

brother; still I kept praying for his safety while I followed the surgeon's directions. A young seaman had been brought down fearfully wounded. I had remarked him on several occasions among the most active and zealous of the crew. The surgeon examined him. He did not groan; indeed, he did not appear to suffer much pain.

The surgeon shook his head. "I can do nothing for him," he whispered to me. "You may be able, perhaps, to speak a word of comfort, and there is nothing just now for you to do."

I was rather surprised at the surgeon saying even thus much. Perhaps the light of the lantern, which at that moment fell on my countenance, revealed my thoughts, for he added—

"I was asked to look after the lad, whose mother is a widow, and, God help me! I have done little for him, and now it is too late."

The young seaman was placed on a hammock opened out on the deck of the cockpit. I knelt down by his side, and after repeating such passages out of the Word of Life as occurred to me, I engaged in prayer. He followed me in a low voice. Suddenly he was silent. I looked towards him. The immortal spirit had taken its flight from his frail body. Still the battle raged. More of our poor fellows were brought down, and I once more was called on to assist the surgeons in their painful task.

AN ALLEGED POEM BY MILTON.

THE announcement of the discovery of an unpublished poem by Milton has caused much interest and discussion. Professor Morley, of University College, found the lines, written on a blank page in the volume of Milton's "Poems both English and Latin," in the British Museum. Of this volume, which contains "Comus," "Lycidas," "L'Allegro," and "Il Penseroso," there are two copies in the Museum, one in the General Library, and the other in the King's Library. The poem is in the latter copy, which has been less frequently examined. Mr. Morley affirms that the poem is in Milton's handwriting, and maintains its genuineness also on internal evidence. Professor Masson, on the other hand, asserts that the poem, which he copied some years ago in preparing his "Life of Milton," is not in the poet's handwriting, and is unworthy of his pen. Manuscript experts, such as Mr. Bond, keeper of MSS. in the Museum, and Mr. Rye, assistant-keeper of printed books, have given adverse opinions. The genuineness of the poem itself has been much debated, but without satisfactory result as yet. Those who repudiate the poem as unworthy of Milton, have done so on grounds of faulty rhyme and minor details, to meet which parallel quotations have been given from other of Milton's minor poems. The reader must form his own judgment. Here is the poem, with the spelling modernised.

AN ΕΡΤΙΤΑΦΗ.

He whom Heaven did call away
Out of this Hermitage of clay,
Has left some reliques in this Urn
As a pledge of his return.

Meanwhile the Muses do deplore
The loss of this their paramour,
With whom he sported ere the day
Budded forth its tender ray.
And now Apollo leaves his lays
And puts on cypress for his bays;
The sacred sisters tune their quills
Only to the blubbering rills,

And while his doom they think upon
Make their own tears their Helicon;
Leaving the two-topt Mount divine
To turn votaries to his shrine.

Think not [reader] me less blest,
Sleeping in this narrow chest,
Than if my ashes did lie hid
Under some stately pyramid.
If a rich tomb makes happy, then
That bee was happier far than men,
Who, busy in the thymy wood,
Was fettered by the golden flood
Which from the Amber-weeping tree
Distilleth down so plenteously:
For so this little wanton elf
Most gloriously enshrined itself.
A tomb whose beauty might compare
With Cleopatra's sepulchre.

In this little bed my dust
Incurtained round I here intrust:
While my more pure and nobler part
Lies entomb'd in every heart.

Then pass on gently, ye that mourn,
Touch not this mine hollowed Urn;
These Ashes which do here remain
A vital tincture still retain;
A seminal form within the deeps
Of this little chaos sleeps;
The thread of life untwisted is
Into its first existencies;
Infant nature cradled here
In its principles appear;
This plant though covered into dust
In its Ashes rest it must
Until sweet Psyche shall inspire
A softening and prolific fire,
And in her fostering arms enfold
This heavy and this earthy mould.
Then as I am I'll be no more
But bloom and blossom [as] b[efore]
When this cold numbness shall retreat
By a more than chymick heat.

J.M., Ober., 1647.

A LADY'S JOURNEY THROUGH SPAIN.*

CHAPTER I. GERONA. BARCELONA.

HAVING spent the greater part of a year in Spain, I purpose in the following articles giving some notes of my travels. I had opportunities of observation not enjoyed by all travellers, through a family of high rank, whom I had known intimately at Naples. When my purpose of making a lengthened residence in their country became known to them, there was no possible assistance they did not procure for me in the way of introductions, advice, and facilities of all kinds.

We left England early in April, our party consisting of two ladies and two gentlemen. I pass over our journey through France, and begin the extracts from my note books at the time of our arrival at Perpignan. At this small fortified town, on the French side of the Pyrenees, we spent the night, and on the following morning we began the ascent of the not very frowning barrier that there separates France from Spain. A

* In the papers entitled "Two Months in Spain" (Leisure Hour for May, June, and July,) a brief record is given of a tour made in the months of November and December last. In the present series of papers another Spanish journey, of earlier date, but of wider range, is described. The reader will thus possess recent and accurate information about a country less visited by tourists than most other parts of the continent. The "Lady's Journey" having been made on muleback or by travelling carriage, more of the country was seen than in the two months' tour, which was chiefly determined by the great lines of railway. In the following articles, to avoid repetition, much must be omitted, especially in regard to the great towns described in the previous tour.

zigzag road ascends the mountain, smooth and well kept, with strongly-built walls on the side of the precipices. At certain distances there were white posts, having inscribed on them the distance both to the Spanish frontier and to Perpignan. Two white pillars on either side of the road mark the political division between the two countries; but it is no less singular than true, that the dwellers on one side of the pillars, not a hundred paces from the dwellers on the other side, are as different as though a wide sea rolled between them. On one side are active, chattering little men, and brisk Frenchwomen in mob caps of spotless purity; while on the other side there is the Spanish costume, the Spanish language: the very air is Spanish, the people moving about with the grave, almost dignified bearing of the Catalonians. At the very next stage, the horses brought out and harnessed to the carriage seemed of an entirely new race. They were bony ill-used creatures, chafed by the ill-made harness, and in all ways very inferior animals to the closely shaven mules, their companions, whose tinkling bells reminded us perpetually that we really were in Spain.

The scenery, though less wildly picturesque than that of the other passes into Spain, is pleasantly varied, the road winding in and out of narrow defiles, with many a recollection of robbers in bygone days. To the right is the splendid peaked outline of the Pyrenees, some of the snow-capped peaks standing out clear against the blue sky, while on the left we had an occasional glimpse of the beautiful Mediterranean. Scarcely an eminence is passed that has not some ruins of an old tower or massive keep, each with its own peculiar tale of dread and horror. The road crosses several mountain streams, the course of which is in summer only marked by the dry bed of the water, but in autumn and winter, in the time of the heavy rains, they increase to a great size, and are sometimes impassable.

The little villages, exposed for so many centuries to perpetual invasion, would have, at ordinary times, a most ruinous and desolate appearance; but the groves of almond-trees that surrounded most of them, now in spring all covered with their pale pink blossoms, with a profusion of other fruit-trees also in bloom, gave altogether quite a festive air to these otherwise melancholy hamlets. It was one of the numerous holidays occurring in a Roman Catholic country; and all the inhabitants seemed to be wending their way to Gerona dressed in festive attire. There were waggons drawn by patient sleek oxen, with their heads fastened together most uncomfortably; and under the wagon-cover might be seen a cluster of merry faces, with bright dark eyes and sunny complexions, all evidently bent upon enjoying themselves. Troops of sleek mules jingled along, each bearing two or more riders; and we passed hardy Catalanian peasants on foot, with the staff peculiar to the district in their hands, shouting out, in their fine sonorous language, wild national airs in chorus. The hills were thickly clothed with olive and cork trees, the silvery white of the one contrasting finely with the cinnamon-hued trunks of the others.

At last we were told we were approaching Gerona, our sleeping-place for the night, and as it was to be our first experience of a Spanish inn, it may be supposed that we felt a little nervous respecting what might be awaiting us. As our carriage rattled over the stones, going full gallop through the streets—a practice common to Italian and Spanish drivers—our wonder was great to see the lumbering diligence which preceded us getting along the streets at all, so very narrow did they appear to us; but on the great unwieldy machine went, and

on we went, till we pulled up at the entrance of a covered courtyard. It was so crowded that our carriage could not drive in, so we alighted and made our way into the inn. The mistress, a pretty bustling little woman, was voluble in her regrets that we should have arrived when every inn was full to overflowing; but still, she assured us, she could take us in, and, moreover, make us comfortable. On the faith of this assurance we followed her up-stairs and into a room with a red-tiled floor and a great paucity of furniture, but the spotless white window curtain gave some indication of cleanliness. I signified our approval so far, but on my putting the question to her where the other rooms were, she expressed the profoundest astonishment at our unreasonableness. What could the senores want with more than one room? and such a beautiful room! Was there not the image of the Virgin under a glass case? and were there not curtains? She could not comprehend our unreasonableness; but we meant to have our own way, notwithstanding, and at length, with great difficulty, we persuaded her to let the two gentlemen sleep in the corridor or *salle à manger*. Having settled that matter, as we thought, we sallied forth to look about us.

Gerona stands high, exposed to the north wind, but overlooking a bright sunny plain; it has often, from its importance as a frontier military position, been laid siege to, and its singularly wild and fierce inhabitants have always shown themselves ready for emergencies. This mountainous district has always sheltered bandits, contrabandistas, and guerilleros, from the earliest ages. The town traces its origin back to the most remote antiquity. It is a quaint old place, with a deserted look, as if it had just been evacuated by an enemy. A narrow winding lane led us to the summit of the hill, where stands the magnificent old cathedral. In the Spanish account of this fine edifice, it is stated that twelve architects of the greatest celebrity met in solemn deliberation, for many weeks, to consider what plans to adopt; this shows the serious consideration given to the elevation of these mighty structures in old times. The approach is very fine: a superb flight of eighty-six steps leads up to the front entrance. The see is said to have been founded as far back as 786, by Charlemagne. Service was over, but a faint smell of incense still lingered, an "odour of sanctity" particularly agreeable in Spain, where garlic pervades the very air one breathes. A side door leads to the beautiful old cloisters, built round a garden, which no doubt was once adorned by beautiful flowers, under the care of the departed monks. The abandoned monasteries throughout Spain are most sad to see, though certainly no country has gained more by the secularisation of the monks. Still the antiquarian cannot but mourn over many picturesque beautiful old buildings sinking gradually into decay.

Emerging again into the quiet streets, we saw peasant girls bringing home flocks of goats from the hillside, where they had browsed all day. Each goat seemed well acquainted with its own habitation, and quietly walked in on reaching the door. In the market-place there seemed congregated all the gaiety and animation in the place. As in most Spanish towns, the principal square had arcades all round. The women looked very picturesque in their white lace mantillas, though the black one, I think, is far more becoming; the men seemed all to have put on their new caps, so brilliant were their hues—brightest crimson, purple, and true Spanish brown. The proper arrangement of these caps, which in shape resemble an old-fashioned white cotton nightcap, seemed of the greatest importance, and to be

the true sign of a Catalonian dandy. There was a group surrounding a handsome lad, and arranging his brilliant carmine cap in half a dozen different fashions ere they were satisfied with the general effect. All sorts of cakes and fritters were cooking over the portable charcoal stoves, ears of the beautiful maize were roasting in odd black pots, while iced drinks of all kinds were in shrill voice offered to the gay throng.

The Catalonians are a robust, sturdy, fine-looking race, their appearance suiting well with their character. At one time, nearly the whole population belonged either to the smuggling or to the robbing part of the community; in more peaceful times they have retained their spirit of independence and their courage, but the progress of civilisation and the increase of honest employment for the working classes have brought about considerable improvement, and more may still be looked for in due time. Our first Spanish dinner was certainly not very attractive: *puchero* (bread floating in greasy soup), fish so stuffed with garlic as to be uneatable, very indifferent fowls, and omelette full of saffron, which is much used in Spanish cookery. When the hour for retiring arrived, our gentlemen, in spite of the landlady, spent the night in the draughty *salle à manger*; and a most unquiet night they had, as they were so near the street, that all night long they could hear the noises of the *fête* going on in full force; certainly they were not sorry when the daylight appeared.

Early in the day, we went to have a farewell sight of the grand old cathedral. A single priest was officiating at matins, crowds of working men, and women with picturesque white serge hoods on, were kneeling on the pavement, commencing their day with thanksgiving. It may be only outward seeming, but still it impressed us very much, to see such numerous attendance at the service. The prayers did not last long, and men and women, as they went away down the beautiful approach, stopped and gave friendly greeting as they passed to their acquaintances. Many of the women, as they went home, stopped at the bakers', and slung on their arms one or more large circular bracelets or armllets of loaves, for that is the form in which bread is made in this neighbourhood.

We only returned to our inn to pack up, and start for Barcelona by rail. The country we passed through was truly delightful, a constant interchange of hill and plain, well wooded, watered by rapid mountain torrents, whose banks are fringed with gigantic reeds, much used for thatching the houses, for fences, and other purposes. The railroad for some distance runs so close to the sea, that there is but just room for the road between it and the row of houses built along the shore. It was a sunny scene; the blue sea on one side, the rich maritime country on the other, with the beautiful gardens of orange and lemon trees, fenced round by the aloes, forming an impenetrable barrier. Here there is little to be seen of poverty. Everywhere the women are busy knitting, the men either working as labourers, or else, in their picturesque craft, fishing. Here and there the hills open out, and, embosomed among groves of fruit-trees in full blossom, are the luxurious villas of the wealthy merchants of Barcelona. Later on in the year the dryness of the air and soil must rather interfere with the verdure, but in the early spring, as we saw it, it was a scene of great loveliness.

Barcelona is a very fine town, one of the finest in Spain, and from its manufactures it has a more stirring air than most Spanish towns; and the port, crowded with shipping, adds to the general bustle and movement going on in the place. We went at once to the *Fonda*

del grande Oriente, by reputation the best inn in the place, and we had no reason to repent our decision. We were not here troubled by the *senora* or mistress insisting on packing us all into one room, but found excellent accommodation for all the party. Of course it was a saint's day. After some months' travelling in Spain, I came to the conclusion that the saints' days were the rule, and ordinary days the exception. The beautiful walk whither we at once bent our steps, the *Rambla*, was filled with gay crowds. The Catalonians are much more industrious than the enervated inhabitants of the country farther south; they are said to be the richest of the Spaniards, and they certainly deserve to be so, for even a traveller remaining any time in the country must be struck with admiration at the sight of all that their industry has effected. The rocky soil is improved, terraced gardens are made where one would not have supposed anything could have been produced, and the pursuit of fishing, for which their extent of sea-coast affords ample opportunity, is carried on with the greatest skill and success. The Catalonians live on the water, and are reckoned the best sailors in Spain.

One taste nearly all Spaniards share alike—their inordinate passion for lotteries: not a village does one pass through, but it has its lottery office. Young and old, men, women, and children, will resort to any possible expedient to obtain the money necessary for the purchase of these lottery-tickets. They are entirely under government direction; and it is supposed that they bring in considerable revenue. It has a very bad effect upon the lower orders, serving to keep up a perpetual state of excitement, and causing many of them to rely entirely upon fate, instead of on their own exertions. The most absurd trifles will serve to determine their selection of what they imagine will turn out a lucky number.

I was delighted with the town and its environs. There are countless villas buried among groves and gardens, in which grow the orange, the citron, the pomegranate, and other fruits of southern climates. To one of these enchanting retreats we were fortunate enough to pay a visit, one of my companions having an introduction to its hospitable owner, the Portuguese consul. It was situated between two and three miles from Barcelona toward the mountains. The saloon in which the dinner was laid out looked out upon a garden, sparkling with numerous fountains throwing their clear waters high up in the air; the view of the rich plain, and the city of Barcelona in the distance, with the blue Mediterranean, was enchanting. The sea was dotted with those picturesque lateen sails that are so associated with the Mediterranean.

"The *Torres*," as these country seats are called, situated on the slopes of the hills, overlooking such a prospect, certainly combine every possible attraction that can add to the enjoyment of their possessors. There would we sit on the lofty terraces overlooking the rich and varied plain, the distant city gilded by the setting sun, and the sea beyond, or at times we would linger on till the moon was risen, and see the same scene under the influence of that soft solemn light, the nightingales making the very air musical with their song. Nothing can be purer, and softer, and sweeter, than the evening air inhaled in these favoured retreats.

We had loitered long enough at Barcelona day after day, and we therefore made our arrangements for departure with great regret, in spite of all we had before us. We intended going to Zaragoza, as we much wished to see a city so full of interesting associations with the

past: we therefore hired a very fairly comfortable open carriage, and made arrangements with a good coachman to take us thither.

THE MIDNIGHT SKY AT LONDON.

SEPTEMBER.

BY EDWIN DUNKIN, F.R.A.S., ROYAL OBSERVATORY.

DURING the last few years, many valuable additions to astronomical knowledge have been made by the telescopic observation of the spectra of the stars, and by the discovery of certain analogies, or coincidences, between these spectra and those found from the spectroscopic observation of the heated vapours produced by the combustion of metals and gases. A celebrated German physicist, M. Kirchhoff, was the first who drew particular attention to the subject, by the publication of an elaborate paper on the solar spectrum. In this paper, he gave the results of experiments, made by himself and M. Bunsen, on the spectra of vaporised metals, from which he concluded that the bright lines observed in the spectra of the intensely-heated vapours of copper, iron, magnesium, and other substances, coincided in their positions with some of the dark lines usually observed in the solar spectrum, known generally by the name of Fraunhofer's lines. From these experiments, M. Kirchhoff propounded a probable hypothesis, that these metals in a state of vapour are contained in the sun's photosphere. What the German savans did towards giving us some general idea of the chemical constituents of the solar envelopes, so Mr. Huggins and Dr. W. A. Miller in England, M. Secchi at Rome, and others, have, by similar research, added to our previous knowledge of the probable composition of the photospheres of the stars. When a ray of sunlight is made to pass through the prism of a spectroscope, it is decomposed into its primitive colours, forming the brilliant solar spectrum. Independently, however, of these colours, a series of dark lines are visible over the whole spectrum, numbering several hundreds, some being extremely fine, and others of a sensible breadth. For convenience of reference, the broad lines have been named after the letters of the alphabet, and their positions with respect to each other are invariable. In the observations of the bright lines in the spectra of vaporised metals, it has been found that one metal gives one series of lines, another a different series, each spectrum, in fact, having lines peculiar to the metal employed in the experiment. Kirchhoff and Bunsen having observed that the positions of the bright lines of the vaporised metals coincided with those of some of the principal lines of the solar spectrum, viewed the metallic spectra through less intensely heated vapours of the same metals, when the bright lines were observed to be changed into dark lines. From this it has been inferred that Fraunhofer's dark lines are produced by light emitted from a photosphere heated to incandescence, containing metals in a state of vapour, the bright lines being transformed into dark lines by absorption while the rays of light are passing through a less heated atmosphere or envelope of the sun.

The stars all give a continuous spectrum similar to that of the sun, but the distribution of the visible dark lines varies considerably. The order of the stellar spectrum depends, to a great extent, on the colour of the stars, and M. Secchi has classified his observations in this manner. For example, all the white stars, such as Sirius, Vega, and Spica, are marked by a broad line near the position of the line F in the solar spectrum, and

another at the violet end, while the red stars, such as Arcturus and Capella, have a spectrum covered with fine lines which occupy the place of the principal lines of the solar spectrum. In Sirius, near the extremity of the red part of the spectrum, there is also a very sharp and precise line similar to that near the position of the



INDEX-MAP, LOOKING NORTH, SEPTEMBER 15.

line F. Between it and the line D, or sodium line, which is easily perceived in the spectrum of Sirius, a tolerably broad but somewhat nebulous band can be seen. Several fine lines in the green have also been noticed. A few bright lines have been found in the spectra of a few stars, indicating the presence of hydrogen, or other gases, in a luminous condition (see page 379). Taking Aldebaran as a type of many others, it may be stated that the photosphere of that star probably contains among its constituents the following metals and gases, or their vapours: sodium, magnesium, hydrogen, calcium, iron, bismuth, tellurium, antimony, and mercury.

Mr. Huggins has analysed the light of several nebulae and stellar clusters. From his observations it has been found that these faint cloud-like objects can be divided into two classes, one which gives a continuous spectrum



INDEX-MAP, LOOKING SOUTH, SEPTEMBER 15.

like the sun and stars, and the other a spectrum of only a few bright lines, indicating the gaseous nature of the nebula. We have thus the means of distinguishing at once those nebulae which can be resolved into stars, from those which are unresolvable. The great nebula in the sword-handle of Orion is one of the latter, showing a spectrum of three bright lines, and it can

know, as soon as possible, when you can do me the favour of dining with us, that I may get some of our old friends together. John returned on Saturday for a few days, and desires me to offer his kindest remembrances to you.

The Bavarian minister has just sent me the plans and elevation of the magnificent picture-gallery now erecting and nearly completed at Munich, and for which the Bavarian senate voted £50,000. If I could induce him to lend them for a few days, do you think they would be of any use to you to make an article out of?

I dine at our friend's, Henry Ellis, to day. Pray accept the assurance of my kindest regard, and believe me,

My dear Jerdan,
Faithfully yours,
JOHN MURRAY.

A LADY'S JOURNEY THROUGH SPAIN.

CHAPTER II.—LERIDA, ZARAGOZA, TARRAGONA.

CERTAINLY Spain is a country of most singular contrasts, and in many respects it was very different from all my preconceived notions. I had pictured to myself a soft southern land with all the luxuriant charms of voluptuous Italy: This certainly is not the case as to the greater part of the country, though some of the southern provinces bordering the seashore have all the charms that those favoured latitudes can boast; but much of Spain is indescribably stern and melancholy, with rugged mountains and long sweeping plains, destitute of trees, and silent and lonely so as quite to oppress the spirits.

On first leaving Barcelona, nothing can be richer than the aspect of the scene. Vineyards and cornfields on all sides display the bright tender green dress of the early spring. At Iqualada, where we slept the first night, high hills and deep wooded clefts varied the scene. The weather was so exquisitely lovely, that we saw it to the greatest advantage; but between Cervera and Lerida the dreariness of the country is most wearisome and monotonous: not a tree to be seen, not a living thing, not even the note of a bird, to enliven the spirits or break the profound solitude. This utter absence of all small birds is one of the singular features of Spanish rural scenery. The eagle is seen wheeling about the mountain cliffs, or soaring over these endless plains, or the grim vulture swoops down upon his food—even the queer solemn bustard frequents these solitudes; but these birds can only be seen at rare intervals, while the myriads of smaller birds which animate the scene in other countries, are met with in but few provinces, and in those chiefly among orchards and gardens, in the immediate vicinity of men's habitations. After leagues and leagues of this dreary country, we quite rejoiced to see Lerida appear in the distance, its lines of fortifications gilded by the setting sun, the river Sègre running beneath the hill on which the old cathedral and the mass of fortified buildings are placed. Fully 3000 feet above the river is the fine old tower, and those who are not afraid of the ascent will be rewarded by a very fine prospect from the summit. The number of sieges that this town has sustained seems almost incredible; but its position, of course, always rendered its possession very important to both the invader and the invaded. We made Lerida our second sleeping-place, hoping to reach Zaragoza the third day. The inn, La Posada del Hospital, was really far better than we expected. The greatest trial to all the party was the impossibility of getting any food at all unflavoured with garlic: meat, fish, and fowl, nay vegetables, were all strongly impregnated with the powerful taste. So we did the best we could, and lived principally upon eggs, bread, chocolate, and fruit. Spanish

confectionary is generally very good. The love of sweetmeats is so universal amongst the Spanish women, that they are sure to be excellent everywhere. The pastry is most admirably made: perhaps the extreme beauty and purity of the flour may help to cause the excellence of everything that is made of it.

Again did we experience the same alternations of country as we had seen before Lerida. Ravines and small oddly-shaped hills extend for miles and miles, to be succeeded by a fertile valley abounding in pomegranates and various fruit-trees; and then again an arid desert with neither trees, nor crops, nor living creatures!

Our first impressions of Aragon were sombre. The province is entirely surrounded by mountains, is very thinly peopled, and a great deal of the land is uncultivated that might be rendered fertile and productive. The people are not more attractive than their country, they are wholly wanting in the gaiety and light-heartedness of the Andalusians and Valencians; but they have their merits, notwithstanding; the men are vigorous and active, and very brave. The peasantry are wonderfully fond of bright colours, blue, red, crimson, and purple, and their silken sashes are generally chosen with a view to gratifying this taste. Their obstinacy is most remarkable: nothing can change an Aragonese when once he has got an idea into his head.

Zaragoza, or Saragossa, the capital of Aragon, is a singular, gloomy-looking old town: the frightful damage caused by the French is more visible here than in many of the other towns in Spain. Hospitals, palaces, churches, all fell beneath their destroying hosts. The bridge over the Ebro is very fine, and the view of the two cathedrals is most striking and uncommon. The worship of the Virgin Mary is here carried to a height most unusual, even in a Roman Catholic country. It is very singular that there should be two cathedrals in Zaragoza, and not one in the capital town, Madrid; but Spain is a land of contrasts! There is much that is interesting to be seen in the first cathedral, as it is called; the second one should be visited, but there is much bad taste displayed in the decorations, both interior and exterior.

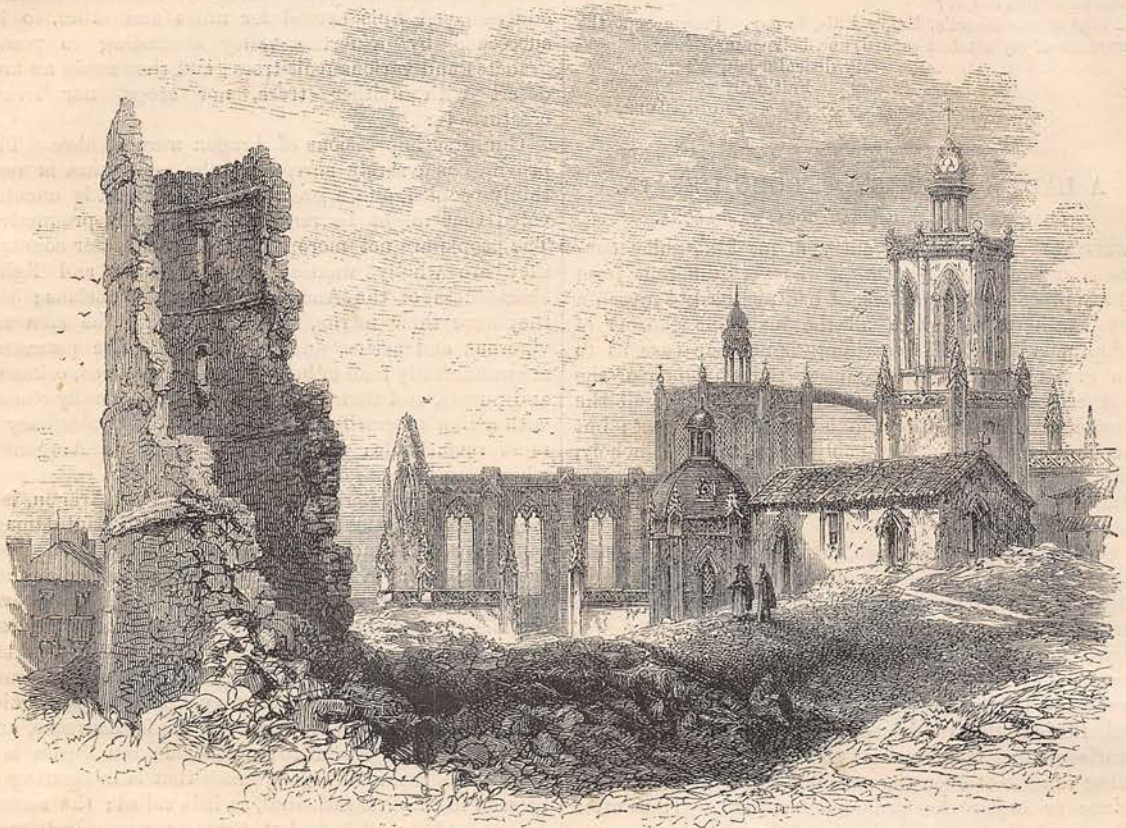
Zaragoza is the great resort of pilgrims from all parts of Spain. The legend runs thus:—"Santiago, or St. James (patron of Spain), soon after the crucifixion, applied to the Virgin for her permission to preach the gospel in Spain. Having obtained her consent and kissed her hand, he came to Zaragoza, converted eight pagans, and fell asleep. Then, A.D. 40, the angels brought her alive to him from Palestine on a jasper pillar, and carried her back again after she had desired him to build a chapel upon the spot." And this Chapel of the Pillar is raised in the centre of the cathedral, and lights are kept burning there day and night. The floor is paved with the richest marbles. The pillar is partially concealed and nailed round, and only royal personages are allowed to enter the sacred inclosure. The anniversary of the descent, October 12, is the time of the great concourse of pilgrims; upwards of 50,000 have been known to be in the town at the same time.

