

able with the miscarriage of many of these, inasmuch as the postage-stamps were so thinly covered with gum that they fell off; 1,200,000 got loose in the Post Office in 1865. In the next year this was remedied by a thicker coating of the adhering material, and the number of loose stamps fell to 760,000. Possibly, if people would not lick stamps, but wet them, there would be still fewer failures of both letters and newspapers from this cause. The detained newspapers amount to five sacks a week. They are all torn up, and are sold for waste paper. While witnessing this destruction, we could not help thinking that a few of them would be well distributed if sent to our poor-houses and other charitable institutions, where the poor inmates have so little to cheer them in their often enforced idleness. We recommend this idea to the Post Office authorities.

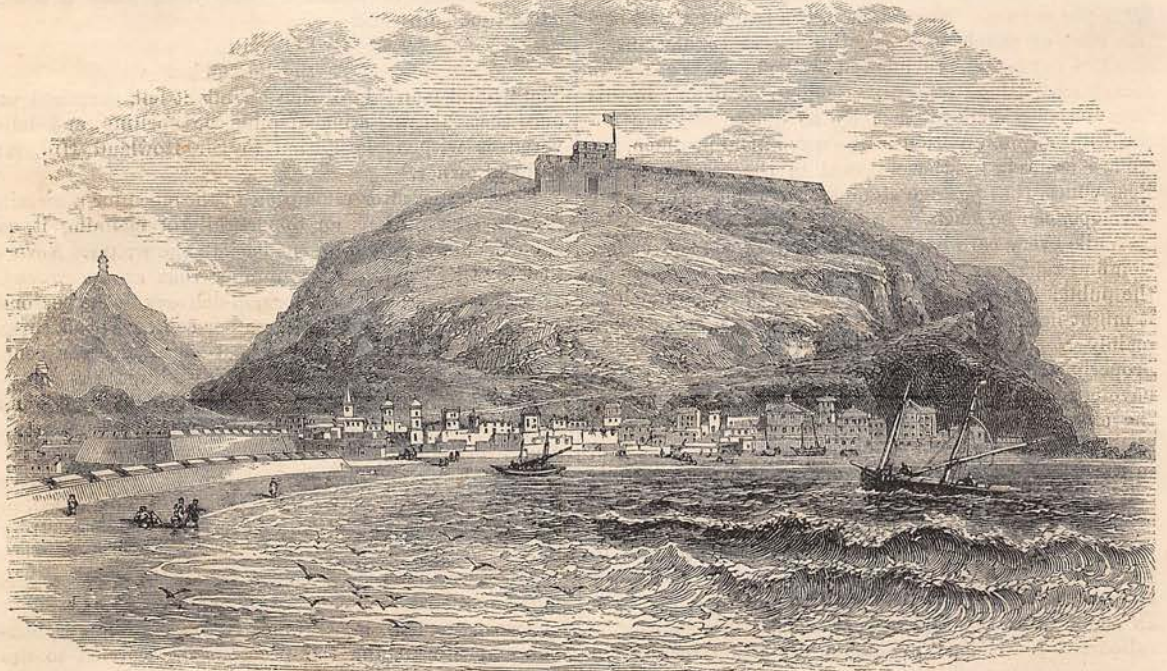
We cannot, within the limits of this article, do more than refer to the many new departments which have, of late years, been created and placed under the government of the Post Office. The Money-order Office has grown enormously, and has, in fact, superseded to a very large extent the system of bank draughts. The Savings Bank, with ramifications throughout the country, and with a receiving-house in the large percentage of its Post Offices, has become a large establishment in itself, and is every year increasing; the Government Insurances and Annuities Office—all these establishments, which may be considered satellites to the General Post Office, will grow with the growth of the country. At present they are scattered in various buildings, but it is

the intention to concentrate them in one large building to be erected, as soon as all the leases have been obtained, on the site in St. Martin's-le-Grand, opposite the Post Office, extending from Newgate Street to the Bull and Mouth. This building will, in course of time, no doubt, surpass in size the General Post Office, and the whole system, under the direction of the Postmaster-General, will probably represent the most powerful, as it is the most profitable, of all the Civil Service departments of the State.

