, but not intelligible unless you know the story.

Of these my Moro, on board the steamer, told me many—whenever, indeed, I stopped him at a saying I did not understand; for instance, when we say such a thing is "every body's

secret," they say it is "the secret of Anchuelos." This refers to a story of a shepherd and shepherdess who kept their flocks, almost as wise as themselves, on two hills on either side of the town of Anchuelos. All their "dart-and-heart" raptures were bandied from hill to hill, and they always concluded by mutual entreaties to keep what all the townspeople below could hear a profound secret. "The help of Escalona" is another proverb with a story. Escalona is a town eight leagues from Toledo, and is built upon a steep hill, at the foot of which runs the river Alberche. It was once burned down from the difficulty of bringing up the water; and as, in Spain, all evils curable only by forethought and energy are incurable, the same difficulty is still unremedied, and the town, named after the Eastern Ascalon, is still in danger.

Another well-known Spanish story turns on the proverb, "God save you, Peter!" "There is no need; the ass is strong." It arose from a kind man seeing a countryman run away with by his mule. And seeing it he cried, looking after him, "God save you!" But Sancho, looking back as he jolted on, cried simply, "There is no fear; the mule is strong." Ambrose, whose carbine was "worth threepence less than nothing," is as well known in proverbial history as the Pedro and Guzman, who are always doing foolish things, just like Juan de Urdemala, who would "have the whole mountain or nothing."

Of the numerous stories of the simple Biscayner who outwits every body, like the Irishman in old jest-books, the best is one of a Bilboa man who is dining off fish with two mocking Castilians. When the fish is put on the table, one of the Castilians says he does not like the part near the head, and the other declares he can not touch the part near the tail, meaning to divide the middle between them. Upon this the Biscayner cuts the fish in three pieces, gives the head to the tail-hater, the tail to the head-hater, and puts the middle on his own plate, saying, with a grin, "The silly Biscayner takes the middle."

There is no occasion when a Spaniard will not use a proverb; he is full of them, and when a cigar is not in his mouth, out comes a proverb. When you see a band of gossips balancing on rickety chairs at the barber's door, the little shining brass basin dangling and glittering over head, there the air is

full of proverbs as the summer air of flies. When muleteers, whip in hand, meet at a road-side wine-shop, there proverbs flutter about thick as bees round a hawthorn bush in flower. Where round the green billiard-table the brown burgesses of Spanish cities meet by lamplight, there are proverbs swarming thick as the motes in sunshine. A Spaniard *must* have his proverbs just as a Dutchman his Hollands.

NOTE:

Water that has run by will turn no mill.

Love, a horse, and money, carry a man through the world.

Three things kill a man—a hot sun, supper, and trouble.

Three daughters and a mother are four devils for the father.

The swallow is fled—the opportunity is gone.

To shave an ass is a waste of lather.

If the gossip is not in her own house, she is in somebody else's.

Never call a man a fritter-maker.

Don't speak ill of the year till it is over.

Every race has its liar, whore, and thief.

The mother-in-law forgets she was once a daughter-in-law.

One can not ring the bells and also walk in the procession.

He is very punctual—at dinner.

A mewling cat is no mouser.

The best friar is the one who has been a soldier.

She must be fond of greens who kisses the gardener.

Men are as grateful for kind deeds as the sea is when you fling it a cup of water.

Where the besom grows, the ass is foaled that will eat it.

He was brought up between cotton.

“We are both carriers”—we shall meet again on the road (an admirable warning to men who injure others, who may have the power to retaliate dangerously).

Some people like Juan's blear eyes.

The frightened partridge is half cooked.

He who wants to get rich in one year will be hung in six months.

He who measures oil gets some on his fingers.

The mare without the rider finds the meadow.

He who would live long must grow old easy.

Diego's wife first ate the omelet, then beat him with the frying-pan.

Clay for the corn, gravel for the vine.

Juan stops in bed to see the sunshine.

To get a good servant, take him with a downy chin.

Sinning wishes what God does not wish.

He who plants a bad vineyard gathers the vintage on his single back.

He who goes to the water-mill on a Saturday has no rest.

A man in debt is stoned every year.

Better to say, "Here he ran away," than "Here he died."
 A leap over a ditch is better than another man's prayer.
 Rising early does not make daylight come sooner.
 I will not touch money, but throw it in my cowl.
 Let an idle man buy a ship or marry a wife.
 Your rising early will not make the sun rise.
 It was left in the inkstand.
 Too sweet words leave a bitter taste.
 One man at your elbow is worth two out of sight.
 A bad cook is a disagreeable relation.
 He who steals from a thief gets a hundred years' pardon.
 He who builds turns gold to dust; he who buys land turns dust to gold.
 An olla boiled hard has no taste.
 The mare's kick never hurts the colt.
 Daughter Anne, you look well, and you eat well.
 A woman and a pilchard should have their face to the cinders.
 Poverty is often a brand of knavery.
 The widow's son is seldom good.
 The over-clean Harcajo people, who wax their asses' feet.
 The magistrate's son gets scot-free.
 Memory runs from a man like a slave from a master.
 The mother loves the bad son best.
 A hot iron may still be black.
 He stole a pig, and gave the poor the trotters in God's name.
 Eggs will make a thousand dishes.
 Fresh fish stink on the third day.
 A last son is soon an orphan.
 God made us, and we wonder at it.
 "Good—very good," but keep my ass out of his rye-field.
 An empty purse is but a bit of leather.
 A goose's quill hurts more than a lion's claw.
 He rose—yes, like slime does.
 Foxes' broth is cold, yet it scalds.
 The cook praises the olla—especially when it is overdone.
 Every week has its holyday.
 Don't look for fore feet in a cat.
 There are no birds in last year's nest.
 Dress a toad and he looks well.
 If it had only wings, the sheep would be the best bird yet.
 The master's eye is the best food for the horse.
 One olive is gold, two is dross, and the third death.
 Olla every day, and it gets bitter.
 When the house is roofed in the grave opens.
 The age of eleven is the age of brass. (A little later in England?)
 Scratching and eating only want a beginning.
 Squeeze the orange too much and the juice gets bitter.
 Where the bee gets honey the spider draws poison.
 A dried pilchard you may cook under your arms.

The secret of two is a good secret; the secret of three is nobody's secret.
 If madness were painful, what a roaring there would be!
 We need not be drunk to bear against the wall.
 As cheating as a Chinese.
 Time cures the sick man, and the doctor says, "You're well."
 Every hair has its shadow.
 Better not marry at all, rather than marry badly.
 Michael is quits: he lost a sheep and won a rabbit.
 "We're going for music," as the fox said.
 By-and-by is always too late.
 His patience has lost his stirrup.
 The keys on the apron-string, the dog in the larder.
 You see the bad husband in the wife's dress.
 The second wife is always an angel.
 Bad news is always true.
 No bed like the saddle-skin (true Spanish).
 A well-fed pigeon-house is never empty.
 If you love the old man, steal his supper.
 No jest is so hard as the true jest.
 Carrying wood to the mountain.
 Never beg of the rich beggar.
 The lion is not so brave as they tell us.
 The bell calls to church, but does not follow.
 At Zandino they sell you water and give you wine.
 Alas! father, another daughter!
 The clattering horse-shoe wants a nail.
 Poor weddings are all noise.
 The bath has no power to whiten the negro.
 June, July, August, and Carthage are the four best ports in Spain.
 Idle alone is busy before folks.
 Darkness is the thief's cloak.
 A bad wound heals, a bad name kills.
 Juan is like a cricket, hungry all day, noisy all night.
 Gardeners' feet never hurt the garden.
 Children and fools speak the truth.
 Never sell to a friend, or buy corn of a rich man.
 The gallows was made for the unfortunate.
 Never kick a mad bull.
 What a heap of corn if it were not eaten.
 If you want to whip a dog, say he ate iron.
 Bread with eyes, cheese without eyes, and wine that leaps up to the eyes
 —all three are good.
 Break my head, then plaster it.
 No loaf can be too large.
 The devil took the modest man to show him the palace.
 Never stop a bull or a madman.
 It's a poor rat who has not one hole.
 Remove an old man to a new place, and he will leave you his skin as a
 legacy. [Oh, Poor-Law Guardians, think of this.]

- Promises are like crabs—they run backward.
 The silly cock scratched till he found the knife. -
 A poor man should have a gray cloak, an oak house, a silver cup, and a copper pot.
 There is pleasant sleeping in April mornings.
 Truth clears a story, but never darkens.
 The first of soup and the first of woe are best.
 Crumbs are sometimes good eating.
 Rain from heaven is better than human watering.
 In frosty weather a nail is worth a horse.
 I prefer an ass that will carry me to a horse that will throw me.
 Fifteen is all throat and no hands.
 Many amens reach to heaven.
 Swim and swim, and die on the banks.
 The fox is cunning, but the trapper is cunninger.
 Too many heads of garlic pound badly.
 Live with wolves, and you'll learn to howl.
 No door will keep out love or death.
 Fly the man who is all bones as you would the plague.
 The friend who will not lend is the knife that will not cut.
 The scalded cat dreads cold water.
 Spider kills spider.
 A lean dog gets nothing but fleas.
 A river that makes no noise is either very full or very empty.
 At the end of a century kings become clowns or clowns kings.
 Every pot has its lid.
 In every day's journey there are three leagues of heart-breaking.
 Open your eyes; they are roasting meat.
 I hated cucumbers, and one grew at the end of my nose.
 High wells stoop and dunghills rise.
 After a salad, wine.
 After a fig, wine; after a pear, water.
 Truth is God's daughter.
 He who eats his fowl alone must saddle his horse alone.
 Leaving the tavern is half the journey.
 A blow from a pigmy smarts if it does not hurt.
 The Jew whipped his son for winking the first time.
 The dust from sheep is an enemy to the wolf.
 In summer a vintner, in winter a baker.
 Don't speak Arabic in a Moor's house.
 In a smith's house the knives are of wood.
 The man who rings the alarm bell is always safe.
 The bride eats least at the wedding.
 Don't spend money on wine or bulls.
 A man with his belly full is no great eater.
 Seldom does the blind man's wife point to herself.
 Cleanness every where lies in the purse.
 Like Pedro like John.

When it snows here, what must it do in the mountains?
 When one wolf eats another there is not much in the wood.
 He who lies well writes well.

The man is like a tailor's pattern-book.

If you want a pleasant day, save yourself a good month.

Kill a pig, a merry year—marry, a good wife—turn priest.

He is solitary as asparagus.

He is straight as garlic.

If you gather water-cresses, take care of the wolf's bane.

The bad shot has always a goodly gun.

The shoemakers go to church, and pray God sheep may die and leather
 cheapen.

I was a negro girl, and they dressed me in green.

They don't sow hemp-seed for fear of the sparrows.

Water alone won't make the olla.

The crow can't be blacker than his wings.

The curate never recollects when he was sacristan.

He is not worth his ears full of water.

There is no fishing for trout with dry breeches.

He has neither father, nor mother, nor a little dog to bark at him.

A borrower's breath always stinks.

A dog's prayer never reaches heaven.

The bleating sheep loses a mouthful.

Old straw soon kindles.

Patience and shuffle the cards.

The sheets stick fast to an idle man.

Many children and little bread is God's punishment.

A grinding-stone without water is worth nothing.

By the thread we unwind the skein.

Money makes the dog dance.

CHAPTER VIII.

UP AND DOWN THE GIRALDA.

THERE were but a few hours left to me in Seville, and I had to go to the government cigar manufactory and to ascend the Moorish tower of the Giralda. "There was no '*irrevocabile tempus*' to lose, that was about it," said Fortywinks.

I was anxious to see the cigar-making, because smoking is so pre-eminently a Spanish national habit, and this palace of a manufactory is the well-spring of Spanish smoking. All the tobacco comes from Cadiz. Cadiz, that bright Venice of Iberia, is the *dépôt* of the Havana leaf, and its quays are heap-

ed up with the dry, scented, brown-veined leaves which contain that precious soothing balm to the worn and sorrowful, which the Spaniard loves so well, in the red crucible of a pipe-bowl, to extract and turn to vapor. In all places the Spaniard smokes, in his lounging, dreaming way: whether he be a fruit-seller, sitting beside his green and golden pyramid of melons; whether a butcher, grand over his gilt and painted scales; whether bare-breasted porter, asleep, with his rough head resting, like a wandering Jacob, on a sea-side rock; whether tight-coated Custom-house official, or lover clinging at midnight to the grating that shuts in his mistress: on mule, in boat, in vineyard, pepper-picking or grape-treading, the Spaniard smokes, as if he was born for that special purpose and no other.

I had traversed over and over the fashionable walks on the bank of the Guadalquivir, where tides of carriages roll between shores of dusty trees. I knew the old Alameda, with its faded palaces now inn-yards, and its benches where peasants sit and smoke and gossip till the star-lamps are lit all at once by the angel lamplighters, and the streets of heaven outshine the streets of earth. I had wandered all round the five miles of yellow battlemented walls, and worked in and out the unwatched gates. I had mused, as is expected of one, in the Prado de San Sebastian, where the Inquisition once lit its fires, and where good men were translated to heaven on fiery wings, while princes, bishops, courtiers, jesters, wits, and ladies, in a circumambient tide of cloth of gold and jeweled silk, looked on, chattering and fan-playing. The naked gipsy children and the beggar gamblers I had seen and sketched.

Now I skulk from the intolerant intolerable sun, walking along the dark rivulet of shadow on the left-hand side of the street. Not far from the gate of San Fernando I find the tobacco manufactory, whose vast roofs—for there are twenty-eight court-yard squares in this one cincture of walls—cover a hideous jumble of passages, cloisters, terraced inclosures, and factory halls, the work of a Dutch projector in seventeen hundred and fifty-seven. It has a moat, and has been in its time fortified against the Carlists, yet its yellow stucco does not appear pitted with shot, though it is sloughed with dirt. I see nothing of the four thousand cigar-makers of Seville as I

go into the porter's lodge, where two or three idle, seedy, lounging warders drone away the hot hours; but I wait in a sort of dingy guard-room while one of the pauper warders goes to some still idler superior with my card to obtain admission for me. The only visible thing in the room is a dead almanac of five years back, with a Catharine-wheel cobweb spun over its face, and on the window-sill, which looks into the court-yard, is the invariable Arab water-jar, placed ready for the stranger or chance-comer, be he king or peasant, friend or dun. It is of the usual dirty white color—the usual dirty-kid-glove tone—and is now, as I raise it to my thirsty lips, empty, all but a mocking drop that trickles gratefully on my tongue. I pronounce a blessing on the last drinker, which puts me in a right state of mind to wait ten long Spanish minutes for my messenger, who at last returns, and leads me off down purgatorial passages, playing the Virgil to my Dante.

I first go through courts where splashing fountains toss about prodigal silver over their octagonal marble basins and circumjacent court-yard stones, which are rendered luminously and transparently wet. I see every where empty piles and square packing-cases of this precious weed that, like a Christian martyr, seems most lovely when burning, and perishes in the full odor of its sanctity. I enter the low, dark, shady cellar rooms on the ground floor, where the celebrated rapee snuff—the snuff that, in Louis the Fourteenth's books, and in the *Spectator* and *Tatler* period, was called "the Spanish" *par excellence*. This is the snuff that, put as a joke in his wine, killed the wit and verse-maker Santeul. This was the irritating scented dust that was the special luxury of the clergy of this priest-haunted city in the good old times, when bands of black shovel-hats filled the city squares and public places. Here are brown snuff-colored men coloring the black chocolate-colored powder with red ochrous earth from the sea-port of Carthage. I look like a mad apothecary who has covered himself with his own drugs as with penitent dust and ashes; for my black coat is covered with the orange rhubarb-colored dust, and I grow snuffier than the snuffiest canon that ever drawled a mass.

The guide tells me that snuffing in the old times was more common than smoking. I have no respect for the dirty, old-

woman's habit that ruins one's stomach, destroys one's sense of smell and taste, and brings on diseases of the throat, nose, and eyes ; so I sneeze loudly in protest and disgust, passing it off humbly as the infirmity of a stranger. There they go on—those brown old men—chopping the leaves ready for grinding on huge oak blocks which are yellow and dusty. There are scuppers and troughs full of the black, treacherous dust, and there are vats of black treacle, with sickly bubbles rising to the surface, in which some of the tobacco is steeped and glued together. The men, I observe, seem working more like careless soldiers engaged on public works than ordinary disciplined workmen in a great national factory.

In other courts and rooms that I pass through—following Virgil, who is, I think, anxious to get to dinner, yet is not a refuser of a peseta (shilling)—they are sawing deal planks for boxes, knocking together huge packing-cases, and burning in certain letters which form the government brand. In corners of the courts, under shelter of porticoes, or drying in loose shuffling heaps on the leaden roofs high above the city, lies the tobacco—the Indian refuse that brings such pleasant waking dreams to weary souls all over the weary world—the herb we offer daily in frequent sacrifice to the great blue devil who torments and pinches us with mental gripes and pains if we fail duly to propitiate him. There are the great spear-headed, ribbed leaves, dry, dark brown, and fragrant, piled in great sacrificial altar-heaps, all brought, I suppose, from that mountain of tobacco I saw gathered together, amid shattered wrecks of scented Havana packing-cases, in the moat-like court of the government store at Cadiz, fresh from the holds of West Indian ships. I remember it was as I wandered round the sea-walls, thinking of the brave swoop our hot-headed Essex made once on the boastful city, that I came suddenly on this store, and felt like Sinbad when he dropped into the valley of diamonds. If I had, at that moment, lit three tea-cup-bowled German pipes, put them all in my mouth, and smoked for thirty years without stopping, I should never have made any perceptible hole in that tobacco mountain. No! not if I had bought a steamer's funnel, crammed that full of the weed, put on a bassoon mouthpiece, and smoked for fifty years. It was a nation's tobacco-box.

But it is the *cigarreras*, or female cigar-makers, three or four thousand in number, who are the special curiosities of the Seville tobacco factory. They pass me by twos and threes, laughing and chatting, barefooted or grisettishly shod, in every court and passage. They are the Murillo women, the city *Dulcineas*, and are a sect and caste in themselves, employed here in slowly toiling through their annual task of making two million pounds of cigars. These are the women whose sires perished in the fires of the Inquisition, in the bull-ring, and the Moorish battle-field. Knife, guitar, and cigar they handle equally well. What a clack and Babel of jarring tongues there is as I enter the chief hall, where some two thousand of these loose-clad matrons and damsels are seated in *vis-à-vis* groups at long low oval tables. Their bare arms and necks seem as of unbaked clay, moist and yellow. One of these chattering, quick-eyed parrot women, nimble as a lizard, and restlessly noisy as a galley, can, it is said, twiddle up twelve bundles of cigars in a day, each *ataido* containing fifty cigars. The nimbleness with which that woman, with the red handkerchief tied over her head and under her chin, furls up the brown leaf into a twisted tube, is something as near a miracle as you can well get, particularly as our quick-fingered friend is a mother. "—— and is thinking of home—affecting incident?" Pooh! thinking—what use in thinking? Why, there is her little brown child in a rude cradle by her side. The cradle is on rollers, and she rolls them with her foot, while her hands twirl the cigar-leaves. The little Pedro is firm asleep in the cradle on its back, with its little fists catalepsied up in the air. It has nothing particular on but a little sort of ridiculous dirty white shirt, and round its fat roll of a neck dangles an ivory ring, which, I suppose, does as well for dental purposes as a coral radish mounted in silver. A bowl of paste is on our matron's table: with this she fastens that little nipple of the cigar that smokers bite off as they would a fruit-stalk. On shelves above her are bundles of unfinished cigars, brown and fluted like so many Pandean pipes cut into lengths. I do not see round them those pleasant soft crimson and yellow silk bands which you see in London tobacconists' windows, so I suppose that those are added as a finishing off and final bloom.

But I must mention, just to show that I had eyes, and saw

what could be seen, that our matron Caterina was not satisfied with the double and onerous task of rolling government cigars and rocking the dormant Pedro: she was also dining, and her frugal dinner of clouded yellow grapes, greasy to the eye, her salt fish, and white cakey bread were lying by her on the table, which was rather dirtier than the floor. It required quite a family man's assurance to face those files of hungry, impudent, defiant, wicked, quizzing black eyes; still, I do not know that I felt much the worse for it. So I went on to other rooms, all full of mischievous chattering girls, brimful of fun and gossip, who were loading white cigarette tubes or rolling those brown Havana leaves, so crisp and fragrant. They form a pleasant gipsy encampment to look at as you take them in a *coup d'œil* from one end of the hall, with their red and yellow head-cloths, strange colored turbans and *impromptu* coquettish draperies twisted and bound round their coarse, full-blooded faces. We see no more the old mantilla that the ancient cigarrera wore, and which was an Eastern sort of disguise, such as the Scripture women had, and such as you still see in the half Moorish town of Tarifa. It was crossed over the face and bosom, and was a provoking, enticing, love-making sort of disguise, that left only the signal-making eyes and candid forehead visible. The noise is as of the Babel confusion of tongues; the unruly members buzz like spinning-wheels.

I leave these young Jezebels to slander, scandal, love confidences, and general happy chatter, and pace on, following Virgil through a train of more courts and ante-rooms, where hags nurse children and cook dinners over red, glowing charcoal. There were groups eating, playing at dominoes, and children who seemed merely waiting there for their sisters or mothers. There were stony-faced crones, Macbeth witches, with throats a pucker of yellow wrinkles, like the folding part of a bellows, sitting sibyl-like, waiting for I know not what. And so, passing by more coffin-rows of empty presses and piles of brown autumn tobacco-leaves, and talked at by more wandering troops of cigar-girls, I broke my way into the torrid street, and bore straight toward the Giralda, which, mast-like (as Ford, ever quick at similes, says), rises from the brown-burned sea of roofs, an eternal monument of the Pyramid builders and their by-gone faith.

On my way I meet and fraternize with Fortywinks, the great traveler; a puffy, red-faced man, with blue shorn chin and bushy mustaches. I met him yesterday at the table d'hôte, and, finding him intent on a book about Spain, kept making signals of friendship to him with the downward-turned decanter.

Fortywinks has round, staring eyes, prominent and projected with eager observing; he is dry about the lips with overmuch talking; he is one of the most voluble, enthusiastic, self-satisfied noodles that ever devoted himself to investigating the manners of a country. His mind seems filled with the trivialities of travel. He jabbars about Fonda Madrids, Fonda Europas, Fonda la Regnas, Posadas, and Ventas. He knows the price of every thing, and exactly how many bottles of Manzanilla (six) that it takes to fill your traveling bota (or leather bag). He is something between a bagsman, a chevalier d'industrie in his novitiate, and a military officer. He smiles at ladies at the table d'hôte, whispers you to know if you ever saw so fascinating a brunette, then stares at her hard, colors the color of pickled cabbage when she looks at him casually on her way to a slice of melon, plunges, not slides, into knots of conversation, talks bad French and worse Spanish, laments to men in loud voice the stupid prejudices of my countrymen, who never find Spaniards—as he has found them—courteous, affable, hospitable, intellectual, tolerant, generous, and liberal. Fortywinks is the strangest and most inconsequential man I ever met. He came to me wonderfully, and disappeared wonderfully. Like Cloten, he was by turns condescending and overbearing. He supposed I was laughing at him; he was sorry to find Englishmen so unsociable; he was sometimes ashamed to own them as countrymen. Then, in the middle of a string of recommendations of the guide in the last city he was in, he would plunge again headlong into distant Spanish conversation down the table, gesticulating, apologizing, making sham jokes and feeble theorems, then bowing and scowling till I really trembled for his wits, till I found, on examination, he was born without them. His name he would not give me, but hinted that it was known, and of weight. I found it by tracking through the visitor's book, and asking the waiter, who had looked at his trunk. Whether he was an impostor or fool I never quite decided.

If I go to Granada, says Fortywinks, I must waste no time, but at once ask for Ben-saken. Without Ben-saken I shall see nothing. He, Fortywinks, without Ben-saken, would have seen nothing. You walk about in that wonderful, most wonderful city, and see perhaps a coat of arms over a door: says Ben-saken, that coat of arms, monsieur, was put up by the Duke of Medina Coeli in 1586—the 1st of April, 1586. So he goes on—wonderful! It is no use traveling with your eyes shut: a man must look about him. He, for instance, etc. Perhaps I thought the age of adventures past? Not a bit of it. Had I heard of the hotel falling in the Calle Francos, Madrid? No? Was astonished. He was there. Some one building next door had gradually undermined the foundations of the hotel. Middle of the night awoke; floor sloping; slipped on his stockings, threw his carpet-bag out of window; ran down; found the stairs full of ladies in their night-dresses; ran out; looked back one street off, and saw the hotel fall to the ground. Was not that an adventure? That was nothing. Had I been the night-journey to Granada? Such a conveyance! Market-cart—mere market-cart; no sleep; jolt, jostle, bump, jog; so it was; but such orange-groves, green as verdigris, hollowing suddenly out of brown, desert, turnpike-road hills. Poor Fortywinks! nothing could equal his contempt of others but his admiration of himself.

But now we are at the Giralda, the great Moorish tower of beauty, with its frescoed walls; the sharp four-square of keen brick, with the stucco peeling off, as the stone tunicle is peeling off the Pyramids. We look at it from all sides. We have seen it illuminated at night, rising a starry pinnacle to the blue heaven. We have seen it a centre-point, in the hot, silent Spanish noons, for the sun to burn upon. We want to see the Moorish tower of prayer now from above, and from the airy summit where the falcons build and circle, to look down on the Arab river, and the great mob of brown-roofed houses, convents (now factories), and Renaissance-foliated palaces, all girdled in by five miles of crumbling walls, where the aloe bristles, and the bramble crawls and twines its thorny chains round its purple fruit. We want to see the relative positions of the noble and the gipsies' quarter, the relative preponderance of the mediæval Roman and Moorish cities, of Aboo-

Yoosoof-Yacooob's city and that of Columbus or Charles the Fifth.

So I and Fortywinks, disregarding the yellow flower-stalk pinnacles, countless as the alpine peaks, of the Cathedral that supplanted the mosque of the Faithful, the doors netted round and banded over by stone tracery, the guardian porter saints who heed neither the righteous nor the sinner who enter, the Pharisee priest, or the publican muleteer, push on past the stone terraces and broken Roman pillars chained together in a rude jailer way, that surround the church, and enter the inclosure leading to this stupendous tower, which, in Fortywinks' humble opinion, "if he may be considered to be in a position to assert it," shoots up like a rocket into a region of beauty unknown to all other European or Oriental towers. We walk round the fifty feet of sharp, close stuccoed brick, that forms one of its sides, and reach the lower guard-room, where the curator resides. Curator is a tight-jerked groom of a man, with a great bunch of keys at his girdle, like the jailer in a real three-act tragedy. His face is one of those dry, brown Spanish ones, with eyes with a fund of quiet fire at the bottom of them, a surly mouth, and a slow articulation. Evidently, if there is one thing he hates more than another, it is going up those seventy inclined planes to the bell-turret of the Giralda. Besides him there is an old crone, who mumbles prayers to herself, and is rubbing, with other purposes than Aladdin's, at one of those old Roman lamps that the Andalusian peasantry and the poor people of Rome still use. It was just like those found at Pompeii and throughout Naples kingdom. It went up in a square brass stalk, with a base below to rest on, and a ring above for the finger: half way down came the boat-shaped oil-chamber, with three spouts for wicks. Brushing the room with a bundle of peacocks' feathers of faded emerald and other jewel colors moved a brisk, black-eyed "Immaculata," or Juanna, giving furtive attention to a handsome young muleteer lover lounging at the door in the "promiscuous" desperately accidental way peculiar to lovers. This full-bosomed agile girl is the sister of the celebrated "Campinila," or Daughter of the Giralda, at present the best public dancer in Seville—a pantheress at the bolero, a leopardess at the cachuca, a twining snake in the fandango, a flying angel in

every thing else. A sort of superstition connects her with this old Moorish-painted tower, as the dream of Victor Hugo does Esmeralda with the twin towers of Nôtre Dame. She was born in it; perhaps will come back a faded old woman, tired of the pomps and gawds of the world, to die in it, and be tolled for at last by her old friend, the big bell La Gorda, that daily to the "ower good" of Seville announces the Angelus Domini and the Ave Maria—the beginning and end of the religious man's day.

Up I go through several dark passages and small horse-shoe (colt's-foot) arches, and begin to ascend the ramps, as the short inclined planes, that with the Moors superseded stairs, are called; feeling, as when I ascended St. Peter's, passing up a mountain quickly as in a vision, with no special sense of exertion or pain and panting in rising. Every ramp is numbered, just over its entrance arch, each ramp standing off at an acute angle from its predecessor. We are going up three hundred and fifty feet high, as high as the Campanile at Venice, up to the bronze figure of Faith, with the labarum banner, that crowns the highest summit, as it has done ever since the wise monks put it there—two thousand pounds of it, to shift with every breeze—in 1568.

At every fresh slope of ascent, to let the echo of our tramp-foot die away, we pause and look down the giddy precipice height through the simple Moorish window-loops with the two colts'-hoof openings, clinging by the central slender shaft of dark marble or ambery alabaster. It was from this slender outer balcony, frail, but beautiful as the open side-work of a lady's casket, that the green-turbaned *cadi* used, in his white and crimson robes, to address the rolling, troublous sea of turbans, when the silver clarions mentioned in the old Cid ballads had sounded, and the Atabel bell-staffs and Moorish drums had beaten and jingled noisily to order silence.

"By Jove!" says Fortywinks, who always speaks in a controversial way, "don't you call this beautiful? Talk of Bow Church!"

I hadn't said a word about Bow Church, or its mean, tight little balcony hanging over its stormy street. I hadn't denied the beauty of the Tower of Prayer. That be far from me, listening ghost of Sultan Joseph Jacob! Nor would I be rude

to the prim Santos Justina and Rufina, the sainted potter's daughters, whom Murillo painted from live potter's daughters, and who are supposed to still miraculously defend this tower, being indeed seen as late as July, 1843, when they caught some of Espartero's cannon-shot, just as an Eton long-stop would a spinning cricket-ball.

"Get out," says Fortywinks, swelling up for a laugh, because he thinks I am trying to be funny, and he ought, as a sociable companion, to try and do the civil thing, and laugh. Bless him! Right—left—up, up—tramp, tramp—tramp, tramp. There is no prospect to turn and admire, as elderly gentlemen do when they are blown going up hill, and want to mop their foreheads; and I am not going to stop at Fortywinks' desire, though I think he wants me to, for I hear him puffing and panting like an over-walked poodle, just turning 54 ramp (57, 58, 59, 60); another horseshoe window, giddier still to look down (61, 62, 63). Curator goes sulkily on, cursing Providence, looking on himself as a vexed, and, by Heaven! a personally ill-treated Spaniard. "Bad enough," I think I hear him say, "to show the tiresome old tower, that seems to me to grow higher every day, as I get older. Worrying enough to show it, I say again, to the real Castilians and the 'well-boiled' majo; but to foreigners, and, above all, Englishmen—bah!" and he curses us in the name of the false prophet and all his gods, who helped the Moslem to build this hateful tower. Why could not his daughter give up that monkey dancing, and come and show strangers—English—bah!—over the d—d old tower, that the kind Don Fulano had imprisoned him in for his sins?

All this time I, like Gallio, "caring for none of these things," and knowing that, English or not, he will pocket our shillings, tramp up the stone slopes, thinking of the outside of the fair tower, with its circled pillarets and the rope net-work of quatre-foiled and pierced tracery encircling its precious surface. Far behind I hear groaning Fortywinks, who calls out, "I say, old fellow, how much more of it?" and "Scissors, isn't it a way up?" I think of the figured shadows that play and wanton about its dark-eyed loops. I think of the fading frescoes, with their dim red and yellow saints, fading off as if really the blood and bone, intense Mohammedanism of the building were

too much for them. I think of the running scrolls of thorny flower-leaves that twine round the spandrels of the window arches, that from below look so small—such mere swallows’-nests of shady balconies up against the great brick world of a tower. Fortywinks, at last catching me, insists on reading from his red Guide-book “as how” the tower was a Mueddin, or a prayer-tower for the old mosque that stood below; as how it was the detached Campanile, just as the Irish round tower (also a citadel) was—such as one or two of our English churches have. It was built in 1196, in our early Norman kings’ days, by Sultan Aboo Joseph Jacob, who added it as a crown to the great mosque his father had built, in imitation of the forest of pillars still existing at Cordova. The father was that wise sultan who threw a bridge of boats across the muddy river, who completed the walling of the city, repaired the old Roman aqueduct, and built wharves for the Moorish Sevillians. Jaber, a Moorish architect, built it, as well as two sister ones of the same kind at Morocco and Rabat—built them to be nearer heaven, to worship Allah, and observe the stars, in the year of the Hegira 593 (1196). On the summit he placed four brazen (spheres) apples, cast by an Arab alchemist of Sicily, costing fifty thousand pounds, which were thrown down by an earthquake, such as has just been felt in Seville (since my visit), in 1395. It was here (to purge ourselves of the intolerable torment of facts and dates—the vermin hinderances of fluent history) that, in 1248 (our Henry the Third’s reign), when San Fernando took the city finally from the Moors, a Scottish knight first ascended the Giralda, and proclaimed the conquest, just as Cardinal Mendoza did from the bell-tower of the Alhambra. Fortywinks is a painfully inquiring man. Higher and higher; curator, longing to throw us out of a loop, but, by strong screwings up, contriving to be sullenly civil, suddenly drags us into a sort of cupboard-room, unlocks a door in the wall, and shows us, with the proud triumph of a Beefeater showing the regalia to a group of country people, a clock made by Jose Cordero in 1764—the greatest lion of Seville—but which replaced a much more curious old jotter of Time’s breathing, date 1400, the first ever made in Spain. I, having no mechanical head, see nothing but a skeleton world of shining brass wheels, indented cogs, steel

weights, and shining metal surfaces. Fortywinks sees no more of it, though I know he really believes that, if he gave his mind seriously to it, he could invent a new steam-engine that would go by puffing. The curator scowls at us as a set of brainless, atheistic idiots, and shuts the clock-case with a contemptuous bang, giving us a look as if he had struck us, which Fortywinks returns with a grand glance of military and austere defiance. Already we are above the old Moorish shields of the tower; those last square loops in the roof light the last tier of the Moorish brick-work; and now, passing a walled passage, which outside is arcaded with painted engrailed arches, we pass through a door and come out on the airy and lofty bell-turret, the last height but one below the high globe on which the Italian figure of Faith stands that we can get to. Above our heads is the roof, with the parapet crowned by stone globes, and urns, and carved bells, and at the four corners the huge iron lilies, four or five feet high, which are attributes of the Virgin, the guardian and special deity of Seville. From this again rise the four lessening pierced turrets, which nobody but the builders have ever ascended.

But of the bell-turret specially. Here we are, in a semi-dark covered passage, built round the core of the roots of the upper tower, lit on each of the four sides by five long-arched loops for bells. Here was where the Mueddin once summoned the faithful to prayers, crying, with sonorous voice, "Come to prayer—come to prayer! Prayer is better than sleep—prayer is better than sleep!" and then the short battle creed, "Allah ill illaha, wa Mahmoud rasool ila," for "There is but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet." Here, where the hawks wheel and whistle, are the baptized bells, the name of their particular saint inscribed over them. I read Saint Barbara, Saint Peter, and Santa Maria. Each bell has a special purpose as well as a special name: this is for marriage, that for death, this for fire, that for baptism. I think of Schiller as I read their names, and wonder at the portly patriarch of them, La Gorda (the fat one).

I should mention, by-the-by, that the Spanish bell-ringing is only a jostling clash and clamor, without regard to time, chime, sequence, or harmony. It is merely meant to scare the devil of thunder, to invite rain, and frighten goblins, which I should

think it might well do. The large-mouthed, loud-voiced bells are hung on great green cross-beams of wood, with a counter-balance rising from them in a straight line with the bell. To the top of these counterweights the bell-rope is fastened, so that when the ringer wants to sound, he twists the rope round and round this till all the rope is wound out. Once at the end of the tether, away it goes back again, the bell tumbling head over heels with a clatter enough to waken the Cid. Sometimes, when the bell is large, these lazy bunglers simply tie a rope to the clapper, and so beat out their sacred music.

As I am staring about in a helpless traveler way, at the suspended bells above my head, a sadder and stranger object than even that fantastic fiction Quasimodo comes through a doorway toward us in a blank, purposeless way, apparently to ring the bell of the hour, for it is just noon. He is a lean, shambling, pale stripling, perhaps twenty, but not looking more than seventeen, so puny and faded is his youth. As he approaches nearer to the great bell, I see by the way he feels the walls with his hands, as well as, now he comes nearer, by the dimness and pulpiness of his eyes, that he is blind. This is poor Diego, the blind idiot, who is the bell-ringer of the Giralda. Poor and blind, he loves these bells like his own brothers, and has got names for all of them. He knows all their tricks and all their voices: chiding, warning, loving, wooing, praying, summoning, or alarming. He likes to be up there when the cross-fire arrows of the lightning shoot across the sky; and he spends hours there on summer evenings trying to count the flocks of brown burnt roofs (that he calls his sheep) in the city below. He comes there, too, to cower from the fierce deluge rain of the south.

Mercy of Heaven! see him now, how he springs up in that high arch under the big bell, and winds up the cord round the counterweight; how he throws himself at the rope, and plunges almost through the loop, laughing vacantly as the great bell tosses, and tumbles, and clamors above his empty head. It is terrible to see the strong recoil of the rope, as each stroke all but sucks him through the opening, that makes one giddy to look from, more than two hundred feet to the stones below. I put my head out under the bells to reconnoitre where I am, and Fortywinks, to match me, does the same in the next loop.

The result of my look is, that I am in a cloistered turret, just above the beautiful Moorish arcading that seems so much Mechlin lace turned to stone. Above this small corbel ledge runs a sort of band of inlaid panel, in small patterned squares and triangles, very grateful to the eye. From this spring the five long-arched loops on each side of the square, where the bells rock and sway in their merry wanton way, swinging in and swinging out, with a clamor and a shout, One and two, and one and two—clishing—clashing, brazen crashing, with a tumult and a sound, from the belfry to the ground, over roof and over tower, with a maddened swelling power, as if stern old Sultan Time, growing weary of the chime, were despotically intent on his final message sent, crying with a savage clamor, as he smites with brazen hammer, through the heat and through the gloom, with mechanic voice of doom, careless as the heads-men be, of the blow that sets us free—"One-more-day-is-dead-and-gone, and one-more-day-is-dead-and-gone."

Having well noted the dark level of the two-side loops, and the beautiful ribbed curve of the central doorway of sound, the broad cornice above, with the dark and white lozenges of stone-work, and the pierced roundels, which are mouthpieces for the bell music to pour out of—now unable to bear any longer the sight of Diego, who makes me giddy by throwing himself suicidally at the bell-cords, apparently trying to hang himself, and plunge head foremost over the battlements at the same time—I mount the inner staircase, whose stone steps are scooped out with generations of feet, and get out into the breezier air of the highest terrace of the tower of prayer, though the lessening peaks go soaring eighty or ninety feet still above me. I am now up close to the green iron tree-lilies, fixed in huge Domdaniel iron jars, pierced with stars, and mounted on stone pyramids of bells. I can now, which is a satisfaction, put my hand on the stone spheres and hollow urns, or lanterns, that crown the parapet. Below these, when I glance over, I see a paneling of dark marked bands and small pediments crowning the greater bell-arches below, from which worn, carved heads of guardian saints look out like men who are alarmed at night by a sudden cry of fire, or like quiet people who had gone to bed at an inn and awoke suddenly in the night, discovering it to be a belfry. Behind me rises the mys-

terious, unvisitable lesser turret, topped by a balustraded parapet, fairer than all the minarets of Seville, whether San Marcos—*Omnium sanctorum*—or Santa Catalina, says our sour curator. If I was to contradict him, he has got to that pitch of sullenness because we linger about so on this artificial precipice, that I think it would be dangerous, so I agree with him. Fortywinks utters nothing but the singular slang interjection, "Scissors!" at minute-gun intervals, for refreshment.

As my eye travels up still farther, not stopped by want of stairs, as I (his master) am, it sees a smaller turret rising from the last I described. It is hollow, and supported on parallel square shafts which force it up to the round cornice and square, sharp ledges, which bear in great Roman letters the Scriptural legend from the Proverbs, xviii., 10, *Nomen Domini fortissima turris*, "God's name is a strong tower (of defense)"—a beautiful consecration of it to God's services by the monkish builder. Yet here it does not stop—no. See, the monk half way up to heaven staid but to carve his prayer. Up soars a smaller, finer turret—up like a flower just shot from its cup and sheath of leaves—up beyond the stone urns and pierced filigree scroll-work that, from below, gives the Giralda the look of one of those Gothic font-covers or rich pinnaced tabernacles wrought by Venetian goldsmiths, who prayed and struggled as they worked. Again, from the round cable-girding and base of moulding rises, with fresh aspiration, another hollow turret from the rim of vases; and yet another, small as the poop-lantern of an admiral's ship, a mere airy cradle for the whistling falcon to swoop round lovingly, and to watch its young in. From the stone cap of this—not larger does it look than my hat—rises a coping of filigree work, then a gilded globe, that looks no larger than a gilt bolus, and on this, at last, balances the great Italian bronze figure of *La Fe* (Faith) just as it was set there in 1568 by Bartolemè Morel. From my high terrace of vantage it looks no larger than a chimney-ornament, but, in truth, it weighs, with its banner, five thousand pounds, and, though only a weathercock, is fourteen feet high—in fact, preposterously Amazonian and colossal.

This female weathercock figure of Faith is a stock butt for the wits of Seville. It seems so droll for the monk to have chosen it if he did not mean to have been satirical. A female

figure for Faith, and not merely a female figure, which might have been pardonable, but a weathercock figure for what should be fixed and immutable as the sure set mountain. Protestants think it suitable, and quote the perpetual changes and contrivances of the Church, whose popes cancel each other's deeds; who now support Jesuitism, now exile it; who throw off perpetual fresh sects and heresies, and call them new monastic orders; who, if the age is cruel, is cruel—if merciful, is merciful; who condemn new truths, yet resuscitate old errors; who have turned Christianity, at first a republic, into a despotism; whose vicegerent is supported by foreign swords and bayonets, though He whom he worships once said, "He who takes the sword shall perish by the sword." Even old, fat, studious canons, nestled in cathedral closes, have their pot shot at it and quote Seneca:

"What is more unstable than air?—Lightning. What than lightning?—Fame. What than fame?—Woman. What than woman?—Nothing (but the Roman Catholic Church)."

The goddess, perhaps only an old Roman Fortune rechristened—for what is Popery but old idolatry with a cross round its neck?—looks down on the great flat city that Musa Ibn Hossein conquered, when Don Roderic fell on the red banks of the Guadalete.

Here, still below her, stretch miles of flat, yellow-ridged roofs, with the scanty arched windows, and terraces, and balconies, that Saint Fernando subdued with his knights whose deeds so nearly sent Don Quixote to a mad-house. • This is the old city that Julius Cæsar fortified in opposition to Pompey's pet city of Cordova. These brown roofs are still girdled by sixty-six towers and fifteen gates, and the remains of one hundred and forty convents are still to be seen within its streets.

As you look down you see the old Moorish city marked out by the narrow, dark clefts of streets that wind in and out like dark brooks among the houses. The arch-entrance porches and fountain courts you can not see in this bird's-eye view. Away yonder, far away across the plain, is Italica, an old Roman military station where the Emperor Hadrian was born—alas! for human glory, curator knows nothing about him, and will insist on showing me a sort of astrolabe, which is let into the wall of the parapet, and indicates the former haunt of as-

tronomers who came here to map out the stars, that only show themselves to us at night when they are in full-jeweled evening dress. Yonder goes the soapsud-looking river, on whose flat earth banks the old conquerors of Seville, who now sleep their sleep in the Cathedral suburbs, wrought such deeds, pounding and hammering at the Moors' shorn and turbaned heads. Below us, all round, are the stone roofs and huge pinnacles of the Cathedral bossy with flowers, as so many holy-oaks, and all sorts of strange-winged buttresses, that I long to clamber among. Down there, too, is the great, redundant, vulgarly rich Archbishop's palace, Churrigueresque to an intolerable degree; and there is the old Moorish citadel, the Alcazar where Philip the Second brooded mischief to England; where Charles the Fifth sat crooning and planning the destruction of whole nations beside his Flemish fireplaces, and where poor half-witted Philip the Fifth told his beads as he fished for carp, who, oddly enough, preferred their quiet mud to the silver stewpan.

This is the fairy-palace, whose leagues of needle-work-wall I shall one day describe. And yonder is the house of Pilate and the Inquisition — dark houses, and countless orange-gardens, longing for the joys of October harvest, when all the city is picking or packing, and the smoking dealer roams about with the balls of red gold, crying out that they are "Dulces que al-mibar" (sweet as sirup).

This is the city where big-hearted Cortez died broken-hearted, and where Columbus pined. Yon is the house, the storehouse of the Murillos, I yesterday visited. I can see the Alba and Medina Sidonia palaces, and the Franciscan convent, where Don Juan was murdered by the monks. I can even, with dissecting eye, pick out the different ferries of the city, where epicures go to eat shad, and where bare-legged fishermen catch the royal sturgeon. Away here is La Buena convent, once a bottle manufactory; not far from this is the Leper Vista Hospital. Curator marks me out the Moorish causeway that led to the poor huts of La Macarena, where Murillo children still sprawl about in the road dirt, and make as clever mud-pies as though they were kings' sons. I track on from roof to roof—from the hospital of the Five Wounds to the caverns that Soult, the general-thief, plundered, and which have since been a

galley-slaves' prison. That stilted aqueduct, and those fortified-looking dust-heaps, bring us to the cannon-foundry, and the hot spots outside the walls, where the bullies and gamblers dice, wrangle, and fight. My eyes turn from these leprous beggars' quarters and roam widely, sweeping along in flights swifter than the falcons over our heads, to the gardens of Las Delicias, at the foot of which parade I shall presently embark for Cadiz. Here is the Saint Elmo palace, gay in green and gilt, that the son of Columbus built, and where the Duke de Montpensier (not unknown to English leader-writers) and his Infanta live. Not far from there is the Moorish tower of gold, where the national red and yellow flag now flames and flaunts in the sun.

Now, with painful steps, and meditatively slow, I leave blind Diego, still looking up at the bells in a wistful way, as if counting the minutes till he had to ring them again. Curator strides down rejoicingly, jingling his keys, and playfully expectant of shillings. I count, for the last time in this weary, joyless life of mine, the number of the ramps, and drive the curator to symptoms of epilepsy by again stopping at one of the side Moorish windows, and putting my head out to roar, in the character of a Christian knight captive among the Moors, the defiance of the old chronicle of the Cid to the turbaned Turks below, who roll their eyes, and shake their glittering crescent sabres at me:

“Three hundred banner'd knights was indeed a gallant show;
 Three hundred shaven Moors they kill'd, a man at every blow.
 The Christians call upon Saint James, the Moors upon Mahound;
 There were thirteen hundred of them slain on a little plot of ground.
 The Cid himself rode in the midst, his shout was heard afar—
 ‘I am Don Rui Diaz, the Champion of Bivar!’”

“I say, old fellow!” says Fortywinks, looking at his watch, “if we don't step out we shall miss that steamer. It goes at half past three, and I'm fifty minutes past two now. Look alive! Have you paid the old bloke?”

CHAPTER IX.

THE INQUISITION'S GALA-DAY.

I HAD just parted, at the Seville river-side, with Driver and Spanker, who are off in the steamer for Cadiz. Their earnest last words, "We *do* hope you'll like Gib!" pronounced with a certain plaintive anxiety, which I, perhaps unjustly, attributed partly to "ginnums and waterums" (as they playfully denominated spirits and water), still rang in my ears. In vain I went to worm out the house where Murillo was born, and spent some time watching some gipsy girls, and haggard old crones with red rims to their eyes, who, in the square not far from the Archbishop's palace, were busy cooking something in a tripod caldron over a charcoal fire that the wind kindled in gusts to a white crimson.

Yes, even of sketching, as of other good things, there may be too much; so I slapped my pencils in their case with the angry haste with which a hard-pressed soldier rings his ramrod into the barrel, clicked my knife to as if I had got an enemy's fingers under the blade, and set off to go and inflict my dullness on the English consul—a kind old man, and a lover of art. Now he who loves what I love, I always love; but, to tell the real truth, the rain of sun-fire had now dried up an hour ago all love of humanity in me; my heart seemed a hard Barcelona nut, my brain a dried-up pigment or a madrepore; my veins were contracting; I was rapidly becoming a baked man—a bad terra-cotta likeness of Adam. In a word, to use a strong metaphor, the Spanish sun had turned my milk of human kindness into curds and whey. Just now I was admiring the Spanish nobility of bearing; their quick rebound of wit; their courage; their freedom from pride. Now I find myself, yellow-faced victim of bile that I am! sneering at the Inquisition, denouncing the shoals of Indians Cortez drove to death, laughing at the little strutting baboon grandees, and speaking irreverently of a certain Madrid lady, the Messalina of modern times; all this, comes of a rise in the thermometer. Poor, weak human

nature, I despise thee! But a man can not kick himself or pull his own nose, so I let it pass. Ill-tempered, bilious wretch that I am, I pretend to be going to chat and trifle with an old friend; but don't I really know that I am really going to vent on him my ill-temper—to obstinately sit sullenly enjoying the fact that a bored and long-suffering friend is not allowed, by the rules of the Book of Etiquette, to drive you down stairs, with the word Bore chalked on the back of your black coat?

I wind down all sorts of quiet streets in the environs of the Archbishop's palace, where, now that Peter's net is made of gold wire, the fishers of men, Saint Peter's descendants and worshipers, keep their fishing materials. At last, after long trains of blind walls and grated windows, from which music here and there oozes out for my solace, poor bilious pilgrim that I am, with unboiled peas in my life-pilgrim shoes, I come to Numero X., and a grated door looking very much like the entrance to a sort of Paradisiacal Newgate. As I stand at the threshold, the earth lies before me a poor panting creature, shot through and through with the sun's quiverful of golden sunbeam arrows. My tongue hung out like a mad dog's; my liver seemed swollen as large as a hat-box; as for my heart, it was like a bad horse in a race—nowhere; my throat was a potsherd. I tracked my way as I went, like a water-cart, with hot drops from my brow. I felt for the first time the curse of Cain, and was scarcely able to bear it. Drat the fellow! how long he is answering the bell. I stare through the grated door like a felon from his condemned cell. I feel blood-thirsty and felonious. I long to bathe in a lemonade ocean, and wish for a steady two days' rain of soda-water. A man fast becoming a tile has a right to lose his temper: flesh I had lost long ago; I now lost my temper. I was very hot, yet I was getting polar—thin and tough as a post; I was distilling into vapor; I was fast becoming a dead disembodied spirit. Oh, that Spanish sun! Would I had a diving-bell, that I might go and spend my afternoons at the bottom of the Guadalquivir, looking for Arab skeleton relics, and studying hydraulics!

Will that fellow come? I cower from the heat—blinding, dazzling, scorching, screeching—under the consul's portico, where the stones are dry and cleaned by the all-purifying heat, which has been ever since daybreak in a broad waft of sun-

shine, stealing across its white surface like the shadow that cancels the hours over a dial-face. I look in through the flowering iron of the grating at the quiet court, with its glossy-leaved orange-trees, with their porous gold balls of bullion fruit and their tight, highly-finished rind, standing so watchful and thoughtful, that I believe, if I could find the right key and the old Moorish talismanic word, they would speak. I observe the fountain dipping with the pettish drops that fret the silver mirror of its surface, and break up the pretty reflected picture of the four trees and the corridors above, the doorway of the sitting-room at the side, and other garnishing, into broken and discordant scraps and sketches of pictures. I mark—for my eye will have it all to hand over to blind memory, who sits in the dark rooms of the brain, shuts up, and depends on her for out-door news—I mark the square, cut down from the higher surface, just as in the rooms in Pompeii. The Sevillians, indeed, retain strictly the old Roman type; a more pleasurable semi-open-air life can scarcely be conceived; but then you must group children, and lovers, and old fathers round the fountain. Long before I hear the servant's tardy feet, I have time to observe the corridor balconied above, leading to the bedrooms, looking so airy, tranquil, and cool, that you would half expect, on opening the door, to find some of Zurburan's saints asleep on the beds, or a Murillo's Saint Francis struggling in rapturous devotion before an ebony and ivory crucifix.

At last Pepe comes, smiling, and rubbing his lips, still redolent of olla. Of course he is gravely polite, and has a proverb—"No summer like a late summer"—to which I condescend no reply; a fact that does not in the least discomfort Pepe, who assures me that he and all that is in the house are at my feet. His excellency the consul is not in, but must be in soon, for at three his reverence the archbishop comes to dinner. Do I not hear the hissing in the kitchen? That is a snake that hisses, but does not bite. I must pardon the kitchen proverb. Will I walk in and take my siesta till his excellency the señor returns? From the bottom of his heart he regrets that he must, however, leave me there alone, as he has some horses to look after, and some herbs to get for the omelettes. But shall he bring me some Manzanilla and a plate of biscuits?

I yield. I am shown into the consul's sunny twilight library,

where the many-colored bindings of the curious books, for which he is famous, mottle the wall as with precious tapestry. Where I sit I can look out into the great hall, and see the pale cold busts from Italica that stare at me with sightless eyes from behind their leafy ambuscades. I am in the room of a highly civilized man; the walls are rich with choice pictures—bouquets of very fleshy Rubenses, Rembrandt midnights teeming with life, enameled miniatures by Gerard Dow, scuds of pistol-firing horsemen by Wouvermans.

I lay back luxuriously in a Turkish arm-chair, and thought of the different siestas at that moment taking place in Seville. Beggars asleep smiling in doorways, their children resting against their bandaged knees. Duchesses in their rose-leaf colored boudoirs, their humming-bird fans dropped from their white wonders of hands—perhaps still warm with lovers' kisses—for even duchesses have lovers. Globular canons with mellow bald heads asleep over Saint Thomas Aquinas, which is no wonder. Craftsmen dozing at their looms or beside their forges. Every day at noon a Spanish city falls asleep, and God alone knows when it wakens.

In this dim studious twilight, with a silence only broken by fountain kisses, as of a perpetual water-nymph's honeymoon, and scented with bridal orange-blossoms, Oriental, as fits the city, I throw myself luxuriously into a cushioned easy-chair, and, propelling myself lazily, as a paddler down a lotus river might, I drive slowly along the book shelves, beating them for game, as an old pointer would the yellow hair-brush stubbles. I had not well passed over a yard or two of Lope de Vega, and nearly as much of Calderons and Perreiras, when the word INQUISICION, on the back of a little dried-up, colorless, cracked duodecimo, with the date 1680, Amsterdam, on the title-page, attracts my eye. I open it, and find it is a collection of narratives of Inquisition imprisonments in this very city, written by one Serafin de Carcel, who escaped from Cadiz to Holland after having been condemned to be burned for heresy.

Now the Inquisition and its horrors were always of a special interest to me.

I had only yesterday paddled all round by the tobacco manufactory, and the tall English factory chimney rising from a convent, passing the arsenals (we got the word from the Moors),

the piles of salt codfish (how they smell!), and the sellers of the fried fish (soles, called "soldiers of Pavia" from their yellow uniforms). After many errands and strayings I got to the Prado of Saint Sebastian, where the foundations of a square platform still mark the Quemadero, or Burning Place. This dusty, horrid, deserted square was the spot where so many martyrs ascended in fiery chariots to heaven.

So, while I had to wait, I took out my note-book, and wrote down a few facts from this rare and curious book, from which, by the aid of memory, I have since put together the following narrative of the Inquisition ceremonials, with all their horrid semblance of religion and mercy.

Carcel was a goldsmith in the Serf's Street, Seville, and was arrested on the 2d of April, 1680, at ten o'clock in the evening, as he was finishing a gold necklace for one of the maids of honor. A week after his first arrest Carcel was examined. "In an anteroom," he says, "a smith frees me of my irons, and I pass from the antechamber to the 'inquisitor's table,' as the small inner room is called. It is hung with blue and citron-colored taffeta. At one end, between the two grated windows, is a gigantic crucifix, and on the central estrade (a table fifteen feet long, surrounded by arm-chairs), with his back to the crucifix, sits the secretary, and on my right Francis Delgado Ganados, the grand inquisitor, who is a secular priest. The other inquisitors had just left, but the ink was still wet in their quills, and I saw on papers before their chairs some names marked with red ink. I am seated on a low stool opposite the secretary. The inquisitor asks my name and profession, and why I come there, exhorting me to confess as the only means of quickly regaining my liberty. He hears me, but when I fling myself weeping at his knees, he says coolly there is no hurry about my case; that he has more pressing business than mine waiting (the secretary smiles), and he rings a little silver bell which stands beside him on the black cloth for the alcaid, who leads me off down a long gallery where my chest is brought in, and an inventory taken by the secretary. They cut my hair off, and strip me of every thing, even to my ring and gold buttons; but they leave me my beads, my handkerchief, and some money I had fortunately sewn in my garters. I am then led bareheaded into a cell, and left to think and despair till evening, when they bring me supper.

"The prisoners are seldom put together. Silence perpetual and strict is maintained in all the cells; fortunately, if any prisoner moans, complains, or even prays too loud, the jailers, who watch the corridors night and day, warn them through the grating. If the offense is repeated, they storm in and load you with blows to intimidate the other prisoners, who, in the deep grave-like silence, hear your every cry and every blow.

"Once every two months the inquisitor, accompanied by his secretary and interpreter, visits the prisoners, and asks them if their food is brought them at regular hours, or if they have any complaint to make against the jailers. But this is only a parade of justice; for if a prisoner makes complaints they are treated as mere ravings and fancies, and never attended to.

"But these severities are trifles in comparison to the tortures some of my fellow-sufferers were put to in my presence because their crime of heresy could not be proved without their own confession.

"The water torture consisted in passing water down the wretch's throat till he almost burst, and then fastening him in a sort of vice and suspending him on a pole that almost broke his spine.

"In the fire torture they lit a very fierce flame; then larded the prisoner's naked feet and held them for nearly an hour toward the flames, till he invented lies that pleased them, or confessed truths that inculcated himself.

"In the rope torture they tie the man to a horizontal rope by his hands, which are tied behind his back; they then raise him in the air, and suddenly let him fall with a jolt that dislocates half his joints and makes him utter torturing cries. The only persons present at these butchery scenes are the stolid inquisitors and the bishop, the grand vicar or his deputy. There are never more than two lurid torches, which show the executioners, who are clothed in black robes and black hoods that hide all the face, but have holes for eyes, nose, and mouth. They strip the prisoner to his waistband, and if he faint, the doctor of the Inquisition comes in to pronounce how much more suffering the guilty man can bear.

"If all this fails, and soul and body are both of steel, the inquisitors try snares. They put apostates into the bruised man's cell, who comfort him and complain of the Inquisition as

one of the greatest scourges with which God ever allowed man to be inflicted. The inquisitors, too, profess to be touched with their sufferings, to wish their conversion rather than their hurt, and to pray them to make even the slightest confession, which is to be kept an inviolable secret, and will restore them to instant liberty.

“After two months’ imprisonment,” he says, and I give it, as far as I can remember, in his own plain, touching way, “one Saturday, when, after my meagre prison dinner, I give my linen, as usual, to the jailers, to send to the wash, they will not take it, and a great cold breath whispers at my heart—to-morrow is the auto da fe. When, immediately after the vespers at the Cathedral, they ring for matins, which they never do but on the rejoicing eve of a great feast, I know that my horrid suspicions are right. Was I glad at my escape from this living tomb, or was I paralyzed by fear at the pile perhaps already hewn and stacked for my wretched body? I know not. I was torn in pieces by the devils that rack the brains of unhappy men. I refused my next meal, but, contrary to their wont, they pressed it more than usual. Was it to give me strength to bear my torture? Do God’s eyes not reach to the prisons of the Inquisition?”

“I am just falling into a sickly, fitful sleep, worn out with conjecturing, when, about eleven o’clock, the great bolts of my cell grind and jolt back, and a party of jailers in black, in a flood of light, so that they looked like demons on the borders of heaven, come in.

“The alcaid throws down by my pallet a heap of clothes, tells me to put them on, and hold myself ready for a second summons. I have no tongue to answer, as they light my lamp, leave me, and lock the door behind them. Such a trembling seizes me for half an hour that I can not rise and look at the clothes, which seem to me shrouds and winding-sheets. I rise at last, throw myself down before the black cross I had smeared with charcoal on the wall, and commit myself, as a miserable sinner, into God’s hands. I then put on the dress, which consists of a tunic with long loose sleeves and hose drawers, all of black serge, striped with white.

“At two o’clock in the morning the wretches came and led me into a long gallery where nearly two hundred men, draught-

ed from their various cells, all dressed in black, stood in a long silent line against the wall of the long, plain-vaulted cold corridor, where over every two dozen heads swung a huge brass lamp. We stood silent as a funeral train. The women, also in black, were in a neighboring gallery far out of our sight. By sad glimpses down a neighboring dormitory I could see more men dressed in black, who from time to time paced backward and forward. These I afterward found were men doomed also to be burned, not for murder—no, but for having a creed unlike that of the Jesuits. Whether I was to be burned or not I did not know, but I took courage, because my dress was like that of the rest, and the monsters could not dare to put two hundred men at once into one fire, though they did hate all who love doll-idols and lying miracles.

“Presently, as we waited sad and silent, jailers came round and handed us each a long yellow taper and a yellow scapular, or tabard, crossed behind and before with red crosses of Saint Andrew. These are the Sanbenitos that Jews, Turks, sorcerers, witches, heathen, or perverts from the Roman Catholic Church are compelled to wear. Now came the gradation of our ranks: those who have relapsed, or who were obstinate during their accusations, wear the sambarra, which is gray, with a man’s head burning on red fagots painted at the bottom, and all round reversed flames, and winged and armed black devils horrible to behold. I, and seventy others, wear these; and I lose all hope. My blood turns to ice; I can scarcely keep myself from swooning. After this distribution they bring us, with hard, mechanical regularity, pasteboard conical mitres (carrochas) painted with flames and devils, with the words **SORCERER** and **HERETIC** written round the rim. Our feet are all bare; the condemned men, pale as death, now begin to weep, and keep their faces covered with their hands, round which the beads are twisted. God only—by speaking from heaven—could save them. A rough, hard voice now tells us we may sit on the ground till our next orders come. The old men and the boys smile as they eagerly sit down, for this small relief comes to them with the refreshment of a pleasure.

“At four o’clock they bring us bread and figs, which some drop by their sides, and others languidly eat. I refuse mine, but a guard prays me to put it in my pocket, for I may yet

need it. It is as if an angel had comforted me. At five o'clock, at daybreak, it was a ghastly sight to see shame, fear, grief, despair, written on our pale, livid faces. Yet not one but felt an undercurrent of joy at the prospect of any release, even by death.

"Suddenly, as we look at each other with ghastly eyes, the great bell of the Giralda begins to boom, with a funeral knell long and slow. It was the signal of the Gala-day of the Holy Office, it was the signal for the people to come to the show. We are filed out one by one. As I pass the gallery in the great hall I see the inquisitor, solemn and stern in his black robes, throned at the gate. Beneath him is his secretary, with a list of the citizens of Seville in his wiry twitching hands. The room is full of the anxious frightened burghers, who, as their names are called, and a prisoner passes through, move to his trembling side to serve as his godfather in the act of faith. The honest men shudder as they take their place in the horrible death procession; the time-serving smile at the inquisitor, and bustle forward. This is thought an honorable office, and is sought after by hypocrites, and suspected men afraid of the Church's sword.

"The procession commences with the Dominicans, whose founder instituted the Inquisition (for which may—). Before them flaunts the banner of the order, representing in glistening embroidery, that burns in the sun and shines like a mirror, the frocked saint, holding a threatening sword in one hand, and in the other an olive branch, with the motto 'Justitia et misericordia' (Justice and mercy). God of love, what a mockery of thy attributes! Behind the banner come the prisoners, in their yellow scapulars, holding their lighted torches, their feet bleeding with the stones, and their less frightened godfathers, gay in cloak, and sword, and ruff, tripping along by their side, holding their plumed hats in their hands. The street and windows are crowded with careless eyes: children are held up to execrate us as we pass to our torturing death. The auto da fe was always a holiday sight to the craftsmen and apprentices: it drew more than even a bull-fight, because of the touch of tragedy about it. Our procession, like a long black snake, winds on, with its banners and crosses, its shaven monks and mitred bare-footed prisoners, through street after street,

heralded by soldiers who run before to clear a way for us—to stop mules, and clear away fruit-stalls, street performers, and their laughing audiences. We at last reach the Church of All the Saints, where, tired, dusty, bleeding, and faint, we are to hear mass.

“The church has a grave-vault aspect, and is dreadful as a charnel-house. The great altar is veiled in black, and is lit with six silver candles, whose flames shine like yellow stars, with clear twinkle, and a soft halo round each black, fire-tipped wick. On each side of the altar, that seems to bar out God and his mercy from us, and to wrap the very sun in a grave-cloak, are two thrones, one for the grand inquisitor and his council, another for the king and his court. The one is filled with sexton-like lawyers, the other with jeweled and feathered men.

“In front of the great altar, and near the door, where the blessed daylight shines with hope and joy, but not for us, is another altar, on which six gilded and illuminated missals lie open; those books of the Gospels, too, in which I had once read such texts as, God is love; Forgive as ye would be forgiven; Faith, hope, charity: these three, but the greatest of these is charity. Near this lesser altar the executive monks had raised a balustraded gallery, with benches bare, on which sat the criminals in their yellow and flame-striped tabards, with their godfathers. The doomed ones came last, the more innocent first. Those who entered the black-hung church first, passing up nearest to the altar, sat there, either praying or in a frightened trance of horrid expectancy. The trembling living corpses wearing the mitres, yellow and red, came last, preceded by a gigantic crucifix, the face turned *from* them.

“Immediately following these poor mitred men came servants of the Inquisition, carrying four human effigies fastened to long staves, and four chests containing the bones of those men who had died in the claws of the Inquisition before the fire could be got ready. The coffers were painted with flames and demons, and the effigies wore the dreadful mitre and the crimson and yellow shirt, all a-flame with typical paint. The effigies sometimes represented men tried for heresies since their death, and whose estates had since been confiscated and their effigies doomed to be burned, as a warning for no one within their reach to differ in opinion with the Inquisition.

“Every prisoner being now in his place—godfathers, torchmen, pikemen, musketeers, inquisitors, and flaunting court—the Provincial of the Augustins mounted the pulpit, followed by his ministrant, and preached a stormy, denouncing, exulting sermon, half an hour long (it seemed a month of anguish), in which he compared the Church with ‘burning eloquence’ to Noah’s ark; but with this difference, that those animals who entered it before the deluge came out of it unaltered, but the blessed Inquisition had, by God’s blessing, the power of changing those its walls once had shut on, turning out meek as the lambs he saw around him so tranquil and devout those who once had been cruel as wolves, and savage and daring as lions.

“This cruel, mocking sermon over, two readers mounted the pulpit to shout the list of the names of the condemned, their crimes (now, for the first time, known to them), and their sentences. We grew all ears, and trembled as each name was read.

“As each name was called the alcaid led out the prisoner from his pen to the middle of the gallery opposite the pulpit, where he remained standing, taper in hand; after the sentence, he was led to the altar, where he had to put his hand on one of the missals, and to remain there on his knees.

“At the end of each sentence, the reader stopped to pronounce, in a loud, angry voice, a full confession of faith, which he exhorted us, the guilty, to join in with heart and voice. Then we all returned to our places. My offense, I found, was having spoken bitterly of the Inquisition, and called a crucifix a mere bit of cut ivory. I was therefore declared excommunicated, my goods confiscated to the king, I was banished Spain, and condemned to the Havana galleys for five years, with the following penances: I must renounce all friendship with heretics and suspected persons; I must, for three years, confess and communicate three times a month; I must recite five times a day, for three years, the Pater and Ave Maria in honor of the Five Wounds; I must hear mass and sermon every Sunday and feast-day; and, above all, I must guard carefully the secret of all I had said, heard, or seen in the Holy Office (which oath, as the reader will observe, I have carefully kept).

“The sentence once read and the worst known, even the condemned seemed happier, and every one fell to eating the

figs and bread he had no appetite for in the morning, for we were all worn out with our long fast.

"The inquisitor then quitted his seat, resumed his robes, and, followed by twenty priests, each with a staff in his hand, he passed into the middle of the church, and, with divers prayers, some of us were relieved from excommunication, each of us receiving a blow from a priest. Once such an insult would have sent the blood in a rush to my head, and I had died but I had given a return buffet; now, so weak and broken-spirited was I, I broke into tears.

"All this time the fussy, frightened citizen who served as my godfather had not dared even to give me a pinch of snuff or to answer any of my anxious questions; now my sentence was commuted, he bowed, chatted, and handed me his snuff-box, which I refused with contempt and indignation. But he only shrugged his shoulders and stammered an apology.

"Now, one by one, the condemnéd, faint and staggering, were brought in to hear their sentence, which they did with a frightened vacancy inconceivably touching. A devil would have shed tears to see them; but the inquisitors were gossiping among themselves and scarcely looked at them, so surfeited were these priests with their enemies' blood.

"Every sentence ended with the same cold mechanical formula: That the Holy Office, being unhappily unable to pardon the prisoners present on account of their relapse and impenitence, found itself obliged to punish them with all the rigor of earthly law, and therefore delivered them with regret to the hands of secular justice, praying it to use clemency and mercy toward the wretched men, saving their souls by the punishment of their bodies, and recommending death, but not the effusion of blood. Cruel hypocrites!

"At the word blood the justice hangmen stepped forward and took possession of their bodies, the alcaid first striking each of them on the chest to show that they were now abandoned to the rope and fire.

"A month before this *auto da fe*, I should mention, the ministers of the Inquisition, preceded by their banner, gorgeous and luminous with sacred symbols, had gone in cavalcade from the palace of the Holy Office to the Cathedral Square, and proclaimed the ceremony with drums, trumpets, and clashing of

brass, to the great crowd that thronged to hear the good news.

"Our present *auto da fe* was to celebrate the king's marriage, and was to be followed by great bull-fights. They had erected a great theatre, fifty feet long, in the square, raised to a level with the king's balcony. All round ran an amphitheatre of thirty steps, for the Council of the Inquisition and the king's ministers. Above these, and higher than the king's seat, was the grand inquisitor's, under a gilt and crimson dais. On the left of the theatre was a second amphitheatre, where the criminals sat and trembled. The fire shone on their pale faces.

"In the midst was a smaller scaffold, with two cages, for more penned-up criminals to hear their sentences in.

"There were in front of this three special chairs for the preachers and readers of the sentences; and near these chairs was a temporary altar, hung with black.