There are some very curious and beautiful specimens of ancient houses in this quaint town. The spiral pillars and the delicately-carved open work in the inner courts of the house called "The Infanta" are exquisite, and the beautiful decorations in other parts of the dwelling are most admirable. It has been taken very little care of, and there are many signs of decay; but even in its present state the splendid staircase, the delicate twisted pillars round the patio, or inner court, are very greatly to be admired; and architects of the present day

might take many a useful lesson from them. All the finest libraries, some of the most valuable in Spain, were utterly destroyed by the French invading armies.

Zaragoza has been in all ages subjected to the chances of war. The number of sieges is almost beyond count; and the whole place is full of interest in connection with

were told, between thirty-five and forty pounds each! As we approached Villa Franca de Parrades, the earliest Carthaginian settlement in Catalonia, the fertility increased, and the delicious aromatic scent of the under-wood was most agreeable. The magnificent bridge called De Lledones is a very fine structure, though it



RUINS AT TARRAGONA.

bygone days. The streets are narrow, steep, and gloomy; how they ever contain the vast numbers that throng them during the time of the concourse of pilgrims it is difficult to imagine.

We intended to return to Barcelona so as to be there on the 23rd of April, as that day is the day of St. George, the patron saint of the Catalonians, and in consequence a day of great festivity. A great market or fair of flowers is held in Barcelona on that day; and right glad were we that we had taken the advice of our Spanish friends, and remained to witness so beautiful a sight. I have frequently been in Italy at the most flowery time of year, but anything like the gorgeous display of the flower fair at Barcelona I certainly never witnessed. The fair is greatly resorted to by all the young and pretty ladies in Barcelona. Their gay dresses and the picturesque costumes of the peasants add to the beauty and animation of the scene.

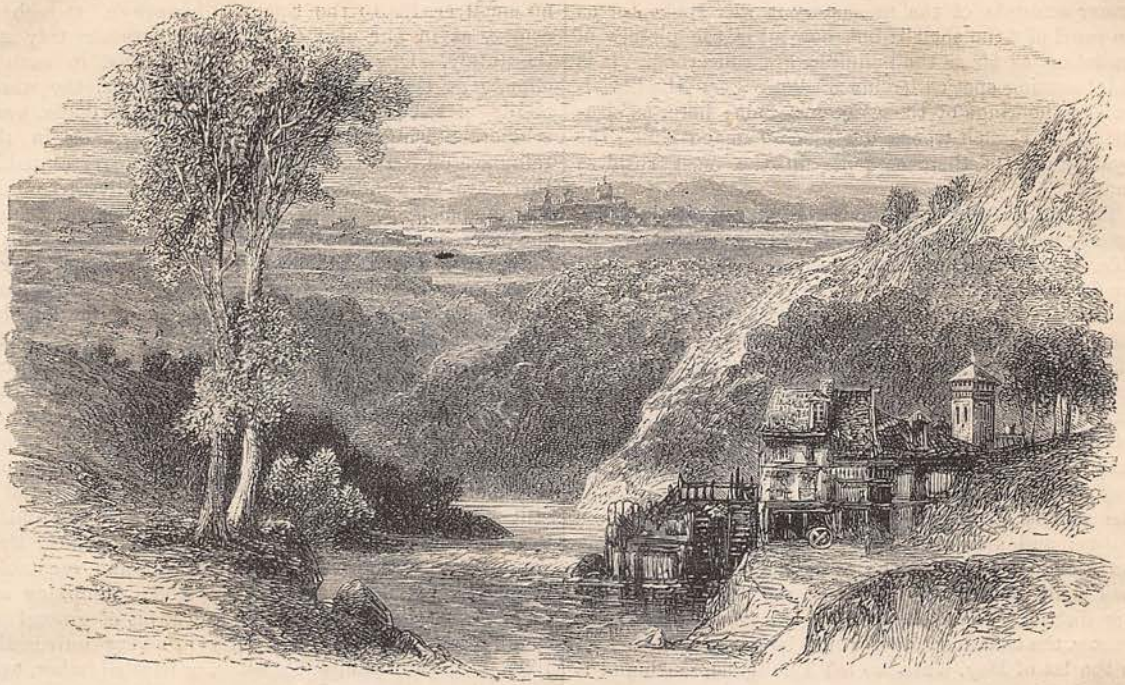
From Barcelona we were to take the road to Tarragona, where we intended to remain two or three days. There is nothing of any particular interest between Barcelona and Tarragona. The road passes through a fertile country, vines and olives abounding everywhere, and at that cheerful time of year the busy women were all sitting in the open air making lace. The size of the loaves of bread struck us as something prodigious: they sometimes weighed, we

only crosses a ravine between two hills, and the views either way looking from the centre are very striking.

The situation of Tarragona is commanding, standing on a rock between seven and eight hundred feet high. It has many historical associations. English visitors will remember the capture of the place by the celebrated Lord Peterborough, in the War of the Succession; and here, as elsewhere, the horrors that took place when it was taken by the French exceed everything one can imagine. We never were tired of rambling along the walks round the ramparts, the views are so fine, and the Roman remains that everywhere meet the eye add to the interest. The Roman aqueduct is splendid: the highest arches are between 90 and 100 feet in height, and the length is very great. We found our inn so comfortable, and there was so much we wished to see at Tarragona, that our few days became a week, during which we passed our time most agreeably. There are some delightful expeditions to be made in the neighbourhood: one through pine woods sloping down to the shore, the road following the windings of the beautiful little bays where the craft of the fishermen lie at anchor, or float smoothly on the brilliant sea.

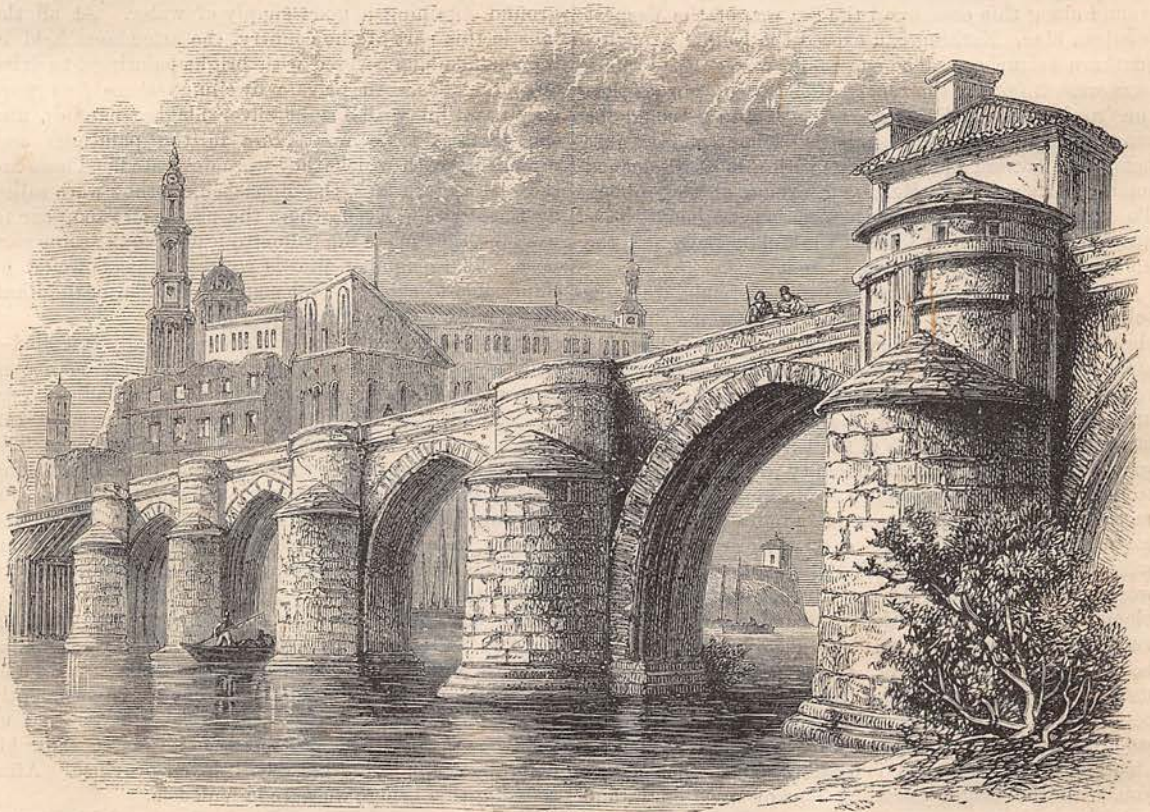
It is very striking in Spain that all the cathedrals, with few exceptions, as far as I have seen, stand on an

eminence; and in the interior, the high altar is also raised, and the priests ascend the steps to the elevated | them is most powerful. There are some painted windows in the cathedral, that are as fine as any I have



LERIDA.

position they occupy in the sacred edifice; thus every- | seen, and some beautiful cloisters, where we spent much thing tends to raise the church and its ministers in the | of our time, they are so rich in specimens of architec-



BRIDGE AT SARAGOSSA.

eyes of the Spanish people, both literally and figura- | tural beauty. We made an interesting excursion to the tively, and the influence the clergy still exercise over | now ruined monastery at Poblet: it is situated in a beau-

tiful valley, as are most monkish establishments that I have seen. The name of this valley is very poetical, "La Conca de Barbara" (the shell of Barbara), and in many former accounts of the monastery it was spoken of as the pearl of "the shell"; but now all is the picture of desolation, as far as the buildings are concerned. It is an interesting spot as having for long been the burial-place of the kings of the Aragonese line: here, as elsewhere, the French troops did much damage rifling the royal graves of their contents in the most ruthless manner.

The road from Tarragona is charming, and the scenery nearly all the way to Valencia as varied as possible. Our carriage really was very comfortable, and our driver and horses much more obliging and easy to manage than is generally the case with that fraternity. Vineyards extend for miles and miles without intermission, covering the country with the most brilliant green foliage. The vintage, we were told, was managed in such a rude and untidy manner, that during the season everything was dyed deep red, from the juice of the grapes. Men, women, and children, carts, even the very streets and roads, partook of the universal colour. The famous Muscatel wines are made from these grapes; and also very celebrated brandy. The vineyards extend down to the coast, and palm-trees raise their lofty heads in token of the tropical heat of this district. Were it not for the freshness of the sea breezes, the heat in summer would be tremendous. Even on the 1st of May, when we left Tarragona, we found it quite sufficiently warm to make us gladly choose the early morning hours, and the beautiful later time after sunset, for our travelling, generally making a considerable pause towards the middle of the day. As we wound along this coast road the sea was of the deepest cerulean blue. Nothing can exceed the brilliancy of this southern colouring. The eye would weary of its sameness were it not for the repose of the rocky gorges that the road occasionally traverses. Nothing could be more striking than the view both of land and sea just before our entrance into a ravine with a most ill-omened name, Barnauco de la Horta, or ravine of the gibbet. To carry on the unpleasing association, we had to pass another mountain gorge, called the Col de Balaguer, the haunt of notorious bandits and bandoleros.

The plague of mosquitoes was most terrible, we were told, especially later on in the year. The women protect their arms by long mittens that look like Valencian stockings with the feet off. Their earrings are very remarkable, and very African in their appearance: they are so heavy that they have the additional support of a string passed over the top of the ear. They prize them greatly, and I found much difficulty in procuring a pair to bring home as a specimen. Nothing pleased them more than any appearance of admiration for their costume, and they readily entered into conversation with those who spoke their language. The villages were very bright and pleasant to look at in the lovely blooming spring. The Catalan hamlets are reckoned very good specimens of Spanish villages, the inhabitants being, generally speaking, more industrious than is usually the case with the Spanish peasantry. The cottages are rather curious, and somewhat unlike what we are used to. They are very narrow and of considerable length. The hearth is the first object that strikes you, with the bright crackling logs of wood on it, and on either side are recesses where the family sleep, and on beyond in the background are the stalls for the oxen and mules. Over head are roosting places for the fowls, and hay, and straw, and other provender are piled up

ready for use. One entrance serves alike for all, human beings and animals. The cleanly appearance that these cottages have is therefore extraordinary, and does no small credit to the Spanish housewife, though of course, as in our own country, there are the tidy and the untidy. One thing to be said is, that in such a climate as the one they are blessed with, the whole family of a Spanish peasant lives out of doors, very seldom entering the house but to sleep, or in the rainy season. In consequence of this universal habit, there are no windows, though occasionally there is a sort of apology for them. It is very amusing watching the proceedings in one of these hamlets. Lacemaking is universal in the neighbourhood of Barcelona and Tarragona; and very picturesque the pretty young girls look, with their pillows on their knees, and the bobbins passing rapidly through their slender fingers. The mothers are busy over all the household work, making clothes, cleaning vegetables, etc., etc., while the old women bask in the sun busy with the maize, or Indian corn, pulling off the long dried leaves, which serve admirably to stuff their mattresses, while the ears themselves are laid aside till required for use. The distaff is still constantly seen, and it is generally the oldest women who are employed in spinning, long after they would seem to be past all work. Fruit and vegetables make the greater part of their food; pumpkins are grown everywhere, even in the tiniest bit of ground belonging to a peasant, and they are very universally liked. Slices of pumpkin roasted, or frizzled rather, over their charcoal fires, is a favourite dish amongst the poorer classes. They grow to an immense size. The labour of watering these small gardens is very great; but absolutely all chance of produce depends on the ground obtaining a good supply of water. At all the inns in this part of the country, the attendants held in their hands fans covered with bright paintings, to drive away the flies. In private dwellings these fans were very beautiful, with bright silver filagree handles, and the greatest taste was shown in the paintings and ornaments with which they were decorated. These are the real eastern fans, the Manâsheh, as they were called by the Moors. Even where the people are too poor to use fans, they make the palmetto leaf serve the same purpose. The plague of flies is so great that it would be impossible to exist without some precaution of the kind. But I must go on with my journey.

It was getting late—later than we usually travelled—and we had been told so many fearful stories connected with the road we were travelling, that two ladies began to feel a little anxious to arrive at Vimaroz—I can answer, at least, for myself—where we were to sleep. The road from Amposta (a town we had passed not long ago) to that place was famous, or rather infamous, for the tragedies that had there taken place. We passed by two rude stone crosses, marking the spot (as our coachman told us) where two fearful murders had been committed.

Our fears, however, were soon dissipated on crossing the fine bridge built by Charles I over the river Cenia, and we were greatly amused at the same time by our coachman taking off his hat and waving it vehemently in the air. On asking for an explanation, he told us that he was a Valencian, and that it was to show his delight at re-entering his own beloved province. After crossing this bridge we were in Valencia.

Vimaroz seemed to consist chiefly of a fishing population. Had it not been for the excellent fish they gave us, and the contents of our well-stored hamper, our plight as regards eating would have been a very sorry

one. The inn was the most primitive house of entertainment that some of the party had ever seen. My knowledge of the language did us some good, and the people were perfectly obliging, and very anxious to comply with our demands as far as they were practicable; and so the night was passed somehow or another, and the delicious weather in the morning, and the charming drive to Valencia, soon obliterated all recollection of its inconveniences. Our road wound in and out of different gorges, passed the Pena Gelosa Hills—the whole air was scented with the different aromatic herbs that grew so luxuriantly everywhere—and gradually brought us more and more into the lovely fertile land of Valencia—a very land of plenty amidst all the beautiful produce of those southern regions—till we reached Burjasot, a most charming spot, embosomed in gardens, which cover the gentle slopes on which it stands. Here all the wealthy Valencians retire to enjoy the soft refreshing breezes. There are most curious caves dug in the hill, of Moorish origin, and these are used for preserving corn. The figs that grow in this sunny spot are said to be superior to any that can be produced elsewhere; plants have been sent both to Italy and France, but the Burjasotes fondly flatter themselves that their produce does not equal that from the parent trees. The view of Valencia from the esplanade is beyond everything charming, surrounded, as it seems to be, by those most picturesque trees, the oriental palm and the beautiful cypress. The moon was shining on the deep blue sea, and lighting up all heaven and earth with its soft and solemn light, as we entered Valencia, and took possession of the comfortable rooms ordered for us by our kind friends.

PEEPS THROUGH LOOPHOLES AT MEN, MANNERS, AND CUSTOMS.

BY CUTBERT BEDE.

"Tis pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd."
COWPER.

NO. IX.—COUNTRY LETTER-CARRIERS.

THE country letter-carrier and village postman is always a noteworthy person in a rural community. Expected alike by gentle and simple, known to every one in the neighbourhood, from the squire to his humblest tenant, from the farmer to the day-labourer, from the parson and doctor to the sexton and shopman, the country letter-carrier is welcomed in his coming and bidden God-speed in his going. Other men might come and other men might go, and their going and coming might not attract the special attention of a neighbourhood; but a week's absence of the letter-carrier from his accustomed round would be little short of a calamity to the whole district. Nowadays, when half-a-dozen deliveries *per diem* are deemed barely sufficient for the transaction of the domestic and mercantile needs and necessities of the mighty million "of the great Babel," it requires some mental exertion to endeavour to realise that former state of things in the United Kingdom, when the sending of a letter was as grave a business as the sending of an embassy; and when, till comparatively modern days, the country letter-carrier, with his tin horn, was a being as unknown as the unicorn, and equally as useless to society. But, while that heraldic quadruped still remains in the realms of myth and fiction, and only emerges from them to dance attendance on the royal arms, the country letter-carrier has become an established fact and a necessity of our social existence. What

should we do without him, we country folk and rural people, "remote, unfriended, solitary, slow," in the nooks and corners of the land, in villages like our *Minima Parva*? As it is, we are frequently accused of stagnation by our friends from town, but that stagnation would assume a deeper degree of quiescent immobility, if we were cut off from all communication with our letter-carrier. He is a daily link between us and the outer world of distant friends and relatives, a medium through whose agency we can obtain peeps through the loopholes of the press; a "messenger of grief, perhaps, to thousands, and of joy to some," and "the herald of a noisy world," who, even now, often ushers in his budget of news "with heart-shaking music."

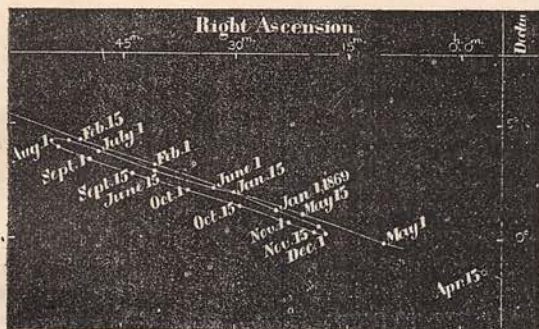
A personage so important is worthy of special treatment, particularly from the pen of one who, for many years, has been so dependent upon his services. Let the country letter-carriers, then, be my theme, in this September month, when the scattered unity of our population will, in their home tours and foreign travels, make acquaintance with so many specimens of this widespread class. We will not, then, here trouble ourselves with any search into the recondite history of the conveyance of letters in earlier times. The horse-posts of Cyrus are dead and gone, and the doves of Anacreon but rarely have their modern counterparts, unless it be in the pigeons tossed in the air from the Epsom downs. In the twenty-three centuries that have elapsed since Mordecai, at the bidding of King Ahasuerus, "sent letters by post on horseback," with other "posts that rode upon mules and camels" (Esther ix. 10, 14), the world's history will tell of numerous schemes and varying methods that have been devised and employed to ensure the safe and speedy transmission of intelligence. It would require many pages merely to give an abstract of such schemes and methods of which the Oriental nations were the chief originators; and it would demand a still larger space to trace the rise of our own great central establishment at St. Martin's-le-Grand, and the gradual development of its wonderful machinery of management, from the royal liveried postmen of Henry the Third's day to Mr. Ralph Allen's establishment of cross-posts in 1720, from Mr. Palmer's mail-coach system of 1784, to the development, by Rowland Hill, of that penny postage system, introduced on January 10, 1840, which, nearly a century before, had been established in Edinburgh by Peter Williamson, and which had been purchased of him by the government in 1760. Leaving, therefore, this larger portion of this great subject, with its various branches, such as the introduction of the book post in 1848, the pattern post, the money orders, the savings' bank, and the various beneficial ways in which the Post-office system is worked, and which have already been noticed in these pages,* I would here restrict myself to a mention of those humble officials of the Post-office who so largely assist in carrying out its efficiency in the remotest nooks and corners of the land, by tramping their weary rounds, day after day, through sunshine and storm, mud and dust, heat and cold, at one time moist with July heat, at another with "spattered boots" and "frozen locks," like the Olney letter-carrier who brought Cowper's newspaper as the dusk of the winter evening was gathering round.

For, the gentle poet and the good people at Olney would appear to have been obliged to wait for their letters and papers until late in the afternoon, being in the condition of those described by Crabbe,

* See the Leisure Hour, "Post-office Progress," No. 692; "Post-office Annual Report," No. 706, and other articles.

of Jupiter is partially covered with brownish-grey streaks parallel to the equator. Two of these are very conspicuous, one north, the other south of the equator. They extend completely around the ball of the planet, for no great deviation in their form can be observed on opposite sides. These streaks, or belts, resemble in some measure the lines of stratus cloud often seen on calm evenings near the horizon about the time of sunset. Between the two principal belts, a more brilliant ground marks the equatorial region of the planet. Towards the poles, a continuation of parallel belts of different intensities can be observed. The illumination of the disk near the poles is evidently more feeble than near the equator. Occasionally dark round spots have been seen on the principal belts, which have afforded a good means for the determination of the time of rotation of the planet. Some excellent drawings of Jupiter have been made by Mr. De La Rue, Sir John Herschel, M. Mädler, and others.

The following diagram exhibits the apparent path of Jupiter from April 15th, 1868, to the end of February, 1869:—



The phases of the moon take place as follows:— Full moon on the morning of the 2nd, at 3.57 A.M.; last quarter on the 9th, at 10.4 P.M.; new moon on the 16th, at 1.20 P.M.; and first quarter on the 23rd, at 3.22 P.M. She will be nearest to the earth on the morning of September 15th, and at her greatest distance on the 27th, at 1 P.M. On the 4th she will be near Jupiter, and on the 8th, at midnight, near Aldebaran. The distance between the moon and star will diminish gradually till 4.58 A.M. on the 9th, when Aldebaran will disappear behind the moon. At 5.46 A.M. the star will reappear on the opposite side of the moon. To view this phenomenon, it will be necessary to have the assistance of a telescope, as the daylight will be too far advanced to allow the star to be seen with the naked eye. One with a low power will be quite sufficient. The moon will be near Mars on the 12th, Venus on the 13th, Mercury on the 17th, and Saturn on the 21st.

A LADY'S JOURNEY THROUGH SPAIN.

CHAPTER III.—VALENCIA.

VALENCIA, beautiful Valencia! whether we speak of the province or its capital, both bearing the same name, what can equal the delights of a residence in this favoured land? The province being encircled with mountains, the cold blasts from the north and east do not visit it; snow and frost, fogs and vapours, are alike unknown. Valencia has derived great part of her beauty and fertility from the abundant supply of water. Rice crops thrive here to perfection. Oranges, citrons,

lemons, grapes, the very finest figs, almonds, dates, and other semi-tropical fruits, such as the carob-tree, with its locust beans, grow in profusion.

The Valencians pleased me more than any of the Spanish people, as far as their outward attributes were concerned; they are gay, good-looking, amusing, and picturesque in their dress and appearance. But the picture has its dark side; they are very revengeful, nay, even treacherous, not unlike in some things what the French call "une caractère tigre singe." I only saw the bright side. The high-born Valencians, to many of whom we had introductions, were as polished, intellectual, and agreeable as any foreigners I ever associated with. There is much of orientalism in the manner of life, in the dress, and even in the appearance of the Valencians. The peasant costume, especially that of the men, is most picturesque: they wear sandals, and their legs are generally bare, or sometimes they have what is called a Valencian stocking, viz., stockings without feet; full loose white linen drawers, a velvet jacket, a brilliant coloured silken sash wound round their waist, and in some instances, what they call a manta, which may be described as something like a shepherd's plaid; on their heads, instead of a cap of any kind, they wear a silk handkerchief, put on in the form of a close-fitting turban. They are very dark-complexioned, almost African in hue; but not so the women, they are only richly bronzed; their hair is beautiful, and they wear it entirely uncovered, rolled round in massy coils low down on their graceful heads, with only a long silver or gold pin run through it: nothing can be more classical than this head-dress.

We arrived at Valencia on the 2nd of May, and intended remaining there three weeks. It may be too warm and sultry in the height of summer, but at the season I am speaking of, the mode of living in the courts covered with awnings in the interior of the houses protects one from the heat of the sun; and these courts, with sparkling fountains, and all adorned with flowers, form the most delightful sitting-rooms imaginable. The mornings and evenings are cool, from the prevalence of the sea breezes, and the nights are delicious. The houses are decidedly eastern in appearance; the basement is generally three or four feet lower than the street. The balconies that adorn nearly every edifice are shaded from the sun by strips of gay matting, which is made in Spain with great taste and of different designs; the most beautiful convolvulus twine all round the pillars and balustrades. The public walks are unrivalled, and no wonder, as Spaniards spend all their evening, and often many of the night hours on these alamedas.

Mulberry and orange groves seem to encircle the town with their luxuriant foliage. The former are a great source of profit to the Valencian farmer. The manufacture of silk is largely carried on here, and nothing can be more picturesque than the sight of the peasants seated under their vines and fig-trees, and winding out the soft golden tissue from the cocoons. To do this requires practice and a very light finger, to prevent the delicate thread from breaking. The black silk used for the mantillas, is said to be superior in Valencia to any other made in Spain. We could make no comparisons, but we saw that it was very beautiful, soft, lustrous, and rich.

Time was when no carriage of any kind could be procured in Valencia but the native tartana, a long narrow covered cart, without springs; I speak feelingly on the subject, as in other Spanish towns we sometimes were obliged to make use of one. Now more civilised

vehicles are being introduced, and in a very fair specimen of a carriage we drove about the picturesque old narrow streets, and visited the different objects of curiosity, for descriptions of which the reader must refer to Ford's "Spain," and other handbooks. I paid many visits to the old convent Del Carmen, where the spoils of many monasteries are collected.

It is a singular feature of Spanish churches that there are no chairs in them. The peasant, man or woman, would kneel down at once on the bare stone, without any preparation; the smart young Valencian would carefully spread his handkerchief and kneel on that, resting his hands and his head on his stick held up before him, while the prettily dressed *senoras* were always preceded by a servant carrying a square of Persian carpet, to put down wherever their mistresses might desire, that no dust or dirt might sully their dainty attire. The Calle de Caballeros, or street of Cavaliers, is the aristocratic quarter of Valencia: the houses are very handsome, and have an air of solid nobility something resembling the old Italian palaces; fine large portals open into a hall with arched colonnades, and staircases with richly carved banisters; and windows, either Gothic or else with a slender shaft dividing the opening, give altogether an ornamental picturesque aspect to these dwellings. Nothing can be lighter or more elegant than the effect of the long lines of open arcades under the roofs.

There are many traces of the Moors in Valencia. Certainly few conquerors of a foreign country ever left so many traces of beneficial influence behind them as the Moors did in Spain. Everywhere one meets traces of their sagacity, their courage, their high poetical feeling, and their refined taste.