The revenue of the Post Office, from all sources, has year by year been increasing. The last return published, refers to the year 1865, when the net revenue amounted to £1,482,522. According to the annual increase, that amount cannot now be much under two millions, which is paid into the Exchequer without any deductions. Lord Stanley of Alderley, the late Postmaster-General, clearly anticipated that in a few years it would, without in any way stinting the service, produce an income nearly equal in amount to the income-tax. Such being the case, it will become a question for the consideration of the Government, what we shall do with it. It has been often asserted that the Post Office ought not to be a source of revenue; possibly not; but we cannot help agreeing with his lordship "that it would be difficult if not impossible, to devise any mode of raising a public income less burdensome or more equitable in its operation, than that which exacts no payment without giving a service in return, and which is not open to the appellation of a tax."

TWO MONTHS IN SPAIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A MERCHANT'S HOLIDAY."

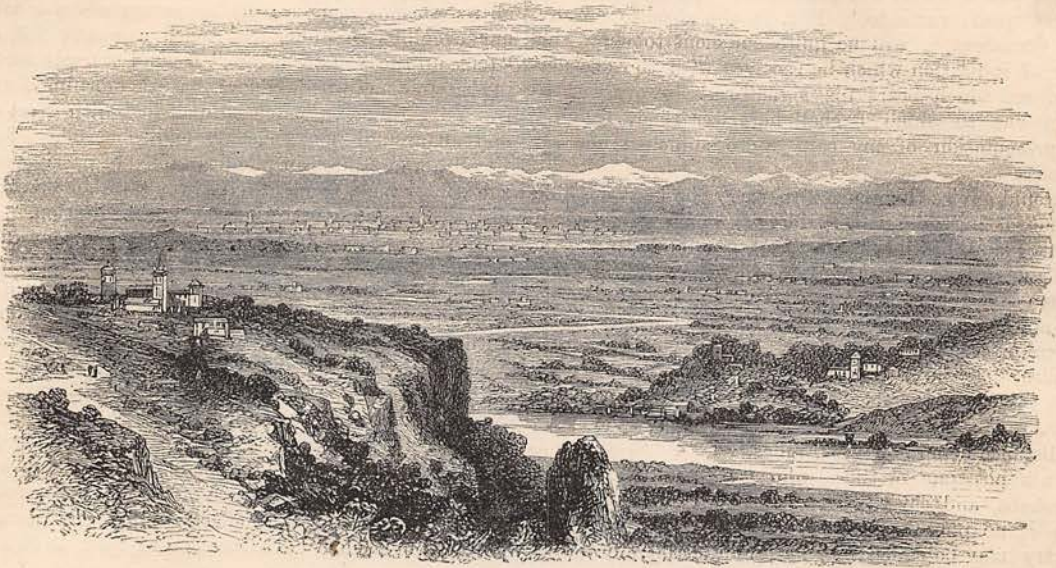


SAN SEBASTIAN.

ALTHOUGH an old traveller in many parts of the world, I had never visited Spain. Vague ideas of troubles and discomforts had hitherto deterred me. But the railways, if they have destroyed the romance, have removed most of the difficulties of travelling, and, armed

