

that in one of the larger chapels, where mass was then performing, the devout people of Orihuela were not contented with the lowest prostration, but beat their breasts in an agony of devotion; and I have no doubt that if any one had set the example of flagellation, it would have been followed with spirit and effect. In returning from the church, I saw two boys in the habits of Augustin friars; and the population of the town appeared to possess in an uncommon degree, the character of idleness, and its attendant, poverty. No one seemed to have any thing to do, and no one had the air of being anxious to do any thing. The men had taken to themselves, their winter cloaks; and although the weather was so warm, that when walking in advance of the tartana, I sedulously sought out the shade, every one stood with his back to a sunny wall, folded up to the nose, and immoveable, unless when a friar passing by, demanded a salutation of reverence.

At the Posada, at Orihuela, I succeeded in getting a little milk for the first time since leaving Seville, and made ready my chocolate in the English fashion. Nothing is so diffi-

to be had in Spain, as milk. Cows' milk is a luxury not to be dreamed of, excepting in the very largest cities; and even goats' milk is far from plentiful; milk, in fact, is an aliment of which the Spaniards make no use.

From Orihuela, I skirted the Huerta, passing close under the range of hills that bound it on the north; and noticing a cross on the summit of a perpendicular rock, and another beneath it, I inquired of the muleteer, the cause of their erection,—and he in reply, told me a melancholy story, how a certain friar of Orihuela was grievously tempted by the flesh; and how he dreamt, that to escape from temptation, he must go to the brow of a certain mountain—a dream that was doubtless sent by the devil,—and how that when he arrived there, the damsel who stood between him and heaven, was waiting for him; and how he, being a holy man, and seeing no means of escape but one, commended himself to the saints, and leapt from the summit of the rock; but the saints, unwilling that he should commit suicide, even to escape from another deadly sin, bore him up, and he walked back to the convent. But every day

he returned to this rock to pray; and when he died, his body was miraculously conveyed from the convent to that spot, beneath which it was buried.

Soon after passing these crosses, we reached a village, whose name I have forgotten; but the entrance to it was marked by some beautiful and extensive inclosures,—thickets of orange trees and pomegranates, surrounded by a row of stately palms. The next village we arrived at was La Granja, situated also amid groves of oranges and palms, but exhibiting in its ruined dwellings, and almost houseless population, the awful effects of the earthquake of 1829, that spread ruin and desolation over some of the fairest valleys in Murcia. This road possesses a peculiar and sad interest, from conducting the traveller through these melancholy scenes. La Granja suffered severely by the visitation. I scarcely saw one upper story standing, and the greater number of the houses had been levelled with the ground. Upon the sites of these, the owners had built low houses of one story; and those of which the lower

story still remained, were inhabited in that part which had withstood the shock. The tower of the church had not been thrown down, but I noticed a wide rent from the top to the bottom.

The earthquake of 1829 took place on the 21st of March. In the morning the sky was serene, and the atmosphere clear; but towards mid-day clouds began to rise, and the sky was soon obscured; the wind also entirely fell, and it was a perfect calm. The shock took place at six in the evening, and lasted only five seconds; but in these five seconds it spread death and ruin wherever it was felt. Fifteen towns and villages were less or more injured. Torre Viejo, on the sea-coast, four leagues from Orihuela, was entirely destroyed; and in that town, in Almosida and La Granja, between five and six hundred persons were swallowed up, or were buried among the ruins of their homes. Torre Viejo is rebuilt with timber houses of one story. In that place, every day renews the recollection of its misfortune; for it is a singular fact, that a day never passes over Torre Viejo that a slight shock of earthquake is not

felt. At Orihuela the shock was severe : many houses were rent, some few injured, but no lives were lost. At Alicant the shock was also alarming, although, there, little actual damage was sustained. A gentleman of that city related to me, that while he sat writing, he felt a very slight motion, which he knew to be produced by an earthquake, for slight shocks of earthquake have always been of common recurrence throughout Murcia; thinking it possible that the shock might be repeated, he walked to the balcony, and at the same moment his anticipations proved too true : he saw the wall of the house rock to and fro, and almost immediately afterwards found himself, without knowing how, in the great square, where the whole of the inhabitants were already assembled, testifying their alarm in all the modes by which human fear can find expression. The shock was sensibly felt in the harbour of Alicant ; it seemed to those who were embarked, as if the vessels had struck against each other. It is no more than justice to add, that subscriptions for the destitute sufferers were

universal throughout Spain, and that the king liberally aided the subscription from his own purse.