In the very heart of the city there is a plaza, called El Mercado, where in olden times the tournaments were held. It is a fine open space. One large public building very greatly excited our admiration, the "Lonja de Seda," or Silk Hall; it is a most beautiful Gothic building of great antiquity. The saloon is splendid. It is a sort of exchange or hall where the great merchants meet and transact business. The Valencians may well be proud of their beautiful Lonja.

There are charming walks about Valencia, one especially I was very fond of, leading across the bridge called El Real. The royal residence of the viceroys, El Real, was on the other side of the river, or bed of the river, for the endless canals for irrigation have drained away the water for half the year at least. The river at this spot divides the Glorieta from the beautiful avenues of the alameda, whose charming shady walks continue down to the very steps that lead to the shore. In the bathing season this is the great resort of all the Valencians; it is known by the name of El Grao, or steps down to the sea. The *Temporada de los Banos* (the bathing season) is a time of great gaiety; the road leading to the shore is absolutely so crowded with vehicles of different sorts, that it is said to be a difficult matter to get along it when the bathing mania is at its height. The baths are thatched with rice straw to keep out the intense heat of the sun.

We made also pleasant excursions; one to the Alpuxera lake, and the nice grounds in the neighbourhood of Alcinas. In the course of one of our excursions we fell in with a very singular character, just at the foot of a wild and solitary pass, when we were pausing to consider our further way, having considerably deviated from it to see the pass we had just descended. He certainly had all the air of one of those rovers that we had so often heard described as making their haunt in the

mountains, and pillaging the traveller whenever an opportunity offered. He was mounted on a young active mule, and he wore the Andalusian hat and jacket, and pantaloons bordered by silver lace; he had a cartridge-belt of crimson velvet slung over one shoulder and passing under the other arm, two carbines slung behind his saddle, and a long Spanish knife in the pocket of his vest in a sheath ornamented with silver.

Gandia is a striking place, with curious old remains in and about it. At Denia, in the immediate neighbourhood, are grown raisins for the English market. They are not equal to the real Valencian raisins, but there is a great demand for them. The Huerta, or garden of Gaudia, as it is called, is famed for the luxuriance of its crops of all kinds. The celebrated lake that we were anxious to visit is about ten miles from Gaudia; the lake is said to be about thirty miles in circumference.

The number of birds that breed on the banks of this lake is astonishing. Between seventy and eighty different varieties of wild fowl and other kinds of birds resort to its shores. There is nearly as great a variety of fishes. There are two days during which the shooting is thrown open to the public, and according to the accounts we received the scene must be a most singular one; many hundred sportsmen assemble, and either go on the lake, or ramble along its shores, or fish in the waters. At one time this lake was royal property, and it was valued at £300,000. The time to see it to the best advantage is in the winter, but even as we saw it, it was a singular sight. The country all around is charming from its wonderful fruitfulness. We only returned to Valencia after a pleasant little tour, just to make final arrangements. We were to go from Valencia to Alicante, then to Elche and Murcia, on to Almeria, and so finally get to the district of the Alpajurros, which we greatly wished to explore. Our last two days were very busy ones: we had kind friends to take leave of, some last sights to see, etc. Amongst others we went to see where the beautiful Valencian fans are made, a trade that in its great perfection is essentially Spanish. Calominao, in the Calle de Zaragoza, is, by all the most fastidious Spanish ladies, reckoned the greatest master of the art, and his fans are sent to many distant parts of the world. A real old fan is very difficult to procure at all. Our last day was spent in the beautiful botanical gardens, where the magnificent growth of tropical trees in the open air speaks plainly of the beauty of the climate. We remained there late on into the evening, and turned away with great regret, feeling it was our last among the beautiful sights of Valencia.

We had a charming last look the following day at the beauty of Valencia from the summit of the castle tower at Xativa, a charming town enjoying a delicious climate, and surrounded by a perfect paradise of fruits and flowers. We spent the day at Xativa. The alameda is delightful and very oriental; fountains, bright and sparkling, abound. The view from the terraces of Monte Calvario with their beautiful cypresses is charming, the castle is fine and of vast size.

Our onward journey led us through scenery varying in character, at times stone pines and cypresses gave an Italian character to the scene, and then again the road wound round beautiful headlands, on through extensive orchards of different kinds of fruit-trees, or else the vines covered every part of the country. The profusion of almond-trees everywhere is very remarkable. Apropos of these trees I must notice the exceeding love of the Spanish women for sweetmeats of all kinds, but especially of a kind of cake made of honey, almonds, and

sugar; it is called *mazapanes*, and in French *nourgat*, and I must admit its excellence, though, from the ingredients that compose it, it is very rich; the quantity of it consumed by the Spanish women is hardly credible, had I not been told it on very good authority. This also is an eastern taste, the women in the harems being all celebrated, not only for their consumption of these dainties, but also for their skill in preparing them. Many interesting villages we passed before reaching Alicante. Alcoy is curiously situated in a deep hollow amidst hills, the houses are built on their precipitous sides, and from a little distance look as if they must slide off into the ravine. Tibi is also very picturesque; we paused there awhile to see the old Moorish castle, which seems to be suspended over the village as its protector. The houses are all crowded round the old fortified building; rocks and mountains are everywhere around you; the rocks in many places have a rich red colouring, which has a very fine effect in the scenery, and gives a mellow, softened tone to what might otherwise be too glaring. The fine castle Xijona delighted us all very much, a most interesting spot for an artist, as the views both of the castle itself and of the surrounding scenery from the hill on which the castle stands are all beautiful in their way. Alicante, where we only intended remaining long enough to arrange for our onward progress, was the least interesting Spanish town we had come to. It is very healthy, and many English engaged in trade reside there.

We preferred driving from Valencia to Alicante to making the journey by steam, a voyage of from ten to twelve hours. We hoped thus to see much more of the people and the country. Elche itself is worth any one's while to go considerably out of their way to see, it has so completely the appearance of an oriental town; the houses are flat roofed, the domes are of glazed tiles in imitation of brass and copper, that glisten against the deep blue sky, and seem to increase the sultry look of the place; and the town is literally surrounded by immense groves of the date-bearing palm-trees. We felt as if suddenly transported to the east; to me it seemed as if I had been taken back without my knowledge to Egypt where I had been two years before. The journey from Elche to Murcia is most interesting. The road winds along the most fertile country, which has been compared to the Delta of the Nile; it is perfectly level, and is a continued garden for many miles, covered with groves of orange, citrons, and pomegranates, with palm and date-trees. We passed the night at Orihuela, situated in most lovely and romantic country. Indeed the whole valley of the Seguras is reckoned one of the most beautiful parts of Spain. Great rocky mountains enclose the plain, picturesque in their outlines, and sublime from their very nakedness and sterility. Murcia, which we reached the following day, pleased us much. Not having expected anything, our satisfaction was all the greater. It is situated on the banks of a little river, in the midst of delightful gardens and orchards filled with the finest southern fruits, with here and there lofty palm-trees to give an oriental character to the scenery.

The people of Murcia are thorough Africans in feature and colour, and they very much resemble them in many qualifications; they are constantly emigrating to Algeria; they partake the arid dried-up nature of a great part of the soil, and are fierce and fiery in temperament. Their superstition is really incredible: there is no legend, however wild and impossible, if it is of supernatural agency, that they will not greedily devour, and their terror at any bad omen, when about

to undertake any important business, is most deplorable to witness in these civilised days. They are also very revengeful, like the Corsicans. They have a proverb about themselves to the effect that the earth is good, and the heaven is good, and all between them bad, "El cielo y suelo es bueno—el entre suelo malo." This is akin to Bishop Heber's contrast—"where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile."

Murcia is rich in metals of different kinds, and at the time of my visit the Murcians were smitten with a mining mania. It is said that the identical shafts sunk by the Carthaginians have been opened again.

From Murcia we intended to ride to Lorca, as we liked that mode of travelling far better than being shut up in a carriage; and whether we had horses or mules we had no cause for complaint, we were always very fortunate both as to the animals we rode and the guides who had the care of them. We halted both at Potana and Librilla; these places are the head-quarters of the Murcian gipsies. Their costume is most striking, so gay and ornamented that it is more like a brilliant fancy dress. Their complexions are of most African darkness, and their whole appearance remarkable. We were at Potana on a festive day, a day of rejoicing amongst this strange community. And we therefore saw them in all their best dresses, and, moreover, we were interested by seeing some of their national dances. They used a curious sort of guitar, drawing most melodious sounds from it, accompanied at times by a low murmuring recitative, and at times bells were brought in of most silvery sound. All the innkeepers in the district belong to this tribe; they trade considerably in the snow of the Sierra di Espana, which begins near Potana; they have monopolised it almost entirely, and make a very profitable thing of it, as the demand for snow in the towns during the tremendous heats of summer is very great. We had taken great pains at Murcia to engage good mules. Our cavalcade presented a very imposing appearance. It was now the first week in June, we were all in excellent spirits, feeling that we had a prospect of most unusual enjoyment before us. We were to ride first to Gandise, thence to Almeria, where we should be very near the district we wished to explore—the Alpajorros, the last part of their beautiful country that had been left to the Moors, and where numerous traces of them still linger. The grand old Castle of Xiguena, and the magnificent stone pines in the neighbourhood, attracted our attention and admiration.

Soon after making the little detour to see the castle, we left Murcia for the mountainous districts of Granada and Ronda. The climate here is very different from the more southern plains near the sea-shore; the fine mountain air renders this part of the country healthy and bracing in no common degree; and in summer this cooler district is much resorted to. Here hill forts abound on dizzy heights like the nest of the eagle, and they must have added greatly to the strength of the country formerly. The inhabitants of these mountain regions partake greatly of the nature of their country, their occupations varying from the pursuits of the chase to those of the smuggler. The smuggler enjoys in Spain anything but a bad reputation, for the mass of the people sympathise with him and his adventures in England many do with the poacher. Of this I frequent instances, during the time we spent in these wild mountainous districts. I have seen half the village population surround some of them, as in their brilliant dress (which always calls forth the admiration of these people) they burst forth in their well-known song, "Yo

que soy, contrabandista, yo ho!"* and express their delight by the loudest acclamations.

Almeria, once one of the most flourishing and richest towns on the coast, is now in a complete state of decay. The Moorish castle was repaired and strengthened in the reign of Charles v, and a bell of large size was placed there to give timely notice of the approach of pirates. There is a curious cape on this coast, called El Cabo de Gata, with a white mark called Vela blanca, on the rock, forming a well-known landmark with sailors.

We were very well pleased with the arrangements for our prolonged ride. One of the mountain horses in our train carried stores, including tea, sugar, and such eatables as we were not likely to meet in out-of-the-way inns. Shall I ever forget the delight of travelling far on into the beautiful nights, having rested during the glare and the heat of the noonday?

LIFE IN JAPAN.

VII.



FAC-SIMILE FROM A JAPANESE SKETCH.

FAMILY RELATIONS.

The Japanese are affectionate towards each other in their family relations. Amongst the lower classes fathers may often be seen caressing their children. I have before me now a native sketch of a family, father, mother, and children, walking along the shores of one of the numerous inlets of the sea which intersect these islands in all directions. The father bears a single sword, and therefore belongs to a class above that of a labourer or tradesman. By the sumptuary laws of Japan, doctors, for instance, are permitted to carry one sword, while the retainers of princes, and all who are accounted gentlemen, wear two. This father carries on his back his son, a stout child, who is stretching out his hand to his mother. The boy's head is carefully shaved with the exception of a small

* "Here am I! a contrabandista."

tuft on each side above the ear, which, as he grows older, will be permitted to lengthen, and finally will be drawn up and stiffened into a coiffure similar to that of his paternal parent. The mother has the aid of a stick, necessitated by her using tall pattens. Her large straw hat hangs from her shoulders. She also carries a parcel strapped by a thong round her waist. We may conclude that they are travellers who have had wet ground to pass over, from the careful way in which their feet are protected, the husband wearing, instead of his ordinary sandals, others that are adapted for bad roads. In the distance rises Fusi-yama. Possibly, therefore, these travellers are proceeding to Yeddo, the capital city of Japan. The sea is dotted with rowing and sailing boats, most of which are employed in fishing operations, so necessary where the population depends mainly on the finny tribe for their maintenance.

In the summer-time, almost naked copper-coloured fathers may often be seen carrying in their arms entirely naked copper-coloured children, who seem perfectly contented with their nurses.

Sometimes drink is the cause of much unhappiness in Japanese homes, as in those nearer to us, but as a rule domestic matters roll on smoothly enough, thanks to the forbearance of the wives, for the habits of the husbands are not always conducive to the happiness of married life.

Once a year a feast is celebrated to commemorate the births of children. Houses where there has been an addition to the family are decorated with flags and streamers of coloured cotton. Over the threshold small figures, dressed in gay colours, are suspended from long poles; two denote the birth of a son, one that of a daughter.

Amongst the higher classes the heads of families often show their devotion to their relatives by the extremest self-sacrifice, killing themselves by the Hari-kari, or happy despatch, when through any circumstance the law has been violated, in order that the consequences of the act may not fall upon their relatives, who would otherwise be liable to forfeiture of property, or perhaps death, if the untoward act were not at once acknowledged and atoned for by this shocking kind of suicide. Amongst the high officials it is a point of honour to perform this act if any failure occurs in their department which would render them liable to the displeasure of the supreme power, and by so doing all bad consequences are averted from their children, and their sons are sometimes placed in high offices as a reward for the fathers' self-abnegation.

As another instance of self-devotion, the servant of a much-loved lord will sometimes cause himself to be placed in a small stone enclosure, and covered with earth, a pipe conveying sufficient air to the mouth to support respiration. The devoted servant prays incessantly for his master, until death from inanition puts an end to his self-inflicted sufferings.

Parents are said by the old Dutch writers frequently to give up their property to their children on the latter attaining their majority, and from the tender care of the latter for their father and mother, they have seldom cause to regret this abdication of power and property.

Toy-shops abound in Japan, and this fact is regarded as a proof of the thoughtfulness of the seniors for the young people. By-the-bye we may mention here the admirable way in which the squeaking Dutch dolls are imitated by Japanese toy-makers with a few bits of bamboo and paper. These babies, which have the

A LADY'S JOURNEY THROUGH SPAIN.

CHAPTER IV.—THE ALPAJURROS.

THE town we first stopped at, after Almeria, was Macael, one little known to the generality of travellers, but more singular than half the places they visit, and more full of association with the past. It lies beneath the Sierra de Filabres, a most remarkable country. Hence came the thousands of pillars, columns, slabs, gateways, and arches, with which the Moors embellished their matchless cities, Granada and Seville. The white marble looked dazzling in the sunshine, or rosy beneath the influence of its rays when rising or setting. The ancient chronicles give the most graphic description of the working of these quarries. Now solitude reigns where once resounded the carver's chisel, the hammer, the mallet, the gay songs of the women, and the busy hum of the workmen. Truly a deep melancholy seems to brood over everything in any way connected with that unhappy people. It was in the town of Purchena, in the immediate neighbourhood, that Boabdil, the last Moorish king, resided after his downfall. Parts of his alcazar, or palace, are still to be seen.

We were greatly struck on visiting the pine-forests, which are unequalled in Europe. At night in the winter season these lonely woods are much dreaded by the peasants, on account of the great number of wolves that frequent them; they do great damage to the sheep in the neighbourhood, and often the shepherd's life is sacrificed to his faithful guardianship of the flock. A very fine young man was pointed out to us, who had lost an arm, and would probably have lost his life, but for the courage of his faithful dog. We had local guides as long as we remained in the woods, as strangers would be lost amongst the numerous roads and paths. At the house inhabited by one of the foresters, the young girl (his only daughter) who waited upon us, told us that she was often left quite alone, when her father was absent at his work; we asked if she was ever frightened; she said not in the daytime, but that when she was left alone at night, the howling of these wild animals did sometimes terrify her, though she knew they could not get at her, and she always had at least two splendid Spanish mastiffs to guard her. At length we emerged again into the open country, the river Guadiana running through it, which is much used for floating down the immense masses of timber from these forests. As we were anxious to reach Baeza that night, we loitered no more on our way, but hastened on; still it was somewhat late, and the beautiful moon had been up some time ere we rode through the gates of the town, once prosperous under the dominion of the Moors. We spent one whole day at Baeza, partly to rest the horses and mules after the rough roads of the forest. Certainly my love of visiting unknown places was gratified here, for we could not make out that any English lady had ever been here. We were to retrace our steps to Almeria in one of the small carriages of the country, leaving our guides to bring on the horses and mules.

Guadise, our next point in our retrograde movement, is a charming place, the most cheerful town possible, buried in groves of mulberry-trees. It has fabulous claims to antiquity, the inhabitants being said to have been converted by San Torquato, one of the seven prelates sent expressly to Spain by St. Peter and St. Paul. The environs of this city are perhaps as curious as anything one can see in Spain: there are lofty crags, and picturesque defiles, and the arid soil contrasts

with the snowy glittering mountains of the Sierra, while the whole country is pregnant with metal and marble. Conical and pyramidal hillocks rise up on every hand, and caves are excavated in many of their sides, where dwell some of the poorer inhabitants.

It was delightful again to find ourselves on the shores of the beautiful sea at Adra, where we were again to start for a mountain ride into the Alpajurros. We were told that we had chosen the very best time of the year for seeing this country. From the watch-tower of Adra, in the olden times, called La Torre de la Vela, a tocsin rang out to summon all the inhabitants to arms on the approach of the African pirates.

I should think it impossible to attempt these roads in a carriage, for it was difficult even to ride. Our attention was also distracted by a variety of objects, the beauty of the flowers, and, as we passed through the villages, the curious, though certainly not pretty, faces of the women, who looked out at us from tiny holes, windows they could not be called, with their African-like faces, clear black eyes, and long black hair.

We rested in the Posada Nueva, at Berja, a town lying immediately under the Sierra de Gador, a mountain of lead. It is said that the working of the mines is very injurious to the health. The miners lodge on the hill, and owing to some odd regulation or superstition, neither women nor dogs are ever allowed to go near this hill. They are a most superstitious and ignorant race. We made a second excursion to see these mines from Llanjaron.

We were off early the next morning; and before the sun had cleared the golden mists from the mountains and valleys, we were riding past Ujjar, the capital of the Alpajurros, lying buried in hills, with the river Adra at the foot of them. So steep are these declivities, and yet so great the fertility of the land, that the peasants have to be fastened with ropes, and so let down to gather the wonderful fruit crops with which the valley teems.

The territory of the Alpajurros was assigned to the unfortunate Boabdil by the treaty of Granada, of which every stipulation was broken with the greatest perfidy. The wretched Moors were hunted out like wild beasts from their last strongholds, until finally expelled by the contemptible Philip III, who was a mere fool in the hands of the priests. Still it was no easy matter to root them out of their dearly loved glens and hills, and their resistance was desperate. When finally conquered and forced to go, they betook themselves to Tetuan and Sali, on the opposite continent, and taking up the trade of piracy they bitterly revenged themselves by their ferocious attacks on the Christians. The familiar name of "Sallee Rovers" had this origin. The folly of the Spaniards, who first of all expelled the Jews, and with them all commercial enterprise, from their country, and then drove out the eminently industrious agriculturists the Moors, could hardly be believed. The result was that the Spaniards, lazy, ignorant, unenterprising, and contented to go plodding on in the old way, soon found all the prosperity of their country disappear; and though the gold and treasure poured into its lap from the New World may have given for a time a fictitious prosperity, and revived something of its former greatness, Spain has never really prospered in later days. Many date her downfall from the establishment of the Inquisition, which, as well as the final expulsion of the Moors, occurred in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. The spirit of such an institution is as hostile to social as to religious progress.

The pretty little town of Llanjaron is much resorted to as a refreshing resting place when the heat on the coast becomes scorching and unbearable. It is at the head of the beautiful valley of Locrin, with the glorious Sierra Nevada closing it in behind. We spent a few days at this delicious spot, making excursions in the neighbourhood. The whole country is full of objects of artistic and natural interest, and as to the historical associations connected with every town, we might almost say every yard, of the district known as the Alpajurros, they are endless. The Sierras of Gador and Contrameja are thought by some authorities to be the hills called by the Moors "the hills of the sun and moon;" while the Sierra Nevada is the "snowy mountain." It is singular how poor and miserable the lower orders seem in the midst of all this wondrous fertility.

After leaving Llanjaron we made an excursion to the



mines of Berja, already referred to. A guide belonging to the district undertook to take us by a more direct route through the mountains. This change of route procured us some curious variety of scenery. Our way, for the most of the day, lay up the dry bed of a river, which in times of rain must swell to a great size, but was now shrunk to a tiny stream. It was bordered by arid mountains; there were neither villages nor hamlets; the whole country was solitary and savage. Towards sunset we arrived at the village of Cadior, surrounded by olive orchards with a small Vega, through which ran the river, bordered with willows. Here we put up at certainly the most wretched posada we had yet encountered; but we made light of the discomforts, and thought only of what we had seen and were to see on the morrow.

The next morning we resumed our journey; we procured still another guide to show us the way through some of the most intricate parts of the mountains. It was in this day's journey that we passed through scenes, the extraordinary rudeness and savage sublimity of which I shall never forget. Those who would know the Alpajurros in their true wildness must explore such lonely passes. We were at one time on the dizzy verge of vast precipices, with a chaos of marble mountains spread before us; at other times we travelled through deep ravines, with red rocks of immense height impending over us. Our guides went very cautiously, and praised our courage not a little. It appeared that ladies were often frightened at the reports of the roughness of the road, and so kept to more beaten

paths. After emerging out of one of these passes, which would have furnished a fine subject for the pencil of Salvator Rosa, we came to an open part of the country, where the sternness of the mountains was softened by the verdure of a small valley. The bed of the river passed at the foot of a height on which was a Moorish-looking village with flat-roofed houses, with vines, fig-trees, and oranges growing about them. Here we halted, and arranged our mid-day repast on a piece of flat rock in the dry bed of the river.

CHAPTER V.—GRANADA.

GRANADA, beautiful Granada! After passing the famous bridge of Vinos, the scene of many a fierce encounter between the Moors and the Christians, and more remarkable as having been the place where Columbus was overtaken by the messengers of Isabella when about to abandon Spain in despair, we turned a promontory of the arid mountains of Elvira, and Granada with its towers, its Alhambra, and its snowy mountains, burst upon our sight. The evening sun shone gloriously upon its red towers as we approached it, and gave a mellow tone to the rich scenery of the Vega. The glowing light over the natural scenery was like the magic glow that poetry and romance have so long shed over this enchanting place.

Who could remain many hours in Granada and not hasten to the matchless Alhambra? It is not my purpose to repeat details which may be found in any guide-book, but to give my own impressions as day after day I wandered about these beautiful remains. Strange that in an age so remote the Moors should have shown tastes so refined, and habits as elegant as those of the most advanced nations of the present day. The delicately ornamented walls, the aromatic groves, the refreshing and enlivening sound of fountains and running water; the exquisite retired baths, bespeaking purity and refinement; the balconies and galleries open to the fresh mountain breezes, overlooking the loveliest scenery of the valley of the Darro and the magnificent expanse of the Vega—in fact, everything around excites admiration. It is impossible to wander through this delicious abode, and not feel surprise at the genius and the poetical spirit of those who first planned and constructed it.

At the time of our arrival the foliage of the trees was still tender and fresh. The pomegranate had not shed its brilliant crimson blossom, the orchards of the Xenil and the Darro were in full bloom, the rocks were covered with wild flowers, and Granada seemed completely surrounded by a wilderness of roses, among which innumerable nightingales sang. I think the sight that interested me the most after the Alhambra was the tombs of the conquerors of the Moors, Ferdinand and Isabella. I could not be satisfied with one visit, but I often rambled there by myself to contemplate Isabella's statue and moralise. It is still possible, notwithstanding the numerous revolutions and storms that have shaken nearly every nation, to gaze at the veritable coffins of Ferdinand and Isabella. No indignity has ever been offered to these royal coffins, no desecrating hand has sought to unveil their mysteries; there they lie, these coffins, rough, uncouth in shape, and singularly unornamented for the coffins of such magnificent sovereigns. The letter F. alone marks that of Ferdinand; and the vault where they rest is very small, and the door so low that I had every time to remember my head as I entered; but if one wishes to see their remains duly honoured, one must visit the Capilla de los Reyes, or Royal Chapel attached

to the cathedral, and visit it as often as I did; for its beauty, and the interest attaching to it, are both very great. The carved figures of the king and queen are most remarkable because they are the exact resemblance of them as they really were, not only their features,

likeness, it so entirely expresses the character of the woman and the queen.

The situation of Granada alone suffices to give it high rank among beautiful cities. It seems to rest upon its hills with a proud stateliness, overlooking the matchless



height, air, etc., but the very dress is known to be most accurate. The dominant wish of both—the expulsion of the Moors, and the bringing back the heathen to the true church—is displayed by carvings representing different scenes in the tragic history of that time. The giving of the key of the Alhambra by the unfortunate King Boabdil to the Cardinal Mendoza, is most curious, and appears as if it must have been a faithful representation of what occurred. But the splendid monuments of the Catholic sovereigns attracted me the most frequently; they are of the most beautiful alabaster, and on these sepulchres lie the figures of the king and queen side by side. Near them are the figures of Juana, their unfortunate daughter, and her handsome, utterly good for nothing husband. One feels that Isabella's statue must be a

Vega, or plain; snowy peaks towering aloft, present to the mind a perpetual idea of coolness, while they secure that luxurious supply of sparkling water which is a treasure beyond price in such a climate. Of the Generalife, the summer palace of the Moorish kings, but few traces remain to tell of former beauty and magnificence, only here and there a fragment telling of past glories. The cypresses are very picturesque and of immense age, and the view from the top of the hill on which the palace stood is lovely beyond description. The curious subterranean corn granaries which have been partly filled up, struck me very much, both at Granada and other places in Spain.

The beautiful Cuarto Real, formerly a Moorish residence, I visited more than once. I never wearied of gazing at those splendid bay-trees and myrtles, and

breathing the air scented with the perfume of the leaves. There is a good deal still preserved there. Some delicate white tiles I remember, with shining gold designs on them, which are unique, and some other rarely beautiful remains.

Here, as in other Spanish towns, the public walks are unrivalled in beauty. The walks, especially on the banks of that clear dancing river the Darro, are most delightful, with charming views on all sides. But what most delighted me in Granada, was the part of the town called Zaccatisi; it is the regular old Moorish quarter of the town; why it has been left so unmodernised, no one can tell. It is picturesque beyond any place I ever saw of the kind; the most curious portions of houses still remain in so tottering a condition, that it almost seems as if the strong stems of the vines that cover them held them together. And the inhabitants are as picturesque as their dwellings: here one sees a balcony thoroughly Moorish in character, there an Eastern arch, or a wall that is a picture in itself, perhaps a group of women crouched down by some fountain. The Xenil is a most lovely river; many a walk have I taken along its banks. Then another favourite haunt was the unrivalled fruit market. What a wonderful assemblage of the fruits of the earth! The different kinds of fruit were arranged with the utmost taste in booths shaped like tents. All the fruit was beautiful of its kind. What this market must be later on in the year, when more fruits are ripened, I really cannot imagine. All one's interest, all one's admiration almost, is so entirely given to the beauties of the Alhambra, during one's stay in Granada, that one is apt I believe to neglect many other objects worthy of attention; still I really think I have named the sights most likely to attract the attention of strangers.

PEEPS THROUGH LOOPHOLES AT MEN, MANNERS, AND CUSTOMS.

BY CUTHBERT BEDD.

"'Tis pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd."
COWPER.

NO. X.—CONCERNING COBBLERS.