"The king had the queen on his left hand, and the queen's mother on his right. The court ladies filled the rest of the balcony, which, with their flowers and dresses, seemed as if heaped with nosegays. There were also separate seats for the ambassadors, the city judges, and the people.

"The procession consisted of, first, one hundred charcoal-men, armed with pike and musket, and laden with billets of wood; then the Dominicans, carrying a white cross; then the Duke of Medina Cœli, bearing, as is the hereditary privilege of his family, the great red damask banner of the Inquisition, which has on one side the arms of Spain, and on the other a naked sword thrust through a laurel crown. Next came a green cross muffled in black, followed by nobles and familiars of the Inquisition, dressed in robes adorned with white and black crosses, edged with gold. The train was closed by fifty halberdiers, or Guards of the Inquisition, clad in white and black, and commanded by the Marquis de Rosalba, hereditary Protector of the Inquisition in the Archbishopric of Seville.

"The standard and cross were fixed above the royal seat, and the Dominicans, who had been all night singing hymns and thirsting for our blood, drew up in line, as the king and ladies at that moment appeared in a blaze of color and splendor, like a sunburst, in the balconies.

"This was at eight o'clock. The charcoal-burners were placed on the left of the king's box, the guard on the right. The great pasteboard effigies were placed prominently at one end of the amphitheatre.

"Next filed in, sad and slow, the hundred men condemned to the fire, cords round their necks, the three-foot-high flame-colored mitres on their heads, their feet bare, the torches shaking in their trembling hands.

"Next, each led between two familiars, came the commuted ; and, last of all, the innocent. The condemned had some of them gags in their mouths, to prevent any outburst of blasphemy ; and they were each of them surrounded by four or five friars, holding crucifixes to their eyes, and exhorting them, angrily and noisily, to repent.

"Having passed under the king's balcony, and then round the amphitheatre, they were placed on the left hand of the amphitheatre, between the familiars and the priests, who exhorted them continually to repent.

"Next arrived the banner of the parish of Saint Sebastian, the Inquisition Council, the inquisitors, the qualifiers, and a long procession of secular and religious dignitaries, who placed themselves on the right side of the theatre, surrounding the grand inquisitor's chair. Last of all came the grand inquisitor, robed in violet, attended by the president of the Council of Castile ; and when he (the arch devil) took his seat, the president bowed and retired.

"Then mass was again said, and the priest, leaving the altar, sat down ; upon which the inquisitor, putting on pontifical robes and mitre, bowed first to the altar and then to the king ; and, ascending the steps of the throne, a servitor, bearing the cross, read aloud the oath by which the King of Spain had bound himself to protect at all hazards, even to the loss of his kingdom, the Catholic faith, to extirpate heresy, and support the Inquisition.

"Then the king, taking off his hat (the great sword held unsheathed by a chamberlain at his left side), swore to observe the oath.

"The inquisitor then unrobed and resumed his place, while the same oath was administered to all present. Next there was a sermon by a Dominican, praising the Inquisition and de-

nouncing heresy, and the procession moved toward the piles, now dry, piled and stacked with wood billets and fagots.

"A few horrid moments of riveting collars and anklets. A twist or two of the garrote for the least guilty, a struggle here and there, with a demoniac yell, soon stifled by cruel hands and driving blows. The fires are lit. Now the excitement in the boxes gets greater and greater. The fans agitate in black waves; the silk dresses, too, wave like flowery meadows in the March winds. But no pity—not a tear. The flame rages with cruel leaps and mounts; it drives up in great quivering pyramids, that the wind now and then drifts out in horizontal banners, showing black bodies, black burning stakes, and thin hands clasped together in prayer. Higher and higher mount the great twisted columns of smoke, now turning to roaring and racing masses of living fire, furiously, wrathfully, and gluttonously hungering for victims."

* * * * *

I toss down the book, surfeited with the horrors of the scene. "O God!" I cried, in a burst of indignation, "how long is man to turn earth into hell? how long to use thy name as a mask for his most loathsome wickedness? how long—"

"Halloa!" said the consul's voice behind me, "what is the matter? I hope Pepe has not been impudent. Oh, I see you've got hot over that curious little book about the Inquisition. Take care. Remember we are in Spain. Pepe, bring some glasses; and if I catch you listening again— I must stow away that book before the archbishop comes. Never mention the Inquisition, my dear Don Fulano, to a Spaniard. There is a proverb of Andaluçia:

'Con el ojo y la Fè
Nunca me burlare.'

Briefly thus:

'In my faith and in my eye,
No one has a right to pry.'

CHAPTER X.

SPANISH BALLADS.

"HAS any thing fallen into your hands since I last saw you?" I said to Don Sanchez Balthazar, a Spanish artist, engaged by the government to restore the old Moorish palace at Seville.

"No," said he, quite innocently, and beating some crimson madder to a wet, oily, delicious paste with his palette-knife all the time, "nothing but the gout;" and then, after this pleasant bit of dry Spanish wit, he squeezed out a sapphire worm of cobalt, and proceeded, without looking at me, to paint in a scud of April sky, with here and there a swan's puff breast of snow-cloud, vaporous and luxurious. Don Balthazar, for a man of a brown, burnt-up country, is a great artist, though he does not paint, as far as I could see, with what some foolish English rhapsodist has called "the dust of jewels."

His large, bare, whitewashed studio was on the ground floor of the "house of Cæsar," once the house of a Roman prætor, but rebuilt in the eleventh century (not long after our Norman annexation) by Jalubi, an Arab architect of Toledo, for the Moorish sultan Abdoo Rahman, "the defender of the religion of God," who ruled a second Haroon Al Raschid over this fair city of sweet air and sweeter oranges. The city that the historians brag was built by Hercules, restored by Julius Cæsar, lost by Roderic, and conquered by Saint Ferdinand, was also the first mart of South American gold, and the chief scene of Soult's plunders.

But all that is neither here nor there; for what I come to talk with Don Balthazar (his name always sounds to me like the name of a lover in one of Cimarosa's old operas) is about the old Spanish ballads, for which the country, without books, is so famous, and of which Don Balthazar has such a wealth, delighting to croon over his easel all the verses about the sword-strokes of the brave Admiral Guarinos, and the gallant

escape of Gayferos, who made his captive lady leap down from the Moorish tower behind him on his fiery roan.

I have listened by the hour to how some Don Somebody or the other outside the walls of Xeres tore up a young olive-tree to bruise and utterly discomfit the recreant Moors, and was henceforward called "the Pounder;" and to how Don Arnaldos, riding by the sea-shore, suddenly saw a magic galley, invisibly steered, bear toward him. But I know if I begin now bluntly on the subject he will instantly freeze up, for he is a strange snail of a man, and if you touch his shell, even by accident, he is into his shell for all day. So I must let him sing what he is about now, without saying any thing, and then lead him quietly into the main street of my subject, by the side alley of a discussion on Spanish art, a subject his tongue is sure to run away with him on. Hear him. I know that is a verse from a ballad about Bavioca, the Cid's horse, written by a certain Don Fulano, the blameful neglect of whom by Grimm, Depping, and, indeed, all ballad collectors, is one special subject of fiery indignation with the grave Andaluçian Don. What he sang here and elsewhere I have tumbled into rough verse:

"The froth dripp'd from his bridle-chains, the froth spilt down his knee,
There were blobs of snow on the creature's hide, that was black as black
could be.

"There were trails of foam blown spattering back, white on the housing red,
There were blotches of gore on his saddle-tree, and on his chanfroned head.

"Three yellow skulls with shaven crowns, and scalp-locks floating dark,
Hung down beside the stirrup-steel, their eyes were staring stark."

There was here some difficult scumble requiring a more worn brush, which he selected from the quiverful in his left palette hand, as Balthazar quickened to the freer measure of an old sailor's ballad, as old at least as our Henry the Seventh:

"Ye men that row the galleys,
I see my lady fair:
She gazes at the fountain
That leaps with pleasure there.

"Ye men that row the galleys,
Pull madly at each oar,
I see the Moorish palace
Upon the sandy shore.

“O, galleys bound for Tunis,
 Spread out your wings of oars,
 And bear me to my captive love
 Who lies among the Moors.”

Here a difficulty with some “medium” that would run like liquid amber or drip like potable gold over the brown rim of the palette compelled the sweet singer of Seville to pause and drop his many-colored painting rag on the vagrant pool of oil. In a minute or two, when his face seems to have forgot this vexation, and was placid again as water when the circles of the pebble you throw in have smoothed away, and he is busy with a color soft as the gray under a dove’s wing, or the shady side of a pearl, deepening the left eyelid of the Velasquez princess he is copying for some English merchant at Cadiz, I think it safe to begin talking.

“I like your Spanish school,” I said, “Balthazar. It is severe, gloomy, solemn, and religious; even when it unbends it is grave and thoughtful. Murillo’s brown Franciscans, Zurbaran’s white Carthusians, and Roela’s Jesuits, are all to me interesting, because they are so intensely national. I like your Valencian flower-pieces, which makes spring eternal on one’s walls, and your Sevillian still-life subjects, where the aldermanic melon rolls portly and pompous, and the citrons and the olives are so fresh and tempting.”

“And don’t you like,” says Balthazar, stopping a moment to rest on his maulstick, with its padded mushroom top, “don’t you like the portraits of Joanes, our Spanish Raffael, and the Titianesque color of our dumb painter, the beauty of Cano the hot-headed, and the landscapes of Iriarte the Biscayan?”

“I do,” said I. “And I like, too, your studio-legends of painters being let into Paradise by the saints whose pictures they had painted on earth—of the sculptor who, after many failures—

“Becerra?”

“Ah! Becerra, that was his name, who, by advice of the Virgin in a dream, got up and shaped her image from a rude olive-log burning on the hearth; and of the sculptor who, having wrought a miraculous image of Christ at the Pillar, made sure that that was, therefore, his last work, and that he should die, and went and died of the plague accordingly, to insure the ful-

fillment of his presentiment. As for your painters who have been lucky enough to obtain sittings from actual saints, they are innumerable."

"The less said about that the better," said Balthazar, with a rainy-day look, dipping his biggest brush angrily in the dirtiest-looking color he could find on his palette; "but," he said, "when I have put in the liquid hazel rings of this siren's eyes, I will put up my work for to-day, rinse my brushes, and give them a holiday, scrape my palette, and wipe my palette-knife; for the princess's hair is not yet dry, and I must wait till tomorrow before I work at it again. So no thanks. We will go over the palace of Charles the Fifth and that Philip the Second who married your excellent English Mary."

Vamos—and we went, leaving the little vermilion lips of the princess wet, as if they had just been kissed; and, to clear all up, "Juan," said Balthazar, to the mischievous-looking boy drawing in a corner, "keep at your work while I am away, and finish that foot of the Venus. Those eyes you have been doing this morning look like oysters. A foot, mind, has only five toes; you have got six in your charcoal outline."

"That little limb of darkness," said he to me as we left the room, "directly I go out, gets pelting my casts or painting my poodle over with red wafers. He is only fit for a muleteer, and he is as stupid as the king of the jackasses. Demonio! what are such boys sent to us for?"

Balthazar showed me every thing, and I must say his reds and blues were as bright and pepperminty as Mr. Knowing Tones's. In fact, why should they not be, for this palace was decorated for the infamous Pedro the Cruel by the very Moorish artists who did the Alhambra for Yusuf the First. There are here the same arabesques, wrought as with penknives and pierced with needles—the same flower-stalk pillars dividing the horse-shoed windows—the same glazed side dados and carved soffits. Indeed, this is a concrete of antiquities and different ages of art, more so than even the Seville Cathedral that replaces a mosque which had Roman statues built into its foundations. Here are Roman columns with Gothic capitals brought from the royal Aragonese palace at Valencia, that Pedro, the infamous ally of the Black Prince, destroyed, and here, amid badges of this cruel murderer of his wife, you find all the

traditional figures of Moorish art, the stepped pyramid, the pine-apple, and the fleur de lis, and all these glories of color are now, thanks to my friend the Don, reappearing like April rainbows from the long deep snow of saving whitewash that has weighed on them for forty years.

We visit the Gate of the Colors, where the royal flag is hoisted when a king is in the Alcazar, and which tower is now sullenly mournful in the intense heat, as if nothing but a king would content it, and the Gate de la Monteria, by which the royal tenant used to sally out to the boar-chase.

It was after looking at the quaint Charles the Fifth garden, cut and ruled in the precise Roman fashion, that we betook ourselves to the hall of the ambassador, which is specially beautiful with its dome or half-orange roof. This is the palace where Pedro murdered his brother, the Master of Santiago, little thinking he would fall under his surviving brother's dagger; and here he murdered the Red Sultan, the flying usurper of Granada, in order to obtain his jewels, and among them that very huge Balas ruby, "big as a pigeon's egg," or "great as a racket ball," which the bloody tyrant gave with his own hands to our Black Prince, after the useless victory of Navarrette, and which we, not many days since, saw, red as ever, in the Tower.

It was apropos of a verse or two of a Cid ballad that Balthazar sang as we cooled ourselves in this orange-roofed hall:

"The Cid rode through the horse-shoe gate, Omega-shaped it stood,
A symbol of the moon that waned before the Christian rood.

"He was all sheathed in golden mail, his cloak was white as shroud,
His vizor down, his sword unsheathed, corpse-still he rode and proud.

"And over all the spears and blades, east, west, and south, and north,
The Cid's broad flag like sunset spread, wild flaming fiercely forth."

It was apropos of this ballad that I spoke, thinking that while the door was opened I would at least get my foot in.

"What is that?"

"One of Don Fulano's ballads, The Victory of the Dead Cid."

"The Dead Cid?"

"Yes. He won a victory after he was dead; and all I wonder is, he did not win more. If we had tried him against the

French Gavachos, we might have saved calling in you English, who gave us no credit for even helping you against those blasphemous robbers. Well, but about the Cid. When that great champion of Spain, friend of Saint James and destroyer of the Moors, died, his body was embalmed and kept in Burgos Cathedral—I think it was Burgos—seated in a carved chair in the chancel, never moving for seven years but once, when a beast of a Jew dared to pull his beard. At the end of those seven years, being hard beset by the Moors, whose turbans lay as thick on the plain as mushrooms in a meadow after the spring rains, and no prayers, or any thing availing, not even the tooth of St. Apollonia, they bethought them of the Cid. So they put the body on horseback—strapped and fastened—and rode it out at the head of the sallying army. The rout was total. It was like, the ballad relates, a school-room when the master suddenly returns and puts down a riot. As for the dead bodies, they were as thick as dead wasps in a sugar-mill. Don Fulano goes on to say :

“The rice-fields where the tufted stalks grow green round tepid pools
Were trodden red by flying crowds of unbelieving fools.

“The bright canals that girt the town as with a silver net
Were scarlet with the slain Moors' blood—the melons purple wet.

“At every water-wheel and mill a dying man was found,
His cloven head leant back against the red jars knotted round.

“The mulberry-trees were strung with Moors, as carob twigs with fruit,
The dying struggled on the boughs—the dying at the root.”

“But who is this Don Fulano?”

“How is it you Englishmen, who talk so much about our ballads, seem never to have heard of Don Fulano, one of the most vivid, powerful, passionate, condensed writers Andalucía boasts of? Whether he lived in your Henry the Seventh's reign, or in our Ferdinand and Isabella's, or earlier or later, I know not; but this I know, that, to judge by rush and spur, savagery and tumult, there was something divine in him. Now promise me, English señor, that when you go back to your own country you will mention, and try to remedy, this shameful neglect of Don Fulano, the best and most vigorous of Spain's ballad writers.”

I promised, on the faith of a Christian, I would, and I have, which is more.

"In some things," went on Balthazar—"but we must have some wine, for dry talking is a poor thing—Don Fulano excels Castillio and Sepulveda, or rather the writers of their collections. He paints our country, and when he tries to convey an idea he never fails."

"That," said I, "in poetry I have generally found arises from the writer having an idea to convey. Bedad, I must look up this Don Fulano. You see hints are to my curiosity what plives are to the palate."

"You remember," said Balthazar, looking hard at the toe of his right-hand boot, as if that were the seat of his memory, "you remember the fine ballad of the Admiral Guarinos, which the Don Quixote and Sancho Panza (of the incomparable Cervantes) overheard a peasant singing at Toboso as he went to his work at daybreak?"

"I do, indeed," said I; "a most touching story of great antiquity, going back to the times that should have been, and that shall be, but that never were. But tell me Fulano's version of it, for the story, as Sancho says, is, after all, 'too old to be a lie.'"

"Well, but," said Balthazar, gnawing his fancy mustache testily, "do you really mean to tell me, on your honor as an English gentleman of blue blood, that no British writer on Spanish ballads has mentioned the great Don Fulano?"

I said, "Not one."

Balthazar here crossed himself five times, and expressed his intense indignation and astonishment.

"I thought," he said, turning sharply on me, "that there was a Don Juan Logard who had done some of our ballads smoothly and cleverly?"

I said that Lockhart had done some carefully, not strongly, but he made no mention of Don Fulano, nor did Southey.

"If Mouthey," said Balthazar, accidentally mistaking the poet's name, an excusable error, "forgot to mention our Fulano, it must have been because he had stolen so many of his ideas he was afraid at last to quote him. There ought to be a jail for plagiarists."

I defended Southey, and said there was no mention of Fulano even in Sismondi's learned book, "The Literature of the South of Europe."

"Stop exactly as you are," said Balthazar, suddenly making a rush at me, and holding me down; "your drapery is falling into wonderful folds. I will have my pencil out and sketch them in a moment. Don't move an inch, or this sudden flower of beauty will shed its leaves."

In a few minutes he set me free.

"Do you know," he said, "that sumptuous ballad of Don Fulano, in which he describes our Cid's entry into Valencia, after his victory at Abuelbeda, and his slaying the five Moorish kings?"

I said, rather testily, filling my glass, and looking through it at the light, as if it was a barometer, "I have told you several times, Don Balthazar, that I never even heard of this Foolano."

"So much the worse for you," said the painter-enthusiast. "I will sing you part of it, and then will afterward dictate it for you to write down, if you are indeed in earnest in wishing to preserve such inestimable treasures."

"In earnest," I said, angrily, draining the barometer.

"Oh, you English are so hot. Here, I will call for my guitar; I can do nothing without my guitar. Pepe—Pedro—Juan—somebody" (and he shouted like a man-of-war's man hailing the waiter at a Portsmouth eating-house).

The guitar came—Pedro carrying it with awe, as if it was a baby.

In a rich chest voice Balthazar began the celebrated ballad:

"With dripping sword, and horse all sweat, he rode into the town,
The black gore from his plume and flag was raining hotly down.

"His mace was bent, his banner rent, his helmet beaten in,
The blood-spots on his mail were thick as spots on leopards' skin.

"And after came the hostages, the ransomed and the dead,
The cloven Moors in wagons piled, the body or the head.

"And heaps of armor, golden-chained, gay plumes and broken flags,
Piled up as, in the tanner's yard, the heaps of beggars' rags.

"Then stately camels, golden-trapped, each silver-white as milk,
High laden with the aloes wood, sweet ambergris, and silk.

"Rich Indian camphor, martin skins from Khorasan the fair,
Ten piles of silver ingots, each a sultan's triple share.

"Great bales of orange saffron weed, and crystal diamond clear,
Large Beja rubies, fiery red, such stones the emirs wear.

"Last came the shekels and the bars in leather bags sealed red,
And then black slaves, with jars of gold upon each woolly head."

"What a treasure is this for historians!" said Balthazar, dropping his guitar, quite winded by his enthusiasm. "What curious traits of manners—what local allusions! But," he said, "you have not heard half enough to judge. Let me describe you the Cid as he rode out, like a statue of Mars—a golden statue, seeming to be hewn out of solid metal. Would I had a two-handed sword to lay about me now in the garden here, and show you how he felled the Moors in long swaths."

"I am very glad you have not," said I; "you remind me of that old military painter who never took to his easel until he had first beaten a drum for half an hour, and then hammered a sword for twenty minutes on a suffering lay figure in armor that he kept for that purpose."

"You English," said Balthazar, "are a cold, calculating race. I am of the old blue blood of Castile. My ancestors, by Saint James! fought under Don Juan and the Great Captain. They split many a shorn Moorish head. I confess these old ballads of my country, particularly those of the great Don Fulano (here the enthusiast for chivalry, the modern Don Quixote, bowed in silent respect of the memory of that great writer), stir me like a trumpet. I read and sing them till I fancy myself again the Pounder, mashing the Moorish skulls with the torn-up olive-tree outside Xeres; again, Gayferos bearing off his wife from the Moorish tower; again, the old admiral putting on his rusty armor to fight before the Philistine Moors. In imagination I dine every day with Charlemagne and the twelve peers. I see frequently Saint James, descending in full armor on a winged white horse from the clouds to succor the Cid. At the restaurant I sometimes find myself handing the paper to Roland, or Iriarte the White; and when the old canon who presides at the soup asks me if I will take a second helping, I sometimes catch myself saying, 'No, a thousand thanks, my brave Campeador,' at which every one laughs to see my brain wool gathering, and I break out of the room in a fret, throwing my chair down. Don't I," said Balthazar, twirling his mustaches with both hands till the sharp tips of their curls nearly reached his cheek-bones—"don't I," and he

clenched his stick as if he were hewing down a Saracen, "wander about this old palace of Pedro the Cruel till it nearly turns my brain thinking of the generous old times when sword law was more thought of than statute law?"

"When might was right, in fact."

"When might *was* right—always right—and right was mighty, too, and strong-handed. In the days before every house was full of the vermin of slander; when you could strike honestly in the teeth the man whom you now have to bow and smirk to, and shake hands with. The times when the people, rich or poor, were happy, as they—"

"Stagnant times—no progress."

"No miserable jealousies, then—no doubtful faith—no uncertain loyalty—no, by Saint James, no uncertain loyalty—the whole nation having one heart, that loved God and hated the Moor—the one growing, elastic hope of all, to crush, expel, or exterminate that worshiper of the false prophet, who had set himself up as equal to God, and whose religion was founded on intolerance, cruelty, and sensuality. (Abruptly to me.) What do you think of the Porte?"

"Well," said I, smiling at the decanter blandly to turn away his wrath, for Balthazar hated joking on his favorite topics, "to tell you the real truth, I prefer the sherry."

"Bah!" said Balthazar, scourging the strings of his guitar with his angry hands, and roaring out the verse of a ballad at passing-bell intervals:

"His beard was like a horse's mane, his shield was varnished red
With Moorish blood his rider-king that cruel day had shed."

You know not, you Englishmen, how to be serious. When other men sing, you are sour; and when we are serious, then you laugh. Bah! English people are a bizarre people. True, God certainly has given you the power to buy and sell. But suppose you make cotton for all the world—what then? Cui bono. Are you happier, or wiser, or greater? Will Manchester ever produce a Cid?

"All crimson shone his suit of mail, all fiery shone his sword,
His breastplate steel was hewn across, his battle-axe was flawed."

"I hope not," I said; "but we have a Bright."

“Don Bray-it? I know not the name. Did he fight under the duke? (Sings.)

“More Moors, more plunder! cried the Cid, and buckled for the fight,
His shield was blazing like the sun, he rode a moving light.

“The watch-tower bell struck loud and quick, as all the gates flew back,
On every Moorish face there fell a sudden gloom of black;

“As fourteen thousand horsemen came, in one hot flood of steel,
A sword at every good knight's side, a spur on every heel.”

“All that,” I said, “my good Don Balthazar, is very well; but do you really mean to say that you regret the rough old times, when the biggest muscles and the toughest head decided every thing—when kings fought against barons, and barons against kings, and both trampled on the poor man, and chose his quiet little cabbage-garden as the place to fight it out in—when intellect and virtue, if not good swordsmen, were always kicked out of court, when foppery in dress and ridiculous ceremony were rampant every where, side by side with a religion that gagged all thinking, and made you swallow miracles that would not go down now in our very nurseries?”

“Look here,” said Balthazar, rising up, and gripping my wrist till my fingers got quite red, “do you see that Moorish doorway, down the hall, to the left?”

I said I did.

“And what do you see through that gate of Paradise?”

“Much,” I said. “Windows with pony-hoofed arches, divided by slender pillars of alabaster, scarce bigger than sticks of amber. Some of them are fretted and engrailed; the openings pierced with little pips, like the spades and diamonds in a pack of cards. Thin lace-work fans out over the crystalline ornaments on the doors and panels. The wall space of the cloisters, and the cornice edging of the roof-tiles, is every where magic-marvelous, and beautiful as the changing beauty of the skies.”

“Go on,” said Balthazar, drinking in my words of admiration.

“I see every where wainscot mailings of Moorish titles reaching breast-high up the walls, shining with a deep richness of greens, browns, and blues. Above this is a casket-work enamel of marbled stucco, stamped every where with the lion and castle of Castile.”

"Oh, never mind the seals of Charles and Philip; confine yourselves to the Moorish work wrought for Pedro the Cruel, on the very spot where we stand, by artificers from the newly-finished Alhambra. Go outside, and you will see over the principal entrance, above the three top windows, a horizontal panel, surrounded by an inscription, which looks like Cufic, but is really Gothic, and runs thus :

"The very high, the very noble, and the very powerful conqueror, Don Pedro, by the grace of God, King of Castile and of Leon, commanded these alcazares and these façades to be built, in the year one thousand three hundred and sixty-four."

"I observed it," I said; "it was quite at the top, and over it ran a cornice of cellular work, like a section of a honeycomb, showing the cells. Underneath is the great west door, covered with a pattern such as you see when you shake up a kaleidoscope to some specially gorgeous and lucky combination."

"I see you appreciate the starry beauty of those geometric and eternal flowers," said Balthazar, eying me with paternal fondness, seeing I was ready to ride behind him on the same hobby. "And you see it," he said, "dinted and blurred by hundreds of years' neglect and ill-usage, though Time seems rather to kiss than gnaw these relics of art. Wait till I, by the help of our blessed and pure queen, am enabled to restore these walls, and steep them again in color; wait till, by the help of those saints who ever wait on our enlightened and progressing nation, I refine with fresh bloom and dye these tarnished butterfly wings, polish again each fairy pillaret, solidify each gilded cell of the honeyed domes, repuncture the starlet holes of the trellis-work, and re-emblazon every badge and bearing of my great country's by-gone kings. I will—Saint James being my help—devote the rest of my poor life to this noble work; I will, God helping, restore to life this dead palace of beauty; and when I die, I will only pray our virtuous and honored queen to allow me to be buried under the entrance door-step, that every foot that enters may tread on the poor grave of the sinner Balthazar, who loved the beautiful place so well."

He said all this in so touching a way that I had to devote all my energies to staring at the bottom of my glass, or I should have had to confess my emotion. As it was, one hot, big tear

fell on the guitar-board with a plop, and remained a watery blot on its light polished surface.

I shook it off carelessly. Balthazar took up the instrument, and struck the strings furiously :

“The Cid was sleeping in his chair, with all his knights around,
The cry went forth along the hall that the lion was unbound.

“They preest around the ivory throne, to shield their lord from harm,
Till the good Cid woke and gently rose, without fear or alarm ;
He went to meet the lion, with his mantle on his arm.”

“And of course dragged him safely back to his den,” I said. “Why, Wombwell would have done that ; he used to drub his lions with a crowbar.”

“Don’t compare the Cid to Hummel,” said Balthazar. “I knew him well ; he was a mere piano-player, and wrote some pretty music.”

I bowed deprecatingly, for the Don was an impracticable man.

“Well,” he said, “you see all this work, and you have praised it. Observe my argument. This was the proof of the mental condition of the Moors—of the Moors who carried mathematics, and medicine, and botany, and indeed all learning, to a marvelous pitch. The best doctors and astronomers of the Middle Ages were from Spain. They kept the great Greek books alive : they knew of paper and gunpowder, if they did not invent them. From them came the germs of half our modern discoveries. How great they were in art, this palace, the Granada Alhambra, and our wonderful Giralda, show, being the high-water mark of their achievements. I will tell you a story, to prove to you, from Abul Pharajius, how the sultans of that age of Islamism ruled.”

“Go on,” I said, performing an Eastern salute with a laughing face, and dragging through the window bars a great bough of waxen orange-blossoms to smell at ; “thy servant is listening with a thousand ears.”

“Mark, then, O son of the faithful, that of all the Abbassides of the Black Banner, Mutaded and Almanzar alone were beloved by Allah. It is not given to kings to be wise or happy. Wisdom and happiness are not to be seen among the crown jewels. Yet the one is often among the brown mugs on the peasant’s shelf, and the other is kept on many a cottage man-

tel-piece. Does not, indeed, Elmacer tell us, in the words of truth—Elmacer, the golden-mouthed historian, writing to Zurita, the poet, who was called by men, for his truth, ‘Zurita of the golden heart’—that Al Raschid one day read in the book of Hafiz the well-known line, ‘Take what the world can give thee, but death is surely at the bottom of the casket?’ and so, when they strewed the spoil of nations round the bed of the dying Mahmoud, the great Gaznevide, he wept aloud to think of the vanity of the world—”

“Cut it short, O Commander of the Faithful, for we dine at the Fonda Europa at half past three.”

Balthazar, who did not understand English clearly, and was not easy “to sit upon,” went on more fervently than ever.

“And did not Azzud-ed-Dowlah, dying of consumption in his Palace of Happiness, exclaim in verse, ‘I have slain the princes of men, and have laid waste the palaces of kings; I have dispersed them to the east, and scattered them to the west, and now the grave calls me, and I must go?’ But I am wandering.”

“You are,” I said. “May your joy increase, and your tongue, O Balthazar, shorten.”

“Well, one day a Nubian slave, who was fanning away the flies from the great Mutaded, struck off that jeweled turban, on which the Pyramid of Light was the meanest jewel. The sultan only exclaimed, ‘The boy is sleepy; let him go and rest.’ Now, the vizier hearing this, fell down at the sultan’s feet, kissed the ground, and exclaimed, ‘O Commander of the Faithful! I thought such clemency was possible only in heaven;’ for, to tell the truth, this calif used, generally, if a slave of the kitchen over-roasted a joint, to instantly bury him alive. You see my argument?”

“I can not say I do.”

“I am surprised. I tell you this story to show how great the power these monarchs exercised over men; and these were Moors.”

“Well, Moors?”

“They were Moors.”

“L’Amour is always powerful.”

“No trifling. When I talk I grapple; I do not play. These were Moors, and powerful as artful; such poets, such

doctors, such astronomers! yet we, the Spaniards, crushed them, and drove them out."

"And I have always wondered how you did it."

"Well, we did. Now God never allows an inferior nation to destroy a greater. In history good replaces the bad. It may be rough or unhewn, but still better, healthier—with more heart and blood. Do you know what made us do it? who led us, who focused our aims, who beat into us the one idea of Moorish conquest?"

"No."

"The Cid! the Cid! All honor to the Cid! Let me give you in rude recitation, with here and there a twang and a caper of the guitar-strings, my vision of the Cid's sally from his besieged castle of Alcocer—the first outburst of that Spanish deluge that never receded till it rose over the dead body of the last Moor. (Twang-twang.) I begin—here goes. One glass of wine first. Let us walk forward round this corridor, in the direction of my studio, as I declaim my prose romance. I hope that boy is not getting into mischief. Now then. I think I've got some sort of a cold, for my voice is not in proper trim. Now then. (Twang-twang.) D—n that string. Now then:

"The fourth watch had begun, the third was scarcely past, when the Cid, looking round on the faces lean, aghast, said, "The water is cut off, the bread is well-nigh spent; escape by night we can not, for many a Moorish tent is round these walls, thick as the morning dew. Now, gentlemen, I pray you speak, and say what is to do; we are too stout to starve, to grapple we're too few." (Twang-twang-tillo-tillo-twang.) Then Alvar Fanez stood erect, a lion man was he; he said, "I count six hundred—six hundred barring three. It is by fighting with the Moors we earned our blood-stained bread: in the name of God that made us, let nothing more be said; let us sally out upon the Moors, let what will happen may. Let us sally out upon the Moors at the breaking of the day." (Twang-twang-tillo-dillo-twang.) The Cid approved, they all consent, they had no fear or doubt; the Moors that were within the town they took and turned them out. They hammered at the helmet band, they worked the livelong night, and long before the sun was up they were ready for the fight. (Twang-twang.)

Two footmen only there were left to keep ward at the gate, to bury all the Christian dead, if such should be their fate. Unto Pedro Bermudez the Cid the banner gave, and bade him bear it evenly, erect, and stout, and brave; but not to venture rashly forth until he gave command. Bermudez never spoke a word, but ran and kissed his hand. (Twang-dillo-trillo-twang. Hurrah!) They broke and split the unbarred gates, no covert more for them, they were all steel—no silver, gold, no spangle, spark, or gem. With spur and shout the lusty knights all close together rushed; the outposts of the craven Moors back to the camp were pushed. The camp was stirring like a hive or autumn leaves in wind; the cymbals beat their stormy brass, the drums roared far behind. The Moors by thousands ran to horse, they spurred, and stormed, and raced; the two main battles gathered quick, in anger and in haste. The horse and foot were rolling mixed, the spears came like a sea. "The Moors are moving forward," the Cid cried joyfully; "my men, stand firm in order, ranged hedgehog close in line: let not a man move from his rank before I give the sign." Bermudez heard the warning word, but he could not refrain; he let the banner struggle out, and gave his horse the rein. Then Garcia and Munoz spurred forth to keep him back. "I can not hold," he fiercely cried, and broke into the rack. Oh, where the Moors were black and thick—the heart of all the host—he drove a thunder-bolt of war where spears and swords were most; and cried, "My noble Campeador, God be your precious aid, for I bear your banner where I hope to meet with many a blade." They saw the flag entangled among the Moorish men; the Cid cried out, "Saint James's name! 'tis time to rouse us, then." (Twang-twang-dillo-trillo-twang.) Their blazoned shields upon their hearts, their vizors barred and down, their lances leveled firm and low, upon their lips a frown. Their banners and their knightly crests, all waving in a row; their sturdy heads, bull-like, bent grim toward their saddle-bow. The Cid upon his gilded seat rode first and cried afar, "I am Don Ruy Diaz, the Champion of Bivar!" (Twang-twang-dillo-trillo-twang)—"

"What, is that all?"

"Oh no, that is only the beginning; but I must get back and look after that devil's limb of a boy. I dare say he is

pelting my casts with lumps of modeling clay, or drawing caricatures of me ballad-singing, or some nonsense."

"That sally from Alcocer is by Fulano, of course?"

"Oh no!"

"Who then?"

"By myself—I, Don Balthazar, varied it from a well-known and rather flat version of the Cid's 'Chronicle,' by Don Fratello of Toledo, a man who can not play the guitar a bit, as I am a Christian."

Here we reached the studio.

Don Balthazar, looking through the keyhole, suddenly burst open the door, crying, "Why, I'll be hanged if that rascal of a boy is not painting at my princess! I'll give it him."

At the table-d'hôte dinner, an English colonel from Gib asked me in English to tell him candidly what I thought of the Spanish guitar. I, still sore from Don Balthazar and his interminable playing, replied candidly, "Well, colonel, I must say, I think it is but a *tin-kettle business, after all.*"

CHAPTER XI.

MURILLO AND HIS PICTURE CHILDREN.

WE are going to the Merced, once a convent, now the picture museum of Seville. We, that is, I, *egomet*, and Herr Schwartzenlicht, who is, I believe, an agent of the English Royal Academy, a German gentleman, as I soon find out, very blind to the nature and beauty of art, but with a lynx-eye for the oils and varnishes such and such a painter used or abused. He will tell you, on the smallest provocation, every thing you do not want to know: on how many inch thick oak panel Da Vinci painted, and how many yards long Gainsborough's brushes were. If you are pleased with the Titan-strength of a Zurburan, he tells you that there is a dreadful want of balance in the second finger of the left hand; if you stop to admire Murillo's harmonious depth, he desires you to observe that the painter could never get real tone, and that his motives are never ideal. I turn with unpedantic desire to enjoy the reds and browns of the Andaluçian school, its skillful drapery,

swan-breasted clouds, stern ascetic sierras, lavish flowers, and, above all, its serious religious feeling. Seeing my German friend, at the very first sniff of the picture-gallery, put on a grand, patronizing, and encouraging air, pull up his shirt-collar, stroke his Judas beard, and, in truth, visibly swell, and become larger and higher, with the intense desire of imparting information to a zealous but ignorant picture-seeker, I contrive to shunt off down a siding, and leaving him for a time, at least, entangled with the curator, thirsty for shillings, pursue my own way, fancy free, obstinately staring on every thing he despises, and keeping my back carefully turned to him; for of all bores, a learned bore, and "an authority," is the most intolerable. I look at the pink tickets, which are Zurburan's, and at the green which are Murillo's, and pursue my devious way up and down the lofty, bare, dreary room, once, I suppose, the chapel of the convent, the east end being elevated and approached by steps, and a grand massed out picture by Zurburan serving now, not unfitly in the eyes of art votaries, as the altar-piece. From here, through a lonely church-yard of a cloister, hard, rude, bare, yet trellised and tapestried with trailing flowers, wandering and licentious in their joy of youth, we mount to the refectory and the long-tiled corridors, that once led to the dormitories where monks dreamed of the world that they had left. I seem to be wandering over the house of a painter newly dead, examining his master-pieces; and even the sly touters, who pull out of their sleeves daubs of copies and sham originals, do not thoroughly awake me.

Spanish art was born in a convent cell, bare and stony, and cradled either in the squalid market-place, where the brown gipsy children sleep under the green melon mountains, or at the black stump of the charcoaled stake. It was not a prancing, can-clinking creature, like Dutch art; nor a naked giant, chained with flowers, like Flemish (after Rubens); nor a saintly Madonna-contemplating votary, like Italian; nor an opera fan-painting posture-maker, like French. No, it was a wrung, withered bigot, wrapped in brown sackcloth, girt with a Jew-strangling cord, hid in a cavern of a cowl, cast on its horny camel's knees before a bleeding image crowned with thorns, and above the thorns with a starry glory. It was a thing that beat its skeleton breast bloody; that tore its priestly ring of

gray hair ; that kissed skulls, and lashed itself with thorny thongs. It was essentially a slave of the Church and of the court in Spain—ever the twin upholders of bodily and spiritual slavery. If it sneered at a ruddled court lady, it was whipped into the Inquisition ; if it smashed up with a mallet the Virgin's image, whose price the mean noble haggled at with the proud sculptor and painter, there was the same certain terminus of independence or rebellion—the Inquisition. If the man with the pallet shield, blazoned and ringed with color, refused to paint an insolent grandee—the Inquisition ; if he painted too crude, or not flattering enough, or too strong—always the Inquisition. No wonder, then, that Spanish art grew up a monkish, dusty-faced fakir, with no sunshine on his face, and the red reflection of hell ever shining in his cruel, yet frightened eyes. No wonder, as the snakes round Leonardo's Medusa, its background darkness teemed with threatening and awful shadows breathed up from Tophet.

No wonder that we longed to get away from the ghastly Saint Jerome of Torrigiano, at the Seville museum, who has been for two centuries beating his bony breast to a pulp with a round paving-stone ; or St. Dominic, opposite, who, having torn his back to a red-currant jelly, is left like an angry school-master with only the stump of the scourge in his hand. Fortunately for me, as I stand in the long hall of the Museo, once a convent, gaping at these austerities of fire-lighting faith, it suddenly strikes me that Saint Jerome looks exactly, as some traveler used to say, like a man preparing for his cast at skittles ; and Saint Dominic like a rival player, shaking his fist from over the bowling-alley, and challenging him to come on like a man. Having discovered this bit of rough humor about the two saints, I instantly break into a merry laugh, harmless enough, but highly offensive to the irritable and sore pride of the curator, whom I have to pay two pesetas to for worrying at my elbow, and dogging me with ridiculous comments on the pictures, and at whose attention and condescension in taking my money I am brutal enough not to be grateful for, having once ascertained that the Murillo pictures are all marked with a pink ticket and number in the corner, and the grand, gloomy Zurburans with a green. At the receipt of this and other information I am always expected to solemnly bow to

the mechanical insolent wretch thirsting for my shillings. I soon see that if the curator has one prejudice in the world it is to these accursed Murillos he gets his shillings by showing. He has a peculiar way of snubbingly pointing at them with his chin, and patronizingly alluding to their merits, that, as a personal friend and lover of Murillo, exasperates me. But what is there to do? I could not flatten his bump of self-esteem by even a three weeks' beating.

But, before I begin my ramble through the old deserted convent—the choicest nest of Murillos in the world; at least, his religious pictures, for his children have wandered away from the earth hovels of Seville—I must just paint you the chief Spanish painters as they struck my dull eyes collectively in the various Spanish galleries. Let me begin with Velasquez—Don Rodriguez de Silva y Velasquez—born in this very city, that, if I were a Moorish king, I would at once go and bombard with oranges till it surrendered, black-eyed beauties, Church-plate, and all. Let me take this handsome son of the Portuguese exile lawyer, the pupil of the fiery, dashing Herrera, who was born in 1515, the very year Vandyck opened his eyes in half-Spanish Antwerp, and took his first blinking look at the sun. Was it not this very day I saw his portrait, in his tight doublet, plain white collar, buckled belt, long dagger, with the celebrated cross (hanging by a gold cord to his neck) that the Spanish king admiringly added to the portrait of himself (Velasquez) the bushy-haired, gipsy, swarth man had newly painted? There he is with his short, stubby brushes, his stately maulstick, and bag-shaped pallet. There he is, with his waving mustaches sweeping almost up to his eyes, his fine oval face, and swelling bumped-out brow. Have I not seen almost all the rustic drinkers, and rouged infantas, and sturdy dons, and boy horsemen, and young queen-wives he ever painted, and know their dark charm and the Spanish magic of their strong grace?

And then there is Zurburan, whose majestic Saint Peter—a divine anger on his swollen prophetic brow—quite knocked me backward when I suddenly came on it yesterday in a side chapel in the murky Cathedral of Seville; and Cano, and Ruelos, and Pacheco. Can I recapitulate them all?

Herr Schwarzenlicht, the traveling agent of the Royal Acad-

emy in Trafalgar Square, who has been for some minutes grubbing on his knees, smelling at the right-hand corner of the Saint Thomas of Villanova, suddenly rises, and pronounces, in an oracular voice, that the third toe on the left foot of the brown beggar with a bandage round his head is decidedly "out of keeping." Now the peculiarity of Herr Schwartzlicht is a love—which he shares with the learned picture critic, Doctor Waagen, and, indeed, several others of the unbiassable craft—that of flourishing perpetually, like the glittering swords of a juggler, phrases such as "lofty in feeling," "good motive," "subdued tone," "want of balance;" conventional phrases which I have generally found, though much used by dealers and other destroyers and manufacturers, to take the place of sense. Now he springs at the hapless picture, rubs his nose against it—to prove, I suppose, the texture—makes a leap back, rolls his hand into the shape of a spy-glass, smiles, and then all at once turns away disgusted, exclaiming, "Harmoniously broken tones; but the execution note—no, not plastic enofe!"

I look at the picture, but not quite knowing what the German critic means by "plastic," or what "broken tones" are in a picture that seems an emanation, not a building up of slow thought and hand labor, I turn from the Herr, who is absorbed now in what he calls the "broad and solid execution" of a grim black-visaged saint by Clavijo, to the wonderful napkin-picture, a little square Virgin and Child, called by the Sevillians *La Servilleta*, because it was painted by Murillo for a cook or servitor of the Capucin convent (where he drew dead saints for living sinners) who had been attentive to him at the refectory table, and who begged a keepsake of him at parting.

"It is in his second manner!" roars Schwartzlicht, jealous of my praise of the divine mother and the happy crowing child struggling on her lap, as if longing to be petted by the painter, just as the model-child probably did as the dark, keen-eyed man eyed its little kicking limbs, and struck them in on the napkin. "Too realistic," says Schwartzlicht, making a face at the picture; "of too predominant a hot tone—quite fiery in the browns."

It certainly is a little hot, and Murillo has used, perhaps from haste or the mannerism of the moment, too much of that

brown which the Andaluçian painters, then and now, make by burning the bones saved from the olla, just as the Valentian school imitate the purple of their mulberry-gardens. But, then, who but a pedant could avoid being charmed with the sweet temper and divine suavity of the expression, the homeliness, and yet the religion of the whole scene?

"The flesh tones too red!" shouts Schwartzlicht, storming about before the picture. "Mein Gott! you should see Cornalioose—that, sapperment! vos a bainter!"

Leaving him busy taking notes of "A Dead Christ," with corpse face and grinning yellow teeth, showing through the mirk midnight of a more than Caravaggio horror, I roam on to the nosegay of pictures of this compound of Greuze and Raphael, this last religious painter of Europe, passing through all grades of Murillo's three manners—the Frio (cold), the Calido (hot), and the Vaparoso, or vaporous. Presently I and Chiaroscuro, as I call the German, will go on to the Caridad, or hospital almshouse, out on the walls near the river, to see the great Seville painter's great pictures—"The Thirst," and "The Loaves and Fishes," all, but the two little panels of Saint John and the Infant Savior, left by the French robber, Soult, of the eleven great pictures painted for the chapel by Murillo.

I am entranced as I look on the "Saint Felix de Cantalicio," a vaparoso picture, Schwartzlicht breaking out every now and then with phrases such as "full and marrowy execution," "harmonious tone," "speaking action," alternating with a perfect hailstorm of critical abuse, as "bad in motive," "no silvery tones," "no juiciness," so that you really do not know at first whether he is talking of a pudding, a piece of plate, the coachman who drove us from the hotel, or a currant-pie.

This Saint Felix, the Spaniards say, was painted with milk and blood, "con leche y sangre;" if you prick it, it would bleed; the child has fed on roses. The old saint, if I remember right, is on his knees to the little unconscious child, who is innocent and playful as any little bantling can be. And while the little creature, about whom there is an air of divinity and command expressed, we know not how, is painted with such evident tenderness and love, the aged saint, whose flesh is sunk, and ribbed, and gray, is a model of intellectual, worn old age.

The features, though wrung and storm-beaten, are most refined and beautiful—good for such a man have been the warm summer twilights spent in the cell, and the pacings in violet-scented convent gardens. We take this as the type of the good and intellectual monk, and we honor the brave private soldier in Christ's army. This vaporous, melting manner of Murillo he took up late in life—just before his fatal fall from the scaffold, when he was hurried by want of time, and was induced to imitate.

I admire Murillo's two Spanish maidens, Saints Justina and Rufina, the guardian saints of the Giralda, standing at either side a model of the tower, like our street vendors of little illuminated cathedrals and inns; after all, they are merely those clear, brown-faced, black-haired girls you still see in the Seville streets, or nursing children at hotel windows with red roses stuck coquettishly over their left ears.—As for the pipkins, green and buff, lying at their feet to show they were a potter's daughters, they are perfectly painted, with such clean, gritty, creamy texture, and such sharp-cut shadows as would have entitled the French traveler, not yet quite cognizant of our degrees of comparison, in calling out, "Grand, magnifique, sublime, PRETTY WELL."

Except as a picture of two pretty peasant girls, this work had no interest for me, but my German backer-up told me (he never cares about subjects) that it was a grand Calido, forcible yet tender, and, mein Gott! vary, vary (he shook his forefinger before his nose to express the subtle meaning of this)—blank. There certainly never was a painter who, without much imagination and telling no story, could yet vision his eyes with such pure love, and make lips so parting with words of prayer, as Murillo. After him Quaker West seems a poor, vapid old woman indeed, and Martin a mere juggler, with rosin lightning and stage thunder packed in a barrel.

On I went through the Murillo room, leaving my critical friend, Kiaroskoooro, to revel in seas of Polancos, Valdez, Zeals, Varelas, Vasquez, and other unknown nonentities, including the rather hopeless Juan de Castillo, Murillo's master, who, compared to Ghirlandajo, the goldsmith painter, who taught Michael Angelo, or Perugino, who taught Raphael, is, as I heard a jocose English traveler colloquially observe, "A poor ha'porth of cheese."

Leaving all sorts of gloomy pictures unnoticed behind me, I soon learned to see the thoughtful, yet happy innocence of Murillo's virgins, though I thought the golden, perpetual sunlight of the "napkin" picture rather "*foxy*," and too much of a hot chestnut tone of brown; but I suppose, to the end of time, lo●rs will call red hair auburn and golden, and one can not be severe on a critic who suffers from a short delirium of good-nature.

For my part, I prefer the little picture (though it is an allegory) which I saw yesterday over the altar of the small chapel, of the Guardian Angel, in the dim cathedral of Seville. The angel, in a yellow girt-up robe and purple mantle, points to heaven with one hand, and with the other leads on a little lively, tripping, yet sturdy child—emblem of the human soul. I was walking round the little episcopal den of chapels, reading the frontispiece pictures that are paneled above their entrances, when I saw this divine picture.

"Too much cold color," says *Schwartzenlicht*.

It is true the angel looks rather like a Roman handmaiden leading an infant Scipio to school; but how watchful and tender is the Guardian Angel's face—how full of spiritual love that knows no sorrow. The broad white pinions seem always to throb for the flight sunward, and the little one's feet seem longing to tread the saffron-colored clouds, true, as I can testify, to that Andaluçian daybreak with which Murillo delights to glorify his coroneted virgins. It quite took away all my appetite for the Virgin by Cano, which at any other time—"Black in the shadow," groans *Schwartzenlicht*)—I should have thought as beautiful and calm as Raphael.

Now the picture where is a covey of thirty-three cherubim, who continually keep flying, probably because they are unable to sit, and who shower down on Saint Francis the red and white roses picked from the briars with which he has been scourging himself, I have never seen, nor have I the picture of the child telling Saint Augustine that he will no more explain the mystery of the Trinity than he could put the sea into a finger-hole in the sand-pit; but I never hope to see a finer picture than the Charity of the Thomas of Villanueva, the pearl of the gallery—the most ambitious and inventive in composition, the work most refined and varied in expression, which

Murillo used to call fondly, "Su lienzo (his own picture)." It is merely the saint, in sharp white mitre and black robes, stooping at the door of his cathedral, distributing alms to a crowd of Spanish beggars.

It took Bartholomew Stephen Murillo a long life, with his black cataract of hair streaming down from the broad full bumper of a forehead over his shoulders, before he could paint these lean-limbed bandaged Sevillian beggars so well. He could not have quite done this painted argument for Charity when, for covering his school-books with saints and virgins, he was first sent to his kinsman, Juan del Castillo, to look at art afar off while rinsing brushes and grinding colors. He appears here grown somewhat, we think, since, by the red brasier in winter, or under the court-yard awning in summer, he copied Torrigiano's *Mano de la Teta*, or stripped his brown arms that his fellow-students might copy them in conjunction with pots and pans, melons and peaches, quails and herons. He has grown since, with a burning brow, when, his master's school removed to Cadiz, he had to stroll about in the Thursday markets amid stale fish, fruit, old iron, and pottery, with muleteers, gipsies, and mendicant friars, to sell his cheap daubs of Saint Onophriuses, Saint Christophers, our Lady of Carmels, to captains of ships and South American exporters. Think of the poor painter, now an orphan, starting to Madrid on foot to petition the court painter Velasquez to help him on the road to Rome, whither he is never destined to go. Now we see why he, who sometimes painted an archangel playing the fiddle to Saint Francis, San Diego blessing a basin of soup, and the soul of that villain Philip the Second ascending to heaven in a globe of fire, loved these naked cripples that he has here strewn round the gentle prelate with the starched mitre, and we see where he sat to notice that happy knavish beggar-boy, not much warped from his first innocence, who runs to his care-worn mother to show her the *maravedi* which the good almoner of God has put into his hand.

And that this is one of the old market-place recollections we know, because the original sketch of the same good Archbishop of Valencia dividing his clothes among some poor children was actually picked up at the Seville Feria by an English collector. Murillo was not an imaginative man, and his real sub-

jects are simply street children, virgins, and saints. Of art-learning he had but little; but then he had what no academy can give—heart. He painted from that, and not from his head. It was with the heart Correggio and Raphael painted. Of head painters we know many, but only one heart painter in all England, and he is a young, scarcely-known man,* whose name would set the gentle learned men who wrote on oils and varnishes in a polite sneer for I do not know how long. Was ever love for mankind and contempt of self painted as it is here? Why, this is the Wakefield Vicar with the intellect of Saint Paul. It is Bunyan's Christian grown a gentleman, and just a trifle conscious of his episcopal dignity.

How deliciously the rosy flesh of the children contrasts with the soft ascetic darkness of the prelate's robes and the rich transparent browns, deep without being clotty or glutinous, of the background! What a bright serene nature shines through this picture that preaches so loudly of charity! There are seventeen Murillos in this nosegay room—the tall maiden saints of the Giralda, with their palm-branches, pipkins, and architect's model, we have already viewed; so we have the Italian Capucin friar, Saint Felix of Cantalisi, who, a few hours before his death, is embracing the Child Savior, and replacing him in the arms of the Virgin Mother. Murillo, indeed, himself a father, loved to paint the Child Savior in conjunction with thin-faced saints, who have shut themselves out from so large a branch of sympathy with the world as paternity implies, for in this same room he has twice painted Saint Anthony and the Infant Jesus; in one picture, standing divine yet almost playful; in another, still more exquisite, sitting on the open red-leaved folio which the unhappy hermit, who needed the purging of so much temptation, has lately been annotating. Murillo has achieved the difficult task of making the Infant Savior beaming with a divine intelligence, and yet a perfect child. Whether painting the angels, cooking the Franciscan's dinner, the good Queen of Hungary healing the celebrated scaldhead, or the jar of white lilies in the Saint Andrew picture that church-going sparrows have been known to peck at, Murillo never painted children more beautiful than these. The only excuse for Mr. Ruskin's sneer at the low vice and dusty feet

* Joseph Clark, the painter of the "Sick Child."

of Murillo's beggar-boys, which were mere portraits, is, that he has never been to Spain and seen any Murillos worth seeing.

I must not recapitulate all the charms of the picture of San Augustin, Saint Joseph, or the Dead Christ, or I shall be thought a greater bore than Schwartzentlicht, the intelligent agent of the intelligent academy, whose forty members are bound by rule not to agree in admiring any painter till he is dead and safely beyond the reach of envy—out of the hearing of damning biographies and contradictory eulogies, else should I like to learnedly inflict on you the beauties of that best Conception (for Murillo is called, *par excellence*, "the painter of conceptions"); the glory of that blue robe; the singularity of the crescent-moon the Virgin stands on; the rapture of that burst of saffron sunrise that brings out the pure, pitiful woman, with her arms meekly crossed upon her bosom, and her serene adoring eyes turned exultingly heavenward. It is the vision of a child betrothed, dead on the eve of marriage.

And now, having seen the pictures in the old convent, we troll off with a guide—in fact, our old friend Rose, who assures the "gentlemen" that if we give ourselves to him, he would show us all the wonders of the world for four dollars—to the Hospital of the Brotherhood of the Charity, where there are more Murillos, particularly that truly Spanish picture, "The Thirst." This building was revived in the seventeenth century by Don Miguel Vicentolo, a knight of the Calatrava, who was converted by a great light from heaven on his way, in a fit of anger, to scold a toll-collector at the gates of Seville, who had refused to let some hams of his pass. A few crowns left him by a beggar began the work, which is at once a soup-kitchen, a refuge for the houseless, an alms-house, and a hospital. For the church of this hospice Murillo painted for his friend, the charitable Don, no less than eleven pictures. The ceiling is a forest of ornaments. The dome is like a gold cup hung up to serve as a bell. The altar is a pile of twisted pillars and carving. The pulpit is a little gilt goblet, with a flower-stalk base. The two great pictures of Murillo still hang facing each other with quiet critical approval under the cornices and window beneath the dome, and above the side chapel, where priests all day bow and kneel, haloed with golden breaths of yellow stage-fire incense, sweet as the myrrh of the

Magian kings. They are sketchy, low-toned pictures, not very luminous or brilliant, but full of nature and of the thirsty passion of a hot, drouthy country. The huge brown rock divides the "sed" picture in two. Moses, in a violet robe, thanks the Almighty for the copious torrent splashing down its music-water among the fifteen by-standers, among whom is Aaron, grateful, yet amazed. Those sixteen jars and pans show a passionate thirst of which Englishmen have only read—thirst become a lust and desire, which destroys even a mother's affection. There is a mother draining out a jug, and straining back her head to keep the child in her arms from the coveted treasure. There is a less suffering mother giving her youngest and more helpless child to drink, and restraining the elder Esau from the cup he so ravenously desires. Then there is the mounted boy, and there are the children holding up their pitchers entreatingly to be filled. Then come camels and mules, dogs and sheep, all parched and pining for the draught; and, in the distance, winding down among the rocks, more thirsty people and more thirsty animals. The miracle of the "Loaves and Fishes" is as badly composed as its fellow is admirably put together ("Quite cut in two," grumbles *Schwartzlicht*, delighted to find something to condemn, because praise is elevating another man, blame lowering another man), but still admirable for its old women, young women, and children.

And while we look at these pictures in the silent church, some "paups" (so the German calls contemptuously "the nasty old mens," the paupers, in their blue hospital dress) are playing dominoes with stolid eagerness on a bench in the porch, and the sister of charity in the blue robe and white starched cowl, who has silently led us into the chapel, is praying on her knees by the pulpit, the round ebony beads running through her thin fingers as with rapt eyes she stares vacantly at the curiously carved and colored Crucifixion which forms the altar-piece. And, now that we have seen the two little panels of our Savior and St. John, and the carrion bishop in his cloth of gold, which Murillo said to the arrogant painter, Valdez Real, requires you "to hold your nose as you look at it," we snatch one glimpse at the midnight view of the angel helping San Juan de Dios to carry a sick man on his shoulders. The good woman rises, slips the key from her belt, receives our fee

with a silent bend of the head, as much as to say, "He who giveth to the poor giveth to the Lord," and lets us out once more into the quiet cloister.

I feel better that night as I sit in my red-tiled bedroom at the hotel, and read at my little iron table slabbed with marble, thinking of the gentle, generous painter of Seville—the almsgiving, heaven-taught painter of heavenly things, of whom it was recorded as the noblest eulogy upon his tomb-stone, long since ground to pieces by the ponderous wheels of bullying French cannon, that he ever lived as if about to die.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SEVILLE DANCING-MASTER.

IF from the neck of the long, transparent, green bottle of Manzanilla I was this day week drinking, a golden-haired fairy had suddenly emerged, and offered to convert me into one large eye, so that I might take in all that is beautiful and strange in the City of Oranges, I should at once have waived all right to the use of every other organ, have felt grateful, and gone out to look about.

I had nearly been put to an ignominious Juggernaut death by stopping to stare at the meek brown-eyed oxen, with long, red-tasseled taras jutting up for the sake of ornament between their horns; I had sat down entranced under orange-trees, and gazed myself stupid, looking up at the great Moorish tower of prayer; I had thrown myself into appropriate attitudes of meditation over Columbus's grave, afterward finding that it was his son's; I had boated on the muddy Guadalquivir, and had visited the Moorish palace; Charles the Fifth, in moonlit armor, had chaperoned me by night up the Serf's Street, and round the site of the old mosque; Pedro the Cruel, arm-in-arm with a sultan who carried his green turban under his arm, because he had had the small misfortune to lose his head, chatted with me in the old Alameda, as we passed the shop of Figaro, or looked in at the door of Don Juan's old house; the colored darkness of the Cathedral, the sunny twilight of the veiled streets, shaded by striped tent-like awnings; the sombre, mo-

nastic streets, hot at noon as the desert sand; the dusty, scorched suburbs, brown and barren, were all known to me. I had sucked the city of Seville like one of its own oranges, and only the peel was left. A long hot day remained, and how was I to spend it?

I look round my room at the Fonda de Madrid, Plaza Magdalena. It wants ten minutes to the table-d'hôte dinner. What do I see? A bare white-washed room, the floor paved with large, red, glazed tiles; the walls hung with theatrical prints of Mazeppa, with a good deal of white horse, and a good deal more gymnastic struggling. The broad, tall glass windows are wide open; for it is burning, fiery-furnace hot, though it is now half past four o'clock, and the tumbling, tipping fountain, that is always trying to empty its Danaë bottle, splashes and trickles in the great hot square coolly and pleasantly enough: not that I see the said frolic-silver fountain; because, to keep out the heat, there is a tent-like awning twisted over my iron square window-frame, and tied down all round to the railing of the balcony. I am just up, hot and steaming, from a short but pleasantly sottish siesta, after a tiring walk in search of the house where Murillo, the last great religious painter of Europe, was born. My bed, in that corner, is a dry, bouncing sort of bed, built on a frugal and ascetic principle suited for hot climates, where a feather-bed would be a mild term for asphyxia, and is stuffed, I suspect, by the mouldy smell, with maize straw. The green musquito-curtains I have rolled up round the iron frame of the top of the bed, because I usually get helplessly entangled in them, and resemble a mariner in a mermaid's tangle of sea-weed. I lift my red, damp cheek from the pillow, which bounces up after me in an obdurate and unfeeling way, being by nature singularly unreceptive and incapable of soft impressions. I look round at the wall for fear of scorpions, and with a dreamy sense of that pleasant serenade from a distant guitar that lulled me to sleep last night.

A bell rings. It is the dinner-tocsin. "La comida e pronta; dinner is ready, gentlemens," says Rose, the waiter and guide, in a double-barreled proclamation, he being one of those split-tongued sons of Gibraltar who act as guides and waiters all over Spain.

I shuffle off my yellow slippers, that I bought of Yoosof

Yacob, the Moorish Jew, in the street of oranges, hurry on my boots, brush my beard, twiddle my mustaches into dagger-points, and hurry down.

Always the same company: the Gibraltar Colonel Martinet, and his pretty, satirical-looking wife. They are too proud to speak, though they are dying to know how to get on to-night to Cordova; so he chews his mustache, and tries to joke at the Spaniards with his wife in a playful and superior way. Then there is a priestly-looking man, of a rich Murillo red-brown, with shaved blue head, who is soaking golden slices of apricot in his wine; a far-German baron, all spectacles and beard, who wears an immense gold ring on his dirty thumb; a young olive-colored Don Juan, who I suspect is a billiard-marker; several Englishmen, who are cursing the mosquitoes and the heat; and a fat canon, who has just tucked up his gown, ready for action, and has hung his black shovel-hat, which is at least a yard long, on the wall behind him. Rosy apples bedded in orange-flowers are on the table, and half the company are soaking their Muscatel grapes in water, ready for dessert. The dishes come in in that peculiar succession common to Spain. Soup, all alive with twining threads of white vermicelli; then some mysterious little sweetbreads, fried, the exact color of a new-laid gravel walk; then delicate red mullet; then slices of savory veal, smothered in orange-colored tomato-sauce; then a small repast of endive-salad alone, much to the insolent amusement of the English bagmen, who laugh till their great teeth show like so many sharks' mouths rising at a bait; then quails and partridges, carefully dismembered; and, lastly, giant slices of a huge Valencia melon, that melts to nectar and sugar in the mouth, green figs citronized by the sun, musk-grapes, ratafias, more wine, and a light sifting in of sweetmeats to fill up the chinks.

No wonder the canon crosses his hands on his butt or stomach, and turns his eyes heavenward, I trust in thankfulness. No wonder Don Juan leans forward to the central stand and selects the longest toothpick, that he may display a glittering paste ring on his lean, sinful little finger. No wonder the conversation so lulls that the chatter of the white-jacketed waiters in the hall, where the fountain dribbled and trickled, grows more and more audible. There is a dreadful noise of nothing,

as Horace said of the country. I bow to the company, thrust back my chair, and stroll into the hall, where the landlord, cigar in mouth, is entering the visitors' names in the police inspection-book. The doors of the bath-rooms are open, gaping for air; the great apocryphal maps of London and Paris, on the walls, have no air to fan them up and down; the huge banana-tree, with the broad, split lined leaves, here and there spotted with whitewash, is silent, and shakes not with any fear. Drip, drip, drip goes the fountain. I look at the notices on the walls. "Great bull-fight at Cordova;" a chocolate bull, leaping at a man mounted on a black Leviathan.

"That won't do. 'Steamer to Cadiz, Miercoles-Domingo?' That won't do. 'Ball to be given to-night by the celebrated dancing-master, Pepe Blanco, Street of the Mulattos, near the house of Pilate. Opens at nine o'clock.' That *will* do. Rose (my guide), we will go."

"Very well, gentlemen."

"Will there be any gipsy dancers at Pepe's?"

"Yes, my gentlemen."

"Fandango?"

"Yes."

"Bolero?"

"Yes. Yeas, signor, cachuca; every tings, my gentlemen. Pepe is first dancing-master in Seville. Perea Nina came through his school; he prepared the muchachas for the opera; he is good dancing-mans, my gentlemen."

It is nine, and we are on our way, by starlight, to the Street of the Mulattos and the dancing-school of the filles d'opéra. As we go along the narrow, paved street, we are delighted with the beautiful interiors that we see through the painted iron-work of the hall gates.



The dark, unglazed, grated windows, with the rolls of red matting hung over them; the flat roofs and watch-towers, are strange and Moorish enough; but they have no charm in comparison with these family pictures—so beautifully framed, and so carefully guarded within their chapel-like screens of iron (like so many twining flower-stalks turned to metal), that seem sometimes to be the geometric cobwebs of spiders of the Tubal Cain period—so lace-like, and sharp, and tender are the knots, the twistings, and the intersections. Here is a house door in the Street of Jesus, number seventy-nine. We disregard the great blind, yet jealous-looking outer street wall, which might be a prison—may be a convent—and we look through the one passage or marble-paved porch, which opens to the street; at the end, some ten feet up, is the gate of cobweb iron, wreathed and scrolled as if the design had been flourished in on paper by some Arabian master of complete penmanship. The curves are as of the waves and the clouds, or are stolen from the flowing roll of flower-cups or of vine-tendrils. They present no impediment to the eye, and—though safe and strong, to keep out thieves and lovers—are only seen when looked for. Inside is the hall, the patio, or small quadrangle, which is the lungs of the Spanish house. The bedroom windows and the balcony leading to the upper rooms look down upon it. There may be a central Arabian fountain of melting silver, of flowing music, of singing water, where marble basins seem scooped out of melting ice, and brimmed with fluent pearl. There may be a little pensive marble statue, like the Roman Penates, guarding the lavish, generous water which gushes as freely as good actions do from a good man's heart. It has been the honest mirror where dear dead Dolores has seen her fairy eyes glistening a thousand times. It is the refreshing bath where the bouquets, warm from her bosom, were laid to lap and drink. It may now be a little green and mildewed, and oozing about the joints; it may have been a proconsul's bath, or a sultan's place of ablution.

There is a small grove of glossy-leaved orange-trees at the corners on one side, or there may be a huge banana-tree, like a thing of Paradise, flinging abroad the generous arched leaves over the family circle below. And the happy circle consists of an old Don, with head yellow and shiny, who broods over a

cigarette; a comely mother, with black face, languidly busy; and perhaps one or two black-eyed daughters, Immaculata and Rufina, with lace mantillas trailing from their hair-knots over their shoulders, who are listening with meaning smiles to a mellow, merry voice and guitar in the next garden, that are calling upon all the saints in heaven to bear witness that he, Juan (chwang), loves Inez (chwang-twang), and Inez alone (chwang); or perhaps there is only a single yellow light near a window on a back table, and an old duenna nurse is playing with some children, and laughing at Pedro, the waiter at the café of Julius Cæsar next door, who is smoking his cigarette outside the gate.

Once we look through the enchanted gates of gold wire, and see a dark court-yard filled with a thick odor of orange-blossom, or behold a small forest of slender marble pillars, each no bigger than a palm-tree, and marvel at the white glimmer of their reflections. Another time, an empty court-yard, with only a glimpse, through the dark, of a winding marble staircase, up which Don Quixote or his duchess may have just passed. Passed or not, I don't see Sancho Panza—not even a grinning Maritornes—sweeping up the place.

I pass the Street of the Sacrament, and reach the festive house of the dancing-master. I go up with a small crowd what the Scotch call "a common stair." The next door is a lottery-shop, and the doorway is covered with printed sheets of numbers. I pay at the door and enter. There is confusion in the passage—a spirt and crack of matches—which is unremitting. A Spaniard, when he is silent or looking on, must smoke. The men are evidently shopmen and clerks, a few decent mechanics; but there is no vulgar impudence or noisy bashfulness about them; no strut or stare—they are unpretending and self-possessed, grave and almost dull. Are these the men who cap you in proverbs, who knife you in quarrel, who are the dandies and bullies of Spain? Are these the far-famed Andaluçians, who are half Moors, and are the dread of the more stolid north?

They are dressed in short jean and gambroon jackets, brown or gray. A few wear buff or white linen. They are all grave and brown, and have neat feet, and thin but shapely limbs. They all carry sticks, and wear the Andaluçian cap—a stiff

black cap, with a low conical centre, and a high, round, stiff brim, which curves up round it like the walls of a burned pie. Every one has a thin paper cigarette between his scorched thumb and forefinger. Every one has the end of his handkerchief sticking from his outside jacket pocket. They seat themselves gravely along the wooden forms, which are placed round the room, at the end of which the royal arms of Castile and Leon are rudely painted, underneath a tawdry canopy. There are few women, and they are plainly dressed in black, with mantilla, and the inevitable fan. The cigar-smoke is as the smoke of a great battle, and the red sparks shine through the blue vapor like frosty stars on a foggy autumn night.

The gipsies—the chosen dancers of the Macarena, the ragged quarter, whence Murillo drew his dusty-footed, melon-eating beggar-boys—are there all by themselves, away from the Busné in a corner near the two guitars, who are burning to get at it, and near the half dozen red-tasseled castanets, who presently will go off together like so many hundred dice-boxes, shaken by mad gamblers in a drunken tavern.

There are six of them. First, their great singer, a half idiotic paralytic boy, who, writhing in a big brother's lap (big brother is a kind fellow, but a horse-stealer and farrier), sings *Las Canas*, which he drawls out in a melancholy, low, passionate voice, so that it seems partly a love-song, partly a dirge for an exiled Indian race, partly an Eastern incantation for some Cybele or Isic ceremony. He reminds me, with his staring eyes and outstretched neck, of the demoniac boy in Raphael's Transfiguration. He sits on the farrier's lap, a sorry sight for cheerful people's eyes. He helps in the low monotonous burden of hand-clapping (*palmeado*), the beating of feet, and the *palmeado*, or final chorus. On the whole, it is awful to see him, for he writhes like a person possessed.

His big brother keeps looking on with a sort of knavish pleasure, while some Leporello in the corner sweeps the tinkling and wedded strings with his hand, and beats the guitar-board with his thump. Another brother, who, though of royal Roman blood, looks distressingly like a sweep, having a grimy, mean, sordid face, stares dully at the opposite wall, for he is blind. As for the sullen big brother, his little, weazel, black-bead eyes are always smiling out with hard, suspicious cunning

from underneath his depressed and bumpy brows. There they go, the whole happy and ancient family, shuffling their feet in time, beating with monotonous and unceasing regularity their horny hands, sweeping the guitar in rapid *rasqueandos*, flourishes, or *floreandos*, and drum-like *golpeandos*. Ten to one it is the barber of the street, Figaro himself, who now sings. There is an intense air of conviction about the whole group that they are essential to the night's amusement; and there is a twinkle of the eyes that seems to say, "Oh ye Busné, how soon, if we chose, could we clear every pocket, and slip off to dear Macarena," the snug beggar's quarter.