After leaving La Granja, I passed through two other villages in a state of ruin. In one of them the tower of the church had been thrown down, and a rent a foot wide traversed the side wall. The whole of the way from Orihuela to Alicant, I observed that almost all the children, and very many grown-up persons, were afflicted with sore eyes. The people in the neighbourhood were unable to assign any cause for this, though I was informed at Alicant that it was to be attributed to irrigation; but as there is not the same prevalence of this complaint in the vales of Murcia or Orihuela, where irrigation is carried to as great an extent as in these smaller valleys, this seemed to me to be a conclusion scarcely sufficiently built upon experience.

The country is here extremely beautiful,—we traverse a succession of little huertas, as fertile as irrigation and a delightful climate can make them; every one with its village surrounded by orangeries and palm groves.

After passing this line of villages, the fig-trees are so numerous as to seem almost a forest; and succeeding the fig-trees, a thick and extensive wood of olives stretches on all sides; here the olive is not the dwarfish tree we find it in the south of France, or even in other parts of Spain, but a fine branchy tree, which, but for the unlovely hue of its green, might vie with many of our forest trees.

And now we approached that most interesting spot on the route to Alicant, Elche, which has been called "the City of Dates," and which, to all travellers who have never pitched their tents with the Arabs, must be striking, alike from its beauty and its novelty. Here I purposed resting until next day; and having alighted at the Posada de la Concepcion, and ordered supper, I walked out to enjoy the scenery.

Elche rises from the midst of a forest of palms, which encircles it and mingles with the buildings, and which occupies altogether nearly a league square. There is scarcely a vacant spot within, or about the city, that is not covered with them; they crowd the gardens, they fringe the banks of the stream,

and in every direction are seen overtopping the houses. And beautiful is the palm-tree at this season,—its majestic stem rising to the height of eighty or a hundred feet, surmounted by the clusters of bright golden dates, and its broad canopy of fan-like leaves falling around like a circular plume. From a tower of the very ancient palace of the Dukes of Arcos, I obtained a view over the city and the surrounding country : this view was of so novel a character, that it will bear no comparison with any other; it was simply the view of a palm forest, which, from the great height of the trees, seemed unbounded, with the city embosomed in it. This is all that can be said by way of description; but the mere novelty of a view, embracing thousands, and tens of thousands of these strangely beautiful trees, cannot fail to delight the spectator.

I fared well in the posada, and drank delicious wines; and passed the evening in conversation with the host and his family, and a neighbouring grower and exporter of barilla, and other produce of the district. He was an intelligent and communicative man; and



from him I learnt some particulars respecting Elche. Elche contains about 20,000 inhabitants, and may be called a flourishing city; for the surrounding country, besides its large produce of dates, abounds in barilla, of which the export is very extensive. Last year, the export of barilla from Alicant, but chiefly grown in the vicinity of Elche, amounted to no less than 200,000 quintals—twenty millions of lbs. The export of dates I could not ascertain; but I afterwards learnt at Alicant, that a great proportion of the dates imported to England as Barbary dates, are from Elche; and in proof of this, I was shewn some boxes in a warehouse, marked “Barbary dates.” The wages of field labour at Elche, are three or four reals; and every thing is proportionably cheap; barley bread, which is much used in this neighbourhood, is sold at two quartos (less than a farthing) per pound. Elche possesses one important advantage over most of the other Spanish cities: it is not overrun with priests and friars. It contains only two churches, and two convents; and the inhabitants are thus spared the expense of feeding the idle

and useless incumbrances who are so great a burthen upon the market people of Murcia, Orihuela, Guadix, and other cities of the southern provinces. And besides this advantage, the proportion of the religious bodies in Elche is so small, that their influence acts feebly: self-interest has gained upon the dominion of superstition; for I was informed, that the after part of most of the holidays, enjoined, or recommended, by the Catholic church, is spent in field labour. The two convents of Elche are rich; and therefore have less interest in maintaining that dominion, to which others are indebted for their sustenance.