I MAY not inaptly devote this October paper to a peep at the gentle craft, because the shoemakers claim October as their own special month. They form a truly large and important portion of the community. The last census showed that the members of the gentle craft throughout the United Kingdom were nearly 300,000 in number, more than 32,000 of whom belonged to the gentle sex; and the same census also established the fact that the greatest number in London of any class of workmen was attained by shoemakers, who headed the list of London trades with 33,481. In the various seats of the shoe manufacture, the gentle craft also takes the lead of other trades; and Sir Cusack Roney, in his recent work, "Rambles on Railways," even coins a word to express his contempt for "the shoddy shoeability," who kept the Birmingham railway a few miles distant from their metropolis of Northampton. That city was famous for its shoes from an early period, and was also the great mart for the "leather bottle." When King John was at Northampton, he gave one shilling for a pair of single-soled dress boots, and sixpence for a pair of slippers.* As the worth of money changed, it is

recorded that as much as seven shillings had to be paid at Northampton for the winter shoes of William of Blytherwyke, "fox hunter to Edward I," and his two assistants. Cromwell's army marched through Northampton to Leicester, in 1648, and being almost barefoot, were supplied by the citizens with 1,500 pairs of boots. The mud-boots for our Crimean soldiers also came from Northampton; and when Spencer Percival was member for the borough, he obtained Government contracts for the trade of the town, concerning which there is an old saying, "You may know when you are within a mile of Northampton by the smell of the leather and the noise of the lapstones." When the Queen passed through Northampton, in November, 1844, on her way to Burghley, the mayor presented to Prince Albert a pair of boots as a representation of the staple trade of the town. But when Queen Elizabeth passed through Northampton to Burghley, in 1564, it was considered politic to present her with a purse of 100 marks in place of shoes or slippers.

Shoemaking was one of the few manufactures in which, at the International Exhibition of 1862, the French confessed themselves to be surpassed by the English; although they limited this concession of superiority to men's shoes, and reserved to themselves the boast of making the best ladies' boots and shoes in the world. Dr. Johnson, who, in his Oxford student days, was too proud to attend lectures in his tattered shoes, said that "you might teach the making of shoes by lectures;" but it is taught experimentally at the Earlswood Asylum; and in the last report from that excellent institution, it is stated that among the various trades and pursuits that have been introduced for the benefit of the inmates, the one most sought after is that of shoemaking; but that although the sewing is well done, few of the afflicted patients can do the cutting-work that is required in the trade. Some, however, have already been enabled to earn their bread outside the asylum by their proficiency in the shoemaking trade that has been taught them during their residence within the walls of the institution. The trade has well deserved the name of the gentle craft in its soothing influence on the mentally afflicted patients at Earlswood. On the other hand, in a return issued at the Horse Guards, March, 1865, it was stated that the largest number of any trade who had enlisted into the army were shoemakers. They headed the roll of trades with the figures 3,279, of whom 1,297 continued to practise their trade after enlisting.

The shoemakers claim October as their own month, because October 25th is St. Crispin's day, and St. Crispin is the patron saint of the gentle craft. The anniversary of that day, some four and a-half centuries ago, was a famous day, not only to shoemakers, but to all England; for, on October 25th, 1415, was fought the battle of Agincourt. The speech that Shakspeare has put into King Henry's mouth on the eve of that battle, has connected it with St. Crispin's name in words that will live so long as the English language exists.

"This day is called the Feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a-tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will, yearly, on the vigil, feast his neighbours,
And say, 'To-morrow is Saint Crispian.'
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars,
And say, 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day.' . . .
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered;

* "Pro I pari botarum singularum, xijd.," etc. See the "Historical Memorials of Northampton," by the Rev. C. H. Hartshorne.

examined it through their glasses, and came to the conclusion that it was asleep; but the native guides assured them that it was not. To prove this, one of them fearlessly leaped on shore and approached the creature, when it glided off into the water, creating a commotion like that produced by the launch of a small vessel.

I bade farewell to William and my friends of the *Phœbe*, not without some sadness at my heart. In those times of active warfare it might be we should never meet again. Of my soldier brother I got but a hurried glimpse before he embarked on an expedition which was sent to capture Sourabaya, at the other end of the island. A few words of greeting, and inquiries and remarks, a warm long grasp of hands, and we parted. Directly I stepped on board *Van Deck's* brig, the *Theodora*, the anchor was weighed, and we stood out of the harbour with a strong land breeze. The easterly monsoon which prevailed was in our teeth, so that we were only able to progress by taking advantage of the land and sea breezes. The land breeze commenced about midnight, and as it blew directly from the shore, we were able to steer our course the greater part of the night; but after sunrise the wind always drew round to the eastward, and we were consequently forced off the shore. The anchor was then dropped till towards noon, when the sea breeze set in. Again we weighed, and stood towards the shore, as near as possible to which we anchored, and waited for the land breeze at night.

We had thus slowly proceeded for three or four days, having called off two estates for cargo, when, as we lay at anchor, a fleet of five or six prahus were seen standing towards us with the sea breeze, which had not yet filled our sails. *Van Deck*, after examining them through his glass, said that he did not at all like their appearance, and that he feared they intended us no good. On they came, still directly for us. We got up all the arms on deck and distributed them to the crew, who, to the number of thirty, promised to fight to the last. Then we weighed anchor and made sail, ready for the breeze. It came at last, but not till the prahus were close up to us. Under sail we were more likely to beat them off than at anchor. They soon swarmed round us, but their courage was damped by the sight of our muskets and guns. Of their character, however, we had not a shadow of doubt. After a short time of most painful suspense to us they lowered their sails and allowed us to sail on towards the shore. Here we anchored, as usual, to wait for the land breeze. Had there been a harbour, we would gladly have taken shelter within it, for the merchant, the elder *Van Deck*, said that he knew the pirates too well, and that they might still be waiting for an opportunity to attack us. There was, however, no harbour, and so we had to wait in our exposed situation, in the full belief that the pirates were still in the offing, and might any moment pounce down upon us. The *Van Decks* agreed that we might beat them off, but that if they should gain the upper hand, they would murder every one on board the vessel. "We might abandon the vessel, and so escape any risk," observed the merchant—not in a tone as if he intended to do so. "You, at all events, Mr. Braithwaite, can be landed, and you can easily get back to *Batavia*." Against this proposal of course my manhood rebelled, though I had a presentiment, if I may use the expression, that we should be attacked. "No, no! I will stay by you and share your fate, whatever that may be," I replied. Night came on, and darkness hid all distant objects from view.

We were in the handsome, well-fitted-up cabin, en-

joying our evening meal, when the mate, a Javanese, put his head down the skylight and said some words in his native tongue, which made the Dutchmen start from their seats, and seizing their pistols and swords, rush on deck. I had no difficulty, when I followed them, in interpreting what had been said. The pirate prahus were close upon us.

A LADY'S JOURNEY THROUGH SPAIN.

CHAPTER VI.—THE SIERRA NEVADA.

BEFORE leaving Granada, I should give a short account of some excursions we made in the neighbourhood. We went to the *Soto de Roma*, about nine miles from the city, an estate which in old times belonged to the kings of Granada, and was frequently bestowed on court favourites. After the victory of Salamanca, the Cortes granted the estate to "our duke, who held it, as it is called, in fee simple and unentailed." It contains between 4,000 and 5,000 acres. The small village of *Roma* lies on the banks of the *Xenil*. The town of *Santa Fé*, built by Ferdinand and Isabella during the long siege of Granada, is easily visited on one's return to the town; it is only curious from its associations, as it is in a most dilapidated state; but the capitulation of Granada was actually signed there, and it is also interesting in no common degree as the spot from whence Columbus set forth on his voyage of discovery.

Our next excursion was the ascent of the *Sierra Nevada*. We started soon after daylight. To those used to mountain expeditions there is no difficulty worth speaking of, not even for ladies. We had good strong mules, which we preferred, but horses may be had for those who like them. There is a very practicable way nearly to the summit, formed entirely by those who go every day at nightfall to procure snow for the consumption of Granada; their mules have made a regular track. The people employed in this work are called "Neveros," and the cavalcade is a very picturesque sight as it winds down the narrow path, each mule with its heavy load of snow, and the Neveros in their singular dress, looking well suited to the scene and the employment. We had very good intelligent guides, one to each mule; I never allowed mine to wander far from my bridle-rein, only far enough to procure me some of the numerous beautiful wild flowers growing all around. One halt we made at what is called the *Piedras de San Francisco* (the rocks of Saint Francis). The dark gloomy masses show strongly on the brilliant white of the *Sierra*. We then came upon the vast snow pits that bear so different an aspect when seen from below, looking hardly bigger than white spots on the mountain side, but in reality they are wide extended snow fields that never wholly disappear, not even in the most glowing summer heat. We had taken with us every sort of protection against the cold that either our own ingenuity or the kindness of friends could suggest, for we intended passing the night on the mountain in order to witness the sunrise from the summit. Not only were we provided with outward wraps, but with inward restoratives; and the night was most glorious. We had started so early that we had much time at our disposal after we reached the stone edifice built as a refuge for travellers, but there was so much to amuse us as we rambled about, so many lovely, or rather grand peeps of scenery to see, such curious stones to be picked up, such wild legends to listen to told by the guides, that we could hardly believe our eyes when watches were produced and we found the

time for our evening meal had arrived. Words would fail to give any description of the glory of a starlight night on the mountain.

Our guides took care to rouse us in good time, that we might get to the summit before the sun was up. They had made a blazing wood fire in order to warm us, and that we might enjoy some scalding hot coffee before our start; and very picturesque the fire looked in the dim light, as we turned back to take a last look at our bivouac. We rode as far as we could, and then leaving the mules we started for the final walk that was to bring us to the summit; it was very steep, but we did not mind it, and the morning promised to be glorious beyond description. At last a loud shout of rejoicing from all the guides told us the welcome news that the goal was reached, and we threw ourselves down on the cloaks spread for us to recover breath and strength before we gazed on all the wonders around. The sun was just showing his bright crimson and gold rays, colouring everything with gorgeous hues. We stood on a small platform as it were, with a deep abyss immediately below us; volumes of mist still rolled all over the lower valleys; the beautiful blue sea lay on one side, with a dim horizon line beyond it; rocky peaks, mountain summits, were below and around. Little by little the golden light ascended, and the eye grew more accustomed to the scene. It was a wonderful panorama indeed!

Another pleasant ride took us to the spot bearing the melancholy name of "El Ultimo Suspiro del Moro." It was on that very spot, as history tells us, that Boabdil turned to take a last lingering farewell look at his beautiful city.

CHAPTER VII.—TO MALAGA.

At length the day came when beautiful Granada must be left behind. Many and many a time we called a halt in the cavalcade that we might take yet one more look at the Vega spread out like a verdant carpet, and at the glorious Sierra Nevada glistening in all its snowy beauty, for we started at that early hour, when, if the sky is clear and free from mists, the summits stand out against the blue sky as though carved in ivory. Last looks must be taken by others besides King Boabdil, and so finally, with sincere regret, we turned our faces and our thoughts towards our onward journey. We were to ride from Granada to Malaga, and thence proceed to Seville, and with so much enjoyment in prospect we had not time to dwell upon our regrets for past pleasures. Most delightful our journey proved.

We rode horses, and found them altogether less fatiguing than mules, whose paces are decidedly trying. Anything more wretched than the village of Caini, situated nearly at the lowest point of a funnel-like ravine or gorge, I never saw; perhaps it struck us more from the contrast it presented to the scenes we had just left. Then we passed the mineral baths of Alhama. As usual, the Moorish bath is far the best, and very picturesque; the water must be very hot, for clouds of vapour rose up from it. These baths are considered very efficacious in cases of rheumatism. We reached Alhama about four o'clock in the afternoon. Its situation is striking, and the artist might fill his portfolio with sketches taken from different points of view. Houses seem to be perched on the very edge of precipitous cliffs; their gardens look as if suspended in mid-air; the vines cover every trellis, climb here, there, and everywhere; and far down below the foaming river, the Marchan, boils in agitated tumult, forming nume-

rous cascades, and supplying water for the different mills.

Beyond Alhama the mountains are sterile and gloomy, but they have an air of wild grandeur that served to enhance our view the next morning of Vinnela, a small town or village lying in the very lap of plenty. In that rich summer season the abundance of produce of all sorts was astonishing.

As we rode on, and came in sight of Velez Malaga, we really were unable to express the extent of our admiration and delight. On a steep rock are the remains of an old Moorish castle, with the town clustered about it; spires, and convents, and towers, all in a picturesque confusion. The streams of water rushing down the sides of the mountains have brought in their course rich moist soil to fertilise the beautiful valleys of Velez; and the extraordinary luxuriance caused by the plentiful moisture, joined with the burning sun of that country, is almost incredible. Nothing can exceed the beauty of Velez Malaga with its vine-clad mountains, the lovely blue sea, and the enchanting climate to give added delights to all this beauty. Truly it may be said to be a land of oil and honey, for the honey made in the neighbourhood is most delicious, and it is exported in large quantities, while much is used in the preparation of various delicate confections. There are all the advantages of tropical climates, but none of the terrible scourges that usually accompany them. We see the tall stately palm-tree, but no scorching sandy desert; here the sugar-cane, which was brought to Spain in the days of the Carthaginians, flourishes in perfection, and yet our feelings are not distressed by the thoughts of the slave labour employed in the cultivation. So delightful did we think Velez Malaga, that, contrary to our intention, we lingered on day after day. Summer was in all its glory, for the heat had not lasted long enough to burn up its verdure. The sea breezes, too, were most invigorating, not to mention the delightful sea-bathing. The nights we spent in the midst of these scenes are never to be forgotten. The air was softer, warmer, purer, than any I have ever felt even in Madeira, where I spent a winter.

We were anxious to reach Seville before the burning August heats came on, so the orders were given and we were once more on our way. We soon found we had only passed on from one spot of exquisite beauty to another in every way equal to it. Malaga is between soft sloping hills and the bright waters of the Mediterranean. The climate is thought to be more salubrious than any other that Europe can boast of, and I can easily believe it from all I heard during our stay. Rain is almost unknown, and yet there is no burning heat, owing to the sea breezes, and the temperature in winter at the lowest is 50°.

The province of Malaga, of which this beautiful city is the capital, is without doubt the richest in Spain. The most valuable metals, the most rare and beautiful marbles abound in the hills that surround it; its floral treasures are varied and abundant. Sugar, cocoa, coffee, cotton, all are cultivated with great success; and the situation of the city on the bay gives every advantage for exporting all the varied produce of the land. Its fame as a trading port was well known to the Phœnicians, and for more than 3,000 years has it retained its commercial existence. It has from times of the most remote antiquity been the chosen residence of some of the merchant princes of different nations, and it is most interesting during a stay there to trace back its history. There is a curious custom, a remnant of old times: the great bell of the cathedral tolls three times on the 18th

of August every year at three in the afternoon, in commemoration of the terrible siege that was laid to the town by Ferdinand in 1487. On that day it surrendered, upon good terms as they were considered; but Ferdinand, with his usual faithlessness and treachery where the Moors were concerned, broke every promise he had made, and the success of the Christian army was celebrated by every sort of horror. Yet the sufferings of the Moors were quite equalled in later days, when the town was sacked by the French troops.

The ladies at Malaga are charming. We made acquaintance with some very agreeable families, and generally spent our evenings in the midst of a most delightful society. There is great beauty amongst the Malagenas; they are most attractive, gay at times, and full of sprightly and piquant ideas, while at other times their mood changes, and they display all the fascinating languor and grace of the Orientals. When they heard it mentioned incidentally that I kept a journal, and described all I saw and heard with a view to its publication, their intense eagerness to know in what terms I had spoken of them was very amusing, and it was all displayed with a *naïveté* that gave it a great charm in our eyes. Their kindness and courteous hospitality during our stay will not easily be forgotten.

An extensive trade is carried on at Malaga in dried fruit, especially raisins. The kind of grape that is cultivated to be dried, is called the *Una Larga* (or large egg grape). They are sent to foreign parts in jars of a shape similar to those found in Pompeii. The manner of preparing them is by cutting the stalk partly through, and leaving them hanging in the sun. A million boxes or jars are exported every year. The Malaga sweet wines are also very celebrated; they are called muscatel wines. The sea air is supposed to be highly beneficial to the vines; they cover the hills sloping down to the sea for leagues and leagues around Malaga.

THE MIDNIGHT SKY AT LONDON.

OCTOBER.

BY EDWIN DUNKIN, F.R.A.S., ROYAL OBSERVATORY.

PERHAPS one of our first practical lessons in sidereal astronomy consists in noticing that peculiar apparent motion in stellar objects, so evident on a brilliant star-light night in winter, known as the twinkling or scintillation of the stars. This phenomenon, with which most of our readers have been acquainted from early youth, by the nursery rhyme, "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," has occupied the attention of scientific men for a long period, among others, Aristotle, Ptolemy, Tycho Brahé, Galileo, Kepler, Hooke, Newton, Young, and Arago. To the unassisted eye, it consists of very rapid changes in the intensity of the lustre of the stars. These changes are also frequently accompanied by corresponding variations in colour, observations of which have been recorded by more than one astronomer. Forster, in 1824, not only noticed the variability of colour, but he endeavoured to obtain an idea of the law by which the changes took place.

One of the popular notions by which we distinguish a planet, consists in the comparative absence of any scintillation of its light, which consequently shines with a much more steady lustre than that of the fixed stars. But twinkling is not always a sure distinction between the light of the fixed stars and planets, for, in certain conditions of the atmosphere, the latter have been known to scintillate more or less, and the phenomenon is also much more observable in the fixed stars on some nights

than on others. Many writers have given explanations of the cause of twinkling, each differing in some respects from the others, and even at the present time differences of opinion exist. Some have accounted for the phenomenon by the undulatory theory of light, by which the direct rays from the star reach the eye at regular and successive intervals of time, causing the object alternately to appear and disappear. But M. Arago considered that the scintillation of the stars is nothing more than a rapid change in their intensity and colour originating in our atmosphere, in which the progress of the stellar rays is interfered with by the unequal heating, density, or humidity of the different strata. The principal cause of the scintillation may be supposed to arise, therefore, from the unequal refraction, or bending, of the rays of light as they pass through aerial currents of different temperatures and densities. That this is so, is evident from the variability of stellar twinkling depending on the distance of the stars from the horizon. For example, it is generally much more visible in stars at a low altitude, where the density of the atmosphere is always the greatest, while its minimum effect exists in the zenith, where the least density prevails. This law of twinkling, according to the altitude of the object, is not, however, universal, for several of the principal fixed stars, on account of the nature and peculiarity of their own light, vary considerably in the intensity of their scintillations independently of their position in the heavens. Procyon and Arcturus are known to twinkle much less than Vega, the brilliant bluish-white star in Lyra. Kaemtz states that "planets scintillate less than stars, because as the latter appear to us as points, the least displacement, were it only a few seconds, would be sensible to our eye. The planets having a visible disk, it is more difficult to appreciate their apparent change in volume; however, through telescopes we frequently see the edges scintillate, especially if they are near the horizon." Aristotle curiously explained the phenomenon as the result of a mere strain of the eye, for he says "the fixed stars sparkle, but not the planets; for the latter are so near, that the eye is able to reach them; but in looking at the fixed stars the eye acquires a tremulous motion owing to the distance and the effort." M. Wolf, Astronomer at the Imperial Observatory of Paris, has lately made some observations of the spectra of the stars at a time when the scintillation appeared very great. He has noticed on these occasions several series of broad bands pass from one end of the continuous spectrum to the other, which apparently confirms the changing colour of the stars, according to the theory of M. Arago.

M. Dufour, who made an extensive series of observations on stellar twinkling at Morges, Switzerland, has found that the phenomenon varies frequently from one day to another. But it increases or diminishes proportionally for all the stars, excepting those near the horizon, where the twinkling is always large. It has also been observed to increase during the time of twilight, and when clouds are in the sky driven rapidly before the wind. During those nights in which the scintillation was very marked, M. Dufour noticed that the stars in all directions, including the zenith, were affected; but on nights when the phenomenon was less decided, all the zenithal objects shone steadily. In tropical countries, scintillation is but seldom observed in stars at a high elevation above the horizon, and then only to a very limited extent. Humboldt remarks that in Peru stars scintillate when near the horizon, but not at more than twenty degrees above it. Garcin, in a letter to M. Reaumur, published in the "Histoire de

would become when he came to spend the evening amongst his comrades, with whom it is a point of honour to enumerate for the common weal all the good things they have dropped in for during the day. Within twenty-four hours of receiving the honour of Mr. O'Reilley's visit, some six or seven applicants favoured me with a call; but as I sent them away empty, the stream subsided almost as suddenly as it had risen.

With one word more of caution, the result of dear-bought experience, I conclude this paper. Never parley with a tramp; let the direct inquiry, "Are you a Fairmead man?"—which admits of only one answer, yes or no—begin and end the interview. If he says Yes, then you ask, "Where do you live?" Having been satisfied on this head, you can reply, "Very well, I will call upon you at your house;" and in the meanwhile you have full leisure to investigate the circumstances. But if the answer be No, then you decline to say anything more. But be sure that you are firm. You are certain to be outwitted if you stay and listen to a single sentence. Your opponent has carefully studied his part, and has perfected it by a thousand rehearsals. You think, it may be, that you detect a flaw in his plausible story, and you are down upon him in a moment with the most impolitic impetuosity. But he has an explanation at hand which entirely disposes of your anticipated advantage. And then follows the natural termination of the interview, upon which he has quietly counted from the commencement; you hand him over a gratuity in order to get rid of him.

Every one who parleys with a professional beggar courts defeat. A friend of mine told me the other day, that his practice is to hand over to the vagrant who presents himself at his door, what he called a "regulation penny." "I never listen," he explained, "to what they have to say. I give them a penny, and tell them that if they get as much at every house they will do well." I ought to add, that my friend is not much troubled by these gentry, but still, I would venture to suggest that it is a wrong principle. It does something, although it does not do much, towards maintaining a bad system. It overlooks the important rule, that our charity ought to be bestowed where we have strong reasons for believing that it is being well bestowed. It may be convenient to rid oneself of a nuisance on such easy terms, but it does not satisfy our ideas of duty. In the same manner, people have said to me, "We never give money, we always give victuals at the door." They do not know what a trade is carried on in these self-same victuals. Lodging-house keepers' pigs are amongst the fattest in the land; and no wonder, for they live upon the choicest food, such as no nobleman would dream of throwing to his swine. You imagine that you are mercifully feeding the hungry when you dispense to some famishing applicant a few slices of good white bread with butter spread upon it, or a piece of meat or bacon to make it more palatable; but you are not aware that your mendicant carries a wallet, and that the "swag" he may chance to collect in his day's rounds has its fixed price with the lodging-house keeper, and finds its way to the pig-tub in return for something warm and savoury for supper.

"What have you got there, my man?" said our superintendent the other evening to an ultra-economical tramp who applied for a night's lodging at the vagrant ward with a large bag well filled with broken victuals,—"What have you got there?"

"Only some bread and meat," was the reply.

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Eat it, to be sure; what else should I do with it?"

"Nay, my lad, that story won't do here. We don't find lodging for such as you when you've enough to pay for a bed and breakfast into the bargain."

This question—how to deal with vagrants—is a very important one. I have endeavoured to show that the recipients of our indiscriminate charity are demoralised by the alms we bestow. They trade upon the indisposition of the public to refuse them assistance; when they can, they contrive to get a hearing. This drives them to all kinds of shifts and expedients to excite compassion. It is the business of their life, therefore, to study and to practise deception. They are utterly careless of truth, if a falsehood will serve their purpose better. A person representing himself as author of well-known writings, lived for many weeks this year in London by calling on clergymen, editors, literary men, and others, with a false tale of woe. He had lost his purse, and wanted enough to convey himself and a sick sister to Huntingdon. He always paid his visit late in the evening, when "offices and houses of business (where he could have got the money) were closed." The chances of being found out are small, the gains of a well-sustained imposture are large. And yet the public are successfully imposed upon, because each man fears that he might possibly be turning a deaf ear and giving a hard-hearted denial to some case of genuine distress. The long and the short of the matter is this, we are victimised because conscience is not satisfied that we have done our duty towards the poor and needy. The remedy, therefore, is evident. Ascertain what you can and ought to give for the relief of the necessities of others. Distribute personally what you are able, and dispense through recognised channels what you cannot personally administer. And then with a clear conscience you can say to all whom it may concern, "No, I have nothing for you, I have already given as much as I can afford."

Whatever the Legislature may find it necessary to enact to cope with this gigantic evil, as it presses itself upon the attention in large towns, it is a good and wholesome principle never to give one penny to any member of the flying column of idle vagrants, ever ranging the country and living upon its resources, whilst truer, better, and more responsible folk are pining in the cold shade of our neglect.

A LADY'S JOURNEY THROUGH SPAIN.

CHAPTER VIII.—RONDA.

WE were much divided in opinion as to our onward progress. We were all agreed that we wished to arrive at Seville before the end of July. Our stay at Granada had been longer than we intended, and we had continued to linger on our way, both at Velez Malaga and at Malaga, till the month was farther advanced already than we wished. Still we could not have enjoyed ourselves more entirely than we had done hitherto, and we certainly were not hampered as to time for our further proceedings. So we determined not to be annoyed if we reached Seville later than at first intended; and forthwith resolved not to forego a short expedition from which we promised ourselves much enjoyment, namely, the ride from Malaga to Ronda, and thence to Gibraltar. We were assured that if we took provisions with us we should find no difficulties worth speaking of; and that by starting at daybreak, resting during the great heat of the day and then going on again in the beautiful nights, we should avoid any inconvenience.

I was fortunate enough to be a very fair Spanish

scholar when I started; and certainly a great deal of enjoyment I obtained from the curious narratives with which our muleteers would beguile the way during some of our long mountain rides. Their endurance of fatigue is a characteristic of these men; they never seem to think of themselves, and they show a sort of chivalrous regard for the comfort of the ladies of the party. They are popularly called *Arrieros*. Their dress is very picturesque. Many of them in former times were known to have saved a great deal of money, and they were much sought after as husbands by the fair ones they met on their different journeys. They were not always supposed to be patterns of constancy, but the roving life they led rather threw temptation in their way; and here a sprightly Andalusian, there a Maja in her fanciful costume, or perhaps some beauty of Malaga, full of soft bewitching grace, would lay dangerous siege to the affections of the hapless muleteer. If, in spite of all these blandishments, he remained true to his first love, some Spanish peasant girl in his native village, he might be deemed worthy of all praise.

We made a long day from Malaga to Ronda, as there is literally no place where it would be possible for ladies to spend the night between the two places. The road leads through the beautiful and extensive plain surrounding Malaga, previous to entering upon the wild mountain defiles that succeed each other the greater part of the way to Ronda. The hamlets are as savage and gloomy in their aspect as the scenes that surround them; and for the first time since we entered Spain the weather was not as propitious as usual. We had heavy storms of rain, and we were glad to wrap ourselves up in all the warm garments we had at hand, for the mountain air during these storms seemed to pierce through and through one. Still we did not quarrel with the change, for we were compensated by the grand effect of mingled storm and mist and sunshine on the wild and stupendous scenery around us. The people of these mountains are the finest that we saw in Spain, and the contrabandista of Ronda is the beau ideal of a roving mountaineer. The stories related of their prowess, their daring, their clever stratagems, and their numerous smuggling adventures, are endless; many I wrote down at the time, so much was I struck by them.

The approach to Ronda is most striking. It stands on a steep rock, with a rapid river washing the base of it, and the road up to it is so steep that I should have been very unwilling to have attempted it in a carriage of any sort. Our sure-footed steeds made no difficulty about it, and a succession of fine views delighted us during the ascent. It is a curious place, both as to situation and as to its population; it was, some little time ago, the head-quarters of the contrabandistas. Even now the inhabitants consist largely of smugglers, young men in training for the bull fights, and the mountaineers of the district of Ronda; and it may be some characters not quite so respectable resort thither. There is a curious abyss between what is called the old and the new town. The Guadalvin (or deep stream) is the name of the river encircling the town. The old Moorish castle and the Moorish mills low down in the valley are very picturesque. Nothing I have seen is more striking than the bridge which crosses the chasm, as seen from these mills; it seems as if it was suspended in the clouds, the elevation is so great, between six and seven hundred feet above one; and the beautiful river emerging into light and sunshine from the rocky defiles it has struggled through, looks like burnished gold in the dazzling light, as it falls down

from rock to rock before it reaches the valley. It was a glorious scene, and in picturesque and beautiful Moorish remains altogether more striking than any spot I visited during my stay in Spain.

