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MIDSUMMER IN SOUTHERN SPAIN.¹

WITH PICTURES BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

GRANADA TO CORDOVA.

BOABDIL, when he left Granada, had his troubles; but at least he did not have to rise before dawn, dress by candlelight, and eat a hurried breakfast served by unwashed waiters in an unaired dining-room, in order to catch a train that started just early enough to make itself a nuisance, just late enough to meet the full fury of the day's heat. And for us, who had learned to love Granada's beauty, it was tragic to see only its ugliness at the last—its streets gray and deserted, and strewn with dead dogs; for the scattering of poison seems to be the Spanish policeman's chief duty, his easy method of preventing hydrophobia. And the station was full of hideous beggars, and Granada's last outlying hill to face the carriage window was crowned by the unlovely façade of the Jesuits' new buildings.

Again the old names greeted us—San Fernando, Loja, Antequera; again at each station we heard the cry of «Water! water!» from the women waiting to sell it and the travelers thirsting to drink it; the landscapes grew less and less green, until we reached Bobadilla, where we changed cars for the North and came into a worse simoom than ever blew over Sahara. Slowly crept the train between endless stretches of gray, dusty olives, or wide, treeless, brown fields, with here and there a

roasting, steaming town on a hilltop; and at last, seemingly exhausted, it stopped at Cordova.

A DEAD-AND-ALIVE CITY.

FROM the station we drove through a staring white suburb, past the well-whitewashed walls of the bull-ring, to the Fonda de Oriente. It was still early in the afternoon, the sun fierce, the light blinding—the hour when all summer we had been sleeping and dreaming in the Alhambra's halls and the Generalife's gardens. Remembering their loveliness, and hoping for new beauty like it, we could not stay in the dull hotel bedroom, though with its tiled floor it was fairly cool and clean, and we went out into the town. Silence hung over it like a pall. Every winding street in the labyrinth beyond the Paseo was empty; not a living creature in sight, only once in a while a beggar, who rushed from some spot of shade to assail us; all the low, white houses, with their iron-barred windows, were tight shut; the place was abandoned and desolate, its silence unbroken by sound of toil or traffic. Was this really the Cordova of Musa and Abderrahman, the Cordova once called the Bagdad or Damascus of the West, whose streets were ever alive with the clang of arms, the pomp of processions, the clatter of students going to and from the schools, whose name was a synonym for wealth and power, for culture and industry—the world-famous

¹ See «Lights and Shadows of the Alhambra,» in THE CENTURY for June.

town, with its scientists and merchants and women doctors? It was as if a plague had fallen suddenly upon the town, and left not one man, woman, or child to tell the tale.

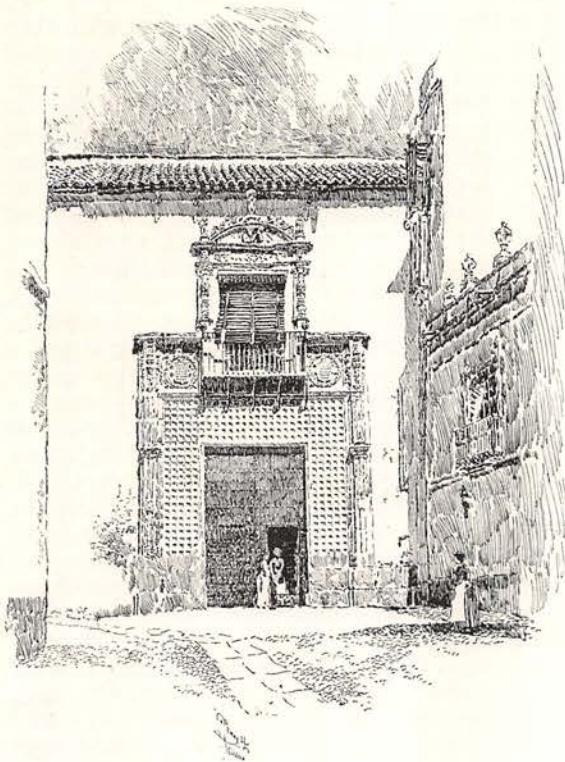
At last a turn in the white street brought us to the golden wall of the cathedral, about which cluster so many Moslem and Moorish memories. We walked up and down the four sides of its huge square. Had we been in the proper humor, we could have read its history, as we walked, in the horseshoe arch, the Gothic shrine, the modern bit of scaffolding, that, with their black shadows, told in strong relief upon its golden bareness. Instead, we were busy hunting for an open gate, but all were locked. And so on we went with our weary tramp, out upon the Moorish bridge across the Guadalquivir. It was refreshing to see a river with water in it, even if it straggled among sand-banks and lost itself in shallows. And here was a little life. Two or three men were actually bathing, an old Moorish mill serving them as bath-house. There was a hooded shrine in the middle of the bridge, and we stood under it in the shadow, looking back to the low domes and the one tall bell-tower rising above the golden walls, and to the town, so large in its

emptiness, so small for the hundreds of thousands who once lived within it. A herd of swine, driven straight out of "Don Quixote," came toward us in a pillar of dust, and we fled before them back to the mosque. Suddenly the town stirred, the gates opened, and a crowd of men and women, water-carriers, crept out from shady places, and we went with them into the court.

Africa, they say, begins as soon as the Pyrenees are crossed; but Spain, to us, never seemed so African as that afternoon in the court of Cordova's cathedral, with its dazzling sunlight and black shadows, its drooping oranges and swaying, gorgeous palms. At the central fountain the brown-faced women, resting their water-jars on their large hips, the brown-limbed, half-naked children, were Moors, degenerate descendants of the men who made Cordova's fame and greatness.

The children began to beg clamorously, imperiously. They were worse than the dust-shrouded swine, and we turned into the mosque. A delicious sense of coolness met us at the door. The twilight fell upon our eyes like a caressing hand. Unseen priests were somewhere chanting languorous vespers. But the huge interior, with its low, double arches of checkered red and white, looked like a railway-station of an "Arabian Nights" dream. When we walked down the long, shadowy, interminable aisles, we came to chapels barbarously splendid, to Moslem holy places of elegant simplicity, and from each one sprang a jingling-keyed sacristan, or a guide, to drive us away from all this beauty, and to send after us, as we left, a muttered curse. Lost in the midst of the arches, like a clearing in the forest, is the walled-in choir, as big as a church, the work of the Christian architect, which incensed even the Austrian Charles, who, at Granada, had been so complacent in his own vandalism. An old, half-lame priest in white surplice hobbled up and down one aisle after another, and we sat in a far corner, to which we had escaped for a few minutes, watching him, listening to the languid chant, indifferent to Murray, to legend, history, architecture—steeping and stupefying ourselves in the cool darkness after the long day's glare and glitter.