I left Elche about sunrise on foot, the muletter not being ready, and walked slowly through the palm forest, that he might overtake me. I noticed that the colour of the fruit varied much; some of the clusters being green, some of them yellow, some orange colour, or golden, and some brown; but the two latter colours were the most prevailing. The taste also differs. I threw stones at some of the clusters which were upon the lowest trees, and found the fruit I brought down, differ almost as much in taste, as in colour;

the deep golden, verging upon brown, tasted the most agreeably. At a house on the outskirts of the forest, I purchased 1lb. for four quartos, (about one penny). After leaving the palm forest, we passed through a wild country, partially under tillage; and here the sea is first discovered upon the right; the castle of Alicant, perched upon its high rock, rising in front. From this point, we descended into a cultivated plain, abounding in almond trees; and then winding for a while among sand-hills, we passed along the straight avenue that leads to the gate of Alicant, which I soon afterwards entered, and alighted at the Fonda de las Diligencias.

After having breakfasted, I waited upon Mr. Waring, the British Consul at this port, and have great pleasure in acknowledging his hospitalities,—not easily forgotten by one who, after having lived upon Spanish stews since leaving Malaga, enjoyed the luxury of a true English dinner. To Mr. Adams, also, the Consul for the United States, I was indebted for many kind attentions, and much valuable information. I was much struck with the interior of some

of the houses in Alicant; the spaciousness of the rooms; the magnificence of the staircases; and particularly, the beauty of the floors. These, throughout an extensive suite of apartments opening into each other, are covered with the Valencia tile, which is a kind of porcelain. The pieces of which the floor is composed, are about nine inches square, the ground white, and each having a flower painted upon it, with the utmost truth and delicacy; and the lobbies and staircases are paved in the same way. In some houses, the different rooms are paved with different patterns; but I thought it more elegant, where one pattern covered a suite of apartments.

The situation of Alicant pleased me,—though less than that of Malaga. Like Malaga, it lies at the foot of a bay; but the mountains behind it are comparatively diminutive: the castle, however, is singularly picturesque; the rock upon which it stands is eight or nine hundred feet high,—nearly pointed, and stands isolated from the other heights; and a precipice, reaching from the foot of the castle wall, overhangs the town.

The rock is constantly crumbling; and fears are entertained, that it may some day overwhelm the city. I applied for leave to see the fort, but this was refused. The quay is fine and spacious, and a handsome row of houses fronts the sea.

The day after my arrival in Alicante chanced to be an important *dia de fiesta*; for it was no less than the day of the patron Saint of the city (Saint Nicholas), who is besides the peculiar patron of all young women who wish to be married. In the evening I went to the cathedral, which was illuminated, and was filled with spectators; some seated upon mats, some standing: and in front of the altar an elevated platform was erected, upon which sat the Governor, and high civil and military officers. The Saint stood in a niche, in the centre of the altar, surrounded by lights; above, was an image of Christ, and below, an image of the Virgin. After the performance of some selections of music, all the female part of the audience pressed forward towards the Saint; for she who has the good fortune to see the Saint with his eyes open, will certainly be

married the same year. There was much eagerness and much merriment among the ladies; and as I chanced to be in the current, I was carried in the same direction. I found, that the merriment was owing to the difficulty of ascertaining what all were anxious to ascertain; for either the eyes of the Saint, or the lights, were so contrived, that it was impossible to determine whether his eyes were open or shut. After the ceremonies, a paltry engraving of Saint Nicholas was presented to each of the great men who occupied the platform, all of whom reverently kissed it. This was also the fee given to the musicians.

In Alicante there is an extraordinary forgetfulness or disregard of distinctions in rank; arising, no doubt, from the very limited society of the town. It is not at all unusual to see the daughter of the governor sitting upon her balcony in company with the daughter of the jailor. If there should be a deficiency of one or two persons to make up a game at cards, the most respectable of the inhabitants will send to any low person in the neighbourhood who happens to be

skilful in the game, to supply the deficiency; and among the many examples of this, I knew an officer, holding a high official situation, who every night sat down to cards with his wife, and a tailor who lived next door, and who chanced to be an adept in their favourite game. The Spaniards, especially in the south, although not addicted to gambling, are extremely fond of cards: they play from the real interest which they feel in the game,—its chances and its difficulties,—for the stake is generally so utterly insignificant, that it can scarcely add anything to the interest. In truth, there is a miserable want of resource in most parts of Spain. The *regimé* of married life forbids those domestic enjoyments,—those home occupations,—that fill up so large a portion of the evening hours in an English family of the middle classes: books and study are almost out of the question; because, unless in the principal cities, public libraries are nowhere to be found; and private libraries are luxuries that few possess: Spain has not, like France, the resource of the coffee-house;

nor, like England, the news of yesterday, to employ a vacant hour; and therefore the Spaniard seeks relief from *ennui* in cards, which are always at hand, and are at all times capable of producing the same enjoyment.