As for Pepe Blanco, he, in his loose, unbuttoned jacket and staff of office, is preternaturally busy. He bows to me, he jokes with the gipsies, he condescends to Rose and the guitar; he seems a shrewd, busy, rather pompous man, who presumes on old saltatorial skill.

And where are the performers? Oh, here they come. That black-browed, hard beauty is Pepe Blanco's eldest daughter (and manager, too, I should think). Her short, boufféed balloon dress is striped horizontally with red and blue; she struts in it, with toes out, like a reduced Lady Macbeth. She shines with bugles and tinsel bobs. She is all black bushy dots, as if she had adorned herself with stubby tufts, made of the beards of dead lovers. She is a little painted; her blush would be natural were it not perpetual, and were there not an unfortunate telltale spot of whitewash in the midst of that hard red that ascends to her lower eyelid. I should not like to say her eyelids were not darkened, but certainly her black hair was wet with liquid grease. On her stiff white hands are several rings set with sparkling rubies from the Philippine Islands; her large feet twinkle in white satin slippers, and her leg is a miracle of robust shapeliness. Her poses are masculine and abrupt, her recoil has the flexibility of steel. Her younger sister is a much prettier daughter of Eve. She is charming in pink silk and black lace, a piquant mixture of colors, and her complexion, though of the unhealthy-looking pale olive, is crystal clear, though no flash of rosy red glance across her cheek, be she pleased, surprised, or angry. She waves a glittering sceptre of a fan, and looks on every thing with that jaded, lifeless, mechanical look peculiar to public performers.

Her fat father's jokes she takes as mere professional matters of course; she knows the peculiar joke for each peculiar hour. Sometimes she gives a rueful smile at her sister, or, oftener still, a sickly ogle, which is the mere result of theatrical habit. This is a sorry life, Dolores. This is poor work compared with Perea Nina, La Campanila, the daughter of the keeper of the Giralda bell-tower. It puts one out of patience, Dolores, does it not, to think of dancing before a set of clerks and tourists? What does Lady Macbeth think? Saint Apollonia! how like a Jezebel she looks, as she stretches her feet or crosses them softly as if they had on Cinderella's glass slippers, one over the other. The guitar gets more like a tin-kettle than ever. More running up and down the buzzing rigging of the strings, more rat-tat of the castanets, as if the room were full of cats, with walnut-shells tied to their feet.

I fell into a musing eulogy of the dance. I thought with gratitude of how it brings lovers together, and welds firmer love's half-forged chains; how it quickens the blood of society; how it makes the poor for a time happy as the rich, and how it makes the rich natural for a time as the poor.

"You seem as if you was going to sleeps, gentleman," says Rose.

"No, no, not at all," said I, crying "Encore!" out of place, to show I was alert, and not to be caught.

Then began the bolero, the Jezebel and Pepe Blanco's assistant joining—the painted Jezebel, stately in her parti-colored dress, her waist tight and buckramed with a breastplate of bugles, her white satin slippers twinkling like flying ermines over a Siberian plain, her strong blanched arms swaying round her head in perfect and harmonious balance. The assistant is a leopard sort of Pierrot, who wears a brown cloth jacket, a dark red sash, and light canvas shoes, which, intended to check-mate the heat, look like slippers, and give him an undress, reckless air. He is one of those thin, oval-faced, young old men one sees in Spain, with dry brown hair, and no beard or mustaches. He may be a barber, but, at all events, he has a serious air of intense devotion to his amusement, which savors of chivalry, and is amusing. I, who go every where through Andaluçia looking for Don Quixote, thought I had a descendant of him here; but no, his name is José-Maria, and he is waiter at the

café next door, which bears the great name of Julius Cæsar; though Julius Cæsar certainly never took coffee next door. He is a small, thin man, with no great gift of muscle, is José-Maria, the lithe waiter; but how he leaps, and bounds, and comes down, as if through the ceiling, like Mercury, on the top of his elastic toes! He is this moment seated next the guitar, discussing a dance tune. Now he springs forward, meets the smiling Jezebel, and seems determined to dance her down. Their hands do not meet, but they turn and encircle, and *dos à dos*, each with the clicking castanets, which are answered by half a dozen other pairs scattered through the room. Even phlegmatic Pepe Blanco rattles a pair, and so does a little muslined-out sister of Jezebel, whose name is Lola. The gipsies work on with their droning chant and sleepy, unceasing hand-clapping, and the guitar tinkles and chimes in threading the pattern of the dance. Now they end suddenly, with a clash of the castanets, which sounds like a smashing of targets, and every body laughs at the vivacious vigor and surprise of the ending, which leaves the dancers standing, like statues.

Now they dash off again, as if disdainful and ashamed of rest; José performing miraculous feats of skill, turning as if his back was India-rubber and his feet spring-heeled. Herodias-Jezebel is quite a match for him, and stands up to him manfully, her great colored dress swaying and tossing like a dahlia in a high wind. The canvas-slipped men with the black turban caps fan themselves, as if seeing other people red-hot made them red-hot too. They shout some sort of *Brava*, and *Ancora*, and *Bis*, that sounds like "*Se repeta.*" They hark on the tiring dancers with encouraging "*Jaleos,*" such as the *contrabandistas* use to their flagging horses. José flings about his legs as if he were a *Fantoccini*, ties himself in knots, springs up in the air, and comes down in a step that instantly wheels him on round Jezebel; he pursues her; she flies, wounding him, Parthian like, with her great gig-lamps of eyes. She wheedles him with her wanton and swaying arms; now she follows him; he turns and bends to kiss her; now she again flies, and so winds the cat's cradle of the dance, that the castanets emphasize and punctuate like the rattle of so much summer hail. The horny, dry click-click goes on in a loud cricketing, as of a woodpecker's tapping, cheery, shrill, and

loud. A man next me, with black velvet embroidery about his jacket sleeves, and with brass tags down the front of it, can hardly keep his feet still, so suggestive and stimulating is the sound of castanets to the Spanish ear. It is as a trumpet to a soldier or a gun-fire to a sailor. How the gipsy girl laughs and shows her great white horse teeth! How the possessed boy screams! How the big brother works away at the suffering guitar, as Jezebel and José-Maria seesaw at the Cadiz cachuca, with its merry grasshopper accompaniment. Is not this better to Englishmen than the dull rites of a quadrille, or the giddy but unvarying waltz of Germany? What a pity the old zarabanda, that James the Second's court indulged in before the vulgar romp of the pillow dance set all in confusion, is now forgotten except by retentive yellow old music-books; but still we have the bolero and the fandango with their staccato steps, and their abrupt, clashing pauses. As for the bolero, it is a complete dancing duel—graceful and agile as the gambols of leopards. How beautifully the hands seem to sympathize and join in the dance, compared with our English performances, where hands seem mistakes and superfluties intended to hamper and embarrass shy people! How the feet run, and match, and pair, as if they had separate wills to the joined and bending bodies! Beautiful expressions of superabundant joy and youth, hope and fervor; beautiful similitude and pantomime of love; free, healthy, agile exercise, which really is dancing, and not walking to pattern. No wonder, then, that as the castanets cease to shake, and the hard dry hands to beat, the whole company of Pepe Blanco burst out with universal cries of "Orza, orzazas, punalada!" Jezebel strutting to her seat with toes rigidly out, and José-Maria sitting down, and lighting a cigarette, with not a hair turned. What wonder that, since Martial's time, Spain has supplied the world with dancers?

Make way for the gipsy girl, who is going to show us how the Egyptian ghawasses and the Hindoo nautch-girls dance. She will dance the romalis, which is the dance which Tiberius may have seen, and which no one but a gipsy dances in Spain. She will dance it to the old Oriental music of hand-clapping, and to an old religious Eastern tune, low and melancholy—diatonic, not chromatic, and full of sudden pauses, which are

strange and startling. It will be sung in unison, and will have a chorus, in which every one will join. Ford, the great authority in Spain, says these tunes are relics of the old Greek and Phœnician music. Even their guitar, of that strange calabash shape, is Moorish; it is worn and played just as it was four thousand years ago, before King Wilkinson came to Egypt and unpotted the old Pharaohs.

The dancing-girl is, to tell the whole truth, not romantic: no antelope eyes; no black torrents of overflowing hair; no sweeping fringe of eyelash; no serpentine waist; no fairy feet; no moonlight voice. No. She is rather like a sailor's wife at Wapping. She has ropy black hair, drawn back behind her ears, in which dangle heavy gold earrings. She wears a large red, cauliflowered-pattern gown, and her small neat feet are protected by strong high-lows; she is stout and thick-set, and by no means a sylph. I don't think the harebell would ever lift up its head again if her strong foot had once come on it. She rises to the incitement of that quivering nasal wail that the wriggling cripple doles out from his straining throat, and, amid cries of "Jaleo," and various exclamations of delight, sways herself slowly with balancing arms and shuffling feet that hardly seem to move. Gradually, as you get accustomed to the dance, you learn to distinguish the dull thump of the heel from the lively, quick one-two tap of the toe of her shoes, as, like a young Witch of Endor, she seems to swim and float along the room, as if her arms, with their balancing—right now up and left down, then left down slowly and right up—propelled her through some invisible medium of sea or cloud. She might be a sea-spirit, or a daughter of Lucifer, who is prince of the powers of the air. On her face there is no appearance but a beaming glow of quiet pride and smouldering excitement. Every now and then the girl lowers her arms, and begins to beat the palms of her brown hands together to the same low incantation tune that stirs you strangely by its supernatural and untiring ceaselessness. Her arms, when they sway, move in curves of perfect harmony; and her hands, when they beat, beat in low unison like a muffled drum. As for the recitative song, it is more fit for Irish wake-singers or Arab serpent-charmers than for festive dancers, who dance to the pulsation of their own heart-music, and what other extraneous

help Heaven may send them. The perpetual hand-clapping is exciting, just as the perpetual low beat of the Sioux calabash-drum is exciting. It keeps the mind in a state of fevered tension highly stimulating to the imagination—tap, tap, tap, tap it goes, like the perpetual drip, drip of a wet day. Now the witch-dance grows fiercer and faster, now the Lady of Endor wriggles from side to side, backing and sidling like a shy horse, and the double-shuffle going on all the time in a way that no sailor could equal; and now, to our extreme horror, Endor suddenly twists up her pocket-handkerchief, and, as the solitary dancer sways nearer to me, flings it in my lap and closes the dance, her eyes laughing, her earrings bobbing. She sits down amid shouts of applause and cries of "Jaleo!" the paralytic boy wriggling like a scotched snake to express his delight and patronizing approval. The big brother is also ultra-cunning and much satisfied. The guitar bends forward and bows his personal thanks. José-Maria looks not pleased. José-Maria thinks the romalis nothing to the bolero, and is evidently jealous.

Rose comes to me after much dumb show and unsuccessful telegraphing. I get him to understand that I want to know what I am to do with the Witch of Endor's handkerchief. Did not sultans sometimes fling ladies' handkerchiefs for Mormon purposes? Could I have won the witch's heart at a glance? I, who never won any body but old Miss Truffles, who is always falling in love with quiet, unresisting men? Rose answers me (in spite of all my signs that he should speak very low) in a loud, unfeeling, vulgar voice, evidently despising Jezebel, who smiles stiffly through her paint, and fat old Pepe Blanco, who pretends he is not looking my way, engages in conversation with the guitar with unmeaning and spasmodic earnestness. Rose tells me in a blustering voice (to show every body that he is my chief adviser, counselor, and friend) that this throwing the handkerchief is a regular custom, and merely means that, as a stranger and foreigner, I am expected to make her a present. I must roll up half a dollar in the handkerchief, and return it with a careless bow (as if she had shown me a favor) to the lady. I do not much like the ceremony—am afraid of giving too little, not too much—and grumble like a true Englishman at paying twice over. I do it with a bow

worthy of the roué young Duke of Richelieu, and, defying Jezebel, return to my seat, falling over my own walking-stick, and disregarding all stares and whispers.

Then comes a Malaga dance, and various sequadillas, boleros, manchegas, malagenas, and rondenás. There are romances sung on the true Figaro principle, that "what they did not think worth saying they say."

"Now, then, gentlemen, they are going to do the Malaga dance, describing the bull-fight."

It is not Jezebel, nor the Witch of Endor, nor Herodias, who dances the malagena, nor that little five-year old puppet who, with side-curls, fan, and castanets, apes the woman with grave accuracy. No; it is Lola, a baker's daughter, a neat little quiet girl in black, who laments her want of the short dancing-dress of a real maja. She misses the waves of rose-color and silver from which a maja floats in the dance, like Venus rising from a sunset sea; but still, with a smiling face and brave heart, being the only Malaga girl present, and not without views of the stage, Lola, nodded on by an encouraging mother, passes from stately walk into stately dancing positions, and, crescendoing by degrees, rises to the full-free dance, which is of a measured minuet character, and seems to need no partners. It is a performance, in fact, of grave beauty, rising to swiftness like a fire that fans and waves itself into wider flame, and resembling the court minuet that cost John the Baptist his head. Her arms are Diana-like in their curving sway and balance. But now, passing a small scarlet flag over her left arm, she waves it to and fro in time to the dance. Then, putting on a black montero cap, she archly cocks it, and trifles with it, and finally places it in the bend of the arm on which the flag was, and goes through all the ceremonies of the bull-fight—the flag and hat passing for her lover, and she herself tossing and fretting with her head to imitate the action of the bull. Now she beats with her pretty feet, or apes the pawings of the king of the herds that chase each other through clouds of dust in the low earth-banks of the Guadalquivir. Then cap and flag pass away, and she ends with the Oriental beating of hands, and the low, monotonous chant, which is rude and simple, yet impressive.

We tear ourselves from the perpetual motion, and, with bows

to the company and Pepe Blanco, pass down the rude stairs out into the street. What a contrast from the hot glare and noise! How quiet! I can hear the crickets discussing the price of flour down in the baker's cellar on the other side of the way. The image shop is shut; the slippers, and plaids, and scarfs are all put by for the night. The peddler is gone from the blind church door, where he used all day to sell castanets, old bottles, books, small-tooth combs, knives, and worm-eaten flint guns. There are no porters or Doloreses round the tumbling fountain. The church doors are shut, and the paradise smell of incense, that puffs out all day far into the street and into the market-place, is gone up to heaven like an exhaled prayer. The strings of mules no longer trip, and clink, and patter, and stumble over the slippery trottoir. The band is hushed in the Square of the Constitution, and the fuego (match) boys are gone to their straw. The fierce pagan-looking herdsmen, with their long pike goads, and their strange, rough sheep-skin jackets and leather gamashes, are not yet coming into early market. The great pyramids of pot-bellied and toad-speckled melons are all eaten or rolled away. The great green peppers and the terra-cotta-looking pomegranates are hidden behind those gratings, and so are the chumbos and the prickly-pear fruit. I see no one but a sturdy watchman, who, with a clear voice, calls out "Serenos!" (fine) as if it was a cathedral response, and he were minor canon. I observe he wears a broad yellow leather baldrick, and has a sheath on the spear-blade from which his lantern swings.

Rose, addressing "my gentlemen," bids him look at a man eating iron. I ask him what he means by such ostrich-diet, and he tells me, pointing to a dark slim figure clinging to the window-bars, that it is a lover having a secret night interview with his Juliet, his Lola, or his Katinka. He is clinging like an angry parrot to the tall window-irons, pouring his delicious temporary insanity through the bars into her ear. That gleam of white is she, and that distant guitar that sounds so pleasantly up the quiet street is some securer lover, serenading. Why, if one choose to be fool enough to pick quarrels, one might soon be, as Don Quixote promised Sancho, up to one's elbows in adventures. A finer city to get one's head broken in I never saw.

I pass the Alcazar, with its horseshoe-gate, type of Arab conquest and their conquering cavalry. I tread the broad steps and terrace round the Cathedral where Shylocks and Antonios once used to meet as on 'Change, cheered by whiffs of anthems and breaths of incense; now, white and bleached in the moon, it is lined with shadows of the great chains and broken Roman temple-pillars that fence it in. I steal a look through the Moorish gateway—the old court of purification—where the orange-trees are all black and silver with the moonlight and the shadow. I pass under the great Giralda Tower, the work of the pyramid-builders, its sharp brick-work, its faded frescoes, now all silvered out by the moonlight, and I reach the Fonda-Madrid. A sleepy porter receives me with a blessing, that sounds to me like an inverted curse, and I jolt up to bed, fastening my folding doors with those long primitive bolts peculiar to Spain. Rose I hear under the balcony expressing to the porter his doubts as to whether I shall eventually give him more than twice as much as his proper courier's hire per day.

I shuffle off my husk, my disguises, my properties, and cunningly slip under the green musquito-curtains, leaving the little winged monsters thirsting for my blood outside the thin fence like devils outside the walls of Paradise.

A great dark curtain of cloud lifts up, and I am in the fairy region of sleep. Hark! here rises old Seville; and from the gilded minaret comes the cry of the followers of Mohammed, "Come to prayer—come to prayer! Prayer is better than sleep—prayer is better than sleep!" Floods of white turbans roll by; in the midst, Yoosoof, surrounded by his black eunuchs with their golden breastplates. Suddenly the train stops, and from a plumed litter a sultana, with eyes of the gazelle, hails me. She says,

"Time to get up, my gentlemens!"

It was Rose. Seven o'clock? Why, I have not been asleep five minutes. .

CHAPTER XIII.

MY TURKISH MASTER AT SEVILLE.

I HAD been out from noon till dusk in Seville, picking up the fragments that remained of my great eye-feast in that city. I was hurrying home to my hotel, to take my first Turkish lessons of Monsieur Achille Vielleroche, an old French officer of the Napoleon times, who had lived a long while at Stamboul as dragoman to the French embassy. I was bound, I knew, shortly to the seven-hilled city of Constantine, and I wanted to pick up some of the infidels' language, that I might carry it in my hand as a shield and as a sword against the knavish Moslems of the caravansaries and the bazars.

Besides, I had a little time on my hands before the boat started for Cadiz, and I felt a sort of foolish pleasure in learning my first Oriental language (for I can not say much of a smattering of Hebrew) in the old city where a Moorish king had ruled so long.

Now Seville is a place that it requires no effort to realize as Eastern, blood and bone. It was only this morning I was upon the turret roof of the Cathedral, high up, close under that weather-cock statue of Faith, on the very apex of the Giralda, at whose bronze feet the whistling falcons build, and I had looked down on the city beneath me, as Satan once did on Jerusalem from the pinnacle of the Temple, and I saw the houses spread below me like a ground-plan or a vast map. Those winding dark veins were streets. They did not run straight and headlong like the Roman roads, which seem made for the straightforward rush of the legionaries, but they wound, like fickle brooks or errant streamlets, shunning the sun, narrow and deep, under shadowy cliffs of houses, where the striped awnings passed like sails from roof to roof, winding with subtlety and craft, and seeming to stop to run into the harbors of shadow, devious and crooked as a tyrant's policy. The windows of those houses were so near, that Osman the Abencer-

rage must have been able to have tossed a love-letter—full of quotations from the Koran and allusions to Mary, the Coptic girl beloved by the Prophet—to Zuleika as she sat opposite, with downcast eyes, intent on her golden cushion, and thinking of the too much beloved Child of the Saddle, whom she had seen that morning riding in from Granada to the Games of the Jereed in the sultan's bull-ring.

As I cling to the great flying buttress of brown sunburnt stone that arches over the Cathedral nave, thinking of Quasimodo and all the Victor-Hugo clamberings on church roofs, I strain my tired eyes down to observe the perpetual flat roof that in Seville indicates the Eastern origin of a house, the blue-tiled domes of the old mosques, and the high watch-towers, with roofed-in arcades, open at the sides, that the Moors built as traps to catch the wind in this burning climate. I see the flat desert plain and the brown river, which from here seems to be mere liquid sand—a horizontal simoom, rolling through a Spanish Sahara. Yes, there can be no forgetting the Moors in Seville; and as I cling to the slant bar of the buttress, I repeat to myself the beautiful first chapter of the Koran, and almost wish that my head was shaved, till I remember what that is a sign of in England. So, like a true Spaniard, I curse Mohammed, spit at him figuratively, and cross myself to reassert my Christianity. It is so hot now that I long to turn hermit and bury myself in a cave of strawberry ice.

Well, but to get back to my twilight walk and my Turkish task-master, Monsieur Achille Vielleroy. I had just been a long walk through the suburbs, looking every where for Moorish houses and Christianized mosques. Now, just as America is a delightful place to travel in because, with your own language, civilization, and comforts, you have a new race and a new world, so, in Spain, you have the delight of safely and at your ease—under a sun that does not quite fry your brain—tracing the ineradicable Orientalism of the old Moorish cities. You can trace out how ineffectually the Spanish Christian endeavored to blot out every where the word Moor, that time had graven so deeply in the very soil of Spain. It was no mean civilization that wrote its name in such eternal characters; yet how different Moorish art is from Roman—different as the ponderous fourteen-feet pilum and the massy short

double-edged sword of the legionary from the light cane javelin and brittle crescent sabre—different as the surface filigree of the Alhambra, that time can not corrode, from the Titan arches of the Colosseum. Here was mind almost feminine in its subtlety and minuteness, yet reaching the perfection of all mere geometric ornamentation. There was a mind gigantic and strong, that wrote Empire and Eternity on all it touched.

I had had a long hot stroll in the deserted old Alameda—the Alameda of Le Sage's times, where Don Juan must have ruffled it in his ribbons and satins, now the mere playground of ruffian gamblers, muleteers, horse-dealers, and naked urchins. Then I had worked round the old fortifications, in and out the yellow stuccoed gates. I had amused myself by staring from the dusty deserted walks, where the carob-trees hung their shriveled kidney-bean fruit; at the old walls, with their sharp, broken, vandyked battlements, where, here and there, a bush or bramble grew, like a tuft of hair on an otherwise bald face, and fancying myself a Christian knight parleying with the lines of turbans on the parapets. I defy them; I cut crosses in the air with my sword; I—

“Aree—señor—a thousand pardons,” says a muleteer, riding me down with his string of donkeys, laden with charcoal, covered with faded green boughs—fodder, as I suppose, for his animals.

“Omen of the age,” I thought; “the dreamer, mumbling over his mediævalism, narrowly escapes being trodden under foot by the donkey of progress.” I bow to the Moors, who, in the shape of a sentinel, and a girl hanging out clothes, are laughing on the walls, and plunge scuttling through the eyelet-hole of the gate again into the city.

I can not say with Titus, “I have lost a day!” Yet I am thirsting for new sights, my eye having an appetite that seems insatiable.

“I have lost a night!” said Spanker to me, at breakfast this morning, when I alluded to Titus, across a chocolate cup.

On investigation, I found he had gone to bed early, at the end of the first rubber; a waste of time, produced by a momentary laziness, which I believe he has ever since regretted, and never since indulged in. If Spanker worked only half as hard at drill as he does at billiards, he would be, I think, soon

a great military authority; for he is full of a quaint sort of chivalry, has a latent energy, and his brains are "of the first water." I don't say this to flatter him. He will never read this; for, though not dead yet, he is buried at Bermuda, and, what is worse— But I must not forestall.

I was toiling down a hot street, with no side-rivulet of dark wall-shadow to run to, feeling not unlike a hunted mad dog that has just distanced his pursuers, and almost wished he had not, when I spied a great open gate to what seemed a splendid example of the old Moorish houses, and ventured in, for I thought it might be the House of Pilate, that curious old Oriento-Roman house, built by some Spanish enthusiast, who had been on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and there seen the apocryphal palace of the Roman, whose ghost still haunts Switzerland, and whom you talk of there at table-d'hôte dinners between the fricassée and the salad.

I seemed like the intruder into the fairy story, who comes to fulfill old prophecies, and to wake the enchanted princess with a kiss. I expected to find the father asleep, the chancellor, the page, and all the councilors seated round the royal table; but all I really found was a cat asleep on a wall, and when it heard me it did not turn into a golden-haired princess, but stared at me for a moment with phosphoric eyes of a glow-worm green, and ran in at a door where a porter was taking his siesta, for there is no fear in Spain of being robbed or murdered while you take your siesta, for this simple reason, that at this time in the day every respectable murderer and decent thief is asleep too; so, not waking the man, who slept the sleep of the just, and snored just like them too, I did not thieve any thing, but only stole quietly along the shady side of the large quadrangle I had entered, and admired the curious Moorish ornamentation on the walls—the old Alhambra kaleidoscope of delight, and the well-remembered wainscot of blue and brown and green tiles, in their rich vitrified enamel of unfading color. I reveled in the Jonah gourds, swaying with pumpkins of coppery yellow, that clung round the pillars of the quadrangle; and having completed my inspection with the noiseless foot of Time, I repassed the sleeping curator, who gave a sort of staggering snore, as if I disturbed his dream as I passed out, and got again into the street. This time I struck out

bolder and more resolute, and, passing through a street where the little square projecting windows above my head looked jealous and close as a nunnery, and where almost to whistle was dangerous, and passing several quiet iron-gated doors, where men-servants smoked and lounged, I passed through a pompous city gate, guarded from persons of angry good taste, who would like to have pulled it down, by two bored-looking sentinels, and got into the dusty track leading to the river, toward which the rows of suffering-looking, jaded trees all pointed.

I had to pass the bridge—the new iron bridge—to get to my hotel. This is the bridge that the poorer Sevillians call the Devil's Bridge, partly because English heretics built it, and partly because it seems in their sluggish eyes so swift and wonderful a work. For a long time after it was erected there was an insane objection to cross it. It was almost at first feared that there would be a dead set made against the unoffending, unpretending bridge, and that the people, *en masse*, would refuse to go over it. But the suspicion and dread passed away, unlike other national nightmares, and lo! now the bridge, whose approaches are still unfinished, was black with people. There were quiet, chatting, inoffensive groups on the iron seats at the side bays. There were types of all classes of Spaniards passing over in one long ebb and flow of a procession. First, the great ox-wagon, with its yellow rush-matted sides and its ponderous oxen leaning toward each other, followed by the driver, with his spear-goad slanting warningly across the horns of the off beast. Then a gay mozo in a jacket and sash, riding with one hand stuck on his left thigh, trooper fashion. Then a postillion-driven barouche with four Spanish ladies in their grave evening dress. Then some woodmen's mules; then a charcoal crate, and a donkey laden with water-jars. I look over the bridge, and see the lights in the barges starring up and down, and casting golden columns of reflection in the water beneath them. Here and there a fire in one of the charcoal barges casts a strange red and yellow light on the faces of the rough fishermen and watermen sitting round it eating their olla.

But all this I see very hastily, and am soon at my hotel. Monsieur Achille, the waiter says, has just gone up with some

books under his arm. I am at the door of Number Twenty-one very quickly, and Monsieur Achille I find in ecstasies over a vile portrait of Napoleon hanging on the walls. This is one of his great topics. He talks of the great emperor as a father—as a dear dead friend. The tears come into his eyes when he talks of the great Corsican with whom he fought at Austerlitz. He is a brave, faithful old fellow, and a gentleman to the backbone. I know he would rather cut off his thumbs and sell them to the surgeons than do a mean thing, much as I am afraid he wants money.

There he is now at the table drawn up to the window, with Turkish dictionary and grammar ready, and stories of Napoleon breaking out, like forget-me-nots, through the iron-bound, desert region of Syntax. I feel lazy to-day, and shall draw him out about his old life, and let the Turkish mysteries alone: they will not hurt for keeping. I know the old soldier is in a good mood for talking, for he is feeling the palm of his hand, which he glories in being hard as wood, and not dimpling on pressure any more than an oak plank would. He does not boast about this, but smiles, and says, "Dieu merci! I am very hearty for an old man who fought at Austerlitz, and saw Moscow burning."

"What, were you at Moscow, Monsieur Achille? I never heard that." (I trust I shall be forgiven this assertion, which was not strictly true.)

"Tête de Dieu, that was I, and should never have been here but for three pounds of chocolate Major Fourgeon shared with me, when the rest of us were living on birch bark, which is bad eating even for bears."

"And dreadfully, I suppose, those swarms of Cossacks stung and worried you?"

"Monsieur loves to hear an old man talk. We ought to be getting on with those irregular verbs. Those Cossacks? Bah! They were mere robbers—pouf!—blow at them, and they are gone. I should not care with two dozen men for a hundred of them. You English always make such a—what you call fuss with these Cossacks. Bah! I have cut off the heads of dozens of them. What has a Cossack to fight with? a lance: he thrusts—you pull your horse round—he misses you, and you cut the spear-head off with your sword as he rides by. What

has he then left—this Cossack?—only a stick of de broom—a broomsteek.”

Having nothing practical to reply to this, I covered my retreat by ringing for coffee.

“You served under Le Beau Sabreur, did you not, Monsieur Vielleroye?”

“I did, and under Vendamme. You should have seen Vendamme at Austerlitz. He was one of the old Republicans, and cared for nothing. The soldiers used to say nothing but a mine would kill him. Over and over again they sent to tell him to retire, but he would not. ‘Every man might fall,’ he said, ‘but I remain: tell the emperor so.’”

“Were you at the great military school?”

“I was. We slept on iron beds, ate ration bread, and drank out of iron jugs. Tête de Dieu, monsieur, we were tough as young lions. We would walk to Fontainebleau, play about in the forest, and then walk back. Our very games were building up redoubts, and then storming them; but, peste! I had had bomb-shells for playthings before I could walk.”

“As how, monsieur? Vous badinez?”

“No. I jest not. My father was mayor of Lille, and died on the walls there when Prince Coburg was driven back in the early revolution, for I am old now. My uncle died of fatigue in carrying on the same defense. The first thing I can remember is seeing the stones of our court-yard taken up, and the square strewn with dung to deaden the shells and shot. I remember on Easter Sunday my mother taking us down into a bomb-proof cellar, out of the way of the rain of fire. I did not care much for a cannon ball then; since then—bah! Well, at the military school we were divided into two strong parties, one in favor of Mademoiselle Mars, and the other in favor of Mademoiselle George, who then, with Talma, divided the stage between them. On special nights I used to scale the walls to get to the theatre, and swell the ranks of my party. Ah! it is a long time since. It is so long a road to look back, that it is easier to look forward to the dark door through which I shall soon, with a bow, return into space.”

Monsieur Achille was a skeptic. I said nothing, his reminiscences amused me so much.

“Ah! Talma, mon Dieu! what an actor! what an enthusi-

ast! He told me he would not wear a shirt as Pharamond, because at that age shirts were not known. I remember seeing him in Cinna, monsieur; in that celebrated speech of the great Corneille, where he draws so powerful, yet horrible a picture of the miseries of the civil wars. He used to quietly take off his helmet and hold it behind him. Then, when he came to those terrific lines,

‘Le fils tout dégouttant du meurtre de son père,
Et sa tête à la main demandant son salaire,’

he would suddenly thrust forward his hand, and shake the helmet in the face of Emile. At first the ladies thought it was a real human head, and, *ma foi!* they fainted by dozens. The boxes remind me of a field of battle.”

“You seem in pain. I trust no—”

“Oh, it is only that English bullet I got in my hip when we took Capri from your Sir Hudson Lowe, whom we caught napping. I was early on the ladders, and got an English bayonet, too, through the fleshy part of my left arm. I never cared much about wounds, but that terrible *fièvre de suppuration*—”

“What is that, monsieur?”

Monsieur Achille was too absorbed now in old recollections to hear what I was saying.

“I remember,” he went on, “when I joined my regiment at Amsterdam, just after mess the second day, a friend coming to tell me they were going to feel my pulse, it being then the custom to try the courage of a new-comer by a duel. So out I went, but luckily ran my fellow through the arm, and after that they left me alone. Our great amusement at night there was to get hold of the old *klappermichels* or watchmen, and tie them up in their watch-boxes; but if half a dozen got together, and sprang their rattles, we had a hard fight to escape the *Rasphaus*. I think in all Europe I never knew so vicious a people as the Dutch were at that time.”

I asked Vielleroche if he was at Waterloo. Vielleroche said he was not; he did not think much of that victory. He was with Grouchy, and broke his sword over his knee when that old general refused to attempt to join Napoleon. The army then broke up, and he and some other officers skulked about till they could seize a fishing-boat and escape to Italy.

Had he ever spoken to Napoleon?

“Yes; he had been examined in mathematics by the emperor when he was a boy at the military school; and after that in Champagne, where he helped to save the emperor from the onset of a pulk of Cossacks. As aid-de-camp to Murat, he could assure me that Murat’s outbreak in Italy was a prearranged thing with the emperor; if he had wanted him at Waterloo he would have come, and his fiery storm of horse would soon have broken our squares.”

“Were you ever taken prisoner, Monsieur Achille?”

“Twice: in Russia, by those barbares, the Muscovites, who were mad enough to burn Moscow over our heads, and, by the help of a hard winter, compelled us to retire with some discomfiture into France—a repulse made too much of by your historians, but such is the way of your writers. Yes, three times was I taken prisoner; once in Austerlitz, when they sent me to the rear, and, finding no Austrians there who cared to retain me, I quietly walked off and rejoined my regiment; then at Borodino, where they put me into a wagon with four Russian soldiers to be taken to the nearest town; but I gave them so much brandy at the first road-side inn that they forgot all about me, and in the night I gave some gold to a peasant to drive me back to the camp in the wagon that brought me.”

“Difficult to trap an old fox.”

“The next time was at the Beresina, where there certainly was some confusion; but, *mon Dieu!* nothing to the fuss you English make about it. This time I was fairly done, and was sent to the rear with a Russian dragoon, who was civil enough, but I could see had as many eyes as there are eyes in a peacock’s tail. I think he must have had one in the back of his head, for I swear he seemed to guess my very thoughts all the time he pretended to talk about the genius of the emperor and the good practice of Druot and his artillery. About Murat, too, my old master, he was very curious, and wanted to know why he liked fighting single-handed with those greasy beasts of Cossacks. Well, I was, you may be sure, not going to be behind him in gayety, so I laughed and sung; and the more I saw him shrug his shoulders, the more I talked of every country being the brave man’s country, and my desire to see Saint Petersburg, the great city of our brave enemies. Gradually,

as we rode on, I saw that his suspicions began to relax; he thought himself sure of me: he thought that I had relinquished all hope of escape or return to my own people. On we went, laughing and chatting, and telling our mutual soldiers' stories. I soon saw that he let my bridle go, and said nothing when I gathered it up in my own hand. I then began talking of the sword exercise, and of the singular difference which existed between the way the French and Russians used it. Our cut number four was done in a way that they never seemed to understand, though they sometimes parried it. Upon this, the fellow, getting nettled for the military skill of his countrymen, drew my sword that hung at his side, and began throwing through the Russian cuts and parries, trying to imitate those our regiments use. Whatever he did I laughed to scorn, whether he cut right or left. At last, in a pet, the fool did just what I expected—I had laid the trap well. It was with difficulty I prevented my eyes glittering with delight as in a pet he thrust my sword into my hand, and desired me to show him what I meant. Then I thrust my feet deep into the stirrups, adjusted my reins, drew my horse a little before him, and, suddenly wheeling round, my arm at full swing, I gave him number four across the teeth, and he dropped. I did not look back to see if he was dead or not, but (here M. Achille's breath quickened, and his teeth clenched in a sardonic and almost cruel smile) I know HE NEVER ASKED FOR ANY MORE. Then I spurred my horse, and got safe back to the eagle of my regiment. I had a narrow escape, too, after that, in Calabria, soon after I had seen Fra Diavolo and his gang executed at Naples."

"What was that?" I said; "never mind the verbs for to-day?"

"Why, I and a brother officer were riding through a chestnut wood, followed by a small detachment, not suspecting ambush. I was a little way on, and my friend had stopped the other side of a brook to light his cigar. Suddenly I heard some shots, looked round, and saw the brigands break out and cut him literally to pieces. The men were all slain or taken prisoners, as the Calabrians were too many to render resistance possible. I, having no spurs, drew out my sword, and banged my horse with it, occasionally, if any impediment came, pricking him with the point, and so I escaped the wretches' hands."

“And had you never revenge on the brigands?”

“Surely had I. I instantly got a handful of men, drove the murderers into a cave, and when they kept sallying out and robbing the neighborhood, I did just what Pelissier was afterward execrated for doing in Algiers: I rolled down gunpowder casks on them with the fuses burning, and then stormed in directly the hot smoke had blown over. I will not tell you how many bodies we dug out of that cave, but this I will tell you, that the villains deserved their fate. Poor Strelitzki!”

“Was that your friend’s name?”

“It was. We had been together at the military school, and had there sworn that whoever died first should appear to the other. I used for months after his death to awake at night with a start, expecting to see him. His mother, a beautiful Polish lady, called upon me in Paris to see if I had any memorial of her son I could give her. I had nothing but his sword, and that she took with thanks.”

I do not know what more revelations I might not, at the expense of my Turkish lesson, have heard, had not at that moment the door flown open, and Spanker entered breathless.

“I say, old fellow!” he exclaimed—“beg pardon—good-evening, Monsieur Achille. What, studying to try your memory with those gallows difficult books shut? Come along and take a hand at whist. There is Driver and I, and old Duberly from Xeres: you will just make up the contingent. Your hour’s gone, and Monsieur Achille looks as much shut up as the books are.”

So I bowed out Monsieur Achille, fixed an hour for my next lesson, and went a suffering victim to Spanker’s whist-party.

CHAPTER XIV.

MY SPANISH KALEIDOSCOPE.

It is my certain belief, and I am prepared to kiss the Koran on it, to sign any amount of affidavits, to take the Hamlet (old Danish oath) on the blue keen crescent of a yataghan blade, that all the old talismans mentioned so pleasantly in the Arabian Nights and other fairy books—to wit, the purse of Fortunatus, the seven-league boots of Hop o’ my Thumb, the sul-

tan's carpet, that conveyed him wherever he wished—in fact, the invisible cap, the sword that could cut through stone, and other supernatural trifles—are to be found in some of the marine-store shops that one meets with in the Moorish cities of Spain. The logic is this: if they are indestructible, how—and I pause for a reply—could they be destroyed? Here I have you in the purse-net of a syllogism; you are knocked down; you are beaten. No man of sense for a moment can think, therefore, that I was at all imaginative or too sanguine in spending several days in Cordova, looking for these invaluable curiosities, among heaps of rusty bits, notched rapiers, dented breast and back pieces of soiled steel, Moorish cushions worked with embroidery, old cocked hats, ragged pack-saddles, cracked muskets, and dagger-knives big as scythe-blades. I turned over a great many greasy religious books, such as “The Garden of the Soul,” and “The Ecstasies of Saint Barabbas;” piles of prints of victories won by the Spanish against the French, cigar-cases without number, but all in vain. The boots, the carpet, the purse, the cap, it was not mine to find, though my greedy and too sanguine hand literally leaped at every old pair of jack-boots, piece of faded matting, worn-out night-cap, and soiled money-bag I saw in the vaults of faded vanity.

“Curses on the infidels that possess the treasures,” I exclaimed, under-breath: “may their graves be defiled, and may their fathers' name be a by-word in the mouths of the just!” It was vexatious, because I knew that I should find out their whereabouts. Yet there they were, in the hands of blind unbelievers who knew not of their value—no, no more than the man who made an omelet of the phoenix' egg. Yes, thought I, there, up in that balcony, that oleander bush in the red oil-jar rests on the magic carpet, that, when the great word *Shalabala* is pronounced three times backward by a Scotchman who was never known to wish to leave his country, will transport him, before he could wink five times or add up five rows of figures, from Arthur's Seat to Cape Horn. The wishing-cap, perhaps, its enchantment half gone, wraps the ears of some rheumatic canon, whose gouty feet are reclined on rose-leaf pillows, which he declares are as hard as the nether millstone. As for the boots, some diligence driver wears them unheeding,

cursing his slow horses; or they are already cut into candle-boxes at some road-side inn. The purse, for all I know, hangs up as a fly-trap in some hotel dining-room, and the starved landlord curses his poverty, with the "potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice" dangling over his aching head.

But one thing I did bring home was a treasure scarcely less magical than those which I in vain searched for in the dusty marine store-shops and curiosity warehouses of Cordova. This was a simple kaleidoscope. Don't laugh. Yes, a simple telescope-looking tube, covered with a sort of Indian orange mottle of paper, with the usual tin peep-hole, the black valves inside, and the little dark jeweler's shop of jingling glass tumbling about inside in a sort of harlequin puzzle of dazzling colors, just as if a magician, reduced in old age to go about in crimson robe and yellow slippers, and to keep a stall in the Lowther Arcade, had manufactured a new toy by cutting up half a dozen rainbows into a salad, seasoning the dish by slicing in a sunset cloud, two dozens of Rowney's best water-colors, and serving up with a garnish of fricasseed summer-flowers, particularly tulips, adding a sprinkle of jewel-dust and some layers of butterflies cut small "to liking."

Now why I bought a kaleidoscope it would puzzle a Dutchman to tell. I suppose, for the same reason I sent my maiden aunt, Dorcas, a caricature of herself, and got "scratched" out of her will the same evening—for the same reason I spent the five hundred pounds my father left me in buying an elephant, that I got four hundred pounds in debt for in removing and feeding, and which I had to erect an enormous green-house to keep in—for the same reason, when I had only fourteen pounds in the bank, in a fit of reckless enthusiasm, I offered my friend Daubway two hundred pounds for his great picture of Gloucester's eyes being put out, a lively subject, painted entirely with treacle and indigo for the high lights. I did it as I did every thing, as I pulled Snapper's nose, and borrowed the butcher's horse the other day for a country ride (he stopped at every door, and would not go on under ten minutes)—from impulse. I am a creature of impulse, as Blacking said the other day when I asked him for a small debt he had owed me these five years.

The fact is, I am still boy at my heart, and like what I liked as a boy, particularly cricket, hardbake, fox-hunting, the *Times*, marbles, and kaleidoscopes. So, seeing at an English store in Cordova—that ancient Moorish city, the city of Cordova—a kaleidoscope stuck up, looking low and forlorn, like a deserted and orphan obelisk among a row of pink hair-oil bottles with some fairy-like French name on them, some bootjacks, and white Spanish slippers—for black boots, or, indeed, leather boots at all, are seldom worn in burning Andalucía—I bought it, because on those wet days in London, when, as a child, I used to rummage my toy cupboard in the back parlor, after dismembering the musical cart, unmaking the toy carpenter's tools, and beating my pasteboard shield with the great vermilion cross to a jelly, I used to always fall back to that untiring, delicious, magical kaleidoscope—the optical wonder that did not set me to dissect light, or settle scientific laws, but made me an artist's colorman till death do us part.

But this Spanish kaleidoscope is not the old toy quite; no, it has a spice more of magic and the black art about it. The old London toy was a mere shake up of geometric flowers, of rainbow crystals, jostling and shuffling with regimental haste into budding stars and radiant mosaic wheels, a sort of angelic pattern-book in fact, such as an artificial flower-maker might use in Elysium—a catalogue of fossil flowers of the first suggestions, skeletons of the blossoms that broke out with purified beauty after the Deluge. That was the London toy. But this is a kaleidoscope of Spanish scenes and Spanish people, painted on glass with the juice of liquorice root and of orange fruit. Every time I shake it when I am in the mood, and have taken my medicinal sherry tonic, by some singular inner machinery a hidden spring clicks and clicks, and a new scene and a new province meets the introspective eye applied to the touch-hole. I shake, and they change. How many slides there are I know not; but this I know, that I have not yet seen them all. The old toy may have suggested, as it is said, new patterns to the feeble imaginations of carpet weavers and ribbon designers; but there, mine has suggested to me a whole volume of travels—think of that, Master Brooke. I want you to run round the dark bins of my little diorama kaleidoscope with me, and look in at the little doorway every time I shake

it. It will show you, in a bright, illuminated *coup d'œil*, all at once, better than I could describe to you, Spain, with all its varieties, plain, mountain, sea, and river, the contrasting dress of the peasantry, and the varieties of hot and cold, light and dark, temperament and climate.

Now, then, ladies and gentlemen, stand aside, and don't breathe upon the glasses; walk up—walk up, we're just going to begin. I shake the instrument lightly in my right hand, thus: you hear the glass jingle—there is no deception, no deception—look in, and tell me what you see.

FIRST SHAKE.

A region of sheep and swine—it is Estremadura: those silver threads drawn across its slate and granite rocks, its turfy sheep-walks and aromatic wastes, are the two great rivers, the Tagus and the Guadiana: in other countries they would be peopled with ships; here they serve but as ditches for draining. Once a land of corn and oil, under Moor and Roman, Estremadura is now a sheep-walk desert of grass and thyme. That man you see under the cork-tree sounding his horn is a swineherd; that horseman wrapped in a sheepskin is a smuggler, and in winter a wild-duck shooter in the oozy swamps on the banks of the Guadiana. No fear of robbing here; the people are too poor, and the travelers are scarce. That dull city on the hill above the river yonder, close to the Portuguese frontier, is Badajoz, where much English blood, and French too, was once shed. That white ring of road winds from Badajoz to Madrid, and from there to Seville. Here, in that heap of gray ruins, where the wild fig grows, the frog croaks, and the stork snaps his bill, is the once famous Roman city of Merida; and not far off is Medellin, where Cortez was born. You may know it, though it is but a speck in the kaleidoscope, by the castle on the hill and the bridge below. You can only see, you can not hear, through the kaleidoscope; it is no ear trumpet, or you might distinguish from the wild olives of the desert-tracks there to the right the perpetual soft cooing of the Barbary turtle-doves, who dispute the sovereignty of the woods with the crested hoopoe, the bee-eater, and the blue pie.

Observe the shepherds who pass across our picture-chamber; they wear leather jerkins open at the arms, and the women

short green, red, and yellow serge petticoats, with cloth mantillas and silver clasps; there are sandals on their pretty ballet-dancing feet. They all wear crosses; and under chestnut-trees covered with white flowers, or tripping about at vintage-time, look very romantic, pleasant, and unnatural. But you must not expect this small kaleidoscope circle, though it does seem to widen and widen, will show you all Estremadura—the old Duke of Alva's palace, for instance; the oak wood where Pizarro drove his swine, or the white belfry and cypresses of the Carmelite convent; no; what I see is two sorts of country, both desert, lonely, and barren; one, sheep-track, thyme, cistus, and crop-eared grass; another, oak woods and swine-walks.

If your eye could pierce those beech woods there to the right, you would see the countless herds of swine that at night thunder back to the dirty villages of the kind-hearted, lazy, pork-loving, sausage-eating Estremadurans. As for the lower plains out of sight, they are noisy with the incessant droning, chirping of the locust and cicada, which the peasant burns in heaps, and even institutes religious processions, with bell, book, and candle, to exorcise. And as the kaleidoscope can only play its own set of tunes, can only show you one aspect of the year, I tell you that in April all the country is dusty, and alive with thousands of sheep returning in flocks of enormous extent to the cool hills, from whence in October they had come with great bands of shepherds and dogs to seek the warmer plains. The great festivals of Estremadura are the sheep-shearing in May, and the pig-killing in November: always something to do; in winter, the lambing; in March, the marking and tail-cutting; and in September, the daubing the sheep with red ochre, to make the wool fine. But I must not stop all day basking in the purple thyme of the Estremaduran sheep-walks, that plague and the sword have, since the Moor left, all but reduced to desert. I shake the kaleidoscope again, and the scene changes to Leon.

SECOND SHAKE.

I am staring on the green wooded hills and fiery dusty plains of Leon. Those little toy towns of stone are the Leonese cities—Leon, Salamanca, and Valladolid. Recollections of Moorish and French storming forays of horse and foot rise around me.

I see the great whirlpools of corn, and the slopes where the sour wine grows. I see the pastures where the herdsmen direct the cattle with stones from their slings, just such as knocked out Don Quixote's jaw teeth when he mistook a flock of sheep for an army of infidels, and rode down among them lance in rest. I see the tepid trout-streams, hot enough to boil the fish; and the great golden seas of corn, that roll in summer round Zamora. Again I hear the creaking wooden wheels, and see the mules toil at the simple plow. Shall I forget the simple, hospitable Leonese, who still talk of Wellington as "the great lord," and love Englishmen for his sake? Shall I forget their clean, comfortable farm-houses, where the herdsmen were centaurs, and the cattle-branding was a feast of good things; where castanets, and fifes, and drums set the peasant feet dancing? Shall I forget the strange dress of the charro, or country beau, that is to be seen about Ciudad Rodrigo—the low, broad-brimmed hat, large as an umbrella; the rich embroidered shirt, with the gold bossy brooch; the low, square waistcoat of pounced and figured velvet, cut low to show the wonderful shirt even below the waist; the square silver buttons, too, of that marvelous waistcoat, and the quaint cross ribbons; the jacket, open like a South American's at the elbow, and edged with black velvet, rich and soft; the broad belt instead of the red webby sash; long, dark cloth gaiters, embroidered below the knee; large silver buckles in his shoes; a javelin, patriarchal stick, in his right hand, and a cloak over his shoulder? And here, too, even in the mud hovels in the plains near Valladolid, we see that enchanted creature, the charra, or Leonese belle, the caramba in her black shining hair, which is covered by the square cloth mantilla, fastened by a silver brooch, the hood richly embroidered. As for the little red velvet bodice that clasps her round, it is adorned with a patchwork of patterned bugles, which run about in flowery knots all round her bosom; her wrist-cuffs are worked with gold thread; her sash ties behind; her petticoat is scarlet as a geranium, if it is not purple as a pansy; her apron is like an old-fashioned sampler, starred with quaint birds and flowers; her handkerchief is embroidered with gold; and she wears chains of colored stones, which have come down to her as heir-looms. For all that, he and she are honest and simple as heart

could wish them; and if you sleep in the charro's cottage, though it be but of unbaked brick, and you are weary of the dusty plains and dreary bare hills of Leon, and long to pass over even to the cold damp Asturias, still you will not easily forget the good people's hospitality, their towers of four-post beds, the clean, fringed sheets, and the regal pillows, embroidered with lions and castles. Again I fancy myself riding through the salt dust-smoke of the Leon plains, and see the herds tossing their horns, and bellowing as the stones from the herdsmen's slings turn them left or right. But I must on to Galicia, the rainy coast country of Galicia, whose ports, Vigo and Corunna, have often listened to the voice of English cannon. Shake!

THIRD SHAKE.

Yes, this is Galicia, the country that the Minho divides from Portugal, and whose shores run down to the Bay of Biscay. It is from the snowy mountains, green meadows, and chestnut forests, which bears and wolves still haunt, that the Madrid porters and the Lisbon water-carriers come. Here you see the women plowing or turning the distaff under a hedge, hard, rugged, and ugly; the men, strong, hardy, boorish, and rude, you meet in every coasting-vessel, with bundle in red handkerchief and green umbrella, returning home with their Portuguese earnings. This is the country of contrasts—from the wretched inns without chimneys, where no one but a muleteer can get any thing to eat, to the smiling valleys and rich farms of the lower Minho. Here the cottages are mere stables; their gojas run over with corn and wine.

No one who has ever been to Spain will forget the stolid, litigious, stubborn groups of emigrant Gallicians whom he meets on the decks of the coasting steamers—whom he sees land at Corunna, or disembark at Vigo. They look like Irishmen without their sparkle, fire, or wit—Irishmen with the soul out—Irishmen stupefied to helots—Irishmen grown prudent, churlish, and industrious. There they sit, silent and absorbed, leaning on their great black-handled umbrellas, the crooks under their beardless chins, wrapped in their heavy great-coats: they sit dismal and forlorn, their penury and hard frugality not unalloyed with selfishness, the black shadow of pru-

dence. How glad we were to clear the decks at Vigo and cart them off—blankets, bedding, and all—in that little green bay of Vigo.

Now for the Asturias, the Wales of Spain, leaving Compostella, the shrine of Saint James, Corunna, and its fertile coast, even the old, thin egg-merchant from that city I have before mentioned, who told me he helped to bury Sir John Moore, and, hey presto! with my kaleidoscope to the Asturias. Shake!

FOURTH SHAKE.

I see a tract of cloudy mountains, where once the Goths took shelter from the Moors, high up among the eagles. I see the barrier of hills that divide it from Leon, and the northern range that borders the Bay of Biscay, and serves these Asturias for another frontier. I see fir woods and green turf, and breathe again after those dusty plains of Leon, those fiery hot valleys choked with orange-trees of Galicia. I see hill and dale, meadow, wood, and river, spread out as on a map. I see mountains ten thousand feet high, helmeted with perpetual clouds, that make the country mild and damp as England.

No turbans of Andalucía or open jackets here, but white felt caps, turned up with green, and close, warm jenkins. No Gallician clumsy sabots, but leather shoes. No Gallician ponies, but stout, hardy cobs. No red velvet bodices for the women, but yellow and green ones; dark serge and black mantles, with garnishings of coral necklaces and gold lacings. No bull-fighting here, but sturdy skittles and single-stick; more cider, too, than wine. These are the kind, civil people who emigrate to become the cooks and valets, and penurious, cheating, small traders of Spain. They are active, hardy, honest, industrious, and mercenary as the Swiss. Like them, they have the goitre and home-sickness. Like the Welsh, they are proud of their cheese and their pedigrees. There is no road in the Asturias, and there is not one good one in Galicia. Here you can fish and shoot till you are satisfied, for there are no game preserves and no gentlemen poulterers.

But I long for another shake of my toy, and want to get to Castile, where all the bluest blood of Spain is, and must leave the chestnut woods, maize fields, babbling torrents, and stormy

sierras of the Asturias. What we want is the mountain-girt table-land of the Castile. Shake!

FIFTH SHAKE.

I am aware of mountains, and barren, dusty, treeless table-land. All Castile is like the bit the kaleidoscope shows you, for I am not going to shake the toy again to bring up Madrid. The hamlets are all mud houses. Nowhere do you see hedges, inclosures, or landmarks. You hear no bird. You see no crops, but patches of corn, peas, and saffron. The men, wrapped in rugged brown cloaks, are proud, unobliging, not so chatty and witty as the quick Andaluçian or crafty Valencian, less stern, but less wrathful and treacherous. As one who knew them well said, "The Castilian is not addicted to low, degrading vices, although proud, ignorant, prejudiced, superstitious, and uncommercial. He is true to his God and king, his religion running often into bigotry, his loyalty into subserviency." Shake!

SIXTH SHAKE.

I am in the Basque Provinces. Here is Bilboa; yonder San Sebastian; and I see over there the mountains where neither Goth, Moor, nor Roman could ever keep foothold. These Basques are poor, proud, fiery people; intensely national, and quaint enough, with their strange hats, their sandals and brogues, cudgels, curious dances, and strange Tartarian language. Whether on mountain, valley, or seacoast; whether on the slopes, where the oak and chestnut woods are, or in the orchards and maize-fields of the lower plains; whether in the green hills above their town, or the castle, fortress-looking, barred-up houses with shields over the doorways, I observe, as I give the glass just the suspicion of a shake, those blue-capped men with queer bandages round their legs and rude sandals, fresh from the iron mine perhaps, wending up to that little village with the domed belfry and whitewashed houses, half hid in green copses and groves of chestnut. "Going home from work, I suppose?" say you. Oh no; I see it is Sunday, and there is going to be a wedding and a feast. Here comes a man with the national bagpipe, and here others with fifes, tambourines, and flageolets. Jubilant will be the harmony, hideous the clamor. There will be street-dances

and firing off of guns, as the Moors used to do. There will be offerings of corn and bread (in a pagan way) to the bride's ancestors' manes. Here come the men in brogues; here the women with the hoods and long plaited hair. To-morrow there will be hill pilgrimage, and to-night much sour wine will be drunk. There go the guns—bang, bang. Oh, my poor ears! let's go out of this. Shake!

SEVENTH SHAKE.

What do you see? Don't be all day—what do you see? I see a troop of stubborn-looking men in knee-breeches and broad-brimmed, slouched brigand hats. They wear wide silk sashes, and the colors they most affect seem to be red and blue. They look, as they wind up that snowy pass of the Pyrenees, vigorous, brave, hardy, simple men, but obstinate enough to realize the old proverb against them, which says that they knock nails into walls with their heads. They hate the French and the Castilians; and, though slow to learn a new idea, never forget it when it becomes an old one. It is a wind-swept, craggy, rock-girt country is Aragon. Its hills full of game, its hill streams of trout, its deserts of gnawing barrenness; in spite of the Ebro and Saragossa, I had sooner be out of it. Eight thousand feet high in the Aragon Pyrenees there is perpetual snow. Land of the bear and wild goat, of the wolf and eagle, again I look at thy crags and glaciers. I hear the shepherd's whistle, or the smuggler's song as his loaded mules come feeling their way down the crumbling path. Again I see thy royal Maladita, the sky-pinnacled battlements that divide two kingdoms, thy passes, thy torrents, thy valleys, thy basins, thy amphitheatres of rock, thy dens of guerrillas and smugglers. Shake!

EIGHTH SHAKE.

I know now, by the long red caps, jackets hung over the shoulder, and long dark breeches, that I am in harsh, saturnine Catalonia. I see by the large ugly women, neither graceful as the Andaluçians, nor sumptuously beautiful as the Valencians, by their immense amethyst Moorish earrings supported by threads, by their tight bodices, handkerchiefs, and serge mantillas. I know their rough, independent manner. They

are frugal, honest, brave, and obstinate, but not courteous or lazy, like the Castilian. Sailors and democrats half of them; traders and smugglers the other half—rough and ready. I see now its wooded hills and snowy peaks; its evergreen valleys and smugglers' roads; its plains and harbors. Why, that city on the sea is surely Barcelona, city of nuts; and yonder is Tarragona. What are those mountains? Why, Montserrat to be sure, rent, as the monks say, the night of the Crucifixion. The throne of the Virgin, as the Catalonian thinks; a nest of hermitages and lies, where you may hear the gun-fire from the next fortress-tower break through the intoned monotony of the vesper-bell. Adieu to Catalonia. The horses beat their feet for us at the door. Shake!

NINTH SHAKE.

We are in fertile, damp, melon-bearing Valencia—the Moor's lost paradise, the Cid's country, the wet region of canals and rice that sallow men dig and dung, and where the mulberry stains every thing purple. These men you see in hempen sandals and footless stockings, white linen drawers, gaudy jackets, with open shirt-sleeves, plaids, and gay sashes, are the muleteers of Spain and the hackney-coachmen of Madrid. Observe their lank black hair bound with a silk handkerchief. As for these women, who at Madrid would be selling iced drinks in the streets, and here are washing in the doorways, they have their rolls of hair pierced with huge silver pins big as daggers, and wear silver-gilt combs with the Virgin's image upon them. Those ornaments and little silver idol-saints that they wear are talismans against the evil eye. I can not say much for the Valencians; they are sullen, cruel, cunning, and revengeful; gay, yet treacherous; plausible, but suspicious. Region of balmy air and tropical fertility, with thy low sandy shore, from which the Mediterranean shrinks away like a wearied lover, with thy watch-towers and thy perpetual carob-trees, thy water-wheels strung with jars, and thy vine-dressers and silk-winders. Shake!

TENTH SHAKE.

This is over-dusty Murcia, the Bœotia of Spain, roadless, waterless, hopeless, and lifeless—all garden or all desert;

where palm-trees grow round the farm-houses, and church-towers rise from level plantations of oranges, mulberries, golden maize, and fiery red pepper. Those mules laden with snow are driven by gipsies from the mountains of the Sierra de España. The Murcian's mouth is always parched. Where there is water, there spring tall canes, huge aloes, and great yellow sunflowers. The brown men wear handkerchief turbans and white kilts. The women are marvelous in blue petticoats and yellow bodices. This is the dreary country of mines and salt-marshes around Carthagena, where the (mat) rush spreads in great uncultivated crops. Shake!

ELEVENTH SHAKE.

In vain I shake the glass for smuggling Ronda; still I look through, and find Andalucía. Here is real Spain again. Yes, there is the brown Guadalquivir and the tower of Seville, the desert banks, the purple mountains, the orange-grove, the bull-ring, the sugar-canes, the land of the gay, buzzing, witty, strutting Andalusian in his velvet jacket, knee-breeches, turban-cap, tags, and tassels, his colored sash, and frilled shirt, land of the bolero and castanet, of Moorish rivers and wild goats. Like all Spain, a land of contrasts—of beggars in blankets cowering at church doors, and of bull-fighters gay in opera silks, strutting by, the very kings of the causeway—of black-eyed beauties, hidden in lace mantillas, and of half-naked gipsy women fighting with knives for half a prickly pear. This is the hot land of the melon-eater, mule-driver, and water-seller, the land of priests and asses (I mean mules), of desert and ruin, of orange-grove and maize-field, of aloe hedges and prickly pear walks. Shake! Shake!

* * * * *

Now once more I shake the kaleidoscope, and to my horror, whether my brain is affected or my eyes tired, I see nothing but a rubbish heap of broken glass—fragments of yellow, blues and reds, of purple browns, and red oranges, of greens, etc. No trees now—no hills, no shape.

“Why, the fact is, old fellow,” says my friend Fluker, the artist, snatching up the kaleidoscope, “you’ve been and done it. The thing is shaken to pieces.”

CHAPTER XV.

A BULL-FIGHT AT MALAGA.

"BORN under Taurus," said I, "born under Taurus," as I elbowed, jostled, pushed, and twined through the black, fluent crowd that poured in a dark tide, heads all one way, one burning afternoon in August down the street of the Holy Body in the upper part of the flourishing, raisinous city of Malaga. "Born under Taurus and littered under Mercury," said a Shakspearean echo somewhere inside me; but I did not quite agree with the voice, for the people seemed too intent on the one topic of bulls to care even for thieving. Irishmen make bulls, Spaniards kill them, and English eat them, I thought.

"A Moorish custom," says a learned friend, a reading man, who is with us, eying every thing through student-spectacles, using the world to understand books by, not using books as a comment on the world; let us call him the Reverend Walter Monoculus, traveling tutor; "a custom peculiar to the Moors of Spain—mark that!—much resembling the bloody struggles of the Colosseum prize-ring, and enabling *a reading man*" (what quiet pride he throws in those simple words) "to realize those death grapples, where blue-daubed Britons fought with black Nubians shining with palm oil, fur-clad Tartars with sinewy Gauls, et cetera."

I know he aims at the manner of Gibbon, does Monoculus; but, not answering, I push on, careless of corns and elbows, through the noisy, well-dressed crowd.

More narrow streets; more balconies purple with small oleander thickets; more pyramids of green and golden melons at shop doors, and we at last reach the boarded gate of the Plaza de Toros (bull-ring). I show my dark brown talisman slip of a ticket, marked *Secunda Funcion* (second exhibition), and pass the quick-eyed Spaniard who takes the money.

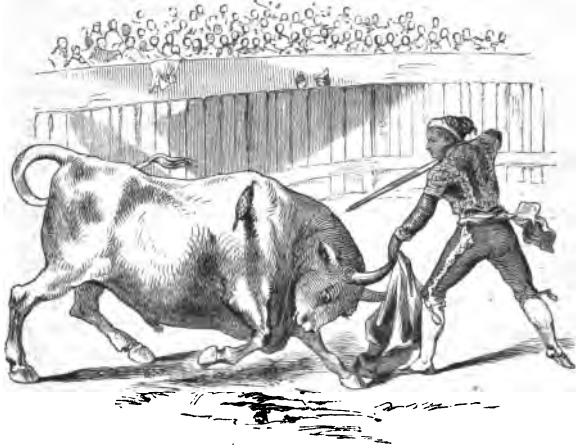
So far so good. The inside crowd is wider and more fluent, more scattered, and conflicting; no longer a black moving

column of sight-seers, but a broad, dark fan as of sharp-shooters spreading out to begin an engagement. The men—but let us get to our seats—us, that is Monoculus, who is fretful and discomposed by the jostle and tidal war, I (*ego*), and two young officers hot from Gibraltar. Let me introduce them. Ensign Spanker, of the Four hundred and fourteenth Light Infantry, and Lieutenant Driver, of the Ninety-second Bombardiers; lion-hearted fellows, thoughtless as Mercurius, audaciously English, and traveling, as far as I find, with the especial scientific purpose of ascertaining the effect of climate on bitter beer. I had seen them all the morning from my hotel balcony (they lodge opposite), draining Bass's yellow nectar from silver tankards, which they carry with them in their portmanteaus for that special scientific purpose. We had made friends, and had taken a box together. This was their tenth bull-fight, and they were great upon the subject of correct blows, *chulos'* dresses, half moons, and such tauromachian trifles.

Our ticket was, of course, a Boletin de Sombra (a shade-ticket), for Sol (sunshine), as the living fire called sunlight is denominated in Spain, is only to be borne by muleteers, grooms, and the poorer amateurs in general. We were under shadow, but we stop first at the door before an immense basket of cheap red and yellow fans—farthing apiece, higgledy at the price—buy one each, which is, as Spanker observes in a serious voice, “the right thing to do,” pass the outer wall of the arena, to which a row of raw-boned, shabby cab-horses are tied up ready for consumption, and mount a wooden staircase to the row of upper boxes in which our three-dollar seat is. There are mechanical-looking sentinels in brown great-coats, with capes and red epaulettes, who recognize us by a garlicky smile as foreigners (Spanker swears they are “duffers”) as we take our front seats, close to the central governor's box, next to which sit some Spanish ladies—a greasy mother and a graceful daughter, who plies her fan with languid perseverance.

Below our ring of upper boxes, running in a crescent of shade along the one side of the Plaza, are sloping rows of seats for small tradesmen and the lower middle class. On the opposite side, sweating full in the eye of Phœbus, who is specially aggravated just now by the dunning visit of the comet, are the *plebs*—noisy, turbulent, blasting at conch-shells, and work-

ing their red and yellow fans like tulip-beds in a state of insurrection at some maladministration of Queen Rose. Their peeled sticks—the true Andaluçian buck never moves without his stick—are rapping in a perturbed way because the fat, phlegmatic-looking governor has just arrived, and is bowing to the boxes.



The pit below us is shouting for the music, howling passwords and street-cries, and waving flags. Among them rears up a mountain fan big enough for the wife of Og, king of Bashan, four feet high at least; it is bright yellow, and hung with bells which jingle acclamation. Now, all at once, as the band begins to launch into strange seas of exciting sound, the fans work in a paroxysm of delight. The noise is as of wind-mill-arms, of orange groves in a storm, of the wind in a fleet's sails. They pulse all together like the valves of a great foolish monster's heart. Some man, smoking a white cigarette, and in his shirt sleeves, is the Palinurus who raises or quells these acclamations.

Bang! goes the drum—bang! bang!—more like a cannon than a drum; in and out go the trombone slides, drawing out yards of sound; clash! go the Moorish cymbals; and, over all, the clarinet screams like a mad wild goose.

"This is something like music," says Driver, lighting a che-root.

"I believe you," says Spanker, taking off his hat and looking inside it.

The band dies away in an apologetic squeak and bray as the fat governor with the red cross at his button-hole pulls a sort of bell-rope tied to the arm of a one-eyed deaf trumpeter in scarlet, in the box below him, who, raising his shining horn three times to his lips, gives the signal for the doors to be flung open.

The procession enters.

"Observe their dresses," says Spanker, putting his chin between his two hands; "they shine like blazes, and cost two hundred pounds each, so Solomon" (a Jew attendant) "told me."

"Don't you swallow it, old fellow?" says Spanker, biting a red hole in a pomegranate.

First come four picadors, or lancers, two and two, mounted on Rosinantes. They wear broad-brimmed mouse-colored hats, bobbed and tasseled with silver lace; their jackets are pink and silver, frosted thick with a glittering spider-work of embroidery, which laps them like a coat of mail; they have red sashes round their waist, and their legs are swollen and cumbersome with buff-breeches, plated with iron; they have heavy, high, peaked war-saddles, such as the Cid may have used, and their stirrups are huge green boxes, intended to guard the feet from heat as well as from the bull's horns. They look calmly brave and ready for any sort of death.

Next come the chulos, or footmen, who are to draw the bull from the overthrown or hard-pushed picador by the lure of those red and blue cloaks that trail from their left shoulders. They are agile as leopards, and when they run seem to fly. They wear short Figaro breeches and stockings, and their shining black hair is fastened up in the old silk nets of the Iberians. They are six in number, and wear liveries of green, red, yellow, purple, brown, and blue. They walk with the strut of kings, and keep time like brave gladiators to the music that is again uneasy by fits.

After the chulos, with their bare heads, come the two matadores, caps in hands. The first one is the great El Tato, the rival of Salamanchino and Dominguez, who was once a rich solicitor; but he is not unfit to compare with the immortal

Montes, the slayer of hecatombs of bulls. He doffs his round black montero cap to the governor, and straightway at the sight of their favorite the fans break out into colored turbulent breakers of applause. "Bravo, El Tato! Bravo!" shout two or three thousand voices, as as many cigars for a moment leave as many mouths. El Tato is all in turquoise blue velvet, and has a blue and silver cloak, the color of the August sky above us; it hangs regally from his left shoulder. The deadly Toledo is not visible, no more are the paper-lace hoops of the tormenting fire-work spears. "Time enough for them," says Driver. The muleta, or little red flag, which is to rouse the bull to fury, and the dagger of mercy, are also unseen.

Last of all comes El tiro, the tinkling mule-team, intended to drag away the dead victims, horse or bull. The four mules are trapped in vermilion housings, wear tufted head-stalls, and bound and kick in one agreement to the click of the runners with whips who go by their sides.

A deep hush like the hush of twilight as with a clash and crack the procession retires through the open doors—all but the two picadors, who rein up their horses, put their strong lances in firm rest, and back to the farthest arena wall, waiting for their brute enemy. The other two are ready, out of sight, to fill up fallen men's vacancies, when another for Hector is required. Again the trumpet sounds just as it did in the Colosseum fights, and trotting through the open folding doors comes the manager on horseback, looking rather clumsy and foolish. It used to be the alguacil or constable. Then the fun was to let out the bull and laugh at the alguacil's dismay for fear he should be too late in retreat, and get gored. This amiable joke is no longer indulged in.

"That old bloke," says Spanker, "makes two thousand pounds a year by his troop, so Solomon says."

"Hang Solomon," says Driver.

"I did not know," says Monoculus, waking up from dreams of Strabo, "that there was any allusion to bull-fighting in the Proverbs."

The manager reins up his horse under the governor's box. He is to have a reward if he catch in his hat the key of the toril, or bull-cell, that the governor throws him. The key with the crimson bow passes in a fiery arc from the box into the

arena. The manager makes a clumsy stoop at it with his hat, of course misses it, turns red, and is hooted like a butter-fingered boy who has missed an important catch at cricket. So, having first turned red, he next turns his horse's head, and then turns his tail. His exit is followed by another terrible burst. Another trumpet—the government trumpeter is of course incompetent, and, being weak in the lungs, blows a wailing, melancholy, inconsequential toot.