When, toward sunset, we walked back from the mosque to the hotel,



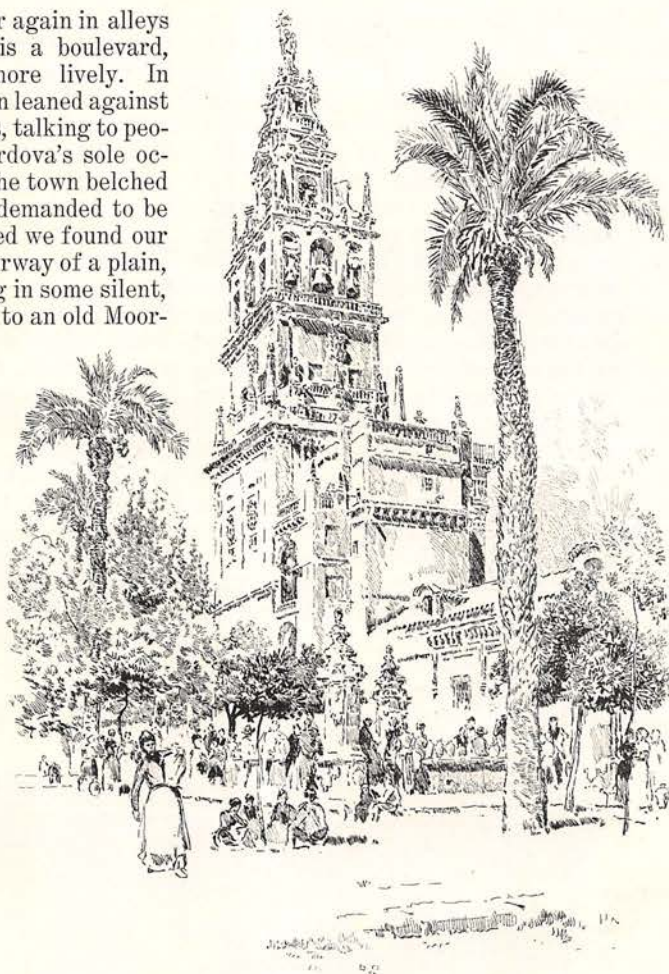
DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

HOUSE FRONT IN CORDOVA.

losing ourselves over and over again in alleys to which a *calle* of Venice is a boulevard, the streets were a trifle more lively. In front of occasional houses men leaned against the low grilles of the windows, talking to people within, «eating iron,» Cordova's sole occupation. And at this hour the town belched forth beggars, and every boy demanded to be our guide. But it was unaided we found our way, now to the beautiful doorway of a plain, yellow-washed house standing in some silent, remote little square, and now to an old Moorish courtyard, its graceful arches disgraced and dishonored; now to an angle in the street overlooked by a high balcony gay with Moorish tiles; to a church hot and sweltering, as if it had never had time to cool, the silks and jewels of Christ and the Virgin gleaming from half-seen altars; or to hanging gardens of palms as luxuriant as they should be in the town where was planted the first palm that ever grew from Spanish soil; or to whatever chance loveliness there was in the monotonous perspective of low, white houses. Nor did we need a guide to show us the way to the café, where we drank the most delicious cooling drink that was ever yet made. It is worth while to be thirsty in

Spain; for its *helada*, or crushed ice flavored with lemon or orange or banana, is the daintiest device with which this thirst could be quenched, and there is no town in Spain where it is to be found in such perfection as at Cordova. But you must be fairly boiling to appreciate it.

In the evening, after dinner, about eight o'clock, we drew chairs out upon our little balcony above the Paseo. Listless groups had gathered about its cafés. Two gipsy children, as black as negroes in their scant white shirts, with persistent hands and voices were carrying on Spain's one flourishing business; but it was not a stimulating sight, and, tired out with the day's journey, we went at once to bed. It must have been some two or three hours later when we were awakened by a loud crash of cymbals and blast of trumpets. Our first thought was that soldiers were marching



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE COURT OF ORANGE-TREES, CORDOVA.

through the town, and we hurried to the window to see. Below, a great mass of people were seated under the palms. Open carriages were passing up and down on each side, and men on horseback. Very smart nurses, with great bows of ribbon on their heads, had brought wide-awake babies out for an airing. Great trucks and vans of merchandise rumbled by. Workmen were about. Half-way down the Paseo a band had just begun to play. The cafés were ablaze with light, their tables crowded to overflowing. Cordova at midnight had come to life. The air was hot and close, used up by that vast multitude, and the dust, stirred by their ceaseless march, choked us where we stood. It was hopeless to try to sleep again, and we waited by the window. Of a sudden a bell sounded loud above the voices of the crowd. At once the band was hushed, carriages were stopped, the

people on the chairs under the palms were on their feet, and not a man but stood, hat in hand. We looked to the end of the Paseo, for everybody was looking that way. From out the doors of the Moorish minaret-crowned church came a procession of men in white surplices, with flickering candles and tall lanterns, and a priest carrying the sacrament, under its golden veil, to the dying. Men who a moment before had been drinking fell upon their knees, and we could hear nothing but the tinkling bell and the murmur of a low chant, as the priest walked slowly on between the rows of kneeling people, praying there in the starlight under the palms. And so in Spain to-day, as yesterday, does life in a moment change from fooling to prayer, as the shadow of death passes by, only to return to its folly as readily when the shadow has passed. Once the priest had gone back to the church, and the doors were shut, the music, louder than ever, went on where it had left off, carriages rolled on, and horsemen pranced after them.

There was no sleeping any more. We dressed and packed our bags, and when in the first dawn the band went away, and the

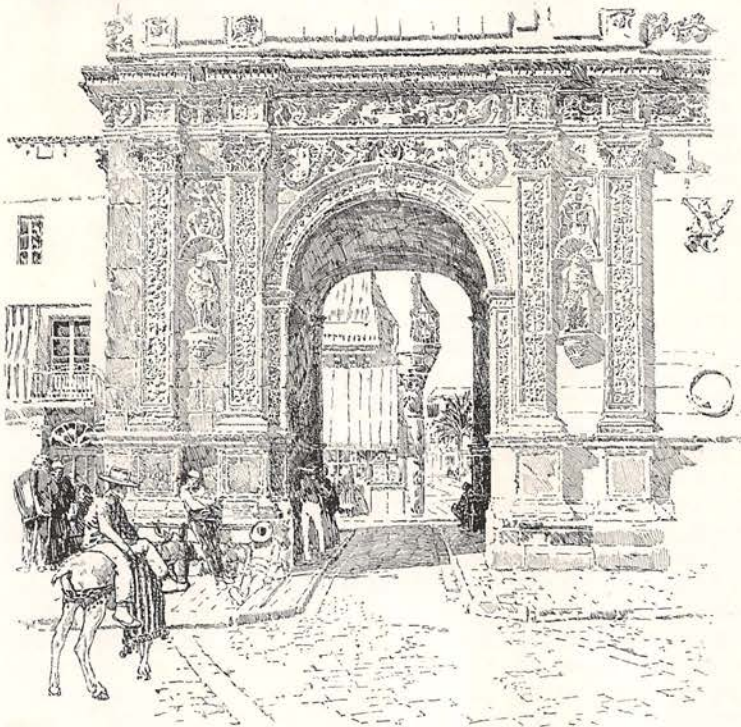
last few stragglers were going home, and a few peasants were coming in with their donkeys, and cafés were being shut, we took our places in the hotel coach, and drove off to the station in time to catch the express from Madrid to Seville.