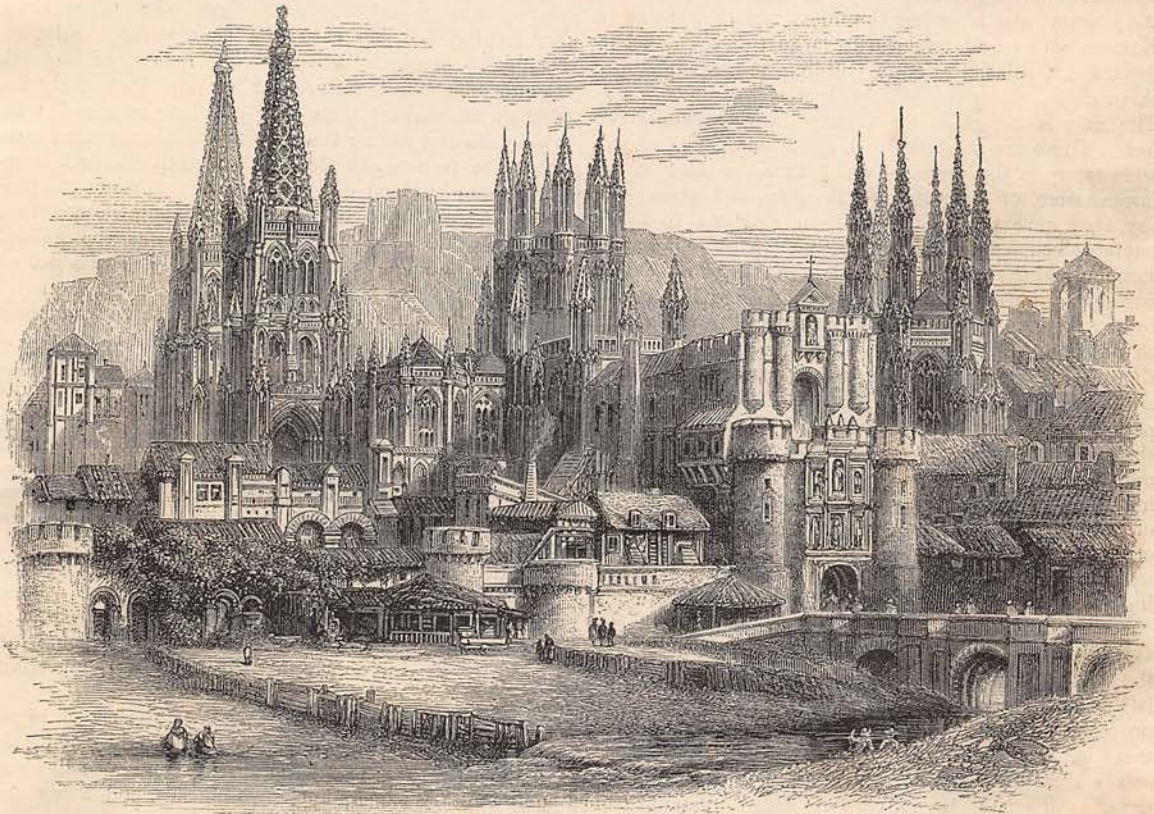
with Bradshaw's Guide, and Murray's Handbook, I felt sure that the chief routes in the Peninsula must be easily accessible. Accordingly, I resolved on the expedition, a brief record of which may serve as a guide to other travellers.

I may say at once, that if the reader expects any perilous adventures among contrabandists or banditti, he will be disappointed. Travelling in Spain is as easy in | were included guides in the various cities, photographic views and other *souvenirs*, and all incidental expenses. On a more economical scale, and with sufficient comfort,



PLAIN OF VITTORIA.

the present day as on any part of the "grand tour of Europe;" and as to cost, while the railway fares are | the same tour of two months could be managed at an outlay of little more than £40. I took with me circular



BURGOS.

higher than in France and Germany, I found that my expenses, including first-class travelling and hotel accommodation, did not exceed a pound a day. In this | notes of the Union Bank of London, a safe and convenient "circulating medium," as they can be cashed in any city of Spain without loss or trouble.

There is no passport now required from the British traveller in Spain; but, if he has an old one of any date by him, it may be as well to put it in his pocket, as it may be asked for at the post-office, when applying for letters "poste restante." But, in the absence of any such document, it will be quite sufficient to show the letter of indication which he receives with the circular notes, and which bears his signature. In every case, except one to which I shall hereafter refer, I found the presentation of my card quite sufficient for all purposes.

I would advise the tourist to carry the least possible amount of luggage, which will save much trouble and expense; and, having nothing that is subject to duty, a simple declaration to that effect will generally satisfy the Custom House authorities. One of the articles of which they are most suspicious is tobacco; and I would advise the traveller who smokes to trust to Spain for his supplies.

On the 2nd November last I left Paris by the express train at 10.30 A.M., and arrived at Bordeaux at 9.30 P.M., the distance being about 360 miles.