Hurrah! Bravo toro! fans work like machinery. Eyes turn to one spot, as if they were so many dolls' eyes worked with a single string. Look out! the devil is broke loose—here is the bull. Not a real Utera bull, not a Jarama bull, but still a lean, dun, sharp-horned, ugly customer. Seco (dry), carnudo (lean), pegajoso (vicious), duro (tough), chocado (a charger), etc.—a butchering, tough, hardy, fleet beast that will not flinch. As he rushes out from his den beneath us with smoking breath and low, carnivorous roar, we see a thread of blood running down his left shoulder from a red and blue cockade, fastened to a spike which has been pinned into him as he charges out of his pen. This is the *devisa* which the matador will wear to-night as a trophy, and give with garlicky kisses to his *querida*, or darling, who now, in white mantilla, and with red pinks in her black hair, is probably looking on from some snug part of the *sombra*, which is now dividing the Plaza into two segments of gold sunshine and dark shade.

"Brave son of Guzman, chosen of ten thousand"—cries *Monoculus* to the picador.

"Take care of your eye," adds Spanker, completing the sentence.

"Shut up—shut up, Spanker!" says Driver, straining his eyes forward.

The picador waits to receive *Taurus* in the middle of the ring: this is the most dangerous place. The bull, with one angry look right and left, and one paw at the ground, charges round the ring, but at no one in particular. The *chulos* stand in a waiting band, or leap up on the stone rim of the fence that rings round the arena. Now he sees a victim: head down, eyes shut, he drives full butt at the first picador's horse; the spear slips from *Taurus's* broad, sinewy neck, his great crescent horn tears sideways into the white horse's belly.

Wounded? yes—no!

“Wounded!” says Spanker, with intense scorn. “Dead, by Jove!”

Dead indeed it was, as if you had struck a wine-cask with the blacksmith’s heaviest hammer. One stroke, the blood flooded out, the life passed in one broad crimson gush. The white horse reels, staggers, topples, falls; a sob, a heave, he is dead; in five minutes he will be a mere stiff carrion carcass, ugly and loathsome.

“Bravo, toro!” burst out in a rebellion of sound. The ladies smile and put their heads together, as if they were taking wine with each other. The great fan works like an institution, the conch-shells bray out as the bull, like a greeted champion, charges round triumphantly, shaking his neck, because the cockade stings him; his small, malicious eyes got redder; he must have more blood.

“He’ll do,” says Spanker, confidently, to Monoculus, who had turned rather pale when the horse’s blood gushed out. We looked down on the dead creature, and thought over this new reading of the old mystery. Death is terrible—even to think of, when it is but a window-fly we crush.

“That’s too bad,” said Solomon, who sat behind us.

“Take care what you’re after,” said Driver, admonishing him without turning his head.

But what of the fallen picador? He, heavy, lumbering, and helpless as a hog in armor—unwieldy, in fact, as a mediæval knight—has been drawn from under the dead horse, no longer white, but shining crimson with wet blood; picador’s leg has been relieved of the horse’s weight, and his spear restored to him, but he is bruised and shaken, and between two chulos limps at a funereal pace from the field.

“There’s one fellow got his gruel,” said Spanker, twiddling his watch-chain pleasantly.

Number two picador advances, lance in rest: he does not rush at the bull, because the law of the game is to wait for him; but he puts his lance in rest under his arm, and, reining his frightened horse, pushes onward. Taurus needs no excitement; he comes with the impetus of an avalanche; but the lance the full inch deep, or, it may be, now totally unsheathed, grinds in his neck, and turns him.

"Beautifully turned, by Jove!" cry Driver and Spanker together.

The question is, was Taurus a little calf, to be discouraged by one dig of the garrocha, or will it only be as fresh fire and powder to his devil-blood, already hot for man-slaughter? Now the chulos skim round him in a kaleidoscopic intersection of colors, trailing their cloaks, and drawing him off, to give picador time. Taurus plunges this way and then that, first at blue cloak, then at yellow; his fury is brutal and blind as that of the one-eyed Polyphemus when searching the ground for rolling rocks for the wily Ulysses. But I, remembering some buccaneer reading, comfort myself with the old saying that an enraged cow is more dangerous than a bull, because the female charges with her eyes open, the male with eyes shut. Woe to the men but for this mad blindness! But for this, such a bull as our friend would charge through an army, or clear a city of armed horsemen.

Again Taurus thunders on picador number two, who is ready and quiet. No, not thunders; stops suddenly; stares fiercely round, and then forward; puts down its head; waits to get impetus, and then, like a landslip, bears down heavily on the foe. He braves the lance three times; he grapples with the horse, and plows him in the chest with his horn, that comes out of the wound each time red and shining as an autumn moon. There is a rush, a scuffle, and they separate. The chulos draw Taurus off to fire him into a series of mad, fruitless rushes at waving and trailing cloaks. Again a whirl and race of black and orange, green and gold, blue and silver, red and green. His dun hide smokes. Every now and then he lets drive at a chulo, chases him up to the outer fence, and, just as a neat shoe and plump silk stocking are clearing the paling, pierces the heavy fence with his angry horn. You hear the sharp prick and shake of the blow, but the chulo is over in a moment with the vault of a harlequin.

"Why, what is the matter with that picador's horse? and what is that red lump swaying to and fro on his chest?"

"Cruel wretches! I shall go back to the hotel," says Monoculus, gaspingly. "Why, don't you see? It is a great lobing of its lungs come through where the poor beast was gored."

I shuddered ; but the fever as of the chase was on me. I cared, for the moment, only for the next blow—the next charge—the next death.

As the wounded horse limps painfully and bravely round the circus, picador number three rides up and confronts the butchering bull, who, stolidly cruel and easy to be outwitted as the giant in fairy-books, does not yet shrink from punishment. He believes in his strength, and remembers his victory. The picador, holding his heavy lance griped under his right arm, pushes on to the right and turns his horse: when the bull is rebutted to the left, Taurus receives the point. I see it grind round in the wound, and see his neck shake in fierce, impatient agony. He drives on the wounded horse, rips him—once, twice; he lifts him in the air fierce as a mad rhinoceros, and stabs with his insatiable horn at the fallen, tumbled man, who hides his face with his arms.

“Go it, go it!” cries Spanker, as the chulos, headed by El Tato, lure the bull off, and perform daring feats of contemptuous defiance, such as sitting down on the ground, and waiting till his “spears,” as the horns are called, all but touch them.

“Sometimes the bulls will not fight,” says Monoculus, who is up in Gomes, and Montez, and Pepillo, and all the tauro-machian books; “then they hamstring them with the Iberian half moon, or the butcher stabs them with the puntilla, but they generally before this try and rouse them with dogs and fire-works. These chulos are nothing. Montez used to sit for a second between the bull’s very horns, or leap over his back with a hunting-pole.”

“Oh, that’s rayther too much,” said Spanker; “don’t lay it on quite so thick. See how those fellows there, with the rakes, who have been scooping up the sand over that pool of horse’s blood to prevent the other Rosinantes losing courage, are plugging that great gaping wound in the third horse’s chest with tow; they have not time just now to sew it up . . . it won’t do. See how he stumbles—staggers—reels; now they bandage the eyes of the other horse, who funks it.”

“Dead, by Jove!” said Driver. “Why, how many horses does that make. I never knew a bull kill more than a dozen.”

I turned away my head for a moment to get rest and freshness for the sight. I looked, and saw a fourth horse over-

thrown, and gasping on the sand. The bull's neck was red, as if it had been painted with thick vermilion that was still wet. Another dash or two, and its rushes grew weaker. The brute began to paw the sand and trot in an unmeaning way, chasing the chulos round the arena. The picadors cantered round, or stood lance in rest. Taurus was cowed; had no more quick, angry one-two stabs; was done for.

There is a great angry cry of "Banderillas, banderillas!"

"They want the fire-works," says Spanker; and as all the pit rise and turn their faces to the phlegmatic governor with shells blowing and fans working, he gives a quiet signal, and the picadors trot discontentedly out. The first act of the tragedy, as Ford calls it, is over.

The bull wants stimulants—tonics—and here they are. There is a bustle at the barriers as two chulos—the green and red—leap over with the fire-work darts all ready lit. The darts look, from our distance, mere chimney-piece ornaments, but are literally spears about three feet long, and strong enough to kill a shark, with barbs of about an inch. The ash sticks of these instruments of torture are ornamented with hoops of red and blue cut paper, containing squib and cracker mixture. Sometimes, as in this case, they are without fire-works.

The chulos, each holding one of these in either hand far above their heads, so that they look like large butterflies, and increasing the resemblance by fluttering them, to give them an impetus, run nimbly toward the bull; the other chulos, rolling up their dusty and torn cloaks round their arms, await the interlude with cruel, thoughtless gusto. Number one runs forward, and, meeting the bull, with quick eye and winged foot, just as his red horns go down to toss his harlequin enemy, lodges the two darts with light, strong thrust into the neck, so as to exactly match.

"Buenos pares!" a pretty pair, shout the populace, who think this quite a piece of epigrammatic humor. Blue follows suit, and lodges his pair; orange runs up and stabs in a third pair, and away goes the outwitted monster, shaking the darts, that toss and rattle together like loose Indian arrows in a hunted lion's side.

"You should smell the burned hair when they use the fire-works," says Spanker, who does not want me to think that I am seeing the real thing.

"Don't pitch it in too strong, Spanker," says Driver, who prides himself on his power in that rude sort of repartee called in mess-rooms chaffing. The subs certainly were fond of slang.

Third trumpet—now for it. The chulos depart as the great El Tato, throwing by his cloak, comes forward with bare, shining Toledo rapier in his strong hand, and in his left the red muleta flag, which is to irritate the bull and assist his stroke. He struts up to the governor's box, and there is an awful silence that makes even the bull, who is clashing the banderillas together, and trying to shake them out, at the farther end of the arena, look for a moment stupidly round. El Tato raises the sword, that shines like a sunbeam, high and threateningly in his right hand; kisses it; repeats in a loud, clear voice an oath, in the name of all the saints, that either he or the bull shall die; and, so saying, with proud look and flashing eye, flings back the hand which has been resting on his heart, tosses off his cap, and turns fiercely to achieve the deed of "derring do" amid a murmur of applause that passes round like a shudder, so deep, so earnest is it. (Are there no such men to stride forth and battle with the vices of Spain—the bigotry, lust, cowardice, and pride? Have the real paladins now no work but to fox-hunt in England and kill bulls in Spain?)

El Tato wraps his left arm in his red flag, and tosses it at the bull's horns, leaping aside as it charges, and tiring it with wheels and vaultings. Suddenly the head of Taurus turns toward him favorably; he has already studied the bull—learned if it is cunning or sullen—hot or shy; he has drawn with his flag all the banderillas to one side; they are no longer lying in the way—no longer disheveled about the creature's neck. Suddenly El Tato presents the bright sword that he has kept behind his back. One steady, strong, deep thrust between the shoulders—the bull falls—is dead.

Good heavens! what cheers, like thunder! What brown showers of votive cigars and black caps, as El Tato, drawing out the red steel, wipes it on the red flag, and bows to the governor, lowering the point.

"Give him the bull," roar the two thousand, and so say the fans and shells. All eyes turn with a black twinkle to the gov-

error. He waves his hand. The bull is El Tato's; he must cut off the right ear, that he may know it among the other dead eight he and his assistants are yet to slay.

"What barbarians we must be," says Spanker, "not to get fun like this out of our beef-killing. I'd like to put down Newgate Market, and turn Smithfield into a bull-ring."

"The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel," says Monoculus.

"Who do you call wicked?" cry Spanker and Driver both in a breath, snapping round sharply on Monoculus.

"I was only quoting Scripture," said Monoculus, putting his thin ascetic hands together, and innocently looking down to see if they exactly matched.

"Then just be kind enough not to do it again. Officers and gentlemen don't like those sort of observations."

Monoculus apologized. I smiled.

"Alas!" sighed Monoculus, "this chivalrous but cruel amusement is sadly fallen off and degenerated since the days of the Abencerrages. The picadors then were gentlemen, who displayed their courage and dexterous riding, not for hire, but to win smiles from their ladies, who sat looking on. The mere death-thrust was then a secondary thing; and instead of those carrion knackers' horses, they wheeled and circled on fiery Arabs, each worth a kingdom, and at whose death queens might have wept. Those turbaned men fought with simple javelins four feet long, and slew the bull unaided, and with their own hands. The bulls of Geryon, that Hercules stole, are still certainly strong and fierce; but they are, after all, lean and small, and not to be compared to the bulls of England for power or muscle."

"I believe you," says Spanker, brushing his mustache to gracefully conceal a yawn. "There was an English bull this year at Seville that bore down picadors, chulos, espadas, and all—cleared the ring, and was eventually (after leaping into the crowd) shot down by a file of frightened soldiers—the whole garrison, that's all."

"But, though no longer the amusement of high-born men," continues Monoculus, determined not to spare us, "the bull-fight is more popular than ever in Spain. Philip the Fifth, and French tastes, may have weaned the higher classes from

actually dipping their own hands in bull's blood; but men who know the country well assure me the taste for bull-fighting increases. Look at those ladies next us, in their black mantillas, calm and pleased as spectators of an opera; and look there below, past the soldiers walks a respectable fat tradesman, holding the hand of his delighted child. See how the people in the stiff round black caps buzz and gossip between the acts, discussing the character of the last bull, whether he was 'a goat' or 'a butcher.'"

Another bull—this is a coward. He paws the sand as if he were trying to dig his own grave. He sniffs about and does nothing; he makes rapid purposeless bolts at the tormenting chulos, but does not follow them to the fence, through whose slits they slip, or over which they vault. He will not face the stooping picador, who, stanch and eager, waits for him with protruded lance. He is a craven, spite of his black chestnut hide and the first fierce amble which raised public expectations as he burst from the toril. The people hiss, and express noisy dissatisfaction with their fans in a ribald and tumultuous way that would hurt any respectable, high-spirited bull's feelings. Taurus looks round with a stupid air of inquiry at their hard, insulting faces, and the open, whooping mouths, but sees no pity. He is as a gladiator when the fatal thumbs were turned down. He has but one object, we see—to get out of it. He dashes impotently at a runaway chulo, and springs at the palings; his fore-legs are over, but he tumbles back helplessly, bruised and jolted, much to the delight of the water-sellers and the soldiers who stand in the passage that runs outside the ring fence. "Cobardo! cobardo!" cry the despisers of Martin's act; and instantly, as if flapped out and extinguished by the elementary agitation of the colored fans, the two picadors trot out like Castor and Pollux, side by side, and the chulos with the fire-works appear. The people stop for a moment raising those thin blue whiffs of cigar-smoke, that have hitherto given the circus the air of a large kitchen. The darts are planted in winged pairs. The craven bull trots off with them, rather inclined to be proud of his new distinctions. He takes them, on the whole, as strongly expressed, but still pointed compliments. A smoke, a flash, a low flare, and with a blue dazzle and smoulder, the hoops go off like a discharge of musketry. They

fizz, and bang, and scorch, and scare, but nothing rouses his lily liver. There is something stubbornly grand in his objection to the use of arms. He is a Cobden bull; he is of the race of Bright. He objects to fight on principle. He even stoops and smells at a burning fire-work-hoop that has fallen under his nose. He is a bull of an inquiring, meditative, philosophic turn, and must have been the actual hero of some of Æsop's fables. His doom is come; he is now in the prime of life and health, clear of eye, and sound of skin, save where a red rope of blood twines down his shoulders from the banderilla wounds, yet he has but just three minutes to live. El Tato repeats his oath hastily and carelessly, and advances with sword and red flag. A bull untired and unhurt is generally difficult to strike, because, unless the head is down for the charge, exposing the spine and shoulders, the blow can not be given. Shall he kill him by advancing or retreating? The thrust is a moment too soon. The bull runs off with the sword buried between his shoulders. He is sorely hurt, but may still live long. There is a disappointed and vexed stir of the fans as El Tato runs after Taurus with his flag, to try and drag out the weapon; but, before he can do it, as the bull passes under the pit, a soldier's strong hand drives the weapon down into the heart. Taurus stands quite still, the blood snorting out from his lips and nostrils; then, gathering himself together like a dying Cæsar, falls gently on his knees, and sinks to the ground. The fans are at it again, as the head butcher of the town, a strong, stout man in black, leaps down, and, with a dagger, divides the spinal marrow. The blow sounds as when you chop a pumpkin in two. As by enchantment, or as if risen from the ground, the gay mule-team appears, the dead bull is tied to the yoke, and swept out in a swift dusty whirl, the other team dragging out also a picador's wounded horse that is just dead—racing for priority, and tearing out together with a clash of bells and a rifle-cracking of long whips: a whiff of smoke and a gunpowder smell are all that remain to remind us of the scene.

No shower of cigars or black turban hats this time. El Tato looks vexed, and thirsts for more bulls. This astonishes Driver, who has got some legendary impressions of insurrections that have taken place at Malaga bull-fights, the fishermen and

employés of that town being proverbially restless and turbulent. I think he half expects El Tato and the manager to be thrown to the bulls if another blunder happens.

A bellow out of sight, and at the trumpet call, like a new monster in an Ezekiel vision, now leaps forth a cream-colored bull, with brindled, thick, ropy neck, red eyes, and terrific crescent horns.

"Scissors!" exclaims Spanker, under breath, letting drop a musk grape he was just cartridging into his mouth.

If by this singular exclamation Spanker meant to express apprehension and foreboding, he was right. Taurus gored and floored every thing; drove one picador, in a bruised ruin, with a smashing thump, against the barrier, to which he clung; ripped up a ghastly one-eyed brown horse, whose sight had been bandaged to prevent its shunning the charge; all but pinned a chulo; broke down in a stubborn squeltering leap the top plank of the barrier; and, finally, to crown all his honors, tossed a picador, and, after many strokes of his horns, which clicked against his iron-guarded leg, ended by simply tearing his costly jacket in the left shoulder. As for the horse, I dared not look at it; but I saw something on the sand that looked like trays of butcher's meat that had been upset. There was a jet of blood, a gush, a flooding: so died three horses, with a drunken, blind stagger, a flicker, a kick, and then death. Three times the thundering ferocious giant leaped on the barriers with unreasoning strength. It gores another horse under the left leg; it tears about purposeless, helmless, in short spurts of mad, fire-work rage—a grand type of blind passion, fiery life, and brute power, it pounds along, a chulo's red cloak trailing from his horn. There are great raw spots of gore on him, and one of his horns is broken by striking at one of the stone supports of the barriers. A fat tradesmen next us, with four feet of red scarf round his bowels, gets very hot crying "Bravo, Toro!" This bull is decidedly a game bull, a sort of hero, who will die surrounded by his dead enemies, which to the bovine and even to the rough human mind has before this been a satisfaction. The cigars are working in short excited puffs, with much blue sacrificial incense-smoke; and the barefooted attendants are busy stuffing tow, trying to plug a horse's chest, like ship-carpenters intent on stopping a shot-hole.

Now the picador who has been unhorsed, and has his rich jacket torn, amuses every body and sets the fans to work by suddenly rushing at a mounted friend, and trying to pull him off by tugging at his leg.

"There's going to be a shindy," says Spanker, doubling his fist.

"I really am afraid the men are coming to blows," says Monoculus.

A man in a white jacket near us relieves our mind by taking his cigar out of his mouth, and telling us that it is only the picador wanting to be revenged on the bull that's torn his jacket. He swears to do or die, all alone in the middle of the arena, where there is no retreat. The chulos, one leg over the barrier, furling up their cloaks, laugh as picador pushes off his friend, leaps up in his saddle, seizes a heavy curved lance, and dashes off to face the bull—first making the oath, and dashing away his hat to show that he is deeply in earnest. The way he spurned the air and tossed up his lance had a chivalric defiance about it. The bull drove at him with a sullen, blind, abstract stare. He turned the minotaur with his lance twice, three times, till the animal's courage and life began to drain away. In vain groves of sticks descended in blows on the bull as it passed the arena wall: it was of no use; it was spent and cowed. The banderillas were thrown, and, lastly, not El Tato, but his assistant, came forward with the death-sword in his hand, in strut magnificent—in style not to be sneezed at. He is the pet of the Calle di Mari-blanca: he is a promising bull-slayer, but still not a prima espada—a premier; indeed, only the sobrisaliente (assistant). If a bull is slow and shy, heavy and cunning, it is difficult game; but a bold bull, that goes straight at the horse, always forgetting the man, is easy to slay. This is a bold bull. To be long killing a bull, is always to be insulted by the people. He is a beginner; El Tato looks on; the governor is there, and half Malaga. He has his laurels to win. Last Sunday's fight was a bad one; the season is late, it is too hot, and the bulls are getting tamer. For all these reasons, he must give a buen estoque—a sure thrust; his suerte, or plan of killing, must be good; he must put the keen, strong blade sure in between the left shoulder and the left shoulder-blade. Now he drives it in up to the hilt, but the bull staggers on to the barriers.

"A mull, by Jupiter!" cries Spanker, so loud that the governor looks round, and says something snubbing to the trumpeter.

"The young man wants reading and experience," said Monoculus.

Alas! for the fallibility of reading, and even of military men—the deed is done. The media espada, agile and lithe, with his netted hair and long pigtail, coolly draws out the sword, wipes it, and returns it over the barrier. Fans may break out in petulant foolishness, but media espada of El Tato's troop flatters himself rather that he has not lived thirty years for nothing, and at least knows how to kill a bull. He strides off like a king, and waits while the butcher, quietly driving the sword home, gives the coup de grace—quick, sure, careless, and indifferent to applause. If he had missed, there would have been a rain of mere burnt cigar-stumps and broken fan-sticks; now the cigarettes make the air white as snow-time, and the round black caps heap up at his feet. The caps he flung back with bows, the cigars are collected for him. The dead bull is drawn out in a dusty circle, his legs stiff and still threatening; and now, high over all the rustle and flap of fans comes the shrill, melancholy cry of the bare-legged water-seller—A-gua! A-gu! like the wail of some sufferer in Purgatory. Our tired eyes, now wearied of blood, look up to the sky above us, where some doves are circling like wondering angels, or beyond, to the broad undulating horizon skirted by mountains, brown and purple, that are strewn with white houses, like giant's treasures laid out to sun.

Here was unheavenly work doing within sight of Paradise.

"Is it not horrible," says Monoculus, "to hear Christian men seated by women and children they love, tell you, when you pity a dying horse, it is worth nothing; or when you shudder at the bull growing red, calling out that he has a 'buen cuerpo de sangre?'"

"It is exciting," I said, "but so is drinking; it makes the sight of bloodshed habitual; it hardens the moral sense; it debases, at least, women and children. No English lady could stop out a single course. Ford says they are always frightened, disgusted, disappointed."

"Get out!" says Driver. "Why, a Malaga merchant told

me that English ladies often get very fond of it, and become great amateurs in all the scientific points of skill; but you must come to our digging after this, liquor up, and discuss the moral question."

"I say, you men," says Spanker, "just look at El Tato."

"All right," says Driver.

We look round, for, jaded with the repetition of mere slaughter, we had turned our backs for a moment to talk. El Tato, gay in his tight-fitting dress of blue velvet, is laboring hard by feats of agile daring to retrieve the character of his troop. A bull-fight costs some three hundred pounds, and is not to be trifled with. How he strikes the ground; how he rages and chafes the bull with that long blue cloak that he holds up like a curtain before his inquiring horns. Now he turns it right—left; he flings it over the creature's head; he puts it on, and lets it drag before the bull to tempt him. He laughs at him as he pursues his Parthian flight, looking back, first over his right shoulder, then over his left. He sits—actually sits for a moment—before him; then leaps aside as he charges. He flaps him with his cap, he strikes him, kneels before him, and now—crown of all audacity—he positively turns and bobs down upon his head, then runs. No! Yes! No! Yes! The bull has gored him slightly in the right buttock; the blue silk is torn and flaps; you see the red stain under. El Tato limps; he is faint; the laughing of the two thousand dies away into a murmur. No, no, he is not hurt much; he smiles and bows to the people; but, still tying round a handkerchief, limps to the barriers.

But why more, when even Spanker droops and yawns, and Driver talks of dinner, and says it gets "slow." One can not expect El Tato to be gored every five minutes; we can not expect every bull to sweep off a dozen horses "to his own cheek," as Spanker beautifully puts it. The horrid truth is—but we dare not say so—that we are thirsting for more excitement, more goading of men, a dead picador carried from the list, or a combat of unnatural opponents—say a boa constrictor and a lion, or an elk and a wild boar, something to rouse the jaded sense, and make our tired eyes leap from their sockets. We want, but we dare not say it, human combats, gladiators, slippery with blood and oil, searching with red swords for each

other's lives. Yes, the old Roman taste, the taste of the grand classical bad age is on us.

Before the sport, now so wearisome, is over, before the populace break loose like a sea and flood the arena, we hurry out like Lot from Sodom. We meet in the street the priests carrying back the host, which is always brought to the bull-ring for fear a matador might be wounded to the death.

"What about that beer?" says Spanker, inquiringly, as we three take our seats in the hotel divan, and discuss the moral bearing and effect of the scene we have witnessed. Spanker and Driver view it as jolly fun, and like the risky riding. Monoculus is lost in admiration of its antiquity. I rise and pronounce the verdict.

"Gentlemen," I said, tapping my broken fan authoritatively on the table, "the thing is a bad, cruel thing; it inures the mind to the sight of blood, and hardens the heart. No wonder the Spaniard is too fond of using his knife; no wonder he thinks not more of taking life, when he can do it safely, than I do of snapping this fan I hold in my hand. It must brush the bloom from the youth, modesty from the maiden. All we can say for it is that it may be tolerated in a nation who, neither sensitive nor thoughtful, are at least two centuries behind ourselves. We once had our bull-baitings; we once used the knife as freely as the Spaniard. The coarser-nerved Spaniard, in seeing the bull-fight, sees an habitual thing, and has not the sense of sharing in a crime that we have."

"What do you say to more beer, old fellow? You must be dry after that," says Spanker, looking intently into his silver tankard.

CHAPTER XVI.

OUT OF DOORS IN MALAGA.

HE was so dirty that even the *whites* of his eyes were brown—Is this a bull?

Who is *he*? *He!* why the street-beggar who pointed me out the little trim lawyer, Salamanchino, who had turned bull-fighter, and whom I saw reading the great rose-colored posting-

bill stuck up just outside the Cathedral at Malaga. The beggar pointed him out to me in return for a *cuatro*, a mere dump, as a great public character; and softly and quietly, as a velvet-footed French spy, I followed the *prima espada* (first sword), taking care to walk the opposite side of the street, and stop only when he stopped. I was watching Salamanchino cheapen a green melon (price twopence) netted with a tangle that looked like white thread, and specially rejoicing in the cupful of golden sirup water-honey wine of Paradise that lay in a pool at the sliced out-core, when I suddenly remembered that in this curious country it is not unusual to find your handful of copper change to consist of coins of the Roman Hadrian and Flemish Charles the Fifth, mixed up with sprinkles of the Bourbon kings, and a few make-weight Philip the Seconds. Half of them are generally mere shapeless lumps of copper, brown and shiny, looking much as if just dug from the mine and incased in their native matrix or mould, not much unlike those massy, strongly-stamped coins, with Vespasian and his eagle hewn upon them, that you dig up round the grassy-mounded ramparts of the Roman camps in England. The thought struck me that, perhaps, in the natural warmth of my charity (I wish my cigars cost as little as my charity), in the eager zeal of my philanthropy, I had given to the one-eyed beggar with the dirty bandages round his feet an antiquarian treasure. I left Salamanchino going along innocently heedless, and ran back headlong, like a possessed man, to the old man, whom, with a yellow handkerchief strained over his head and tied in a knot behind, I could see passing the Cathedral door, and just entering a brandy-shop. He had gulped down an egg-cup full of brandy and anisette when I seized him by the arm, and said,

“My dear friend, give me back those coppers.”

To my astonishment, the beggar gave me a frightened stare, cried “No, no—rather death,” and made a bolt (forgetting to pay for his aniseed) under the flapping brown curtain of the adjacent church, where I did not care to follow him.

I explained the case to the landlord of the brandy-shop, above whose head I read a notice requesting alms “to liberate the souls in Purgatory,” the souls being represented by little naked men frying in a vermilion and gamboge fire.

“Poor man!” said the landlord, winking at some muleteers,

“he thought you were going to strike him. We Malagese do not know the way of you Señores Ingleses; but it is hard that no one pays for my anisette.”

I threw down the pence, and, in return, was allowed a free antiquarian rummage of the landlord's till, which was not altogether fruitless.

Then I fell into the position of an exponent of English manners; and, sitting down on a precarious and discontented bench, had to explain to a lively young Spanish artilleryman that Ireland was not a suburb of London, but an adjacent island, prosperous and contented; and that Kent was not a kingdom, but only a province of England. The fame of these disclosures sucked in nearly every body that passed by the door, including various muleteers in tight chestnut-colored breeches and silvery buttons, and also a man carrying on his head a pigskin of wine, which looked like a bolster-case, or a little water-bed, the legs tied up to serve as spouts. It even drew in magnetically the escribano, or public letter-writer, whom I had often stopped to look at as, in his open doorway, at a rickety deal table, garnished with inkstand, pen, and paper, he sat wrapped in his threadbare blue cloak, waiting for black-haired maidens, who, unable to write to absent lovers, feel that sort of dumb longing, that voiceless desire, that the young song-bird feels ere the song comes. For such maidens, and for anxious mothers, sits all day our patient scribe at his desk, eying every one who passes, and nibbing his pen, that he may remind them of, or suggest to them, a want. Then a muleteer, with his laced jacket, thrown hussar-fashion over his left shoulder, runs out to bring in the money-changer, who sits on a small stool at the corner of the street before his tray, on which are ten or twelve heaps of copper change. He, being rather an oracle, is put forward to pump and pose me; he wants to know—and the brown faces gather closer around me as he speaks—whether the queen lives at the Tower of London, and if it is true that Prince Alberto put to death Georgio the Third, in order to get the throne? I put him right on these points, and am trying to explain to him the checks and counter-checks of our glorious Constitution, that is so totally different in reality from what it is on paper. I should probably have gone pretty well through English history, when I was inter-

rupted by a tremendous kicking and spluttering of hoofs outside in the rough pebbly street.

It was a raisin-boy, who, after a savage struggle with his mule, was at this moment flung with a tremendous bump almost at the threshold. We all ran out. There was the beast, stubborn and stupid as Balaam's ass, standing still with straddling feet, the striped saddle-bags still swagging on its back, with malicious eyes, all white and turned backward to watch the fallen rider, over whom he now lifted up his discordant voice in a shrill outburst of triumph. The boy, a mass of chestnut-colored smalls, lay insensible on the stones, with some kind Dolorosa already chafing his temples, and some judicious Sancho putting water to his white lips. An active quarrel was getting up over the body, as over a dead Grecian hero in the Iliad, as to whether it was partly a fit or altogether a fall.

"Bleed him," said a passing barber.

"Extreme unction," said a cassocked priest, on his way to dinner.

"It is nothing," said the boy's master, coming up and shaking the boy roughly by the thin arm.

"Nothing at all," said a wagoner, who could not get his ox-wagon by for the sympathizing crowd.

"He is shamming," said a cocked-hat gendarme; "bring the whip."

"Give him some wine," said the landlord, holding out his hand ready to be paid before he did the work of charity.

Suddenly, as in one of the early miracles of the pagan church, the boy struggled, gathered himself up, stared at his master, half frightened, half deprecatingly, ran and kicked the mule in the stomach, leaped on his back, made a push at the crowd, and trotted coolly off, as if such ups and downs with Malaga donkey-boys were every-day things.

"The possibility of a hero," said I, lighting my cigar.

"Fruit for the gallows," said the gendarme, calling for a glass of orgeat.

"No doubt a Protestant," said the priest, holding his nose as if he had suddenly set his foot on a dead dog.

"He would have revived sooner with my wine," said the landlord, regretfully.

I had touched my hat to the muleteers, who, with immense

dagger-knives, were hewing their dinners out of melons large as green kilderkins; I had paid the landlord; I had offered the escribano a cigar, and departed, with the usual pious recommendation to God's blessing, when, on my way to my old friend Jose Blanco's, the tobacconist, in the street of the Seven Sorrows, I was driven into a doorway by the advent of a great caravan, such as Chaucer's pilgrims to Compostella must have seen, and which has never improved or altered one tittle since then. It was the galera bound from Malaga to Granada, about which journey it would take some three days or so.

And here, for highly civilized English readers, impatient because the half past three express is five minutes too slow, let me stop a moment at the road-side inn of an episode to briefly describe the various means of transit open to modern travelers in Spain. First, there is the correo, or mail-cart, which carries the conductor, driver, and three or four passengers. The correo travels six miles an hour, stops hardly any where for meals—tumbles, jolts, flounders, and wallops on—charging you threepence a mile, and generally compelling you to leave your luggage behind. The correo is always full when you want a place, is punctual to within four hours of the specified time, and is a "dem'd" delightful, fever-breeding, flea-haunted, leg-cramping, bone-breaking conveyance, rather better than an English dung-cart, and about as clean. You never have room for five minutes together to stretch your legs, and, to render ease more impossible, the narrow space under the seats is built up with sacks of chopped straw, mule harness, pack-saddles, and lumbering green-rinded melons. The rain pierces the awning above your head, or the sun cuts through it remorselessly. Through the open door, that admits no air, the dust sifts in as from a restless pepper-caster, and all the light that ought to reach you is blocked out by the two men who sit on the front seat with the driver. As for axles breaking and horses falling, that is nothing, because you can neither read, sleep, sit, nor stand in the accursed purgatory on wheels called in Spanish the correo.

The diligencia is the diligence as it is every where—ponderous, slow, stuffy, and behind time, but tolerably sure and safe. The conductor is a good fellow, and the meals are tolerable.

Then, if you are clothed in bank-notes, you can ride post with a carrier's guide, or hire a *coche de cocleras*—a trip to Scarborough, family coach lugged by a drove of mules, who crawl only thirty tedious miles a day. In a city you can get your calesa or your painted showman's tartana, sending on your luggage by the strings of carriers' mules; but, ten to one, if you go faster in Spain you will fare worse, and have to finally intrust your carcass to what has just driven me into port—the GALERA.

And what is the Galera? That ark-like caravan, drawn by six pairs of oxen drumbles, now passed me, with its matted sides and market-cart awning—"melancholy slow"—laden with its patient, shaken-down peasants, mothers, sucklings, priests, and country "buck," smoking, eating, talking, growing sick, and sleeping.

Now the galera is all very well, grinding—a tumbling Leviathan like a Noah's ark—along the knobbly streets of Barcelona or Malaga, or even along the eight royal roads of which the ill-used country boasts, which, however, are all full of trap-holes, where springs snap and bones crack; but on the minor road, just passable, imagine it! Much more, then, forbear to think of the bridle-roads and "partridge roads," or the river beds, that in some places, when not otherwise engaged, serve for the muleteers' passages.

Taking a regretful look of pity and astonishment at this mountain wagon toiling along irresistible and slow as a land ship, and smiling to express what I feel at the stolid and contented lazy faces I meet, I push on to Jose Blanco's, at whose door a gale from Havana and the Spice Islands greets me—

"Where happy, happy people, on the hills that look afar,
Lie all day and read the paper, and smoke the mild cigar."

Jose is snuffy and gay behind his counter, walled in with brown tubings of the weed that cheers but does not inebriate; that makes adolescence sick and manhood jolly.

"Hot! Maria purissima!" says he to me; "Jesus! how hot it is!"

"Sin pecado concebida (son of my soul)!" I say, "may your shadow never be less."

What cigars do I want to-day? He touches the brown scented bundles as if he was playing the organ.

“We all do fade as doth a leaf.” Of all prices—the best never less than threepence each; of all weights—eighty-six, a hundred and fourteen, a hundred and twenty-five, two hundred and twelve even, to the pound. Such names! why, it is like reading over the labels on a seedsman’s drawers: Cabanos, Partagas, Intimidades (fearless), Super Omnia, Globos, Xuecas, Martinezes, Triumvirates, Plantas, Nectars, Blunderbusses, Guaniguanicos, Tarantellas, Cacadores, et cætera, et cætera, forty-six shillings a box, or twenty-six shillings a box; or, if I like a pipe, will I try Gold-leaf, or Honey-dew, or Bird’s-eye, or the Sultan’s white thread, made of tobacco-flowers. Much pressed, I smoke a Lopez—thick as a flageolet—and finding its ash remain in a white column tipped with crimson, I order a box to my hotel, and wander off to fresh latitudes—flaneur-born that I am.

On my way to the Cathedral, which shuts for siesta just as every other building does in Spain, where even religion has its noon-day nap, I stop and am amused at some smiths at work in an angle of the open street opposite their shops, making an iron bed, filing, hammering, and slowly building up, with wise and thoughtful violence, the quiet sleeping-place of future generations. There are many gossips round them, who wince when the workmen wince, and smile when they smile, applaud a settling and satisfactory blow, and condole at an unsatisfactory one. But what I want is not to look at these hammermen, but to get some arquebusade for a bruised finger at Monsieur Jozeau’s, the civil French chemist’s, near the Custom-house orange-tubs. Now Monsieur Jozeau is a good but talkative man, and I dread his recapitulation of all the neat, new novelties just arrived from Paris. I do not want purgative-lemonade, or sirup of flowers, stramonium cigarettes, wormseed, cucumber cream, Racahout, or even the sirup de Framboise, or the Alexandrian Haschisch.

I leave for the Celestines of Paris the chloroform capsules for sea-sickness, and the vinegar of the Four Robbers, that curious preservation against the plague, discovered by four corpse robbers in the time of some great French pestilence. Braving, however, all the torments of French garrulity, I stroll in, buy my arquebusade, amuse my picture-making eye with observing the red pool of light that his gay window-bottles

cast on the opposite wall of the street, and which I could fancy suddenly striking on the face or hand of some wandering Cain of a murderer, driving him to a passionate confession of his guilt, which, of course (so my story would go), a passing gendarme watching at an elbow of the street wall hears and acts upon.

A visit to the post-office, to read the list of unclaimed letters, every third one being directed to some German Jotz, and the English ones being all redirected in Spanish to Senor Don, Esq. Spanish officials at hotels, custom-houses, and post-offices always suppose Esq. to be a name; and I hurry off to the Cathedral for fear it should be shut for the siesta, wanting shade and a quiet place where I may settle what I shall have for dinner.

Far at sea, those two Corinthian florid towers look as if they were cut out of Windsor soap, and seem close to the blue wave that scoops the shore: "Begun in fifteen hundred and thirty-eight; finished in seventeen hundred and nineteen," says the red guide-book. The way of Spain—one tower-capped and domed; the other unfinished, as a precaution against the evil eye. It is just like the Cathedral at Seville. The way of Spain again: red marble pulpit like an egg-cup—very good; fluted Corinthian pillars—good again; altar major—so so; interior generally not so; but this is a poor opera-house of a church, and tawdry enough after that great cave of a cathedral at Seville, that dark ark with its ninety-three port-holes, paned with the eternal flowers of Paradise, and resonant with the songs of passing angels round the dying out Shekinah still clinging round the altars—the eternal sun altar, and its lesser side-chapel planets. That church, like this, was raised on the site of a Moorish mosque.

Blessing to the wise builder who reared that pile to God, and, unchurchwarden-like, left no record even of his name! How small one seemed—small as a mite inside a Stilton—pacing over that world of stone, with its giant pillars, screened by sculptured marble, groves of carved wood-work, its countless images, pictures, and bas-reliefs; its silver shrines and terracotta idols! And yet I was surprised and moved more by that curious old Moorish pantheon I stumbled into yesterday, in that little dark street, where piles of charcoal were heaped

up at the doors, and the stalls were hung with smoked gilded-looking fish with their mouths open, as if they had died screaming, or trying perhaps to make a swan ending of it, and depart with music and a song; where vendors sat with arms sullenly crossed, calmly indifferent to purchasers, as an Irish orange-seller at a London fruit-stall, who knits over her greasy book of Catholic prayers.

"Perhaps they are right," I said, "for what is the struggle of life but scrambling up a greasy pole for a leg of mutton and trimmings? Call it a coronet, call it a place, you perhaps never get it; death always pulls you down by the tail, just as you have your greedy hand upon the prize."

It was a circular church, spanned by a low dome, as low as that of the Pantheon, so that its huge metal bowl was palpable to us in all its grandeur and immensity. I came into it suddenly from the little, narrow, knobby street, where bullocks lounged heavily along; where the herdsmen in sheepskin jackets, the rough wool side out, followed with their lances over their shoulders; and where in the windows, blood-thirsty dagger-knives, large as sickle-blades, were for sale. The sluggish pounding of some tin-kettle of a bell aloft, over the blue porcelain-tiled roof of the dome, drove me in under the dirty green-yellow curtain, rousing in me a sudden sense of religious want, and a pang of that religious instinct that cries for food within our blind hearts, and will not be said nay. I followed in some rough men who took off their hats gravely as a little beggar-girl, not unmindful of "quarts," lifted up the end of the fringed curtain with all the dexterity of long habit, a small picker-up of crumbs in the courts of the house of her God. I, with my mind, was still busy printing off in its inner workshops photographs of the raisin city, that the Moors called "the gateway of Paradise," and which, indeed, is so thought, with a pardonable sigh—though sighs, except in books, are not common—to many a beautiful English girl, who, driven out by the doctors to die where she will be no disgrace to them, comes here with the death-bloom on her cheek, longing for health, and thinking how lonely the grave must be, for the square black hole is a terrible bedroom for the young to go to sleep in.

I expected Corinthian pillars row on row; gilt grown into roof flowers; altars stuck with candles, and side chapels gay

as a beauty's toilet. I expected the dreadful Churrigueresque, as the Spanish blustering renaissance is called. I found a quiet, solitary church, with a dying pansy purple-fading out about the small upper sun-excluding windows; the last tinges of daylight lingering like yellow leaves blown up against the wall, at the points farthest removed from the three pendent brazen lamps that swung with a visible halo round them. Above the central altar and two side-chapels, the light was not sufficient to pick out and hold up to garish ridicule the wax feet, chains, and knives, stuck as votive offerings round the shrines, and hid in generous obscurity the painted wooden saints and the little ballet-dancing virgins, all dirty muslin, tinsel crowns, and spangled jewelry, so that the soft yellow lamplight melting into an outer edge of luminous darkness—the darkness not of black marble, but of a midnight sea—wrapped all the myrrh-scented building in an atmosphere of all-pervading beauty, love, and charity. The priests had not yet come, for it wanted ten minutes or so to service; but a white-caped acolyte, young and innocent as one of Murillo's cherubim grown up, was tripping about with a religious fervor almost mirthful and sunshiny, lighting the altar-candles. How quick the flame ran in growing stars from wick to wick, as, with a wax taper tied to the end of a white rod, kneeling before he touched each, he bowed for a moment, then rose to his happy, cheerful labor and ministration! Still the chiming cowbell jogs and waggles overhead, every cracked tinkle preceded by a rusty drawl and drag, as if some machinery or mechanical help of the old gouty bell-ringer were in pain and travail. And who is in the famed Moorish temples of Vesta, once a mosque? I bet a crown, but myself, no one—yes, the little beggar child kneeling in a trance of prayer by the holy-water basin. Yes, one gray-headed, patched old vine-dresser, who has been down from the mountains with jars full of green grape bunches for England—my England—how dear the name sounds at this distance off from the chalk-wall cliffs! How he flings himself on his knees at the humble publican's distance from the altar, whose splendor he does not think himself fit to approach—how he bows his old gray bullet head—how death-calm and soothed his wrinkled face, worn into gullies and ravines by the storms of life—how cataleptic that attitude ex-

cept when the Becket-like priest sails in in his white and cloth of gold, trapped with all the millinery of his church; then he crosses himself rapidly five times, forehead and chest, in memory of the five wounds of Christ, who died for him. Yes, in the darkness of that second chapel there is an old duenna, kneeling carelessly as if going through some ceremony at an opera rehearsal. That old man, I warrant him, with his hemp sandals, hussar jacket, red faja, black cap, staff, and embroidered leather greaves, has a bright little whitewashed hut up somewhere in the brown mountains, and has his walls hung with festoons of dull purple raisins, behind which the scorpion hatches her poison eggs. He has a red and yellow saint or two over his window and door, and on the shining walls outside are scarlet strings of pungent capsicums ready for the winter olla, when pomegranate salad is gone, and the melon has grown from green to gold, and from gold to dust. I can fancy this old fellow (Pablo, I dare say, or Perez), about a week before the vintage, watching with his bell-mouthed trabuco in his reed hut to fire at thieves and slang intruders, just like the abusive "vindemiator" in our old friend Horace, picking the orange just yellowing in October in pyramids ready for its sea trip, or shaking the cochineal insect from its cactus home, or hauling in wallowing silver masses of the janquete fish—the white-bait of Malaga—or selling the soapy, sweet batata ready boiled in the streets, or cutting sweetmeat lengths of the fresh sugar-cane, or, in fact, pursuing any of the other avocations practiced by the salt-fish-loving, raisin-drying, bull-fighting, revolutionizing people of Malaga. That sheltered, orange-grove city of which the poet sings—

"Jewel of the mountain ring,
City of perpetual spring;
City that the sea still kisses;
Where the wind is dower'd with blisses
From the starry jasmine flowers,
And the thousand orange-bowers"—

a greater compliment than the Spaniards pay to Marbella adjoining, so called from Queen Isabella's exclaiming, when she first saw its green hills, pleasant streams, shady groves, and fruitful gardens, "Que mar tan bella! (What a beautiful sea!)" The abusive proverb is,

“Marbella e bella, no entres en ella,
Quien entra con capa, sale sin ella.”

“Marbella is fair, but be wise, have a care,
If you go with a cloak, you will come out quite bare.”

Indeed, every Spanish city has one of these droll diatribes written about it, as Madrid, where they say, “The river is beautiful if it was not always dry,” and of Seville,

“Quien no ha vista a Sevilla,
No ha vista a maravilla.”

“He who has not seen Sevilla,
Has not seen a ‘Maravilla.’”

And the proverb-makers go on to say, slanderously no doubt, that this is the city where

“The men are fire, and the women are tow,
Puff—comes the devil—away they go.”

This Seville is the city where the moon sets more people on fire than the sun, as I should say, from the quantity of lovers whispering you see on the benches of the public walks. Whether you go to the Alameda by the ruined palace of the dukes of Medina Sidonia, or the bran-new orange-planted square of the Constitution, where the band, when they are at a loss, seem always to do what Theodore Hook said a bad whist-player did in the same dilemma, “trump it.”

Now, although I am tortured by a toothache which turns my hollow bone into a howling den of pain, I bent my errant steps—human nature is (h)erring, and that is a poor fish—to the ruinous square and unfinished monument in the Plaza del Riego, which commemorates the shooting to death of those unlucky émeutists whose fate Carlyle’s Sterling, that almost poet, almost novelist, was so nearly sharing. A moment ago the sun seemed double gilt, the sky a perfect faultless sapphire; now, with this demon in my hollow bones—troublesome as a thief who will sleep in your house to let—with this ache that keeps crying out, “Draw me! draw me!” I see a sudden fog of Fleet Street thickness rising over things, like the gauze veils in the solemn part of a pantomime introduction. Somebody inside my tooth keeps tolling, with slow, heavy, but well-timed lugs, the dirge of “Pain, pain, pain,” into the thick and turbid-

growing air. Now, as I walk down the narrow, stall-crowded street, buffeted by mules pertinaciously disciplined as to their rank of Indian file, I think of all the disagreeable things that have ever happened to me—the disappointments, the frustrations, the golden moments let slip, the golden moments waited for in vain, that accursed checkmate smile the man gave me that I met to-day on business, that choked laugh of successful cunning which my lawyer gave when he parted with me at Southampton: from these hastily-sown suspicions a quick mustard-and-cress crop of fears and dangers spring up round my feet.

Now to battle them. Shall I intrust myself to a local Sangrado, with his bright brass basin notched for the chin, bandaged staff, and razor large as a cimeter? No; for I know he will smile, set to work, and examine my mouth with snuffy fingers, just as if he was taking a hook out of a fish's throttle. He will take out the wrong tooth, rinse it down the sink-hole with a swash and gurgle before I can identify it, or will struggle with me as if he were fighting with wild beasts at Ephesus, end by upsetting the chair, falling on the top of me, and triumphantly claim two guineas for breaking my jaw. No, I dread the French proverb, and the well-known trickery of dentists, and prefer my pet pain, which has now grown so tame that I can stroke it. I will bear about my secret sorrow, which I should miss if it left me, sometimes even, with extraordinary caprice, rousing it in its lair with the tip of my tongue. No, I will bear it about, proud of my endurance, because it gives me strange glimpses of other phases of life, and because the little lulls, when they do come, are sweet and tranquil as sunshine after rain, as the blue dimples breaking out like forget-me-nots in a gray sky, as the first sight of the first golden lance-head crocus piercing a way out from winter's dark prison-house. So I brave it; as Doctor Waagen says in his Tour, when he gets his patent boots wet through, quoting an heroic line of the Odyssey,

“Bear up, O brave heart, already thou hast borne much.”

I determine to forget pain, like the philosopher who sang a comic song all the while the Grecian tyrant was pounding him to death in the mortar. I climb up the steep, dusty hill, coast-

ing the long lines of low breast-works to that squat, blind Moorish castle, that Blake, winding up his angry mustaches, threatened with his English cannon, and, getting nothing but a bonny blue blink of the bay, squatter down again; and then, leaving the poverty-stricken white houses and the prickly pears of the suburbs, roam out to the light-house, that all night long winks with its one inflamed eye to distant and troubled ships, just as an ophthalmic money-lender in a "silver hell" winks to prodigals, quite at sea as to pecuniary matters, and chasing a fourpenny-bit in and out the latch-key in their pockets. I go, and, like a modern Marius, sit on the ruins of myself there among the great, dull-red, ruby blocks and opaque, slaty sapphires, over which the sea lathers and worries in a musical, refreshing way, troubled, but still with a trouble that is lullabied by the beauty and softness of the climate and the day, and I think of how this very day ten years ago I was sitting in a little Cornish bay, where the headlands are of a rosy granite, and the bases under the sea seem giant blocks of emerald; where the sand was rifted white as snow all round the old broken anchor it choked, and the white-bleached wrecked spars it half imbedded. Roused from this, too, by my spurring pain, that now urges me forward like a second Wandering Jew, I move back past the awninged boats and the wrangling fishermen to the raisin-packing crowds on the quays, where dusty-footed men are treading in the future Christmas puddings of England with dirty ruthlessness, and I leave these, too, and get to the Alameda, which is close to the sea-shore, only hid from it by a row of houses, in glimpses between which I see its blue plain quivering like the shaken sword of God. And now, as the lamplighters begin to skim about, with their fire-tubes fastened to lance-poles, and the water-sellers get noisy and shake their money-tins in an aggravated way, and the boys with the chairs get ostentatiously attentive, the parade fills with dark veiled ladies that seem to tread on air, officers fascinatingly ferocious, portly priests urbanely calm and so forgiving that they bow if you even tread on their oldest corn. And now, as the band begins a music storm of marrow-bone and cleaver bluster, pretension, and violence, from Verdi, at which all the officers begin to try and pull out their fox-tail mustaches by the roots, and all the ladies to intrench their sharp-shooting

eyes behind temporary black fan palisades, I hurry to my hotel to clothe myself in cheerful, care-dispelling, black evening dress, to attend an evening party at the consul's. I throw myself into my pants, I rope my neck with white, I enter the consul's apartments armed for conquest.

I pass my next few hours, free from tooth or any other ache, in a pleasant dream of coffee-drinking, guitar-playing, flirting, album-viewing, picture-seeing. I go back to my hotel, exclaiming with Titus, "I have lost a day, but I have gained a memory."

CHAPTER XVII.

LOOKING FOR DON QUIXOTE.

I NEVER really got tired of that hot Spanish City of Raisins, where the people were all of a mild liquorice brown color. My chief objection to it was that I found the proverb of the Arabs too true—that Malaga was a perfect Paradise, "only that the fleas are always dancing there to the tunes played by the mosquitoes." It was the fleas, I feel sure, that finally pulled me out of bed and made me send, impromptu, for a calesa to rush violently down a steep place to the quay and embark in the *Alhambra*, P. and O. steamer. Indeed, I am convinced that the Turkish saying, that at Galilee lives the King of the Fleas, was really first said of Malaga.

What I went through there, as to finding the place one immense hot Papin's Digester, in which I was perpetually steamed; the hardship of being always driven to drink Manzanilla because the water was lukewarm; the constantly being peppered with the dust from scuffling strings of donkeys laden with boxes of dried raisins, I dare not attempt to tell. But still, though sore of foot, my face covered with the red itching bumps of mosquito-bites so that my own creditors would not have known me—turned to a brown amber-color by the furnace sun—drained by perpetual perspirations and want of the chief nourisher in life's feast (I allude to balmy sleep), I still carried out, with that peculiar tenacity of purpose and bull-dog pluck which my friends call obstinacy and my enemies

bottom (I mean the reverse, but let it pass), the object of my Spanish tour—looking for Don Quixote.

Now do not, O matter-of-fact reader, say, as my friend Twitcher fretfully said, "Why, he has been dead, you know, a long time"—I mean, looking for the Don Quixote type of man, who, if the lean, lantern-jawed, warm-hearted Don ever was a type of the best Spanish character, must still exist somewhere, and therefore, by directory or otherwise, is, I say again (not the least angrily), to be wormed out, in church, market-place, shop, steam-boat, posada, or correo (diligence); his chivalry, spiritualism, unworldliness, generosity, unselfishness—in a word, gentleness—exist, I knew, and I had sworn to find him out; *worm* him out were my words.

Sour, cynical men—men of the Croker class—told me that my quest was humbug (that sort of men never mince matters)—that Spaniards now were all a set of idle, cowardly, bragging, cigar-smoking, bull-fighting, stabbing guitar-players, who spent their time in gossip or worse things. Other men, like F., of the quiet, shy epicure, dilettante, Tory-prejudiced class, told me that I had quite mistaken the thing (quoting something from Calderon de la Barca); that Don Quixote was no abstract Spaniard, but only a La Mancha; that every allusion to his travels were local, parochial allusions, and that going to Moorish Spain to look for the gaunt, nankeen-faced knight was worse than a delusion—it was a blunder. The Iberians (quoting Strabo) were ludicrously vain, treacherous, blood-thirsty, poor, proud, and cruel. Directly F. left, I took out my "Don Quixote," and proved, smilingly to myself, that F. was wrong and I was right. National types can not die. Robin Hood still poaches down in Wiltshire; Richard Cœur de Lion only the other day knocked down three Russian generals with the butt-end of his musket at foggy Inkermann. Ten John Bulls, gorgeous in scarlet, I met last week riding to the meet of the Breakneck foxhounds; Beatrices and Rosalinds in Balmoral boots and red and black striped—blanks, will soon muster at Christmas country houses. No, F., you are shy, oily—steeped in Spanish proverbs and quaint bits of improper reading; your hits at the Pope, and at Spanish and French bragging and thieving, are dry enough, but you are as prejudiced, insolent an Englishman as ever took twenty years—and all a rich man's

appliances—to write a bad and now obsolete guide-book. As for you, Croker, with your Quarterly fits of bile, how happy it must have made you, on your deathbed, to think you caused poor Keats to break that little blood-vessel that sent him to Rome and killed him there. Away, phantoms! F. and C., go to your solitary cells and leave me alone! I start to-morrow by the 10 15, mixed, *viâ* Southampton, the P. and O. bearing me over Biscayan seas to Cadiz, the bright city. What for? Why, to look over Moorish Spain, to see if I can find Don Quixote, the aspiring, the generous, the undaunted, the contemporary of Don John, the descendant of Cortez.

Yes, I said, every ugly inn-drudge, with rough, red arms, I see will be Maritornes; every landlord will be like the knavish Asturian who invented the ingenious reed by which the illustrious man, born after his time, contrived to drink the red wine through his helmet-barred. There shall I see his Dulcinea—round of face and large of limb, at every barn-door sifting maize, there shall I meet Sancho and the barber, the curate, the housekeeper, the black-eyed, tight-waisted niece, and, indeed, all the pleasant Smollett company. These will be every where. I shall see them through whirls of fiery dust, on vine-clad mountain sides, from diligence windows, in fire-colored boats, on broad blue bags in steamer cabins, on horseback, with wide jacketed guides, beside droves of red-tasseled tinkling mules, such as fill with itinerant clangor the knobably streets of Spanish cities; in fact—as writers say after a long sentence which has taken away their breath—every where. But the Don, the loose-limbed, aquiline-nosed Don, with the faded yet kindling eye, the intermittent teeth, and the raw-boned impracticable horse, I shall have more trouble with him. He will be, perhaps, hidden in some old book-shop at Toledo, devouring—with immense dark-lantern spectacles—some worm-eaten book of chivalry—Tirarte the White or Palmerin the Cruel, and writing, by help of spoonful pinches of the black, fragrant rappee of Seville, a short treatise to show that the great Spanish general, Blake, who, it is not generally known, kicked the French over the Pyrenees, derived all the finer points of his character from the study of Amadis of Gaul; or he may now be some pot-bellied canon living in a little sacristy room in the archbishop's palace at Seville, and who is writing

a folio on Murillo's *Concepcion Immaculada*, with a slight glance at the history of Art from the time of Dædalus. Perhaps I shall see his old eye firing up at a bull-fight, or meet him at the corner of a moonlit street at Granada, his cloak wrapped round his left arm, defending himself with a guitar only from the swords of ten bravos, two of whom he will brain with that frail weapon. Shall I find him looking at that horrid rascal, Gines de Pasemonte, being garroted at Algeçiras, or will he be clothed in brown, the pompous governor of some wasp-nest of a place on the green coast of Morocco, where leather is daily made, and Spaniards are daily tanned?

I may see him cooped up in one of those dreadful covered mail-carts that hold four inside victims, who have no insides by the time they reach their destination, who will have no bowels, in fact, for certainly their driver has none, though he does keep shouting "Ar-r-rè" and "Jaleo," and adjuring the horses Pedro and Pepe, alternately, in the names of saints and quite the reverse, caring no whit for those enormous sixty-pounder melons, not to mention the mule's saddle and the bag of chopped straw that are torturing, squeezing, pounding, and pinching the legs of the four insides, whom I see through the window, squeezing their shot-pouches full of wine into their mouths as if they were trying to express a faint notion of their sorrows on that primitive but touching instrument so dear to us all—the bag-pipe. I shall find him cheapening the janquete, those little white-bait fish that shine so like new-cast type in the creel of the Malaga Masaniellos. I shall meet him talking politics with the *alguacil* at the little marble tables of the demure Spanish café. I shall know him beside the green field of a billiard-table, or listening to the evening band in the new Plaza. I shall have much difficulty, but find him I know and feel I shall.

I will not deny I occasionally forget the object of my search. Once, when I spent an hour under the Moorish horse-shoe gate of the Blacksmith at Seville, watching a great black ant dragging a dry white melon-seed into a hole—it was up by Pilate's house, the house some Spanish enthusiast and pilgrim built after the model of the spurious Pilate's house at Jerusalem, which sham, if it did not comfort the Hadji, must have much cheered the architect, whose bill for it was, of course, tremen-

dous—it was lonely and hot, just at the siesta time, and even the old gate-keeper was asleep; the great acacias or carob-trees, with their huge green pods big as scarlet-runners, were flabby with the sun-heat; the bullocks winced before it; the idle soldiers yonder there in the barracks, worn out with perpetual sleeping, yawned and tried to sleep again. There I stood, admiring the fidgety haste of that ant, who looked like two large Siamese twin beads grown together as he struggled over rock, precipice, lake, and hill, with his husky load ten times as big as himself. I compared him (Perkins was licking a cigar) to a page dragging the kitchen fire-screen up and down—at it again, never say die. How I cheered him on: if it had not been for me he would never have done it. Now the load shunted off, and fell helplessly behind an irregular flint; now it shook into a horse pool; now it fell on the ant (evidently Solomon's, Æsop's, and La Fontaine's), and buried him as a child under the ruins of an earthquake; now it spitefully and viciously, with true Tory unprogressive tendencies, toppled backward over a clod, but slowly it draws nearer, nearer. It is in, positively it is in. Bravo! it is in. No, no. Dear me, how unfortunate! it slips down in a three-cornered ridiculous way; fills up the hole, and refuses, positively refuses to go down, or to compromise the matter in any way at all. Beaten. Majority against you. Graveled, floored. No, at it again, like the bull-dog Jimmy at the last rat of the five hundred in ten minutes—haul—pull—pull with a will. In, by Jove! in. Hurrah! (and I threw up my sombrero).

Says Perkins, awaking, "Why, halloa, old fellow, how you startle one! I have been and dropped my fusee."

"He's done it."

"Who's done it? Done what?"

"Hurrah! I'm sure he's an Englishman."

"Who's he? who? You're cracked. You've had a sun-stroke."

"He? why, the ant."

"The ant!" said Perkins, the brute, with a grunt of disgust and contempt, stepping back and crushing in, without seeing them, ant, melon-seed, nest, eggs, and all, with his great ox foot.

I could have blown out his brains.

I expostulated. He replied, "Why, how could a fellow see it? It's only an ant; but, I say, what about some bitter?"

Only an ant! Why, the energy, perseverance, and ardor of that ant were worthy of a Cæsar; but there are such men as Perkins, who go about the world treading out people's hearts, brains, and souls, and then saying, "Oh, it's only an ant." I wonder how they treat their uncles?

This was once. Another time was when I watched the dusty-footed perspiring negroes trampling down the Malaga raisins, surrounded by crowds of dismounted muleteers in chestnut-colored leather breeches, tight as the skin, and ornamented with rows of silvery buttons down the side. Also, when on a drizzling, foggy morning (something like weather, the engineer, who was from London, grumbled out), I turned my back on pleasant Seville, and steamed up that dismal Lethe stream, the Guadalquivir, on whose low, earthy banks, broad and flat as deserts, scampering herds of half-wild oxen tossed and charged through clouds of dust-smoke, blown up angrily as by some simoon the Arabs had left behind, in the hurry of their packing, and pursued by mounted herdsmen, shouting hoarsely and brandishing their long spears like so many circumscribed Bedouins.

I forgot thee again, O Don of the wavy mustache and crow's-foot eye, as, in the colored darkness of that dim cathedral in Hadrian's birthplace, I groped into the cedar-scented sacristy—holy chapels where the candles shone like yellow stars, and silver bells tinkled solemn warnings to the kneeling women with drooped fans and veiled mantillas. I forgot thee, O exquisite Don, too, for a moment, when I was riding through the raisin country, when I slept in the Alhambra garden, when I plodded up the ramps of the Giralda.

But let me return to where I remembered thee, and sought thee with all the zeal of those childish days when I first read thee through Smollet, and alternately laughed and cried at thy generous blunders and most wise follies, thou proprietor of the craziest head and noblest heart, thou paladin of a scoffing and unbelieving age.

First, in the church. It was a September morning; the sky already, at nine o'clock, bright, clear, and hot as so much fire-water one hundred degrees above proof. I strolled into the

market-place of Granada to while away the half hour which the angel whose breathing we hear in every clock-case was slowly doling out. I determined to try if I could not ferret out among the chattering crowd that Don who played at hide and seek with me. I might find him watching, with lean, hungry eye, while he shaped his rusty mustache, the shining half pound of tough beef that would go to form the small olla which would be his scanty dinner at twelve o'clock. I first secured, for the small sum of eight cuatros (about twopence), an immense pot-bellied green melon, tight of skin, and chock full of honey-juice; I filled my leather bagpipe bota with the choicest Amontillado, two shillings the bottle, as I tell Binns, to exasperate him, nutty, clear, but not branded; I stow the melon under my seat in the correo, sling my bota on like a Robin Hood baldric, put a cold fowl in one pocket, and two small loaves of delicious white, caky, close-grained Spanish bread in the other. I tease every body at the post-office and booking office with inquiries about the correo, till every body yawns and slinks away to shady interiors, and then I go out on my old, old fruitless search. I overhaul the green, succulent peppers, and the orange-blooded tomatoes, that Providence seems to have lobed and segmented especially for the predestinated cook. I admire those vegetable marrow, purple-white-looking chumbos, that are called Jews' hearts. I retreat from the piles of flaky salted cod, easily nosed in the lobby; I sniff the red-seeded earthy-crusted pomegranates; I eye with ten-horse power of eye the red water-pitchers, with the double horns of spouts, and the thick, dewy, cold perspiration always breaking out on their Arab terra-cotta skins. I squeeze inquiringly the dull-green figs, and weigh the green-gold grapes, on which the ravening wasps prey even as I hold them up in critical admiration. I take mental notes of the water-sellers with their trays of pence, and of the itinerant bakers with rings of bread upon long kabob skewers, just such as Fadladeen might have carried in that gorgeous city where the celebrated unlucky cream-tarts were made. I then perform cautious ordeal patrols round the wandering potter, who sits sullenly surrounded by his green-glazed pipkins and cream-colored pans like an Israelite praying amid the brick-kilns of Pharaoh. I shun the one-eyed beggar with the guitar, and the dirty gipsy-chief with Indian

blanket and gold earrings, though he does govern a thievish tribe in the hill-caves round the Alhambra towers; for some say, though now a blacksmith, he was once a leading murderer in José Maria's notorious gang, and he is not quite a man to rub elbows with, if you carry purse or valuables.

But, all at once finding the Don had again slipped out of my reach, and stolen home with his half pound of lean meat under his threadbare cloak, which he laps in the true Roman and Iberian way proudly over his left shoulder, I follow a breath of incense, which seems to blow direct out of the gates of Paradise, and draws me with gentle violence, as good influences draw us, to the wide door of the Cathedral, thrown open for early mass. That breath of angels winds through the rugged, garlicky, jostling, ignoble crowd, and picks me out—me, the meanest in Israel. I follow it as the old chivalric seekers for the mystery of the sacred chalice (the Sainte Graal) followed all miraculous calls, whether of singing bird, or vocal flower, or current air, or calling water. I here may find the Don, at last the Don, his old horny knees bent before some painted waxwork Saint Iago—some daub of Saint James smiting the Saracen—his fevered eyes, the soul of them flown to heaven, turned absently toward the priest in white and gold, and the kneeling acolyte, with the giant psalter, all a-shine with un fading color. "I shall find him," I said, aloud. "You won't," said an echo.

"I will, or I'll be blanked."

"You will be blanked, reprobate, if you go on like that," replied the conscience echo.

I, persistently bowing my head under the great Churriguesque portal, was washed in by a spring flood of impatient worshippers. What a sight it was to see littered over the broad-checked floor of that huge mausoleum of truth (I was getting Protestant and cynical, the correo was so long coming) flocks of kneeling, or rather prostrate ladies, their black fans working like undertakers' plumes on a clearing-up day after a great, good, rich man's funeral, strewn about in groups before the mouths of the side-chapels, where cross lights shone and glowed, or kneeling in agonies of downcast sorrow at the silver railing that warded in the high altar, where Madame Tussaud seemed to have been especially busy, though her work had

rather an infantile fantocci-ni puppet character, as if she had done it when rather young and frivolous. Side by side with the highest ladies in Granada crawled hideous cripples, their dirty crutches lying beside them, like so many monsters at the Beautiful Gate, returning thanks to God for recent miraculous cures; or real Lord Aldboroughs and Bishops of Jamaica recently healed by some Spanish Holloway!

"It is all hypocrisy," said I, vulgarly sneering, and turning to smell at a picture of that great religious rascal, Cano.

"Caridad, caridad, per l'amor de Dios," said a subterranean toad-voice at my feet. "Charity, charity, for the love of God?" Why, this was a rebuke from heaven.

"But where to find it, my poor woman?" said I, with a sigh.

She was a crippled old hag, with no mantilla; her handful of gray hair was drawn back into a sort of Tartar-knot. She was seated humbly on the ground; her worn crutches were under her lean, naked arms. She got her living, did my unconscious rebuker, by lifting up the great quilted, padded leather curtain, greasy and black-brown, for those worshipers, true or false, who wanted to pass from the nave of the great Cathedral to the inner Virgin's chapel.

Instantly, as if to reward me, the sinful Gretchen of this interlude, burst out the organ, with its choir of exulting angels. I caught myself actually bowing to return the compliment.

Good woman! how she fell to at her beads. I was wrong.



Here is one of a religious race, and so are those poor market-women, who, coming in and kneeling beside their baskets of sweet herbs, snatch an earful or two of the nasal mass.

"Charity, for the love of Heaven, señor!" doled out the woman again.

I gave her a *cuatro*. She held out her skinny palm for more, and shook and wagged her gray head mockingly.

I remembered the old Ford specific, and bowing, exclaimed, "Perdoname, hermana mia, per l'amor de Dios" (Pardon me, my sister, for the love of Heaven). She bowed as I reluctantly slipped a peseta in her hand, in gratitude for her moral lessons; she heaped what I thought were blessings on me. When I got home I unpacked my memory, consulted the dictionary, and found what the good old woman had really said was, "Quede usted con diablo, Don Fulano" (May you remain with the devil, Don Thingumbob). "Calavera atolondrado" (Empty noodle). "Mucha bulla para nada" (Much ado about nothing). "A los pies de mi señora" (My respects to your wife). "Viejo rey Wamba" (Old King Wamba). "Venida en batea" (Looking as if you came on a waiter).

Oh, the dreadful old woman!

How I did look about that Cathedral for the Don: in the parroquia, or parish church, which opened out of it, and which had a snug clique service all to itself; in the royal chapel, where Ferdinand and Isabella lie praying eternally for Spain, that so much needs their prayers; at the broad marble water-stoup, where the true believers dipped their brown fingers, and crossed themselves on brow and breast, quick as a juggling pass; in the silent unused choir, where the dark-carved thrones of the seven deadly sins were, and where the blazoned books lay open for the simoniacal bishop to intone out of. He stood not at the vacant lecterns, nor was he (for I inquired) up, looking over the organist's shoulder, in the dusty organ-loft. He was not in the stone recess of a pulpit; he was not behind the gilded purclose railing, or behind the reredos, with the rows and classes of church-militant saints drawn up on parade in niche and on shelf. He was not looking at the Virgin, gay in opera satin and tinsel crown, nor at that Saint Sebastian, of the lively buff-color, smeared with red from the arrow-wounds.

"Where is he?" I said, half aloud, and a hotel-waiter behind me replied, "Perhaps, señor mio, at the Fonda Euro-pa."