BEAUTIFUL SEVILLE.

THE landlord at the Hôtel de Paris was very patient and good-humored with us, though we walked him all over his own house before we chose a room that opened upon a small, dark, well-like court, full of palms and orange-trees, and with a fountain. He seemed delighted when he found that we were satisfied. «You know,» he told us, «I always say that strangers who come to Seville in the summer time must be mad.»

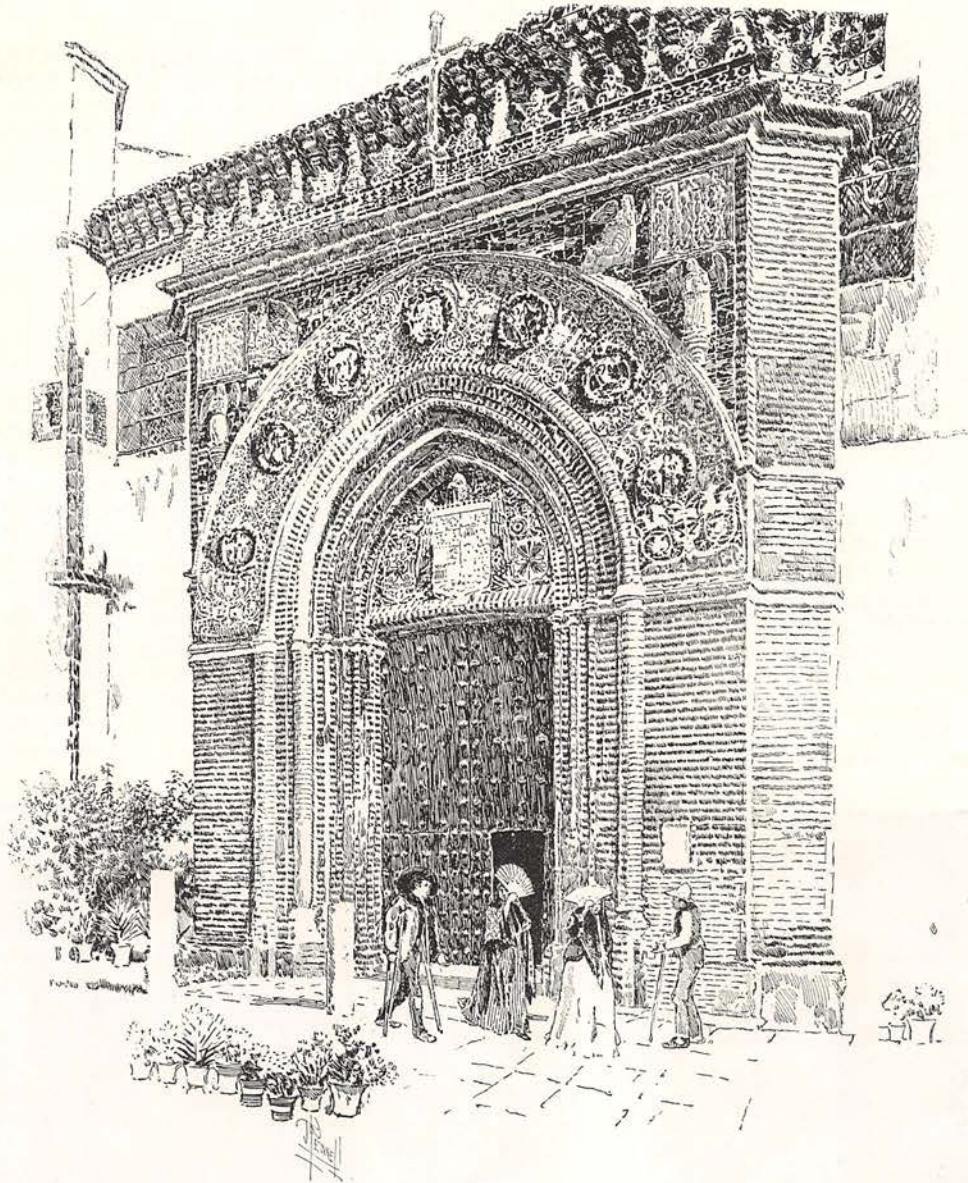
Yet only in the summer time does one see the true character of the country, and more especially of Seville. The town was as hot as, if not hotter than, Cordova; all its stock amusements were off for the time. There were no gipsy dances, no bull-fights; but nothing could have been gayer and more animated than the mere aspect of the place.

Its narrow alleyways, where the flower-laden balconies almost met above our heads, were lined with houses shining white, or pale rose, or green or gold, in the sunlight. The market-places were at all hours crowded with chattering and laughing peasants, while the air, perhaps, was cooled by a fountain playing in the center. The shops opened, Eastern-like, without windows, upon the streets, their wares tumbling out almost at one's feet. Hardly a green square but had a gaudy little booth at each corner, where old men or women sold fresh water and sweet, iced drinks. No matter in what direction we went, there was always something



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE CITY HALL, SEVILLE.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

DOOR OF THE CONVENT OF SAN MARCO, SEVILLE.

amusing, pictorial, or dramatic. Now it was a wonderful church or convent or hospital, with fine flamboyant doorway, and romantic associations; or again it was a garden of palms, a high *mirador* aflame with roses, a dark interior with oxen in the far shadows, a long arcade making a frame for the Moorish wall of the cathedral mosque; and always it was a long train of mules in gorgeous trappings, coming and going, or resting in a narrow street and under the shade of a high wall with, as like as not, a row of potted flowers on its top.

The busiest streets and squares kept cool and dim under awnings. On the whole, I think it was these awnings that made Seville so charming in August. There had been a few in Cordova. I have been to more than one town which raises a similar protection against Provençal sunlight; but I have never come across them when they were as elaborate, as general, and as effective as in Seville. In the narrow streets they stretched from housetop to housetop at each end, dropping a great inclosing wall of canvas so low as just to escape the head of the high-saddled

horsemen who pranced under them. In the large squares they extended in a checker-board arrangement, with intricate ropes and pulleys which I never tried to understand, content to enjoy the result of black shadows alternating with great splotches of sunlight. Even the town hall spread out an awning all across the wide sidewalk in front of it, and not a hotel or bank or palace or big house did we enter that had not its court as well protected.