I am not one of those who "travel from Dan to Beersheba, and say that all is barren;" but certainly there is no picturesque scenery on this journey. The country may be called flat, fair, and fertile; for every foot of ground is well cultivated. The journey is not without interest, as we pass the old historical cities of Orleans, Tours, Poitiers, and Angoulême; and if we do not see much of these cities by the present go-ahead mode of travelling, the fact of passing them prompts us to read up some of our forgotten history. Bordeaux itself is worth the journey, and is among the finest maritime towns in Europe, with broad boulevards, large squares and gardens, and a palatial style of building, in a semicircle of three miles, along the left bank of the river Garonne. The river is navigable for vessels drawing twenty-two feet. There are no docks. A great number of vessels were lying in the river, of which three or four of the largest were for Calcutta and Bombay, and, strange to say, they were taking freight from England to India, paying all charges, at ten shillings a ton less than from London and the Clyde. Here is a problem for some of our ship-owners to solve. Twenty years ago I happened to be a passenger on board a French vessel from Calcutta to Bordeaux. The commander, Captain Ireland, was a thorough sailor and a gentleman—a Frenchman by birth and education, and an Englishman in feelings and sympathy. I had not been long at my hotel when I learned that he was settled here as a merchant, and I called upon him. We had not met for twenty-six years; both had become grey, and these long years had told greatly on both of us; but, strange to say, we recognised each other at once by the voice, and I had a most kind and welcome reception, and was introduced to the club reading-room, and all that was interesting in the city.

After spending two days here very agreeably, I started at eight A.M. for Bayonne and Biarritz, and arrived at the former city at noon. A number of our passengers left us at the station of Dax, *en route* to Pau, where they proposed passing the winter, some of whom I afterwards met in the south of Spain, congratulating themselves that they had not remained "under the Pyrenees." Biarritz is only five miles distant from Bayonne, and there is constant omnibus communication; so that, instead of going on at once by rail to the pleasant and favourite retreat of the Empress of the French, I stopped four hours at the latter city, and had time to look around the citadel, and stroll about the quays and harbour, which lay within sight of the Bay of

Biscay. Then I took the outside of the omnibus, and arrived at Biarritz at 5 P.M. Nothing could surpass the beauty of this evening. Far out on the Bay of Biscay, which was calm as a mill-pond, the golden sun was sinking in all its glorious majesty; the temperature was as mild as our evenings in June, and when a nearly full moon "took up the wondrous tale," I could scarcely reconcile myself to come within doors. Next morning I visited the Villa Eugénie, which is furnished with great taste, and all around looks cleanly and cheerful. Several English and American families talked of passing part of the winter here, from which I would rather be excused, unless I wished to retire for private meditation.

Next day at noon commenced what I may call my Spanish journey. An hour and a half after leaving the station of Biarritz we come to the frontier town of Irun, where luggage, not registered for Madrid, is examined with very little trouble. If you have only one package, a shake of the head and "nada" will meet with a smile and exemption from being searched. I retract the "smile," and call it a complacent look, for I have not yet seen a Spaniard smile, and I begin to doubt if such a thing is possible. Much has been said and written about the drowsy indifference of the Spaniard, and here we first begin to see its effects, which increase as you go on; but I shall have occasion to refer to this hereafter.

The next station we pass is San Sebastian, where we remained long enough to take a sad look at the rugged cone where stands the citadel, about four hundred feet above the sea, and overlooking the town, which is built on the isthmus lying along the seaboard, and nearly isolated from the main land. No Englishman can pass this spot without mingled feelings of pride and sorrow. The readers of Napier's "Peninsular War" will remember how desperately the French maintained their last position here, and with what dash and daring the British soldier advanced from trench to trench, and foot by foot, until its final overthrow, amidst blood and carnage such as we of the present day shudder to contemplate. Among the survivors of that awful 31st of August, 1813, was the gallant "young Campbell," afterwards Lord Clyde, who gained his first laurels at this eventful siege.

I arrived at Vittoria at 7.30 P.M., and there I remained all the next day to see the battlefield, and the points of interest described by Napier. From the tower of Santa Maria I had a complete view of the position of both armies during the heat of the battle, and of the eight or ten villages from which one after the other the French were driven, and where King Joseph and his army suffered such disasters. It must have been hot work on that summer day of June, 1813. I have my own opinion on these sanguinary interventions and the millstone they have tied round our necks; but there can be but one opinion among Britons of the wisdom and sagacity of our great Captain, and the valour of our troops, so many of whom were left behind to dust and desecration, while England was contemned by a boastful and ungrateful ally.