One perfect gem of a Moorish house is situated in the Calle San Pedro. A ghastly legend is related in connection with it. It is stated that it belonged to El Rey Moro Al Motadhed (the Moorish King Motadhed), who drank his sherbet or iced drinks out of cups formed of the skulls of those whom he had himself beheaded. It is said that these horrible goblets were adorned with costly gems and with rubies and emeralds; and that diamonds glittered in the empty sockets where formerly dark eyes might have flashed, and that pearls were arrayed side by side in mockery of the teeth once there.

Ronda is better worth seeing than many places of far greater celebrity. There are very fairly comfortable inns there: indeed we were so well satisfied, and found so much to engage our attention, that we prolonged our stay for four days, and would willingly have lingered on, but for the reasons already given. The peasant girls at Ronda put one greatly in mind of Murillo's pictures; they have the sunny brightness of complexion in which he delighted, the bright colour, the splendid black hair with a sheen on it, the laughing black eyes, and the same roundness of form, with the well-shaped hands and feet. The mountain breezes at Ronda prevent all enervating effect from the heat, and it is reckoned very healthy. They have a proverb to this effect: "En Ronda los hombres à ochenta son pollones" (At Ronda old men of eighty are but chickens). The people are devoted to their bull fights, and there is a very fine arena for these spectacles, probably unrivalled as to its situation; it is near the edge of the precipitous rock, and commands the whole beautiful view of the abyss below, the rocks, and mountains, and valleys. The fruits and flowers are plentiful and most delightful, and the Alameda is one tangled mass of the most beautiful roses. We were too late to see the fair, when Ronda puts forth all her attractions, and Spanish peasants and Spaniards of the middle classes flock thither from all the neighbouring parts. We decided to let our horses remain at Ronda, and we hired some excellent horses of the country, small but very strong and active, for our ride to Gibraltar. We had already tried them in different most delightful excursions from Ronda which I have not time to dwell upon.

Our object was simply the ride, for we had all seen Gibraltar thoroughly many years ago, but we were told that the whole aspect of the towns and villages on the route, even to their very names, were more entirely Moorish than any other district we had seen. Most certainly the peasantry are far more Eastern in their aspect than European, and the situations chosen for the villages reminded me forcibly of what I had seen in the East, where they erect their abodes frequently on inaccessible rocks all clustered together in an incredibly small space. I could indeed have fancied, when such names as Benarraba, Benadad, and Bendalida sounded in my ears, that I had suddenly been transported to the East; but the industry the peasants show in cultivating every available spot of ground on the mountain sides is like anything but Eastern indolence. We made two days of the ride, sleeping the first night at Gaucin. Here, as usual, there is a castle with a splendid view from it. The descent, the following day on leaving Gaucin, was really tremendous; it is a descent down an apparently impassable wall of rocks which form a barrier as it were to Granada. I do not know that my

nerves were ever more severely tried, though the horses are so surefooted that one rarely hears of accidents, and it is only the aspect of the awful precipice that is | refreshed our sight. The sight of some lonely shepherds armed with slings similar to the one used by David in his combat with Goliath, brought curious associations



RONDA.

alarming. It is the grandest part of these mountain defiles, and most lovely it is to pass from this chaotic mass of the most rugged and magnificent mountains into a very Garden of Eden. Orange groves growing along the banks of the Guadayo—oleanders, with their gorgeous crimson flowers glowing in the richest profusion—and, as we advanced towards San Roque, after crossing the picturesque ferry of the Xenar, the most luxuriant woods of chesnut-trees and cork-trees re-

to our minds, and carried us far back to other times. The Spanish shepherds use these slings in the management of their flocks.

San Roque, as my readers are aware, is the Spanish town that was built by the Spaniards after their loss of Gibraltar. It was a singular way of seeking to compensate themselves, making a settlement actually within sight of the conquered fortress, so that their loss must have been for ever before them. We did

not wish to enter Gibraltar, so we took up our quarters at Macre's Hotel, where we really fared very well, and the rest after our fatiguing ride was most agreeable. We had English friends at Gibraltar, who kindly came to us at San Roque, and we had been so long banished from English newspapers and English friends, that the time passed only too rapidly in the enjoyment they provided for us.

We were to complete our riding tour by riding to Xerez, whence the distance was but trifling to Seville. The valley of the Guadayvo is delightful; thick groves of walnut and chesnut, and extensive orchards of almond-trees, extend everywhere. A most striking sight greeted us on our way, which made a deep impression on some of the party. I have already alluded to the wayside crosses often erected in commemoration of some fearful deed perpetrated on the spot, and I spoke of the deeply tragic character these memorials gave to the scene where they were placed, but I leave my readers to imagine what must have been our feelings when we came in sight of eight of these memorial crosses all clustered in a very small space. Our guides had taken care to tell us that the defile we were entering was a most notorious resort of robbers, and that not so very long ago; but the band had been broken up and the chief executed for a most fearful murder committed on an unfortunate old man and his daughter, wealthy people travelling without sufficient precautions, and it was supposed with a large sum of money, but that never was heard of again. These dreary crosses, looking dark and ominous, seemed to threaten the passer-by with some fearful doom, stretching out their long arms in different directions, as many of them were placed at right angles with each other. These crosses each bear the name of the person who was murdered on that spot, with the date; and it is the custom with the Spaniards when they come within sight of these crosses to halt and offer up prayers for the repose of the victim cut off in so fearful a manner. They make upon the passing traveller an unpleasant impression; but the succession of striking scenes after a time brought brighter and pleasanter thoughts. Nothing can be more mountainous than the route, and often and often we regretted that none of our party were able to carry away sketches: as far as the landscape was concerned, it would have required the genius of Salvator Rosa to do justice to its grandeur and magnificence; but most effective drawings might have been made of many of the women that we saw. Anything more strange and weird than their looks I have never seen; the very sight of civilised human beings, especially ladies, seemed so strange to them, that when we halted they clustered round the horses, coming as near as our guides would allow, and gazing at us with their glittering eyes. Their hair all flowed in tangled locks about their heads, their dress was the oddest mixture of bright colours and strange hues that ever were brought together. They were not so much Eastern as thoroughly African in their appearance, and I could imagine many of them being quite ready to aid brothers or husbands in any daring exploit whatsoever. The pass over the mountain, called San Cristobal, is very steep and lofty, and rarely free from snow on the summit.

We were quite glad after our fatigues and the excitement we had experienced, to find ourselves at the tidy little posada, or inn, where we intended to pass the night, and thought with increasing pleasure of our near approach to Seville. The following day the scenery changed completely. We came to a smiling luxuriant district, where fruits, flowers, and verdure vied with

each other in displaying their varied beauties, bright rivers refreshed the thirsty earth and watered the lovely gardens with their welcome streams of ice cold water! Pine woods afforded most delicious shade and coolness, and presently we reached Arcos, situated, as are all these mountain towns or villages, on almost inaccessible heights. The awful precipice that skirted the road nearly took one's breath away, and would have caused even greater fright but for the diversion of the Andalusian costumes here seen in all their graceful beauty—the veritable Majos and Majas; each peasant, male and female, forming a striking object from the singular national costume that they wear. We had, from this strange spot, a farewell and most magnificent view of the Ronda mountains. A short rest and then we made the best of our way to Xerez.

THE ORDNANCE SURVEY.

SURVEYS, in the land valuator's sense of the term, are no new things. Doomsday book was a record of land, describing with minute accuracy the plots, their value, tenure, crops, and stock. Nor are surveys, in the astronomer's or geographer's sense, marvels, the ancients having left us charts and maps of no mean value. But with the advance of science, settlement, and the arts, refinements became necessary; even the surveys of a few years ago have been deemed insufficient for the requirements of the present day.

Thus it is that the Ordnance Survey has grown into its present form. Its history we would now outline. The immediate origin of the Ordnance Survey may be traced to the desire, in 1783, of connecting the observatories of Paris and Greenwich. In the following year General Roy, R.E., measured a base, and commenced that triangulation which has since extended over the United Kingdom.

On the accuracy of a base of any survey depends that of the whole work, so that the utmost niceties are resorted to in its measurement, and as a check upon even that base, it is usual to measure other bases at remote distances, and connect them for comparison by a series of triangles. The first base measured in England was that on Hounslow Heath in 1784. For this were tried at first steel chains, then deal rods, twenty-three feet three inches long, tipped with metal, but the hygro-metric changes of the atmosphere were found to affect this length sometimes to the extent of one-fifteenth of an inch, which would have made a difference of more than seven feet in the whole length of the five-and-a-half mile base, fatal to the accuracy aimed at. Glass rods were next used with great improvement. Their result against that of the steel chain showed only a small difference.

The operation of measuring this base was watched by the president of the Royal Society, and by many of the leading men of the day, and honoured upon one occasion by the presence of his Majesty George III. Other bases were measured about the same time, including one on Salisbury Plain in 1794.

About 1828 a vast improvement was introduced into measuring apparatus: compensation bars were invented. These are not easy to describe without drawings, but it may be mentioned that, by a self-adjusting process, they avoid showing any variations in length from change of temperature. With these compensation bars a new base, ten miles long, was measured near Lough Foyle, in the north of Ireland, in 1848. These tests upon previous work are as satisfactory as they are instructive.

being so slender, and my health so uncertain, as to render even this trifling sum important to me in my present situation.

*Pray excuse my pardon
in applying to you, I believe
me, my dear Sir, with every
good wish,
Your obliged friend & servant
M. R. Mitford*

Three Mile Cross, near Reading,

July 4th, 1843.

Of course, if I do not speedily receive this money, I must make the matter known in other quarters less friendly.

Poor Schloss, whom I introduced to Miss Mitford at his request (when L. E. L. could no more give him her aid, which she had bestowed gratuitously), was a slow German, and had not appeared to time. I appealed to him, and he made amends. But his curious little almanack, about the size of a folio thumb-nail, did not latterly much profit the projector, whose fussiness about it was a trouble not small like itself, nor like Miss Mitford's notes in her correspondence, which were all written upon sheets (shall I call them) of letter-paper, four and a half by three and a half inches in length and breadth! And these were filled to the utmost, beginning at top, and ending in so crowded a conglomeration of words that the conclusion and signature were most difficult to decipher—her orthography throughout being (besides) rather a conventional formation of the letters than clearly legible. The above specimen is a favourable one.

Towards the end, after death had removed all her anxieties about her beloved father, the narrowness of means was so mitigated as never to be felt when limited to herself alone; but she suffered much from increasing ill-health and infirmities, and was brought to the condition which cannot be described in language more touching to the human heart than in this, our last letter.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—You would hardly believe that our good friend in Cheapside wholly overlooked the article in the "Illustrated London News," and that I have only just seen it from a neighbour. He has, I believe, from the extracts in the advertisements, overlooked others in the same way. Well, let me talk of the article. It is so kind and so good that but for a little confusion of dates in the earlier paragraphs, I should certainly take it for yours; and the latter part I think certainly is—and so different from those feminine misdoings which I think you do not quite forgive my rating at their just value. Thank you a thousand times for all your kindness. I have had a most affectionate letter from my dear old friend, Dean Milman, who is now in Cornwall on his autumnal progress, this year to the Land's End, and will not get the books until he returns to St. Paul's. But as Arthur Stanley (one of the props of the "Quarterly") and Hugh Pearson have taken the Dramatic Works as their English book into Switzerland, there are good hopes that he may do it. They return the sooner (in three weeks) that my beloved friend may have a chance of seeing me once more—indeed he was most unwilling to go. I wish you had seen Hugh Pearson. He is exactly a younger Dr. Arnold, and has been to me spiritually a comfort such as none can conceive, such as none can be who is not full of tenderness and charity. I went to him for advice and consolation, and I found it (*sic*). I have always felt that his visitation was the great mercy of a most gracious God to draw me to himself. May he give me grace not to neglect the opportunity! Pray for me, my dear friends. We are of different forms, but surely of

one religion—that which is found between the two covers of the Gospel. I have read the whole thrice through during the last few weeks, and it seems to me, speaking merely intellectually, more easy to believe than to disbelieve; but still I am subject to wandering thoughts—flattering thoughts. I cannot realise ever that which I believe. Pray for me that my faith be quickened and made more steadfast. You will understand how entire is my friendship for you and my reliance upon yours when you read these last few lines. Mr. Pearson staid over Monday that he might administer the sacrament to me. I and one of my oldest and kindest friends, a daughter of Sir Mathew Wood, received it with us, although a nephew of her husband's had died that morning.

I go on gradually but steadily declining. All depends, humanly speaking, on nourishment.

Did I tell you of Appleton's application for my agency? God bless you!

Ever yours,

M. R. MITFORD.

A LADY'S JOURNEY THROUGH SPAIN.

CHAPTER IX.—XEREZ AND SEVILLE.

XEREZ I dare say my readers will recognise as the place whence comes the wine so universally known and drunk, namely, sherry. The name of the town in Moorish days was Sherish Philistin, and hence comes the name of the wine. Truly vines are everywhere in this curious place; hills covered with the precious plant surround the town. We are told that this famous wine was first brought into England in the reign of Henry VII, but it was then esteemed a great rarity, and more used as a generous cordial than as a beverage in common use. In Elizabeth's reign a far larger quantity was imported to England. When the renowned Earl of Essex took Cadiz he brought, on his return, some considerable quantity of what then went by the name of "sherris sack." In Spain it is still called "seco," and in France "sec." For a long time sherris, as it was for some time called, continued the fashion, and it was found in all the cellars of any note in the country. In the days of Lord Holland, to come down to modern times, it became quite the rage; for he was a great traveller in Spain, and brought back the very best wine that could be procured. Spaniards residing far away from Xerez rarely taste this wine in its best form, as all the best is sent out of the country.

No one who has not travelled in this country can imagine the picturesqueness of a Spanish vintage. The costume of the peasantry adds greatly to the general effect, and their animated language, their strong superlative expressions of delight at the beauty of the fruit, are all very entertaining to the by-stander. They are very superstitious, and nothing would induce them to begin the vintage on what they term an unlucky day, or without invoking the protection of one at least of their favourite saints. Instead of the violin that stimulates the exertions of the men who in France tread out the fruit, they employ a guitar; this, with the castanets played by a young girl, seemed to answer the purpose equally well. The Spanish wines are measured by what are called arrobas. This is a Moorish name and measure that has been retained through all the changes that have occurred in the country. It contains of our measures one quarter of a hundredweight. It seems almost incredible, but the statement was made to me by one of the greatest wine merchants at Xerez, and afterwards confirmed by the best authorities, that the annual growth of wine amounts to the vast quantity of 500,000 arrobas; thirty arrobas are equal to a butt of wine. Not more than one-third of the wine produced

ranks as first-class wine, what the Spaniards call "vino seco, fino, generoso;" which wine is very dear, costing rather more than half a dollar a bottle on the spot. We found that pure genuine sherry about twelve years old was worth from fifty-five to eighty guineas a butt in the bodega, or wine-store. When every expense has been added, the wine merchants importing the wine to England will have paid from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five guineas for the butt before it reaches their cellars, and the butt will average about fifty-three dozen bottles. I dare say many of my readers will be surprised to hear that the excellence of sherry depends entirely on the care in the treatment of the wine introduced by different dealers; there are celebrated English, French, German, and Spanish wine merchants.

A bodega, or wine-store, is totally unlike our wine cellars, as it is always above ground. The external heat and glare are always carefully excluded, and it is like entering a delightful grotto. There are thousands and thousands of butts piled up in these stores, all in the most perfect order. There they remain during the rearing and maturing processes, as they are called. The sherry is entirely made from Xeres grapes; still it is made up from many different butts. The preparation of the wines is managed by the "Capataz," or head man. These officials are usually natives of the Asturian mountains; and their office is so important, that any one really practised in its duties, may ask nearly any remuneration he pleases. It is said to be rare to find these men perfectly honest, they have so much in their power; they generally end by cheating not only their immediate masters, but also the growers, who are far more difficult to deceive. The famous Amontillado is so called on account of the peculiar flavour of bitter almonds that it possesses. In all the celebrated bodegas a venerable butt of wine is always found; this is for the purpose of improving the young wines. The old butt contains the very richest wine that can be made. They have a curious custom amongst the growers of calling these butts by different celebrated names, such as Nelson, Wellington, Ferdinand, etc., etc. Rarely is the name of a French celebrity chosen, so intense is the dislike felt for the French people by the Spaniards. The vineyard we visited the most frequently during the vintage was beautifully situated, and in admirable order. Enormous fortunes have been made and also lost in the wine trade; nothing can guard the dealers from the vicissitudes of the seasons, and a vintage looked forward to as one of no common promise may totally change its character from causes which to the unenlightened would seem of no moment. The Spanish vines are trained more like the vines in Italy than either like French or German vines; they are left to grow more freely and luxuriantly, and are trained on trees of a moderate height, but not allowed to grow vagrantly. When the white, green, and purple grapes are ripening, and the heavy bunches weigh down the branches, the sight is most pleasing. In old Spanish romances it is said, "Golden is the grape that grows by the Guadalite," showing that the fruit was as celebrated in the olden time as in the present. A railroad now conveys these precious butts of golden liquid actually on board the vessels that are to convey them to foreign parts.

The Spanish vineyards have the same peculiarity as the French ones, viz., that they are left entirely unenclosed. When the fruit begins to ripen, fields near the roads are chosen, and there temporary sheds and awnings are run up, and huts are sometimes built with reeds or boughs. In these is placed the vinadero, or watch-

man; he is armed with a long gun, and he creeps in and out, constantly on the watch, like a watch-dog. If he sees any one approaching he rushes forth with the utmost fierceness in defence of his charge. The way-faring Spaniards, tired, hot, and dusty, long eagerly for some of the refreshing fruit; every practised stratagem, every crafty trick, is essayed to deceive the wary guardian, but in most instances without effect.

Xerez is a curious old town. It ceased to belong to the Moors in 1264. The alcazar is a beautiful specimen of a Moorish fortified palace, with its numerous turrets and picturesque ornaments. The great merchants do not live actually in the town; they very wisely eschew the narrow gloomy streets, with nothing to recommend them but their picturesque air of antiquity, and they have made their homes in the suburbs. Most luxurious are their princely residences, combining every comfort and every attraction that money can purchase, or that can be found in that bright southern land. But I have lingered long enough at Xerez, and must continue my story.

After leaving Xerez we were delighted with the variety and beauty of the wild flowers that grew in abundance over a plain called La Llanura de Caulina. The scene was thoroughly Spanish; no living thing was to be seen, but these beautiful blossoms covered every part of the plain. It would be a rare field for botanical researches. We were told that at a certain season of the year the beautiful lilac iris grew there in profusion, giving its own bright colouring to the ground, so thickly did it cover the plain; and later on, the seed, in the form of clusters of bright scarlet berries, would be nearly as ornamental. Many of the flowers were entirely unknown to me, but there were brilliant cyclamens with their crimson blossoms, many of the cistus tribe, and others too numerous to mention. Flora might well hold her court there! Very loth we were to leave all this beauty. We did pause for a considerable time, and loaded our baskets with the different specimens, but there was a limit to our coachman's patience and we found we had reached it.

Alcala de Guadaira is remarkable as being literally the bakehouse of Seville; it is quite near to it, but what originally gave rise to the bread for the consumption of Seville being all made at Alcala I could not make out, though I made many inquiries on the subject. Such bread I certainly never tasted anywhere else, and as Spanish bread was famous even in the days of the Romans, one must suppose that the talent for making it in such perfection has been handed down from generation to generation. Every one in Alcala seemed to be employed in the business. The grain is thrashed in the most primitive way in the open air, and in consequence it gets mixed with earthy particles which it is the business of women and children to separate from the corn. We visited one of the large baking-houses, and saw the proceedings from first to last; in kneading, the dough is worked and reworked with much patient care. Every morning at a very early hour the bread is taken into Seville. There are between fifty and sixty ovens in Alcala. The castle of this bread-making town is most interesting, one of the finest Moorish relics to be seen in Spain. From its situation its possession by an invading army was necessarily most important, and in consequence the castle must have been of great strength in order to resist the constant attacks. The subterranean corn granaries (mazmorras) and the cisterns are very curious. Alcala is as famous for the clearness and purity of the water as for the fineness of the bread it furnishes. The excavations into the very

heart of the rock are most picturesque; they date from the time of the Moors, and the crystal streams are conveyed from Alcala to Seville by an aqueduct.

It is impossible by any language to give the reader any real idea of the beauty of Seville, as amidst orange and lemon groves I first saw it rising with its golden towers out of the plain below us. The day was closing

vantage should visit it many times. Above all, visit it in the evening, when the last rays of the sun, or rather the last glimmer of the daylight, is shining through its painted windows, or again at night when its various chapels are partially lighted up, and its immense aisles dimly illuminated by rows of silver lamps.

There was one sight I was never tired of contem-



AQUEDUCT NEAR SEVILLE.

in, so that the scene had every advantage from the light of the setting sun, and the season also was most favourable for a first visit to this enchanting spot. My companions, who were then seeing for the first time the wonders of southern vegetation, were in continual transports. We drove to the Fonda de Madrid, where a kind friend had secured rooms for us. He possessed one of the most beautiful houses in Seville, where he always came for the winter and spring, and in the course of a few days he laid us under still further obligations, by placing another private house entirely at our disposal. This house, or rather villa, although within less than two miles of Seville, was as solitary as it would be at fifty miles distance from a town in any other country, and nothing reminded us of the vicinity at night but the deep melodious chimes of the cathedral bells.

The character of the city is very peculiar, and there is a strong Moorish colouring evident, go where one will. The churches furnished us with continual banquets; they are very rich in paintings, and I am inclined to think it gave all the greater zest to our enjoyment to feel that, unlike the great Italian paintings that have been admired and talked of till one is almost weary of the subject, these paintings are comparatively but little known to the world at large. The cathedral is indeed glorious, but any one wishing to see it to ad-

plating, the Moorish tower of the Great Mosque, from which the muezzin of old called the faithful to prayer. It is upwards of 250 feet in height, without the beautiful belfry, which was added at a much later period. We were fortunate enough to be at Seville at one of the great church festivals, when this beautiful belfry, with its open filigree-work, is brilliantly illuminated. The effect of such a mass of light at that height, suspended as it seems in mid-air, with no apparent connection with the earth, is indescribably beautiful. The top of the Giralda is the abode of a perfect colony of the smaller hawks; they wheel their airy flight about the tower. (*For view of the Giralda, see p. 392.*)

Seville is the very focus as it were of the adoration of the Virgin. All the ceremonials, all the processions, pictures, statues, and engravings, are in connection with, and in honour of the Virgin. Some of the processions, we were told, were very picturesque, and they are most frequent in winter, and usually at nightfall. All the balconies of the houses before which the procession passes are illuminated, and the uncertain gleams of light that shine on the long treble ranks of the devout worshippers give a singular effect to the varied dresses of the crowd. They chant fine old hymns, and the united voices, as the sound rises and falls upon the ear, thrill through one with a very powerful effect as the centre of the pro-

cession draws near. We had an opportunity of hearing this fine chanting or singing of old hymns in a musical celebration that occurred during our stay, and I could therefore well imagine the thrilling effect of the voices heard at night. The gorgeous lamps used in the churches are seen casting bright rays on all the sumptuous dresses of the priests, who of course take part in the pageant; and the most splendid silken banners, one mass of gold and silver embroidery, are waved aloft, all gathered round the central banner on which the figure of the Virgin is represented. No sooner has the long stream of the procession passed by than every light is extinguished, thus keeping up the idea that the sacred banner sheds light and brightness along the way it traverses, while darkness closes in on those regions not blessed by its presence. The ceremonies during the Holy Week, as they call it, are said to be second only to those at Rome in the magnificence of the arrangements, decorations, and pomp.

The number of convents and other religious establishments that formerly existed at Seville seems almost incredible; it is stated as high as between 150 and 200. All are now in a measure dismantled and turned to other uses. This universal destruction of these venerable establishments gives an air of melancholy desolation.

The Moorish decorations in the alcazar, or royal palace, are unique, and many of the most beautiful have been admirably restored, chiefly by removal of the whitewash from the gilding and from the delicate colouring. Don Pedro the Cruel was one of the great restorers of this interesting old palace. Most of the celebrated Spanish sovereigns resided here. Charles V was married in the alcazar to Isabella of Portugal. The grand court is magnificent, but the rooms looking to the garden are the gems of the whole building in my opinion. In some of the gardens at Seville the orange-trees, without exaggeration, attain almost to the size of large trees. The myrtles also are beyond description beautiful.

The museum at Seville is with good reason considered the best in Spain. Here are some of Murillo's exquisite pictures, especially one of the Virgin and Child, called La Serviletto, because it was originally sketched on a dinner napkin; the figure of the Holy Child is very highly praised by the best judges.

Any one who likes getting into odd corners, and finding out striking little bits of scenery for himself, may have his taste amply gratified at Seville in the Jews' quarter, "La Juderia." It is rich in the most picturesque scenes; such houses, such gateways, such arches, such balconies as are not to be seen elsewhere. The establishment of Laundresses is also a most picturesque scene; it is in El Corral del Conde.

We were rather disappointed in the beauty of the women of Seville. There were beautiful women there, no doubt, but they were more the exceptions than the rule; the generality of female faces we saw there were sunburnt, and singularly devoid of freshness and bloom.

One excursion we made down the river to an old convent, called San Juan de Alfarache. It is built among the ruins of an old Moorish castle, and we spent the evening at a charming country seat in the neighbourhood, which had also been a Moorish retreat in days of yore. In those country seats one continually meets with relics of Moorish labour and taste, channels cut in the sides of the hills through the living rock in search of choice springs of cold and delicate water, and basins and fountains to collect it, and to cool the courts and halls of the mansions.

But we had already reached the middle of September, and it was necessary to make preparations for our onward progress. We reflected that more than two-thirds of the time allotted to our stay in Spain were gone, and we had yet much to see before our tour was completed. We were to go to Madrid, pausing only a short time at Cordova.

One spot in the environs of Seville it was impossible to pass by without a shuddering feeling of horror seeming to pervade one's whole being. I allude to the plain just outside the walls, called El Prado del Sebastian, where were enacted all those awful and guilty tragedies connected with the Inquisition. There the miserable victims of a narrow-minded and most ferocious bigotry met their death. The gloomy fires of the Inquisition were constantly lighted on that spot, and the traces of the terrible scenes enacted upon it are not left entirely to the imagination, for there are still to be seen the marks of the places where the foundations of the square platform were raised on which the faggots were placed.

MY FIRST CURACY.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE CURATE'S PETS.

THAT "man was not made to live alone" is a trite truism. Start not, fair readers, and think that I am going to indulge in a piece of sentimentalism, and introduce you to some, or rather to one, of the numerous young ladies of my acquaintance. My narrative is not a novel, but merely a record of dry, true facts. But many a man who cannot afford to marry and settle, and who tires of being always at his work and his books, must seek some relaxation in his leisure hours. It will not do to keep the bow always strung. How often has this been felt since I have become a metropolitan curate, with not many minutes to spare from dawn till night! Health gives way, and usefulness is at an end, under the strain of incessant toil.

When I was in the country I amused myself with keeping various pets, including a dog, a number of good white Cochin China fowls, a canary, an aquarium, and a tame pike. A short description of the last shall come first.

An artificial pond had been made in the vicar's garden for the purpose of supplying the house constantly with water. I have mentioned previously that the village was only supplied by little running brooks from the Tors and from small hill-side springs. A young pike was procured to cleanse the pond from all impurities, such as beetles, lizards, and the like insects and reptiles which inhabit stagnant fresh sheets of water. He fulfilled his appointed task so effectually that he himself soon needed to be artificially fed. This I undertook to do, and every morning when I went to the pond I nearly always found him in one identical spot. If he was not on the surface of the water, he would immediately rise and begin to wag his fins and tail with delight in anticipation of the coming banquet.