The people were as gay as the town: too gay, too commercial, too modern, M. Maurice Barrés thought Seville. But, fortunately, I was quite prosaic enough to delight at the time in its constant movement and noise and life. The Sierpes during the day was the center of their gaiety—Seville's Corso or Broadway or Piccadilly. It was here the hottest hours were spent. Under its awnings it was like a pleasant court; for, though peasants might pass with their donkeys, no cart or carriage could ever drive through. In the clubs on each side, their façade nothing but one open window, rows of chairs were always turned toward the street, and always held an audience as entertaining as it was willing to

be entertained. The same people who in the evening filled the Plaza Nueva, there to listen to the music, sauntered in and out of the shops, where you could buy the latest French novel or the photograph of the favorite matador. But of this multitude of loungers none seemed to have anything to do except to become violently interested the minute J. tried to sketch.

BULL-FIGHTERS OLD AND YOUNG.

CONSPICUOUS among them were the bull-fighters, who, alone in southern Spain, preserve a distinct type; they were to the population of Seville what the awnings were to the town—its most characteristic element. The clean-shaven face and the hair cut square about the brow may have much to do with this distinction; but in any case there it is, and the type is handsome. With age it may tend to brutality, but the young, slim *espada* or *chulo* has a beautiful and a really refined face. The costume, even out of the arena, is as distinctive—the low, stiff, broad-brimmed sombrero, the short jacket, the ruffled shirt fastened at neck and wrists with



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

SUMMER LIGHT AND SHADOW, CALLE SIERPES, SEVILLE.

links of gold. But in Seville so many men modeled themselves upon the bull-fighter that I had to look for the pig-tail under the broad hat to tell the real from the sham.

Its school of bull-fighting accounts for the prominence the town gives to the national pastime. The ring may be closed, but there is no forgetting the sport. The merest children, almost babes in arms, play at it in the streets, though, judging from one swagger performance we saw, their game is in defiance of the law. For this fight a retired square off a busy street was the arena. When we took our places in a convenient doorway the bull, a small boy about ten years old perhaps, came dashing in. He held on his head a broad board armed with horns. Into this the *banderillos* had to be stuck, and there was a ring between the horns through which the *espada's* wooden sword had to pass before the bull could be considered duly killed. Everything was done in proper style. There were even *chulos* waving ragged red cloaks. It was to us the chubby-faced, flaxen-haired little *espada* came to ask the official permission. He flung

down his hat at our feet with an air that might have given points to Guerrita. But when he turned for action the arena was empty, nothing to be seen but the heels of bull, *chulos*, and *banderilleros* disappearing around a corner, a policeman in full chase.

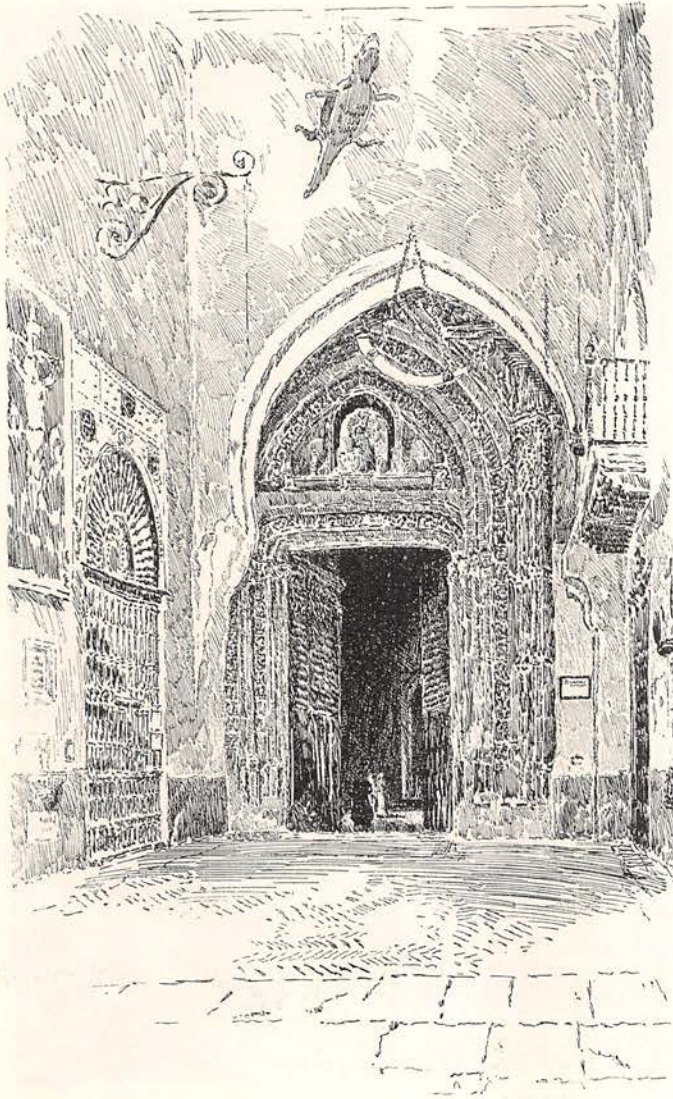
A NATIONAL FÊTE IN THE CATHEDRAL.

SEVILLE, which seems to have a feast, or at any rate a holiday, every other day in the year, held a special one for our benefit, the feast of San Fernando. We knew already how impressive the cathedral could be at ordinary times. Without, in rose-color beauty, the Giralda soars above it; wide steps give



THE GIRALDA TOWER, SEVILLE.

to the Moorish walls of its court the height and dignity which we had missed in Cordova's mosque; and the court itself, the Court of Oranges, has all the picturesqueness that little tumbled-down houses actually built into the cathedral, and chance balconies, where women lounge among the flowers, and chance windows behind grilles, and a central fountain, and a few low, fruit-bearing trees, and posing beggars in admirably composed rags, can produce. Within, scaffolding and workmen in the completely blocked-up nave, which will take years in the repairing, could not altogether destroy, in our eyes, the grandeur and solemnity of the vast proportions, great golden grilles looming up before us unexpectedly in



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE DOOR WITH THE CROCODILE, OF THE CATHEDRAL, SEVILLE.