When I visited Alicant, difficulties had been newly thrown in the way of even the simplest interchange of civilities; and society was in consequence almost broken up. Public parties, such as balls, &c., were prohibited; and it was even expected that the governor should be informed, if more than half-a-dozen persons were invited to an entertainment: this was more complained of by the foreign merchants than by the Spaniards, because the Spaniards give few entertainments,—and foreigners not being willing to make the expected intimation to the governor, society was rapidly on the decline. Every one spoke of the governor as a man of despotic character; but the Spanish government considers a man of this kind necessary in a place like Alicant, where it is well known, that liberal opinions have many sup-



porters, and where the population is so closely connected with many of the refugees. Few towns have suffered more from emigration than Alicant: between three and four hundred persons were forced to leave it from political causes; so that there are few families in Alicant who have no relation or friend among the *emigrés*. But the governor, although scrutinising political opinion with a keenness that is disagreeable to many, is allowed by all to be an admirable civil magistrate. Alicant was formerly almost as notorious for robbery and murder, as Malaga is still; but these crimes are now almost unknown. The governor is accustomed himself to perambulate the streets during the night, disguised, and with two attendants; and it not unfrequently happens, that when one is challenged in passing along the street during the night, the challenger is discovered to be the governor.

Alicant, like most of the other Spanish sea-ports, has greatly declined in its general commerce. In the days of its prosperity, as many as one thousand vessels have been

known to enter the port in one year : at present the average number is about three hundred. The exports of every kind, with the exception of barilla, are gradually declining. The export of wine particularly, formerly an important article of Alicant trade, is now reduced to almost nothing. A little dry wine is still shipped to Gibraltar ; and the sweet wine (*tent*) is exported in such very small quantities, as scarcely to enter into the tables—the little that is shipped, is for Russia. I am convinced, that if the common red wine of Alicant were better known, it would find a ready market ;—it is made from several qualities of grape mixed, and if kept a few years is truly delicious. The export of almonds and of raisins does not at present decline ; the former are for the English and Hamburgh markets,—the raisins exclusively for English consumption. The Alicant raisin, which is dipped, like the *lexia* of Malaga, is used in England for plum-pudding, and in the manufacture of raisin wine. The export of brandy, of which one hundred thousand pipes have been known to leave Alicant, has almost entirely ceased ; and oil, since the

loss of the colonies, has been exported in comparatively small quantities.

The only exports of any consequence are barilla and salt. I have already stated the amount of the former export in the year 1829. In 1830 it would greatly fall below that quantity; but, upon the whole, the export of barilla maintains itself. This is not, however, a lucrative trade. The profit from barilla affords the cultivator nothing beyond a bare livelihood. But in a country where rain is so uncertain, barilla is the only safe crop upon land that is beyond the reach of irrigation. The price of this article is extremely low, because, in the markets of Ireland, to which it is chiefly exported, it has to compete with the potash. The barilla of an inferior quality is sent to England for the use of the soap boilers. It is possible that some may not know how barilla is made. The weed, which is planted by seed, is pulled up by the root, and is stacked and dried; circular pits are made in the ground and heated; bars are laid across the mouth of these, and the weed being placed upon them, melts and

drops into the pit, and hardens into barilla. The cultivation of barilla is expensive, because the land requires much dressing, and a large supply of manure.

The other principal export, salt, is embarked from Torre Viejo, though the vessels make their clearances at Alicant. From fifty to sixty vessels yearly clear out with cargoes of salt, chiefly for Sweden and the different ports of the Baltic. This salt is remarkably strong, and best suited, therefore, for those countries where salted provisions are the most in use.

One of my mornings I devoted to a walk to the huerta, which lies about two miles to the east of the city. It is about three miles in diameter,—the sea forming its southern boundary, and the mountains entirely closing round it on the west, north, and east. With so favourable a situation, and irrigated from a reservoir formed in the mountains, this huerta will scarcely yield in productiveness to any of the most favoured spots in Spain. Besides a constant succession of crops of grain, barley, wheat, and maize,—of flax, and of the various esculents used at the table; this little plain is

thickly strewn with every kind of fruit tree, —orange, lemon, fig, almond, pomegranate, apricot, and with innumerable mulberry and olive trees. But the greatest novelty of this plain consists in the many delightful country houses that are scattered over it; these belong to the merchants of the city; and one object of ambition for which every one in Alicant strives, is to possess a country house in the huerta. Exposed, however, as the huerta is to the southern sun, I should think the pride in such a possession must be greater than the pleasure.