I replied, "I thought not," and went peering about again. There, where the crowd was thickest round the chapel rails, and where the ministering shaven-headed priest in the white satin robe, with the great cross of gold tissue on his back, stood with a villainous-looking rogue of a deacon to hold the enormous winged book, and troops of white-clad acolytes to light and snuff out candles, to ring soulless, unfeeling bells, to bow and kneel according to receipt. There is Guzman, my landlord, a little, mean, bill-broking Jew, who tempts you to beat him, he looks so mean, rat-like, and thievish; there is the Don—no—but my lean guide in the Marseilles jacket, and round black cap. I am afraid they have come to get joint absolution for having cheated me. There is Quesada (not Quixote) kneeling and sitting back on his own legs, watching that young votary who is passing out through the beggar crowd at the door; his eyes wander—perhaps his mind.

But for once, just in the shadow of this great picture of the Crucifixion, by Murillo, let us be charitable, and not act as witnessing spirits against our weaker brothers. Life is short; it is hard to get wise, harder to get good—harder still, having got good, to remain so.

I hurry back in a nervous perspiration for fear I should be too late for the correo, and find it not yet come. Yes, it is just putting to. I shall find him there. I hear the mule-bells clash and tinkle warningly. Time and correos wait for no one. I get in, huddle back the melons and straw bags under the seat, and effect leg-alliances with my three fellow-travelers, who, before we are a good league up the red earth-hills studded with vines, begin squeezing crimson threads out of their wine-bags, some of which go into their mouths, but a percentage of which soak in blots into their shirt fronts, or spurt up on to the carriage roof, and descend in vinous rain, inclining me to do as Lord Bacon used to do in a shower, and take off my hat to receive the benediction of Heaven. But what was the correo like, wherein I made a journey from Granada to Loja to look for Don Quixote? It was like a covered market-cart projected on the basis and body of a small stage-coach.

Four sufferers inside, knee to knee—no room to stir a leg, to remove the exquisite torture of the os coccygis—and three persons, including the driver, seated on the front seat, which formed the front wall of our interior, the three persons being specially adapted to jam out all air. Inside, to sleep was impossible; not to sleep was impossible. Outside, the heat was as of a fire-wind. Stir, breathe, sleep, read, or move, was in the inside difficult. No one of my fellow-travelers could be the Don, I was sure, for I read the names on their luggage.

I can imagine how that real self-denying gentleman the Don, who never tried to give pain to any one, would have tried to appear cheerful, and have coiled up his long legs, anxious to incommode nobody, but longing to be once more on Rosinante; how he would have beguiled the time by twiddling his mustaches, and telling stories of Don Belianis of Greece, and Tristan the love of Yseult; and railing, with generous ardor, at the treachery of Sir Galaor after he escaped from Fez with the emir's daughter. But my companions were three poor ignoble Spaniards, in dirty waiter-jackets; blue of chin, mean of face, all day bagpiping their wine-bags, and cutting up cold quails with immense dagger-knives, which they took from their dirty red sashes, which smelt of garlic. Then they sliced up a melon, gnawed at the section, and flung the rind out of the window at bare-legged boys, who ran after us for pence; then they rolled perpetual cigarettes, subsiding into restless jogging sleeps. Happy for us when we changed horses at the house where the strings of hot red peppers hung up to dry against the whitewashed wall, so that we might have if only a minute's change of position. I remember it was so blistering and screeching hot, that I ran for shelter to the narrow slant bar of shade cast by some post, though it only took in one of my legs, and left the other with the sensation of being dipped into boiling water. Then, at last driven from that refuge, I tore into the posada stable, where the mules' halters were tied up to pegs made of ham bones, and where the muleteers were snoring on the stones, wrapped in their cloaks. Yet not even here did any one answer to my description of Don Quixote.

Nor at the venta that I rode into at noon of the next day, followed by my guide, where the paving-stones were red-hot, and the ground dazzling and blinding with the sun. The two

rooms of the small inn opened right and left from the courtyard, whose gate I entered, the one a kitchen, the other a store-room. I called for dinner; they had every thing but beef, mutton, veal, and fresh pork. An idiot girl, who watched me as if I was a new sort of cannibal, pointed up at a ham hanging from the rack rafter, and then began to cluck and cackle like a hen. I accepted the omen, and called for ham and eggs. A crowd of idle muleteers and vine-dressers gaped and pointed at me. To appear at ease, I took off my gloves, smoothed out the fingers, brushed my hat with my arm, looked down at my boots, and beat my legs with my riding-whip. All these performances were received with approval. The children grinned, the men smiled at each other, as much as to say, "He is very like one of nosotros (of us) after all."

Intense was the excitement I caused in that little inn. Every thing had to be fetched; every thing was *malapropos*, un-Spanish, and out of season, hour, and place, that I wanted. Water to wash—a dozen red jars, knotted with cord, were sent on the heads of girls, half a mile off, to the street fountain, where the water was almost boiling with the heat. The eggs were to be sought for in the stable-mangers and hay-scented lofts. The ham was to be cut and cooked. As for the melon, I knew where that came from; for the landlord, putting on his hat with the air of a resolute and determined traveler, went out for it, and returned, after ten minutes, greasily triumphant, with a large speckled one, like a bloated aldermanic lizard, in a net. With what homely and ridiculous affectation of delighted hospitality did he, the crafty Manchegan, instantly cut me a slice, to stay my appetite, remarking something about the gusto! As for the idiot, she was chucklingly busy with the eggs; and the hard-featured mother, who every moment pointed with a fork at the frying-pan, and then turned round to me and grinned, was fussily blowing up with a plaited straw fire-screen a smoulder of charcoal that gradually kindled up and grew to a lively burning crimson, flickering wavy yellow. At last came the dishing-up, when, at a central rickety deal table, I sat down to a basin of poached eggs, floating like golden rafts on a sea of black grease in which were stranded square dark chips, like so many Madras catamarans with all hands lost. Then followed grapes, real golden-skinned globes filled with

unadulterated fairy wine of precious powers, and waxy figs, of a viscous sweetness, tasting like great sweetmeat puddings. Then came the melon, marked in grooves by nature for the knife, and with a yellow nectarous fluid. But I forget the wine: that took at least half an hour getting, because the landlord kept no wine himself, and had quarreled or run in debt with every other landlord for a mile round. But he at last came back—his path marked with perspiration—gripping the bottle with his hot streaming hand. I bowed, drew out the stopple of smashed vine-leaves, and poured him and myself out a glass. He drank it; and, smacking his lips, with a wink at his wife, as much as to say, "How I shall stick it on when it comes to the bill!" proceeded to mop himself all over with a dirty table-cloth lying ready for the lavandera, or washer-woman. I found the wine a fiery, sweet, luscious Malaga wine, not unlike brandied raisin. As I went up the creaking loft stairs for a two-hours' siesta—for I had to ride on horseback from there over the mountains—I saw the landlord get down the inkhorn and begin my bill.

He had just sanded it when I came down to proceed on my journey. I won't say much about it; but it was the most imaginative bill I ever perused. Never was the hot walk of a fat landlord so amply atoned for. I had mounted my mule, the guide's saddle-bags were adjusted, my Marseilles jacket was tied in front of my saddle, the whole inn was drawn up to see me depart into yonder hazy glow of sunlight that fills up the road like a fog. I suddenly bethink me of something I had forgotten. "Señor Landlord, can you tell me if there is a Don Quixote living any where near this town?"

"Quixote?" replies the landlord, thrusting my money into his pocket; "no; I never heard the name."

* * * * *

My next search for the Don was in the shops of Cordova. Perhaps, I thought, the old veteran, ruined by some accident of the late French war, has had to sell off his horse and greyhound, and come to this old sultan's city to gain an honest penny, and save his gray hairs from disgrace. "I *will* find him," I said, drawing my Leghorn hat over my eyes, and shouldering my green umbrella bordered with scarlet, with which I used to defy the searching sun-enemy of unaddled brains.

I looked in at the print-shops. There were pictures of tight-booted grisettes with round arms and hawk's eyes; saints by the dozen, enough for all the sinners' houses in Cordova; simpering glossy-colored Murillos; a portrait of the Queen of the Sandwich Islands, who is believed to be of Spanish descent—the very image of an unhealthy sow, with piggy, sensual eyes, flapping mouth, and an acre of coarse yellow cheek. There was the Emperor, too, of the Billiard-marker Islands, with his caricature nose, and thievish, vulture eyes stealthily cruel; and there was the King of the Indigo Country, who looked like a sottish martinet, a mixture of pipe-clay and Champagne. As I gazed at a picture of the Leviathan, side by side with a sketch of majos dancing at the great fair of Seville, the proprietor came to the gilded door for a breath of air. Heavens! the Don! Why, it is a huge Eugène-Sue sort of Frenchman, with a stiff black beard, cropped head, and bullet eyes. Why it is no more the Don than it is the Dneiper. I go in, however, and purchase portraits of that vulgar Hercules Bomba, and that snubby ignoble, the Grand-duke of Florence, that I may add them to my collection of royal portraits, to show what sort of men the nations choose to rule over them as specimens of their highest virtue, intellect, and capacity.

A little daunted, I look into the barber's shop opposite. There is an officer seated in an arm-chair on a sort of throne, his head—the back of which fits into a hollow in the chair—facing the barber's guitar, which lies ready on the shelf for customers who are obliged to wait. The busy Figaro, war-dancing round the unhappy man, who is veiled and bearded with snowy, frothing lather, holds up to his stiff, black, bossy chin—what—yes, it is—my beautiful, my own!—the veritable brass basin of Mambranto that the Don mistook for an enchanted and villainous knight's helmet, and wore many a hot day on the brown La Manchan sierras. There is the curved bite out of the circle for the chin. It is—it is—the Don.

I watch from behind the windows rows of red oils and French pomato-pots, dusty wigs and false mustaches. The Don rises, and, still all lathery and hidden, turns to the corner brass-tap basin to wash and be clean. I see his arm circle with that extreme tail-corner of the towel (the Spaniard is, as to washing, slightly hydrophobic). He turns. The Don? No!

It is that old leathery-faced general, with the cast-steel eyelids and pinched mouth, evidently a mean, bouncing disciplinarian, only great at court-martials and in the presence of trembling beggar soldiers in yellow jackets and hempen sandals. Go to! That is old General Whiteliver, who ran away from the Moors at Melilla, and was all but broken, only he bribed the commandant to depose that the Moors were four thousand stronger than they were. Oh, chivalry of Spain! buried under the waves at Lepanto; is the diver yet born that shall bring thee up from that brave wreck and welter of dead heroes?

What stores did I not visit? Certainly that lemonade store, where a dirty red curtain with forked fringe flaunted at the door, and where a Barbary monkey, chained by the middle, gibbered in impotent malice at Lorita, the red and green parrot from the Brazils, that sat scratching its topknot with grave sagacity and contemplative approval, while the jacketed proprietor smokes a cigarette with that calm indifference to custom peculiar to the half-Moorish Spaniard, who spends all to-day in talking of to-morrow, when every good thing is to be done, and every thing set right. The Golden Age is always to-morrow (*mañana*).

It is getting dark as I walk past the mat-shops, where, like Turks squatted on their hams, the master, surrounded by his 'prentices, like a father by his children—oh, simple-hearted, wrong-headed country!—sits watching the plaiting and weaving of the red, brown, and yellow fibres of the juncos (reeds), that form such pleasant covers for floors in their hot climate, though they do harbor ambuscades of assassin fleas: how rich-colored, hard, dry, cool, and clean they look. There is no Don there, I sigh, for the master is a bullet-headed knave, patiently crafty and money-getting. The chivalrous respect for women is not in him: he curses the girl who brings him fire for his cigar.

What is this next door? A lottery-stall, with eager shirt-sleeved peasants conning long ledger files of thick, black, treacherous-looking numbers? A money-changer's, with bowls of gold pieces netted over, so that they look like canaries in wire cages? No! A guitar-shop. Look at the rows, twenty deep, of raw guitars, unstained, unbrowned, unstrung; no pegs in; music, as yet, dumb within them, but still there, as the future

man is in the child. There is Pajez at the bench, fitting in the ivory lines of the finger-board, but there is no Don Quixote.

I pass on to the drapery shops, where the red sashes float and stream, and the broad Andaluçian plaids are displayed, with their lines of pink and brown, black and yellow. He is not there, nor behind those strings of mules laden with thick table-slabs of cork. Where can he be? I pass shops where fish is frying in large, hissing pans; church-furniture shops—all beads, crosses, and tinsel; old picture shops; dagger shops; cigar shops; stalls of manuscript music; old book shops, where there are wonderful pictures of the triumph of the Spanish fleet at Trafalgar, and the destruction of El Milordo Nelson, or the deeds of Cochrane (the Bugbear, as the frightened peasants of the coast called him). But nowhere the Don—nowhere the brave, old, slightly crazed, generous gentleman, rousing from books to action, at the end of life throwing by his reading torpor, and great to do or suffer.

“Perhaps,” said I to myself, staring hard at the unfading Spanish sun, “I am looking, after all, for what is not; seeking for life in a dead country, seeking for a live hero in a country of dead voluptuaries.” Then for the thousandth time, as I got to my hotel, and sat down on the edge of my iron bed to pull off my weary boots, I crooned out that delightful beginning of a never-tiring book,

“En un lugar de la Mancha, de cuyo nombre,” etc.
“adarga antigua, rocin flaco, y galgo corredor.”

“In a part of La Mancha, whose name it is unnecessary to record, by no means long ago lived an hidalgo, whose riches were a lance over his chimney-piece, an old target, a lean jade of a horse, and a greyhound that he kept for coursing.”

A knock at the door.

“Is it any thing you’re after wanting, sur-r?” said the Irish waiter.

“Call me at six.”

To look for the Don?

I think not.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A RIDE THROUGH THE RAISIN COUNTRY.



It was starlight when I and El Moro the guide rode out of Malaga toward Granada, the Moorish city of pomegranates. It was three o'clock of an August morning, and the soft, deep blue darkness of the Andaluçian firmament was punctuated with golden and diamond stars, that seemed to wink at me as, half sleepily, I tugged to my carpet bag, eventually, after a severe struggle, got the better of it, and locked it with a chirping click of triumph. I descended the silent stone stairs of the Fonda Europa, thinking of Gil Blas's scampish but amusing night adventures, fell over two pails and one pair of boots, and especially a tin dust-pan that

maliciously, as if it had been waiting to do me an ill turn, tipped up and hit me on the shin, as, singing a song of the Cid, I groped my way down the marble-paved hall, and debouched at the left-hand side door of the now silent diligence-office, where the shuffle and pawing of hoofs indicated the presence of horses.

But I must go back, or I shall never get on with the story of my wonderful ride through that enchanted Moorish country. My ride came to me thus. I and Major Hodgins, of the Mounted Bombardiers, at present stationed at the Rock (as

subs, with half-fretful love, call Gibraltar), had come to Malaga from Bailen, the scene of the only real victory over the French the Spanish ever gained in the late Peninsular War. Tired of the City of Raisins, "for certain raysuns of our own," as that horrid punster Hodgins would ridiculously keep saying, we determined, *coûte qui coûte* (which Hodgins interprets, "if checks upon Coutts' are worth any thing"), to push on at once, hot and fast for Granada, the city of the Moorish palace. Before we had well got down our muscatel grapes and white bread, we hurried to the diligence-office, invited by a red-lettered board inscribed with the names of a dozen or two cities. Severe old Don, on the verge of fogyism, looked at us over his stern steel spectacles, and referred to endless books, muttering as he looked. It was no use; people were hurrying back from bathing and the bull-fight, from Malaga on the coast to inland Granada—there were no seats for fifteen days. Imagine no conveyance, or, rather, no places vacant, from London to Derby, for fifteen days! My blood rose to two hundred and fifty in the shade.

"Thousand murders!" says Hodgins, "what a dirty, black-guard country this is, with no seat on the cars for fifteen days!"

The Don grew offended at our impatience, closed his books, nibbed his pen, and, refusing to answer any farther applications, began piling up a Nelson column of figures, and then running up red lines with his pen as if he was climbing a ladder. In vain we slung to the mahogany rails of his desk, and through the bars put imaginary cases of possible misfortunes attendant on fifteen days' delay in that fire-damp city. Don Fulano was deaf and dumb. In vain we talked about the Swiss system of Supplements, which were put on the road as postscripts for residue travelers, who could not be accommodated by the first diligence. In vain we enlisted allies in the shape of a voluble negro boots in a yellow jacket, who, with a shoe in one hand and a brush in the other, addressed entreaties to Don Fulano worthy of Cicero in his best days. In vain he was joined by a friendly one-eyed touter, in a rusty black-craped hat, who threw himself into pathetic attitudes worthy of the old judicial Roman mimics who did the gestures while Cato did the speaking. All they did was to drive the Don almost to personal violence. The black Cicero fled before his uplifted

inkstand, the Cyclops touter before his brandished stick. After some quieter diplomacy, however, and the shovel-boarding of a stray half-dollar, Don Fulano grew more civil. Don Denaro had done what neither Cicero nor Demosthenes could, and softened the irritated pride of a small Spanish official. Hodgins was for going back at once to Gib. Gib was, after all, a jolly, though a "drunky" place; Gib was not so bad, after all, if you liked "unlimited loo and perpetual bitter." The billiard-tables were good, but the cricket-ground and race-course could only be accurately defined as "bobbish:" they certainly did not go beyond "bobbish."

Joy, joy in Avelon! Don Fulano erases the name of an old woman, who can safely be defied, and whose fifteen days are of no importance, and inserts ——? name. "Whose name, señor?" Hodgins and I looked at each other. We agree to toss up. Don Fulano puts his pen behind his ear, and huddles up to the rails to see the "sortes," the old divination by lot. Up goes the dollar in a silvery somersault.

"Heads or tails? Man or woman?"

"Woman," I cry.

It comes the Queen of Spain, and I win.

Hodgins, before convivial and noisy, looks blank—talks of Gib, and going back. "Cursed country! D—d mosquitoes! Perpetual stink of garlic. Filthy bed—can't sleep. Nothing to eat. Go back—old Gib."

My name is inserted, and spelt so that my own godfather wouldn't know it.

I drew Hodgins apart into the little den of my friend, the negro boots. I propose to him to follow the consul's plan, that he mentioned when we last met, and that he should hire two horses and a guide, and ride over the spur of the Sierra Nevada by way of Velez—Malaga, and Alhama (Byron's Alhama), to Granada—fairy-land country—sugar-canes, oleanders, Arabian nights, etc.

"And perhaps get murdered?" said Hodgins, taking his cigar-case. "I don't seem to see it. Riding, when off duty, is a baw; too much of it makes one saw, 'pon my soul it does."

"My dear fellow," said I, with a quiet diplomatic smile, "I only said this to try you. I will be knight-errant, and ride over the mountains, as you will not let me override your ob-

jections. I start to-morrow morning at three; you at twelve to-night. You will be fourteen hours going, I two days; but *n'importe*:

“Come what, come may,
Time and the tide wear out the roughest day.”

“Delightful plan,” said Hodgins, gaining heart. “Bravo, old boy! I admire your pluck; I honor your ‘bottom.’ I have a great mind to go with you. Good-by. I’ll go and order a cold fowl and a melon to take with me for the night, for I sha’n’t sleep a wink.”

Hodgins was a lady’s man and a polite man, but self-denial was not a thing he had learned in Gib. If I had been murdered in the mountains he would have said, “Bless my soul! Poor devil! I thought he was doing a foolish thing. I am sorry I can not stop for his funeral; I must be back, you know, at Gib; I am due on guard.”

My preparations were soon made. I filled my flask with ambery Amontillado, and ordered some biscuits. El Moro was to knock at my door at half past two. Till then—it was now six—what to do? I read Ford and Don Quixote for half an hour; then got out on the balcony, and listened to the military band performing a dirge in the Alameda for some Don Donothing; watched the ladies with the fluttering fans, the priests and soldiers. Then, as it got darker, I sat on my chair and marked the houses opposite—so open and transparent—each window a little domestic picture. That shop at the bottom, with the luminous red curtain before the door, is the barber’s: a little toy brass basin dangles over the threshold. The barber is a Madrid man, for I can hear him lisp his *th*’s as the Northern Spaniards do, calling it Castilian, much to the contempt of Andalucians. That sort of stable door next it, with an iron grating over the top, there being no visible window at all, is the entrance to a billiard-room; for, now the lamps are lit up and down the street of the King’s Fountain, I can see the luminous golden green cloth and the ivory balls running about, knocking their heads together. There is a great hum of voices in the street, but no fierce defiant whistling or rebellious street cries, impudent and insulting. That place opposite, with the wide-open doorway, is the diligence office; the boards at the door-posts are painted with red letters on a white ground,

and remind me of the diamonds in a pack of cards. Those quiet, chatty burgesses seated on chairs at the door are people waiting to go by the Madrid diligence at eight o'clock. Part of them are El Tato's quadrille (gang) of bull-fighters going back to Madrid; they would be pleasant company, and full of stories of gladiator daring, such as short-sighted Nero would have rejoiced to see through the emerald spy-glass we are told he used. I ring the bell, order up some preserved peaches in sirup, pour out a deep draught of wine and water, and amuse myself by listening to the new sounds and seeing the new sights. Hodgins lodges opposite. I know his room, because he rushed in only this morning, and, dragging me to the balcony, said, pointing to a certain *vis-à-vis* window,

"Do you see that room, where there's a hat on the table?"

"Yes."

"Well, that is moine. When you want me, call across; if I don't answer, make a speaking-trumpet of your hands, and, bedad, call again."

I look now—there is Hodgins kneeling on a fat portmanteau, and in an agony as of mortal conflict. How red his face is! I shout, "Hallo, Hodgins!" He answers,

"Coming in a brace of shakes."

Till he comes I amuse myself with watching a student at the opposite window, who, in his shirt sleeves (for the evening is intensely warm and full of slow fire), is writing hard and fast. Is it a treatise on Calderon, or an attack on the ministry, a life of Narvaez, a sketch of Zumellacaragui, or the French war, or what? Will the prize he sweats for be brain fever or glory—a full purse or a debtor's prison? Why should these students get rich when the mere pleasure of writing, with all the bubble hopes glittering and floating around one's aching head, is a pleasure so pure, untiring, and near to rapture?

No Hodgins: he is discussing a little with Mr. Fortywinks, the fussy, voluble man, who professes to be traveling to write a book on Spain, and tells every one he was in that hotel at Madrid that fell last Tuesday—"an adventure, he presumes;" when we tell him the age of adventures is passed. So I determine to save up my system for the next day's fourteen hours in the saddle, slip under the pink musquito curtains, and try to sleep, though the hour is supernaturally early. First

one side, then the other; the curtains make it so close and hot, and there is such a hum in the street; but I dare not shut the glass windows, for there is no chimney in the room. I determine to sleep. I clench my eyes, and think fixedly of nothing; I try all the old tricks—count till I outrival Cocker, Bidder, Babbage, and De Morgan. I try to wear myself out with staring at a veil of darkness. I fancy smoke rising from my navel in a blue, wavy column. I know that when I get my mind to the focus of a single thought, unbroken and entire, that one thought will be sleep. But all these mental efforts rouse me to quite a creative state of wakefulness. Now, at last, I am getting into a fancy of sinking on my back through miles of dark sea, in search of the flaw in the Atlantic telegraph, when the door burst open, and Hodgins enters.

“Farewell, old boy! I admire your pluck—’pon my soul, you’ll have a delicious ride—let me have Ford, it will be in your way. They’re putting the horses to. Good-by, God bless you! We shall meet again at Philippi.”

He was gone. I heard the old diligence ten minutes after roll, toss, and jumble off on its fourteen hour course.

I fell asleep, and when a sharp, hurrying knock of El Moro woke me, I did as I have before told you.

“Full purse and full stomach never tire,” said El Moro, a dry, thin old young man in a gray jacket.

“A merry heart goes all the day,” said I, capping him from the divine Villiams.

Now I had taken the greatest possible precaution the day before to get the best horse in the landlord’s stable, knowing that a long and even dangerous ride lay before me. I had gone into the dark shrine of Jupiter Ammonia all but arm and arm with the negro boots in the yellow jacket before named, and had had my pick of the line of sullen-eyed lank steeds, that eyed me and pulled at their chains as I passed behind their rows of heels. I rejected the special horses pointed me out by the Boots, and fixed on an able-bodied, good-natured, robust black cob, sound of wind and limb, and able, I was sure, from his sinewy flank, to bear much fatigue. I chose him in a solemn way; and when El Moro, the guide, was brought to me for inspection and approval likewise, I mentioned that black cob, and announced my choice.

He quite agreed to it; yet now, when I get out of the shadow of the houses into the clear starlight, that seems all in a glowworm flutter and twitter at the first chill of dawn, will you believe it, I find myself hoaxed, cheated, and duped into a vile, flea-bitten gray, with a hiccoughing stumble, that seizes him at regular intervals of four minutes. I am, however, afraid of disturbing the temper of El Moro, as I am at his mercy for nearly two days, so I pocket the insult, and go hiccoughing on. If I hint at hiccough's infirmity, stolid El Moro asserts he is "muy fuerte" (very strong), a horse of fortitude that never tires, and quotes the proverb, "He who goes on, gets there," and, tying his saddle-bags pinchingly tighter, remarks that "fast bind is fast find," or, as he rhymes it, "Quien bien ata, bien desata." There is something Quixotic in him as he clinks over the trottoir, erect and lean, in his gray jacket, his neat shoes with rusty spurs in them, a good apple-twig for a switch, and my red and green umbrella fastened at his pommel above his own cloth jacket, which he keeps for the cold mountains, when we shall get near the all but perpetual snow patches of the Sierra. There is a determined gravity and caution, as of a Hadji or Bedouin guide, in his air. His black turban cap is tied on by a string fastening under his beardless chin. If I stop a moment behind he turns to look after me. He is as faithful, dull a Sancho as English traveler ever had.

It is very quiet in the streets; the lamps burn dim as yellow flowers with glowworms inside them; the trot, and clatter, and dust of our horses' hoofs sound quite startling in the hush of the night. The drowsy sentinels in the brown coats try to look vigilant and suspicious when they see us. We clink along the dusty Alameda with the faded acacias and deserted seats; pass hundreds of grated windows and closed shops; chink and scuffle alternately past merchants' houses and over public walks, and come out at last by the broad quay, where the beplumed waves, a little white and angry about the lips, seem complaining, and asking where the men are gone who all day sift maize into heaps, crush raisins into tubs, and toll melons in and out of ships—where the little terra-cotta images of boys that all day dive and splash off these brown rock slabs—where the striped-awned boats and the barefooted fishermen?

We amble; our pace is not fast, because the horses have got fourteen hours of it before them. Under the castle whose low lines of wall, much as when Blake threatened it, look down from the dusty hill that commands the town, with a black spot, like a full stop or a coffin-nail, here and there standing for a gun. The white column of the light-house by the quarantine harbor, where the deadly yellow flag flies, is to the right, reminding me, though I can hardly believe it, that it is the same place that I spent an hour at this morning, down at the jetty-head, watching the blue waves race up to kiss and tease the land, when the distant hills looked like brown velvet and solid amethyst as they were either far or near. Then there was that great American steamer there, with one great red port-hole open, as if it had received a red stab which would not heal—now all mystery and dimness, that clears, however, every moment. One mule, laden with grass-net panniers of charcoal, is all that passes us till we get past the first poor suburb cottages and get out into the broad sea-shore road, which is a foot deep in thick lava-dust.

There rises a great whirl of dust in the distance, answering to that which clouds from our eight hoofs, and suddenly a string of donkeys bear down upon us by twos and threes, and in clumps of eight and ten. Now our trouble begins, for they raise a dust so thick that the distant ones become quite invisible, and it is difficult to avoid them but for the monotonous clip-clap, ding-dong bell that the leader donkey wears consequentially round his neck. These are donkeys from the vineyards round Velez-Malaga, bringing the Christmas raisins of England for shipment at Malaga, where the holds of dozens of ships gape and cry for them, that the vessels may depart and be early at the Mincing Lane market. Every donkey carries twelve small square deal boxes, six on each side of his panniers, which rest on a padded pack-saddle. Every donkey has a head-stall, or fillet or shaving-brush of red, with plaited ornaments or cruppers of red and rhubarb yellow, that give them an Oriental and novel look. Let the donkey be of a silvery-gray or brown, and scrubby as an old hair portmanteau that has been rubbed into sore patches, still there was always the pink shaving-brush on the forehead, the smart neck-trapping, or the black and yellow crupper.

As for the drivers—for there were generally two and a boy to each half dozen donkeys—they were not all Andaluçians, with linen jackets and black round caps, but many of them Valencians and Asturians, wearing the loose white linen drawers and plaids of their province—wild, elf-haired, hard, brown men, generally, doubled up and riding on side-saddles, their bandaged and sandaled feet jogging recklessly to the caterpillar propulsive jog of the favored donkey—generally the one with the clinking bell. You always saw their approach indicated by the red sparks of their cigarettes breaking through the white dust-clouds that wrapped them. As to the raisin-boxes, which were all stamped and branded, they were banded together with grass ropes. The boys ran by the sides of the donkeys, shouting out their names—Pepe, or Juan, or Maraquita—for endearment, and occasionally thwacking a truant beast that staid to nibble gluttonously at a road-side patch of Indian corn or some thorny-looking bush that stuck itself spitefully out of the black wayside sand. It was a sorry meal; but then the epicure, you must remember, was only an ass. Poor creature! he had never read a cookery-book. That was denied him. Every now and then, as the endless troop after troop, with more or less speed, scuffled and jostled past, I heard a lusty ballad about a certain Don Antonio or El Campeador break out and quicken into a chorus, nasal but stirring.

“These were the raisins that will smoke at many a Christmas table at home. I shall see them at Mrs. R.’s and Mr. T.’s, and shall little think that those were the old friends I saw doling along in the deal boxes on the sea-shore of Malaga. I now am burning hot, then I shall be pinched with cold; and, amid a crowd of eager, happy, boyish faces, shall forget all about Hiccough, my Rosinante, and grave El Moro.”

Now and then, at a bend of the sea-side road, which sloped down to the sea, where a stranded Dutch ship still held up one drowning arm out of the water, we would come to a patient donkey standing by an alarmed boy kneeling over a white pile of square, brick-shaped boxes, which had fallen to the ground, owing to some unlucky flaw in the cord that is usually twisted and knotted a thousand times round, over, and under the precious cases that contain the future Christmas plum-puddings of England. Woe to little Perez, if his strong-armed fa-

ther guess the nature of his loitering, if one lid be split, or one box leak out its withered grapes. Now a laggard at a wine-stall canters past us to join the caravan of his companions. Now a dozen boys who have leagued together for mischief or talk, or perhaps a bath in some quiet pool, under a sun-scorched rock, huddle past in a rough trot, trying to make up for lost time. All day, from dark and dawn to sunset and dusk, these strings and trains of pack-asses, with their smoking, tramping, side-saddle drivers, pass us by twos, threes, and dozens at a time, for the vintage has begun on the low, red earth hills, and the raisins are drying fast on the hot terraces of rock round Velez-Malaga, at the foot of the Sierra, where the Moors held out so long against the Christians.

By road you must not imagine a sharp, defined, level, billiard-board Macadam road, such as runs from Kennington to Clapham, or from Leicester Square to Kensington, with tomb-stone records of departed miles, and banked terraced side-walks. Oh no. This is quite another thing. Even just under the castle of Malaga, that Blake threatened to bombard if the priest who had raised the mob against his sailors was not surrendered, it was but a lane, ankle-deep in black dust, rutted and stony; and now, it is quite a joke as we leave the broad, flickering blue sea, with the wreck and the dancing bare-legged fishermen who, knee deep in tumbling surf, are dragging in a net, or, gathered under a boat held up with oars, are boiling something in a fiery pot. It is a mere sand-track bordered by desert, where nothing grows but sea-holly and a few abnormal weeds. The road looks like deserted building land, for it is uneven, and baked in mounds, running in places to mere sea-beach, loose, gray, and shifting, with here a white cuttle-fish carcass, there a dry star-fish. There are beautiful glimpses, however, of sea, under rock and round points, and I am sorry when we turn abruptly to the left and leave a shore which is wild enough for mermaid dances or siren's carolings. It reminded me of the wild coast Don Juan, in Molière's play, is thrown upon.

Now we begin to pass long avenues hedged by huge cacti twelve feet high or more—their great, semi-tubular, thorny plumes flaunting far above my horse's head—their strange guttered leaves jagged like sharks' jaws, and sometimes the dry

stalk of their dead flower stretching up from them as thick as a sapling ground-ash, and at the base of the circumference of a strong man's arm. Miles of these, till I know their metallic, worn spiked fronds, and snapped, jagged tumble of growth by heart, Oriental and unreal as they are, and then come intermingling miles of prickly pear, growing like prickly flat-fish, grown and matted together, and at all strange corners and angles studded with fruit as large as eggs, ripe and unripe, the unripe green and fleshy, the ripe of a dull unhealthy red—the food of Spanish kings and Spanish beggars. They are such things as I should use to decorate the country of an ogre king in a pantomime, for they look gigantic, antediluvian, and maliciously eccentric. For fences, they would keep out an army; their stalks harden into knotty stubs, gnarled and tough as forest wood. I amuse myself wantonly as I pace along on Hiccough, piercing the fleshy arms of the aloes with lunges of my riding-switch, with slicing off the fruit or severing them, so that they show their seeds like a laughing man's teeth. Or I slash at the quilled leaves, till I beat them into a green pash, and can draw out the white moist threads which the Spaniards use for so many purposes of ornament, for they are almost as serviceable as the cotton which I saw growing near Seville.

This amusement I obtained chiefly when I and El Moro drew bridle at some small farm, where a rugged gipsy sort of a woman would be driving a donkey that, fastened to a yoke, kept plodding lazily round in a circle turning the noria, the anaoura of the Moors, or large water-wheel, which, covered at intervals with red water-jars, kept dipping them into the well, and discharging their contents into the garden reservoir. Why did we stop when it was getting so burning and fiery hot?—why, to buy a draught of water from a green pipkin, and to give our horses each a precious halfpennyworth of water out of the road-side tank. How we turned up our elbows, and how the horses sucked, and panted, and drained! Even the mill-wheel donkey made the event of our halt a pretext for stopping, and was only aroused by a shout and a clattering ignoble wallop that sent him on, twitching his ears and swinging his rope of a tail deprecatingly. At every hut we pass there are calabashes tied up for the passing traveler who wishes to buy water, and generally a rude stall with a dirty-red decanter of wine

and some greasy tumblers to attract the muleteers. But we want to get to Velez-Malaga before noon, and push on. Sometimes, too, there are opaque-looking grapes, and the shelly, earthy-looking pomegranates, or a melon with a green slashed sample sliced out of its circumference.

Hotter! hotter! What will it come to? Shall we not be shriveled or turned to statuettes? More donkeys trumpeting to each other, and winding down from the distant rock angles, by the red crumbly earth-hill, green plots of vines, where the vintage is beginning, and where the white-walled hacienda, fenced in with orange-trees, stands like a beacon to this winding road, where we only begin to ascend by a viaduct that winter torrents roll under, and under the Carthaginian martello-tower on the cliff, now left for the hawk and lizard to settle their differences in.

“Did Hannibal build that?” I asked El Moro.

“It’s only an old castle,” replies my unantiquarian guide, loading with brown dust tobacco the white paper of his fourth cigarette.

Now the scene of my Spanish panorama rather changes, for I leave the undulating red hills and their procession of stubby vines, and trend away to the left through a low lane shaded (a blessing on that word!) by hedges, or rather groves of immense green rushes, with stalks like wild cane, and willowy leaves always on the stir. They are twice my height, and I slash at them as if I was charging a phalanx of Mussulmans, for Don Quixote is in my mind, and I am at last in the old region of the water-loving Moor.

Now the rich farms of the Sultan Boabdil are before me, and I amble past broad hedgeless fields, where the sweet green melons—globes of liquid honey to the taste—lie weltering about, surrounded by a dry entanglement and cordage of withered branch and tendril. There are fields of sugar-cane, too, green and pleasant to the eye, already high as ripe wheat, though not to be bled and cut till spring; low-lying batateras, or sweet potatoes, with fantastic-shaped jagged leaves; tracts of indigo, and inclosures of white tasseling maize. There is pepper, too, and there are orange tomatoes and orchards of pomegranates; and every where through this Eden rippling canals of running water—the sweetest music to the ear in a

climate all but tropical. Here, too, are hedges of my old friend the prickly pear, rough as lions' tongues or flattened crushed hedgehogs, and every where among the dusty evergreen trees and blossoms I hear the droning hum of the cicada, now like a fairy spinning-wheel, now metallically sharp and gustily restless and monotonous. It singularly affects the excited mind does the chink and singing clatter of these invisible insects hid among the aloes. You are alone; there are no birds singing; it must be to you they call. What do they say? What do they want? They are in the trees, too, and ten feet high among the red-green fruit of that prickly pear, and up behind the green scoops of the aloes, and all singing in whirring unison and at once, with a metallic pulse as if the heat had become vocal. The sound is as of a factory at work, deafening and shrill.

We have left the mules laden with planks and raisin-boxes, the crumbling Carthaginian sea-side towers, water-mills creaking, straining, and splashing, wine-stalls with resting muleteers, cliffs, desert commons, and sloping vineyards. We leave oxen—patient, waddling beasts—dragging, at a snail's pace, high matted carts, and savage-looking fishermen staggering fifteen miles to market with yoked panniers of glittering fish upon their sturdy, sunburnt necks. More dry, dusty beds of winter streams, more herdsmen gnawing melons, more fishermen mending nets under tents, and we reach, amid a pressing fury of growing heat, the place of our noon-day siesta, thanking God for breakfast after our eight hours' ride.

I will not relate how the toadying, smiling, landlord of the posada at Velez-Malaga kept, all the time I ate squares of the red saddle he called pork, fanning me to keep the flies off my august face, or how he divested me of the rich, thick coating of white road-dust except where the water of streams we had splashed in and forded had turned it to wet mud. They had no butter, for the Spaniards get all they use salt, stale, and smelling, from Holland; no cheese, because the Spaniards do not care for cheese; so, at last, weary, vexed, and burnt up with the glare of the last few hours' ride, I threw myself down on the landlord's bed over the stables, and went to sleep till the horses had fed and rested.

I did not stop long at the birthplace of General Blake, the

great enemy of Wellington, and chiefly renowned as having lost more than a hundred battles! I had seen the Atalaya towers, and the spires and Moorish fortress of the old Roman station. I had tasted the famous sugar-cane honey; I had seen the sugar-canes from which sprang all those of South America, and had heard the legend of Sebastian Pelayo, who sacrificed himself to save Ferdinand the Catholic from a Moor's javelin. I had now to mount the barren Tejada mountains, on whose tops nothing but the wild rosemary and a few aromatic shrubs grow. I have to reach to-night Alhama, the Roman and Moorish city of hot springs, the unclean mountain Cheltenham of Spain, only accessible by mule-tracks.

El Moro gives the word below my window to boot and saddle. I, torpid and drowsy, stagger up and mount on the bad eminence of Hiccough, who now seems more than usually stiff and lazy. We trot slowly, in the face of a raging sun you dare not look at, past the trim Alameda, with its avenue of young dry trees, and its benches on which a few loafers are sleeping, and get out into lanes and gardens, opening to the level dusty plains, lined with water-courses that are formed by the gray dust and stony detritus from the Tejada mountains. There is no road now at all, only a padded-out track in the dust, such as leads you across the black lava-dust round Vesuvius.

We ford shallow purling streams, and work round a river in which muleteer boys are bathing with intense gusto. We pass dusty, bloodless olive-trees of great age, that remind me of Palestine, and cross brooks which are fringed by purple oleanders. Now a stony, dusty climb, as round the base of Snowdon, till we make a certain wind-mill, at the mouth of a gorge that has been two hours tantalizingly in sight. More dusty rock and barren mule-track, bedropped here and there with gnawed melon-rinds, and we come suddenly, to my intense delight, upon a green valley of orange-trees, hidden in a scooped-out bowl of the mountains, beautiful as a glimpse of the enchanted gardens that lured Thalaba into sudden rapture in the Desert, and bright as the Happy Valley of "Rasselas." How glossy green and burnished the round serrated leaves are; how close-grained and seamed the light-brown trunks; why, in spring, when the white blossom is out, this valley must

have the perfume of Paradise, and the scent, as of the wings of encamping angels, floated hither on eastward clouds. To guard it, as with drawn swords wreathed with green, stand the dark cypresses, those patient, watchful trees of one fixed idea of stuck-upedness and gloomy hypochondria. Under-takers'-tree, I hate ye! I look for the omega-shaped palm, but it's not there; but there is the fan-leaved tamarisk and the Egyptian lupin in the gardens, and children picking the tunas, with clothes-peg hooks fastened to long spear-handles. As for the orange-trees, their fruit is still in light green glossy globes, and is not yet turned to the redder gold of perfect ripeness. Shall I know ye again in Garcia's window in Cheapside? I trow not.

It is all very well to talk of Paradise, but I know, on the mountains, where you catch your first purple glimpse of the Sierra Nevada, I shall pass rows of murder-crosses, with "Pray for the soul of Sancho Panza," killed here such a date, and so on. So I will push on, while it may be called to-day, up these white burnt mountains to the Byron's Ay de mi Alhama, or, it may be, Ay de mi for the friend of Hodgins, of the Mounted Bombardiers.

Now hotter and hotter, with my red and green umbrella up, when I don't use it to whack Hiccough; and El Moro, whom the heat makes sullen and silent, with his handkerchief streaming down the back of his neck, we enter a mountain village, up green and water-splashed sloping lanes. Every where a hot scented steam of drying raisins rises in the fiery golden air. From every whitewashed house you hear the smith's hammer pound and tinkle as he coopers-up Malaga raisin casks. Under every open shed, thatched with dry reeds, you see busy carpenters planing and shaping those little raisin boxes that adorn the Christmas windows of London grocers. Down the rocks come more mules, laden with boxes. We have scarcely room to pass them, especially when a water-course boils and bubbles on the right-hand side of the rocky pathway. The dark-eyed village girls are beating clothes clean in the rivulet below us. Under the sheds are old women, sorting dry yellow maize husks, to stuff mattresses with, and others are plaiting the grass cordage that is used in tying the boxes on the mules and donkeys.

The heat has become glaring and intolerable as we toil round and round the upward path, sometimes in solid grooves of rock only just wide enough for the horses' hoofs, sometimes over broad, slippery table slabs of rock, over which Hiccough, who drives me to the use of violent interjections in English—perhaps the reason he takes no notice of them—drawls, struggles, and strains with difficulty. I feel like Hagar in the desert, struck through and through with sun-arrows, my eyes dazzled, my limbs red-hot, my lungs on fire. We stop nearly every ten minutes or less at the wayside chofas (huts), where a jar tied to the post indicates water is sold, and before the landlady can shuffle out, seize it, and tip over a good pint. It rolls down my throat nectar, liquid manna, sweeter than the wine which I keep for medicinal fiery sips at certain turns of the road where the scenery demands some vinous backing up. We hand the crone the usual cuatros and ride on, cheerful, talkative, and rejoicing. It is no use; five minutes more of clamorous circus feats over that perpendicular, hot, white rock, and again the roof of my mouth is like a dried potsherd; my saliva is gone; I pant, and pine, and moan for water. So we go on, circling, climbing, and scrambling over loose stones, through hot dust that we seem to breathe. In vain I loosen shirt and waistcoat; the sunlight comes down like raining fire, and drains me of stamina, pluck, vigor, hope, energy, ardor, and almost life.

At last, after miles of these burning mountains, by degrees, as we leave man and man's home, and rise higher and higher, through defiles where the mailed Moors must have poured down often to succor Alhama, or threaten the Velez valleys, the sun seems to get a little soothed and softened. We get up to higher tracts, cloven with water-courses as by earthquake fissures. There are distant mountains, brown and stony; nothing grows but broom, the "star" dry disks of half-withered thistles and sweet-smelling bright evergreen rosemary, some of which I pick for remembrance. The ghosts of the night bear down in purple cloudy phalanx, through breaks of the snow mountains, just as I come to the murder-crosses, where, long ago, old vendettas were wrought out, and good blood shed by bad men.

I get in that state of fire and romance that I should not be startled by meeting the Cid, of a giant size, and lapped in gold

armor, mounted on his black charger with the white star on his forehead, riding down to see if his portmanteau has come from Gib by the P. and O. steamer. I half expect to see old Boabdil wiping his eyes with a Crystal Palace Exhibition handkerchief, and wending to exile as a waiter at the Dromedary Tavern, in the Moors' Street at Algiers. But I do really meet nothing but some more mules, the drivers of which pronounce the usual grave salutation, "Vaya con Dios."

It was late when we got to Alhama, which we approached by a road that traversed dreadful ravines, and which compelled me to dismount from Hiccough, and lead that fitful beast, now more stammering and intermittent in pace than ever. In the darkness, the yawning gulfs at the side of the road looked abysses of Purgatory, and we both gave a hearty and involuntary exclamation of satisfaction when the twinkling lights of Alhama broke upon us from what seemed the bottom of a well, down which we seemed doomed to ever wind and wind, jaded and forlorn, from dusk to midnight. More stony and tumbly the road became, more rutted, and unsafe, and moss-trooperish; but at last we wound round all the screw, and crawled into Alhama, sore not of foot, but wearied to the bone.

I soon secured a room away from the sort of stable courtyard and blacksmith's kitchen, which was crowded with muleteers, ordered a charcoal fire to be irritated and put on its mettle, and, seeing the horses first both put to their niggard but wholesome meal of chopped straw, which is the horse-diet of Spain, stumbled up the brick stairs to my bedroom—a whitewashed inclosure, with no bed, and no furniture but a chair and a rickety table. It was a caravansary room, and that is all.

A grinning Maritornes soon put this to rights, rattled in a trestled bed, shook it into place, put on clean sheets and a motley counterpane, brought a great pitcher of water, which I kept for five minutes at my mouth, and only dropped at last from exhaustion: she fetched clean towels, shaking nearly every thing that she could shake in my face, and calling out, "Muy limpio"—my own words, tolled out so often, and at so many Spanish inns. Then eggs, bacon, a bottle of wine, thick and strong, some fruit, and some fat chocolate, that ran over

the cup in a brown paste—that was my supper. Didn't I sleep afterward, that's all! till daybreak, when we started again for the mountains.

Of my next day's ride I will not say much. Suffice it to say that after more thirsty walkings, more scramblings over barren mountains, more windings round whity-brown cliffs, and more fordings of half-drained streams, we got to El Ultimo Sospiro (the last sigh), or the mountain where Boabdil, the exiled king, is said to have turned back to take his last look at his native city, which he had not defended like a man, yet wept for like a woman.

Granada, Granada lay before us, as we rode down into the green and still fruitful Vega, that spread far and wide below.

CHAPTER XIX.

A DAY IN THE ALHAMBRA.

THE first thing a man generally does when he gets into a new room is to look out at window.

And this is what I, following the traveler's instinct, did when I got into my bedroom at the Fonda Minerva, Acerra del Darro Carrera del Xenil, Granada. I had just come in from a long ride across broad sandy suburbs, and through villages where old knights' arms were carved over every door; and now, having refreshed myself by slices of juicy melon, and the sweet opiate of a cheroot, I ran to the window and got on the balcony, which looked out on the river and the street.

"Whereabouts is the Alhambra, then?" said I to the waiter, who was obsequiously shifting a chair, looking out into the intense sunlight, that made me leave go of the balcony frame as if it had been red-hot.

"Up there, señor," said the waiter, pointing to a hill rising above the line of range which my eyes had been skimming.

I looked, and saw a sharp-edged, square, red tower rising out of trees on the hill before me. My first impression is of a cork model, of a pastille-box, of something almost toy-like; but I remember the old Moorish inscription in the Alhambra bath-room: "What is most to be wondered at is the felicity which

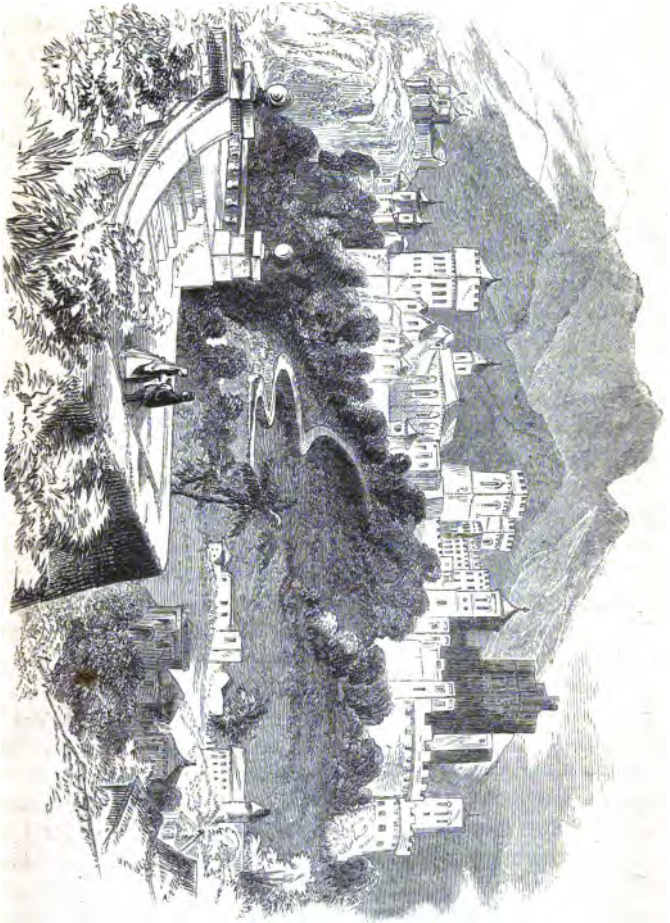
awaits men in this palace of delight." So I cram down all depreciatory doubts, and start off to scale the steep Calle de los Gomeles, that leads to the gate de las Granadas, by which you enter the palace jurisdiction. That small, trim summer-house-looking tower, not bastioned and bulwarked like our own Gothic towers of strength, that deride the thunder and bare their breasts for the lightning to splinter on, raises fears in me, and I hasten to see if the Alhambra is a palace of the Arabian Nights, or only a mere tawdry ruin, bedaubed with faded color, like a bruised moth's wing.

I pass a fountain-square, and, guided by where the citadel must be, begin to wind and climb. I observe that, as Seville is duller and more monastic than Cadiz, so Granada is more lifeless than Seville, which is its hated rival. There are no jaunty majos; the women are not fitting about, but slouch along, instead of stepping like deer; the houses are poorer, the streets narrower; the exquisite grated doors of iron filigree have thickened to jealous and suspicious-looking wood; the court-yards are smaller, and less palpably Roman; the balconies seem less places of gathering and of gossip; there are few marble pillars and bananas; no diligences jingle and jumble at the doors. I ask the way to the Alhambra of a tinker who is soldering a hopeless kettle under a wall in the open air. He says, "It is only a *casa de ratones*" (a rat-hole).

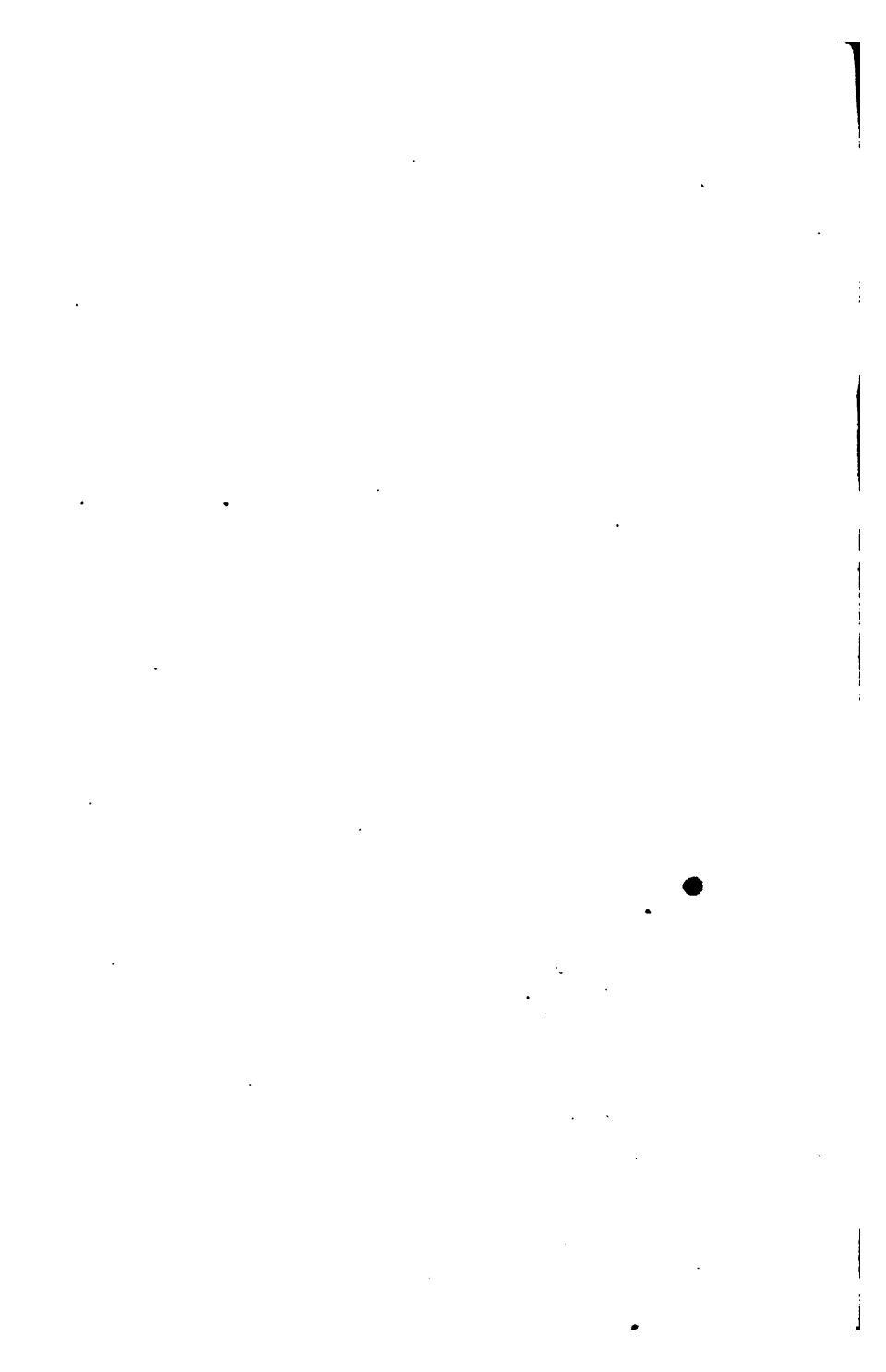
A Spaniard, not yet forgetting the old quarrel, can not understand why you want to see an old Moorish ruin. The smart new casino in the Bull Plaza Street is something, but that old kennel—bah!

What contempt the man who has been a day in a place has for the man who has just arrived! Just as I left the fonda I spied an Englishman arrive, and instantly set out to scale the Tarpeian Rock for fear of being obliged to share in his crude view of the Moorish city of Boabdil. The last traveler I had met had a genius for contradiction, and a passion for discovering in every place a resemblance to Constantinople; so I thought I would be more cautious this time, and be off with my superior wisdom of one day.

I expected to see a few olives or some dusty-leaved vegetables as I passed a lolling group of thirsty soldiers seated at the Horse-shoe-gateway, and entered the Alhambra precincts. I



THE ALEXANDRIA.



rubbed my eyes. Was I already in Fairy-land? Why, it was an English park—a great sloping hill-growth of spindly, wispy elms—real English elms, tall and broomy—run to seed, as it were, from over-heat, perpetual irrigation, and want of thinning. Delicious green roofs they formed against those arrowy sunbeams, but no more in keeping with the old Moorish palace than Bolton Abbey woods would be with the Pyramids. No wonder they form the special pride of favored Granada, that sweats up the hill to get cool under their shade, and listen to the nightingales, who, like the souls of dead Moorish women, sing all the noonday long in this English bramble-chained wood. But why English? Why, simply because this wood was the present of the Iron Duke, who had the estate of Soto de Roma, with its four thousand once pheasant-haunted acres, given him reluctantly by the grateful Ferdinand the Seventh, and who sent out these spindly elms, now spoiled by ill culture, from England. There is a breezy stir among them as I pass. I think they know I am an Englishman, and want to ask me about their kindred; but I don't know the tree language; I am also in a feverish hurry to see the house the Moors built and colored for Time to make a slow meal of.

But still, as I set my breast against the green shaded walk, and toil for the great wooden cross Cardinal Mendoza set up, and the ugly fountain beyond that he did not, I turn to look down delighted through the hundred yards or two of cool shaded walk, at the great yellow glare of the street beyond, seen through the Horse-shoe entrance-gate. It is the Valley of the Shadow of Death and Bunyan's Bright City conjoined into one. I go on and on, turning to the left by a half-ruined tower, at the foot of which is a fonda, where some red-faced men from Gib are frothing up recurrent glasses of beer, and, discussing Irving's Legends of Giant Moors, pass round a garden-walk at the foot of the wall, and reach the grand entrance, the Gate of Judgment, the Gate of the Law, the Baboosharai, as the Moors called it, where, like Job or Samuel, the sultan or *cadi* sat and judged, grave in his green turban. Ever since 1378 that inscription of Yusuf, the founder, has been there over the inner doorway: "May Allah make this gate a protecting bulwark, and write down its erection among the imperishable actions of the just." The sons of Islam wrote over the inner

brick doorway the name which still remains there of the warlike and just Sultan Aboolwalid, Abn Maser, the Commander of the Moslems of Granada; and, as the inscription in the long-barred Cufic letters tells us, the door was closed for the first time in May, the month of the birth of the Prophet, when all the almond-trees in the Alhambra and gardens must have been in a tender pink bloom, when the white scented flower was on the orange, and the blood-red blossoms on the pomegranate. This was one of the four entrances to the old fortress. The others were, the Tower of the Seven Stories, through which Boabdil the Unfortunate went out, and which, as being unlucky, was afterward walled up; the Tower of the Catholic Kings; and the Armory Tower, all built of tenacious concrete, the doorway-jambs of white marble, close-grained and crystalline, and the omega-arches of the by-gone race moulded of sharp red brick. I pass through the winding passages between the two arches, intended to make them stronger for defense in case of a rush of spearmen, who by these angles would be broken into detail and chopped up in detachments, and observe the blind beggars, who chatter perpetually of their infirmity, ready for any who pass by, underneath the tawdry painting of a Virgin, covered with a sort of dairy-grating of wire, such as you put over meat in hot weather. Over that curious horse-shoe arch is a quaint open hand carved, which has a talismanic and Arabian Night effect. Some say it typifies the hand of God, the symbol of power and providence; other mental spiders, who rejoice in spinning out fine silken threads of fancy, suppose it to be a type of the five commandments of Islam—to fast, give alms, to smite the infidel, make pilgrimages to Mecca, and perform purifications. But the keenest of all-steps in, and says it is only the old Roman talisman against the evil eye, such as we see in coral on Neapolitan lockets: the evil eye is specially dreaded by the Spaniards even now, their Cathedral-towers being generally left unfinished, to ward off such malign influences.

Over the inner arch is a sculptured key, which critics, who always agree, decide was a badge of honor and an emblem of the Prophet's power, like St. Peter, to open hell's or heaven's gates. Our keen man, however, again stepping in, pushes by the crossed swords of controversy, and says the key was an

old Cufic emblem, intimating Allah's power to open the hearts of true believers. It was a badge on the Almohades' banners, and is seen in many Moorish castles. There was an old legend before the Conquest that the Christians would never take this red castle till the outer hand gripped the inner key: a story something like the old prophecy of evil to London when the dragon on Bow steeple met with the grasshopper of the Exchange; a meeting which, after the fire at Gresham's building, really took place, but without producing any special earthquake, or even raising the price of turtle-soup.

I pass through the strong gates, now unwarded from the infidel; pass the silent guard-room, where an old woman knits under the supposed miraculous picture of the Virgin, painted by Saint Luke; file up an inclosed lane, a sort of valley between fortress walls; and enter a space, under which are the old Moorish cisterns, which the donkeys that toil up for the water from the low town of Granada have special reasons to curse. I cast a hasty look at the burnt, brown, giant stones that were heaped up by Charles the Fifth, to form his never-finished palace that the earthquake (felt again only the other day in Seville) frightened him out of; and I run up the *torre de vela*, to see the magical bell that peasant-girls use still for their love incantations, and read, hastily turning to get at the fairy palace within, the inscription relating, with all the exultant freshness of recent conquest, how Cardinal Mendoza, the night of the surrender, waved upon this tower, in sight of the subject Vega and purple Parapanda, the flag of Leon and Castile, crying, *con altas voces* (with a loud voice), "Granada, Granada is taken!" I see the distant Sierra of Alhama, the gorge of Loja, the spot where Columbus turned back recalled by the messenger of tardily repenting Isabella, the old Roman Illiberis, the rocky defile of Moclin, the chains of Jaen, the mountains where the mules brought the snow for the sultan's sherbet from, and the gate where the brave Moorish Decius, seeing the city was lost, sallied, as Irving tells us, to die in the camp of the Spaniard.

I pass through the obscure door that leads to the Court of the Fish-pond, repeating the verse of the Arab poet: "This is a palace of transparent crystal; those who look at it imagine it to be the ocean. My pillars were brought from Eden, my

garden is the garden of Paradise; of hewn jewels are my walls, and my ceilings are dyed with the hues of the wings of angels. I was paved with petrified flowers, and those who see me laugh and sing. The columns are blocks of pearl by night; by day perpetual sunshine turns the fountain to trickling gold."

I left behind me a burning town; I passed through English plantations to a convicts' prison, a deserted palace, an unguarded fortress. Now I pass through a rude door, and up some steps, and am in the palace of Haroun; Granada changes to Damascus. The Moorish arches, with their slender palm-tree shafts, rise around me; the walls are no longer stone ramparts, but pierced trellises, that turn sunshine and moonshine into patterns, and seem like so much Venetian filigree. Surely they are needle-work turned to stone, or some great sultan has built them with panels cut from caskets of Indian ivory, though the piecing be not seen. The myrtles grow green and glossy round the great marble tank chest, one hundred and fifty feet long, which flows with mellow water, in which burnished metal fish, some apparently red-hot, others of pliant silver, steer, flirt, skim, and splash. Never stop to think that the dry, whitish-brown, tubular-tiled, sloping roofs ought to be flat, and are not now Moorish. Do not stop to imagine the pierced marble balustrade that once walled in this bathing-place of the dark-skinned people, nor picture glowing Bathshebas—Rubens' group of floating and laughing sultanas, with female black slaves watching their innocent Diana gambols from corner stations under the shady portico. Air and water are the perpetual treasures of this place, and I tasted them both gratefully as I strode under the pointed arches, away from the burning lashes of the sun that drove me under cover. Now, beyond where the fountain bubbles like a singing slave, whose language I can only decipher as perpetual lamentation for the exiled Moor, I pass through the oblong Hall of Blessing, which is still radiant with colors as the edge of fading evening cloud, and where the cornices of inscriptions sing to the praise of some long dead sultan, who conquered twenty fortresses, whose excellence ran clear through his great deeds, like "the transparent silk thread that joins a necklace of pearls." I learn from the rivers of poems that fret the wall that this unknown

dead warrior made the very stars quiver in heaven, yet guarded the tender branch of the young fig-tree from harm. I learn that the stars shook when he stamped, yet that the boughs of the willow bent before him in adoration.

Now I enter—intoxicated with the fragile yet imperishable beauty of the palace—the Hall of the Ambassador, the golden saloon, with a dome which bursts like a flower-bell sixty feet high up in the Tower of Comares. An ingenious friend of mine, clever at theorizing, which is a sort of mental tight-rope dancing, thinks the Moorish dome was suggested by the scooped-out half of a melon: a theory which I cap by deriving the scalloped edge of the enrailed arches from the jagged edge of the aloe's leaf. In sober truth, I do not think much of any fanciful architectural theories, believing that sober, drudging necessity suggested architectural shapes, and that ornament was quite a superadded subsequent luxury. We first get our shirt, and then we put on the ruffles. We first roof ourselves in, and then go on refining about the shape of the windows.

The most beautiful thing about these Moorish domes is, not their grand poise and balance, or the spontaneity of their spring, but the airiness of them. They seem mere resting clouds swelling round you and canopying you with color; you have no sense of their weight or means of permanency. The stalactite ornament, too, as it is called, seems fashioned in emulous rivalry of prisoned, golden-celled honey-comb in which honey still rests—honey dyed by the juices of the flowers from which it has been drawn.

I go into the Sala of the Two Sisters, so called from two gigantic sister slabs of Macel marble which pave the centre of the floor. I crick my neck with looking up, and let my eye soar upward and flutter like a bird in and out those flower-cup cells, which seem the first creative types of some fresh world of fairy blossoming. A severe scientific American from "Bawstun," next me, will insist on telling me that the thing is very simple: it is a beauty put together by mere receipt. Those colored cells, so shapeless yet so harmonious, are mere prisms, united by their contiguous lateral surfaces, consisting of seven different forms, proceeding from three primary figures on plane, the right-angled triangle, the rectangle, and the isosceles tri-

angle. These component parts are capable of millions of combinations, just like the three primitive colors, or the seven notes of the musical scale. A very simple receipt, yet no one can cook any thing like it. And grand, too, to think of the old artist, sitting down with his palette of changes on his thumb, with three primary triangles, and three primary colors, producing in this one conical, helmeted roof alone, with his mere reeds and plaster, an almost eternal sheltering of beauty, and some five thousand prismatic changes. "The carpentry of these roofs is tarnation 'cutely done," says my friend Spry, the great American traveler, "and was derived by the Moors from the Phœnicians and Egyptians." (This is the vermilion roof mentioned by Jeremiah.) "But you should see the State House at Bawstun!"

The Moors had a keen sensual sense of the necessities of climate. They were always thinking of the Arab tent. They wanted air and lightness. These marble pillars are Mohammed's tent-spears grown to stone; this net-work lace veil that filigrees every wall with cobwebs of harmonious color, the old tent tapestries, the Cordovan stamped leather hangings—the Indian shawls that canopied the wandering and victorious horseman's tent. They did not want the Titan-dome of the Pantheon, or the great metal bell that hollos over Saint Peter's; they wanted mere pendent flowers woven together into roof and gossamer-pierced panels, that hardly arrest the air. Every thing must float and sway; they would not bar out the chirp of the dripping silver water in the garden-court without.

The pillars they thinned and shaved till they were no longer round blocks of rock—supports originally of dark, cool Nubian cave-temples—but mere banded flower-stalks, or young palm-trees, slender as spear-shafts. The spandrels are not corbelled beams, faced with figure-head monsters, but perforated props, as to some princess's cabinet. They have no Samson pillars that bear up the Atlas-road, and that, if falling, would bring down roof-tree and bower in one common destruction; but then there is nothing to support, only ivory-patterned walls, and a honey-combed dome that floats in the hot air. As for the ornamentation, away with your Arabic Euclids and triangles. It was thus devised:

The great architect, Ibn Aser, had roofed out the burning

blue sky and the lightning heat with a plain bell-dome, after the manner of the Romans; but his soul was not satisfied, and he sat cross-legged on his prayer-carpet, between the palm-pillars, looking up, and praying to Allah for more light of divine wisdom. At that moment came dancing in, with shell-shaped castanets, calabash guitars, Moorish cymbals, and the nose-flutes of Barbary, a band of Christian and negro slaves, waiting for their fair mistress, Nourmahal, the light of the world. Wanton in their joy, they flung about their arms, which, mingling together black and white, looked like night just when it is changing into day, and they began to pelt each other with handfuls of snow, which lay there in huge matted baskets, brought that morning on mules from the bosom-clefts of the Sierra Nevada; and the snow on the black faces fell as swan's down, but on the fairer faces it was as ice-dew on the early roses; then, tired of this amusement, they began to toss hundreds of snow-balls aloft up at the domed roof, seeing which could make most snow adhere to the hollow globe; and when one obtained the victory, she laughed with a laugh that was as a peal of silver bells. Then came the loud clapping of a black eunuch's hands, the signal that Nourmahal needed their services with perfumes and sirups in the bath-room, and they all fled like a herd of fawns when a wolf breaks from the oleander bushes. Then the architect, looking up smilingly at the clotted snow, hanging in bosses and tufts, cells and pendants, fell on his knees, and thanked Allah for so graciously answering his prayer. This roof (you will find the story in the "Arabian Nights," or somewhere else) was fashioned from the melting roof of a snow-drift—it suggests delicious coolness—and the soft fretted hollows of half-thawed snow, flung up to the roof by playful hands, and modeled ere it fell.

But what shall we say about the color as it exists? Is it emeraldine, like humming-birds' wings, or plaited flowers? No; we must tell the sober truth, though we die for it. To call a rose a tulip is no pleasure to our mind. The color is dim and faded, buried under white flaky icicles of accursed white-wash, or blurred and besmirched as a dead butterfly's plumes. Here and there are revived bright scraps of azure, gold, and vermilion, but generally it is dull of outline, and dim as a washed-out sign-post. It is not a bit like the hard, opaque, staring

red and blue peppermint color you see in Mr. Owen Jones's at the Crystal Palace, and never was, I am thinking. Blue predominates; red and yellow knuckle under, in geometric traceries of starred and crystalline harmonies. The walls are like pages of illuminated missals, framed by cornices of poem and prayer; where the Spaniards coarsely imitate the Moorish work, the debased greens and purples obtrude, and show how inferior in decorative art civilization is to instinct. The dados, or low wainscotings, are of square glazed tiles, which form a sort of glittering breast-high coat of mail to the lower third of the palace walls. Here the colors are the same as those of the old *Majolica china*—the Raphael ware, which originated in the East, and may be seen now in any London curiosity-shop window. The dyes are the same—orange-purple, dull sap-green, and a reddish brown. Sometimes these *Azulejo* tiles, with their low-toned enamel colors, are formed into pillars, or pave the floors in squares of fleurs de lis, or heraldic emblems, the willow-pattern blue predominating. The low, deep, shadow tone of these tile wainscots seem to me to quite disprove Mr. Owen Jones's staring vermilions and opaque blues. In a country where the sun is solid fire, the Arabs wanted shade; and in these dados color is seen in the shade, such as you find in their Turkey carpets, deep, soft, and subdued. They did not want the raw red and blue stripes you see on child's peppermint—not they. Mr. Jones will have it, too, that all the hundred and twenty-eight pillars of white marble, eleven feet high, that in sisterly groups, as of hewn ice, support the pavilions and porticoes of the Court of Lions, were originally of a flaming gilt. Only imagine the Moors cowering under windowless roofs and domes, which were perpetual caves of scented shadow, looking out on a fountained garden, barred in with burning pillar rods of burnished brass. Why, it would have scorched their eyes out. There is, in fact, no trace of gold on the pillars—no shining streak or dull spot, or single dot of glitter. And, to prove our case still more, the ornaments of their strange, basket-work, blocked-out capitals are of white ornaments on a blue ground: the blue, the blue of the *salvia* flower; the white leafy tracery, the white surface of the original marble. Sometimes it is red with blue leaves, or blue on white, with gilt bands and perpetual pious ejaculations of "Blessing! There is no conqueror but

God!" Mr. Jones may angrily say that white, too, is blinding; but, then, marble exposed to this air soon grows of a soft mellow cream color. These phylactery sentences every where on the walls are traces of a custom that the Chinese still retain. When one or two lines perpetually stare at you from a wall, the effect would become wearisome, or else the sentences would soon altogether cease to catch the eye or rouse the mind. Just as old Montaigne, talking of habit, says, in his quaint Gascon way, that after a day or two he ceases to smell his perfumed pounced leather doublet, therefore what use was it? A dreadful argument upon the wearisomeness of repetitions. But these geometric Cufic letters crying aloud from the walls of God's greatness, goodness, and power, of the builder's magnificence, of the sultan's splendor, are so countless, harmonious, and interweaving, producing such a shot-silk cross-light of poetry and praise, and sink, when the mind is torpid or indifferent to them, so naturally and gracefully into mere surface ornament, that they are never out of place, but always an unsatiating charm of pleasure. The long broken-shaped African letters wed with the Arabic scrolled writing, which is a later and more current hand: the one, like the Roman, originated in stone inscriptions before men wrote much any where but on great men's tombs; the other, in parchment scrolls of physicians and Aristotle commentators; and they both, though dumb to us, have a strange enchanted look to the Ferringhee stranger.