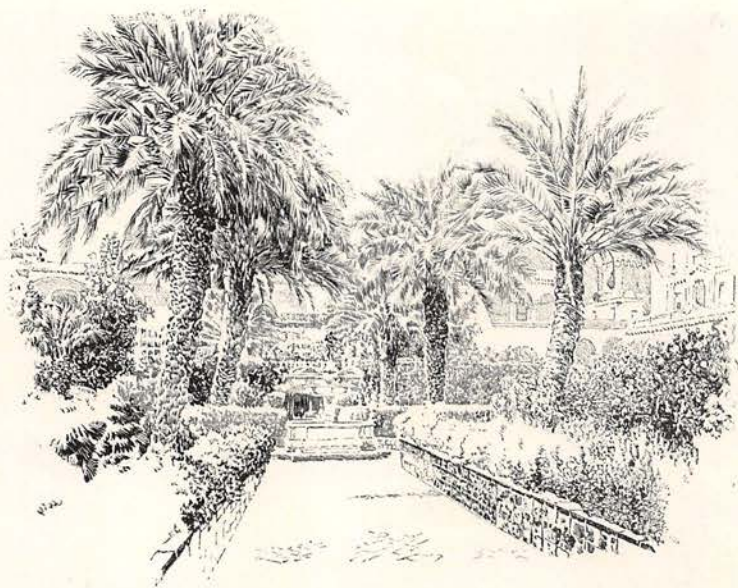
what Delacroix calls the cathedral's «magnificent obscurity,» chapels opening on every side, but only the glitter of a jewel in a Virgin's crown, or the glow of the gold in a Christ's drapery, to show where the altar stood in the comforting gloom. One is apt to credit the Moor with everything that is good in southern Spain. But if it was he who planned the court without, and raised its high wall, it was the Christian Spaniard who built this most solemn and beautiful of all earthly temples.

It was not until the feast of San Fernando that we learned with what sumptuousness and stateliness the beautiful interior could array

itself for its festivals, and with what fervor it could keep them. Already, on the eve of the great day, the Royal Chapel was hung with silken draperies; cloth-of-gold covered the royal tombs, the altar was a mass of golden plate, and people were crowding to kiss the hands of the Virgen de los Reyes, the large, matronly Virgin who wears a cap like that of the ladies of the Sacred Heart, and who holds the Child in her arms. When we came to the cathedral its court was held by red-legged soldiers, grouped about the fountain, at the base of pillars, on every step. Two sentinels paced up and down at the door of the Royal Chapel, which was filled with well-dressed men and women in mantillas, crouched on the floor, sitting on low campstools, lying face downward with hands outstretched to form a cross, or else pressing close about the altar; for the curtain was raised above the coffin where San Fernando has lain these thousand years, and through the glass we could see the mummy-like head and the ermine robes; and all the people prayed as if they meant it. We wandered back in the late afternoon, in the hour just

before sunset. Under the oranges and about the fountain the red-legged soldiers still lingered and loafed; but even as we came a bugle sounded, they fell into line, and marched across the court through the cloister, under the door with the crocodile above, and then into the Royal Chapel, where they formed on each side. The altar with its hundreds of candles made an almost blinding glory in the midst of the falling shadows, and wherever the silken hangings caught the light they shone with jewel-like splendor. But the service was very simple, the more solemn because of its simplicity. A monk in a black robe mounted into a pulpit half hid in a dusky

corner. He recited a litany, and the people answered, and, without organ or accompaniment, a hymn was sung. Then he prayed aloud, not in Latin, but in Spanish, a prayer of thanksgiving that the country had been freed from the terrible Moors, a petition that they might never come again, that glorious St. Ferdinand should prevail, and that Spain should flourish forever. With these words, which he fairly shrieked forth, he waved a



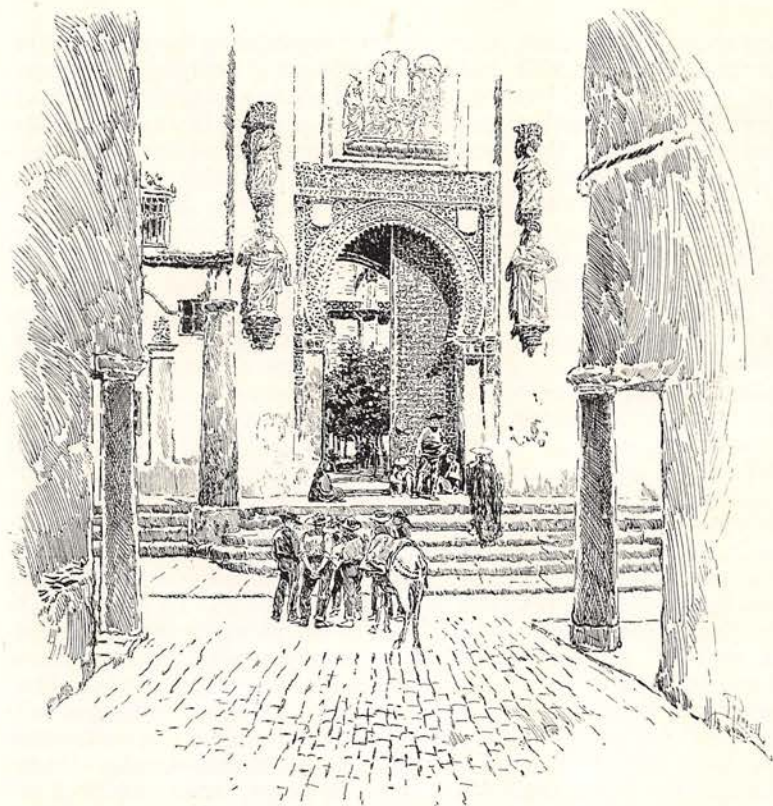
DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

GARDENS OF THE ALCAZAR, SEVILLE.

frantic sign of the cross with his crucifix as he gave a blessing. The mass of officers drew

their swords, the soldiers grounded their arms with a crash and fell on their knees, the band

burst into the national hymn, the color-guard marched to the altar and seized their flags, which had been left before the tomb all day. They saluted the hero of their country; the curtain dropped, shrouding him from sight; and then, the band at their head, they marched out with a dignity which Rome in its best days never surpassed.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

PUERTA DEL PERDON, ENTRANCE GATE TO THE CATHEDRAL, SEVILLE.

PALACE AND GARDEN.

It was on the other side of the Guadalquivir that the Christian besiegers were camped that hot summer so long ago. But when our wanderings brought us to the river, by the Golden Tower, or the shady drive called



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

SQUARE OF THE CATHEDRAL, CADIZ.

Las Delicias, where now no one but ourselves walked, and we looked across to the Triana, with all the memories Cervantes' priest thought so many snares of the devil, it seemed farther away, because of the bridge of sunlight, than if the Atlantic had rolled between. How did they manage to fight, those old Moors and Christians, with the thermometer away up somewhere in the hundreds? I could understand better the indolent or lustful stories the chroniclers tell of Dom Pedro and Maria de Padilla, and the gay company who loved and hated in the blood-stained Alcazar.