The town itself is but another type of Spanish retrogression—dull and dilapidated. The only moving activity seems to be about the dinner-hour. At five P.M. some military officers and town officials, and a few employés of government, entered the *comedero*, or *salle à manger*, each with a cigarette in his mouth, and, divesting themselves of their large cloaks, sat down at table, evidently to enjoy themselves; and with that easy volubility of language which seems to flow like a smooth rapid stream from the lips of a Spaniard, the conver-

sation never seemed to flag. One wonders how, in the absence of political and religious controversies, they can find twaddle for their lengthened harangues. The dinner occupied more than an hour; and I refer to it more particularly, as it was the first characteristic Spanish *table d'hôte* that I had been at, and where I first saw the cigarette introduced at dinner. I have said that they all came in with one in their mouths, which they threw on the floor when they sat down, and after soup they lighted another; and so on, after each course, the smoke was renewed, till the cloth was removed and the appetites satisfied.

The next morning I took a guide, and was first introduced on the scene of the Spanish Alamedas. Whatever stagnation there may be about a place, they still keep up these charming promenades, and the Florida and Prado outside this town, with their shady avenues of trees and broad walks, form delightful lounges. The spacious and well-supplied markets are another characteristic of Spain.

The next day I came on to Burgos, the capital of Old Castile. The Cathedral is the great attraction here, and is certainly a fine specimen of the florid Gothic of the thirteenth century. The rough and neglected exterior does not at first impress you with beauty; but after wandering through its aisles, and under its lofty Gothic arches, and ascending the main tower, and looking down upon its beautiful architecture and elaborate ornamentations and vast proportions, I am inclined to rank it among the very finest specimens of the florid Gothic of the fourteenth century. The figures and carving that ornament the beautiful towers that spring from the arches, and that have stood the storms of six centuries, are as sharp and defined as if they had just come from the hands of the workmen.

The interior has lost much of its former wealth and art, but it is still rich in architecture and in painted windows and altar ornaments. The wood carvings in the choir and round the stalls are wonderful specimens of labour and art. The French made sad havoc here, and robbed the cathedral of much of its silver ornaments and works of art. One of the principal chapels is dedicated to the patron Santiago, or St. James, "who planted the first church in Spain, and was its bishop!" The Spaniard has, no doubt, as much authority for his saint as the Roman has for St. Peter; and when I expressed to my guide some surprise that I had never heard or read that "James, the brother of John," who was stationed at Jerusalem, and suffered martyrdom there, had ever been so far as Spain, my devout friend knew nothing about the Gospels or "Acts of the Apostles;" the Church knew best, and he was bound to believe it. The grandest of all these chapels, and large enough to form a church of itself, is that of the Constables of Castile—a perfect study of beautiful white stone carving and floral ornament.

I stopped longer than I had intended at this interesting old city, as I was anxious to ramble over that barren hill and dilapidated old castle, before which we lost more than two thousand men, and after five different assaults and thirty days' fighting had to retire and leave the French in possession. There has been little change for these fifty-four years; the old broken wall, the ruins of the church, and the exploded mines are there, with a sentry pacing among the crumbling ruins. I took a conveyance, and drove two and a half miles to the Carthusian Convent of Santa Maria. The chapel is still a perfect gem, but the abodes of those friars and monks who lived on the fat of the land are now silent as the tombs to which they have passed.

Proceeding from Burgos to Valladolid, the old capital of Spain, I found interest enough to remain a part of two days. At the hotel there was a melancholy Swiss waiter, and a sort of *valet de place*, who spoke French and acted as my guide. Poor fellow! it was amusing to see the mixture of Spanish melancholy and Swiss vivacity; now wiping the glasses and plates, and brightening up with our references to his beautiful native lakes and mountains; again addressed by some sombre señor, in Spanish, every muscle of the face settles down to its proper gravity, and he becomes a native of his adopted country. This man was from a Catholic canton, and may be undergoing some penance, which I hope he may not sink under. I found him very useful: he had the usual Swiss intelligence, and I daresay knew more of the history of the city than half the natives. We visited every place of interest: first, the house in which Columbus died, now a miserable woollen shop; the University, the principal one in Spain for legal study, with upwards of 1,000 students; the Museum, which is more curious than instructive, and may be called the tomb of sacerdotal trumpery—a gathering of the wreck of the French ravages, and the confiscated monasteries and convents. The Cathedral is a fine massive building, of the Corinthian order, but unfinished, and, like all Spanish churches that I have seen, bare and dilapidated. The Queen has a royal palace here, of plain exterior, but this was not open for visitors. The great Inquisition still stands here in ruins—that abomination of all abominations. The first Napoleon made a complete clearance here; but if he had never done anything worse in his unscrupulous career than turning this pandemonium into barracks, stables, and military storehouses, he would have much less to answer for. The great church through which the anathemas rang against the new heresy is now a tottering ruin, and there is not a whole pane of glass throughout the building—a true emblem of the past and present Spain.