I was greatly amused by the history of a law-suit that was pending while I was at Alicant. A certain rich proprietor having died about six months before, left money to the church, sufficient to purchase twelve thousand masses for his soul; but after a few of these had been said, the masses were discontinued, and the process was brought by the heir to recover the sum left for the masses, the church having failed to fulfil the condition upon which the money was bequeathed. The defence set up was sufficiently singular;

—Those upon whom the duty of saying these masses devolved, willing to be excused from the labour, interceded with the bishop, who interceded with his holiness the pope: the defence against the claim was the production of the pope's letter, which declared, by his sovereign authority, that the celebration of *twelve* masses should have the same effect, and be as beneficial to the soul of the deceased as the celebration of *twelve thousand masses*. The decision upon the case had not been given when I left Alicant; but as it involved a question touching the pope's spiritual power, the probabilities are, that his holiness would prove an overmatch for the heir. The argument of the counsel in support of the claim was merely non-fulfilment of the stipulated duty; while the argument for the church was, that the deceased had intended to benefit his soul to a certain extent, for which he left a certain sum of money; and that since his soul was benefited to the same extent by the performance of *twelve*, as of *twelve thousand* masses, the intention of the deceased was equally fulfilled, and the money, therefore, equally the property of those who fulfilled it.

But this evidently leaves room for a rejoinder, as to the power and value of the pope's letter.

At Alicant I heard the worst accounts of the road to San Felipe. Every one agreed that there was the utmost danger of robbery, and urged upon me the necessity of taking an escort. I recollected that at Mr. Addington's table at Madrid, I had been told by Captain C——k, a gentleman well known for his enterprise in scientific pursuits, and intimately acquainted with every part of Spain, that I should run the greatest risk of robbery in the neighbourhood of San Felipe, and between that town and Alicant; and being obliged to carry from Alicant a fuller purse than it would have been convenient to lose, I yielded in this one instance to the general opinion, and applied, through Mr. Waring, to the governor, for an escort of four soldiers to Fuente de Higuera. The danger of robbery upon this road is not by regular banditti, but by itinerant or idle, or ill-disposed peasantry, who have frequently been known to leave their work in the fields to intercept and rob a traveller, and then return to their occupation.

I hired a tartana as usual, at the rate of three dollars a day; and left Alicant about seven in the morning, accompanied by my four soldiers, armed with guns, swords, and bayonets. The country, upon leaving Alicant, is at first very interesting; after passing some low hills about a league distant, we entered the little valley of Montforte, which, with its handsome church, and Moorish castle, dominates over its own fertile huerta. Between this place and Novilda, we passed a convent of the Franciscan order, of vast extent, and in which I was informed there are sixty monks. We also passed two men, whom the muleteer recognised as two notorious thieves, who had lately been released from prison. At Novilda we stopped, the muleteer to dine,—myself to take a cup of chocolate. The streets of this village were spread in many places with figs, drying in the sun, which any one appeared to have the liberty of making free with. I picked up one or two, but found them indifferent. From Novilda, we passed through a very partially cultivated country, but affording some picturesque views; particularly of the Castle of



Luna, situated upon a very high rock; and soon after we descended into the vale of Elda, by a singularly wild approach in a chasm through barren gypsum hills. Walking in advance of the tartana, I observed in a deep hollow below, a spectacle in perfect unison with the scenery. It was the carcase of a mule, the possession of which was disputed by about a score of ravens, and four very large lean dogs. The discharge of one of the soldier's muskets scarcely startled them; they were "too busy" to be easily disturbed.

The little vale and town of Elda, lie very bewitchingly on the other side of these barren hills. The huerta was covered with verdure; and the town, with its castle upon a rock—like all the towns in this neighbourhood—looked promising as night's quarters. I was amused with the distinction which was made in the venta at this place, between things which scarcely differ from each other. I asked as usual for a quarto; and they ushered me into a room without a chair or a table. I of course complained of the accommodation; "Oh," said they, "if you wish to have a sala, that's another affair"; and to a

sala we went, which differed from the other, only in having two chairs, and a deal table; but the sala costs the traveller double the price of the quarto.