There has been a great deal of dull disputation about the Alhambra, now ended, though it never should have begun. For instance, on each side of the anteroom of the Hall of the Embassadors are two high cupboard-looking recesses or niches, like the piscinas of our country churches. Blundering wise men would have it that this was where the attendants put their slippers before entering to an audience, till an Arabic scholar coolly pointed to an angular inscription round the aperture, which said, "If any one approach me, complaining of thirst, he will receive cool and limpid water, sweet and without mixture." Why, any Spaniard ought to have known that here was where the Alcaraza, or porous earthen bottle, common to all, was placed, just as it is now in Andaluçian gentlemen's halls, or on the bench at inns. In Spain, water is a ne-

cessity of life. In England, we wash with it, and do not drink it; in Spain, they drink it, but do not wash with it.

It is just facing these apertures that Boabdil's throne was placed. Those living inscriptions still speak of it, like old babbling servants in some deserted country house, now used as a show-place. Hear them how they cry perpetually, "This dome is our father, and we, the recesses, his daughters. We are members of the same body, but the throne is the heart from whence our soul derives energy and life. Yusuf, my master, has decorated me (the throne) with robes of glory, and I am as the sun; these recesses being as signs of the zodiac, in the heaven of this dome." Once give a wall a voice, and you have the Arabian Nights, Æsop, and La Fontaine by the next stages.

Now we go down beneath this throne-hall to a net-work of dungeon-like passages, by which sultans often escaped in treasonable revolts, when the angry cimeters were glittering in the fountain-courts, or when the Abencerrages were tossing their threatening spears in the buzzing city below.

We go into a prison-sort of Germanized room, with whispering holes at each end, which Philip the Second, the sullen bigot, built to amuse the wretched child (Don Carlos) he afterward murdered, much to the subsequent profit of Lord John Russell, and an army of other bad poets, who can reform a nation, but not their own verses. We go into a vaulted wine-cellar sort of room, where some rude statuary, too bad to be pitied, has been immured by the prudish monks, who have always a keen eye for indecency, and find it out as soon as any one. We enter the 'state prison where so many heart-groans have been heaved, and look out of the window from whence Ayesha let down Boabdil, who afterward proved not worth saving.

It puzzles me always in a ruin to realize the actual life of the old inmates. Where did they keep their cold meat? sounds tolling in my ears. Where did they put their coals? did they bruise their own oats? or did they double up their perambulators? are not questions more often and pertinaciously suggested to me. There seem no nooks or corners, no lumber-rooms, no billiard-rooms, no pantries, no wine-cellars. True, there are their bath-rooms and alcoves, their little bins or win-

dowless sleeping-rooms, as in Pompeian houses; their doorless porticoes and recesses, which gold tissue tapestries, and Mamelukes with drawn sabres, may have made private; but where are their kitchens? where are their store-rooms and their shoe-rooms? An echo answers, "Don't you wish you may get it?" It is true that opposite the Hall of the Abencerrages, where they show you a damp-red stain, which is devoutly believed to be their blood, there is the Hall of the Two Sisters, where the Moorish kings resided. Out of this there are square cells, for sleeping on cushions, just as if sleep was not a regular meal, but only a sort of snapping lunch, to be taken in hasty snatches in lulls of business, as Napoleon took it. And if you pass under the engrailed arches—like so many lace collars copied large in gilded stucco—you see curiously bolted Oriental doors, and, looking up, a high-latticed corridor, where the ladies of the harem could look down at audiences or public dinners, seeing, but unseen. When you go up, you fancy a sort of rose perfume, as from Damascus silk, still lingers about the place, but you look round, and see it is only Ben-saken, the famous guide, lighting his cigarette. Again, if you turn to the right from the Hall of Embassadors, and pass down a heavy Charles the Fifth gallery, you come to what Ford calls "a Bathsebah mirador," which is what the grumbling Spaniards, who hate Moorish antiquities, call "the Queen's dressing room." Chilly Flemish Charles blocked up the Moorish colonnade, which was draughty in winter, and daubed this boudoir wall with sprawling Italian frescoes of the Battle of Lepanto, which his brave bastard won. Thousands of Smiths and Joneses have scratched their names since on these green frescoes, and will obtain, doubtless, the degrading immortality they courted. Certainly there is in the corner a marble slab drilled with holes like a sink, through which, foolish guides say, perfumes were smoked up while the radiant sultana put on her rose silks and pearls above.

We also get a glimpse of life as, groping about passages with broken walls, that show dark hollows of subterranean aqueducts, we come to the Moorish bath-rooms, stupidly called the dungeons of Ayesha. There is, as at Cairo, an entrance undressing saloon, and an inner vapor and shampooing bath, where the separate seats of the sultan and sultana are duly

pointed out with the peculiar lying exactitude of guides. The vapor-bath has a blue dome roof, punched into star-shaped holes, just as you would pierce a pumpkin's rind. Shirking the ponderous paneled blue, red, and gilt covered ceilings of Charles the Fifth's apartments, which look on the orange gardens of the Lindarajah, some beautiful legendary Moorish princess, I come to the old mosque, afterward a chapel purged and consecrated by Ferdinand and Isabella, the conquerors of Granada. The door was once plated with bronze, and, like all the rest of the palace, stripped and spoiled by succeeding generations of guardian thieves, who allowed no one else but themselves to steal. You will see above the door the exquisite laced niche where the Koran used to be placed by the green-turbaned moollahs. The inscriptions, which were dumb to the conquerors, who else would have smitten them as blasphemers, still protest for the old faith, and cry aloud from barge, board, and netted rafter, "Be not one of the negligent." "There is no conqueror but God." "God is our refuge in every time of trouble." Were not these better men than those who replaced them?

I look through the mosque-grated window into the luxuriant garden run wild with a frolic luxury and intoxication of growth. I drag through a stray bunch of transparent gold grapes that sway at the bars around which its tendrils cling and twine like a creature loving its prison. As I pick the fruit, the yellow and black-banded wasps follow each grape to the very door of my teeth. I hear the swallows speaking to me inarticulately from the burnt-up tiles, but I do not know what to answer, not having been able to procure a dictionary of the high-flown swallow language, which seems to contain no word of any thing but love. Now I am often angry. What a dilemma I should be in then. No, I will not learn the swallow language, so leave me alone, birds. "Je nontong paw," "Ik can furtsey n ic." GET ALONG.

Last of all, at least in this day's visit, Ben-saken and my vivacious American friend, who still persists that "it is nothing to what we have in Bawstun," drag me to the Hall of Justice, with its three court-rooms or apses, now blazoned with the royal Spanish badges of the yoke and the bundle of arrows. These three saloons are at the east end of the Court of the

Abencerrages, which faces the Lion Court, and, indeed, forms one side of it, with its forest of marble pillars and pavement channels for running water. Here, on the ceiling, are the curious old frescoes, painted on vellum, in a rude sort of Byzantine manner, by some Christian renegade it is supposed, for the Moors think it impious to draw the human figure, and only tolerated it here in some decaying age of restless luxury. In these the figured Moors, as in some old romance, unhorse Christians, and deliver ladies from insult.

Then, to learn our ground-plan, we go all round the Alhambra Hill, which guide-books compare in shape to a grand piano, the point of the triangle toward Granada, observing the square where the great mosque once stood, that the blundering French blew up, and the aqueduct that they all but destroyed.

Then, as the blue of dusk gets deeper, and the guide looks uneasily at his keys, I descend through the long avenue walk of the Alhambra, listening to the clatter of castanets from the fonda dancing-booths, and descend to my hotel, through winding, narrow defiles of streets paved with black and white pebbles arranged in scrolls and flowery branches. A giant Moor comes to me in that night's sleep, and says,

“When you return to the city that is called, by the unbelievers, London, go to him whom men call Jones—Owen Jones—and say to him, ‘My friend, thou hast made a blunder.’ He’ll know what I mean. I haven’t got a card. By-by.”

Just then the Sultan Sun, flashing his great golden cimeter in my eyes, awoke me.

CHAPTER XX.

THE TOURNAMENT AT THE ALHAMBRA.

It is difficult now, as I look out of my window on the broad London street where, in the pleasant April sunshine, the cabs stand calmly casting their sharp-drawn shadows on the striped stones, so that, to my fancy, each cab seems to have a funeral coach drawn up beside it—it is difficult, I say, taking breath in a new sentence, for me to throw myself back into the sea of past time with a quick somersault of four months, and real-

ize that burning African day that I tossed myself off my worn-out horse at the door of the Granada hotel.

I had started that morning before light, and had been riding for hours over the scorched dry mountains down to the city of the Alhambra. All the day before, too, from four in the morning to twelve at night, I had been on horseback, driving on like a mounted wandering Jew up burning hills, between green banks of vines, whose leaves were transparent golden green, as the emerald panes of an old church window in the sun, scuffling through lanes walled in with sweeping reeds rising higher than my head, ambling through villages where the finger-posts were great wooden crosses, over mountains where the passes and gorges were decked with a radiant purple, and where our horses' hoofs beat sweetness from the dry thyme we crushed beneath us as we rode (Spanker wanted, but I stopped him, to get off and collect some of it for our next pea-soup at Gib).

Ah! now somehow or other the sunshine that makes the brown Holland blinds in my room transparent, and stripes them with a curious cross pattern of the window frames, brings all the weary delight of that dreadful ride into my mind. How thoroughly Spanish it was! I, with my leather bag of wine tied at my saddle-tree, where it splashed, churned, and gurgled, making sweet speaking music to me as I rode; then the switch of a pear-tree, the green Moorish wells of stirrups, and the quaint Rosinante of a horse, branded on the left flank—although, Heaven knows, he was not one of what Spanker calls "the Runaway family;" and as for stealing him, no horse-stealer in the world would risk so much, only to anticipate the knacker by a week. Then my great crimson and green umbrella expanded like a full-blown Van Toll tulip above my scalding head. Then my guide, the little boy-man with the trim legs, little jacket, turbaned hat, and red bundle tied to his saddle—his luggage for his four days' ride. Shall I ever forget that religious procession, with lights and banners, that screamed hymns all night through Alhama, where the Moors were once routed, and where the Romans had their baths, and which, an hour or two past midnight, seemed to break into a sort of grasshopper chirrup of dry bony castanets and fandangoes without beginning or end?

What a change that cool dewy night, when I sat at the window, looking out at the new sky spangled with new stars, larger and of a better water than those that shine over Soho and Mile End, to that burning noon of so many hours ago, that it seems now a week of hours, when I rode like a hunted mad dog, with my dry sore throat pining for water, between those huge hedges of cacti where the cicadas kept up their mocking and unceasing chorus; when all the world seemed asleep, and we had to wake up the inn we rode into by a lusty pounding on the stable-door.

Then, what came next? Oh, that tracing round and round the bridle-tracks worn in the black sand by the dried-up torrents where the oleanders, crimson and purple, grew, and over the pass by the wind-mill, that seemed to fly from us, to the mountain villages where the raisins were drying and scenting the air, up to the higher plateaus where the murder-crosses began to dot the road, and where, at last, we saw the star-lamps that were as the harbor lights to the befogged mariner.

It is all these scenes—hot, dusty lanes where we ride through clouds as of smoke, small bowling-greens of English turf high up among the mountains, where we burst out into gallops in the very gladness of our hearts, and soon after in a quiet, tame amble enter the long avenues that lead to the royal city—these are the scenes my mind turns over, just as if it were tumbling over a collection of proof-prints just wet from the press. Now I am led up a dark staircase into a dark room, and throw myself worn-out on the hard anatomy of a sofa, as the agile waiter flings open the shutters of the darkened windows, and asks me what will I take. I, a washed-up survivor from a tossing sea of troublous hours, ask freely, in a thready, tired voice, what hour it is, believing by the hot years that seem to have droned by since I first got on the saddle, where I have been all day roasting, that it is about three, for my watch has stopped. The waiter tells me that it is only eleven, at which I am lost in wonder. I order rolls, butter, a melon, and a bottle of gaseous lemonade, which I know will be tepid as broth and flat as ditch-water; but I am too burnt up and debilitated to be able to reject or reason upon the first suggestion of my thirsty appetite. It comes. I draw myself up to the perpendicular and

fall to. The melon melts at my touch ; the lemonade I unwire with caution ; instead of going off like a pistol, it oozes out imbecilely, and I drop half the contents on my knee. Gradually, after a short balmy nap, I feel new blood filling my heart, just now dry and empty. The fire passes away. I feel vigorous, refreshed, and hearty. I inquire for Spanker, who had left me for Granada three days ago. I find he is at the Alhambra, and the night before had got up a gipsy dance within the walls of that kingly ruin. All the chiefs had been there from their caves outside the palace, and the boleros and Eastern dances had been fast and furious ; the waiter, smiling, told me I should find Señor Spanker up in the Hall of the Embassadors, with Ben-saken, the famous guide. Ben—Saken—it sounded very nautical and English, but Ben by descent was a Moor.

A knock at the door. Enter gipsy boy quite out of breath, who puts in my hand a cocked-hat note from Spanker, inviting me to come to the mad-house in the Street of the Five Wounds. If I missed him there I was to meet him at the Alhambra.

Away I went to the Street of the Five Wounds—to the mad-house. "Elizabeth Martin!" as Spanker would have said. The fugitive fellow had gone half an hour ago. Left a message that the English señor should not miss seeing the place. Should find him at the Alhambra. I went in. Oh, what a humbling sight to a man who stands much on his head, a mad-house is! Here were men who, from some single warp of the blood, some wrench of a valve, some few months' too long repetition of one idea, were become beast-men, unreasoning creatures, whom the world thought it was compelled to enslave and imprison. I met idiot slaves in those long, bare, whitewashed corridors, who reminded me of the creatures in Dante's "Inferno." All wore that unchanging wan look of suffering and of a pain that never slept. All seemed to be suffering from some horrid and unutterable crime, and to bear about a flame at their heart and brain. They all had that dreadful insane stare of wild, unchanging, concentrated watchfulness, that shows no love nor humanity lingers in the heart. Half way up stairs I saw a haggard creature, with hungry-looking dry hair, huddled in a heap on the stone landing, and clinging to an open grating that looked into the court-yard—

clinging with one bare foot thrust through the bars like a new-caught bird longing and pining for liberty and air. He never turned to look at us; but his foot paddled about in the free air, and liberty was his only thought. His name, the keeper told us carelessly, was José Prado, and he believed himself to be Boabdil, the Sultan of Granada, unjustly detained in prison by the cruel Spaniards.

Then mounting higher, we were taken into a small room to see Lopez de Mallara, a mad painter. He was at his easel when we entered, and took no notice of us except by a smile, which lit his sad, worn, and tormented face. The walls are covered with sketches of Saint Luke, the painter's saint, whom, the keeper said, Mallara believed always present, praising and criticising his work. It was vanity and success drove Mallara mad. He is always trying to paint a landscape of chaos, and the ghost of a flea; every day, when he finishes, he rubs out his sketch of these two difficult subjects. He was now working with gravity at a picture of Moses striking the Rock—a subject Murillo painted, and one purely national and Spanish; for thirst is an institution of this petrified country. The canvas was certainly cut curiously into two exact parts by a straight palm-tree; but that is eccentricity, and the tree did not look much out of place. No more were the open-mouthed Israelites, running about in their striped hoods and Arab-looking robes, clamoring about the miracle, which was tearing down the back of the picture like a young Niagara; no more were the women, falling on their knees, either to clasp their dying little ones in their arms, or to fall on their faces and thank God for their deliverance. But suddenly I started involuntarily, as I came upon a spot in the picture which marked the palpable insanity of the painter, whose brush, as I look more curiously, works on so pleased and busily. Yes, there was one leprous spot of insanity, terrible to discover as the boil on the armpits, that was the sign of the great plague. There, quietly huddled in a corner, like an after-thought, were two naked Israelitish boys, one of them chattering with his teeth and shaking his fist angrily at the other, who was tossing over him a cupful of the miraculous water. Well, up to this even, the picture was reasonably rational; but here madness broke out. The splashed liquid was not water, but diamond dust, quick-

silver, or some boiling or fermenting silvery metal, which rushed about the boy in shiny metallic globules.

"Pepé Lopez," said the keeper, in an under voice, "murdered his father three years ago in Virgin Mary Street, just by the Alhambra Gate. He believes he will be sent by Saint Luke, when he is one hundred and one years old, to paint landscapes in the moon, as scenes for the Seville Opera House."

Then I passed through the women's ward, where certain bull-necked, coarse-looking women (many of them murderesses) were pacing up and down unceasingly, with that feverish tiger-prowl peculiar to insanity. One was mad from vanity, another from love, another from religion. Only one woman stopped to look at us, and to give a sort of crazy laugh at the novelty of the interruption.

As I went out through the last ward, I stopped for a moment to notice a cluster of old men huddled round a stove, warming and circling their thin, shrunk hands. One of them, suddenly fixing his eyes with insane and horrible fixity on me, muttered a wish that he could pass his knife through me, whom he had been so long waiting for. "That," said the keeper, "is an old guerrilla, who committed horrible crimes and cruelties against the French. Nothing will induce him to mention any particulars of his past life. Sometimes he will crawl out to the grating to beg tobacco of visitors, otherwise he never speaks."

Only yesterday snow was lying like whitewash on the roofs, and turning the hackney-coaches into the semblance of large wedding-cakes; painting even the lamp-posts white, and crust-
ing white the window-glass. It warms me this cold day, when the feather snow is waltzing and circling in the brown London air, to think of the fiery walk I had up the hill to the Alhambra, where I was to meet Spanker. How glad I was to pass through the Horse-shoe gateway, where the gilt crescents once passed out to scare the Christians, and get under the green roof of those green wisps of elms, that dreamily reminded me of England and English parks, and green solitudes, where the only sound is the soft brooding cooing of the mother wood-dove. I strolled up, enjoying the exemption from the heat, and the warmth, without the scorch, of the external sun, not one of whose shafts could get at me, but fell, blunted and

hopeless, from the broad emerald shield that arched over my head.

There are two days of a married life, a wicked old writer says, that are perfectly happy—the first day and the last day. The happiest hours of my life have been the lulls after a corn has been extracted or a tooth drawn. I rejoice on the mere strength of a moment's impunity from my bath of golden fire, I feel a sort of enormous flat-iron lifted off my heart, my blood runs warmer and quicker, as if the tide had begun to turn, and my whole body grown taller, stronger, and more elastic. If a harlequin window had been near, ten to one but I had gone through it. I climbed up the sloping avenue, past the sentinels, singing a verse of an old Spanish love-song :

“ White feather of the fountain
 The June wind blows away,
 Tell me, has the sweet Dolores
 Pass'd this place to-day ?
 I see her clew of rose-leaves scatter'd
 Leading past that tree :
 Fair fountain with the silver stalk,
 Then farewell to thee.”

As I sang this, I was passing the curious little tea-garden summer-house tent which has been erected by one of the numerous inns that in the summer time desecrate the interior of the palace grounds. It was a great square marquee, the roof all striped pink and white, the interior looking very much like one of those dinner booths, musical with the pop of Champagne corks, which you see on the Epsom Downs on a Derby day. There is no one in it now but one or two sleeping waiters, who blink at me as I pass, and a stray guide, who is seeking whom he may devour, and longs, like a starved locust in the desert, for some “ green thing ” to stay his stomach. I pass the great raw wooden cross that Cardinal Mendoza set up here when the city was taken from the Moors, and begin thinking, in spite of Syrian roses and those tufted palms with snake-skin trunks, what a desert the unprotected palace must have stood in before our duke—the duke of dukes—sent over this elm-wood—true British. I must have—

But what is that wild war-whoop—half tally-ho, half scalp-cry—that sounds to me something like the Tyrolese “ Tur-li-et-

ty!" that war-cry of our modern civilization, not unheard in the—

I looked up and saw a kindly red face without its ordinary accompaniment—the flaming scarlet uniform—hanging over the balconied paling of one of the Alhambra inns, with a tumbler of bitter beer frothed to snow in his hand. It was Spanker, hearty and boisterous as ever, beckoning me up to his "coign of vantage." Behind him were several other faces that I did not know.

The inn, which looked very much like an inn at Twickenham or Fulham, had sneaked in under the wing of one of the old ruined towers of the Alhambra's outer fortifications, which gave it an air of respectability, and amused you by the contrast. A great hole in the gray wall above our heads the landlord pointed out as the place where, during some Spanish troubles, a gun had been run out. It was indeed the very spot of the appearance of the great Moorish giant in one of Washington Irving's delightful Spanish legends of the old Moorish palace. It was, it struck me directly (and I do not take any peculiar credit for the acumen), rather a curious way (this of Spanker's) of examining the beauties of the fairy house of pleasure; but I said nothing. Every traveler has his own sort of spectacles, I thought—yellow or rose. Some use a magnifying-glass—just now a microscope is the rage. Spanker looks at every thing through a bitter-beer glass, but not bitterly.

"Monsieur Spanker a beaucoup d'esprit, BEAUCOUP!" said a queer, thin old fellow with a white hat, who sat at the same round table with us, and addressing himself to me.

"Shut up, Ben-saken!" said Spanker, thinking it necessary to stop the too palpable flattery of his seedy adherent in the white hat. "Capital beer, isn't it?"

"Ben-saken!" said I, with a start, as the grave man smiled grimly. "What! the famous guide, without whom Forty-winks said it was impossible to see Granada!"

"The very identical," said Spanker; "ain't you Ben?"

Ben-saken had evidently become prime minister, guide, counselor, and friend to Spanker, and was now laying out a little sort of ground plan of half dollars on the table for his patron to understand clearly what he had to pay. All time saved

from guiding us, Ben-saken, the old gentleman of Moorish extraction, evidently thought gained.

Ben-saken's manner was highly characteristic. He was something between the old traveled colonel whom you meet at the clubs and a faithful old English gamekeeper. His dress was too seedy for the colonel; his hard, grave bearing too dignified for the gamekeeper. His face was the old soldier's, but his legs were the legs of common life. This moment he leaned forward, astute and sagacious as a Talleyrand, to propose some plan of baffling the greed of Spanish landlords; the next he ran off, with all the humble servility of the odd man at a hotel, to do our meanest desires—hire us horses, or take places for us at the bull-ring. "Stunning old fellow, Ben," Spanker used to say, when we found him sitting at the hotel door, waiting our return for some expedition, his commission well done, and all we needed anticipated. He called us at preternatural hours, before the hotel waiters were up, checked and pruned our bills, advised us on purchases, bought us cold chickens and melons for our coach journeys, filled our wine-flasks, dragged us to diligence-offices an hour too soon, never forgot the salt in a picnic parcel, asked a mere trifle for his daily services, and when we shook hands with him at parting almost shed tears. "The faithful feudal old buffer," as Spanker exclaimed, watching him till his old white hat faded out of sight. I would have trusted faithful old Ben with untold gold. Compared with guides in general—half wolf, half parrot; their fathers alligators and their mothers sharks—Ben was a perfect Cid, a gentleman, from the crown of his head to the tips of his toes. He had only *one* tongue, had Ben; and his heart was pure and transparent as if it had been one flawless crystal. There was no whining guide-book cant about Ben. May no nettles grow upon his grave, but roses of the pure blood! Ben was a man of knightly honor, and as like Don Quixote in face, and stature, and bearing, as though he had been his twin brother. When I first saw him disentangling with chivalrous eagerness and feudal subjection (that proud virtue of days when men were not ashamed of rendering superiors obedience) the knot-wire of the pale-ale bottle, with the red pyramid stamped on it, I turned quite scarlet, as though you had struck me in the face, and thought at last I had found the Don. But at that

moment Spanker cried out, after rummaging his pockets, "I say, Ben, run and get my betting-book; I left it on the table in the room where we had our grub—quick!"

Ben strided off too much like a guide to be the Don, so that bubble went to pieces.

"I am afraid of Silly Jane," said Spanker, "and I shall hedge. Wouldn't you? I asked Ben; but he didn't like to give an opinion. Besides—would you believe it?—these fellows here don't seem to care about the Gib races. Now, Ben, what have we seen to-day?"

Ben, being appealed to as the incarnation of Spanker's memory, crossed his legs without a smile, and began: "The fish-market—"

"Ah! I remember the smell of it. Strong old place."

"Yes (gravely), strong old place. The River-gate, called the Eargate, where the mob, at the sixteen hundred and twenty-one festival, tore off the ears of some ladies in trying to get out their earrings; the Gate of the Daggers it used to be called, because here the police stuck up the knives they had taken away from rogues. Then the Gate of the Spoons, and the fruit-market—then the palace on the north side of the Moorish plaza, where lived—do I speak correctly?—the archbishop, whose sermons Gil Blas said smelt of apoplexy—"

"Awful swell book, Gil Blas; many a flogging I got at school translating that. Well, go on, Ben; we saw so much I've forgot half."

"Ah! you English officers always will see so much. Then the Moorish house in the covered street by the Bonita fountain, where they have just found, in a hole in a wall, a key, a Moorish deed, and some coins, that must have been concealed in there when the Moors were expelled from the city by some one who expected to return again. Then we went to the square where the Moors had their bull-fights and combats of the jereed."

"Who's he?"

"The jereed, sare, was the cane javelin used by the Moors."

"Oh, I see! Is that all? Well, and what are we going to do this evening? Mind, no more pictures, and no more churches; for I will not see them—d'ye hear, Ben?"

"This evening, sare, we must go to the disused gold-wash-

ings in the Darro, and see where it joins the Xenil; where at twelve, on Saint John's eve, the pretty ladies all go and wash their faces, that they may have good complexions for all the year."

"The little muffs!" says Spanker, laughing. "Oh, the archbishop's palace we've seen; the pomegranate wood is too far off; and bother the Xenil and the Darro, I've had enough of it. Get those bits of the Moorish tiling, Ben, for me, I ordered. What was that verse of the Sequadilla about the two rivers rushing to meet like lovers, Ben?"

"I know,

" 'Darro tiene prometido
El casarse con Xenil'—"

"Oh, give it us in English!"

" 'Darro has promised to marry Xenil;
'To marry' should follow 'to woo.'
Her portion will be, so they told it to me,
The New Square and Zacatin too'—"

because the Darro in time of rain blows up the New Square and runs up the Zacatin. Well, there is the burial-place of Ferdinand and Isabella—'Small, small space for so much greatness,' said Charles the Fifth; the church where Saint Nicholas drove out the thieves; the old Moorish palace of Boabdil's brother, now a charcoal warehouse; the Moorish baths, now used by the washerwomen; then there is the Silversmiths' Street—"

"There, Ben, that will do; quite enough if we do half that. Now for a run once more through the Alhambra; and then, Ben, for the tilt-yard in Charles the Fifth's unfinished palace, where they fight the young bulls now, and where Ben will read us that curious account of the tournament in Philip the Second's time that he has dug out and put together out of two or three of their old historians. This Ben is always reading. It seems a shame wasting time, doesn't it, Blank? I'm for moving."

We were all for moving. Ben began to prove to us it would take at least three more weeks to see Granada properly. Again we brushed our way through the tangled boughs of the great republic of fig-trees, pomegranates, and cypresses, bound with chains of vine-boughs, in the palace gardens, under the

castle balconies, where Moorish princesses once listened by night, fancying each nightingale in the olive-trees a serenading lover. We smoked our weeds in the queen's bath-room, under the blue dome starred with white. We got on the old terraces above, and looked down on the city and the ravine that serves the red towers for a moat, that still Death and the Christian at last mocked and spurred over. We moralized in the great Hall of the Embassadors, where Spanker would take off his boots and put them in the niche where the Moslem nobles once put their scarlet and yellow papooshes. We lay down and sang in the small, dark, windowless bedrooms; in fact, we rehearsed, as far as time would allow, the old Moorish life.

At last we got to the old tilting-ring of the unfinished palace of Charles the Fifth, and Ben, taking out a greasy copy of the old chronicle he had referred to, began to read the story of the King's Tournament in the April of I quite forget what year.

The account began with a good deal of military millinery. Spanker, eyeglass up, with the usual vacant glittering stare of that optical implement, listens intently. All Spain must have been, for months before, perfectly alive with carts laden with Eastern gold-stuffs, crimson and azure damasks, striped brocades, for the decorations of the knights' pavilions, the housings of their horses, and the decorations of their squires and varlets. As for the lists, to judge by the chronicler's sanguine account, they must have been "as gay as the Oxford Street windows when the spring fashions come out," said Spanker. As for the knights, they must have looked as gorgeous as court-cards set on horseback; for, while the shield of one was stamped with red bezants, another was spangled from top to toe with golden bees; a third wore on his helmet a black dragon with wings outspread; a fourth was liveried in a suit half red, half blue; and next him rode a Gascon gentleman with a gold weathercock on his helmet, to show that he was a knight-errant bent wherever the wind might blow. Terrible was the stormy shock when these brave men met full butt in the centre of the lists. Then the air was darkened with splintering lances, broken banners, and floating feathers; sparks flew like hives of fire-flies from every helmet; shields were split; blazons were erased with blood. Many that came singing and scornful went away with bandaged and aching heads.

It was pleasant sitting there in that ruined amphitheatre of chivalry, hearing of the fierce, honest sport of the gentlemen who had not yet invented that great safety valve for superfluous energy—fox-hunting. Again seemed to pour into the circle a sort of deified Astley's troop of plumed steel men, each led by a lady with a golden chain. Again we heard the horn's blast driving in a great cavalcade of spears, borne firmly and evenly, with banners roofing over all. As for Ben-saken, I think he would have gone on reading all night the special blazon of each knight, the beauty of each horse, the peculiar excellence of each course of spear-breaking—

Spanker, rising, and taking the Gorgon glass from his eye, to show that the house was going to divide, remarked, "All I can say is, that it was a precious plucky business; but it must have taken a great deal out of 'em. How could a fellow go on parade next morning, I should like to know, after he had been carrying fourteen stun' of armor about for five hours, had his helmet poked off his head twice, and three times been pushed over his crupper? It's all very well; I should like to see a man do it."

"BUT THESE WERE SPANIARDS," said Ben, closing the book.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE SPAIN OF CERVANTES AND THE SPAIN OF GIL BLAS.

THERE is a Castilian proverb, full of Iberian humility, declaring that when you have said "Spain" you have said every thing; that monosyllable, Spain, including all others within its periphery. I can scarcely go so far as this, although I think that, when you have said Spain, you have said also, in understood brackets, nuts, oranges, chestnuts, garlic, pride, bull-fights, and superstition.

To the general mind, Spain is a matter of mountains and orange-trees, castanets, dancing veils, black-lace fans, and those filigreed lace jackets blazoned on plum-boxes, which are said to be the work of the Spanish Royal Academicians, who contribute all sorts of clever illustrations to promote the sale of plums. Add to this a scrap of Cervantes, a scene from Gil Blas, some Gipsies by Murillo, a battle or two, a few Moors,

Pedro the Cruel, the Black Prince, Columbus, Philip and the Armada, a Bull-fight, a good deal of cigar smoke, and you have the popular English notion of Spanish associations.

The popular mind has always some way of reducing nations to a type. To some, all Italy is represented by a brigand in cobalt breeches and crimson cross garters, leaning pensively on his musket under a Salvator Rosa tree that has been split up for fire-wood by the lightning. To others, the Russian is always in a sledge being chased into Moscow by wolves. As children, we got hold of these types from juvenile books, and can not get rid of them (if our minds are not elastic) till we drive off the spectres by reading, travel, or an enlarged habit of thought. Every one, in fact, has some unclaimed forest or waste in his head which he has from time to time to clear, plow, and restore to cultivation and daylight. Some of us, unfortunately, never drain our brain-swamps all our lives long, and we pay for it on the drop or on the hulks. Some of us partially cultivate, and then leave the crop to come up as it likes. These are prejudiced men—our mental petrifications, our Tories, our finality men, our fogies, and our bores.

Now, since that evening that Doctor Johnson, in a tremendous voice, and giving a shake of self-conviction to his frizzled and scorched wig, told that intolerable faithful coxcomb, Boswell, that Spain should be visited, Spain has been visited. It has been so Murrayed, and Forded, and inspected, that there is no reason why reading and thinking Englishmen should not know all they want to know about Spain, from its highest alp to its deepest river. There is no reason that we should not toss forever into the dust-hole of oblivion that spectre Spaniard, with ready knife and black brows, who has been so long dancing the fandango in the popular mind; for be sure that men as brave, and wise, and constant, and faithful, and pure-hearted as any in England, may be found on the Asturian hills and on the Castilian plains. All apples came originally from the bitter crab; and, because we are at present the golden pippins of the world, we have no right to crow over the winter russets or the leather-jackets of that unfortunate orchard over the blue water.

It is true that Spain had a short reign of it. No empire ever fell to pieces so quickly, or was more splendid a luminary

while it shone the very centre of the spheres. In history it is the old story of the hare and tortoise, the flower and the oak-tree. It is the same all through the world—slow to grow, long to last; quick to grow, quick to pass. But then what a sun-burst of mind and body it was! Columbus to find out half the world that had been playing hide and seek with us for thousands of years. Charles the Fifth to reign over half the globe, coming, like a man always rich, on a hid treasure. Cervantes to make the world laugh till the last day dawns. Don John to crush the Turks forever, the very time that the last Moor was driven from Spain. Don John (with Cervantes, first of the boarders) to drive back those threatening and terrible Turks that had hung so long like a thunder-cloud ready to burst over Europe, endangering not merely this or that empire (which, whether it were red or blue on the map, mattered not much), but, what was more terrible, even the very life of Christianity itself. Call you this no work done by the short-lived laborer in the great field of nations? Have we not to thank Spain for scotching the snake of Mohammedanism; for discovering the New World; for writing Don Quixote; for giving us, in long wars against the Moor and Frenchman, a grand standard of heroic chivalry, armed religion, and lion-like endurance of fire and steel? And if we do think rather harshly of the Inquisition and of South American cruelties, let us review these doings with kind pity, remembering the stubborn and unforgiving bigotry that ages of struggles with Mohammedanism had produced, hundreds of years after our paganism lay forgotten in its grave under Stonehenge; let us learn from it to be ourselves tolerant in small surplice matters, and to treat with forbearance the Red Indian, the Caffre, and the Australian aborigine. Why Spain maintained her power so short a time none can tell, except He who gave that power and who took it away. Let it check the national pride of the student of history to reflect that perhaps Spain's time may come again when ours is over. It is as a rich mine that greedy Fortune has worked hastily for the surface gold, passing on to richer fields; she may again return, and drive down the shafts to new lodes and wider and more lasting veins.

The neglect of Spain is peculiarly disgraceful to Englishmen, because the fortunes of Spain and England have so often been

interwoven, and their manners and customs (peculiarly in Shakespeare's time) have very much influenced and colored our own. Except at Trafalgar, when they dearly paid for it, and, during the peddling War of Succession, Spain has generally been our ally—cold, jealous, and distrustful—but still liking us, because we feared and hated what they feared, and therefore hated—the French. Our crusaders (I am not going to be heavy) helped them to pound the Moors even before Chaucer's time, down to the taking of Granada, when a Scotch knight (ready for the post of danger if he could not get any other post) was the first to ascend the Giralda. Then our Black Prince aided that blackguard (the word is rather below the dignity of the historic style, but then it is antithetical), Pedro the Cruel, who was eventually killed by his own brother, whose throat he had strived so hard to slit. Then the Duke of Lancaster gave his fair daughter Constance to the Prince of the Asturias, son of Juan the First (not Don Juan of the operas). Then we go down step by step of alliance, and interchange of presents, till we come to the great ante-Mormon King Henry the Eighth, who, after a short trial of single blessedness, had his double, and treble, and quadruple blessedness; who married the unhappy daughter of the great Ferdinand and Isabella, Columbus's friends. And, lastly, we come to *the* duke, and that waiting game of war beginning with shame and ending with a certain sulphurous glory, in which we fought, not because we cared much for Spain, but because it gave us a pretext for bleeding Napoleon, the great enemy of our trade and of our threatening naval greatness.

And now we know Spain only as a sluggard's garden of a country, where men dance a good deal, stab a good deal, and do a good deal on the guitar; and from which we get our sherry (some of it), our nuts, oranges, melons, and chestnuts. We turn up our noses when we talk of it, and lament, with insolent pity, its undeveloped resources, its bigoted religious queen, its pride, its laziness, and its hopeless poverty.

Oh, if kings at the great day of account shall have to relate with downcast eyes the history of their buried talents, what scourges and what shame shall not be for those crowned fools who have let this bright land become a prey to the wild goat and to the locust; that drove its vices to herd together in con-

vents, and its virtues to starve on the barren sheep-walks; that let its chivalry decay into knavery, and its religion into the very dotage of old men's mumbling!

It might make the thoughtful man weep to take now the map of Spain, and look at its choked-up harbors and forsaken sea; its ruined cities; its sluggish people, eager only for vice and folly, slow to work, and swift to stab. To see its plains of Paradise mouldering away into deserts, its pastures cankering into barrenness, its mines unheeded, its ports unused; the very limbs of this great country festering from the trunk; the land that could produce all the treasures of east and west, the wheat of Europe, the rice of Asia, the sugar-cane of South America, the palm-tree of Africa, now lying the dust-heap of the nations; the beggared, despised, neglected, sightless country, ready, like a sick sheep, to be torn in pieces by the first eagle that pounces on it from the peak of the Pyrenees.

But I am losing myself in the labyrinths of historical metaphysics. What I want, if I can once get my horses well in hand, is to contrast the Spain of Cervantes' time with the Gil Blas Spain, that is to say, the Spain of Elizabeth's and Shakespeare's time with the Spain of Philip the Fourth. Now, after all, history is not to be sought for among historians. It is to be found—at least the history of manners, which is the real history of a nation, what is now called history being the mere dull narrative of the crimes of royal puppets—it is to be found in pamphlets, chap-books, songs, novels, dramas. There was no real history—no means, that is, of knowing what a nation thought, intended, did—of how it lived, and moved, and died—till novels were written; and of these, one of the earliest and best is *Don Quixote*, written in Shakespeare's lifetime; and one of the next best is *Gil Blas*, written before we English had any novel worth mentioning except *Robinson Crusoe*. We had really no novelist in England till Fielding wrote, and set the world ever since writing. The great misfortune of the Greek dramatists, except Aristophanes, is, that they give us no sense of the times that they lived in. Every man must feel strongest the times he lives in; and though imagination, disliking the severity of facts, may fly easier in the thick and cloudy air of past times, the greatest men always write best of their own times—their own hopes, joys, fears, and sorrows.

People, not knowing the Elizabethan times, do not yet see clearly how thoroughly, except in his great idealisms—as Lear, Macbeth, and Othello (which are of no time)—how entirely Shakspeare deals with the life he lived, in town and country, Stratford and London; its impish pages (Moths); its punctilious courtiers (Sir Armados); its bewildering wit-quibbling Beatrices; its twaddling foggy Shallows; its tavern oracles, Sir John Falstaff; its wild-blood Mercutios; its introspective Falklands (Hamlets); its bullying Pistols—all these characters, because we find them more fully portrayed in him than in all the other playwrights, many of whom never attempt or pretend to rise beyond the Mermaid and Bow Steeple, we know to have been photographs of Elizabethan men. Abstractions of human passions, like Milton's Satan and Belial, may arise from reading and thinking, but Shakspeare's men arise only from seeing.

In the same vein of reasoning, I would assure you, from long (I am not ashamed to assert it) study of contemporaneous literature, that the Spain of Don Quixote is the true, unexaggerated Spain of the time of Cervantes. Why should he who knows all his own country invent another? For the human mind rejoices to see in book or picture what it never cared to see in nature—being forced and led to see in the book or picture what it never could see in nature, having the faculty of observation either not at all, or cultivated to a limited degree; being too hasty, or too purblind, or too indifferent.

Cervantes was imprisoned in La Mancha, whose brown bare mountains I have seen from Gibraltar with a start and kindle of delight. It was a lucky and sunny day for the world when, on a certain afternoon, a Spanish gentleman, with chestnut hair and aquiline nose (slightly awry), pale complexion, silver beard, and large mustaches, shut up in the sordid jail of Argamasilla de Alba, laid his left hand, crippled by an arquebus shot at the great battle of Lepanto, on a piece of paper (duly paged), and wrote upon its upper half those memorable words:

DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

PART I.—BOOK I.—CHAP. I.

WHICH TREATS OF THE QUALITY AND MANNER OF LIFE OF THE RENOWNED
DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

And goes on to tell us that his chief worldly possessions were a lance, a target, a lean horse, and a thin greyhound; and how his diet was boiled meat, chitterlings, lentils on Fridays, and a small pigeon on Sundays.

It is to me, at least (not being of the grand ideal school), a most comforting and rejoicing thought that most world-wide books are, after all, but memories. Shakspeare sketches a poor village suicide, or a London tavern character, and they become the types recognized and current of all the world's suicides and tavern wits. He paints a streamlet or a cedar-tree, and they stand for all streamlets and all cedar-trees. So Don Quixote is really a purely local La Manchan book—a parochial and entirely Spanish book—and yet it will be read through all countries and lands as long as men have eyes and printing-presses. Enter the table-land, thirsty country of La Mancha—with its seven thousand square miles, and its two hundred and fifty thousand thickheads—through the mountain gateway of Throw-the-Moors-Over; explore its treeless, wind-swept wastes, dry and tawny; talk to its perpetual brown cloaks and honest faces peering out of mud huts, and you will see every where Cervantes and Sancho. Here, by a rare streamlet, or under a spongy-barked cork-tree, you find the Pedro and Andrews that the lantern-jawed knight spoke to. There are the hemp sandals; here you see the last palm-tree of Andalucía, lingering, like a reluctant Moor, near the place where, for the only time, the intrepid but fleet-footed Spaniards defeated the French, much to their own astonishment. Here the saltpetre dust almost blinds you as you pull out your Don Quixote from a chosen side-pocket. Every where in La Mancha is Cervantes; the Don with bandaged head follows you as you watch the strings of sturdy mules driven by some girl or sturdy grandchild of Sancho, or watch the corn-crops, or the saffron, or the stubby vines, bristling up their grapes with their dwarf boughs and red, scorched, porous leaves. Here you see the true Sancho, fond of his master and of his own stomach; not quick at quarrel, but simple, trusty, and affectionate; honest, enduring, industrious, and temperate; and (not unlike Sancho in this) “attached and confiding” when honorably and kindly treated. Here the Biscayan merchants, with their horse-litters and umbrellas, no longer pass, nor the

linked galley-slaves; but you meet the muleteers still, and the flocks of sheep driven by men with slings, and looming through clouds of dust. At this venta stopped Cardenio, Dorothea, and the Don. Near Torre Nueva he liberated the galley-slaves. To the right is the inn where the generous enthusiast was knighted by the knavish landlord, as we all remember. To the left is the wise village of Valdepeñas, where you hear the wine gurgling in great swollen pigskins, such as the Don slashed open, mistaking for giants. How you think of the shepherd's feast of acorns, and the misadventure and blunders of the Don as you enter the cave of Montesinos, the mouth of a deserted mine, still the haunt of bats and birds, and used as a refuge in rough weather by shepherds and hunters; or at Toboso, the village where the water-jars are made, where Dulcinea, of the red-brown cheeks, lived; or in the pass between the olives, where the mill was that the Don recklessly rode a tilt at, and which felled him with its imperturbable arms. We must always, in reading Don Quixote, to thoroughly enjoy him, associate him with that gloomy king, Philip the Second, with the false eyes, guilty brow, and projecting under-jaw; who married our Mary, murdered his own son, and let loose the Armada at us. We must associate the lean Don, and beautiful Dorothea, and the shrewd barber, and the condescending duchess, so fond of a joke, with the padded doublets of Shakspeare's men—with his Armado, spruce and debonair, and stormy Pistol, and Nym, "that's the humor of it," and with rings, and ruffs, and farthingales, and swords, and roses in the shoe, with ruffs white, starched, and tubular, with stately speeches, and plumed hats and cloaks. Shakspeare and Cervantes died within ten days of each other, breathed the same air, and looked at the same sun. There may have been men who had seen both; and, although Cervantes does not rail at England, nor Shakspeare at Spain, there are glimpses in both of strong national predilections. When Shakspeare wrote of Othello, and Cervantes of the renegades and Moorish dignitaries, these two gigantic minds were not far apart.

To visit Gil Blas, we must pass on to Vandyke's world—to Charles the First and Louis the Fourteenth—and get to the Asturias, where that ingenious French translator, adapter (I believe that is our modern word for literary thief), and compiler,

laid the scene of his delicious but shallow story. Who will know now whether Le Sage stole the manuscript from a Spanish one in his patron's library, or merely pilfered it from Espinel and others? It was not the first or the last thing the French have stolen from Spain. The knavish, unprincipled, sly, nimble-footed, half-French valet, Gil Blas, is no gentleman like the real Spaniard Don Quixote. But what could one expect of a needy and unprincipled French appropriator, living in a bad age, when Spain had sunk and France was corrupt? Still, for a hand-book of the times of Philip the Fourth, Gil Blas, the son of the old soldier of Oviedo, in the Asturias, is still the best guide. No one can ever now go to Oviedo, and watch the rude Asturians, with their blue caps and yellow jackets, without thinking of the green student of Salamanca, and Gil Perez, the fat Canon of Oviedo: "Three feet and a half high, prodigiously fat, with a head buried between his shoulders—that was my uncle." You would not recall much of the old novel by seeing the single-stick players and sturdy smugglers of the Asturian city. Their curious maize-picking and spinning feasts have no more in common with Gil Blas' epigrammatic friends, than Louis the Fourteenth and Versailles had with the projecting roofs and relic chests of the Asturian city. The fact is, that Gil Blas is a true Louis the Fourteenth book, flavored with Spanish liquorice. His robbers, doctors, and lawyers are Frenchmen in Spanish dresses. His licentiates, and valets, and canons are mere Parisian phantoms, speaking a shrewd, not very worthy man of the world's thoughts. Le Sage had never even been in Spain, so never could have seen the aqueducts and convents of the city of Santillane. And we must remember that while Don Quixote is almost a true and complete guide-book to the country gentleman, and shepherd, and student-life of the times of Elizabeth and Philip the Second, Gil Blas is but a second-hand introduction to the far less heroic and interesting Spain of Philip the Fourth—Spain viewed afar off by a French plagiarist, who had spent his life in translating and rifling Spanish books, which then and afterward, as our Dryden and early comedy-writers learned, were the source of all dramatic intrigue and constructive combination.

Let the student of manners, then, well ransack these books to become acquainted with the contemporaries of Elizabeth

and Charles the First: the Dorotheas and Cardenios, the Hidalgoes and Sanchos, the Don Raphaels and Gil Blas, that filled the palaces and cottages of the one and the other Spain. Such lean enthusiasts as the Don manned the Armada, and stared at Drake through smoke and fire. Such lean, velvet-footed rogues as Gil Blas handed the Canary to Prince Charles at Madrid, or laughed with the Duke of Buckingham; such Captain Rolandos were to be seen by Puritans in the crowd round the Whitehall scaffold. Such men as the great duke, of Cervantes, were listening as ambassadors when Hamlet was played for the first time at Nonsuch or at Greenwich. History deals with shadows smoked on the wall of a vault by dead men's candles. These are living eternal beings of real flesh and blood. Oviedo and Segovia echo forever with the name of Gil Blas, just as Toboso and other sober La Manchan villages do with that of Cervantes; but as the one was a brave-hearted Spanish gentleman, who spread his bosom to the Turkish bullets, and thought all lost if honor was lost, and the other was but a clever appropriator of other men's thoughts, the fame of the one will always make an Eden of the La Manchan deserts, the other will not delay for a moment the decay of the Asturian cities.

CHAPTER XXII.

GIB.

THIS is how we first saw Gib, generally known to subs of the Driver and Spanker class familiarly as "The Rock."

The *Firefly* French steamer, bound from Carthagená to Cadiz, bore me toward the heights. It was quite dark, and I was hanging about on the "foksal," talking with a Newcastle lawyer, whom I had picked up at Granada. We were canopied by the huge flying banner of white smoke which blew from the great black cannon-tube of the funnel, and I was trying (abstracting my mind from my friend's touching narrative of the expenses of the late Chancery suit, *Niggle versus Naggle*, in which he acted for the defendant) to imagine myself borne through white clouds upon the wooden horse of the beautiful

old Arabian story. It was not difficult, for the soft, white, warm vapor blew straight down on us, and wrapped us in so closely that we could not, for long minutes together, see the grim, silent man at the wheel far away opposite, the captain on the paddle-box, the men up aloft reefing, or the fussy old boatswain with the chirping and importunate silver whistle. The talkative Frenchmen smoking on the quarter-deck, the steward peeping up the cabin stairs, were hidden and shown to us only by fits. Every now and then, however, the long trailing white cloud lifted or veered, and we saw again the living blue darkness vaulted over us, and the quivering glory of the southern stars nearer, larger, and thicker set than in our honest, cold English heavens.

Suddenly Latitat, the lawyer, sprang to the vessel's side (I had heard a sailor mutter something to him, leaning forward over a coil of ropes), and cried "Gibraltar!" I looked where he looked; there was nothing but the darkness. I beat the dark jet line of the horizon as a dog beats a covert, and at last—dark as with an inner, deeper, and more majestic darkness—I became aware of a huge nightmare shape, like a black whale's back, looming out of a nightmare sea, like a great shapeless sorrow rising through an evil dream. It was the Rock. On the other side, could I but see it, lay Africa, that mysterious region still haunted and unknown; the region of Robinson Crusoe, of the Moors, of Hannibal and Dido; of Saint Augustin and the Donatists; of Carthage; and of that terrible coast where Tommy and Harry—especially Harry—was torn and eaten by lions. I looked up with wonder at the voiceless but keen-eyed stars, and felt a throb of pride burn through my heart and up into my brain to think I was one of that great nation who had put such a bridle as this fortified and impregnable rock into the mouth of the world. At that instant, as if in personal compliment to myself for my transitory and unusual patriotism, there rose from the long dark mountain that I now could not keep my eyes from a flaring column of light, and the next instant the deep, bull-dog bellow of the evening gun sounded defiantly across to Africa. It was a challenge to earth and sea: it was a loud-tongued assertion of something more than mere brute power shouted with a spirit's voice to angry Spain chafing in its distant cities; it shook the roofs

across the bay in Algeciras; it drowned the rival echo in Ceuta; it was to some, "Beware!" to others, "Take care!" to a few a gunpowder curse; to all the triumphant assertion of a nation in its full stern manhood.

That night I fell asleep in the hot boarded bedroom of the Club House Hotel, Gibraltar, which once, I believe, a great man's house, is now merely a great house for travelers, and rears its yellow-ochry bulk in a sort of small market square just out of Waterport Street, which is the High Street of Gib. I fell asleep after doing battle with the mosquitoes, and thanking Heaven for again getting, after many wanderings, under the red and blue cross, and sank down a sort of dark well-shaft into abysses of balmy forgetfulness. A great boom and bel- low—a twiddling and chirping—awoke me. I ran to the great folding glass window and looked out. Good heavens! the waits? A gigantic military serenade given by the governor to some hidden Moorish beauty? No! The usual night-tattoo, only go-to-bed Tom on great drums and a dozen rattling drums and petulant, ear-piercing fifes. There they are just opposite the guard-house, where all day languid young fops in scarlet lounge in the balcony and read the *Times*. Great drum fling- ing out his arms as if going to hug the drum or cooper a cask. Little drums subservient, but vociferous and mechanically vi- brant. Fifes, with heads on one side (wry-necked, as the di- vine Williams calls them), whistlingly military and official. Now they burst out with "The British Grenadiers," with a tow-row-row that must make the sleeping Spaniards turn in their beds and finger the long knives under their pillows. Now they form two deep and storm away down the main street, and I fall asleep ere "God save the Queen" has died out in the distance.

Many a night afterward, tired from wild-boar seeking in the cork-woods, or after wild Tartar scampers on horseback over the sands of Saint Roque, or after cavalry charges to outpost stations at Catalan Bay, or through the parade to Ragged Staff and Europa Point, after pleasant noisy revelries in Spanker and Driver's mess-rooms, or smoking chats in chairs outside the hotel door, I heard that band, yet never did the exhilarat- ing insolence and tumultuous exuberance of military stirring national ardor rouse me as it did that first night in Gib. I

sleep, I thought, beneath the countless guns of England, guarded by her sons, who are my brothers. Gib's governor is my governor, her cause is my cause.

I saw Gib often again. From distant sea-shore mountains, from the broad green washing bay that always frets about the English rule, from Ceuta and the green Morocco coast, always it looked mysterious, unexpected, threatening, impregnable, but never so magical as through that first darkness from the French steamer's side.

There is an exquisite sense of contrast in coming into Gib out of Spain. At once from the land of black fans and red sashes round the waist you pass to English bonnets and black coats—from quails and garlic to roast beef and pudding. Yesterday you were in a bull-ring, now you see a cricket-ground and a race-course, though it does run round a church-yard. Yesterday, stunted brown-caped soldiers, mean and beaten—to-day, the bold scarlet jackets, "fellows" big-boned, large-hearted, and of an honest white and red. Yesterday, high grated windows, with bars that are but ladder-steps for daring lovers—to-day, grimy glazed windows and the snug dirtiness of Wapping. Yesterday, homeless, comfortless posadas that you walked into uncared for and ungreeted—to-day, the Old King's Arms spreads its gilded gallows-sign across the main street, and, with some faded emblazonry of the old periwig Elliott age, invites Driver and Spanker to what they call "liquor up." Just a few miles over the bay, in Algeciras, there is guitar tinkling, knife fighting, and every thing national and Spanish; here all the grave decorum and level-paved streets of an English market-town, old vulgar names breathing of Chatham or Rotherhithe—such as Bombproof Lane and Barrack Alley—greet us on every side.

The men we meet here are not dry, brown-faced, under-sized Andaluçians, but plethoric, red-faced majors, bursting with fat, bile, and cholera; no dancing-footed and Arab-blooded majos, but puff-faced privates, in white blouses, talking at the corners of streets about how many "goons" such a battery holds in the broadest and cheeriest Lancashire. As for the shops, they are real higglers', and chandlers', just as you see about the Minorities, and out of their dim snuffy recesses break at intervals real old Englishwomen, free, genuine, motherly old laundresses and

charwomen, such as puff at your winter fire in the Temple, or stir the dust about, which they call sweeping, in Gray's Inn.

Not that the Spanish element is at all dead in that cluster of houses under the great battered rock. No; you still see the pale brown girls with the shining black hair, the dusty muleteer with the embroidered Moorish gaiters and strings of pack-mules—still the quick-eyed Spanish children, munching melons, or wrestling in the old Roman way, that you see in bas-reliefs, holding each other's wrists.

You still hear in every shop Spanish curses and Spanish greeting. The cigar-shops are Spanish; the names over the doors are all Joses, Pepes, and Pedros, or, if not Spanish, Jewish.

And is there nothing to remind you that you are close to Africa, scarce a gunshot distance from the pirate-country of the Lower Atlas? Surely. There are some thousand Moors resident in Gib. You meet them every where; kingly and erect in their rhubarb-colored slippers, bare brown legs, and blue and white robes, Othellos every one.

You meet them at sunrise, trooping to some eastward-pointing ramp, where they may kneel toward Mecca, and think of the Prophet, as the saffron fire kindles to burning rose. There they go, past the Jews' synagogue, and the new Moorish-looking church by the King's Bastion, with their haiks and striped camel's-hair-looking hoods, black and white lined. It is good to see the quiet gravity and the imperturbable regularity with which they repair to their early matin service, as if religion were something else than a thing to quarrel about. With what pride they pass those sneaking-looking Jews in their sloughing trowsers and blue and white cloaks—their prescribed costume—slinking in their mean black-tufted caps to their daily overheats—ignoble money-lending old men and sloppy overgrown striplings, eaten up with the ulcer of selfish greed. "Don't know what we should do without them, though, the old sixty per centers," says Spanker. There they go, all our old friends, Mordecai, Shylock, Gehazi, Judas, and Company, with their hanging sleeves, past the great cigar-shop of Rodriguez, looking up at the old battered Moorish castle, where they hope some day or other to immure those imprudent young Christians, Driver of the Sixth and Spanker of the Eighth. I

wonder that the thundering crash of that nightly gunfire does not frighten them from the place; and perhaps it would, for it can be heard even in the Ronda Mountains, where the smugglers are; but then "thirty per shent" is so very enticing. So let us return to the Moors, for the Jews are not worth stopping with, and enter this shop of Hadji Ben-Azed, dealer in Barbary curiosities. Ben-Azed is a pilgrim, as the word Hadji implies, and he is quite sultanic as he leans with crossed legs against his counter. He shows us necklaces of little sharp-pointed white shells from the Morocco (Rif) coast, fit for the necks of Abyssinian princesses; bracelets of gold sequins, such as maids of Athens would clasp their white wrists with; yellow slippers, turned down at the heel, barred with bars of blue, and stamped with seals of Koran legends; and Arabian leather sacks of rare, fragrant tobacco, which smells like flowers. He pats, with regal complacency, princely cushions of red morocco, worked with gold thread, and roundels and lozenges of green velvet. He shows me clumsy pouches, stiff with tarnished lace, knives large as scythes, and huge straw hats, with brims as wide as cart-wheels. When I shrug my shoulders, and do not headlong buy, he warns me in good Spanish and bad English of one Ben-Nerood, a black merchant, who deceives The Anglis, and sells spurious cigars too cheap—"frightful thousand and one too cheap." He assures me in a whisper that the governor had been that very day in his shop, and said, "By the Prophet! Ben-Azed, you are the ——— honestest rogue in all Gibraltar." That very night, just at gunfire, as I sat busy over oysters at Driver's social board, Spanker looked up, the pepper-box in his hand, and said, "By-the-by, Blank, if you want any Moorish curiosities of the scorpions, don't go to Ben-Azed's in Waterport Street. He is the most awful rogue in all Gib." [*Nota Bene.*—Scorpion is a military term of contempt for Gibraltar tradesmen.] So much, thought I, for regal-looking Othellos, with brown skins, serene eyes, spotless white robes, and rhubarb-colored slippers.

But what sort of a place is Gib? Well, it is a curious huddle of semi-Spanish houses, flocking together down to as near the water as the strong lines of ugly-looking forts will let them; and because they can not take up all of what would in another place be quay, there are batteries run up the steep

sides of the rocks as high as they can go, gathering round the tall, raw, square-looking old Arab castle of Tarik, which French and Spanish shot in the great old sulphurous-flaming siege have punched with holes till it is pock-marked all over. And there, with its flimsy-looking red and yellow stucco, pitted terribly, it stands, just as when Elliott stood near it, old Titan, amid the smoke, as Reynolds grandly painted him, with the fortress key clenched grimly in his hand. It is now, Spanker tells me, giving it a look of scorn, a prison for debt; and wonderful stories are told of the strategic skill with which several Gib officers contrive to keep out of it.

Every where in Gib the perpetual sense of vigilance and defiance fills your mind: you pass down Big Gun Alley, where a huge bombshell of the old siege is let into the corner of the street hall, and, lo! but a turn from Main Street, with its cigar-shops, stores, chandlers, clock-makers, and Moorish curiosities, you are on the outer road, which is walled in with batteries. The King's Bastion—this is where you stand—faces the Spaniards of Algeciras, grinning at them with its fang teeth: how neat, clean, and firm the stone-work is that the convicts still chip and hammer at, with its bomb-proof barracks, its terraces, and slanting roofs for yawning guns! Yonder, a little reef in the sea, is a low line of wall for fresh batteries; and this long jetty with guns is the famous Devil's Tongue that Drinkwater mentions. Line after line, all along the rock, first the harbor, then the Ragged Staff, then the bleak headland, Europa Point, where the great attack was once made, are every where mechanical-looking sentries, red or blue, threatening and defiant to angry, scowling-looking Spaniards, who talk of Gib as a place only lent to us, and one day to be given back with thanks. Every where pyramids of black cannon balls, like so many negroes' heads collected as tribute, and near the Parade, where the rock walls us in on one side, are stacks of gun-carriages, rows on rows of rusty dismounted guns, mischievous and cumbersome; and with these, piles of carriage-wheels in heaps like black cheeses. Every where Death's playthings laid up in ordinary. The civilian in Gib seems a mere tolerated accident, and the young military "blood" delights to tell you that, in case of revolt or war, the government, to whom nearly all the houses and shops belong,

would sweep them away at one swoop, and plant fresh batteries upon their sites. But with all this parade of war, I have not yet mentioned the great rock galleries that honeycomb the rock, particularly on the north side, facing the Neutral Ground, which looks toward Saint Roque. Look up at the great hull of gray rock, scarped and unscalable, with the dark square spots in irregular lines around the middle of the crag. Those are the galleries. That end one, with eyelet holes, facing east and west, is Saint George's Hall. They have vomited fire and death before now, and are always watching the Spanish lines. On this side is the Water Gate, with its herd of lateen-shaped boats, with their yards sloping back like greyhounds' ears; its guards and gates. Outside is a broad, sandy track, called Campo, where the white tents of a regiment under canvas now gleam in a sun almost African in violence.

This heat is not always so extreme. It is the levanter, or east wind, the dreaded sirocco of the rock now blowing; the tyrant of Gib, as the west wind is the liberator; the noxious fire-blast that spoils old generals' tempers and produces extra parades; that tosses all the great ships to and fro between Cabrita and Europa Point, and strews the shore with broken nut-shells of stranded barks. This is the dry, hot wind, that makes the mosquitoes more shrill of song and more poisonous; that drives old General Martinet to break Spanker, and Spanker to call out Driver, merely because he set his (Driver's) Skye terrier on his (Spanker's) pet Barbary ape, which is chained to a pillar on the wall outside the bomb-proof officers' rooms in the King's Bastion. This is the wind that brings flocks of scarlet-coated subs to the golden grapes at the King's Arms to thirstily drain sangaree, shandy-gaff, claret-cup, and endless foaming yellow tubes of Bass's bitter. This is the wind that blights and shrivels; that gives you a sense of unhealthy strained breathing and of checked perspiration; that stirs your bile and inflames your liver. It brings on court-martials, cashierings, rows, insubordination, quarrels at mess, and is liked only by the apes that steal the figs in the high rock gardens.

I am just fresh from Algeciras, that sleepy Spanish town across the blue bay from whence Gibraltar looks at night to be a huge couchant sphynx, wearing a brilliant necklace of

lamps; or like a huge ark, not yet finished, those lights being the twinkle of the thousand shipwrights' candles. I am fresh from the inn of Ximenes, just facing the landing-place, where I sit all day and watch the ferry-boats start and come in, or the cows swimming off to be embarked in the xebec for the Spanish garrison at Ceuta, on the Morocco coast. My door has been beset with sleeping sailors, custom-house officers, and stray soldiers, who ignore England, and look at the great floating man-of-war with contempt or hatred. I came across in a one-sailed passage-boat, with a crew of old women, who cross to smuggle English handkerchiefs and stockings, and get their living that way. It is only five miles across from this faded town, that some of Edward the Third's chivalry helped Alonzo to win from the Moors, but we take I don't know how many hours doing it, crescenting the bay, tacking, luffing, diving in with the speed and keenness of an arrow, missing the harbor and then tacking out again, to again miss our mark. At last we are in, under the low, mischievous lines of harbor forts, where concealed cannon snarl and make faces at you; and under the great pile of limestone and marble, which soars high and broad fourteen hundred feet above the crowd of jostling red, blue, and yellow boats, that push for the water-gate, just by the Fish Market.

This is the port of Gib with the three miles of forts—forts high and low, out of sight, and so near the water that you can fling a biscuit from our boat into their gun-holes. This is Gib—the Phœnician Alube, the Greek Calpe, which those astute classical rascals likened to a bucket. It is in Hebrew, Ford says, “the caved mountain,” and it outfaces the African Ape Hill, the opposite Pillar of Hercules. This is the Hill of Tarik, the Berber chief, who helped to conquer Spain for the Moors, and who, if we remember right, in a grand paroxysm of ambition, rode up to his horse's neck into the waves, lamenting that there was no farther land to conquer.

This rock has been more scorched with gunpowder and fire than any other citadeled height in the world. The Moors, all through the Roman times, claimed it as the legacy of their Carthaginian ancestors. Finally, under Tarik, they won it; and the Crescent, that never widened to the full moon of universal conquest (glory be to God), blew from the hill of the

Apes, the Phœnician toll-bar, beyond which the Tyrians were unwilling, in their proud commercial greed, to let strangers pass. The Moors lost it in 1400, and regained it thirty years afterward, when the Spanish governor had spent all its armament money in buying sherry estates. A hundred years after a Guzman won it back, and it remained Spanish. Charles the Fifth fortified it against the dreadful Barbarossa. The sagacious Rooke swooped down on it during the war of Succession, finding it garrisoned by only eighty men, who all ran away except the curate of Santa Maria, who remained to steal the sacrament plate. George the First would have given up the rock at Utrecht, but he did not. The great subsequent siege need not be mentioned; suffice it to say that, in 1783, after four years' perpetual fire, Eliott, standing on the King's Bastion, saw the French and Spanish fleets below, burnt, wounded, scorched, splintered, and riddled, skulk off to Cadiz and Marseilles, while from the rock, black with their gunpowder, splintered and notched, broke a thunder clap of English cheers. "Naught can make us rue if England to herself prove bold and true."

Now, out on Campo, outside the race-course and the bare-looking military burial-ground, or round the other side of the Rock, where narrow bridle-roads, elbowed by rocks on one side, and a raging sea on the other, lead to outpost stations and small fishing villages, are not the places to judge of the picturesque contrasts and motley population of Gibraltar. No; to see its four thousand Moors, fifteen thousand Spaniards, hybrid tradesmen, pimps, Jews, rogues, and higglers, let alone its five thousand soldiers, its stiff generals, stuck-up doctors, and starched red-faced majors, you must go to Commercial Square, where the Exchange is, and General Don's bust, the club, library, and open-air auctions. Here you will see the yellow-slippered, purple-robed, brown-legged Moors, looking complacently at the long row of hams, or the piles of empty beer-bottles that the ivory hammer is knocking down for sale, or standing proudly and stoically watching the gold-laced band, or the groups of red-sashed captains chattering at some guard-room door. Here, proof to all Gibraltar fevers are the real scorpion women, of a pale, clear, brown complexion, in their red cloaks and hoods, edged with black velvet—such a pecul-

iar dress; but we are in the region of odd costumes—and not a day's journey from the Tarifa women, who still wear the veritable Oriental yashmuk. Next those soldiers, with breeches half of leather, and who, from the tartlets of gold lace on their breasts, their straddling gait and obtrusive switches, I take to be horse artillerymen, are a group of shirking effeminate Jews, in loose blue cloth dressing-gowns, white linen drawers, straggling sash, and white buttoned caps: they are talking with the well-known negro date-merchant, who lives near the Four Corners, where the Moorish captains wait for passengers or consignments. Then going up to some quiet tavern, "Ale and spirits sold here," under the sign of the "Good Woman," in Horse Barrack Lane, stroll a white-bloused party of Crimean men; and mixed up with the crowd that pushes roughly through, backward and forward, are Spanish ladies, bareheaded, with fans held up to keep the sun off; English nursery-maids and refractory "Master Alfreds," who will pull the stray dogs by the tail, regardless of consequences; white-plumed and mounted generals, returning perpetual salutes; yellow-gartered muleteers, with donkeys laden with strings of water-jars—four in each rack; staring-looking travelers, looking at maps of Gib; subs in mufti, cavalierly gay; and subs mounted on spiteful well-blooded hacks, tearing off for a mad gallop to Saint Roque or the cork-woods. Step out of this past the governor's house, once a convent, just to get a quick look at the slopes of gunners' cottages and officers' quarters slanting down from the middle heights of the rock, and you get at once to a parade, flanked by answering batteries, where silent red sentries, under suspended mats, wait grumblingly for the relief guard. Fifteen hundred miles from England, yet such a sense of England's power! We are growing, we are strong for our age. We shall be, I think, stronger still. Here is power incarnate; the English lion has, indeed, seldom inhabited a nobler den.

This is Gib by daylight; but at gunfire there is a wondrous change. You are seated in an officer's quarters perhaps, watching the ape's tricks at his door, or discussing the military trophies over his mantel-piece. Suddenly a yellow glare flashes across your eyes. You look up to see the lightning. At that instant a tremendous shattering bellow shakes the

roof, makes the window quiver, and the canary in the cage at the door leap up and take its head from under its wing, and flutter. It is the EVENING GUN—signal for all stray Spaniards to toss off their last nip of brandy, and hurry to their smuggling boats, with their packages of bad cigars and devil's-dust calicoes. If you go out now just beyond the terraced roof of the King's Bastion, where some Moors are praying, you will see the key sergeant and his assistant going round, locking up the three miles of gates and palisaded wickets. Look across at the Ronda Mountains, and you will behold a great red glare where the shepherds are burning the dry grass on the mountains. Now, if you are on board a tub of a steamer that has not yet rounded Europa Point, tremble, for you will be kept all night on board, as no vessel enters the harbor of Gib after gunfire. Remember, Mr. Bagman Smirk, though squeamish with a long voyage, there is no use in tearing thy hair or wringing thy hands. This is not Southampton or the Indian Docks, but a fortified outpost of the English empire, useful for coaling homeward Indian steamers, and liable to hostile surprise. This is Gib, that Ford calls "a bright pearl in the crown of an ocean queen;" and Burke, "a post of power, a post of superiority, of connection, of commerce, one which makes us invaluable to our friends and dreadful to our enemies," and, therefore, is not to be imperiled, Mr. Smirk, because you have not yet found your sea-legs, and your wretched-looking stomach is queasy. Know that there are crowds of angry men sleeping under yonder quarantine flag off the harbor merely because there is cholera at Hamburg, plague at Tripoli, and yellow fever at Vigo; yet the angry men submit, because England chooses to truckle to ridiculous timid Spanish quarantine laws. So, Mr. Smirk, it is no use your bribing the boatswain to pipe the men to haul up your army of brass-nailed, pompous-looking trunks out of the hold; it is no use to snub the first mate; nor will it comfort you to remind you that George the First's bewigged orators called poor old Gib "a barren rock, an insignificant fort, a useless charge; and that Napoleon, when he could not take the lions' den, swore it opened nothing and shut nothing.