I left Valladolid at 9.30 P.M. by train, and although the distance to Escorial is only about 120 miles, we were nearly eight hours on the journey, and the heat of the day made us feel the rather cold, frosty night more severely. We arrived at 6 A.M. It was just daylight: there was no conveyance in attendance, nor, in fact, any one to take charge of our luggage. There were the usual two or three muffled statues, even at this early hour, with their cloaks round their mouths and over their shoulders, smoking their cigarettes; but these dignified persons were not porters; they were not looking after any one either coming or going away; they were simply looking at vacancy. A passenger, seeing me anxious about my "equipage," directed me to accompany him up the hill, of three-quarters of a mile, and to give my *receta* to the servant of the hotel, who would come down for my portmanteau. I may here mention that the plan adopted on the Spanish railways for the care of luggage, though somewhat tedious, is admirably adapted for safety. There is no value put on time. You are expected to be at the station half-an-hour before the train starts, and if the train is half-an-hour late, you have ample time to take out your ticket, and have your luggage entered, for which they give you a number and receipt; for over-weight, the charge is rather high. When you arrive at your destination, you must not lose your temper if you are kept another half-hour. "Is not the luggage of the coming passengers to be put in, and that of those stopping to be taken out, and all carefully arranged on a table before the doors are thrown open; and do you expect this to be done in a hurry? Señor Inglis is a little impatient, but there is plenty of time."

I came to Spain to learn, and I took my lessons coolly.

The Fonda Miranda is a type of all the provincial hotels in Spain that I have seen. When I describe anything to English readers, I endeavour to make some comparison that will bring the object to the mind's eye; but there is nothing in Great Britain or anywhere else that I know of to which I can compare the Spanish Fonda. The total neglect of all those little domestic comforts and cleanly habits to which we are accustomed in England is almost revolting. You will imagine me cold and tired, arrived at a closed and barred door, at seven o'clock in the morning. After knocking for some time, the master or his representative comes half-dressed, seeming to wonder why you have disturbed him. On explaining that you want a bed-chamber, he makes no reply, but takes down a key, and you follow him up a rickety wooden stair with broken balustrades, till you come to a long dark passage; and finally a thick clumsy door is opened, which emits a little light, and you are ushered into a matted room, very much like those cells for prisoners on the silent system. Here you are left, water and towel are brought, and you have plenty of time to contemplate your new prison, with the little iron bedstead, the dirty-looking rug, the small hand-basin in the iron stand, and the rickety old chest of drawers: even the old clock, that never goes, of French bed-rooms, is absent. This is the Windsor of Madrid, and this is the accommodation afforded by the best hotel in the place. After making my ablutions in the smallest of soup bowls, and getting an egg and a cup of black coffee, I sallied forth to explore the wonders of the far-famed Escorial.

The first sight of the Escorial is disappointing, particularly if the imagination has been wrought up to a high pitch by flowing description. I may begin by giving some idea of the dimensions of the building. It is nearly in the form of a quadrangle, and for convenience sake we will take each of the four sides at 750 feet. It is said to represent a gridiron, being so built after the legendary mode of the death of St. Lawrence, to whose honour the place was dedicated in a vow by Philip II; hence it is properly called San Lorenzo el Real—the four turrets at the corners forming the inverted feet, and the Royal apartments the handle of the gridiron. It stands about 2,500 feet above the level of the sea, in the bosom of a semicircle of rugged barren hills, and the whole surrounding scenery at this season presents a very desolate appearance. When you have gone round the exterior of the building, you can come to no other conclusion than that it is a gaol, a reformatory, or penitentiary. There are said to be 11,000 windows, more or less, in the building; there are five rows of these, and the two lower are iron-barred, still carrying out the idea of a gaol: the windows are simply holes in the wall, five by three feet, without any attempt at ornament. The exterior is built of a fine light-brown stone, as fresh as when it came from the hands of the mason. There are no grand porticoes or ornaments to arrest the eye: everything is in keeping, of the simplest and purest Doric. The interior is composed of massive blocks of grey granite: the pillars, arches, and roof seem to be hewn out of the solid granite rock. I have never seen anything in which strength, solidity, and simplicity were so happily combined. We were shown round the apartments by a guide, who spoke Spanish and French alternately; but the sight is scarcely worth the labour. The walls are hung with Flemish and