Next day was one of the most important festivals in Spain, no less than that of the concepcion purissima; and not being able to start in the morning, until the muleteer had attended mass, I thought it as well to attend it along with him. In this church, I noticed the same edict that is published in the church of Alicant; an indulgence granted by the College of Cardinals of no fewer than two thousand five hundred and eighty days, to whatever penitent person shall say at the altar of the Virgin, "Ave Maria Purissima"; and the same to every one who shall reply to this, "Sin pecado concebida." It was in this chapel that mass was performed; and many two thousand five hundred and eighty days were no doubt that day added to the credit side of the purgatory accounts. My muleteer, in particular, was constant and earnest in his endeavours to turn the morning to the best advantage: constantly on the watch to hear any one say "Ave Maria Purissima," he was

kept constantly repeating "Sin pecado concebida." After we set out, I told him he must certainly be a great rogue, since he had shewn so much anxiety in the morning to accumulate indulgences. He replied that he was not any worse than his neighbours; but that it was best to be upon the safe side. The feast of the Concepcion Purissima, produced one good effect. I was not charged at the posada above one-third part of the sum I had been accustomed to pay; no doubt because on so holy a day, to cheat would have been to neutralize the effect of the indulgences.

From Elda and its vale, we passed through a wild country to Sax; a romantic town, overlooked by a castle perched upon the top of a rock as high as that of Alicant. There we only stopped to take in a supply of bread, for which Sax is famous, and proceeded towards Villena, still through a wild country. On the road, we met a coach filled with travellers, and escorted by five soldiers; and also a gentleman on horseback, with an escort of two soldiers; proving that I was not singular in the precaution I had taken. Vil-

lena has also its rock, and castle, and huerta, the latter larger than those of Elda or Sax, because Villena is a place of some size, containing several convents and churches, and nearly 8,000 inhabitants. The vine is extensively grown upon the lower acclivities of the neighbouring sierra, and is almost all converted into brandy. The population of this town appeared to me to present a singularly disreputable appearance—beggarly, idle, ragged, and ruffian-like; this, I was informed, was to be attributed to the great plenty and cheapness of brandy, which had produced its usual effects upon those who indulged in it without moderation.

Leaving Villena, we entered the Sierra that lies between it and Fuente de Higuera; this is considered the most dangerous part of the road; and as it would be dusk before we could reach Fuente de Higuera, the soldiers new primed their guns, and armed me with a sabre, and we kept close together. We had a singular, and certainly very interesting rencontre, by the way. In travelling through a narrow valley covered with aromatic shrubs, I noticed upon one of the slopes, two figures

in a stooping posture, whom I at first mistook for women; but upon coming near, I discovered them to be tawny Moors, clothed in the Moorish dress, and that they were engaged in searching for something on the ground: we passed within a hundred yards of them, and exchanged salutations; and I observed, that each carried a tolerably large basket. I did not learn the explanation of what I had seen till I reached San Felipe; every year, in Spring, and in Autumn, the Moorish physicians come to these parts from the shores of Africa, to gather medicinal plants,—a custom that may be called the only remaining tie between Barbary and Spain.

Descending the mountain towards Fuente de Higuera, I observed a scorpion on the path; and several young eagles flew over our heads: the soldiers fired at them,—of course without effect; and soon after these various encounters, we came in sight of the town, lying among elevated brown mountains, and surrounded with ilex woods; and about dusk we reached the Posada. At this place I discharged the soldiers, all fine young men,

who I am convinced would have done their duty if their services had been called for. They told me that Spain was the finest country in the world; that they were well and regularly paid; and had nothing to complain of; that they were ready to fight against whosoever the king commanded; and that they hoped they should not spend all their days in inaction. I commended them for their loyalty, which is always a virtue in a soldier towards the actual king,—gave them a dollar more than their due, and sent them away contented.

At Fuente de Higuera, I had the luxury of a hare for supper, and the still greater luxury of a flealess bed: and next morning betimes, I was on my way to San Felipe. This is a delightful road; we ascended a narrow, but very charming valley, presenting at every turn new and picturesque prospects. It is traversed all the way by a stream, which in the eastern provinces of Spain is always made to fertilize its banks: a beautiful stripe of green lay along its margin; vines and fruit trees clothed the lower acclivities of the mountains, which higher up, were scattered