"Pooh!" says the evening gun; "bah, bah!" with a tremendous Titanic Johnsonian shout of condemnation and con-

tempt; "I may be a standing insult and threat to Spain, but I am a steel bridle to the Spaniard and the Moor. I guard Spain from the Frenchman and the pirate. I watch the Mediterranean. I dam up, if I choose, the Straits. Bah, bah!" and this it says with a bursting bold thunder of fire, and a great, sudden creation of angry white cloud.

But Gib has other features than this one word of threat that it nightly utters. I am one day in Spanker's rooms, Driver discussing, stretched on a sofa in full regimentals, worn out with night guard, the misfortune of Jones, of the Fifty-fourth, who has been unlucky enough, in a wild Mazeppa ride, produced by the rum punch for which Saint Roque is so justly famous, to run over a Spanish child—that is to say, not exactly run over him, but to knock down and visibly contuse him—much to the indignation of a Spanish father, whose intense grief can only be allayed by the bonus of ten dollars, which Jones, who is in debt at the billiard-table at the King's Arms, patriotically refuses to stump up. There is now a lively argument as to whether the consequent arrest of Jones, and the charge of recklessly riding over a Spanish peasant, is a fair one. Incessant are the official letters on folio paper addressed to Jones by adjutants and generals. Endless his replies, all turning on his Jesuitical and crafty denial of having ridden over any *peasant* at all. An assembled meeting of subs, headed by Spanker, have decided that a child can not be termed a peasant, or a peasant a child, and so the argument stands. Jones is worn out with letter-writing, a toil of brain he is not much inured to. His hair is touzly in scratching for an idea. His floor is strewn with copies of letters, which rise in a heap above his shako, sword, and fatal riding-whip. The floor is studded with empty bottles of (red-labeled) Bass's. Ceaseless are the ferocious cries of "Double up, double up," addressed through speaking-trumpet hands, and with iron lungs, to Greenwood, his servant, in the distant barrack kitchen. If Jones is not broken, his constitution certainly will be. Immediately Spanker leaps up from a torpor, and cries, "Why, you buffers, the Eighth disembark at half past two, and it is two now. Come along, Greenwood; bring my mufti hat." Greenwood, doubling up, brings Spanker his felt wide-awake, with the turban of white muslin wrapped round the crown, he slips

on his dust-colored paletot, and we are off, in defiance of the beeswax colonel, Stocker, and Major Hodgins of the Mounted Bombardiers, who, Spanker says, only knows five manœuvres, and has to be nursed by an old sergeant. It is torrid hot, scorching, ovenish; no one is out except a few perspiring sentinels of horse artillery, who, under their mats, shoulder their carbines, and try to look rigidly watchful as Spanker passes. We pass along the shore line of defenses, pass the old Bateria of the Spaniard and some gangs of convicts lazily working, guarded by an officer with sword and revolver, and get to the transport harbor, half way to Europa Point, just in time to see the huge ark of a transport from Cork disembogue its armed men like a second wooden horse from Troy. There is not much done yet, but broad planks are thrown from the tall ship's sides to the great stone quays, under whose sheds are heaped mountains of black coal ready to feed government steamers. The quays are laden and piled with great sarcophagi boxes of officers' baggage and wine crates. The doctor, in his feathered cock hat, is very particular about the regimental medicine-chest. The major is anxious about the plate-chest. Till these impedimenta are trolled off by the dirty shirt-sleeved soldiers of unpropitious face, the restless men must not land. But they continue on various pretexts to tramp in and out, eager and troublesome as boys in spite of the sentinels on the gangway, and the loud cries and threats of "Wirrasthru, can't you be aisy?" "Mike Riley, keep in, you villain." "Can't you hear what the sergeant says?" "Halloran, you thief, I'll report ye." Now the women come down—such women—such haggard wretches, dirty with the rough sea-weather and the filth of wretched covered cabins—women, brazen, pale, neglected, with dirty hair, and with dirty children crying perpetually at their breasts. They descend in ghastly file under the coal-sheds, a small drizzling rain now setting in, looking so homeless, wretched, and unhappy, that my heart bleeds for them. Now the men in grimy shirts, their hands and arms unwashed, descend, also buttoning their tight shining stocks, their heavy muskets in their hands, their knapsacks on their arms. In the midst of them, waving a tin can, which drips with brandy, comes that mauvais sujet Riley, raving for drink. He runs recklessly down the plank—stumbles. Good

God! what a piercing shriek the women gave. He is in down between the vessel's side and the stone rampart of the quay. Are the good for nothing villain's brains beaten out of him? No; there is a Providence for the mad and the drunk, the Spanish proverb says. He shouts and swears as if somebody had pushed him in. Dozens of men fling themselves down after him. The chains are dark with men. They will drown him by encumbering him with help. He emerges, wet, screeching, violent, and is carried up into the ship. A moment after he appears again, fighting with a swarm of men, on the fore-castle. They overpower him by numbers; a dozen to each leg, as he kicks and plunges like a mad horse, or a demoniac in a convulsion.

"Put Riley in irons," says the officer in command, who has been quietly walking with some ladies on the quarter-deck.

"The officers seem a pack of muffs," says Spanker privately to me; "I see we shall have a pretty trouble in Gib with these Irishmen."

"We've half a dozen fellars in the ship, surr," says a sergeant, coming up and touching his hat, "as bad as I think you'll find any where. They might as well be hung at once for all the good they'll ever do."

"Had a good passage, sergeant major?"

"Pretty well, sir" (with great sternness). "Eight days from Dublin. Had a tidy little tossing in the Bay of Biscay."

Now the men, dressed and stocked, with bayonets fixed in a bright shining row, form on the quay; the band a little way before, with drums and fifes, clean and smart. The officers meet and chat. The ladies, smiling and gay, are handed down and congratulated. The loungers above, their white smocks showing through the embrasures, discuss the new-comers not over favorably. Riley, handcuffed, is placed between two guardians, and seems to believe he has been promoted to extensive and onerous command; his only complaint is that the general gives him a guard of honor all to himself, but the "good old cock" does not offer any brandy. Now mysterious words of command run along the scarlet line, there is a shuffling sideways, a veering, a clanging, and the regiment moves along with a measured one two tramp as of one man. They pass up the quay steps, and march along to the Windmill Bar-

racks, "unhealthiest on the Rock," to the clang and hammer of the full band of a noble regiment sent to welcome them. The new Gib bus bears us back, amid a cloud of coaches and mounted officers in white canvas shoes, who carry horse-tail whips to keep off the importunate flies.

This was the landing; but I also saw an embarkation for India, a much pleasanter and more cheerful sight, though perhaps more fallacious in hope than the other was in disappointment. I was walking one day near the same place, watching the king's batteries salute a Turkish frigate. First a puff of smoke, then through it a sharp, sudden sting of fire, thrust out and withdrawn like a serpent's tongue, then a bellow before the clotted white smoke had ceased to hang about the guns. A mounted officer meets us and asks us if we had heard that the Fiftieth were just embarking for India. We shall be too late if we do not hurry. We hasten. We meet an artilleryman, and ask him if the transport is under weigh. He says he does not know; but the blue Peter is flying at the fore. Just as we get down, the commanding officer, for whom they have been waiting, is putting off in his boat. A hot, quick ride he has had from the governor's house, along the dusty Alameda, with its aloes and cacti. The shore rope is tightening and dipping, the anchor is up. I hear the last tug of the capstan, the last tramping chorus of the soldiers who help the crew. There are some sweethearts of the band near me, waving their handkerchiefs to two fifers, who seem afraid to appear interested in them, but wave signals, too, surreptitiously. There are a few soldiers looking back at Gib, thinking of its Black Hole and brandy-shops. Some ladies gay upon the quarter-deck; on the shore a wail of deserted wives. But careless of all this floats out the brave, strong ship, red flags flying, the band's mechanical "Auld Lang Syne" greeting us by whiffs as, passing the French ship that mans its yards, she grandly rounds the rock corner, and disappears eastward from our eyes.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE ROCK.

I AM just in from a note-taking walk in London streets. Let me empty my full game-bag of my pennyworths of observations, or at least of a brace or two of them.

FIRST. The pleasant, thoughtful face of that sweet-eyed maiden that I saw through the sea-green, weedy aquarium in the window at the fish-tackle shop in —, reminding me of the Indian sea-nymphs, whose eyes you see, or think you see, glistening between the pink coral fans at Bermuda, or the mermaids who, off the Orkneys (in old ballads), call the flocks of fish together by an enchanted song.

SECONDLY. The flame leaping up at the lamplighter's touch, like a nimble spirit, that says, "Here I am; what do you want with me?"

But, if I go on, I shall be all night, and this pleasant early spring-day, when the purple violets and the gold spikes of the crocuses are gay in the suburban gardens, and one almost expects to see the hard, gray London paving-stones sprinkled with flowers, will go by without my getting to Africa at all. Bad luck to it.

THIRDLY. Those round lit lamps in the dim office in Chancery Lane, that looked in the growing dusk like large luminous orange fruit.

Well, but Chancery Lane is not the nearest cut to Africa.

Halloa! my fancy, come to heel now, whither dost thou go?

A night does not seem much to me to see Africa in, I must allow. A day is not much time, even in this electric age, to study some millions of people, and some hundreds of thousand square leagues of elephant-trodden country. I am not going to say it is, however, so let us have no words about that; and as a quarrel, like a duel, requires two people, if one of them will not fight and will not dispute, all I say is, Where are we?

I will tell you, if you give me time, how it was that I only spent a night in Africa, that "dry-nurse of lions;" and although

I know about as much of Africa as the intrepid French navigator to Pegwell Bay would of England, if he took his impressions from that shrimpy shore alone, I must assert that that one foot-touch of the shore of Barbary, from which the conquerors of Spain once launched their galleys, has given a sense of reality to my thoughts and reading, whether I take up Livingstone, Livy, or the great sporting traveler Gordon Cumming, that nothing else could. If I have not seen Tunis, have I not seen the range of the Lower Atlas, the Rif pirate country, and forty miles or so of the torrid shore bearing away from the Ape's Hill opposite Gibraltar to Tetuan and Tangiers? If I have not been on a camel in Fez, I have met men with faces still scorched by that city's sun. Have I not been on vantage ground where, like Moses, if I could not enter, I could at least see the promised land of the Future, and the golden region of the Past? Though condemned by an unkind Providence to cackle and strut about the narrow poultry-yard of my small Spanish experiences, I have been once enabled to flutter up to the outside paling, and get a glimpse of the adjoining fields. But I shall never get to Ceuta, the Spanish outpost on the African shore, if I do not get back to Gibraltar and the table-d'hôte dinner, where I and Fluker, the artist, organized the expedition.

The brazen bellowing of a gong had just called together the incongruous guests at the Club-house Hotel, when a pluffy Indian curry-skinned major, going home on furlough, who had been manœuvring, by help of one of the fluttering tiptoe waiters, a perfect howitzer of a telescope, which was erected as if to answer the fire of the batteries just outside the hostelry, announced something doing with the telegraph. The telescope commanded, as I had been respectfully instructed by a one-eyed touter with his arm in a bandage, a view of the flagstaff that stood like a washing-pole up by the evening gun on a ledge at the top of the rock, whose signals, instantly reported to the governor, who lives in the cozy convent down in the town, inform him of every vessel that passes the Gut.

About this staff and its doings every Gibraltar man is perpetually talking, when he is not cursing the five days' parade, the heat, the Spaniards, his barracks, colonel, or his cursed luck at unlimited loo. All eyes at spare moments turn to this

brazen serpent—this standing column of news—this daily telegraph. At garrison parties sickly-looking, sickly-speaking young lions come in with news of the flagstaff; at the theatre it is whispered round; at parade it is talked of in dumb language. It is to Gibraltar what “the weather” is to London, and “the turnips” are to the country.

So now, as Major Macgillicuddy, of the mounted Bombardiers, comes panting in to say the P. and O. steamer *Tagus* is passing Europa Point, the soup is forgotten, and there is a rush to the howitzer. Yes, even Fluker, though caring nothing about the *Tagus*, and knowing that the *Tagus* cares nothing for him, runs out with the card of signals that hangs in the hall of the hotel in his hands.

Make haste; more doing at the staff—two red balls hauled down again—now one black, then one white—then one down and the other up: two red, that means “beef-boat from Tangiers just arrived;” one black, “followed by steamer;” white, “English steamer;” and last flourish of black and white together, which, being interpreted, means that “it is the *Tagus* from Southampton, with mails.” Hurrah! says all Gibraltar, all looking as we are; then we shall have letters—checks for young ensigns unlucky at the green cloth, and with scores at the Gilt Grapes—billets for colonels’ daughters sighing for Rotten Row and the Rotten Rowers—news of children to mothers and of mothers to children—news of deaths that will make men smile and look happy—news of deaths that will, with a strong hand, suddenly squeeze the heart dry as a wrung-out sponge; so runs the world away. The scuttle of feet down to the Waterport Gate to see who have come by the steamer is audible to fancy’s ear as we turn satiated of news to our soup, that, offended at our neglect, has turned cold.

The table is remarkable for having more silver than meat on it, a peculiarity not unusual at showy hotel dinners. There is much napkin and little comfort; many servants and few dishes; a characteristic of the climate is the uncarpeted floor, the open but thickly-blinded windows, which seem to lure in the sun and turn the place into a furnace, now that the irritable hot wind is blowing. The stale fruit and fossil pastry is covered with blue gauze covers, ugly and deforming on a dinner-table as blue spectacles on a white man’s face. We have no band

to play for us, but the gnats at intervals give us the "Dead March in Saul" gratis, and we pay them with the Genii's blessings, which are curses. Their music is as of the March wind confessing its crimes through a melancholy man's keyhole.

I can hardly get on with my roast fowl and water-cresses for watching Major Macgillicuddy doing battle with the mosquitoes. They have been attending on and tapping him for thirty years, and yet he and they are not yet on real terms of intimacy. Now and then he repeats what I suppose are prayers to himself, as he brushes them from his damask cheeks; now he flings down his knife and fork, and strikes out at them right and left, as if he were mobbed by Spanish bravoës. They are irritating, and I sympathize with him; but still it is ludicrous to see a big ogre of a man doing angry battle with such tiny and all but invisible adversaries, though they are as troublesome and invisible as the mischief-makers and scandal-mongers of the world, and about as invulnerable to blows.

If you listen abstractedly to the conversation, there is only one observation in which every body seems to agree, and that is one that runs round the table like fire through dry grass. "There is no place like England;" another way of saying, "There are no people like the English;" which means, "No people like ourselves." Without us I often feel the world would be a dunghill. Now the major, a hero with mosquitoes, a bully with inferiors, a toady with superiors, I should say is busy hobnobbing, in choice Saint Jullien, with two young officers (Whipper and Snapper) in full scarlet, admirably adapted to a sun almost African, with crimson webby sashes and bullion epaulettes, who, being on duty in the square adjoining, have thought it their duty to come and have a "blow out" at the table d'hôte. They are affable and condescending, as English officers always are with strangers, talk loud, ogle the ladies, sneer at every one else, and show themselves perfect men of the world by ostentatiously and unmistakably despising the world of which they are men. They take off their drab felt wide-awakes, bandaged with muslin turbans, and fling them on a tray of wine-glasses on a side table. They whip off their unused swords and belts, and clash them up to a nail with the practiced skill of diners-out. They then, first of all, with defiant dueling glances, turn up their eyes, pull down their bat's-

wing, espalier, gummed whiskers, furl up their mustaches out of way of the soup, and begin with an ease that a severe man would rather call impudence than ease. Their conversation is by gasps, as if their intellect was secreted in homœopathic drops, and was to be used carefully, like an expensive cordial not easily replaced.

As for Fluker, he is busy discussing with an old wine-merchant the merits of Colares, a cheap chestnut-colored wine that is to be had for nothing abroad, and sold for a good deal in England; a sort of wine eventually to be sold as a "high quality sherry," and many lies told over by sham connoisseurs of spurious vintages. There is much babble as to whether the wine has lost its body or not. Some one says it never had any; others say it still has a good deal. My conviction is that no one present but the old wine-merchant knows Colares from quinine, but I do not say so. What a very curious thing it is that human nature, when it hears any body talking about wine, must hold its glass immediately up to the light, as if forming some intensely wise opinion about the matter, but determined to laugh in its sleeve at all mistakes, and say nothing to criminate itself! The fat old lady, good-natured, of course—fat people always are; they can not help it—who has a face that several juries, one after the other, seem to have sat on, sips and looks wise. The little, pale, simpering woman near her looks through the decanter, which draws us all like a magnet. Fluker studies its color, and thinks burnt sienna would do it. Fortywinks, the great traveler, knits his brows ferociously wise, determined at last to think or die in the attempt. A few hours of such mental exertion, carefully kept up, must produce an idea. But what will be the consequence? It is dreadful to think of.

Whipper and Snapper's (the young officers) conversation is "shoppy," and not varied. They pity those poor devils at the Wind-mill Barracks. They hear the Three Hundredth is going under tents. They hear Silverstar has been scratched for the Scurry sweeps. They are told that Flanker lost a whole year's pay last night at hazard; and that Solomon, whose wealth is a proverb (haw, haw), will not down any more rhino. Jones, of the Fifty-seventh, has killed another horse, and Driver is going to be cashiered. Verdi's opera last night was "stunning;" and weeds are not what they were.

I dare say I should have learned even more than this, had not a scuffle of soldiers' feet and a grounding of muskets been at this moment heard outside. It was the commanding officer visiting the guard-house. Whipper slips on his belt and is out. Snapper tosses off his wine, and flings down a half-finished bunch of raisins. Every one present draws a breath, as if a tight hand has been removed from their gullets: such a restraint are even two unsocial, insolent, and retractile men in a party.

I seize the occasion to propose a trip to Africa. Every one applauds it, but no one but Fluker, the colorist, will go. He wants to see the Africa of Scipio and Hannibal, the Africa of Saint Augustin and the Corsairs, of the Berbers and of Carthage. We toss our napkins on the back of our chairs, leave the half-severed melon to the parliament of flies, always willing to sit, and summon the waiter.

The waiter with the immobile yellow wax mask of a face comes, napkin pinched under his left arm—"Africa-sir-yes-sir;" he will be gone, and anon he will be with us again. He will go to the Four Corners, the cross-roads where the sea-captains pace and bargain. He will then look for Ben-Hafiz, the Arab captain of the Ceuta xebec, *The Young Man's Escape*, who was generally to be found smoking his cheroot, and quite in the clouds at the tavern called the "Good Woman" (a woman without her head), in Bombproof Alley. He will bring us the padrone, or report progress.

The party now break up with a general slide and shuffle back of chairs, and turn to the epergne, the bustle seized by the major as an opportunity to fill his glass and attempt to throttle the decanter.

A few of us betake ourselves to the square, where some of us squat on the low wall, and others have chairs and think of Bass, as we turn our eyes inward to certain silver tankards that, though not of Cellini workmanship, very well answer our ends. Others of us aim the howitzers at certain shelves and ledges of the great wall of rock that faces our square, now rummaging a gunner's house, now reconnoitring a grinning battery, now hoping to see the famous apes that never are seen. We beat all over its gray, mottled service, bare, storm-beat, grand; that vast rampart wall of rock on which the gunfire

has rained and the lightnings burst—God's fire and the devil's fire—and left it still steadfast and all unchanged.

What is that moving like a hopper on a double Gloucester along that central terrace where the last gun is? Can that be any thing human clinging there like a fly to a ceiling, a wild goat to a Welsh crag, or a sea-boy to the rigging? Yes, I can make out, through my circle of glass, two mules, one led, and one with a person upon it—I think a lady—coming down I suppose, from Saint Michael's Cave, or the Flag Staff. Small as a toy figure she is, I declare. The old wine merchant is praising Pemartin's sherry, telling us the way to cook the West Indian Grouper fish, and laughing at a friend's plan of putting Colares into old Madeira casks, and selling it by mistake for the same sum—when the waiter reappears.

With him comes Ben-Hafiz, the Arab padrone of the xebec. The news is bad. We are walled round with diseases and quarantines. The black death was at Tetuan, and the beef-boat, on which the garrison depends for provision, was that morning stopped. Cholera was at Hamburg, which checkmated England, and all ports that way. The yellow fever was at Vigo; and a new sort of plague, with boils under the arm-pits, was at Tunis. To Ceuta we could go, but only from Algeciras, across the bay, in the Spanish country. Every way, fourteen days' quarantine stared me in the face—fourteen days' solitary confinement without one solitary comfort—fourteen days' angling out of a port-hole, sick, yawning—fourteen days' living badly at your own expense—duration most intolerable and not to be borne.

Now all the tricks of quarantine, that relic of past barbarism, with its attendant fear, intolerance, and disregard of personal liberty, I had already had too much cause to know. Had I not seen the dreadful emblem of death, the yellow flag, flying in the bright little green bay of Vigo? Had I not, because arriving there half an hour after gunfire, been kept from landing, and merely because I had looked on the dreaded flag, more terrible to its unresisting enemies than the flag of Attila or Napoleon; had I not been threatened, bandied about, and insulted at Oporto, kept in tremulous dread of not passing my "little-go" at Lisbon, and nearly plucked of my smalls at Cadiz? Had I not seen the good ship *Negress's* letters slap-

ped about in vinegar, and passed through a stinking smoke, which is called "purification?" Had I not marked the insolent caprice, purposely intended to vex and aggravate the hated English at Gib, with which, all of a sudden, without a minute's thought, in some pet or blue-devilishness of the governor, or alcaid, or post-master, a Spanish town was put in quarantine? Spaniards do not care for time, so how can they appreciate the vexation of delay to industrious Englishmen? They know the quarantine disposes healthy men to disease. They know that a slight attack, that on shore might yield to a dose of medicine, and prove, perhaps, not yellow fever at all, in a ship, in a state of anxiety and depression, must necessarily prove fatal. They *know* as well as I do that a cooped-up hulk, cranky, and reeking with bilge-water, will turn to a charnel-house if the epidemic once appears; so that, to keep one sick man from endangering a town, they condemn thirty or forty, may be a hundred, innocent men to death. They know all this; but who can reason with a Spaniard about a custom that is merely good because it is old; merely retained because some cowardly royal fools once instituted it? As well drop on your knees and entreat a springing rattlesnake not to sting—as well take off your hat to a starving lion—as well offer your watch and ten pounds reward to a turning shark to let you go.

An official Spaniard takes a brutal, hard, unreasoning pleasure in enforcing an old barbarism, all the more if it chafes and torments the accursed heretic that holds the key of the Mediterranean firm in his ruddy right hand.

There is much talk about dollars; quarantine just out against Tangiers and Tetuan—beef-boat stopped, etc. The Arab, grave in his haik and rhubarb papooshes, puts in each new difficulty like a sword-thrust. Our arguments are run through and through. He is going over with the Spanish mails from Algeciras to Ceuta at ten to-morrow. Our fare will be only the government fare of ninepence. We must get letters from the Spanish Governor at Ceuta, and they will be the only passport necessary. We agree, and shake hands on the bargain, I and Fluker, the pre-Raphaelite artist. The rest of the day is to be devoted to seeing the batteries. Our old friend Spanker goes with us, in truth, as our cicerone, and we mount sloping alleys from Waterport Street.

"I do *hope* you like Gib," says Spanker, with a tone of paternal concern, which is an amusing evidence of the way self-love appropriates all it approaches. "It need be strong, I tell you; for, what with plotting refugees, runaway smugglers, escaped thieves, sham cigar-makers, and its hostile and threatening garrison, it is a sad eyesore to the Spaniards. It is a core of heresy in a Catholic country, a gathering-point of rebellion, a free port, a place where we offend their pride by stopping and opposing every custom they have but that of quarantine. I think they'd eat us without salt if they dared. Only yesterday, on the neutral ground, one of their beasts of officers splashed me all over, on purpose, as he rode by; and then, when I cut him in the face with a back-handed blow of my whip—scissors! what do you think he did?"

"Don't know."

"Drew his toasting-fork."

"And you?"

"Knocked him down, of course, and left him there, till the Spanish guard came up, with whom I put him in arrest for insulting an English gentleman and officer."

"The Spaniards must like you very much, Spanker, if that sort of thing goes on often."

"Oh, they dote on us; but here we are at Willis's Battery. I'm blowed, how hot it is! Shouldn't you like a sherry-cobbler? I went into the King's Head as I came to you, but there was no one there but a pill (doctor), a porker (commissariat), a nabitant, two salamanders, and a scorpion, so I would not have any thing. I'll wait till mess, when you are gone, old fellow. Look out, now, at the batteries below. There is the Snake in the Grass, and the Devil's Tongue, and the Victoria, and the Orange Bastion—ugly customers all; aren't they, sergeant?"

The artillery sergeant in the white jacket, dangling a tremendous bunch of keys from his finger, replied, "Yes," with an air of self-conviction; "we've got a matter of a thousand guns on this 'ere rock when we chooses to mount 'em."

"Why, sergeant, I thought there were more than that?" says Spanker.

"Well, sir" (military salute), "at a shift, we might pack on another five hundred. As it is, we could blow any fleet,

Roosian or Proosian (they always go together), slap out of the water. There are more works, too, sinking outside the old batteries. Let 'em come in a year or two, that's all! I say, let 'em come! They'll never take the Rock, then, unless they drop soldiers on us out of the clouds."

We went up graveled and sanded paths—twist and turn—blasted out between low walls of rock, those scorched grooves that looked like weevil runs from the howitzer at the Club Hotel door in Commercial Square; from this high rock platform on the high poop-lantern of the rock facing the Spanish lines I see the neutral ground dotted with the white ant-hills of English tents.

On we went, the patriotic Sergeant Tompion ceremoniously unlocking for us palisaded gates, and huge masses of padlocks that clamped up the Lazarus-tomb and cave-like mouths of the subterranean passages, the works of Boyd and Jones, Elliott and Don, or some of those brave men who have, here, for our England's sake, borne the burden and heat of the day on this burning and impregnable rock. On, past small open plots of ground outside the cellars, mines, or small Thames Tunnels, where, on curious revolving frames, and with strange dial-face scales, and levels for elevation and depression, are the—I don't know how many pounders, watching, in their blind and owlish way, the strip of sand below, and the green sea-purple, with drifts and bars of shadow, with their Cyclop black eyes, after the manner of sentinel cannon in general.

This, the sergeant, assuming a Ciceronian or oratorical air, informs me (Spanker looking on as if he knew all about it, which he doesn't, and billiard-balling on a wall with his stick), was called Willis's Battery, from a deserter that, during the great siege, went over to the enemy, and, of course, from his professional knowledge, being an artilleryman, "he was sorry to say, knowing all angles and curves of fire, and all paths of shot and shell from and to the wide loop-holes, gun-ports, and terraces, raked and swept this quiet spot on which I then stood. He sent in a shot marked with his name, to let us know his revenge. The men could at last hardly be kept loading and sponging at the guns; and, what was worse," added Tompion, digging his heel into the gravel, and clapping the biggest gun affectionately on the breech, "the murdering vil-

lain was never captured." N.B.—It is a curious fact, that non-commissioned officers, like lady's-maids, love long words; a plain private gunner would have said "caught," but Sergeant Tompion preferred the more dignified word "captured." Fluker, lost in rapture at the glitter of the great sea below, studded with flocks of ships, stops here to make a note on his thumb-nail, as Hogarth used to, of the green veins in the in-shore sea, which he foolishly compares in color to veins of malachite. Spanker, not understanding the pictorial line of conversation, stops him by asking me what I would bet he would not come in first at the next Gib Races, a broad bet I refuse to take, though Crinoline is, I dare say, a very excellent horse, and three quarters blood.

I can not help, novice in the art of war that I am, trying to realize the old Drinkwater days, when fire must have rained, and blazed, and burst upon this spot of English ground, where the heath-flower now blooms purple where I stand, looking toward Spain. What filing of bayonets there must have been; what quick signal-beats of the drum, rolling along in scurrying echoes; what mournful processions of torn and bleeding men, carried down to their graves outside the gate; what a hurry of shirt-sleeved, bare-armed, powder-black men, with dirty lips and bloody hands, through these long galleries, and across these battery terraces! It is almost ludicrous to look at these traversing carriages, and all the latest pedant foppery from Woolwich, in a time of peace. It must make one of those small invisible devils grin who frequent Gib brandy-shops to fan brawls, and urge to desertions, murders, and suicides, to take a cool walk up here, and see the elaborate preparation by earth-worms of these fire-tubes to crush and smite other small creatures of the same species who bear it, and think themselves heroes because they get twelvenpence a day and some garlic soup for that same Christian endurance.

Here Tompion stops me, just as I am plunging into another sloping tunnel, to show me across the neutral ground and Campo, the jagged brown rock that is called Queen Isabella's Chair, merely because it is scooped out like a saddle. Then we look out toward Europa Point, where the light-house rises like a white candle with a red wick, and nearer to Jumper's and Ragged Staff Battery. Gibraltar, the paradise of smug-

glers, monkeys, and partridges, lie before us, and now a cooler, fresher air, as if direct from blessed England, makes every brown cheek redder and cheerier; our steps grow firmer, faster, and longer. We feel the home air, and are ourselves again.

Spanker is just beginning a long and not very clearly worked-out story (it requires a ground-plan to follow him) about how once, when he was on furlough from the West Indies, his vessel was water-logged, and the regiment was taken on board a Rio Janeiro schooner, which had to put back to Madeira for quarantine because a drummer-boy on board had died of fatigue at the pumps and consumption.

Tompion wants me to look well about, as this is generally considered a remarkably pretty spot, and has been taken in a "pottengraff." Spanker stops, and wants irrelevantly to know if I'll go to the theatre to-night.

Tompion puts on an air of increased solemnity, which signifies that we have now got to something beyond the preface—something worth seeing. He flings open a gate, and we enter a new tunnel, something like the lower deck of a man-of-war, with embrasures cut like port-holes at regular intervals.

They are each so many little alcoved rooms, with a gun-port cut out through the rock to command the lines, which appear small and burnt up below you. Tompion thinks it here necessary to become supremely professional. Spanker whispers, "Develish clever fellows all the artillery." Tompion squints along the gun as if it was a fowling-piece, and he was at the Red House going to kill a thousand consecutive piefuls of pigeons for a thousand half crowns. He rubs off an imaginary rust-spot on the breech with a handful of tow (which looks like his own hair pulled out by the roots), shoves it right and shoves it left, so that "the piece" traverses and enfilades either side of the Spanish Debatable Land, rickets it up and down with a sort of screw-winch (I am not strong in science); and now, from various holes and side-lockers of the alcove where the gun's food, furniture, and toilet traps are kept, draws out—just as a fisherman would fish from the well of a punt—different articles of shot and shell, some in cases like large chocolate pots, some in bunches like grapes (fruit of Sodom indeed), some like poker-knobs; but none so elaborate as the old Arma-

da shot at the Tower, with the chains and saws that sprang out as they flew or struck. We asked him about the smoke in the embrasures, if it would suffocate the men or render aim impossible. Tompion, looking as if he was writing to the *Times*, says, "No, gentlemen, certainly not, except in special kinds of wind, when it would blow back on the gunners."

I could fancy Tompion presiding at a siege with old Heathfield—Elliott looking on in gold and scarlet. How soon he would know all the tricks of his gun! how he would chide and encourage his eight attendants! how dapperly he would apply his linstock! how they would cheer when a shot of theirs struck the head of a column, when they struck down a pair of colors, or sent a powder-wagon up to heaven!

But we loiter. On we go, Tompion *duce*, I feeling *incolumis* with such a *dux*; upon which Spanker laughs uneasily, and a little forgetting his Horace, says, "Homer was a d—d fine fellow, and, I dare say, liked his tumbler."

"Gentlemen, is that General O'Meara you discourse about?" says Tompion, wishing to come in; "as brave a soldier as ever gave the word of command. I had a brother served with him at New Orleans."

The clash of gates and some difficulty with a strict padlock gives me opportunity to smile audibly. Spanker joins me in whispers, "Rum old card, is he not?"

The roof of this tunnel still shows the marks of the pick and crowbar's tooth, and even the chiseled groove black in the lip where the blasting-powder was rammed; now a turn takes us past files of more cannon leering through port-holes into the crowning wonder of the rock—"St. George's Hall."

It was smaller than I expected, and more of the chapel than the cathedral; but is still vast, grand, and wonderful, though my imaginations, which cost no great architectural labor in building, were vaster. It is a huge stone chamber, vaulted out of rock like a bandit's cave in a "bellow drama," or a sea-king's home as never was in a sea-side poem. It has six port-holes on each side. When the guns are run out it resembles nothing more than the gun-deck of Noah's ark. The broadside it gives in thunder is rendered possible by the fact that the hall is scooped out in a sort of snout of the rock.

"The Spaniards," says Spanker, showing his white teeth like

a Skye terrier—which is his usual sign when he means to be funny—“say we chiseled the Rock out of them; but all I know for certain is, that we chiseled this hall out of the Rock.”

Tompion, as in duty bound, ceases to torment us before our time with a shot with a wooden bottom, and laughs “consumedly,” as they say in the old “stap me vitals” comedies. This grim hall, where one would only expect to find “Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogene,” is a favorite place for Gib garrison picnics; and while they talk about blood and powder here, men make love, and besiege “that fort men call a heart.” On those rock steps, leading to the higher passage, the snowiest book muslins sit and discuss cold fowl and the “effervescing-est” Champagner wein. Up that dark gallery lovers sigh and wander, and get lost, and enthusiastically found again, and, indeed, play all the newest variations on the old, old theme of Love.

Hark! as they say in tragical night-scenes, just before the ghost enters, to the “wind at prayers.” Is it not rare organ music, that grand piping the wind breathes through the flute-holes and arched embouchures that stare at each other forever across the hall? What an anthem to England’s dead and brave! what an unshaped pæan to her fame! what an unwritten and unwritable chant in the wind language, unpronounceable, but awful, whether in rigging or vulgar London chimney-pot! Ten thousand ducats could I but interpret it: one syllable of it, and I were a poet greater even than O’Meara himself, or even the author of that fine epic, O’Ryan.

But Tompion now waves his keys; and as this is the cock-crow to the errant spirit, I must leave the wail of that sublime Niagara of melodies: I must never discover where that remarkable staircase winds up to, for I forgot to ask Spanker if it is a well or a ventilated shaft; and if I had, that most gifted of subs would be sure not to have known. As we screwed up, so we unscrewed ourselves back down the rock—Spanker to his underground bomb-proof quarters in the Emperor’s Bastion, to dress for mess, and I to the Club-house Hotel, to attire myself for the theatre.

The details of that “screamer” of an opera it will not be necessary for me to go into, it being the not unknown “Trovatore,” and the singers neither Mario nor Grisi; but this I will

say, that the storm that broke over us during the second act was blue-black as indigo, and that the great, swift sword-cuts of the lightning, with its stabs and probings of scorching fire, outshone the golden light, and scared us by turning the stage fire to mere glow-worm pallor.

The grand way Spanker showed me home, and intimidated challenging sentinels by roaring "OFFICER," which seemed a night talisman, I need not, as I am just packing up for Africa, stop to any farther describe.

CHAPTER XXIV.

PREPARING FOR AFRICA.

I HAD squeezed Gib dry, like one of those oranges with the rough white kid linings that now lie in the London murky fireplace at my feet. There was not a drop more juice in it; I had sucked it just as I had sucked Seville. I had from the hotel window, through the green bars of the jalousies, watched the Moors at prayers, with their brown faces to the east; I had made a note of the purple pigeon's-neck ruffle of the sea, when the Levanter passed and skimmed it with its wings. On the subaltern's maxim of Never walk if you can ride, I had taken a flea-bitten gray from old Rhododendron's stables, where the hulk of the broken-down Hansom wallows at the door, and had gone all round the Rock, from Waterport Gate, where the plaided fish lie for sale, all round the Marble precipice, toothed with cannon, and grinning with embrasures, to Catalan Bay, that quiet, storm-washed fishing-station, with its melancholy one officer on duty. I had been out to the Highlanders' tents, been fêted with bitter beer, and had seen the brave young officer who was thrown over the bridge near Roque while scudding home from the cork-woods in "a state of rum-punch," as the camp phrased it. The guides, Rafael and Mesias, had shown me every thing for a few hard dollars. I had been introduced to the monkeys, and thought them deserving of promotion, as they sat chained to pillars, and dressed in little scarlet jackets outside Spanker's and Driver's doors. I had even, after a look in at the Romish church, which I at first mistook for the theatre, and another look at the half-Moor-

ish Protestant church, clambered to the higher regions of the garrison library, where I had been shown, through a glass door, the awful governor himself, terror of subs, reclining on a sofa, and reading the *Times* (only six days old) with infinite relish: a certain proof that he is of our common species. I had heard the Jews howling at their synagogue like so many invoking priests of Baal. I had been with Spanker on a tour of inspection through the barracks, and seen the men rolling up and ticketing their bedding, cleaning their belts, and polishing their muskets. In fact, I had done the Rock, subs, monkeys, scorpions, martinets, Jews, Spaniards, and all.

What a curious instance of human malice and perversity it is, that, if you are going a railway journey, a kind friend always stops to read you the last collision and loss of life at Wolverhampton; if by sea, the Burning of the *Kent* East Indiaman is lent you as a traveling companion. Now that I was going to Africa, Major Macgillicuddy would hold me by the button (that button he had already loosened), and tell me, in a low, bass whisper, that only ten days ago a brig had been brought into the government harbor, picked up by some vessel on the Barbary coast, with the name carefully scraped out, and the decks bloody. I had better take care. Was my life insured? Could he lend me a Colt's revolver, with all the latest improvements. It was a pity such a d—d pleasant fellow (here I blushed, of course) should throw away or risk his life to see a mere Spanish garrison town. Did I know that it was the common talk of Gib that the Spaniards were about to proclaim war on the Moors for their attack on the Melilla? He had been, indeed, distinctly informed that chests of dollars were arriving every day, under convoy, at Algeciras for war purposes. The Emperor of Morocco, one account, very reliable too, said, had struck the Spanish ambassador at Fez, and threatened him with the bastinado; but Don Fulano had escaped at night dressed as a date-merchant to Timbuctoo. The beef-boat captain So-and-so told a friend of Colonel Martingale, who told Simms of the Hundred and Second, who was a bosom friend of his (Major Macgillicuddy's), only that morning (d—d good hand at roulette was Simms, and always bet on the red), that not a Spaniard showed himself on the walls at Ceuta but he was instantly potted by the Moorish matchlockmen. Now

I knew perfectly well the major cared no more for me than he did for the last pack of torn cards he flung under the table, and that if my head dangled at the saddle of a Rif camel to-morrow night it would not spoil his appetite for one day. I knew, moreover, that the major's hearsay was mere floating gossip, maliciously exaggerated to annoy me (some men can not resist the pleasure of tasting the power of giving pain); and, moreover, as all indolent people do, he took delight in stopping another man's activity. So I replied nothing, but gravely nodded, and went off to pack up my out-at-elbows trunk, and hurry the Arab captain.

Pushing and elbowing through a crowd of red and green boats, with lateen sails bent back like a hare's ears when she runs before the hounds, I and Fluker, my artist companion, push off from Calpe, the Pillar of Hercules, which the jealous Phœnicians kept as a toll-gate, beyond which no strangers might pass, though they had no cannon then to shoot at them with as we have now. We do not care now whether the rock is like a couchant sphynx, or a bucket, as the Greeks compared it to; indifferent to us whether its name is Hebrew, and means a caved mountain, or Phœnician, and means a night watch-tower. We are going to the lion country, and leave the burnt rock for purblind antiquarians to grub about as long as they like. When Gib's gunfire sounds to-night at Ave Maria time, we shall be far away, far away from its videttes. Africa, a new quarter of the world, is all before us, so let that white fever-cloud hang about the flag-staff and Saint Michael's cave, where the treacherous Spaniards once hid, as long as it like. Let Colonel Martinet put the whole garrison on bread and water, and the town-major sweep the streets with grape. We are free!

To tell the truth—and why should I be ashamed of it?—I felt, as I put my foot into the bilge-water puddle at the bottom of the Algeciras ferry-boat, that slight fever of anxiety which travelers often feel on taking a sudden and uncertain step—a tremor such as the bravest man may feel, and which is a tingle of the nerves, not a chill of the heart. It is what men carrying scaling-ladders feel, and what the officer who volunteers to head a forlorn hope feels. It is natural, and not unbecoming the thoughtful, brave man. It is all very well to tell me that

that young Guardsman I just met smiling and showing his teeth in Regent Street, with a bunch of violets at his button-hole, would not have felt so. For my part, I think the man who sees a danger, and yet faces it, is braver than the wild Irishman with the bloodshot eyes, who rams his hot head into the blazing mouth of an eighteen-pounder, and pays the natural consequence. You must remember, too, when you laugh at my hesitation at a mere five hours' sail, the difference all the world over between the outdoor man and the indoor man. My nerves have all come to the surface, with much introspection and the fretting of perpetual thinking. For certain things, I would let them cut my heart out; but you must not wonder if I do not smoke and sing all the time of the operation, as a sailor does whose leg is being cut off, or if I shudder just a trifle at the first glitter of the surgeon's knife. When I hint the possibility of danger to Fluker, he makes a face, and takes a look inside a tankard of bitter ale, and says he dare say he shall "pull through;" and certainly, if his mental pull will be any thing like that miraculous draught, that physical pull he took at the pale ale, I quite agree with him. Fluker was thinking of the jewel-color of sea-water; of the effect of white sails against blue skies; of red-turbaned heads telling against white mosque walls; of the red scarf, that carries the color through the picture; and I knew it was impossible to make him realize the fact that we might be swooped up in our flight across the Gut by a Rif galley. So I let him alone, knowing nothing but a torrent of sabres pouring on our deck would ever convince him that such infamous, illegal, unconstitutional, un-English conduct was possible, even in those very high latitudes. Besides, Fluker was one of those unpractical, unworldly men, who, if he had wanted to stick up on the door of his London chambers, "Gone in the country; back in a week," would have stuck it up with his diamond shirt-pin, and not thought more about it, except to wonder where he had lost it. Besides, if he had been taken prisoner, like Fra Lippo Lippi, the clever, erratic, improvising, lucky, inconsequential fellow would have painted a portrait of his master, and bought himself off in a week; or got prime vizier to the Emperor of Morocco, and married his daughter. So I let him hug his black tin color-box and go off to the boat, singing something about

“Her hand is soft as a Guelder rose,
And every bit as white;
Her eye is dark as a summer eve,
Or a violet by starlight.”

The ferry-boat is full of barefooted fisherwomen, who grinning and chattering, load every one on board with English cotton handkerchiefs, which we are to smuggle for them. As for Fluker, who was ranting that the sea we were plowing through was so much liquid sunshine, whereas it seemed to my vulgar eyes just a mere ocean of pale sherry, one old Sycorax of a crone, with nutcracker mouth and hairy chin, so stuffed him with smuggled goods that he was full up to the brim, sleeves, trowsers, pockets, waistcoat—every thing! A rival witch, who began to load me in the same way, I resisted, and put far from me, in spite of all her grinning and wheedling, and all the deprecating hand-wavings of the sturdy barefooted rowers; for we were not yet in the Robinson Crusoe xebec with the tawny red sails and the painted Carthaginian prow of the true bean-pod shape. Swiftly, with the great whale-back of a rock perpetually in our eyes (how the Spaniards, when you pointed at it and laughed, rose and clenched their brows, and shook their fists!), on we skimmed, and flew, and tacked, and wheeled in the Dantzic gold water of that luminous Pactolus. The men with their bare bull chests, toiling at the great oars, ran headlong about with the rope that the moving sail dragged and lugged at so viciously.

Now the white fort and low shore of Algeciras is in view, with the cocked-hatted officials in expectant vigilance on the rough stone jetty, on which, under a roof of mat, the lazy sentinel nods and drowzes, the rising and falling of the empty boats slowly mesmerizing him to sleep. Now the last bundle of cottons has been stowed away in hat and bosom; even some dried fish hide a small consignment of Manchester goods; and now we bump the shore in hasty recognition, and leap up on the broad slippery stones, in which process one fat old gentleman flops in between the boat and land, and is all but drowned. Fluker, intent on some emerald wash of water over stone, is busy with his red-covered pocket-book, which he is always consulting, like a priest his breviary—honest enthusiast for red hair and microscopic mustard and cress that he is. The old

women are out sneaking with affected humility—treacherous Jaels, Judiths, and Delilahs, as they are—past the grand officials, who pretend, with equally affected severity, to open every packet that they know contains nothing. The ferry boatswain has been round for pence, and we are at last landed, ready for the xebec that, with quaint lateen rig, I see bobbing and dipping out away yonder, where the cows are being “swum” off alongside of boats full of soldiers and herdsmen, all bound for the Seven Hills and Ceuta, on the African shore.

As I walk up to the hotel through the unthrifty sand, strewn with star-fish and intestine relics of departed mullet, not yet deodorized by the great scavenger sun, the Arab captain, who talks reasonable English, tells me that Algeciras is almost supported by the smuggling of cigars and cottons from Gib, as indeed are half the small towns on the neighboring Spanish coast. The last alcaid, he assures me, retired on quite a fortune realized in this patriotic and honorable way. The women I saw go over daily in the ferry-boat and daily smuggle. Every now and then, to keep up appearances, like the London police with London gambling-houses, the officers make a swoop, and clear out the whole trip of run cottons. I asked him if murders by robbers were common in Algeciras. The Arab, shrugging up his hood, said he had heard of but one in twenty years he had “used” the place, and that was an English gentleman, murdered near Ronda by two escaped galley-slaves from Cadiz. The gentleman was riding in the mountains; his sister staid behind at a turn of the road to sketch, when she heard a shot, and, riding forward, found her brother dead; the thieves had, it is supposed, followed him and been lying in wait. They were both garroted, though the Spaniards petitioned hard for them.

Algeciras we found asleep as fast as ever. That scene of two great English victories seems never to have recovered those stunning blows on the head dealt by the English fist. Half-naked boys in dirty drawers still dabbled about the rocking fishing-boats. Vagabond loafers still slept with their backs to new-landed bales and sacks. There were still the string of porters unloading millet from a Barbary barque. Still cows wading and swimming out to board distant beef-boats. Still naval-looking soldiers, drinking aniseed on sea-side wall-benches.

Still a distant salute from Gib, with jerking stings of sudden fire, and thumps in the sky as if heavy carpets were being beat.

All the streets, and squares, and bull-ring, and Prado of that dead-carrion town I knew by heart, or rather by nose. I had even reconnoitred the suburb, so intensely Spanish, beginning with dusty lanes, hemmed in with deep irrigating ditches, walled by plantations of tall reeds, that kept whispering some new court secret of Midas; then one-streeted villages of white-washed huts, with dirty, naked, ophthalmic children dragging about fish-tails as playthings at the doors; then a few rambling prickly pear and angry aloes that, as finger-posts, stretched their wild irritated arms to lead you to the rolling earth-heaps and parched mule-tracks of the open country. No green, spongy turf there—no gracious sheltering trees—no; mere brick-yard refuse, and Saffron Hill burnt-up lumber, and strips of white and brown road, padded to dust here and there by scuffling mule-hoofs.

I do not know what diplomacy is not necessary before we get our Ceuta passports. Much talking with Spanish semi-official sponges, who hang about our doors, drop in by accident just at dinner-time, have no objection to cigars, sip at our claret, brag of their national services and of the governor's wisdom, and eventually, when we are sick to death of officialism and officials, bring us a sort of billet order from the tardy governor representing us as English officers on a visit of inspection to the Ceuta garrison. It gives us, if we like, a right to free quarters and food, and is altogether so solemn, condescending, and lying a document, that Ibn Hafiz, our Arab captain, treats it as a sort of sultan's firman, and strikes his forehead and breast with it in true Oriental manner.

Thanks be to Allah! we are at last in the xebec, the *Young Man's Escape*—just such a bark boarded Robinson Crusoe's vessel off Salee—and we are bound for Barbary, an occasion seized by Fluker to improvise a sort of nautical comic song, which he sings to the delight of the grinning crew by snatches in intervals of sea-sickness and note-taking:

“The white moon's flying fast, fast, fast,
 Over the white capp'd sea,
 The scud is running arrow-swift,
 And we're bound for Barbarie.

“Blue turbans watch us from the shore,
Across the gold-green sea,
For we bring a crown of topaz stones
For the Queen of Barbaric.”

It was a throb and struggle of oars, that spread out now like swallow's wings, now like the legs of a centipede—a pull, a sway, a lug at a rope, and we were on board the xebec, where we soon, Fluker and I, took up our quarters near the immensely long handle of the tiller, which, in true lazy Spanish fashion, was managed by a rope held by a fat barefooted sailor, who steered sitting down; which did not startle me, because I remembered that the helmsman of the Seville steamer, though a rogue, “tough as nails,” had a sort of music-stool to enable him to get through his laborious work.

The passengers are poor soldiers, smooth, brown-faced lads, going over with their mothers and sisters to join the garrison at Ceuta, and to furnish food for the Moorish vultures. They wore little boat-shaped blue caps with tassels, and dirty yellow jackets, linen trousers, and hemp sandals (at least those from Sancho Panza's *La Mancha*) on their naked feet. Their knapsacks, made of calfskin, with the chestnut hair outside, lay on the deck, with their tin pannakins for cooking strapped to them. Their muskets were, I observed, very rude and cumbersome. As for the rest of the passengers, they were mechanics, laden with mule harness, sacks of loaves and fruit, and shook down into their places before the vessel had gone many miles, subsiding at last into perfect sea-sick Jonahs, who would have thanked you if you had pitched them over to any passing whale wanting a luncheon. As for the young soldiers, they began by placing themselves in gay and picturesque attitudes on the piles of fruit-bags, laughing and making faces at the poor women who sought refuge, covered up, in sleep from the rising nausea and giddiness, as the vessel leaped and tripped over the waves that divided Europe from Africa. I, not despising, yet not much disturbed by the pitch and toss, and the rise and fall of the horizon, to which we seemed to climb, only to drop directly, sat and talked.

I and Fluker, indeed, to get out of the way of the sailors, who were singing a ballad about a certain Don Antonio, in chorus to the fat steersman with the merry greasy face and

bashaw stomach just off duty at the tiller, threw ourselves on the deck (the pitch, which is sweating out from between the seams, not benefiting our small clothes), with our backs to the bulwarks and next to a soldier, who is drinking from the spout of a jar in that curious Spanish way which requires you to hold the spout some distance from your mouth, and to let the wine pass in a red arch into your expectant gullet.

Presently the captain, grand in his striped Bournouse, joined us, and lying down too (the song hushing out of respect to the captain), he began to discourse on the wonders of Tetuan, of its boar-hunts, locust-trees, torpedo fish, and customs. "No ale and spirits sold here," said he, "written pleasantly there. The prophet allows the Faithful no such indulgences; no, not even ginger-beer or shandy-gaff, or what you English call gin and bittares."

"He knows all our little national peculiarities, this captain," says Fluker, under-breath, as he fathoms his coffee-colored meerschaum with his little finger.

But then the Tetuan people allowed no cheating in the caravansaries. He himself (Ibn Hafiz) had been charged too much, and had to complain to the Moorish governor, who instantly sent two blacks to drag the innkeeper to prison. There were no Tarifa landlords there. Had I heard of the Tarifa landlord, and what he said to the Duke of Medina Cœli last June?"

"No."

"The duke lost his way out quail-shooting, and had to spend the night at the inn at Tarifa. The next day, when the bill came in, the duke complained bitterly; and, by Allah! I think the infidel was right, because the Spanish rogue had charged him a dollar apiece for two eggs. 'Rascal,' he said, 'why, you can get eggs here every day two for a penny.' 'Yes,' said the fellow, grinning, as is the way of those cattle, 'but we do not get a *duke* here every day.'"

We laughed, and Fluker bursts out with

"The sea is washing emerald clear,
The nodding palms I see,
And I hear the cymbal beat, that shows
We are coasting Barbarie."

The Arab went on: "I was myself born at Fez, and do not

know much of those Tetuan people, whose manners do not resemble our own, though they believe in the same God and the same Prophet. You English would be surprised to see what I have seen at Tangiers. I was once there during the Ramadan, and saw the soldiers seize a man caught stealing a case of dates from Mequinez, the sweetest and most golden-dusted there are in all Africa. They did not want any trial. They dragged him, after a short bastinado, up to the wall of the market-place, where there was a large iron ring. There they pulled off his turban, tore up his sleeve, and thrust in his right arm, one soldier holding his shoulder, another his hand. Then a third, with a heavy cimeter, at one stroke struck off the hand a little above the wrist; clean, I tell you English gentlemen, as a cook cuts a carrot in two. They then rammed the stump into some hot pitch, kicked him, and let him run. It is, however, the custom of these people to pursue the wretch, because, if left alone in the woods in pain and uncured, the blood only stanch'd, he would go mad. If you go, therefore, English gentlemen, to that Moorish city, take care of men with one hand, for they are rogues; and, above all, avoid men with both hands cut off, for they are the Devil himself."

"And how, Ibn Hafiz, does this humane system work?" said Fluker, who had been shrugging his shoulders to express disapproval.

"Extremely well, English gentleman. People are so honest in that city, that if you were to-night to drop a purse of gold in the most frequented street, you would find it next day just where you left it."

"Come, come, old fellow," says Fluker, moved to speak, "draw it mild; you mean the purse, not the gold."

"The faithful man speaks faithfully," says the Arab, scowling, but still grave and quiet. "I speak of what I have seen." (Here some indistinct Arabic words, I am afraid not complimentary to Fluker's ancestors, particularly his maternal relation.) "Am I a dog, that I must swear by the Koran about every thing I say? I tell thee" (the more angry the Arab got, the more Oriental and scriptural his language, I observed, became), "you English have your law courts, your wigs made of cab-horses tails, your black bedgowns, and skins of foolish animals; we go before the *cadi*, who hears both sides, then

drives every one out of the room, takes down evidence on a spare scrap of paper, gives his judgment, and tears up the record. That is our Arab way: and shall I be called a liar, and my father's grave be defiled, because your customs and ours differ?" (The captain here gave angry orders to reef, just to cool his temper.)

Fluker, rather frightened, said, "Why, old fellar, you ain't going to cut up rusty about that? I meant no harm. Here, let's fill your pipe with some of this bird's-eye: it's devilish good bird's-eye, I can tell you. So

" 'White roses bloomed in every cloud,
White as the froth on the sea,
As we shook out every bosoming sail
To speed to Barbarie.' "

The captain relented, and went on telling us how nearly, he had heard, Prince Waldemar of Prussia, while sketching, had been cut off by the Rif matchlockmen, and related how he himself, a year ago, had all but fallen into their hands. He was with an Englishman of science, whom he was taking round the coast. They had been for an hour or two at the edge of a cave not far from Tetuan, trying to cut from a rock under water a curious sort of webby polypus nest, which the Arab described as netted like coral, yet fine as silk. They had partly succeeded, and had got back into the den, when they felt hands on their shoulders, and saw two blacks, who had been watching them. Before, however, the blacks could proceed to use their swords, the escort had rushed in, disarmed them, and tied them back to back with cords.

I do not know, indeed, what the irascible Ibn Hafiz would not have told us of the Rif men on camels, who come to Tangiers to buy at the market, had not at this moment Ceuta hove—I believe that is the right expression—in sight. For a long time Gib had been lowering and lessening, now to a Primrose Hill, now to a mole-hill, now to a mere mole on Ocean's cheek. We were at Ceuta; the town my countrymen, during the war, prudently garrisoned, much to the indignation of the ungrateful Spaniard.

Now, in the scuffle, jostle, and confusion of women's bundles, soldiers' knapsacks, leather mail-bags, and bread-sacks, I and

Fluker are all but forgotten. The captain is shouting at the shore, the sailors are shouting at each other, hauling at ropes, all but the steersman, who sits, much troubled and disarranged; for no Spanish crew will take a vessel in within a quarter of a mile of the shore. We are carted out into boats, into which, with acrobatic balancing and shin-breakings over oars and benches, we get, and are soon on the pier.

I see nothing in Ceuta—the town of Seven Hills; the little decayed Rome from whence the Berbers shipped to conquer Spain, slay Don Roderic, and furnish matter for that yawning epic of Mouthey's—but rows and angles of decaying ramparts, and a slope of houses that seem slipping off into the sea; but what I do see, and rejoice in, is far away to the right—the mountainous green hills—the image of those of Devonshire grown old—running down to meet the waves and hear the latest tidings of the conquered country, away yonder, of whose houses certain turbaned men here in Africa still keep the title-deeds and keys. There they stretch away like a rolling green desert, treeless but verdant, with only here and there the white-washed walls of a Moorish hut to break the solitary grandeur of that greenness.

"There is one thing," I said to Fluker, as a rejoicing touter bore us off to the only inn of the place, "we are in Africa: that alone is a delight and a rapture."

"Keep saying Africa to me," says Fluker; "I can't realize it. It's more like going to Herne Bay; though I had one or two misgivings of stomach."

"One or two! how some men—but, there, never mind."

I said nothing, I was so proud of having set my wandering foot in Africa.

"Lead on!" said Fluker, grandly, to the touter, who had made himself a groaning Atlas under our portmanteaus, forgetting he did not know English; but then Fluker, though he has sometimes a good deal of presence of mind, is generally so absent with his art and his verses. There, again, only hear him, in Africa, sing:

"The whale is spouting fore and aft,
The shark tears through the sea;
But not so fast as our ship that leaps—
Bound straight for Barbarie."

One or two suicidally idle soldiers fishing from the quay-wall for mackerel were all the garrison we saw as we followed the intrepid touter along a pebble-paved jetty, past some stalls and dens for officials, who all but went on their knees when they saw our grand passport. It was not till we left the fortified gateways and the citadel to the right, and turned from the feverish, unquiet sea up a steep, narrow lane, that we began to realize where we were. We were passing up between high, quiet whitewashed garden walls, with scented bunches of purple flowers hanging over in tropical wealth. Here and there a pomegranate-tree hung up its fruit out of our reach; here and there some African tree, whose name I did not know, tossed its blossom on us; and just as we were climbing still higher, Atlas stopped, shook down his luggage mountain in the doorway of a small dirty court, and said we were there.

This was the fonda.

"Well, I'm sure!" said Fluker, hopelessly.

Atlas took three times what he ought to have taken with a grumble, wiped his forehead, shouted for the landlady, and stumped off. To our horror, the landlady spoke nothing but Moorish, and, though a good-natured woman enough, had no idea of putting herself to much trouble on our account, seeming to have no idea of our being a source of profit. She knew a few Spanish words, but we did it chiefly by dumb show. Our treaties were like the episode play in Hamlet, "the thing wherewith to try the conscience of the king." We asked for a room; she showed us up a dark, stumbling pair of brick stairs to a little dim bedroom with a scorpion-nest of a roof, and a grated window commanding a view of the street.

As we stuck our heads out we heard a doleful drag and clink of chains, and a file of galley-slaves in yellow, led and followed by soldiers with loaded guns, trailed down the street; for Ceuta is the Botany Bay of Spain, and here the wretches die by thousands from climate, hard work, cruelty, and neglect.

I've asked our hostess for beef?—No. Mutton?—No. Veal?—No. Fish?—No. Bacon?—Yes. Eggs?—Yes. Fruit?—Yes. Tea?—Yes. Coffee?—Yes. Very well, then; good coffee, good and quick.

We sit down on our two iron beds and look at each other.

"If you call this Africa, I wish I was out of it. I am so deuced hungry," groaned Fluker.

Oh! the crude nakedness of that dirty tiled room, with the scorpion ceiling and the truckle-beds!

Presently in came the dinner: two tumblers of brown ditch-water coffee without milk or sugar; black bread without butter, and some slices of brown old sow-bacon swimming in black grease. For dessert, two figs split open, and with a seedsman's drawer full of gold-seeds showing. You might talk, argue, reason; nothing more could be got out of our landlady. No meat is to be had in Spain after market hours; no one keeps any in the house. What is bought is bought for measured mouths. Butter is always scarce, and cheese in retired places all but unknown.

We eat in moody melancholy, and again, just as we are going to stroll out to see the fortifications, are startled by a clink and drag of chains. We look out: it is the long string of galley-slaves marching back with sullen decorum up the covered way of the street. Our walk over the town was not very fruitful. We got on the sea-wall, and heard the Gibraltar evening gun roar out at us like a released lion. We poked into small squares paved with black and white pebbles in patterns. We watched half the garrison driving a bull into the slaughter-yard by pricking him with bayonets, which, instead of making him quieter, gave the chase the appearance of a small bull-fight. We saw the bare yellow-legged Moorish interpreters hobnobbing with the governor; under the guidance of backsheesh-seeking Spanish artillerymen, we traversed curtain and ravelin, and all the angles and terraces of the fortress walls; bought long tassels of purple and yellow flowers, strung with Moorish taste by a street-boy; purchased Moorish cigar-cases worked with dyed aloe thread, and stared at the immense tufted reeds that kept crying out to us in the gardens, "We are African!" We were dazzled by a review of two or three thousand men in the barrack square; saw the raw recruits from La Mancha put through the difficult Hay-band—Straw-band! manœuvres, and retired to our beds, ready for the chivalrous touter who was to rouse us for the early xebec. We had had quite enough of Africa. One thing only puzzled us, that whether in the flower-arched lanes, the cactus-planted gardens, or dusty barrack square, we were every where being saluted by soldiers and bowed to by portly officers. We could see clumps of them

watching us from the batteries, and as we passed the curious arched cafés, groups of them turned to follow us, with their eyes, out of sight.

It was not till we were the next day arm in arm on the Gib Alameda, and the band beginning to strike up, that the reason for this singular courtesy and attention struck the sagacious Fluker.

"Why, by Jove!" says he, "Blank, I know what it was made those fellows do the civil to us so; it was our being put down as general officers in our passports. I'll be hanged if they mustn't have thought we were on an official visit of inspection."

Said I, "Fluker, by Jove, you're right." And he was right, too. "For once—in Barbarie."

CHAPTER XXV.

MY FAREWELL DINNER AT GIB.

I NEED not say that "Gib" is the fretful name—half of weariness, half of fondness—given to Gibraltar by its British garrison.

The *Negus* was to sail on the Thursday; and it was the Tuesday before that, as I was putting on my white Spanish canvas slippers, that that good fellow Spanker broke in, waving the white horse-tail fan which the hardier British officers generally carry when riding, and delivered his winged words thus to me as I sat hot and puffing with the exertion of shaving, reclining on a black, shining, stony, horse-hair dusty sofa in an upper room of the Club House Hotel:

"I say, old fellow, you're in a hole."

I looked down on the floor, and saw nothing to corroborate the gallant subaltern's friendly alarm.

"You've put your foot in it nicely."

I looked at my boot.

"Oh, don't be so deuced literal. We are all in a hole."

"What! have the Spaniards undermined us?"

"Oh! I say, old fellow, none of your chaff. It's so infernal hot. Got any bitter beer? Bitter keeps a man's pecker up."

I rang for Bass or Allsopp. "Utrum horum?" I said.

"My dear Spanker, I admire your genius, I respect your courage. I regard you with unmixed admiration, barring your eyeglass—"

Here Spanker's eyeglass dropped out like a glass eye carelessly put in, and hung by a quivering string or ligament until farther reconnaissances on the enemy were required.

"Come, no chaff, old man," groaned Spanker, red and thirsty, in a languid and prayerful voice, as he looked out of window. "I say, here's the town-major's daughter going by with such a stunning pink bonnet."

"Let Delilah go by in peace."

"Her name isn't Delilly—it's Dorothy. We call her at mess Dolly. Driver is no end of spooney in that quarter. Talk of her, and see how red he gets; just like a lobster when you put it in hot water."

"Well, I suppose *you're* always in hot water, and that is why *you* get so red."

Spanker's eyeglass slipped out again (like Barnacle's) in the agonies of a sneeze.

"Will you come and ride out to the cork-woods, and have some milk punch at Saint Roque? It is the right thing to do, I believe," said I.

"Thank'ee, old fellow; but I'm off directly to that infernal Watergate, to read the paper till seven to-morrow morning. Delightful profession! delightful climate! delightful colonel! so fond of me!"

Here Spanker broke off his irony, fixing his glass in his eye as one would push a cap on a gun-nipple, and abruptly rushing to the head of the stairs, he roared, with a ten-pounder voice, "Now, then, look alive with that beer, will you!" the "will you" twisting up in the way a whip-lash laps round an urchin's legs.

The beer was "looked alive" to; and a waiter, pinching the indispensable napkin under his arm, entered with such haste that you would have thought he had just brewed the beer, and was serving it up before the bloom was off.

I was uneasy, because Spanker was decidedly so; his glass kept dropping out like a ripe nut out of its husk. First he would look at one spur, then at the other; then he brushed the dust off his boots with a clean white handkerchief; then

he got up, and looked out between the window-blinds at the sun and the fortifications, as if he had just landed, or like a merchant who was anxious for his argosies. Then he sat down, looked at me, brushed the white bitter froth off his mustaches, coughed as if I was Dorothy and he was going to propose, or to have a tooth taken out—much the same thing; and then flicked off, with a Brummel particularity foreign to his nature, a pin's-head of dust from the left knee of his red-striped un-nameds. Only a man going to borrow money or confess love ever looked such a fool. As sure as I looked at him, out fell his eyeglass, as if my look had knocked it out. Was he going to ask me to be second in a duel, or to ask me to back a bill? I will back him as a friend, but not as a borrower; for

“The lender loses both his gold and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.”

That, I thought, is a quotation applied before now to needy friends; but it is none the worse for wear, and will do as well again. Spanker will think it is a verse of Leviticus, or one of the Ten Commandments.

So we lay like two wily combatants, eager to draw first blood, yet both somewhat mistrustful of the other.

“I was up late last night,” said Spanker.

“Which means early this morning.”

“Not exactly. But I say, old fellow, you won't be angry? I know you hate publicity and all that bosh.”

“Any thing,” I said, “for you, Amigo mio, Spankerus meus, except to be second in a duel and first on a bill.”

“Duel! Bill! Bill who? Dual! that's singular.”

“No,” said I, “dual is plural. A man can't fight a duel by himself; you want help. I see it—you get red.”

“Bosh! I always am red—it's this beer. I want no second or third either. Solomon does all my bills, and endorses them Vanity of Vanities. You know Solomon who keeps the cigar-shop in Waterport Street? Good fellow, but wants such interest: makes me always take half South African Cape, which is not the Cape of Good Hope (ha! ha!). The fact is, and I must bring it up at once, for I never can keep a secret—you're deuced popular at Gib, and we are all intending to give a deuced good dinner at the Club House the night you sail.

Now don't say no. Dinner ordered; twenty covers, and claret by the bucket. The Hundred and Fortieth band is engaged; and it will be a bang-up feed, I can tell you. One word: Don't ask me to return thanks for Army and Navy; I'm no hand at jawing."

"Who will be there?"

"Why, Driver and the Doctor, and Forbes and Thompson, and all the fellows you traveled with in Spain, and who are going back in the *Negus* with you. The major will wig me for letting the cat out of the bag, but I can't help it; and you might, you know, want—you know, to put—to draw up, you know, some speech or some—"

"Spanker, you are a good fellow. I shall need some preparation; but don't make me notorious and ridiculous by sending off a paragraph to *The Times* about the dinner."

"Mum's the word," said Spanker, reading the Bass label as if it was a hieroglyphic not yet deciphered, or a leaf of one of the lost books of Livy.

Five minutes after Spanker left, in came the major on heavy tiptoe to tell me the secret also. I colored, started, and did the bashful and grateful M.P. My acting would have been worth pounds on the hustings. No M.P. who has just received a rotten egg in his eye could have bowed more magnificently than I did. It was a mixture of George the Fourth and the young Duke of Richelieu. It was a sight alone. The major kindly said that Gib would be as dull the day after I sailed as a doctor's shop in a healthy season. I bowed again. This time I took for my model the Marquis de Carabas, with a soupçon of the playfulness of Titterly, the wit of the Athenæum Club.

There were all my old friends, I found, to be at the farewell dinner. Fortywinks, the great traveler, still intent on his book about Spain, and devoting his generous life to correcting the prejudices and aberrations of men he met at *table-d'hôtes*. There were to be Spanker and Driver, of course; the very Orestes and Pylades of subalterns—always restless, frank, noisy, kind, and inconsequential. There was the grave Mentor of Granada, the immortal guide Ben-saken, who had just luckily come from that Moorish city he so much adorns, with Lady Pentweazle and her four daughters—snub, pert, squat, smart,

and reddish. There would be Mr. Doolan, our Xeres wine-merchant, now at Gib on business, and Don Sanchez Balthazar, the chivalrous enthusiast of pictures and ballads, to whom Spanker had written from Seville on purpose. Rose, too, was now in Gib, fresh from an excursion to Ronda, where he had extorted much money from a party of tourists by pretending to bribe off a sham band of brigands, got up with a true artistic sense of costume—all dirt and ribbons. Fluker, who accompanied me to Barbary, and saw so much, has been staying to paint a portrait of the town-major, the hair of whose head seems all to have run down into whiskers, and is waiting, like me, for the *Negus*, and will not be forgotten as an honored guest. Major Hodgins, the voluble and demonstrative, who let me ride over the Raisin mountains alone, will be in the chair, because, as Spanker flatteringly tells him, he is “such a jolly good fellow;” but, really, because he has undauntable brass and the voice of a bull. To these I must add Niggle, the north-country lawyer, who querulously contradicts, in a cracked tiptoe voice, almost every thing from Murray; Spry, the American tourist, who has just left his rooms at the Alhambra on his way back to Bawstun; and Lispin, the Admiralty agent, a languid official who never speaks if he can shrug his shoulders instead. Old Blowhard, of the *Negus*, was to be there if he could. The Reverend Walter Monoculus, traveling tutor, with the Honorable Sidney Limpet, would not fail, I knew, though now at Tarifa, because the Honorable Sidney was on his way back, post haste, to take up a place in the War Office, kept for him by a noble relative, and to which, I am sure, he will stick as long as England remains a mummy swaddled up in red tape. Then there was Herr Schwartzlicht, the German picture-collector, with the blinky eyes and Judas beard, who tormented me before my time at the Murillo Gallery, etc., etc.