Spanish tapestry, with a great deal of very pretty marqueterie round the panneling of the walls. We were shown the small and solitary apartments of its bigoted founder, Philip II, where he held counsel with his priests and confessors. From these apartments a passage led into the church. I have spent days in St. Peter's, in Rome, and could return again and again to its artistic details; but here you have merely the grandest mass of unadorned granite, wrought into classic form of the simplest order. The eye has nothing specially to rest upon, unless it may be the frescoed roof of the choir, which stands some forty feet above the nave, and is on the opposite side of the altar. If it is a complaint that St. Peter's is too ornamental for devotional purposes, this building is free at least from this fault. Certainly its founder had a noble conception of what a great temple, devoted to the living God, ought to be; for here there is nothing but magnitude and space to divert the attention from the solemn and impressive service.

The ground plan of the palace is composed of some fifty courts—in fact, carrying out the idea of the bars or meshes of the gridiron; and in most of these are fountains of water playing. I spent the whole day wandering through these courts and apartments, and the only impression left on my mind is, that this vast building, which cost fifteen millions sterling, and, like Versailles, laid the foundation of national bankruptcy, is now only and admirably adapted for a penitentiary.

I had almost forgotten the Pantheon, or royal tombs of the kings and queens of Spain, immediately under the great altar. The guide supplied us with lights, and we were led down a stair, under a sloping arch lined with fine coloured marble. At the bottom of this stair is an octagon vault, of some forty feet in height and diameter, and round the building are the marble coffins, or sarcophagi, of the kings and queens of Spain, from the father of the founder down to perhaps the last of the Bourbons; and there are still a number of empty coffins waiting to receive the ashes of majesty.

The whole building originally consisted of a palace, a convent, and a tomb, and was a sort of earthly paradise from which the holy Philip might make his apotheosis. The church, with its beautiful dome, and the library, with its arched fresco roof and marble pavement, and the marble and porphyry reading-tables, which are never used, and the massive book-cases, which are never opened, are the chief attractions of the building. The guide had a long story about the number of fountains, cloisters, stair-cases, court-yards, etc., but somehow or other it was all lost upon us, and it was a happy relief to get out into the open air.

On two sides of the building are a succession of fine broad terraces, bordered with box and other evergreens, and sparkling fountains; and on the southern declivity, an extensive garden and park, which at this season looked neglected and out of order, but was finely wooded with elms, fruit-trees, vines, and olives.

A CASE OF DOUBLE VISION.

WITH the conviction that the facts I am going to record are calculated to be of use to all business men, and to literary men especially, to whom the preservation of good sight is of vital importance, I shall sketch as briefly as I can the phenomena of a sufficiently distressing experience. I ought to premise that from infancy the lachrymal duct of the left eye has been closed; but