This palace of the Moorish kings is near the cathedral, and is much larger, much bolder and finer in its ornament, much lovelier than Granada's Red Palace. It has more of the majesty that one looks for in Moorish architecture, and more of the voluptuousness and color, though its halls and courts are as bare and silent, a background also for the tourist, who, unless he is as mad as ourselves, never comes in summer. But the enchantment of the Alcazar is felt, above all, in its garden, which has not, it may be, the stateliness of the Boboli in Florence or of the Borghese in Rome in the old days, but instead a rich tropical luxuriance, an almost barbarous excess of bloom and perfume, seldom found in the more classical Italian garden. At the Alhambra and the Generalife I had thought much

of my pleasure depended on the glimpse to be had at every moment of low-lying, white town, or wide plain stretching away to the shadowy mountains. And yet here it was the way the world beyond was softly, but inexorably, shut out from this garden of Eden that struck me with greatest joy. It was, for all purposes, as cloistered as a monastery. We could see nothing but the hot, blue sky above, at one end the high, white walls and overhanging balconies of the palace, and in the distance, the rose-flushed Giralda, as we wandered from one little walled court, all blue and white with jasmine, into another; or to the bath where king and court were wont to gather to pay homage to Maria de Padilla and the white beauty of her perfect body; or between palms and orange-trees, down the narrow paths all undermined with the hidden fountains which monarchs, in moods of ponderous humor, once set playing upon the unsuspecting knights and ladies of their court. Late roses were still in bloom all about us as we walked. Dahlias and strange tropical blossoms flamed in scarlet splendor above the myrtle hedges. Everywhere was the sound of running or falling water, the most familiar and soothing of Andalusia's many musical sounds. Everywhere were the sweet, strong scents of the South, penetrating, irresistible, intoxicating. And the youth in broad-brimmed hat who

kept at my side filling my hands with flowers did it so gallantly that I forgot he was only a guide in gardener's clothing.

THE HOUSE OF PILATE.

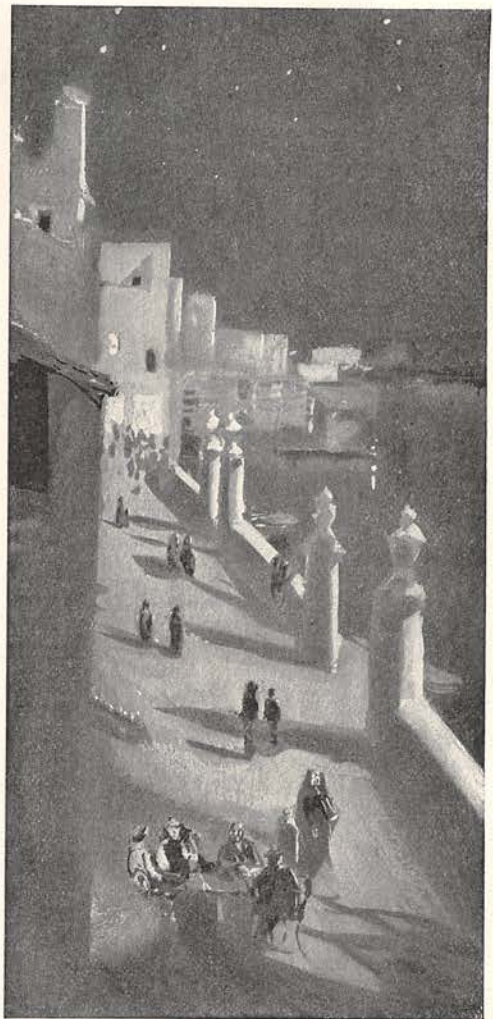
ONE day by chance we came upon the celebrated House of Pilate. At once the great stretch of bare white wall, broken here and there by a window mysterious behind its grille, and the balcony with its beautiful decoration, made us know it to be the one house of importance in the narrow, winding street. Opposite was a pretty, round, open green space, a stone seat forming a circle under the dusty trees, a few men dozing away the morning hours when the Northern world works its hardest. Every one has heard the oft-told story of this House of Pilate: how a pious Duke of Tarifa, coming home from the Holy Land, now almost five hundred years ago, built, in the freshness of his ardor, what he meant to be an exact copy of the Jerusalem palace where Christ was brought before the Roman ruler. But, whatever his intention, he succeeded in raising a building that all but rivals the Alcazar in the richness and lavishness of its *azulejos*, its resplendent purple and green tiles, and the fair spaciousness and grace of its halls and courts. Nor can the Alcazar boast so noble a stairway; and as you mount it you look into a garden full of wide-spreading bananas, the white of a marble column or bust showing among the dark of the leaves. But where, indeed, can you go in Seville, the city of gardens, that your eyes, tired from the glare and glitter, do not fall upon some such green inclosure of trees and flowers? The secret of making these cool, sweet oases in the town's burning desert was best mastered by the Moor, and he left it an heirloom forever to his degenerate conquerors. At the top of the stairway you pass almost directly out upon the terraced roof, at one end that exquisite balcony where, the old woman who went with us said, Pilate stood when he presented Christ to the rabble—*Ecce Homo!* She told the story as seriously and reverently as if she believed herself to be in the real palace in the real Jerusalem, and as if she had not already told it, in the same words, to hundreds of eager or listless tourists.

In Seville one simply yields oneself to the charm of the town without stopping to analyze the reason of one's pleasure. I am really surprised at myself when I consider with how few murmurs, comparatively, I bore the unspeakable heat. We did nothing in the way of regular sight-seeing. But what mat-

ter? Was anything we did not see lovelier than just Seville itself, with its sun-drenched squares and cellar-like streets under awnings, its thousands of iron gateways, chiefly in arabesque patterns, revealing to the passer-by on the street the green *pateos* within its twilight churches and houses «close-latticed to the brooding heat,» its gardens and courts and fountains, its strange intermingling of Moorish and Gothic memories, its crowds and life and laughter and irrepressible gaiety?

A RIDE IN A SPANISH DILIGENCE.

I MIGHT as well tell the truth, humiliating as it is: in the heat of Seville I gave up completely; I could go no farther. And so I let J. start alone for Cadiz, and the report he gave



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

NIGHT ON THE SEA-FRONT OF ALGECIRAS.

made me both glad and sorry that I had stayed behind.

He found it another white town, but much more Oriental than any we had yet seen, because of its blank walls, its flat roofs, and low domes. The houses that looked seaward were each crowned with a little observatory, where the old ship-owners must have waited for their

accomplish, as, indeed, I had with him—to take a journey in a real diligence. First he thought he would stay and study the diligence and its habits; but toward midday the whole town was enveloped in a sirocco, and grew as hot as the mouth of a blast furnace, so that his one idea was to get away from it as soon as possible. The people in the hotel were very



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE MARKET, ALGERIAS.

ships, which, unlike ours, did come in. But the most curious thing about Cadiz was not the town itself, palm-grown and Oriental as it is, but the approach to it. For after one leaves Jerez—where every dead wall is covered with placards of somebody's sherry, so that one wonders at the way the Spaniard goes in for advertisements, until it suddenly occurs to one that it is from behind these dead walls all the world's sherry comes—after this the train slowly travels out on a great marshland, cut up with dikes and wide, dead pools, and on the only bits of dry ground stands a city of pyramids dazzling in the sunlight—the salt which is gathered in these marshes. It is an uncanny country, a country of mirages, where one passes through a dreamland of pyramids. Finally, away out, as if in the middle of the sea, is the glittering town of Cadiz. It is like a great spider: one long, thin leg connects it with the land, another stretches into the ocean to a lighthouse, and a third encircles the harbor.