The excitement was beginning. It was four o'clock, and the Club House Hotel was like one immense boiling pot. The roof seemed actually to shake with the agitated motion of touters, odd men, and waiters any thing but dumb. The roof shook like the lid of a pot when the potatoes are jogging up and bumping to get out, finding the white bubbled water get-

ting too hot for them. The uncarpeted stairs of the hotel were being played upon by feet as if they were the key-boards of some perpendicular piano. Herr Schwartzlicht, whom I met going to dress, said,

“I should laike to baint your bordtrait, but, mein Gott! dere is naow too much egsitement.”

Every now and then came from the momentarily opened door of the kitchen an angry hiss and bubble, as if the Furies were stewing their snakes for a private dinner-party of Pluto's. Then there was, now and then, a tremendous smash of crockery, as if the cook had collected some great altar of plates and upset them in sacrifice to the deity of cooking. Waiters with white cravats ran about, giving one the impression of some clerical Low-Church convent being sacked by Papist troops. The landlord, too, shouts orders, as if he were addressing the soldiers in English red, now relieving guard in the square outside. I see, as I go up stairs to dress, solemn processions of waiters, with melons, figs, peaches, and small funeral piles of biscuits, filing into the dining-room on the ground floor. The smell is as of a Paradise of kitchens, and the shirt-sleeved Spanish hangers-on grin and quote proverbs about it. The telegraph at the flagstaff now may toss its arms and fling up its colored pills as much as it likes, no one in the Club House Hotel cares now even to consult the great Club House Hotel telescope, and make out what all its fuss means.

I am dressing. Spotless black. That curious coat, with birchlike tails; white waistcoat, purer than the snow that has never been driven over; tie, a masterpiece of spotless intricacy. I was half way down stairs, and just opposite the clock-case—one of those curious cupboard coffins of dead time and cradles of the future and the present that are still to be seen on end, grave and sentinel-like, in your English unadulterated farmhouse. Now an Englishman is always to be known abroad by his obstinate adherence and pertinacious adhesion to English things. He wears an Inverness cape at Delhi, and hangs up his warming-pan on the very equator. We all liked the landlord of the Club House, though he charged us twice as much as the Spaniards, because he had an English clock-case, and gave us ground cabbage-leaves for tea. No wonder the French travelers never came there; you know the French never could

stand an English charge. But I am wandering, not merely from England, but from my subject. I had descended three steps, when I bethought me—the clock-case should be the chairman, I would practice my bows and speech there. I began: “Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen” (in a defiant voice), “if I say this is the proudest moment of my uneventful life—” No, that won’t do. “Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen” (with calm dignity), “in the course of a not uneventful life, I perhaps have never felt my heart burn with an emotion so pure, so generous, as that which—”

“By your leave, sir,” says a waiter, with a column of plates, looking rather astonished at seeing me apparently defying the clock-case to mortal combat; but a waiter habit of indifference and a roar of impatience from the kitchen expel it instantly from his mind.

“Try again” (I think nervously of all sorts of oratorical precepts): “Action! action! action!” “What you are moved by you can move by;” and other hints from the lips of great Roman and Grecian orators—the only defect in which is, that there is a dispute about the reading of the particular word on which the precept turns. I feel very red and anxious, and think of bolting by a back door and hiding in the hold of the *Negus*; but, then, there’s my carpet bag. I feel hurt and tormented. What a misfortune to be popular—to be the idol of a circle! Then I say shame to myself: is not this kindness—generous kindness? Is not this a harvest-day of laurels? And I slap my breast, and cry, “Courage, poor heart! courage!” and then laugh at the theatrical effort to back myself up. The fact is—

I begin again—a George the Fourth bow to the clock-case, which instantly strikes the quarter as if in return.

“Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, I can not quit Gibraltar this evening without rising to express those grateful feelings” (good! grateful is good!)—“grateful feelings which now rise into my eyes and throb at my heart.” (Here I put my hand on the pit of my stomach, the traditional residence of the heart.) “Gentlemen” (in a Napoleon burst), “I little thought, when I first set my foot on arid Spain, the land of—” (here several sentences of description—melons, knives, saints, black eyes, and hot blood)—“I say I little expected to see—”

“Why, old fellow, are you practicing a quadrille with the clock-case? Do you know we are all assembled and waiting for you below? Look alive!”

It was Spanker behind me, reconnoitring my manœuvres calmly through his stony eyeglass.

I go down the long white tables loaded with plate and flowers, and bottles. Ranks of men in black, guarded by waiters, enfilade the table. Major Hodgins is tremendous and sublime; Herr Schwartzenlicht peery and intent; Spanker serene; Driver merry; Fortywinks regal; Niggle punctilious; Fluker discursive; Doolan quiet and serene; Naggle patient. They rise as I enter, and a buzz of delight welcomes me and the soup that is smoking like a sacrifice of old Rome. The fish was a wonderful study for the ichthyologist; it was an epitome of all Adam named in Eden. To look down the table and see the heads taking wine across small thickets of epergues and flowers was a wonderful sight. The waiters were electrified. The noise of corks popping out with a reluctant bang was as of perpetual assassination at an Irish public dinner, where they used to shoot a chairman at the end of every course, as that great Irish historian, Sir Barney Brallaghan, carefully informs us.

I parry the entrées, nod my head at the patés, am cheered as I make allusions to Old England, and am helped lazily to the roast beef of Albion. There is incessant taking wine: I take it even with Fluker, who is vexed because I will not sit for a second portrait, and who has a slight spot of vermilion on his nose, which makes every one smile, which he attributes to his amusing conversation about the scholastic theology of Dante, and the proofs of his having known of the existence of America. Ben-saken is quietly suggestive and deferential in his whispers. Fortywinks is taking notes in a red-bound book. He says to me, when we have nodded together and taken wine,

“My book gets on, though slow, sir; it grows—it grows. I shall enlighten the people at home; Spain is quite a new field. Suggestive country—very suggestive.”

“That’s what Ford says,” says Niggle. “You’ll find that in Murray. I say, waiter, run up for my Murray, Number Twenty-two.”

“Che es Mary?” says the Spanish waiter, looking round distressed and surprised.

"You know, I suppose, what he says about Gibraltar, that it is—"

"Here is a traveler who swears by Murray!" says Fortywinks, gravely. "To think of men going by an old prejudiced Tory like Ford! What you quote was altered after he left Spain twenty years ago."

"Well, but Murray says—"

"Mr. Niggle," says Major Hodgins, with a tremendous voice, "I must remind you that it is the custom with us military men at Gib, when we go tours in Spain, to fine any man who quotes Murray a bottle of sherry."

"Murray's all rot," says Driver.

"Bosh," says Spanker.

"We want a new book on Spain, my gentlemen," said Rose.

"And you will have one," said Fortywinks, shutting his note-book. "People don't know the Spanish character. They travel in cliques; they do not mix with the people; they—"

"Fortywinks, a glass of wine," said Spanker, trying to put him out.

It was no use.

"They mistake the Spanish religion for bigotry, their courage for cruelty. They go in beer-drinking parties from Gibraltar with English officers who ought—"

"No side-winds," said a voice.

"Knock him down, Spanker," said Driver.

"Fling a decanter at him," said Spanker, pouring out a ladleful of mulled claret from a small silver tripod.

"There are men who go into Spain tossing bonbons through gratings, kissing hands to jealously-guarded beauties, insulting every prejudice of the natives, and when they—"

Spanker here caught up a wine-glass with angry intent, when a tremendous knock on the table with a wooden hammer from Major Hodgins interrupted the conflict, and lulled us one by one to silence. The major stood like Cæsar on the Capitol, one hand in the breast of his regimentals, the other knuckling down on the table.

"Gentlemen, you are all, I am sure, aware that we are met together this evening to discharge a painful, yet pleasant duty, of bidding farewell to an honored friend. (Cheers.) I need

not dilate on his urbanity, his humor, that has so often set this table in a roar. (Cheers.) I need not waste my weak—(No, no)—words in dilating on his social qualities, on the merriment which hovers round him like a—like a—(Hear, hear.) Gentlemen, I am selected from among you, not for my eloquence—(Yes, yes)—but for my age and experience in such social matters—(Ironical cries of ‘No, no.’ Shouts of ‘Thirty-one last grass,’ from Spanker)—to express the regret with which Gib—I think I may venture to say, I think I am in a POSITION to say, *old* Gib—looks upon the vessel—upon the departure of our esteemed friend, Blank. (Cheers.) (Ben-saken, who has been asleep, awakes and cheers when every one else has finished.) We have known him as a delightful friend—as a kind host—as an entertaining and laughter-moving companion. Henceforth he must be for us only a pleasant memory, and what I believe Tom Moore eloquently calls ‘a phantom of delight.’ (Rapturous applause. Niggles shakes his head, and says ‘Wordsworth.’) I, therefore, gentlemen, call on you to fill your glasses, and drink the health of our honored friend, Blank, with three times three. Take the time from me. Gentlemen, charge your glasses!”

“Bumpers,” cries Spanker; and looks at the bottle with radiant triumph.

“Kentish fire,” suggests Driver.

The toast was drunk up-standing with tremendous applause, and Kentish fire, till the glasses hopped for joy upon the table. Then came “For he’s a jolly good fellow,” and “It’s a way we have in the Army,” till every body was red, smiling, and out of breath.

“Give us a short sketch of the History of Spain,” whispered Niggle; “I’ll keep you right from my Murray.”

“Give us pictures, and plenty of color,” said Fluker, with his vermilion nose.

“Facts,” said Fortywinks.

“Poetry,” said Fluker.

The silence became great, and the constraint evident, and as the bottle began to stick in its orbit, as if no one would take any more till I had spoken, I rose.

“Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, ‘A full bottle needs no squeezing,’ is a true observation, though not a Spanish proverb. Out

of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh. As marriage is the consummation of love, and ripe manhood-childhood perfected, so are thanks the flowers of gratitude. To quote the poet Ferdusi, man is like the soldier on the march; he gets into snug quarters, hugs the fire, laughs at his meals, prattles with the children, is charmed with the landlady, grows friends with the host. He could live at his billet forever. Just such a village as he had dreamed of for his age. Bang goes a gun—the trumpet blows—his comrades' horses paw the ground—he must mount. The order to march is given, and he rides away. (Cheers. Spanker is affected.) He presses this one's lips and that one's hand; he mounts, and by that happy village is no more seen. All parting is a type of that last march when Death blows the trumpet for our moving. (Fortywinks makes a note, and Schwardenlicht sobs, not quite understanding the allusion, but observing the earnest 'egspression' of my face.) But with these friendly faces before me smiling approval, how can I be sad? Let me recall some of the pleasant scenes of the strange land, half orange-grove, half desert, we have traversed together, dividing our vexations and doubling our joys. We have all gazed on the Giralda and the Alhambra, the Arab river and the Moorish tower. We have together beheld those strange groups and scenes that previously had been to us mere dreams—mere vapors from books and pictures, themselves, however, beautiful—mere idols and dreams of dreams. (Cheers.) Aided by the learning of Herr Schwardenlicht, and the critical acumen of Mr. Niggle, the energy of Mr. Naggle, the chivalrous ardor of Lieutenant Spanker—(deprecatory cries of 'No, no!' from Spanker)—the experience of Major Hodgins, the talent of Mr. Fortywinks, the artistic taste of Mr. Fluker, the zeal of Mr. Rose, and the fidelity of Señor Ben-saken, I have returned from Spain thin, brown, footsore, and dusty, but otherwise sound in wind and limb—(applause). With you, friends of my heart, I have watched the bloodshed of the bull-fight, the industry of the wine districts, the hardy poverty of the raisin country, the rough endurance of the fishermen, the beauty of the black-eyed donnas, the chivalry of the dons, the sterility of the sand-plains, and the green lavishness of the vineyards. With you I have laughed over Don Quixote's generous craziness and unsuccessful attempts to put an old civilization right by means of the

ideal laws of an exploded chivalry. With you I have rambled over Gil Blas, and studied Lopez and Calderon. With you I have shared my delight in Spanish art and Moorish architecture. With you I have watched the road-side water-wheel and listened to the insatiate cicalas. We have been burnt by the same sun and shared the same bitter beer ('Hear, hear!' from Spanker). We have slept under the same roof and sat at the same tables, picked at the same grape-bunches and divided the same loaf. With your names will ever be associated my sunny recollections of Spain. I never shall part an orange's silver-papered sections or hear a guitar speak but I shall think, kind friends, of you; and when I reach in old age the inevitable regions of Fogydome, and pass on querulously to that dark country of Twaddledome, which is bisected by the great black river of Oblivion, I shall bore my delighted children with stories in which your friendly names will be intertwined. Gentlemen—Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen—I shall now sit down, expressing once more my fervent and grateful sense of the honor you have done me." (Tremendous cheering; cries from Spanker, sotto voce, of "He's a stunner now, if you like.")

"He's a regular brick," says Driver.

"I suppose it's too late to get the old trump a piece of plate?" says Spanker. "I sha'n't care how soon I leave Gib now he's going."

"Don't forget me, Spanker," I said.

"Not I," said Spanker.

"Not likely," said Driver.

Lieutenant Spanker, who had been for some time balancing his glass, cutting oranges into patterns, etc., here rose, with eye-glass stonily fixed in one eye, and proposed the health of the Governor of Gib. He knew that there were men who did not like Gib, and very naturally; for fellows who wanted the Row, and Tatt's, and the Club, and all those things, were sorry they had ever put their foot in it. But for his part, what with parade, looking after the men, the opera, and an occasional ball or two, he (Spanker) pulled through very tolloll; and so, he thought, did his valued friend Driver, who, whether under tent or in barrack, was always the same regular trump all present had known him to be. He, therefore (I did not see the logic of the "therefore"), proposed to drink the

health of the gallant Governor of Gib, up-standing, with three times three. Gentlemen, charge your glasses!

Herr Schwartzenlicht, looking red-beardier and peerier than ever, next proposed the health of "the ladies of England." (Tremendous cheering. Driver and Spanker's glasses both beaten to dust.) It, pareaps vos not fair for heem, a Gareman gentlemen, to rise up, such a toast so deeliteful to every heart to propose, did he not remember mit what entoosiasmoos such toasts were always received by the Great Britain people, whether at the table of the lord-mayor, or at the humble rustic pig-nig. It was the fair of England, whose beauty and modesty Mr. Geoffrey Chowser and Mr. William Shakspeare had immortalized—Griseldas and Imogenes—they were to be met with all over the world, scaling Monte Rosa, or going up Mount Etna. He therefore begged to propose "the English ladies," with all the honors. (Drunk with fiery enthusiasmus.)

"Gentlemens," said Rose, coming in, "the luggage is gone down. It is time to be raoving, my gentlemens."

Pressing cigars on me, small bull-terriers, Barbary monkeys, Crimean swords, fishing-rods, accordions, meerschaums, and other trifles, Spanker and Driver followed me to the Waterport Gate, where we took boat.

It was a delicious sunset as we slid from the land, and Schwartzenlicht said, referring to Spanker, now fading to a mere scarlet speck on the shore, "Dat is a fine young mans. I should like to have taken his bordtrait."

"By Jove, so should I," said Fluker.

Old Gib grew smaller and smaller; but, as long as I could distinguish objects on the shore, I could still see two scarlet specks of exactly the same size standing there—the one was Spanker, and the other was Driver. I kept the glass up till they grew no larger than house-flies—the scarlet blue-bottle behind waving a handkerchief was, I presume, Major Hodgins, of the Mounted Bombardiers.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE P. AND O.—COMING BACK.

THE red-banded funnel was vomiting out wreaths of sable smoke; the sails were black in the dusk as grave-clothes. The stars above us shone faint as if they were paste and not real diamonds of the first water. We were leaving Spain behind us, and bearing on fondly and eagerly for England. We were longing to see the dear ones we had left, to hear again their voices. No wonder, then, that we talked less and thought more, looking down over the bulwarks at the tumbling green porpoises as if they, being mute, and strange, and unsympathizing, were better companions than the smokers, and pacers, and praters of the quarter-deck. There were novels and chess-boards, cards and dominoes, below; but I preferred, when I could no longer see the porpoises in the dark, the bluff, hearty captain and his grog above.

"The Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company is one of the most wonderful companies in the world," said Captain Jolly, of the *Oporto*, to me, as we sat together in the dusk off Ushant, on a green bench near the wheel, with which a very able-bodied seaman was struggling as if it was an insane grindstone.

"As how?" said I to the captain.

"In quickness of growth, in enterprise, in wealth, and general go-aheadness. We girdle the world with steamers; we knit zone to zone; we run 1,357,896 miles per annum" (looking at a paper which he took out of his pocket), "26,113 miles a week, 3730 a day, and three miles a minute."

"Which is," said I, holding my breath, and taking a balmy sip of my grog, "about eighty-six times the circumference of the earth; think of that, Master Brooke."

"I don't know Master Brooke," said the captain, rather hurt at my tone of jocosity; "he is not in any of our ships. Well, and we do this, sir, at an average consumption of coals four cwt. per mile, or 280,000 tons per annum. Then, from a

few steam-kettles of our own, here we are with a capital of £1,500,000, with M.P.'s and millionaires for managing directors; grown, sir, grown so that you may run over the world, from Southampton to Marseilles, from Marseilles to Alexandria, from Alexandria to Suez, from Suez to Bombay, from Bombay to Hong Kong, from Hong Kong to Manilla, without leaving the deck of a brave P. and O."

"The P. and O. will be never U. P." said I, innocently; "and I trust that the P. and O. will so behave that there will never be an O. P. riot."

"Never," said cap'en, striking his breast confidently, "never. Boy, some more grog. Look here, sir; I have here in my pocket—I never go without them, to be ready for all discussions—all the nineteen reports that the P. and O. have ever published. Shall I tire you?"

"I defy you," said I, bruising a lump of sugar with a spoon till it fell to a silver dust and rose in bubbles to the surface of the tumbler.

"Very well, then, here we are in our seventh report—just a bab, quite a sucking infant." (Whenever the captain became excited, I observed he overdid or underdid the h's.) "Here we are—Court of Directors: Anderson, Bourne, Carleton, Ewart, Hartley, Nairne, Pirie, Thornton, Willcox, Williams, Zulueta. Deputy Chairman: Sir John Campbell, K.C.H. Names I esteem, sir, for their English energy and pluck—names, sir, I shall have engraved on my coffin-plate, when I go down by the head in the Black Sea, sir, as old Jones, of the *Crocodile*, used to say. Here we are—Auditors, Solicitors, Standing Counsel, Secretary, every thing; with offices in Simmary Axe. What more do you want, sir? what more do you want?"

I replied, "Nothing."

"Boy, this grog tastes of the fore-hold. More rum, you dog! Do you take me for a landsman? Well, here we are—red-line books, pens behind ears, pewter inkstand, pads, blotting-books, Perry's steel pens, every thing, with only twelve steamers, sir; but yet lively, sir, lively. *Tagus*, *Montrose*, *Iberia*, etc., skimming about from Malta to England, and from Ceylon to Calcutta, and Vigo to Cadiz, with our Company's boats—incorporated by Royal Charter, 1840, 31st December;

and with capital one million, in 20,000 shares of £50 each. All I say is, what more do you want for a beginning?"

Again I merely said, "Nothing."

"Very well, then—boy, look alive with that grog, or I'll give you a cool dozen—now let us take the report for 1858. What do we find?" Pause.

"I don't know."

"How should you? Why, a superb fleet—an armada of no less than sixty-three vessels, representing, by Customs measurement, 81,615 tons, and 18,610 horse-power. Do you call that nothing?"

I thought it better to say nothing but "wonderful," slightly turning up my eyes.

The captain went on with the steady fury of a monsoon, the P. and O. being the special hobby of their good brave servant. "We go like clocks; we are as certain as the sun goes down or rises; in three days from Calcutta you get to Madras, and in seven to the cinnamon groves of Ceylon. You may be as certain of the day, saving wreck and fire—which are casualties—as you would be in getting to Nine Helms from Waterloo Bridge."

"It is a mighty companie," I said, parodying Southey; but cap'en looked grave, so I stopped.

"Why, God bless my soul," said the captain, "our stock in ships stands for £1,886,175 18s. 11d.; and our coals, stores, and property, as £336,896 14s. 6d. The loss of the good ship *Ava*, £52,000, is a flea-bite; for our Guarantee Insurance Fund amounts to £323,774 19s. Then there are our great national schemes—not bubbles of bad water or soft soap, sir, but real, tangible gold trees budding with sovereigns. If you take the Mauritius mail service, £180,000 a year, just accepted for the new Australian postal service *viâ* the Mauritius, not the Ceylon route; then the silk from China, and the specie sent out to India and China—prospects brighten, sir; more blue, sir; rains of gold for the P. and O., so that soon we shall ballast with bullion. In a year the Egyptian railway will be completed to Suez."

"So we shall have a continuous railway transit between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea."

"Exactly."

“The Directors have comprehensive minds, and watch these things with the eyes of great statesmen; the P. and O. being, indeed, a sort of small nation. Is the P. and O. a liberal company?”

“Princes, sir, princes. Why, when the *Ava* was wrecked, and £52,000 sunk, what did they do?”

I said I didn't know, but I wanted to.

“I'll tell you what they did—I'll tell you: instead of niggling and wraggling, and splitting shillings and going to law, they proposed a compromise, paid for part of the cargo, and reimbursed the passengers, many of whom were already sufferers by the Indian mutiny. No skylarking, boy; go and help the cook in the galley.”

The captain here said if I would come into his cabin he would read me a short statement about the Company, written by “a very able man, sir”—a man who made great figures in the world—a statement which would open my eyes pretty considerably.

I went like a lamb to the slaughter. The captain put his night-glass on its brackets, trimmed his lamp, and began the Report.*

Just as the captain had finished his paper, there was a heavy trampling on deck, a flapping of sails, as in a laundress's orchard on a windy day, and a general bustle that indicated that the wind had changed, and that measures were in progress to reef the sails. The captain was off like a shot, and in a minute could be heard louder than Boreas, or Æolus, or Stentor, the best of them.

“What do you think of the captain's stories about the P. and O.?” I said to the steward.

“Never tell lies to an old liar,” was that worthy's equivocal answer.

But I afterward found that the captain was right, or I would not have put down what he said here.

* The report, interesting to business men, will be found in an Appendix.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WHITE WATER.—HOME.

“THEY are swilling the decks, I am sure of it,” I said. Swish, swill, rinse, scrub, scrape, chink, rattle, dribble, THUMP, were the sounds that awoke me in my bed-tray on board the *Oporto*, bound for England—partly that and partly a clammy, cold, naked foot, that, belonging to a thin leg that lowered over from the tray above me, came down suddenly upon my angry, protesting, spluttering mouth like a Burke and Hare plaster. It was the bony leg of the mild little usher coming home from the Lisbon College. A meek little man he was, who had exchanged grumbles in dog Latin with me about the want of air, light, food, cleanliness, and general comfort, at times when the pitching used to awake us to a sense of the cabin windows being closed, and of a general black-hole atmosphere; when the P. and O. (Peninsular and Oriental) Company’s vessel strained and creaked as if racked with rheumatic pains and approaching dissolution.

I forgave the meek little querulous man, who had a habit of laughing in a dry, bitter, fretful way at any peculiar aggravation of our seafaring miseries. He laughed now such a laugh, that I knew he must be squeamish.

“O Lord! ha! ha! Oh, good morning—*salve*. There’s that horrid pitching beginning again. Ah! ai, ai, no breakfast for me: that makes the third breakfast I’ve—steward, what *are* they doing over our heads at this time in the morning?”

“It’s only the men scrubbing the decks,” I suggested.

“Ha! ha! ONLY? Oh, yes, it’s all right. I suppose—there goes the captain’s watch-chain again—ha! ha!” (Mephistophelian laugh) “but never mind, it can’t last forever. I suppose we shall be at *Oporto* to-morrow.”

“There or thereabouts, sir,” says a cheery voice inside one of the cabin pantries, going on to sing, “I sailed in the good ship the *Kitty*.”

“Who’s that?” said I.

"Oh! that's that unfeeling steward (ha! ha!)—lively, pleasant dog; I do think the company that—steward!"

"Yes, Mr. Macarthy."

"Oh! what's a good thing, steward, for sea-sickness? I know I shall injure some vessel."

"Well, don't let it be our vessel, Mr. Macarthy. Where's that long broom, Tom?"

"The brute! there he is again; but what do you really think, steward, is a good thing for this dreadful sickness? I am giddy. No appetite—no—"

"Well, I'll tell you," says our steward, suddenly emerging in his tarry shirt, crossed by picturesque scarlet braces, his face with its usual dull, injured, sniffing, half-knavish look, as, combing his rough black tufts of hair, he puts on a medical look, "I'll tell you," coming up to the little sufferer's bed.

"What? what? I thought you knew something," said the little man, raising himself up on his elbow, with his usual groan, and eying the steward with a look of worried eagerness.

"Get up—"

"Oh! I should be sick directly."

"Not you. Get up, go on deck, take a tin cup, get it filled with salt water—"

"Salt water? (ha! ha!)" sinks back in a sort of swoon of vexation.

"Salt water, and swill it off. What you want is getting rid of all that bile and rubbish out of your liver, then you'll be a seaman, and eat your food like a man. Where's the use of—"

"Steward!" cries the storekeeper from his inner bin, and steward, pronouncing a blessing on the storekeeper, runs off.

"Now I call that man," said the usher, "a fellow who would murder you for half a crown—a—but there—well, it won't be long. I suppose we shall be at Oporto to-morrow, and then we shall reach Vigo on Wednesday?"

"Lord love you, if we get to Vigo by Thursday," said the steward, suddenly reappearing, "call me tinker. Why, do you know how far it is from Oporto?"

"Steward!"

"Drat it, this is how I'm pulled about. Tell the captain I ain't paid to wait on him: he's got his own boy; if this wind

lasts, we may be blowing for weeks about the Atlantic." (Runs off.)

"Ha! ha!" croaked Mr. Macarthy from his pillow, not seeing that this was said to tease him.

Steward reappears.

"Jack, where's my long broom? Drat that boy, he's in every one's mess and in nobody's watch, and there's the head steward who goes about as fine as a scraped carrot, he—Why, Mr. Macarthy, I have known the time as we've beat about four days off the mouth of the Tagus, not able to get in; but still this time, though the wind is dead against us, and we're not making six knots an hour, I think—"

"Stew-ARD!"

"Oh, yes, call again. That's right; more of ye? all at once. I like that; I'll cut myself in three pieces to oblige you. There's the captain wanting his coffee this half hour, and here am I—"

"Rogers, are you coming for these stores?"

"All right. I'm looking after a gentleman passenger here as is taken unwell" (winks at me).

"Let me once get on land again, if you catch me—"

"Ah! that's what they all say, and yet they come again, don't they, Mr. Benaset?" (to a Gibraltar higgler in the next cabin.)

A subterranean voice thunders "Yes!" and expresses a gentle wish that the steward may meet with a bad end for keeping gentlemen so long waiting for breakfast.

But I must sketch the cabin and its inhabitants. I am in the second-class looking for character, because nice and respectable first-class people are not amusing. Our fellow-passengers are the little grumbling usher, a small, smooth-faced, vexed little man, who never gets out of his tray, but talks to us sinners from this eyrie, this coign of vantage resembling the home of the strange tribe said by Silius Italicus to have lived in trees. There, in his dark shelf, the little man cracks feeble jokes about upright men, drinks to our health, and immediately after a hurried meal lies down and goes to sleep, with a selfish timidity that is amusingly characteristic. Then there is a yellow, clay-faced Spanish woman, a fat, vulgar shopkeeper's wife from Vigo, who sits at table on a camp-stool, with that flaccid, lack-

lustre, cheerless look of sea-sick people whom no joke can brighten. She picks out her food, grumbles in Spanish at the blood-red raw meat the English eat, laps up a vulgar quantity of soup, and smiles faintly. The fat, merry head steward, who is our chairman, is afraid she feels the motion of the vessel; she certainly does feel it, and if it continues will not be seen by us for a day or two. She sits at table with her green parrot "Maraquita" perched on her left wrist, and taps him on the head with the spoon if he ventures to peck more than his share out of the plate. It is amusing to see the old bird roll the gray blind film over his stealthy eye, waiting for her head to turn. Sometimes she shares an apple with him; and it is rare to see our droll steward chirp out "Maraquita," in a funny rhythmical voice, as the bird eats the fruit, using his claw as a fork, and his bill as a sort of scissors-knife. Then there is the lady's father—an old Spanish miser, not the least troubled by the sea, but dry, stolid, sullen, and cautious. He eats voraciously, seldom goes on deck, but sits near his bundles, which the steward says contain all his money. All day he broods in a corner of the cabin on a stool, like a man whose life is a burden to him, or one who, not caring for traveling, regards it only as a means. He is returning from Rio Janeiro. He never laughs or even smiles, but sits under the hatchway roof, where I see him, when I come down to my frequent sleeps during the day, hid in the swinging shadow that shows his low, careworn brow, and mean, anxious eyes, alternately dark and light. The higgler from Gib, not a refined man, but amusing from his absurd airs of gentlemanly care for his very dirty dress, makes a special butt of this old man, encourages the droll steward to gibe him, and, taking advantage of his being dumb and deaf as to our language, keeps calling, "Speak to him, steward, speak to him. Ask the old man something, steward. Speak to him," till I have to interfere, for I see the hot Spanish blood turning Pedro's yellow eyeballs red—and even old men can use knives. Then our Gib friend laughs in his cringing yet insolent way, gets more gorgeous and imperial than ever, requests the loan of a hat-brush, pulls his grimy collar up and his grimy cuffs down, devotes half an hour to unpacking a blue hat-box full of Gibraltar fruit, looking at the rough gold-rinded melon to see if it is burst, rubbing dry some pomegranates, and eventually

repacking them all but one half-rotten apple, which he peels and ravenously eats all to himself. He then launches out into a ridiculous rhapsody of theological philosophy, which makes the little usher above me shake in his tray. I can feel the tray over me vibrate with indignant and contemptuous amusement. If it was the steward, he would mutter *Stultissimus!* to catch my ear; but he is afraid of the philosophical higgler, so cries *Bene, Bene!* and *Sophos!* as if at a Roman play, which rather pleases "the party from Gib," as the steward calls the fruit-merchant when he is on deck.

As for the steward, he is a born jester—just such a fellow as Shakspeare took for his stock to graft a Touchstone upon—a dry, quick-witted fellow, always singing, sweeping, joking, washing, laughing, and making the beds. His stories of the Sultan of Trebizond, who offered him three pounds a week as prime minister, and whose acquaintance he picked up while carrying that august personage in a fruit-ship which he commanded to Stamboul, are perfect. If you awoke at six o'clock with a buzzing in your ears, it was always the steward who was sure to be up and busy, singing, "I've a heart that can feel for another," the "Rose of Allandale," or some heart-piercing ditty which his droll face lent especial charm to. But dinner was his great moment. Then, if any body called him a fool, he asked what sort of fool—a natural fool or an artificial fool; then he told the square of laughing faces, in answer to some observation, that he was one of the nonesuches—there were only two of them, and the other one was lost coming home. Then, if any one asked him where he thought they were, he said, "Somewhere here, as Geordy said to the fool when he rubbed his hand over the captain's chart." Then he wished he could invite us all to his house that was not built at Fiddler's Green. A heavy wave thumping at regular intervals on the ship's side rather ominously, he facetiously called, "Somebody knocking at the door." If a boy was stupid, he used to say that he'd rather any day have a dirty rogue than a hanged fool. He ran over with droll proverbial sayings, that would have made Charles Lamb leap for joy. He'd as soon play as work, was a favorite observation of his; and he was fond of asking, if the vessel went down, if he should come and let us know. He was full of quips and turns; if you flung a

joke at him, he returned it like a fives'-court wall does a tennis-ball.

On a rough day, when the cabin doors were slamming, the sails blowing out, and now and then splitting with the noise of a cannon, the sea smiting the vessel hard body blows, and then swashing over her with a roll, and sprinkle, and rinse that kept us all below, and threatened to drench us even there, it was pleasant to see the steward, singing "Paddy O'Rafferty was a haymaker"—rough weather puts old sailors in good spirits—come splashing down the brass-bound cabin stairs, barefooted, his streaming mackintosh wet, shining, and dripping; in one hand a dish of potatoes, in the other that traditional gross boiled leg of mutton, piled up with coagulated floods of melted butter, common to steamer dinners.

"My dear soul, look out," he cries to the old man who is in the way. "Now, my tars," he cries, "take your places. Tom, you run for two more spoons, and tell the 'party from Gib' and the two Welshmen dinner is ready. The Moor with the stewpan has got his own gruel; and our little friend the usher (in a whisper) will have his goose cooked in his berth. Oh, you'll kill yourself, Mr. Macarthy, as sure as I shall be some day hung; if you do, don't lay your death at my door."

Still, what "a weary pound of tow" that was from which I now spin my sea-yarns! How drearily and leaden-footed passed the hours! I awoke with the clink of a rocket overhead; and directly I awoke came over me the dull sense of being at sea—cabined, cribbed, confined. If I sprang up, thinking something had happened, or with the vivacious energy of land, I knocked my head against the boarded bottom of the bed-tray of the little querulous usher who slept above me. It was hard to get one's hand into the little gutter at the bedside where I kept my watch, toothbrush, and Don Quixote. The little man will not hear of rising, he is sure. "The motion is worse," and he thinks by the perpetual chirrup of the boatswain's whistle, with the two angry cuckoo notes, that they are going to put on more sail, and then "we shall have that dreadful pitching again." I leap out of my tray half dressed. The steward is scraping a burnt loaf, and singing "Beautiful Eyes." I prepare to perform my toilet, jammed in as I am in a small cabin, and walled in with beds. One sniff of air at the foot of

the cabin stairs seems like the breath of a May morning after that little close black hole, with its four horizontal trays. I stagger, holding on by the beds—for the vessel rolls and staggers—to the brown painted basin with the tap and chain, to the glass and the row of tumblers stuck in frames. I wash and dress hastily, for three people are waiting, particularly two hearty Welsh miners, coming back from the mines at Linares, and who are always saying, "Look out," and talking of "the scenes in Wales," and the "trout fis at Dolgethly."

Every now and then I am jolted up against the cabin doors as I hasten on deck to see where we are, just as the hearty ship-bell strikes, and the sturdy voice chants out the hour. There it is, all the same as last night: the same unswerving face at the wheel; the same man in dirty canvas shirt on the look-out, talking when the chief officer is not looking; the same greasy black boy swarming up a spar to furbish the copper sheathings of the mast, clinging with one hand and rubbing with the other; another ship-boy, with bare feet, dragging about a great wet swab of rope, which he finally hangs near the bowsprit on its special pegs. There is the captain busy at the log-book in his glazed cabin. The second officer is musical and melancholy upon the accordion; the chief engineer, silent and sullen, is on the foksal, taking a breath of fresh air; on the quarter-deck are two young bagsmen, who—affecting the nautical when they are ill (which they are every day), and declaring that they are old yachtsmen, but these "cursed steamers" always upset them—are calling for coffee. There is the old merchant from Corunna, who saw Sir John Moore buried, and the little, shrunk man who means to live at Vigo, and who tells a story of saving his wife in a wreck off somewhere near Cape Saint Vincent. The deck is wet, but clean; the engine is trembling, and lifting, and heaving, and breathing hard, just as usual; and there are the industrious firemen still raking at orange-colored flames with a noisy slam of furnace doors, and a jolting and shoveling in of perpetual coal. The sailors are high up on the yards taking in sail, and the chief mate—a good man—"who carried away his funnel off Melbourne," whatever that casualty may be, is addressing the greasy, bare-foot boy, who, leaving his copper, is now at the end of the

yard doing something to what I believe is called the weather earring.

Very choice, rapid, and hard-hitting are the chief mate's interjections, fired up like rifle bullets at the prudent boy. The good but violent man, shouting till he is red and blue in the face, puts both his hands together like a trumpet, and screams through them,

"Hallo! you Rogers, there! Why the (*blank*) don't you go out farther on that yard, eh?"

The sailors, all doubling over on the long horizontal spar, go on tying the reef points or hauling at the great central black mass of bedclothes-looking canvas, but steal a moment for a flying glance at Rogers and his tormentor.

Rogers stoops down, clinging with one hand, and bellows out some excuse, but the blustering wind that sucks in and out the yet unreefed stunsail below him drowns his reply.

Chief mate, craving sympathy, looks at me injured and beseeching; then, with a private adjective or two (kept for the special rough weather, with a fresh broadside of rage), thunders out high above the wind,

"Why, you son of a sea-cook, there's room enough on that yard beyond you for a country-dance. As sure as you come down I'll give you a rope's end, you (*blank*) lubber."

Then, to help, with springing step on the ladders of rope stirrups, up go two or three more able-bodies, and swarm out on the yard, dragging at the canvas, and lashing it up, as neat as if it was never going to be disturbed again.

I have been watching the white-capped, white-clad cook making toast on a large scale, and spreading the butter with a large paint-brush for first-cabin breakfast, when our steward comes up and tells me our meal is ready.

Do I know where the little gentleman is? He is actually got up.

"I told him," says the steward, "he was killing himself lying in bed. How could I get through my duties, you know, if every gentleman kept in bed? Bad enough as it is."

I find the little man sitting, like a vignette to Harvey's Meditations among the Tombs, on one of these long, cane elbow-seats peculiar to steamers' quarter-decks, where by day we read, and at night told stories, joke, sang, and flirted: one hand is on his forehead; his look is rapid and lack-lustrous.

“ Oh, it is you. Isn't this dreadful ?

“ Well, I feel very jolly,” says one of the yachtsmen, who turned in yesterday during the swell, and had only just appeared.

“ Try a little steak, sir, or some twice-laid—roast pork, sir, in very good cut,” says the steward, making dreadful faces of enjoyment behind the sea-martyr's back.

“ Could not eat a mouthful. Bring me a cup of tea and a crust. And—steward !”

“ Yes, sir.”

“ Put a spoonful of brandy in the cup, for my poor stomach. Oh, if I once get on land again ! But where's your friend ?” (faintly and palely to the yachtsman with the pluffy face and insolent simper.)

“ Oh, it is astonishing,” said the hardy Norseman of Gravesend, “ how the change of craft upsets him. When we had the *Hirondelle* we cared for no weather—in and out—up and down. Why, at Margate, do you know, they used to call me the Red Rover, and Fred the bold Commodore.”

“ Where is the bold Commodore moored at this special moment ?” said I, maliciously ; for, during a giddy qualm the day before in the bay, the vaunts of the Commodore had rather irritated me.

“ Well—I—yes—no—down below—I think,” he stammered.

“ Oh no, he ain't below,” said the steward, who was generally somewhere on the skirts of every conversation, and delighted in the humor of mischief.

We were pacing the parallel lines of the quarter-deck planks as well as we could for the log-line that was being hauled in by a boy, whose dirty face is still to me one of the pleasures of memory. I looked along by the paddle-boxes on the high foksal where the Moor, with the steward, was preparing his breakfast. Not there.

But what is that bale of striped horse-blanket, lying in a wet, tumbled heap at the foot of the black and red striped eighty-two-pounder of a funnel, whose banner is now of sulphurous mud-colored smoke, drifting on the wind straight to the Portuguese coast, miles away to the right ? The luggage is all below. There are no Arab Gallegos sleeping on the deck. What is it ? Suddenly a green and white face, un-

shaven, and with frowsy, tumbled hair, looks out, like a sick Indian chief from a hut, or a dying gipsy from his tent, and feebly mutters, with a frightened and despairing stare, "Steward!" It was the Commodore. I know it was cruel, but I broke into an irresistible laugh, the contrast was so humorous.

"Where be your gibes now? where be your jests, that were wont to set the table in a roar? What! all gone? What! quite chapfallen?" The Commodore never rallied again, but we retrieved him from that mere wallowing and fallen Belshazzar condition at the foot of the funnel, where he for two days and nights had been obstinately groaning like a sickly bear under a charred tree. He rallied a good deal when we stopped at Vigo. He even sat up and sipped feebly at some soup, shaking his head in a painful and ludicrous way, but altogether declining the question if you asked him any thing about the rules of the Royal Yacht Squadron, on whose signals and rig he had for a few short boastful hours, "Youth at the prow, and Pleasure at the helm," been a loud-voiced and rather insolent authority. I never saw him again; but his fickle-brained companion, the young bagsman, the Red Rover, in fact, actually got to the length, the last day before we reached home, of pacing up and down with the portly captain, and discussing whereabouts we were. I really think, if he had been pressed, he would have taken the command at very short notice, and have steered us safely to the bottom, in strict accordance with his little red black-thumbed book, containing the rules of the Royal Yacht Squadron.

After all, in spite of the great fleet of porpoises that rolled round us like black wheels in the sea, and in spite of the long file of wild geese that flew by in a dark shotted line, the voyage was dull. It was always the sound of bells, and a meal just gone or just coming; on Sunday, prayers (if the weather were not too rough, for sailors work in danger, and pray in safety). It was a scramble up the shiny cabin stairs—an hour's read, stretched out and leaning against a coil of ropes—a looking out for whales—if in harbor, fishing for little prismatic mackerel, that the green sea round our vessel seemed alive with—a pacing up and down the deck—and then a turn in from sheer yawning weariness, in spite even of the steward

and his stories about his friend the Sultan of Trebizond, and his being wrecked in a "fruiter" not far from the Gulf of Patras. It was always that staggering down stairs, that crawling into one's tray, and sleeping till some new meal drove one to fling one's self out again on the floor, rubbing one's eyes, and with the dew of a useless lotus-eating sleep on one's forehead. Then it was the abortive attempt to read drowsily for some three pages; then more lounging on deck, and more dog-sleep till grog-time, and the blessed seasonable dark eight hours' oblivion of a sea life.

Our steward was the most chronic grumbler I ever met with. He had dreadful complaints against the head steward, whom he was always going, when he got to port, to pull up, to teach him "what he had a right to do and what he hadn't." So he had against the sentimental, musical, melancholy-looking store-keeper, whom I always took, for a day or two, as he sat opposite me, to be a sea-sick passenger. His "Kathleen Mavourneen," on the small-tooth comb, was perhaps one of the most touching pieces of instrumentation performed in public. Store-keeper used to weigh out the day's rice, sugar, tea, etc., and perform on the accordion alternately, making, in a word, sandwiches of his duty and his pleasure. Of that dark, lamp-lit shop of his, lined round with tin-tied boxes of almonds, dried fruits, and cigars, he made a perfect cave of harmony; he was a bird, and that was his cage. He heard the jokes of the steward with a painful and uneasy smile; a great contrast to the jolly, flaxen-haired old boy, the respectable head steward, at whose presence our Yorick always put on a church-yard gravity, being snubbed if the dishes were too large or small, or any complaint was made about any thing, whosoever fault it might be.

On all occasions of stoppage, delay, or accident, the steward's was the first face you saw. He seemed to do the whole ship's work, and, at spare times, give a friendly shoulder to the lumbering engine, whose breathing we could always hear, whatever part of the ship we were in, and the workings of whose great metal arms were always audible. Once a half-naked, coal-stained, perspiring fireman was knocked down and cruelly mauled by a mountain of coal falling on him down in the coal-room. There was no doctor on board, but the steward washed

him, and bound his poor pale head with plasters, like a regular surgeon. He it was who, singing "I've a heart that can feel for another," mixed with irrelevant verses of the "Last Rose of Summer," instantly started a subscription for the poor fellow, who the rest of the voyage was a little delirious, wandering about, day and night, with a white cloth bound round his head, but speaking to no one. He it was who went ashore at Lisbon to buy meat, at that market where a broken-legged fat turkey stands sentry, and returned, just as our steam was snorting signals, triumphant, with a boat full of red and white joints of beef and mutton, piles of rocky melons, and nets of golden-rinded lemons. He it was who, when the heedless Gallician butcher, who came with him, left his scarlet umbrella behind in the vessel, to prevent keeping the steamer till the gesticulating rogue could return for it, sent it afloat over the waves, much to the Gallician's annoyance. He it was who used to tie the cord to the flapper of the fat cook's pet turtle, when we were lying off Gib, and let the creature row and tow about for a good fifty yards out. "Why, good heavens! here's a turtle swimming about," every body used to say, seeing the small-headed, large-stomached monster, true type of its future consumer, paddling deep down in the blue, jewel-lighted water, serene and happy. We once let a stout wine-merchant, whom we knew to be an epicure, man a boat and take immense trouble in securing the delicious monster, only at last to draw him nearer and nearer to the surface, and find the cord of ownership around him. Cleopatra, when she made the diver fasten the salt herring to her Anthony's hook, could not have laughed more at the epicure's blank dismay than we did. Behind us, egging us on, was always the steward.

At Vigo, under circumstances requiring peculiar fortitude, that steward's character broke upon us in new and finer lights. We had been running along a fine line of battlemented coast, and slowly, about the afternoon, drew near Vigo, with great fears that we should not be able to land, as the yellow fever had appeared at Oporto; and when once a man at Oporto has the yellow fever, such is the sympathy and unanimity of that people, that every one has it: the steward, clenching his eyes and making a noxious face to a crowd of quidnuncs who were intensely anxious to land, was pretty sure that Vigo would

have telegraphed direct to Oporto to announce that we must not touch at that pretty little Welsh-like port that our Admiral Vernon once forced his way to through splintered booms and smitten vessels. We knew our danger, and were straining all our eyes to the shore of the Promised Land. The robust, fierce-faced Portuguese colonel was leaning over the bulwarks; the wine-merchant, with the pretty governess and portly wife, going to England, were sitting on Marius-in-Carthage heaps of yellow-labeled luggage; the little cynical usher was clinging to the shrouds, not thinking much of any of us, but with a special glance of indignation at the steward, who was cursing Vigo to the white cook, who was polishing a banjo-shaped stewpan; the ladies were in chattering heaps, prettily anxious, and asking unnautical questions; the short, stout captain, the whites of whose eyes were of a low-toned coffee color, from having served a long time in Africa, and who has a cheery voice that would talk down a monsoon, stands in defiant attitude on the little bridge that joins the paddle-boxes. The engine seems to have some disease of the heart, and beats intermittingly. "Stop her," roars the captain. Somebody stops her—full stops her. There we are, swinging up and down in the wide blue sea, two miles from the Bar of Vigo, swinging in a high wind as if some great wind spirit were rocking us up and down for a joke. The little usher tries to put on a Columbus-look and sight the new country; but it will not do; the great blue horizon, that seems of molten lead, sullen and yet fluent, rises and lowers like a sudden inundation: its running up and down is too much for our little circumnavigator. "Tom Cringle," in the red and yellow Routledge cover, drops from his hand; with a groan he lies down at full stretch on the raised roof of the cabin, shutting his eyes against that hideous giddy rising and falling of the horizon that gives one the sensation of being in an up-and-down at Greenwich Fair. Up and down we go like an egg-shell on the sea; my eyes strain at the coast; all I see is a white line of surf: that is the bar; the fort and two or three houses: one of these is the signal-station. Vigo lies round inside there to the right.

"Do you see any boat coming?" roars the captain to the first officer.

First officer, with his long glass tube pointed like a small

howitzer at the dilatory town, thinks they are putting off a boat. "No, there is nothing. Yes, there is a flag going up at the tower."

"Bring the signal-book!" thunders the captain. It is in his hand. The steward brought it.

"What do you make it?"

"Blue, white—82."

"Look 82."

"Right; reply 60 green."

Up went our answer in a small pill that blew out as it went up the line into the P. and O. emblem.

They asked (72—red and a cross), "Had we touched at Oporto?"

We replied (97—white and black), "We had, but had only received fumigated letters."

Now there is a hitch.

They reply with 83, 100, and 40, which, being interpreted, means, "Is Mr. Smith on board?"

"No! No! No!" we answer, till the deck is strewn with rolls of red, yellow, blue, and green flags.

We have exhausted the signal-book, and can get no answer but that ridiculous question of "Is Mr. Smith on board?" Somebody says 40 does not mean Smith, but Jones; and we all get so confused that at last the captain, red in the face with hurling anathemas at the frightened and obstinate city, orders the flags to be taken back to the quarter-master's cabin, and slams up the signal-book. Steward thought it would come to that when we carried away that sheet last night, and when we brought-to at Oporto after gunfire, instead of going on and refusing to communicate with the yellow-fever city. He is just beginning again his great story of the Sultan of Trebizond, when "I think I see a boat, sir!" sings out the first officer, whose black tube has never left his keen and anxious eye.

"How far off do you make it?"

"About a mile from land."

Now we shall hear something, and this dreadful up and down will have an end.

Immense excitement as the boat grows out of the waves from a dancing speck to a real eight-oared fishing-boat which has put off at some danger, for the surging bar, in this weath-

er, is not very safe to pass. It comes bobbing over the great blue hill-waves, pulled by some fishermen, to whom we throw a rope, but they keep as far as they can from our supposed fever-haunted vessel, and keep pushing off with oars and boat-hooks. We are in a rage. They are in a rage. They shout. We shout. The Vigo passengers turn pale and cling to Captain Jolly.

The pilot, a yellow ape of an old man, in a broken straw hat, stands up and hands us on a cleft stick a letter from the English consul. The crew, hardy-looking-dark-eyed fellows, in pink shirts, are all smoking, except one young Don Juan, the handsomest stripling I think I ever saw, who is conscious of our admiration, and pretends to tighten his soiled red sash. At the thwarts sits a red-capped, brown Caliban, who, every time the boat drives up against our paddle-box in the heavy sea, has to scuttle down to prevent being crushed to death or knocked overboard—a game of chances he grins at and seems to enjoy. Every wave sends the boat up ten or twelve feet, till I get giddy staring at the strange, foreign-looking crew and the gesticulating angry captain, who refuses all communication with us, telling his men to row back, though we hand him a grand sealed letter from the consul at Oporto proclaiming our sound health. He pretends to read the letter, then tosses it back with a look of horror and indignation as if it were a dead skunk, and tells the men to put off.

Our captain, by a noble stratagem, manages, during the negotiations, to pour in on the angry Portuguese pilot all our luggage, and the passengers, who are dying to land; but the ape all but tosses the passengers and the trunks into the sea, and shakes his clenched fist at us.

“You touch!” roars our captain; “you in quarantine, Manuel!”

“None touch—none,” he cries.

With violent benedictions we part, *minus* some propitiatory cigars that I had thrown down into the boat to lubricate the negotiation.

“Quarantine?” says the steward, as if in answer to somebody. “Why, the last time we were at Vigo they put us in limbo for fifteen days because we had a man on board who had hurt his leg falling from the mast. There! they’re all

alike, a set of —. But what can you do with a captain who begins to take soundings for Portland in the middle of the Bay of Biscay, and who is afraid to carry stunsails when a man-of-war would have all her sky-scrapers and moon-rakers out bleaching? When I was off Cape Matapan in a fruiter—”

“Steward!”

“There they go! It’s not a life, this; it’s what I call purgativy. That’s the store-keeper; he can’t put out what we wants all at once; but—”

“Steward!”

“As for that captain, if there was nothing else to do I think he’d set the engineer to count the revolutions of the wheel, or the ship’s boys to shift the ballast and paint the weights. It’s a life only fit for a dog!” And off he went, singing,

“No flower that blows is like the rose”—

the merriest grumbler that ever washed glasses or scraped plates.

Whenever we saw the steward putting the “fiddles” on the table at meal-times, we knew there was mischief brewing, that the wind was rising, and that there would not be many at dinner. The fiddles were square mahogany frames, put on the table to keep the plates in place in rough weather. If the little usher saw the fiddles coming down from their rack over the door, he gave himself up for the day, did not attempt to rise, and groaned as if the rack was his bed and his bed the rack.

Another humor of the steward’s was his polyglot language, picked up in innumerable voyages, not without wrecks and dangers. “It can not zomper la cabeza” (break the head). “Roma—rum, ah? Señor like roma; roma very good for stomach,” were the exhortations he addressed at grog-time to the Spanish passengers, who looked upon him as the great director of the ship. It was delicious to see him tease the thirsty Lisbon merchant who went on with us home; to hear him preach the necessity of keeping la cabeza (the head) fresca (clear); or to see him hand some scraps of dishes, with an imperial and munificent air, to two rough John Portuguese sailors, who slept at the bottom of the well-like hold, and sat there all day playing cards on a tarpaulin. I liked to see him watch

the rough group of Spanish man-of-war's sailors, whom we were taking to man a Spanish vessel in England, as they sat arranging their breakfast on deck, counting out biscuits, or pouring their coffee into their tin cups, with the gambols and mad-cap tricks of so many schoolboys going home for the holidays; contrasting strangely with the patient gravity of some Gallegos going from Lisbon to Vigo, who sat all day on their bundles, in their queer Irish great-coats, leaning on their great green umbrellas, and silently counting over their earnings—dull, stolid men as ever plodded through life. The little usher hated them, because he was always falling over some mummy-bundle of a man rolled up in his blanket asleep by the carpenter's cabin. As for the steward, he had always a droll scrap of bad Spanish for them, and sometimes a rich dirty plate and an odd potato for them to stow away—a condescension which gave him the air of a patron, and almost of a Saint Martin, among those quiet, frugal men, who helped to lower the orange-trees we took in at Lisbon into the hold, and to stow away the great cases of eggs, and the boxes of raisins, that otherwise always kept two men busy at the windlass while we were taking in cargo.

But for the steward's stories. It was long after we had sighted Portland, and picked up the rough pilot who skimmed after us in his gull-winged cutter, with the square blue flag flying—after, indeed, the white cliffs of the Needles, with the sharp outpost rocks and the sloping green turf. I was at the foksal, reading a Scotch seaman's story, written by himself, and stitched in canvas binding; my back was against the anchor, and I was alternately reading and watching the boatswain oiling a sou'-wester coat. I had got to a most enthralling part of Macdougall's story—to where, cast on the shore of New Holland, he and three of the sailors who are saved from the wreck (the other survivors died of hunger or went mad), were lying dreadfully ill from having eaten some poisonous fish. The cook was dead, and lying in the second tent, when, in the middle of the night, Macdougall heard his mate get out of bed, and crawl toward where the dead man lay. He had turned cannibal.

I heard a voice behind me saying, "The captain, Jack, will be a good sailor when the devil gets blind, and he hasn't sore

eyes yet." It was the steward, who wanted me to come down into the cabin, that he might, before we got into dock, finish that story of his about his friend the Sultan of Trebizond. I went into the store-keeper's room; the steward sat down opposite me, with his usual grim disgusted look, sobered now by a sense of being about to impart historical information.

"Well," he said, "sir, this is how it was; though, in regard as to not having much time (Tom, where's that stout broom?), I feel somewhat like a man-of-war without guns; so it won't do for me to tell you (look alive, Tom, with those dishes) how I used to go from Cephalonia to Patras in a fruiter; how the fig worms used to crawl about the berths, and get into our very beds (now, then, Tom, for those knives); or how, one morning, when I came on deck, I stuck my eyes through the fore-rigging, and saw we were just running on shore on the port-hand of the Gulf (tell that gentleman, Tom, as wants to get to land soon, to go and push behind; that'll help us). But I must put a stopper on, haul taut, and get to my story of the sultan. Well, you see (Tom, no larking), we had him on board, with all his Circassian wives, at Trebizond; and the wives were in such like cabin of the fruiter as we sits in, guarded by a black eunuch with a drawn sword at the door, who would not let us look in, or go even to get a saucer—(would he, Tom?)—till one night we gave him too much grog. Well, the sultan's man-servants used to lie about on deck with their turbans on, so that you could hardly move without treading on them (could we, Tom?). Well, it was when we are about the third day from Trebizond that—"

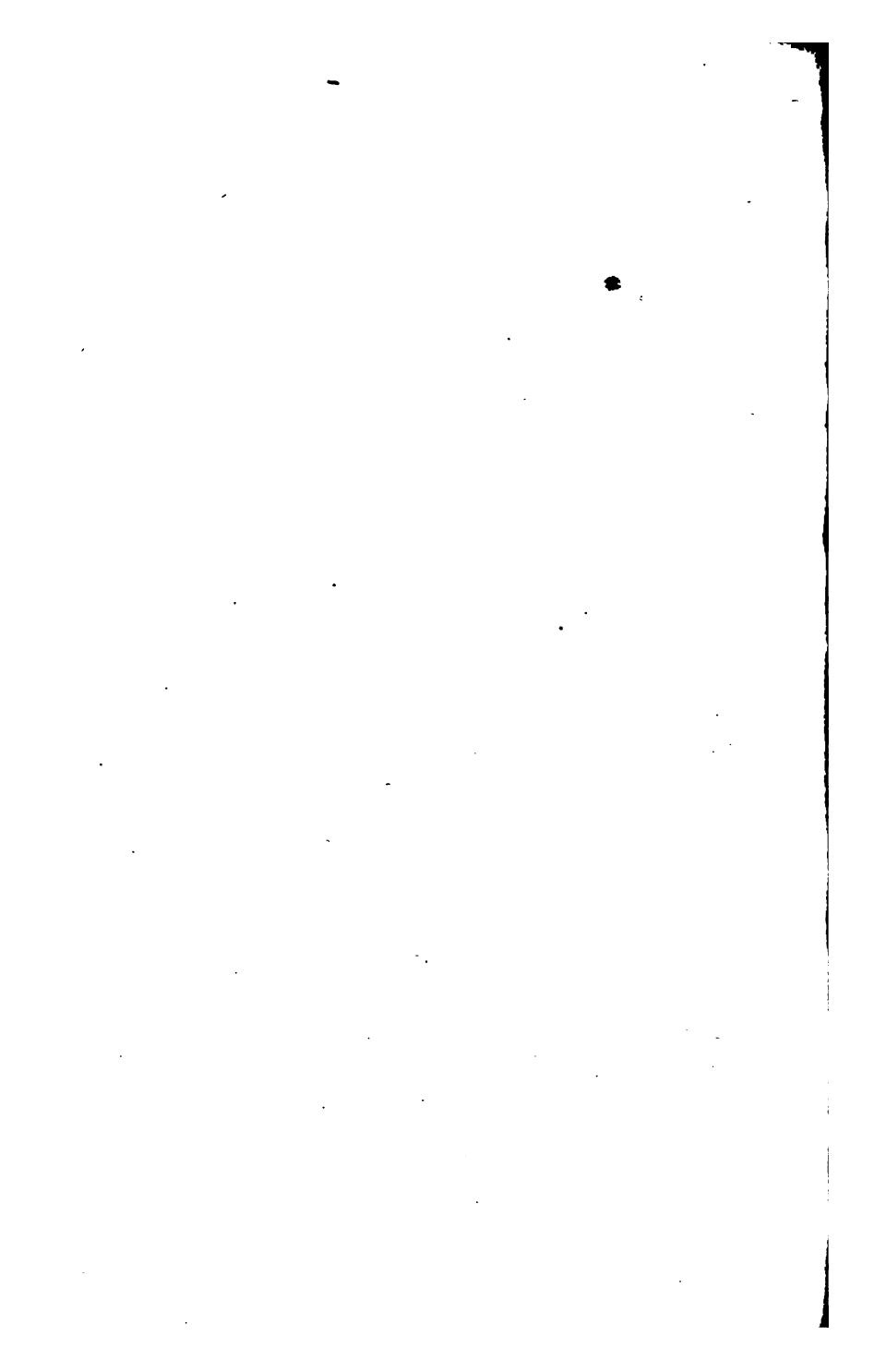
"Steward, come and look after this luggage."

Away he went; I did not see him again till just as we fired the gun as a notice for the people on shore to keep the Southampton dock-gates open. First a rocket went up with a tiger rush and a serpent's hiss, and broke into starry flowers; then, mid a white glare of the port-fire, our gun thundered and shattered out. Presently we sighted the twinkling lines of English dock-lights. Another twenty minutes, and we were home in our own land. So what became of the Sultan of Trebizond I never heard, and never shall hear, which is more.

* * * * *

Since I returned home, I have heard that Spanker is married

to the town-major's daughter, who is said to have rather a temper. Driver is gone to Barbadoes; Schwartzenlicht is busy at the National Gallery, cleaning the curious early pictures recently bought; and the "Travels of Fortywinks" are hourly expected by an anxious public.



A P P E N D I X.

“ In the year 1835 a few individuals commenced running some steam-vessels between London and the Peninsula, under the designation of ‘ The Peninsular Steam Navigation Company.’

“ In the establishment of this enterprise they incurred losses to the extent of something upward of £30,000.

“ In the year 1837, the then government, being desirous of improving the postal communication with Spain and Portugal, invited the parties who had established this steam communication to submit a plan and proposal for such improvement. They submitted a plan for a regular weekly postal communication by steam-packets between England and Vigo, Oporto, Lisbon, Cadiz, and Gibraltar, and offered to maintain it at a less cost to the public than the cost of the then existing inferior arrangement of sailing packets, etc. The government adopted the plan.

“ About the close of the year 1839, the government being desirous of accelerating and otherwise improving the arrangements for the transmission of the East India and Mediterranean mails, the originators of the Peninsular Company were invited to submit a plan and proposal for that object, which they did, proposing to provide vessels of not less than 400 horse-power each, to convey the mails direct between England and Alexandria in Egypt, to meet the East India Company’s steamers plying between Suez and Bombay, and thereby to effect a considerable acceleration and increased certainty in the transmission of the mails; also to undertake it at a less cost to the public than that of the establishment of small Admiralty packets of about 140 horse-power, then employed in that service.

“ Some previous attempts of private enterprise to improve this communication having failed, the Peninsular Company resolved to attempt it. They obtained a charter of incorporation, under the name of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, exempting parties who might take shares in it from unlimited liability, and on condition that they should open a communication with India by the Red Sea and Indian Ocean within two years from the date of their charter.

“ The Company proceeded with all practicable speed to carry out the object of their charter; they contracted for the construction of large vessels of about 1800 tons and 520 horse-power each, and dispatched the first, the *Hindustan*, from Southampton on the 24th of September, 1842,

to open a communication between Calcutta, Madras, Ceylon, Aden, and Suez.

“At the instance of the Supreme Government of India, in order to encourage the establishment of this communication, a premium of £20,000 per annum was offered by the East India Direction, on certain conditions, to the Peninsular and Oriental Company, to be paid so long (but not exceeding five years) as they might desire to comply with these conditions—to cease when they should cease to comply therewith, and to merge in any contract which, in the mean time, might be made with them for a regular mail service with India.

“About the middle of the year 1843, the Company, being possessed of the requisite number of large steam-vessels, made an offer to improve the postal communication with India by the Red Sea and Indian Ocean. A return having then been made to the House of Commons by the East India Company, that the steam postal communication between Bombay and Suez, maintained through their agency, and by their comparatively small and inefficient steam-packets, was costing £110,000 per annum after crediting all receipts for passage-money, etc., the Oriental Company proposed to relieve the East India Company of that service; to do it with steamers of 500 horse-power, and thereby to accelerate and insure greater certainty and safety in the transmission of the mails, and, if required, to establish also a mail communication with Calcutta and Madras, *viâ* Ceylon.

“The sum required for the proposed improved Bombay and Suez service was £80,000 per annum, being £30,000 per annum less than the cost of it as then performed by the East India Company. Nine months elapsed without any reply being made by the East India Directors to this proposal, when in May, 1844, they informed the Oriental Company that they would not give up the Bombay and Suez service, and referred them to the Admiralty in respect to the other part of their proposal.

“An investigation and estimate of the cost of establishing a monthly communication between Suez and Ceylon, Madras and Calcutta, by government packets of equal power to those proposed by the Oriental Company was then made by competent officers of the Admiralty, and reported to that Board at 42*s.* 6*d.* per mile.

“The government concluded, after considerable negotiation, a contract with the Oriental Company at a rate of 20*s.* per mile for the service now in operation to Calcutta, etc., and at a rate of 12*s.* per mile for the branch line of service to Penang, Singapore, and China.

“In the year 1845 a strong public desire for the establishment of a steam communication with Australia was manifested, and in the following year a charter of incorporation was granted to a projected company, to be called the Indian and Australian Steam Packet Company. Two years having elapsed without any prospect of the proposed company being able to establish a steam communication with Australia, and the Pen-

insular and Oriental Company being pressed by some highly respectable parties connected with Australia to make some effort to accomplish that desirable object, in July, 1848, although the government had not invited tenders for such a service, the Directors of the Oriental Company, desiring to meet the public wish as far as was in their power, offered to bear a portion of the risk of an experimental opening of such a communication. They proposed that two steam-vessels should be hired by tender by the Admiralty, and be run every two months between Singapore and Sydney; that the Admiralty should have inspectors on board these vessels who should take cognizance, and keep accounts of the receipts for earnings, and of the expenditure; that the Peninsular and Oriental Company should manage the experiment free of charge; and that the risk of it for profit or loss should be borne in equal proportions by the Peninsular and Oriental Company, the imperial treasury, and the local colonial government. Tenders for the regular establishment of these services to be invited after the result of this experiment was known.

“This proposal was not adopted by the government; and soon afterward—namely, in October, 1848—the government having issued advertisements inviting tenders for establishing a monthly steam communication between Singapore and Sydney, *viâ* Torres Straits, the Peninsular and Oriental Company tendered for that service on the following terms:

“They prepared and sent to the Admiralty an estimate of the annual cost of maintaining such a communication by efficient steam-vessels; also of the probable amount of income from freight and passage-money, as nearly as the same could be estimated from the information which they then possessed; and the estimated expenses showing a balance of nearly sixty thousand pounds per annum over the estimated receipts, the Oriental Company offered to establish and maintain the proposed service for that sum, with this proviso—that the earnings of the vessels should be subjected to the inspection of the government, and if the amount thereof should prove to be in excess of that estimated, such excess should go to the benefit of the public, and be deducted from the amount required for the mail service. This proposal was not accepted.

“On the 6th of January, 1848, the government gave notice to the Peninsular and Oriental Company to terminate their contract for the mail service between Southampton and Alexandria on the 18th of January, 1849, and soon afterward advertised for tenders for executing that service. The Directors of the Oriental Company sent in a tender for continuing to perform the service at a reduced cost, and at the same time, as they were aware that exaggerated reports had been circulated as to the profits which the Company was supposed to be making by the contract packet service, they offered to submit to the inspection of any competent parties the government might appoint the Company's books and accounts, and also to enter into an arrangement, that, in regard to then advertised and all future contracts, the government should have the op-

tion of from time to time inspecting the Company's accounts and transactions, and whenever it should be found that the Company were in a position to divide 10 per cent. clear profit on its capital, any surplus beyond that should be appropriated for the benefit of the public, as a reduction from the sum payable for the postal service. The Admiralty accordingly appointed inspectors, who, after examining minutely the affairs of the Company, reported that it had not yet been able to pay a dividend of 10 per cent. on its capital. The endeavors of the government to obtain competitors for executing that branch of the service were continued. It was twice advertised; and the Indian and Australian Company having on the second advertisement tendered somewhat under the Peninsular and Oriental Company, their tender was accepted; but after a delay of many months they failed to satisfy the Admiralty that they had any means of performing their proposed contract, or to give any security for their doing it. The time for closing the Peninsular and Oriental Company's contract being within a few days of its expiration, and the Admiralty without a vessel to take the outward India mail, the Oriental Company were applied to to renew their former offer for continuing to perform the service, which they did."

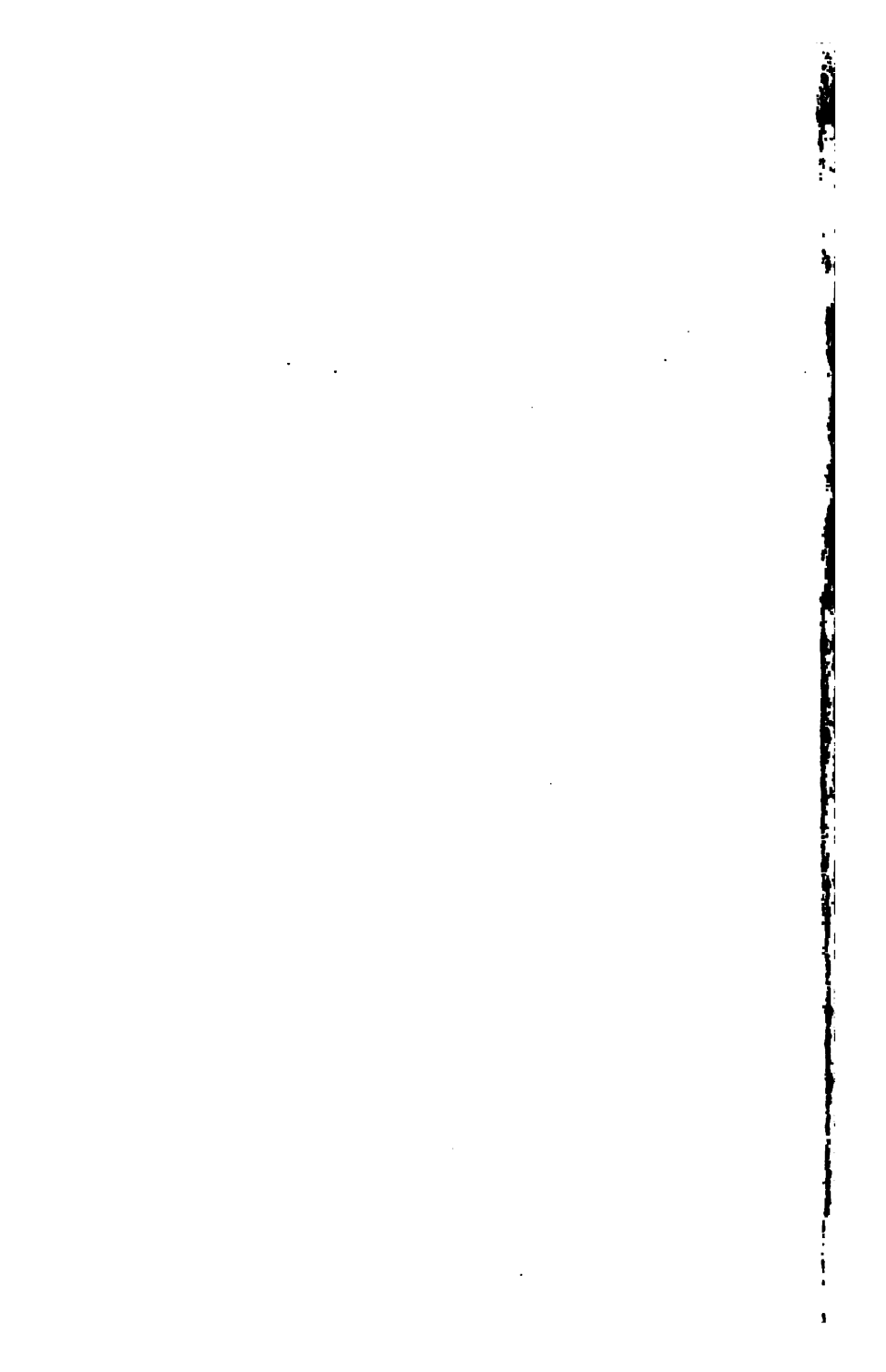
THE END.

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