In the course of a few weeks he would follow me round the pond, and a little later he would allow me to tickle his back and sides with a slender twig. I managed to retain him as a favourite for three years. Each winter he used to disappear for nearly three months, and when he reappeared in the early spring he looked all the worse for his long fast, for I suppose he went to sleep in the mud at the bottom of the pond for that period. When he again awoke up his appetite was enormous, as if he intended to make up for lost time, and he would easily

to behold. One can only conclude in charity that they have never had the subject pressed upon their attention truly and faithfully. They have probably never realised their position as social and responsible beings, never understood that we can none of us live alone unconnected with others—only for ourselves.

In many of the higher ranges of instruction, especially such as require a technical knowledge of what is taught, there are mothers who would be greatly at a loss in undertaking the education of their children, because of the defective nature of their own preparation for this task. But let such mothers take courage from this fact, that there are just modes of thinking which are quite within the range of their abilities, and that to teach a child to think rationally and justly on matters intimately connected with human character and conduct, is of more consequence to that child than to teach it to decline a Greek or Latin verb. A woman may think rationally and rightly on many subjects without being eminent as a scholar. She may have used well those quick powers of observation with which most women are gifted by nature. She may have listened well, read well, and thought well; and if I am not greatly mistaken, the mother who has done this will be a more intelligent and useful instructor of her children than one who, without having done this, may have passed a learned examination and received academical honours.

There are many subjects on which, if a mother has observed and thought rationally, she may help a child in regard to its future career—its place in the world as a good citizen, and a good Christian, and perhaps in no case more essentially than on those which relate to social duty. The government of different countries, political measures, national and individual rights, with many other important and comprehensive considerations, appear to me to belong more or less to this subject, and may be so treated as to introduce collaterally to the mind of a child much that we deem most interesting both in history and experience.

Nor let the mother in the commencement of this task despise such humble means as have been placed within her reach for teaching the simple lessons of a noble life. A great principle may be involved in a small act, and habits, apparently unimportant in themselves, may develop into conduct illustrious for truth, dignity, and heroism. Her work, being a heart work, must necessarily begin early, and practically it must begin indeed so simply as to look, to the unconcerned observer, scarcely worthy of serious attention. Let us take an example of this from that selfishness inherent in children, which is with them a natural and legitimate principle of action.

While the child is very young, many efforts which it would otherwise shrink from are cheerfully made, and even persevered in, for the sake of some gratification to self. A sturdy little boy will fetch out his own toys for a favourite game, even when panting under the fatigue of carrying them. He does this for himself, but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, somebody else carries the toys away, and puts them in their places. The fetching is for self, the carrying back is for others, that they may not be inconvenienced or annoyed. Is it from the child's innate selfishness, or is it from the want of proper training, that the carrying back and putting away of the toys is so much more difficult than it was to bring them?

Whatever the cause of this difficulty may be, I cannot but think that a wholesome and useful lesson on social duty might be made out of this simple matter of fetching for self, and carrying away for others; that a

child might be so taught as to receive in this way a clear idea, and perhaps his first, of the laws which govern society, and which he will have to observe through the whole of his after life.

That the teaching of this lesson would be much more irksome to the instructor than it would be to put away almost any amount of toys with her own hand, I do not for a moment doubt. That is not the question. Neither is it so much the question whether in every case this particular act shall be done or not. But it is a question, and a very important one, whether or not the child shall learn to take pleasure in, and esteem it an honour to do, such little acts of service to those amongst whom he lives. In the little heart, even of a boy, there is sometimes a real happiness derived from the idea that he *helps*. Yet how little is made of this in the boyish character; how little is it trained so as to constitute an essential element in the character of a true man and a gentleman!

The first working of those laws by which society is held together, by which order is preserved, and justice and right maintained, is, I think, best understood by reciprocity, or, in other words, by showing how, if we behave well to society, it will behave well to us; if we insult, annoy, or inconvenience others, they will exercise but little concern as to how we are insulted, annoyed, or put to inconvenience ourselves. Very early in life a child may be made to understand something of this—so far, at least, as to comprehend that law by which a borrowed article must be returned uninjured. These, with many other lessons of the same tendency, will present themselves to the mind of a thoughtful mother in the performance of her ever varying but always interesting task.

And an interesting task indeed is that which the mother has before her. It is the dry bones of learning, and the bare details of unexplained duty enforced without motive or purpose, which make both so dull and wearisome to the teacher and the taught. When the breath of moral and spiritual life is breathed into that which the mother works with, it becomes instinct with meaning and with power to help in the carrying out of the highest purposes of human existence.

It may seem but a little thing that the child in the nursery should carry back his toys, as well as bring them out; but when the child has grown to manhood, it will be a great thing for him—whether prince or peasant, statesman or soldier, merchant or artisan—that he has learned to see the value of law and order as they affect the welfare of a family, a people, or a state; and it will be a great thing for him, and for all with whom he may be associated, that he has learned the golden rule of doing to others as we would that they should do to us.

A LADY'S JOURNEY THROUGH SPAIN.

CHAPTER X.—LA MANCHA.

WE had hired a very commodious carriage to take us to Madrid, making a pause at Cordova. The weather was most delightful, similar to our finest summer weather, but with a light exhilarating air that made everything seem enjoyable to us.

Let me here say, for the sake of those seeking a desirable residence for invalids, that I have been in all those places usually resorted to, even including Madeira and Cairo. These two last-named places are unexceptionable as far as climate goes; but for many invalids the great distance from their own country, the long sea voyages,

and other objections, might put either of them out of the question. Whereas to either Valencia, Malaga, or Velez Malaga, no such objections can apply; and these are very easily accessible either by sea or land; taking the journey as described in the earlier chapters of these sketches, and proceeding on from Alicante to Velez Malaga by steam. There is neither fatigue nor inconvenience of any sort to be encountered. Not even an invalid, just recovering from illness, would find much difficulty in making the journey in that manner; indeed, it would be a most delightful trip in fine weather. There is, moreover, excellent accommodation at either of these places. Velez Malaga would have the advantage of being an equally desirable residence all the year round. Valencia might be too hot in the height of the summer season. There is no one charm to be desired to make daily life agreeable that these favoured spots do not possess; and the very brightness and gaiety that seems to pervade the atmosphere is most beneficial in cases of depressed spirits.

I must not pause on my journey, or I could tell of the Moorish remains at Ecija, its beautiful fountains and gardens, etc., or of another notorious haunt of bandits, "Les Ninos de Ecija." Nothing can do away with the terrors still felt by muleteers, coachmen, and guides, as they approach the evil locality, though it is many years since any one was attacked there. Many weary miles have to be passed over endless plains, with nothing to interest the tired traveller in any way, and the dreary waste immediately preceding the approach to Cordova is perhaps the most monotonous and tedious of them all; so that we felt very much relieved when the palms and olives that encircle that town of many associations appeared in view. It is a picturesque city seen from a distance, almost like an oriental town; but, alas! it is better seen from the outside, as far as the present time is concerned; for within the change from its former glory is painfully apparent. Its fame as a renowned city is of very ancient date. Under whatever rule, this town seems always to have been celebrated for its learning, and the patronage it bestowed upon all those who were in any way distinguished for scientific or learned pursuits. Under the Gothic rule, as well as under the Moorish, Cordova was famed for piety as well as for learning, and many of the most celebrated Spanish authors were born within her walls. At one time so great was the celebrity of this city, that it was even compared to Damascus, and other great eastern towns. Indeed, it is like reading a wonderful romance, or one of the Arabian Nights, to peruse the account of Cordova under the rule of the Emir Al Mumemir; his own history is in itself as wild and romantic as any story that fiction could invent.

It is difficult to account for the total decay that seems to have fallen upon this once prosperous capital; its fate is more mournful even than that of other Spanish cities. It is now a melancholy sight—the long deserted gloomy streets, the half-ruined buildings, the uninhabited houses, and the utter absence of anything like movement in the place. After the brilliant and sunny scenes we had so lately left, the contrast was most striking. We visited the ancient mosque, once the third in importance in Mussulman estimation: it was supposed to be of equal sanctity with that at Jerusalem, and almost on an equality with Mecca. It was singular to stand within the altered walls (it is the present cathedral) and think of the thronging devotees that had formerly trod those floors, and prostrated themselves with all the signs of eastern humility within

the sacred edifice. It can boast of no exterior attraction, as it is surrounded by high thick walls; but the Court of Oranges, as it is called, gives one some idea of what the beauty of the entrance must have been in former days. Though now adapted to the Christian worship, it is thought to be a perfect specimen of the true Mohammedan temple, in its outer form and internal arrangements; beautiful marbles abound everywhere, priceless in value; but now even these seem to have lost their bright polish, and to partake of the gloomy character of all around, though much beautiful Moorish work still remains. It is a remarkable trait in these people, that with all their devoted admiration for beauty of all kinds, they were yet the most ruthless destroyers of the beautiful remains of antiquity. It is a well-known fact that they seldom would be at the pains of obtaining the materials for the works from the quarries, but they would seek some old Roman remains wherever they settled, generally fixing upon some spot where towns had formerly stood, and turning these to their own purposes, beautiful use they made of them; but still it is impossible not to regret their destruction of these remains of antiquity.

The walk round the walls was what pleased me the most in Cordova; there was a degree of melancholy attending the enjoyment, but not of a painful character, and I indulged in more than one lonely ramble round them, during the two days we spent at Cordova. The palm-trees were always a fresh source of pleasure to me, so great is my admiration of that beautiful tree. There is a touching legend told respecting the first tree of the kind planted at Cordova. The beautiful Eastern favourite of Abderahman, who followed her lord from Damascus to his western capital, was so miserable at the change, and especially lamented in such poetic terms the loss of the beautiful feathery palms of her native land, that her royal lover, willing to gratify her wish, caused some of these stately trees to be planted around her new home. Whether the remedy was efficacious in reconciling her to her European palace the legend does not relate. But there are the palms, flourishing as well as they do in their own country.

The decay of Cordova seems to make progress almost every day, and unless some sudden change occurs to restore some of its ancient prosperity, it will soon become really a deserted city. Beautiful filigree work is still executed there, and amongst the women one may meet with the most exquisite bits of old silver, with emeralds set in them. It is not easy to induce them to part with these: one is obliged to go very warily to work, so as not to let them perceive the value one places on the article, beyond its intrinsic worth; they are thoroughly eastern both in design and execution.

We were none of us sorry when we drove out of Cordova: the gloom and desolation began to affect us, and the sight of the beautiful Guadalquivir, with its noble bridge, and the rich fertile country on beyond, was certainly very agreeable. At Carpio, a small town on our road, we first perceived a change in the beautiful Andalusian dress, the women wearing green serge mantles of a peculiar shape, and handkerchiefs on their heads; and after leaving the miserable town of Bailen, famous only as having given the name to the battle of Bailen, where the Spaniards defeated the French forces under Marshal Dupont, the well-known Spanish brown cloaks and the corded sandals are frequently met with; for we were drawing near to La Mancha, and about to leave beautiful Andalusia. Oh, what a dreary change from everything most luxuriant and lovely in nature, to the arid, stony, desolate

country called by that well-known name! We entered the gorges of the mountains after passing Bailen, and once through these passes the change in the vegetation was most striking. But the mountain scenery is fine, rocks of most curious shapes overhang the road, and as the road enters one deep narrow gorge, called Despeñaperros, nothing can be more grand; it seems as if it was the portal of another world, so completely do these masses of rock separate the lovely province of Andalusia from La Mancha. How different must be the feelings of travellers, according as they are about to penetrate into that beautiful region, or, as was the case with ourselves, on the point of leaving all its many enjoyments behind! The contrast is so striking; you do not gradually exchange all the exquisite charm of tropical vegetation, of that blue sea, those romantic and picturesque Moorish towns and villages, for country less attractive, possibly, but still possessing its own charm, as so frequently occurs in other lands; but all at once, as an imaginative writer strongly expresses it, you pass from Eden, "a very Garden of Eden," into a comparative desert. Once through that magnificent gorge, and there is a great change.

But I must say a few words on La Mancha. The name of this province will recall to everyone that work of a world-wide celebrity, "Don Quixote, the Knight of La Mancha." When once one has travelled through this country, and seen how wholly it is without a feature to interest, the admiration felt for that wonderful author, Cervantes, increases tenfold as one reflects upon the charm he has contrived to throw around a scene so wanting in all charm. Its very name signifies "dry land." No trees, no verdure, no produce, but wide extended plains, or wastes rather, that look scorched up by the burning heat of the sun. And if we turn from the country to the towns we gain nothing, for they are miserably poor, and they look the very picture of monotonous desolation. It takes one a little time to believe that, in spite of appearances, these weary plains do in reality produce crops of grain, and that even vines grow there; still more strange, the wines made from the grapes are peculiarly rich in quality. Saffron is also largely cultivated on these plains. The inhabitants are in all respects superior to the region they dwell in; indeed, they have many really fine qualities that we should seek for in vain in the pleasure-loving Andalusians or Valencians. They are brave almost to rashness, singularly temperate, and capable of the firmest attachments to those that have in any way befriended them. They are perhaps more attached to their own families than any other of the Spanish peasants, and will work in the most untiring manner to support them. Had they been treated with anything like kindness by their superiors, instead of with the overbearing and harsh manner of a master to a slave, they might have made most attached dependants, whereas now, for the greater part, they shut themselves up in a reserved silence alike from their superiors and their equals.

The dress of the Manchegan peasant is unusually simple, composed of the universal brown cloth, with a singularly inconvenient cap. Strange that in this dreary region, where all seems alike sombre, that at the slightest hint of a merry-making all their stern gravity is laid aside, and not the gayest Majo and Maja can excel the Manchegans in the sprightliness of their songs, or the activity, lightness, and grace of their dances.

No sooner had we passed through the rocky portal I have described, than we found ourselves in the midst of all the scenery of Don Quixote. The Torre Nueva, the

Venta de Cardenas, and the Sierra, to the left of our road, were all scenes described in that famous book. Everything in Spain, the country, the inhabitants, the towns, all are so unaltered, that to read an account of a Spanish inn in the days of Cervantes is to read the exact account of one in these days. Of course I speak only of retired, out-of-the-way country inns.

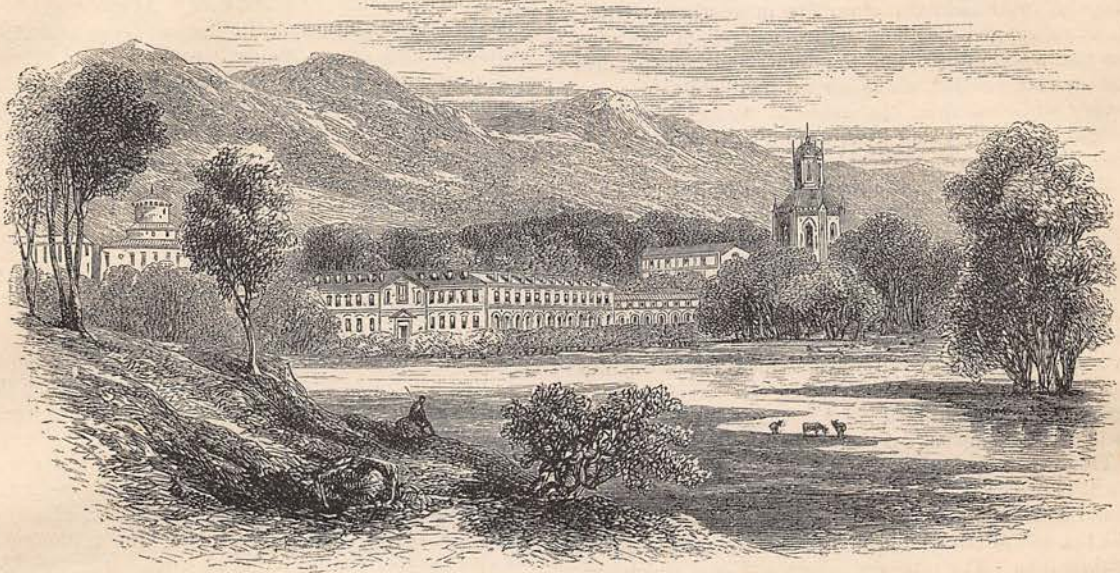
The description of the Spanish hidalgo and his associates is so faithful, that one has not far to go to find originals for these characters. That strange mixture of qualities of profound gravity and sparkling humour is all described in these pages with such life-like truth and reality, that we might almost fancy as we read that the book was written in the present day. The attachment of Sancho to his master, his conviction of his superiority to all the rest of the world, is marvellously true to life. Even the devotion of the muleteers and guides to their masters, in cases where the connection between them has lasted for a considerable period, is proverbial. They will exalt the qualities of their lords for the time being, little caring whether the facts they relate are such as they state them to be, so long as they redound to the credit of their masters. They have the true feeling that should exist between a master and his dependant, that in exalting him they in fact exalt themselves; and many instances occurred during the Peninsular War where this almost chivalrous devotion was most admirably displayed in situations of peril and difficulty. It is impossible not to admire this part of the Spanish character. "Don Quixote" is really an invaluable book for the traveller in Spain. The love for short oracular sayings that is universal in Spain is clearly a remnant of the Oriental admixture which has left so many traces in the country and its inhabitants. All their opinions are delivered in this form; especially it is so amongst the lower and middle classes, and though at times it borders on the ridiculous to hear these scraps of philosophy brought in at every opportunity without much regard to their fitness, yet at the same time it imparts a certain dignity to their conversation, and gives scope for many witty sayings, and an opportunity for a display of that racy humour which so often distinguishes the Spaniards of the lower classes. But it is necessary to possess a very fair knowledge of their language before the traveller can really enter into or enjoy these peculiarities. So much has it ever been the custom of the people to resort to proverbs to explain or illustrate their meaning, that there are numerous curious collections of them that have been made at different periods.

But we were to see a scene still more connected with Don Quixote's history than any of those I have named. On the main road to Madrid that we were then travelling, there is a miserable little village named Puerto Lapiche. Near to this hamlet the road winds between two hills covered with olive-trees, and on these hills there are numerous mills for pressing out the oil, and also for grinding grain of different sorts. These mills are not very like ours, and they are considerably less in size. And as it was in this very district that the knight told Sancho they were to expect frequent adventures, it is not to be wondered at that he should have taken mills, precisely similar to the ones we saw, for gigantic individuals that he was bound to attack, especially as we must remember that at that time mills had not been long known in Spain.

The nearer we approached to the capital of Spain, the more completely uninviting does the country become. Nothing can go beyond the sameness of the colouring; and coming fresh as we did from all the brilliant hues of the south, it struck us all the more painfully. Not

even the brilliant September sun could brighten the scene. The women are strikingly plain, and wrapped up in their rusty brown cloaks their appearance is most unpleasing. There is one singularity attending the river Guadiana. It disappears entirely, and for a long time no one supposed that its waters ever came to light again; but later observations proved that it only runs underground for some leagues (about eight), and then again comes forth to the outer world; but unlike any other subterranean river (of which I have seen two, one in Syria and another in Derbyshire), it does not keep entirely out of sight. There are lakes along

palace. Ever since the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella it has been used as a summer residence by the reigning sovereign, and many of the Spanish songs speak in the most glowing terms of the delights of Aranjuez, its nightingales, trees, flowers and fountains. The palace, if so it must be called, has been added to by the different sovereigns, especially by the Bourbon kings, and there is a great amount of bad taste displayed in it; but after the arid dreary plains we had been traversing, the verdure in the valley of Aranjuez was most welcome to our eyes: The beautiful avenues of palm-trees, and the magnificent elm-trees, would bear comparison with the



PALACE OF ARANJUEZ.

its underground course which are known to be fed by its waters. They are chiefly remarkable for the fish which abound in them. The whole scenery of these lakes, and the singular cave of Montesinos, are admirably described in the pages of "Don Quixote."

Were it not for the interest thrown around a great part of the road to Madrid from its having been connected with many of the scenes of that clever and truthful book, the whole way from Cordova to Madrid would be monotonous and wearying in the extreme. At Villarta, our coachman told us we were entering the province of New Castile, which so closely resembles La Mancha, that there is scarcely anything to tell the traveller he has entered a new part of the country. What a remarkable thing it is, that stop where one will in Spain, at the poorest wayside inn or at a first-rate hotel, the bread surpasses any that can be eaten anywhere else in Europe! It is really delicious. Whether this excellence proceeds from the fineness of the flour or the skill of the making I cannot say. Enormous quantities of corn are grown in all this country, and the time of the harvest must bring some life and movement and cheerfulness into this ordinarily monotonous and melancholy region.

We certainly none of us regretted when our approach once more to a rocky pass through some most arid and gloomy-looking hills told us that we were approaching Aranjuez, where we were to spend a day.

Most people who have heard or read any accounts of Spain, either in the form of travels or history, will remember how famous this place has been as a royal

fine trees of our own wooded country; and though we came too late in the year to enjoy the singing of the nightingales, we were told by many of our friends that the accounts one has read of their numbers is by no means exaggerated, and that in the soft spring evenings nothing can be more ravishing or delightful than their song. Birds of many kinds frequent the royal gardens, where they are never interfered with, and very greatly they must add to the liveliness of the scene in the spring and early summer months. The royal residence is situated in a valley, well watered with streams and enjoying fresh healthful breezes, when the other parts of Castile are burnt up by the scorching heat and the want of water. Fountains abound in these gardens. We spent a long morning sauntering about the shady walks, or sitting down within hearing of the soft murmuring sound of falling water. The day was lovely, and the beauty of the foliage was great; here and there brilliant hues told of approaching autumn, while other trees still seemed decked in all their summer verdure. The palace was to me wholly uninteresting. As I contemplated the different rooms I thought of the beautiful Moorish palaces I had so lately seen, and felt more than ever how far better they understood the style of dwelling suited to the burning heat of the Spanish climate; and how little the Spaniards had profited by the beautiful models offered for their imitation. Those who care for such things may be interested in seeing the rare china and glass that has been collected by the royal inhabitants. The royal stables are very fine, and seem to be admirably managed. We saw some beautiful animals

there, and at the royal breeding establishments in the neighbourhood. I had not believed that even a Spanish mule could be such a beautiful creature as was one that I saw there. We were informed that the expense of keeping up these breeding stables is very great. There were a number of English horses, some that had only just arrived.

THE HAUNTS OF THE WILD DEER IN THE SOUTH.

THE march of civilisation, and the accompanying increase of the area of agriculture, have materially narrowed the range of wild animals, especially in southern Britain. In more rugged Scotland "the monarch of the glen" has still a wide range, and the huntsman and the deer-stalker may yet find scope for the real old-time chase;—very different from the artificial "sport" which is sought in letting a stag loose from a cart, and then running him down with trained dogs.

Although, however, the range of the wild deer is thus narrowed, it is not altogether obliterated. In one or more of the still uncultured and unenclosed tracts of the south, the herds of this noble animal still find a scant but sufficient pasturage, and their continued existence gives unwonted zest to the chase. In penning some descriptive details of one of these few remaining primitive districts of our railway-traversed land, we must not be understood as expressing an opinion for or against this kind of field sport. Our readers will form their own conclusions on the abstract question.

This wild deer land of the south lies on that shore of the Bristol Channel where Somerset and Devon meet, a bold and romantic line of coast in which the rugged and the soft alternate and mingle in rare succession and combination. The prospect of sea and land which may be gained from the summits of the noble headlands is truly magnificent, whilst the view of the interior hills from the coast is equally grand. Taking, for instance, his stand at Warren Point, which the reader will find on a good map, the spectator has in prospect a line of hill country some twenty miles in length—on the extreme left the towering Quantocks, and thence, stretching towards the right, the ranges of the Croydon and Grabhurst hills, which extend to the still bolder Dunkery, and the bleak heights of Exmoor. Such are the broad outlines of the landscape. The filling-in is rich with foliage and verdure; the well-timbered combes, the living green of the meadow land, the hanging woods of a deer park, and the brown gorse of the moorlands. Exmoor, at the extreme right of our *point de vue*, and indeed hidden from our supposed spectator at Warren Point by the North Hill, comprises upwards of 14,000 acres of forest and moorland, the surface undulating and rough in the extreme, the hill-sides producing little else than heather and ling. Few and far between are the habitations of man in this wild and barren tract, the aspect of which, when overhung with clouds, is dark and lonesome, suggesting the origin of a local name—the Blackdown Hills—a system which, according to Sir Henry De La Beche, forms "an elevated tableland cut into, more particularly on the west and south, by deep valleys, which thus divide it into several long lines chiefly running to the west, south-west, and south," and extending from near the northern to the southern coast of Devon—almost from the Bristol to the English Channel.*

* "Report on the Geology of Cornwall, Devon, and West Somerset," p. 3.

The deep gorges and glens of this country are locally called combes, the luxuriant timbering of which contrasts strikingly with the fern and gorse of the uplands. Especially is this so when, as is mostly the case, thecombe is the channel of a brooklet whose rapid waters, falling to the lower levels, seem to say:—

"Men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever."

Among these choice spots is the hill-side of Cloutsham, one of the minor eminences of Dunkery, "rising," says a writer in the "Saturday Review," "from a waving sheet of woodland, a copse chiefly of oak and ash just swelling into a forest, and containing coverts which are the favourite haunts of the red deer." At the single farmhouse in this romantic spot Sir Thomas Dyke Acland, the hospitable lord of the manor, provides bread, cheese, and ale for the hunting parties at "the meet," often numbering 300, including not a few Dianas who share the general enthusiasm for the chase. Not, however, that all who come to "the meet" follow the hounds.

In immediate vicinity to Cloutsham is Horner Wood, a scene of the rarest sylvan beauty. Very many of the trees with ivy-covered trunks are exceedingly curious. Ferns and mosses are abundant. Along the bottom runs the "brawling stream" required to fill in the poetic picture:—

"In copsewood deep the glow-worm lights his spark,
The deer, half seen, are to the covert wending."

It was while wandering in the glades of Horner that we first encountered the hunt. The deep silence, varied only by the ripple of the waters, was suddenly broken in upon by a loud shout which caught up the eye to the brow of the overhanging hill. There we saw a single horseman, presently joined by another, whose red coat glowing in the sun bespoke him a huntsman. The two stood watching for some time; then the horn was vigorously blown, and anon thirty or forty more horsemen were on the spot, followed by the hounds, who streamed in eager procession down the precipitous sides, impracticable for horse or man. In another brief space a bevy of hunters, who had found a route to the bottom, poured into the wood in pursuit of the deer, which, for a moment, we saw, far in front of its pursuers, up the course of the stream. "Take the waters, take the waters!" was the shout which, from the huntsman at the top, rang loud through the valley, and speedily the dashing cavalcade vanished from sight, leaving us to our botanical researches in silence and seclusion.

The hunting season of 1867 was marked by several noteworthy incidents. Thus at a "meet" at Higher Combe, Dulverton, a fine stag was started which ran for many miles, right over the cultivated country, and at last found its way to Bickleigh, near Tiverton, where he ran into the river Exe, swimming majestically up the stream, but was, alas! captured. A farmer related to us the circumstances of a hunt in which the swift deer ran thirty-five miles in two hours twenty-seven minutes; 300 horsemen began the pursuit, but only thirteen were in at the close. The venerable pastor of one of these hill-side parishes told us that recently the hunted deer sought refuge in his vicarage meadow. The hounds and their masters ignored the right of sanctuary, and the stricken deer was caught where, if anywhere, peace and repose might reign. "Did you go out to see it?" was asked. "No," said the good man, "I could not bring my mind to witness the cruelty attaching to this sport." The excitement of the chase over the moors is enhanced by the perils of bog and precipice. "Mole's Chamber," for instance, is said to owe its name to the

A LADY'S JOURNEY THROUGH SPAIN.

CHAPTER XI.