J. stayed in Cadiz only a very few days, and then went back to San Fernando. His object in getting to this dust-swept, sand-driven place, which is probably one of the most unattractive towns in Spain, was to do something which for years he had been longing to

kind, and put up a large lunch for him. It seemed a bother to carry it along with all his other luggage, and he asked if the diligence did not stop somewhere for breakfast, luncheon, or dinner in the course of eighteen hours? But they only laughed. In company with a Spanish «commercial,» and for an insignificant sum, he hired the three seats in the coupé; that is, the seats under the large hood at the top of the diligence, which are supposed to be the best. The commercial hurried him to the office an hour or so before the diligence started. There it was in an open plaza in the blistering sunlight, and though no horses were about, the inside was already filled with people. The commercial insisted upon climbing up at once, and suggested that he and J. should each take a corner and spread themselves out as much as they could. This settled, they sat down, but it was only to jump up with a yell: the diligence had been standing there all morning, and the seat was like a red-hot stove. More people began to come, and more again, but still there were no horses. Presently a large, fat man, armed with live chickens and water-bottles and various other breakable and killable things, scrambled up and sat in the middle of the coupé. J. tells me that he said very

strong things in several languages, and referred the matter to the commercial, who had paid with him that they might have the seat quite to themselves. But the commercial only answered calmly that they ought to be thankful they had the corners. At their feet was what looked like a foot-board; at least four people came and sat on that. At their back was another board like it; lots of people came and sat on that. They spread their feet, likewise their chickens and their wine-skins and their water-bottles, all over J., and they stuck their umbrellas down his back, and every one seemed happy except himself. The commercial told him, for consolation, that if he did not like it he had better get out and take the train, and leave those who did like it a little more space. And then boxes were put up on the top, and people on the boxes, and pigs among the people, and chickens all over the sides, and no one except the man who sold the tickets could have had the faintest idea of how many passengers there were. They were solid inside, they were solid on top, they were solid on almost every ledge to which any one could hang.

In the course of time the driver appeared, all in gray, with a short jacket, a big hat, and an enormous whip. He carried a huge water-bottle, from which all the people had a drink, holding it in the air, and allowing a stream to pour down their throats. But this required too much experience for J. to venture when his turn came. The team was now brought out, eight mules, all jingling bells. Those at the pole alone were controlled with reins by a man who sat somewhere underneath, and not by the driver at all. A vast army of the men who always hang about stables succeeded in getting the heads of the squealing, kicking, bucking mass somewhat in the same direction; a horse was attached to the head,—a very tall horse decorated with real jack-boots,—and then followed a very small boy with a very big jockey cap, a brass-mounted whip, and a red-and-white shirt. There was a tremendous *arré*-ing, a very Babel. Two men seized the small boy, threw him across the high, brass-mounted saddle, and he dived into the jack-boots. He and the conductor in gray shrieked like fiends and

cracked their whips like mad; the men who had hold of the mules let go; there was a plunging, a crash, a gallop, that ought to have pulled the whole machine to pieces. Away went the diligence, shaving houses, sending people flying, clearing the streets. J. thought it would be splendid, despite the crowd into which he was now wedged immovably. In a few hundred yards, however, the paving came to an end, and before the mules were off it they were lost in a cloud of dust. In a second the nearest pair could scarcely be seen. The whole diligence was enveloped in a thick, choking cloud of dust, and in five minutes every face in the perspiring, wilting crowd was covered with a mask



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

ROMAN BRIDGE, RONDA.

of mud. Nothing could be heard but the *arré* of the driver, the cracks of the whip like pistol-shots, the creaking and crashing of the whole vehicle, the clatter of the mules' hoofs on the stones, and the incessant jingling of

of mud. Nothing could be heard but the *arré* of the driver, the cracks of the whip like pistol-shots, the creaking and crashing of the whole vehicle, the clatter of the mules' hoofs on the stones, and the incessant jingling of

the many bells. In this whirlwind of stifling misery, everything completely hidden from them, they traveled for an hour or more across the plain. Then a third man tooted a horn as they swayed and jolted through the streets of a village, and there was a sudden stoppage. The people scraped the cake of mud off their faces; they could not stretch where they were, for there was not room; they literally could not move. But now J. thought they could get down at least for a moment. Not a bit of it. Right along-

they only showed that the dust had thickened again. J. tried to eat, but the bread was buttered with dust, and the chicken leg was salted with it. On they went, a rocking, crashing load of discomfort. Suddenly a lantern was swung just in front, and there were yells and howls; the mules stopped in a tangled mass, some carbines glittered, and four civil guards appeared. They clambered up at once, sitting on everybody's lap. They rode for an hour, and then got off. Whether they were there to protect the pas-



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

PICTURESQUE RONDA.

side the diligence was another kicking, squealing team to take the place of the panting, done-up mules. The small boy was thrown from one horse to another, and the diligence was off again. There was not even time to pass the water-bottle.

And this went on the whole livelong afternoon. Toward evening they got into higher ground. There was less dust. Bold, rugged mountains were before them. The huge, lumbering machine was slowly pulled up long, steep inclines, dropping into holes and pitching over stones. But the dust was much less, especially when the pace was slow. Suddenly night fell, and with it came a cold blast from the mountains; it was a change from midsummer to midwinter. Dripping with perspiration, J.'s clothing seemed almost to freeze upon him; and the whole crowd shivered and groaned as one man. Lamps were lighted, but

sengers from the Spanish brigand, or only to get a lift, J. never knew. On and on went the diligence through the long, terrible, aching nightmare. Only now and then, as morning was near, one man would get down, and two fat Spanish marketwomen going into Algieras would take his place, putting down their bags of prickly cacti, the fruit of which the people eat, just where they scratched every one's legs—poor legs wedged in so tight they could not move away. Tearing on and on and on, J. had visions of carts in the ditch and trains of donkeys taking to the fields. And just at the darkest hour before dawn there was a wild tooting, he saw some white houses, the machine stopped before a big white inn, ladders were put up, and the people were literally lifted off. He was in Algieras. It was warm, it was even hot, it was dirty; but it was like heaven to be out of that diligence. And

yet this is what our fathers have taught us, and Ruskin has preached, is the perfect way of traveling in Europe!

A GLIMPSE OF GIBRALTAR.

ALGECIRAS possesses the most beautiful market-place and the loveliest view of Gibraltar that one can imagine. J. went across to the fortress. In many ways the town is quaint. It is funny for the first time to walk in streets where British redcoats, Moors from Africa, negroes from Ethiopia, and Spanish swells all jostle one another as if it were the most natural thing in life. It is funny, too, to cross the neutral ground, guarded on one side by English soldiers, on the other by Spanish sentinels, to Linea, where, in face of both nations, there is an army of Spaniards hiding about their persons tobacco and other dutiable articles before going into Spain, and then to see at the gate a long line of people waiting to be examined from head to foot by Spanish customs officers. As J., who wore a new suit of clothes, sauntered toward the gate to look at it, a word of command was given by an officer, the gates were opened, the guard saluted him. He was very much impressed, and walked in. But he soon walked out, for the place seemed to consist only of tumbled-down houses, drinking-shops, and dust. He trudged back again to Gibraltar, and when he reached the shady avenue that leads into the town, where there are a barrier, a turnstile, and a guard, everybody was passing through this turnstile and showing a white ticket. He had no white ticket, and besides he did not see why he should go through a turnstile, so he kept on down the middle of the road. As he reached the guard-house there was a word of command, a spruce corporal and his guard turned out and presented arms. Not to be outdone, J. saluted in a most off-hand, patronizing, indifferent fashion, and if he was highly flattered he did not show it. When he returned to the hotel, however, he asked the proprietor what it meant. Why were the officials so polite to him? The proprietor nearly fainted, but he managed to gasp, «Good heavens! they took you for a general officer!» And then he asked, «Where is your pass?» and J. said, «What pass?» «Why,» said the proprietor, «no foreigner is allowed to stay on the rock overnight without a pass. And you—you have done what hardly the governor would dare to do.»

It seemed as absurd the next day to be crossing back again to Algeciras, from England into Spain, with a whole steamboat-load

of Tommy Atkinses, their wives, and children, off for a picnic in the cool woods, solemnly singing «Two Lovely Black Eyes,» and stately Moors and Spanish officers and English officials and Tangerine Jews, all on a ferry-boat steaming along peacefully between the African mountains and the Spanish Sierra.

PICTURESQUE RONDA.

THEN he went to Ronda, which is a dream of picturesqueness. There is incongruity in the thought that you can make the journey thither as simply as if you were going from New York to Philadelphia. The town, as J. walked through it, seemed commonplace at first—commonplace, that is, for a Southern town, where one accepts marvels of color and light as matters of course. His impression was one of awful glaring heat; of donkeys, and donkeys, and more donkeys everywhere; of little low houses so white one could hardly look at them; of glimpses into long, cool entries, where people were forever standing waiting for an inner door to open. And then, suddenly, there before him was the bridge flung across that wonderful chasm—the bridge that joins old to new Ronda; the bridge that so many artists, since the days of David Roberts, have tried to draw or paint, despairing even while they sought to record the strange, almost exaggerated, picturesqueness of the wild mountain gorge, with the little white town looking down so fearlessly from its dizzy post. There is something in the contrast that seems to suggest—but with a difference—the gay villages that nestle so confidently at the base of Vesuvius. The strangest part of it is that until one comes to the bridge one does not know, except from the guide-book, that the gorge is there at all. Who could suppose that the river, apparently at least, would force its way through the very highest part of the mountain? There is a little Alameda where one can stand, leaning against the railing, and gaze down for I do not know how many hundreds or thousands of feet. It is here, of all places, that one realizes the awful height of the precipice; but it is from below one sees the marvel best and most comprehensively—from far below, where one can follow the windings of the white road along the very edge of the cliff, and under stately white gateways, and look to the bridges hanging in the air, as it were, across the roaring stream, as fantastic and unreal and entrancing as any Arabian Nights picture. It is only as it should be to find the people as fantastic as their high-built town

—so grisly and ghoulish, indeed, that it is hard to talk about them; so savage in their manners that they might drive the more timid traveler quick away and back to civilization. When any one comes to draw the great bridge from the appropriate point beneath, the sport of the leading citizens is to gather in crowds upon it, and throw stones upon the rocky hill-sides, starting an avalanche which makes the artist who has been foolish enough to go there drop his work and run for his life. Still, I suppose, one must pay somehow for the privilege of visiting the most sensational place in Spain. Its wonderful position, its magnificent bridges, its beautiful little valley, where the finest fruit in Spain is grown; its encircling crown of sierra, make up to a certain extent for the discomfort of staying in its horrible boarding-house, among the savage brutes of its population.

For the wonder of its moonlit nights one would accept still greater evils than this. When there is a moon, and cliffs and stream and bridges and road become so many soft shadows in its pale light, and the whole country is veiled in «the still, spectral, exquisite atmosphere,» one is afraid to trust oneself into the mystery that clothes the shadowy land, and there is joy in the fear. It was the same at Granada, I remember; when, in the moonlight, we looked down from the ramparts of the Alhambra, we felt as if we could not trust ourselves to wander in the streets of the dream city lying there, and its fairness appealed to us but more strongly because of the delicious dread of we knew not what. Perhaps in this feeling you have the clue to the elusive beauty which is at once the mystery and charm of Spain.

The capture of Ronda by the Spaniards was weary enough work for Ferdinand and his knights; but the incredible thing is that they should have taken it at all. What has not nature done for its defense? The Spanish conquest is harder than ever to understand once you have been to Andalusia. Ronda, set on the edge of its chasm, you would think safe and firm to defy all the world through all time. But its fate was that of Granada, and of every other Moorish hill-town. Its greatness has long gone from it, and now it too is but a spectacle to be advertised by Murray, to be stared at by the fortunate traveler who does not succumb, as I did in my folly, to an overdose of Southern sunshine and midsummer heat.

On all sides, it may be, such sights were to

be seen, such feasts to be enjoyed. But, as I had given up in Seville, so J., when he came to Ronda, was too exhausted to go farther. The Spanish summer is beautiful for those who spend it, as we did so many of its long, listless weeks, in the Alhambra. Indeed, with German Lloyd steamers from New York touching at Gibraltar, I wonder if the unhappy day is not at hand when Granada will become a rival to Bar Harbor and Newport. The Spanish summer is made for sleeping, not for journeying; for rest, not for adventure. The most energetic traveler has but to set foot on Spanish shores in July or August to understand the «Lotus-eaters'» song:

O rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more!

And if he can but reach the Alhambra before he comes to this wise decision, we can promise him the loveliest, laziest days among elms and cypresses and oleanders he ever yet has known.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

CIBRALTAR FROM ALGECIRAS.

Elizabeth Robins Pennell.