ANY traveller passing from the southern maritime provinces of Spain cannot but feel great disappointment when he finds himself traversing the arid, dusty plains of the Castiles. These two provinces contain much that is highly interesting and characteristic. The towns are amongst the most ancient and the most Spanish, and occasionally one meets with some varied scenery, with rocks and hills and streams—but oh, those plains! Nothing but the wild monotonous prairies of the Far West can come near them in sameness and in dreariness; and in their depressing tendency on the mind they outdo the prairies. There are neither trees nor birds, hedges or inclosures of any sort. It is a singular fact that the Castilians have a positive dislike to trees, so that the burning sun has it all his own way, and everything, both animal and vegetable, seems dried up by the glaring heat. Rain is a blessing prayed for, hoped for, longed for, weeks before it really makes its appearance, and there is a general brown aspect over everything—the earth, the skin of the inhabitants, their very clothes, all are of the same sombre hue. There are very few villages to enliven the scene, and even when at long distances a hamlet does appear, the dingy colour of the houses, the windows without any glass, take nothing from the general gloom. But I must not allow my readers to think that there is no good in the Castiles, for it is not so. The Castilian of the better class is noble not only by birth, but in reality he is honourable and true; and though at times his pride has been such as to pass into a proverb, it has also enabled him to bear adversity with true courage and endurance. The peasants are very hard-working. From early morn till late at night they toil on uncomplaining, yet ready at every opportunity to lighten their toil by any amusement that presents itself. I have seen instances of open-hearted hospitality in a Castilian's cottage, which would have done honour to one much better born. They dearly love their independence, and have generally managed to preserve it.

Madrid itself has but few advantages in point of situation, excepting that imaginary one which is thought so much of in Spain, namely, its being in the centre of the country. It is in the midst of a plain; but though apparently a plain, the situation is really somewhat elevated, rather more than two thousand feet above the sea. The climate is generally supposed to be very faulty; intensely, scorchingly hot at times, and at others bitterly cold, from the exposed situation and the keen icy winds that sweep down from the mountains. As far as we ourselves were concerned, we were most fortunate. We arrived at the capital in September, and though it was warm, certainly we were none of us incommoded by the heat in any degree, though we were anything but idle during our stay. For a lengthened residence I should certainly never select Madrid. The Castilian ladies are very inferior to many of their countrywomen in their powers of attraction. They have not the soft languid grace of the Valencians, nor the exquisitely fascinating manners of the Andalusians, but many of them are exceedingly high bred, both in look and manner. I have seen a Castilian peasant girl so very thorough bred (as far as her looks and form went) that one might have supposed her possessed of the famous blue blood (*sangue azuro*) so much prized in this proud country.

The destruction of the immense number of convents

has made a very great change in Madrid. If travellers made their way direct thither from France, they would find much to attract their attention in the novelty of the scene and the contrast between many of the customs there and those in use in other European towns. Madrid is as expensive, as regards every article of food, lodging, and amusement, as any town I have sojourned in, and my experience is pretty large. We were fortunate enough to be welcomed by kind friends to their own house, so that all the trouble and annoyance of being at an indifferent hotel was spared us; and we heard from good judges that no hotel in Madrid could be pronounced really comfortable.

The sights of Madrid have been too often described to need recapitulation here. The people live chiefly out of doors, preferring the bright sun and blue sky to the dark, dingy dwellings awaiting them at home: for nothing can be more uninviting than the houses of the lower classes. On one side may be seen fierce, wild-looking men, having all the air of bandits on the lookout for an adventure; on the other, a Castilian lady, attended by her duenna, and her servant bearing the prayer-books and the squares of carpet to lay down for her when she is at her devotions—the graceful mantilla still folded around her, though, alas! it is fast disappearing out of the land. Then, again, may be seen the picturesque figure of some Andalusian, perhaps in attendance on a riding party of travellers. The variety of dress and appearance in the streets and public walks is very remarkable and very entertaining, and there are endless subjects for the pencil.

Certainly the Spaniards are a most peculiar people. The lives of the regular old Spanish families in Madrid (I do not allude to those of high rank) are as singularly unaltered as those of any people in the world. As a rule, Spaniards never stir away from Madrid at any part of the year. They live on separate floors of houses, a floor to a family; society is perfectly unknown amongst them, according to our meaning of the word, especially amongst the women, whose only dissipation from year's end to year's end is their constant attendance at the churches. Owing to the astonishing number of saints' days, there is scarcely a day in the week when there is not some especial service, some famous preacher to be heard, some especial mass to be attended; and should none of these causes bring them out they are sure of finding the churches open, and thither they go, and select some chapel where they offer up their prayers to a favourite saint. Everything connected with the outward observances of religion is to them an excitement and an occupation. The men, on the contrary, find their amusement in constant smoking. Clubs, up to a late period, were little frequented by Spaniards, but some change is creeping on in this respect. They are all for outward show, both men and women, and as long as they can manage to keep a miserable-looking pair of horses to draw an antiquated sort of carriage along the public drives, they care not what privations they suffer in their domestic arrangements. They are naturally very small eaters, and adhere strictly to the fasts enjoined by their religion. The universal siesta, that boon to the dwellers in hot climates, closes all the shops at one o'clock, till the heat of the day is over; every one retreats within doors, the streets are all deserted, even the beggars seem to disappear, and the houses are all shut up as if the inhabitants had left them. Then in the evening the whole world seems to come to life again.

The palaces of the grandees are very disappointing. They were so pillaged and injured in every way by

the French, that one can form no idea of their original state. Their dwellings are in a complete state of decadence or decay, as complete as is their own deterioration. Of course there are brilliant exceptions amongst some of the oldest houses; but, generally speaking, the *grandees*, properly so called, are very poor representatives of that old nobility once unrivalled in Europe. They are mostly small in stature, and they have a dried-up, almost shrivelled, look, as if the constant baking of their scorching sun had dried up every particle of moisture in the human frame, in the same way that it has imparted to the land the arid, brown appearance familiar to all visitors to the Castiles. There is a great want of cultivation in the higher classes at Madrid, and a complete absence of all general curiosity; they truly seem to care for nothing but Madrid, its bull fights, its churches, and, it should be added, its official life, for they are most determined seekers after employments within the official circles. No matter how trifling or unimportant the charge may be, a bit of coloured ribbon in the button-hole is a distinction coveted by all who think they have the slightest chance of obtaining it.

I have already referred to the many striking contrasts which Spain presents. What other country can bring before one, at no very wonderful distance from each other, buildings so opposite, in every single feature, as the glittering, ornamented, smiling, and most beautiful Alhambra, and the oppressively gloomy Escorial. But in order to prove my words to those who have not seen these two equally famous edifices, I will now give some account of an excursion we made to the latter during our stay at Madrid. We started quite early on a beautiful day in October—the very first day of that enjoyable month it was—and anything more beautiful than the colouring of that southern sky I had never seen, not even in Andalusia. Well might it be called “the saffron brightness of morning!” After all the monotonous brown colouring of Castile, this exquisite sight was doubly welcome to us. The road is really a very fine one, if it only led through any other country than the dreary environs of Madrid: there was not a sight or a sound to enliven the way; only a miserable population, scanty in numbers, and most forbidding in aspect. The land was apparently barren, and in the distance was the gloomy Sierra, whither we were bound. There, beneath the shelter of the rugged rocky hill, stands the celebrated Escorial, so massive and grand a pile, that even surrounded as it is by hills—nay, one may almost say mountains—it still looks a wonderful pile. Up nearly to the very gates the barren appearance of the country continues, and it is more in accordance with the gloomy thoughts brought to one's mind by this strange edifice than would have been a smiling landscape.

Most of my readers will remember that the Escorial was built by Philip II, originally with the view of founding a magnificent burial-place for the Spanish sovereigns, but as he proceeded his plans were enlarged, and not only was it formed to receive the royal dead, but it was also destined as a splendid though most gloomy residence for them during their lives. Nor was the all-powerful Church forgotten: a convent arose within the walls for the reception of a number of monks. In this strange manner did the royal bigot fulfil a vow made by him when suffering from the dread of the French army about to engage his own forces and those of his allies in a decisive battle. Contrary to his panic fear he was victorious, and in the first enthusiastic warmth of his gratitude, he fulfilled the vow he had made to erect a convent on a certain spot. Building

became his favourite pursuit, and the immense pile rose gradually under his auspices. For nineteen years after its completion (it was nearly twenty-two years before it was finished) did this singular sovereign reside within its melancholy walls, and finally he died there in 1598.

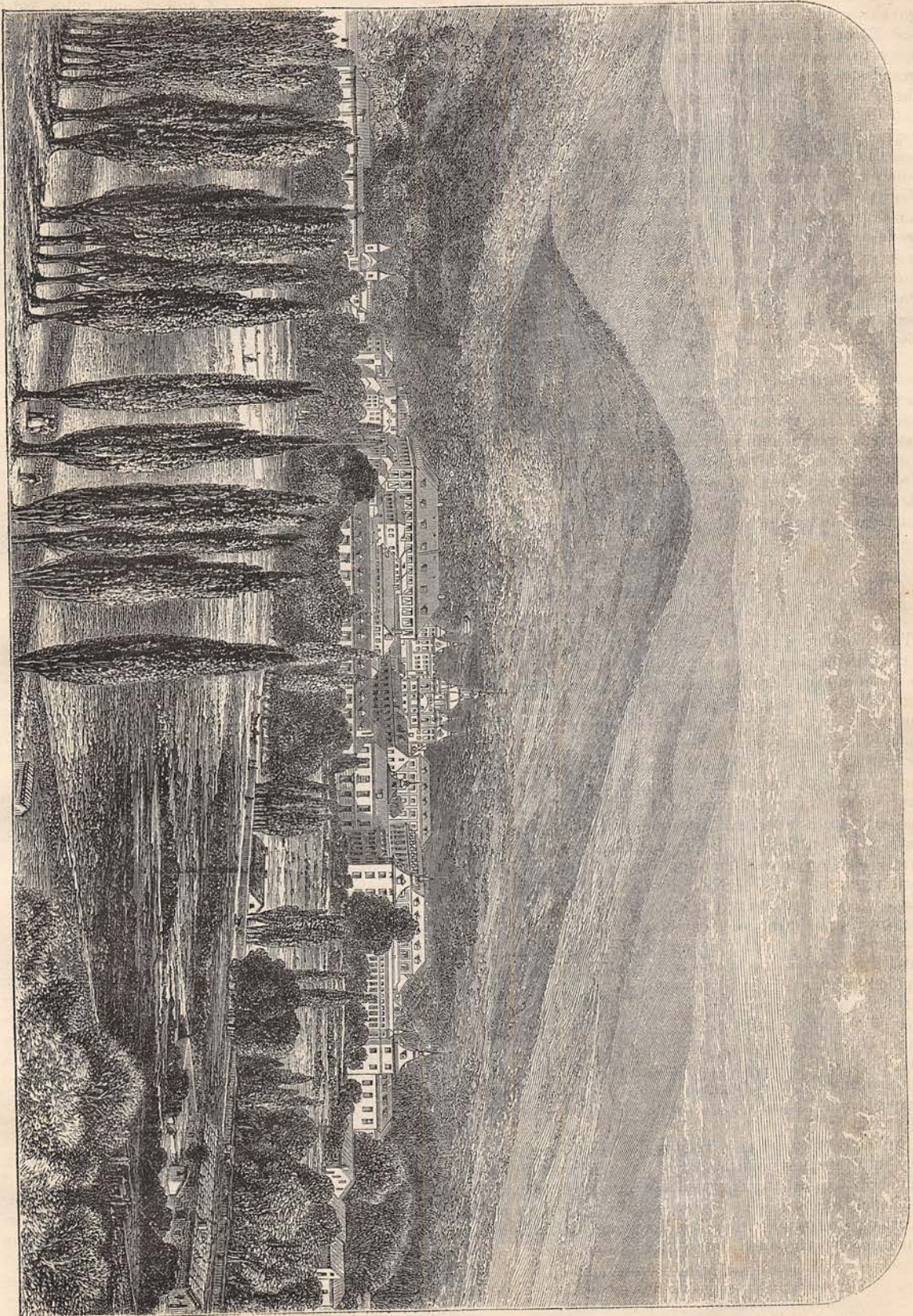
As it first appears in sight the palace has a most imposing effect, but a nearer approach rather dispels these first impressions. It has too modern an aspect, though this in reality only arises from the materials used in the building, which have in no way suffered from the lapse of time. Still, even on a near approach, it is very fine. The perfect simplicity of taste apparent in the stately pile, gives a certain indescribably grand effect that is very striking on a first view. Its situation adds greatly to its imposing aspect. It is, as it were, actually built on the rocks; and unlike any other royal palace (I might even add any other of those magnificent religious establishments of which there have been so many instances in all countries), it has no external embellishments of luxuriant nature to set it off: all is rugged, and grand, and melancholy. The very grey granite of which it is composed sends a cold shudder through one, as one thinks of the cold, cruel heart of its royal founder! But we will come inside the walls, and see what is the impression left upon the mind by the interior of this singular edifice.

The grand entrance is never opened excepting to admit the reigning sovereign, or the corpse of the monarch when brought there for interment. And most truly I may say that I have never been more impressed than by the sight of the chapel of the Escorial. Instead of entering it by stately portals, as is usually the case, this sacred edifice is approached from a dark passage. As one emerges from it, and stands at the arched entrance, it is impossible to describe the effect produced on one by the simple majesty of this chapel. After a while, you begin to wonder what it is that has produced so startling an impression. There is no ornament of any kind—nothing to interfere with the solemn feeling that one stands in a building consecrated to the worship of the Almighty: there is nothing to diminish the grandeur of the idea. All is beautiful, solemn, and imposing; everything trifling seems banished. One can hardly understand how a Roman Catholic chapel can have preserved such severe simplicity in everything belonging to it. Truly the architect of that chapel was a master in his profession. When I say there are no ornaments, I mean none of those puerile trifling decorations which, especially in Spain, so often mar the beauty of the churches; but all is in severe taste, from the sombre black-and-white pavement, to the beautiful screens of bronze and jasper.

After gazing at this beautiful chapel I was but little inclined to listen to the legends poured forth by the guides, of the relics collected by the “pious founder.” I am almost afraid to write down the number: they are said to have amounted to between seven and eight thousand. What a perversion of human intellect!

As we visited the royal sepulchre our feelings were excited almost painfully, so profoundly melancholy did this burial-place of so many great, so many mighty ones, appear to us. From the nature of the building, and its situation amid rocks and hills, the power of the wind in the Escorial must be heard to be realised. The day was a bright windy day in the beginning of October, and while in the sepulchre the gusts of wind seemed to roar, and howl, and moan, with a deep pathetic sound that was most thrilling. There by torchlight we gazed around on the embalmed mortal remains, or rather the

THE ISCHIAIA.



dark marble cases where they reposed, in different niches.

We felt but little disposed, after this solemn scene, to go the usual round through all the fine interior of the Escorial, but still we did our duty, and brought away as the result an impression of splendid halls, grand staircases, fine libraries, cloisters, courts, and all the detail of royal and priestly residences. But we did not linger long within doors: we really felt that we required the refreshment of the outer air, the sunshine, and the verdure to be found in the royal gardens. Anywhere but in the barren neighbourhood that surrounds them they would not make much impression; but after the dreary country around Madrid, the park and gardens seemed most refreshing and delightful. There are fine trees and endless walks and drives; and we were interested when the guide pointed out the exact spot where Philip always stationed himself to watch the progress of his gigantic plaything. It is a sight worth seeing—the view of the whole pile of buildings from this elevated spot.

There is another royal residence at San Ildefonso, and our party greatly enjoyed the drive thither. A more striking road I have not often seen. The most splendid pine-trees, the giants of their tribe, grew abundantly on the rocks and mountains through which we wound. The scenery was indeed magnificent: especially after the wearisome sameness of the country we had lately passed through. We were told that this road was rendered dangerous in winter by the heavy falls of snow.

CURIOSITIES OF THE PORT OF LONDON.

BY JOHN TIMBS.

"That portion of London which is connected with the port and shipping," says a popular writer, "differs so much from the districts appropriated to manufactures, and from all others possessing a special character of their own, as to constitute one of the most distinct divisions of the metropolis." Hence it has its *Curiosities*, its historic localities and sites, with the advantage of contrasts in its busy river life: its forest of masts, its crowd of ships from all quarters of the globe—of colliers, coasters, steam-boats, and river craft in almost endless variety. Then there are its docks and its vast building-yards, its storehouses, and its wealth of merchandise—all reminding one of Sir John Herschel's oft-quoted felicitous observation: "It is a fact, not a little interesting to Englishmen, and combined with our insular situation in the great highway of nations, the Atlantic, not a little explanatory of our commercial eminence, that London occupies nearly the centre of the terrestrial hemisphere." Our route embraces, on the northern side of the river, a district extending eastward from Tower Hill, and comprising Wapping and Ratchiff Highway, Shadwell, Limehouse, Poplar, and Blackwall; and on the other side commences with Tooley Street, and comprehends Rotherhithe, and all along the river to Deptford.

Eighteen centuries ago, Tacitus described London as very celebrated for the number of its merchants and its commerce. In 211 it was styled a great wealthy city, and in 359 there were engaged 800 vessels in the import and export of corn to and from London alone. Fitzstephen thus describes the merchandise in his time:—

"Arabia's gold, Sabea's spice and incense,
Scythia's keen blades, and the oil of palms
From Babylon's deep soil, Nile's precious gems,
China's bright shining silks, and Gaelic wines,
Norway's warm peltry, and the Russian sables,
All here abound."

Under an Act of Charles II, the Port of London is held to extend as far as the North Foreland. It however practically extends six and a half miles below London Bridge, to Bugsby's Hole, beyond Blackwall. The actual port reaches to Limehouse, and consists of the Upper Pool, the first bend or *reach* of the river from London Bridge to near the Thames Tunnel and Execution Dock; and the Lower Pool, thence to Cuckold's Point. In the latter space colliers mostly lie in tiers; a fair way of 300 feet being left for shipping and steamers passing up and down. The depth of the river insures considerable advantage as a shipping port; even at ebb-tide there are twelve or thirteen feet of water in the fair way of the river above Greenwich; the mean range of the tide at London Bridge is about seventeen feet, of the highest spring-tides about twenty-two feet. To Woolwich the river is navigable for ships of any burden; to Blackwall for those of 1,400 tons, and to St. Katharine's Docks for vessels of 800 tons. The loss of life upon the Thames, by collision of vessels and other accidents, is of frightful amount, 500 persons being annually drowned in the river, and one-third of that number in the Pool.

Billingsgate has been a quay, if not a market, for nearly nine centuries; it has been entirely rebuilt in our time. Here, in one season, 2,500 tons of salmon have been sold, and nearly two million of lobsters in one year; and, in a marvellous glut of fish, in two days from ninety to 100 tons of plaice, soles, and sprats. Nearly as much fish as beef is consumed in the metropolis. In 1550 "there came a shippe of egges and shurtes and smockes out of France to Byllyngesgate." The trade of Billingsgate is now suffering by railway competition. Since 1848 the number of vessels and boats conveying fish to the market has been gradually decreasing, while the number of carts and vans so engaged has been gradually increasing. In that year 10,442 vessels were so occupied, and only 3,733 in 1867, while in 1848 the carts and vans numbered 7,649, and in 1867, 16,762. Although, however, the vessels and boats have decreased in number, a larger class of vessels has been engaged in the fish trade; but, after making due allowance for the increased quantity conveyed by these larger vessels, there still appears to be a very considerable diminution in the quantity of fish conveyed by water to Billingsgate. About three-fifths of the whole quantity of fish consumed in London is now brought by railway.

Beyond Billingsgate is the Coal Exchange, rebuilt in 1849; in the basement are the remains of a Roman bath in excellent preservation. Eastward is the Custom House, the fifth built nearly upon the same site; it cost nearly half a million of money, or nearly two-thirds of the cost of St. Paul's Cathedral. The centre, before it was rebuilt in 1825, was decorated with terra-cotta figures of the Arts and Sciences, Commerce and Industry, the Royal Arms, Ocean and Commerce, Industry and Plenty. The river *façade* is nearly one-tenth of a mile in length.

On the opposite river-bank is St. Olave's Church, originally founded prior to the Norman Conquest, and dedicated to St. Olave, or Olaff, King of Norway, who, with Ethelred, in 1008, destroyed the first bridge at London, then occupied by the Danes. The present church is nearly on the site of this exploit, for the first bridge was somewhat eastward of the stone bridge taken down after the building of the present bridge. In the rear of the wharfs, lofty warehouses, and factories, is Bermondsey, once the site of a rich priory for Cluniac monks, founded in 1082, but now a seat of manufactures,

suits of solemn black" and our chimney-pot hats combined to form the most intolerably hot costume ever forced upon rational but perspiring creatures; and suggested that our clothes—which are termed "troublesome disguises" by Milton, whose authorship of a newly-found poem they discussed with a warmth akin to that of the weather^{*}—should be exchanged for summer suits of alpaca, linen, or white flannel. Others declaimed against our slavery to conventionality and Mrs. Grundy in eating hot and heavy dinners, and in making our chief hours of business during the most sweltering part of the four-and-twenty hours. Umbrellas were put to the use implied in their Italian name, and gentlemen copied the example wisely set a hundred years ago by Jonas Hanway, whose Persian experience had taught him that the umbrella could be used as a sun-shade; even as Gay had before them (in 1712) written in his "Trivia,"—

"Let Persian dames the umbrella's ribs display,
To guard their beauties from the sunny ray;
Or sweating slaves support the shady load
When eastern monarchs show their state abroad.
Britain in winter only knows its aid
To guard from chilly showers the walking maid."

But the exceptional summer of 1868 saw the umbrella used by gentlemen as a sun-shade more generally than it had ever before been used for that purpose in the streets of English towns; and it was among the many striking features of that peculiar season. Even the first five days of August reached a temperature that was rather more than nine degrees hotter than had been attained at that period in the previous fifty years: but in the ensuing week there was a welcome change to rain.

Our cottagers at Minima Parva, who are wont to place implicit faith in the weather predictions of their penny almanacks, were, for once in their lives, shaken in their belief in "Old Moore." With every willingness to stretch a point in his favour, they were yet constrained to acknowledge that when their great authority said in some such words as these:—"You may expect rain on or about the 2nd, 5th, 7th, 12th, 14th, 18th, 21st, 25th, and 28th," and not a drop of rain fell from the 1st to the 31st, Old Moore had raised expectations that were doomed to be disappointed.† Nevertheless, despite such failures as this, the faith reposed in "Old Moore" by our rural population is something astounding. Mr. Charles Knight had noticed it (in his "Passages of a Working Life") in 1812; but it has even increased since that day with a ratio in excess of the proportionate increase of the population: It was stated that in 1867 nearly 700,000 copies of "Old Moore" were sold; and that with Partridge's, Raphael's, Orion's, Zadkiel's, and others, at least one million of "prophetic" annuals were disseminated. This present month of November will again witness their publication and their extravagant and wicked pretences to lift the veil that so mercifully shrouds the future from our view. To that future we may look hopefully forward, even though the retrospect of the past summer of high temperature and great drought may be attended with some sadness. Thus, though the wheat and barley harvest was so plentiful, yet the loss upon stock was said by Mr. Bailey Denton

to have been as great as from the cattle-plague; and this mainly from the long drought and the neglect in making efficient provision to store the winter rainfall.

But there is an old saying, "Drought never yet bred dearth in England"; and it was noticed that, in the year 1826, which most resembled the present year in its long continuance of heat and absence of rain, although the rain did not set in till September 18th, yet that the spring of grass after that time was so plentiful, that ample subsistence for flocks and herds lasted well into 1827 without drawing upon the diminished stores. And it was further said, that the quality of the stock in the country now is so much superior, and the general condition of it so much better than in 1826, that the animals can better bear up against their restricted food. In the "Times" for July 27, Mr. J. G. Symons gave a long and very elaborate statement of those years in the present century in which we had a temperature similar to that in the present year. These years were 1806, 1808, 1818, 1825, 1826, 1846, 1852, 1857, 1858, 1859. Mr. R. H. Allnatt, Mr. Steward, the Hon. and Rev. W. O. Forrester, and others, also contributed interesting records relating to the weather of those years. No mention, however, was made of the similar temperature and drought in 1788; and it is to that year I would particularly refer, as I have adduced Cowper as a commentator on recent events; and his observations on the long drought of 1788 will apply to the drought of 1868, and are such as may be profitably perused by all. "It has pleased God to give us rain, without which this part of our country at least must soon have become a desert. The meadows have been parched to a January brown, and we have foddered our cattle for some time as in the winter. The goodness and power of God are never, I believe, so universally acknowledged as at the end of a long drought. Man is naturally a self-sufficient animal, and in all concerns that seem to lie within the sphere of his own ability, thinks little or not at all of the need he always has of protection and furtherance from above. But he is sensible that the clouds will not assemble at his bidding; and that, though the clouds assemble, they will not fall in showers because he commands them. When, therefore, at last the blessing descends, you shall hear even in the streets the most irreligious and thoughtless with one voice exclaim, 'Thank God!'—confessing themselves indebted to his favour, and willing at least, so far as words go, to give him the glory. I can hardly doubt, therefore, that the earth is sometimes parched and the crops endangered, in order that the multitude may not want a memento to whom they owe them, nor absolutely forget the power on which all depend for all things."

May the lesson of the drought of 1868 have not been taught us in vain!

A LADY'S JOURNEY THROUGH SPAIN.

CHAPTER XII.

WE took up our quarters for the night at a most comfortable inn, called La Fonda de la Granja. At the village bearing that name, all the royal dependants resided when the court was at San Ildefonso. The temperature of this agreeable spot is most delightful—wholly free from the scorching heat of Madrid—and it enjoys all the bracing salubrity of air belonging to elevated regions in southern latitudes. It is nearly 2,000 feet above the level of the sea, and the palace is actually erected amongst the mountains. What a singular

* Cowper wrote a poem on "The late indecent liberties taken with the remains of Milton," which Lord Winchelsea might have paraphrased in this controversy.

† "Zadkiel," another of these traders on popular credulity, was equally unfortunate in his predictions. For July, he particularised several days on which there would be "misty drizzling rain" or "violent thunderstorms all through the land," summing up the meteorology of dry, sultry July, with the italicised words, "*Much rain this month!*"

fancy, shared by so many Spanish and Moorish sovereigns—that love of building their royal dwellings on hills or rocky heights! The Alhambra, the Generalife, the Escorial, San Ildefonso, and other buildings I could name, all stand very high, on pinnacles, as it were. The situation is truly picturesque. One is in the midst of fine mountain scenery: the most magnificent forests extend all around; fresh clear streams foam and sparkle in the sunshine; and above all the glorious mountain La Peñalara raises its stately head to the height of nearly 9,000 feet above the sea level. The former name of the site on which the palace was built was La Granja, literally grange or farm buildings, and the spot was purchased by Philip v, as there he thought he might live in retirement suited to his singular habits. Talk of contrasts! where could we find one greater than that between this thoroughly French chateau or palace, in the midst of scenes of great natural beauty, and that grand yet most gloomy Escorial?

San Ildefonso is almost theatrical in its display of ornaments, both exterior and interior; but we passed hastily through the palace, reserving all our energies for the gardens, which are almost unrivalled in Europe. Equalled they may be by some, but surpassed by none that I have either seen or heard of. They may well be beautiful, for the cost of their formation was something fabulous, even in those days when no sum was thought too extravagant to be lavished on royal pleasures and pursuits. The mountainous country surrounding these gardens, while it adds greatly to the beauty of the scene, also added to the cost. The waterfalls are very lovely: the brilliant clear mountain streams are caused to fall in one magnificent sheet of water transparent as crystal, and glowing in the light of the southern sun like molten silver. Trees, flowers, shrubs, and velvet turf abound; and it is very striking to see this highly kept and ornamented parterre, one glowing mass of colours, situated high up in the midst of mountainous scenery, with fine rocks and hills and stately fir-trees enclosing it as in a frame. We were possessed of a private order for the fountains and cascades to be made to play, and this display added greatly to the charms of the scene.

As we descended from the hills down again into the plains, we were greatly struck by the fine old city of Segovia. We determined to give one whole day to this most interesting specimen of an old Castilian city, for we had been warned that it would be a great mistake if we neglected visiting it. Accordingly, instead of returning to Madrid from La Granja, we went on to Segovia, and took up our abode for the night at the very much improved inn in the town. The city is situated on a rocky ridge at a considerable elevation above the plain, and two streams almost surround the hill. Its picturesque old walls, the alcazar, the curious round towers, the singular houses with their balconies, and the artistic effect of the buildings grouped together upon the rocky eminence on which the city stands, form a scene an artist would delight to gaze at. We were charmed, though the sharp keen air blew so chill in our faces that, accustomed as we had been for so many months to the luxuriant warmth of those southern lands, we almost shivered at the change. Still the sun shone bright, and after we had descended to more sheltered regions, we no longer complained of the wind. Segovia is one of the most ancient cities in Spain: its antiquity, or rather that claimed for it by its citizens, carries us back to ages so remote that we may soon get lost in the mazes of antiquarian lore. Its ancient aqueduct is one of those grand works completed in those days with such magnificent results. For more than

three leagues does this splendid structure convey the pure water to the city. The central arches are upwards of one hundred feet in height, and nothing can be more picturesque than the view of these tiers of beautiful arches rising one above the other.

The cathedral is a noble building, certainly one of the finest in Spain. The colour of the stone used in the erection is most effective. The view from the summit of the tower well repays one for the exertion of the ascent, so fine is the panorama of mountains, woods, streams, gardens, and the striking city itself. We visited the alcazar chiefly, I think, because within its walls that admirable writer Le Sage represents his hero Gil Blas to have been confined.

Segovia formerly was famous for the beautiful merino wool of the sheep pastured in the vicinity. Most curious accounts are given in the old chronicles of the enormous flocks that were kept by the different convents, as well as by other proprietors. The time of sheep-shearing was made a regular festival, and all the people came from the different villages and hamlets in the neighbourhood to take part in the festivities. The flocks were immense, and it required no small amount of labour to shear such large numbers of sheep, but it was all done with admirable method and skill. There was so much rivalry in the wool trade in those days, that the spirit of emulation kept all concerned on the alert. It is very different at the present time: the wool trade has shared the fate of all other Spanish manufactures; the same dull stagnation pervades it that has been so fatal in other things. Within the last few years (so we were told by those who have the welfare of Spain deeply at heart) there has been a decided reaction; and the iron roads that are beginning to traverse the country in many directions must in process of time introduce a new order of affairs. Many of my readers may have seen specimens of this beautifully fine merino wool in the fairy-like knitting for which some of the towns in the Pyrenees are celebrated. But I must not loiter, but go on my way.

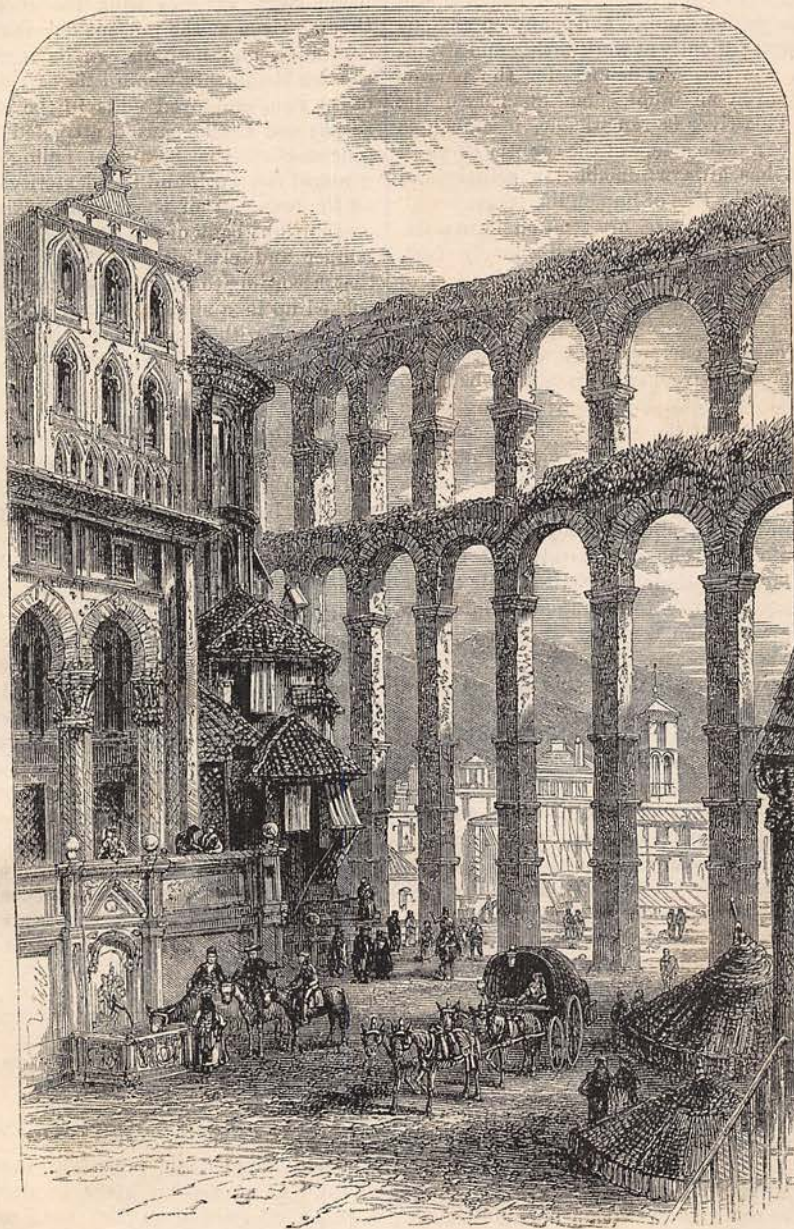
Who could be in Spain—nay, at Madrid—and not visit Toledo, one of the most remarkable of the Spanish towns, and formerly the splendid capital of the monarchy under the Gothic rule? I can only say, it is to be hoped that in the palmy days of its celebrity the different roads that led to it may have been less detestable than they are at the present day.

We were much struck on our nearer approach to the town by the remarkable air of antiquity that pervaded it. Toledo is placed on numerous hills, something after the manner of Rome; it was even stated in the old account that their number was the magic one of seven. Whatever their number really may be, they are of considerable elevation. The picturesque river Tagus circles them with a bright and shining girdle. The streets are steep and narrow; but the houses have an air of massive grandeur that tells of bygone splendour, of dwellings erected not merely for the passing requirements of an increasing population, but with a due regard to posterity; so that a family mansion was an heirloom, and was passed on from generation to generation almost uninjured, and if altered only improved by the embellishing hand of time. Many houses in Toledo are very Moorish in aspect, as they well may be, for the town was under the dominion of the Moors for some centuries.

For a Spanish town, Toledo is one of the cleanest that we saw. The reason of this superiority may be found in the ample supply of water that is ever at the command of the Toledans. The Tagus is an ever-flowing

and most bountiful stream. The character of the Tolodans is very much in accordance with the country they occupy. They are solemn and grave in aspect, slow and dignified in their movements, brave, and faithful, and honest. There are many really excellent traits in

both the other races in almost every attribute. So richly do these different remains adorn this singular old town that it may well be called "charmed ground." Not a sound of a carriage or vehicle of any sort disturbed our silent reveries, for few wheeled conveyances could



ROMAN AQUEDUCT AT SEGOVIA.

their character, and the higher classes speak their fine language with a purity of accent and clearness of utterance delightful to hear.

Toledo teems with memories of the past. In that respect it is far more interesting than Madrid. At Toledo every street is a picture. One knows not which most to admire, the Roman remains—relics of that wonderful people who never planted their proud eagles in any country without leaving lasting traces of their presence—or the works of the poetic, romantic, chivalrous, and pleasure-loving Moors; or again, the grand stately buildings of the sterner Goths, widely differing from

pass along those steep, ancient-looking streets. The whole aspect of the place is stately and solemn in the extreme. How beautiful is the splendid Moorish gateway of rich harmonious red brick! Then how truly picturesque is the mass of varied buildings, convents, palaces, and churches, all heaped together on the rising ground, the rocky pinnacles standing out in fine contrast from the ancient ruins.

It is pleasant to stand on the Moorish bridge which traverses the Tagus, and gaze at the impetuous river, as its waters pour forth from the narrow gorge above. In the immediate vicinity of the town may be found

spots of such wild and rugged aspect, that truly one might imagine oneself many a long mile away from the noisy haunts of men. There are many such to be found along the banks of the Tagus, and had I spent weeks instead of days at Toledo, I should never have wearied of exploring them. More especially attractive were they at the season when I saw them. The Tagus is still said "to run over golden sands," and many an anxious watcher may be seen patiently at work sifting and straining, and washing the precious deposit, for the narrow chances of finding even an infinitesimal quantity of the valuable metal. This river is remarkable, inasmuch as though formed to be a main artery of the country through which it runs, it has always remained a solitary and lonely river, as far as the tide of human life is concerned. No steamers, scarcely any boats, are seen on its waters. But though in one sense it may be called a lonely river, yet have its banks many tales to tell—of battles, of skirmishes, of sieges, of lonely dungeons built on rocky pinnacles overlooking its waters, of imprisoned ladies gazing on the rushing current week after week, of rescuing knights crossing from one precipitous bank to the other, of awful struggles for empire taking place within sight and sound of its waters. Many-coloured rocks seem at some points entirely to close it in, in a narrow gorge or basin; but some sudden turn reveals fresh beauties of wild rocky glades, overhanging precipices, rushing waterfalls, and smiling valleys. The Toledan laundresses have chosen a lovely spot as the scene of their labours, and their gay attire, their merry songs, their pleasant manner to strangers who try to make acquaintance with them, are all most harmoniously in unison with the scene.

Any one paying their first visit to this ancient town should by no means omit going at sunset to see the painted windows in the cathedral. Beautiful at all times, at that hour they glow with the beams of the setting sun, till they appear like a gorgeous mass of precious stones. They were all painted by famous foreign artists, and the price stated to have been given for each single window seems almost incredible. Many of the internal decorations of the cathedral are exquisitely beautiful; and greatly as I dislike gilding generally in a church, there are two pulpits of metal richly gilded, that are as exquisite in their workmanship as the finest specimens of gold plate. The image of the Virgin in the cathedral at Toledo is perfectly black, and the estimation in which she is held is plainly shown by the lavish adornments with which she is literally covered. She is seated on a massive silver throne gorgeously carved. The canopy is also of solid silver. The jewels in her crown would form a dowry for an empress, and the precious stones set in various articles for her adorning are more valuable than many crown jewels. The churches are very numerous in Toledo, but as there is a great sameness in Spanish churches, I refrain from detailed description. If I were asked what I cared least for amongst the varied and interesting sights that occupied my time during my stay in Spain, I should say the Churches. Of course I speak generally, and I except the grand Cathedrals of Seville, Gerona, and a few others, not surpassed elsewhere in Europe.

There is one thing for which Toledo has been renowned from the earliest days, which must claim a passing notice—I allude to the manufacture of sword-blades—and their celebrity has in no degree decreased. There are many curious laws and regulations in old archives, respecting the profession of armoury as practised formerly in this town, and it required very strict examinations before any one was admitted a member of the body of

armourers, or corporation, as it was termed. These famous sword-blades, especially, were supposed to derive somewhat of their temper and excellence from some properties of the water of the Tagus, which was exclusively used in the process. Before the invention of gunpowder, the manufacturers of these renowned blades made large fortunes from the enormous demand for them. Even at the present day the trade in them still continues, and nothing can be more picturesque than the establishments where it is carried on. The costume of the men employed adds to the artistic effect of the scene; and I often paused, attracted by the clear, regular cadences of the hammers falling on the iron, and watched the work and the dexterity of the workmen in all the branches of their trade. These workshops are on the right bank of the river, and the extraordinary fine temper and elasticity of the swords is still so great, that, according to the manufacturers, they are sometimes packed up in a similar manner to the fine steel springs of a watch, without receiving the slightest damage. The three trials that these swords were formerly made to undergo were very curious. The first was made by resting the blade on a kind of iron horse and bending it down by great pressure with one hand on each side of the horse; this trial was often repeated, and at the end of them the blade was to appear perfectly straight without any blemish being visible. The next was known as that of "the lion's tongue." A leaden imitation of a lion's tongue was fastened to the wall, the point of the sword was placed against the tongue, and the weapon gradually bent till it was nearly in a semicircle. If there was any flaw it would shiver like glass under this trial; if there was no blemish it would instantaneously resume its original form. The third was the most formidable. A block of iron was placed on a cushion stuffed with hay, and then the farrier, with the whole strength of his arm, was to give a furious cutting blow at the iron. The blade was to pass through the trial without even the minutest notch in its edge. Blades having passed through all three trials successfully were in the proportion only of twelve per cent., a wonderfully small number when one reflects that those that failed were condemned as old iron. The trade has lately revived considerably, so we were informed at the principal establishment.

THE MIDNIGHT SKY AT LONDON.

NOVEMBER.

BY EDWIN DUNKIN, F.R.A.S., ROYAL OBSERVATORY.

WE have alluded in preceding months to the term "fixed," as an epithet given to distinguish the great majority of stars from the sun, moon, and planets, whose apparent positions in the heavens are continually changing sensibly from day to day, and, in the case of the moon, from hour to hour. The so-called fixed stars, so far as can be measured by the unassisted eye, however, never alter their relative positions with respect to each other, and appear as if they were attached to the celestial sphere. They are observed to rise in the east and set in the west, from day to day, and from year to year, without any sensible change in their general aspect, excepting only that due to the seasonal variation of the earth's position in her orbit, as briefly explained in March. This apparent absolute fixity of the stars in space was supposed by the ancients to be real, and it was not till the year 1717 that Dr. Halley, owing to the greater accuracy of modern astronomical observations,

the renewal of life after nature's winter sleep, is exchanged for the scarcely less beautiful, though more sombre hues, that prelude the fall of the foliage. The maple-leaves turn scarlet, while the numerous ever-greens still afford shade and verdure to the landscape.

GAMES.

Chess and draughts are amongst the sedentary amusements of the Japanese. The latter is a very elaborate game: a large board is used, and the pieces number over four hundred: the directions in which they may be moved are very numerous.

The Japanese game of chess can easily be understood by a foreigner; it is a great favourite amongst them, and they call it Sho-Ho-Ye. The inmates of the guard-houses often divert their leisure hours with this, and another, which resembles the well-known European game of *loto*, only that it is played with small black and white stones. Card playing was unknown in Japan till it was introduced by intercourse with foreigners in the sixteenth or seventeenth century. The pack consisted of fifty-two cards, but so much gambling resulted from their use, that a decree was issued forbidding the Japanese to play with them under heavy penalties: this decree is, however, evaded by the use of smaller pieces of cardboard, forty-eight in number, which can be made available for the same purposes as the larger ones, though they differ from the European model.

The excitement, too, of games of chance is carried on by means of dice, and exquisite little sets of dice, made of ivory, and inlaid with ebony and coral, are carried about the person, a set of them being enclosed in an ivory box three quarters of an inch long, or in a globe the size of a large cherry.

The Italian game of *moro*, so dear to the Neapolitan *lazzaroni*, which enables them to kill so much time, is represented in Japan by a somewhat similar game with the fingers.

The flying of kites is undertaken with such seriousness, that it seems almost without the category of mere amusements; men, not boys, are the kite-flyers, and they will stand or sit for hours regulating the flight of the grotesque figures borne on the breeze at the end of the long strings. Figures of animals, birds, centipedes, men and women, etc., are made to ascend, and do not seem more difficult to manage than the kite of common shape, with the long tail of strips of paper, which we are accustomed to see.

A LADY'S JOURNEY THROUGH SPAIN.

CHAPTER XIII.

WE returned to Madrid from Toledo, as we had engaged our carriage at the former place, and we had also to take a final leave of kind friends before our departure from Spain. I will not dwell on those always melancholy last days, nor yet can I afford to linger on my road; but I must say a few words respecting the Basque provinces, as both the country and its inhabitants well deserve some notice.

The Basques are the most thoroughly national of all the Spanish people, regular mountaineers, having had less admixture with other races, as they generally contrived through every change to keep themselves to themselves, as the saying is. One singular characteristic of this people is their equality: all claim to be the veritable Spanish *caballero* untainted by any cross, whether of Jew or infidel. Their pride is something astonishing; and where all are equally proud, it is im-

possible but that offence must sometimes be given. However, they do not bear malice, and quarrels are soon made up again. Their bravery is undoubted, and they are said to make excellent soldiers, but more in their own guerilla kind of warfare, than amongst regular troops and in a pitched battle. Though now incorporated with the Spanish provinces, the Basque country is still governed by its own peculiar laws and constitution. Many a hard struggle have the Basques maintained sooner than permit the slightest infringement of their rights. This has given a sort of determined, independent character to these people, as peculiar as it is attractive. In some respects they resemble the Tyrolese. The country also differs widely from all other parts of Spain; it has neither the soft luxurious loneliness of the southern provinces, nor the grandeur of the wild mountain regions. It is more a peaceful, smiling, pastoral country, with secluded valleys, gently rising hills, clear sparkling streams, verdant pastures, and fertile, well-cultivated lands. Agriculture is well understood amongst the Basques. The timber is very fine. In some parts oaks and chestnuts cover the hills. There is excellent fishing in many of the streams.

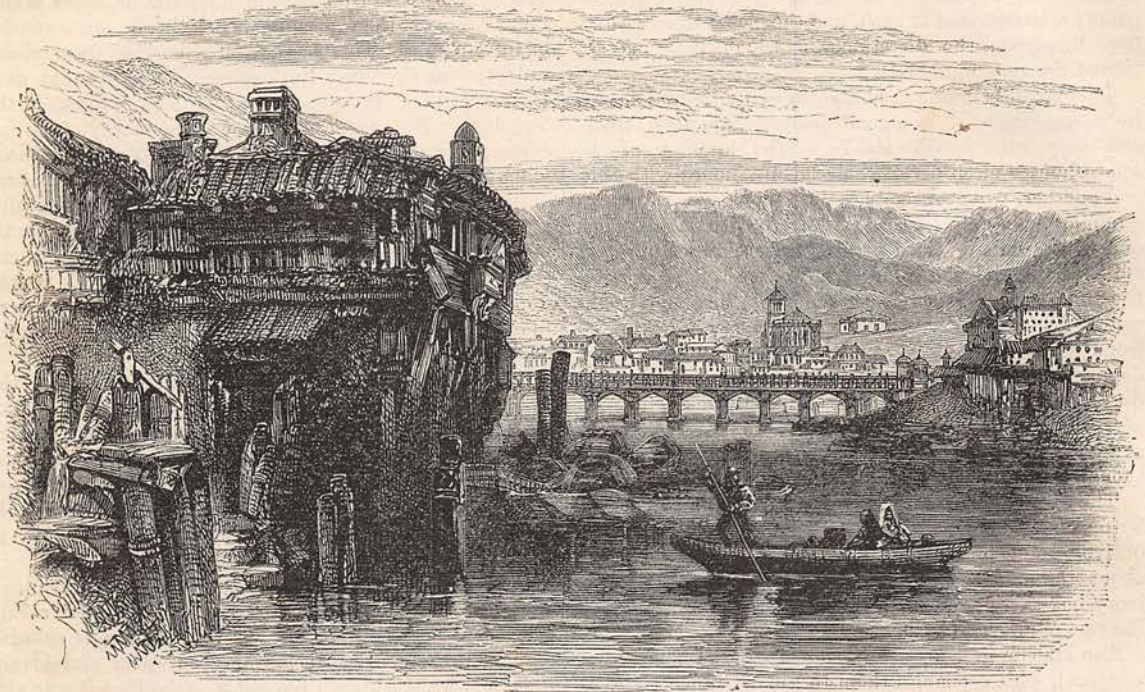
We made a halt at Irun, the first town on the Spanish side. It is on the high road to Madrid. For travellers coming from France into Spain it may indeed be called the first Spanish town on that frontier; and as such it of course will always possess a sort of interest which it has no other claim to. We only halted there as a starting-point for an expedition to St. Sebastian.

As the weather was still so delightful, we determined once more to give ourselves the pleasure of a riding excursion. Accordingly, having procured suitable animals, we started on a morning so warm and bright that, had we not known beyond a doubt that it was the month of November, we should have pronounced it to be a lovely glowing day early in September. It was enchanting. The road ran along the coast, and greatly we enjoyed the sight of the sea, and the varied costumes of the Basque peasantry. The women have beautiful hair, which they wear in long plaits down their backs, and adorn, for any festivity, or on the saints' days, with coloured ribbon. The married women cover their heads with a very unpicturesque sort of hood. The young girls have bright, fresh complexions. The men wear the sandal almost universally. The one great passion of the Basque peasantry seems to find vent in pilgrimages to their favourite shrines. There is no trouble they will not take to accomplish their object, and no distance they will not travel, even on foot, to reach some pre-eminently holy shrine, frequently for the benefit, as they credulously believe, of some relative especially dear to them, who may be suffering from one of the many ills that mortality is heir to. Prayers offered up at these shrines are looked upon as far more efficacious than any prayers offered up in a church near at hand, and they most implicitly believe that if the sick are to be cured this is the way to accomplish it. Many and many a time during our residence in Spain did we meet parties of the country people bound on some such errand; and affecting it sometimes was to see the utter forgetfulness of self, the patient endurance of toil and fatigue, the warm affection, the loving hopefulness displayed, even in connection with these baseless superstitions.

San Sebastian is a very striking spot, situated as it is on an elevated rock, that seems actually to overhang the sea. Indeed, it is almost surrounded by water, as the

river Urumea runs down into the sea on one side of the town. Fishing seems at present to be the occupation of nearly every man, woman, and child in the place. Any one staying at San Sebastian will be pleased to profit by their labours, for I do not think that I ever tasted such delicious fish as those that formed part of every repast during our sojourn. The historical asso-

The climate is very salubrious, and at the same time agreeable. It is very easy of access, and as railroads increase will become even more so; and there are many objects in the neighbourhood to attract and interest strangers. The environs are very attractive: there are picturesque hills, green wooded glades, beautiful chesnut groves, and pretty villages perched high



IRUN.

ciations of San Sebastian are so well known to all the world, that it would be useless for me to allude to them. We thoroughly lionised the town, but it is more interesting to see than to describe.

The ride to Tolosa, especially the latter part of it, was charming, through country beautifully wooded with fine chesnut-trees, then in all the golden glory of the autumnal change of the leaf. The district strongly resembles parts of Switzerland, but it has a bright rich tone of colouring belonging to the more southern climate. Certainly our last ride in Spain was as enjoyable as we could have desired.

From Tolosa we continued our way, still riding, to Vittoria, which some of our party had a great desire to see, on account of the memorable victory gained by the Duke of Wellington in the war of the Peninsula. The town of Vittoria is a most busy, flourishing, populous town, unlike in nearly every respect the towns that we had lately been visiting. Cheerfulness was the peculiar characteristic of Vittoria; of course I speak of the modern town. There is an old portion of the town that is dark and gloomy enough. Nothing can be more delightful than the alamedas or public walks. One outside the town, called La Florida, or "The Flowery," is charming, and in the summer season must well deserve its pretty name. One day sufficed for all that we wished to see. I should think Vittoria would be a charming residence for a family wishing to economise. The living was wonderfully cheap and very good; poultry, vegetables, and fruit, all were to be obtained in abundance, all excellent, and for most moderate prices.

up on the different eminences. The dress of the peasantry is peculiar to that neighbourhood. The dark blue cap, or bereta, as it is called, I think a very becoming head-dress. I cannot say as much for their mode of attiring their legs and feet: they are rolled round and round with what we should call bandages, and then on their feet they wear the universal sandals. The bandaged legs give a very clumsy appearance. The houses are built with wonderful solidity, as if each separate dwelling was to sustain a siege. The coats of arms of the proprietors are always carved over the entrance. The pride the Basque families take in these armorial bearings is a feature to be noticed. They are almost all good scholars in heraldry, and look upon it as an essential part of a gentleman's education.

All the country of the Basques recalls the struggles between the Carlists and the Christinos, and the life and adventures of that celebrated guerrillero chieftain, Zumalacarregui. Not a hill did we ascend, not a village did we pass through, that had not its memories of that stirring time. Truly the memories belonging to most Spanish scenery are anything but peaceful in their nature! The ride the whole way was full of interest, and the country as picturesque and delightful as any I had seen. An artist might quickly fill his portfolio, so picturesque are the points of view, so completely do they possess everything that is most effective in scenery. The streams are enchantingly clear and sparkling, and most of them abound with fish.

But we must come to last pages and last words, however unpleasant they are. A feeling of sadness

oppressed our whole party as we crossed the bridge over the Bidasoa, and knew that Spain was left behind us. I can only hope that those readers who may have accompanied us through our long journey may in some measure sympathise with us in our regrets, that a time of such unusual enjoyment was at an end, that friends and companions so endeared to each other by the pleasures and toils they had mutually shared, must now part and each go their separate way. Two of the party were bound to far distant lands, one to return to England; and I myself intended to try how far prolonged rambling would indemnify me for the pain of such a parting. The islands of Corsica and Sardinia were to be my destination. One parting word of Bayonne, the town whence we all started on our different routes. The wild and lofty ranges of the

Our last night was spent at Bayonne—the last of the undivided party. From thence one of our gentlemen started to make his way as quick as he could to England, while the remaining three went first to Paris and thence to Marseilles. My two companions went by the overland route to India, and I accomplished my voyage safely to Corsica. When these pages meet the eyes of my fellow-travellers, they will, I hope, recall to their minds the pleasantest nine months that I at least ever spent.

MOTHER'S WORK;

OR, THE EDUCATION OF THE HEART.

BY MRS. ELLIS, AUTHOR OF THE "WOMEN OF ENGLAND."

CHAPTER VI.—THE MOTHER.

IN venturing so far into the mother's department of work, I am not unconscious of being upon delicate ground, nor insensible to the liability which I incur of being charged with presumption, as if those who are practically engaged amongst their children do not know better than any one else can teach them, what ought to be done and what can be done. Others who are closely pressed with the business of each recurring day may ask, not unreasonably, how sufficient leisure is to be found for all this education of the heart.

Let such mothers, and indeed all mothers, bear with me while I assure them that all I am pleading for is this—that an equal proportion of effort should be given to the education of the heart—to the training of the affections, desires, and motives of the young, as is now given to the training of their intellectual powers. I would also include equal attention to the physical nature of the child, seeing that these three are included in human character—the physical, the moral, and the intellectual, and that no one of the three can be neglected, or allowed to sink out of proportion, without serious injury to the whole.

Hitherto I have said little about the body, because it is the custom, I might almost say the fashion, of the present day to give to the maintenance of health a prominent place in public lectures and studies, and, indeed, in those more general measures for the promotion of social progress which include a high estimate of the value of wholesome air and food, as well as a knowledge of various other means of improving the physical condition of mankind. Much as these means have been neglected and undervalued, especially amongst the poor, a due regard for the laws of health is now so often and so strenuously enforced by the more enlightened portions of the community, and especially by scientific men, and by the press, that the subject can demand no notice from me. I only speak of what is neglected—of what is left out of due proportion in our systems of education as generally conducted.

No one can deny, or wish to deny, that the nursery is the mother's department, over which her rule ought to be absolute. But in order to rule there it is not necessary to be entirely occupied with the details even of such a department. Since the mother cannot be present in all places at once, nor with all her children at once, the question arises, Which department of maternal interest can she most safely commit to inferior agency?

Instinct would keep the human mother in the nursery, just as the mother bird would sit brooding over her unfledged young. But the human mother has a range of duty extending far beyond that of the bird; and in considering the whole character of her child, as an im-



A ROADSIDE SKETCH IN SPAIN.

Pyrenees render all the neighbourhood of the French town highly picturesque. Two fine rivers, the Nive and the Adour, add greatly to its beauty; it is, as it were, the key of the mountain passes of the West Pyrenees, and it is reckoned one of the strongest fortified places known. We made a point of visiting the small enclosure where rest the mortal remains of many of the English soldiers and officers who were killed in 1814. The only other place we visited was a very different one—the gloomy old castle said to have been the residence of the infamous Catherine de Medicis when she brought Charles IX, her weak tool in all her wicked schemes, to Bayonne, to hold a conference with one as wicked and infamous as herself, the celebrated Duke of Alva. At that meeting it is now well known, according to later histories, that the appalling massacre of St. Bartholomew was determined on, and settled in all its awful details. Far different are the associations which connect England with the town of Bayonne: for these I refer my readers to the despatches of our great Duke himself.