where that was. The result is not only loss of time but loss of temper, loss of comfort, loss of rest and ease, and loss of money too; and, worse than all, is the moral deterioration of the atmosphere, and the setting up of a chronic condition of irritation and annoyance in place of the genial kindness, forbearance and mutual self-abnegation which, wherever they prevail, make a man's home a blessing prized far above all that lies beyond it. It is to be feared that the simplicity of our homes has suffered not a little of late years from the march of a rather doubtful civilisation and quasi-refinement which have made prodigious changes within the four walls of our dwellings. Muddle of a certain kind is much more common within doors than it used to be in days gone by. The fashion which drapes our limbs according to its own unreasoning and despotic will has for years past been busy in draping our apartments and furniture. Time was when chairs and sofas were for sitting and reclining on, and tables and sideboards stood ready for the reception of anything you wanted to place on them; now we have changed all that. Our seats, in the present day, are not so much for sitting on as they are to look at—they are swaddled in masterpieces of Berlin wool-work, of crocheting, of tatting, of netting, or of some other needlework or knitting mystery; but they are not allowed to be comfortable quarters for the weary body. If you sit down in an easy chair you are clutched in the poll by the fibrous fangs of an anti-macassar; you can't get on to the sofa without disturbing some of the embroidered pillows that cover it from end to end. If you drop on to an ottoman you run the risk of damaging Miss Clementina's last grand *chef-d'œuvre*. Then, as for using a table in any practical way—say for folding a newspaper damp from the press, or for spreading out a map you wish to consult—you might almost as well think of swallowing it; for the tables are all covered with what the French call *pieces de luxe*, that is, with a crowd of knick-knacks under glass shades, wax-flowers, statuettes, small sham bronzes, illustrated books in gaudy covers, and without end as to variety; ink-stands with no ink in them, and tiny vases each with its little flower, artificial, or half faded. There is no household polishing of furniture now-a-days; but, French polished once for all, it has to be loaded with treasures of a doubtful kind, or it has to be draped in crochet-work, or netting, or some new-fangled industry or other, the only use of which is to prevent as far as possible one's costliest articles of furniture from being of any practical use at all. The height of fashion as to drawing-rooms and boudoirs would seem just now to consist in rendering them as much like the shops of the dealers in *bric-a-brac* and all kinds of fancy goods as may be. The thing is considered done to perfection—as we have seen it done again and again—when a large, richly-carpeted room is so crammed with elegant furniture that it is impossible to move about in it, and every piece of furniture is so loaded with brilliant-looking objects of one kind and another, that it could not be used even were there space to use it. Strangers and visitors are expected to admire these elaborate displays, and to ignore the fact, of which all are secretly aware, that this heterogeneous mass of valuables is but a congregation of dust-traps, necessitating a grand and frightful muddle when dusting-day comes round. We shall spare the reader the pulverous details of the dusting process; and we shall spare him also a descent into the regions below, where a sight of the muddler's kitchen is enough at average times to banish one's appetite for an indefinite period.

Some people who are orderly enough in their homes

are invariably thrown into a muddle on undertaking a journey. They can never make up their minds what they will take with them, and what they will leave behind, or whether, indeed, they will leave anything behind. The worst subjects of this class are the elderly dames who have lived much alone; one sometimes sees them in their nervous distrust travelling about with all their worldly possessions—say fourteen or fifteen small packages and bags, together with a huge barge of a port-manteau, a poodle-dog which is too fat to walk, and has to be carried like an infant, and a squalling green parrot in a cage. When such a forlorn traveller has to change trains at the Mugby Junction, and is left late at night high and dry amidst her surroundings on the dreary platform, then it is that the travelling muddle is at its climax. It is edifying to compare such a picture with Sir Charles Napier setting off for India to belabour the Sikhs, and carrying an outfit of half-a-dozen shirts, socks ditto, a pocket boot-jack, and a set of shaving tackle.

Such are some of the every-day phases of muddling which we are sure to meet with now and then in our experience of life. Looking to the stream of hindrances that muddlers throw in their own way, and the confusion in which they live and move, it is really wonderful what an amount of business some of them will manage to get through. The reason must be, that, though deficient in order and system, they have other qualities, which, in the long-run, compensate the want of order and system, and enable them to triumph in spite of such want. They can never be so efficient as the men to whom order and system have become a kind of instinct, in consequence of their having trained and disciplined their minds in subjection to the great first law. The connection between clear thinking and orderly action is too obvious to need pointing out. Muddle is the outcome of the want of mental discipline. If you note the unlogical sequence of ideas among the unlettered lower classes when you attempt to reason with them, you will see that whatever their habits and routine of life, their minds are for the most part muddled. It may be that they do not get into muddles in the ordinary conduct of their affairs, because these require no great sagacity, and habit has rendered them matters of rote rather than of thought; but give such people anything to do that demands a preconceived plan, and they get muddled directly. The most fatal results of muddling take place when they who should control and administer, become themselves bewildered and confused. The administrative faculty cannot coexist with a habit of muddling and mixing things together. A clever administration does not aim at doing what Julius Cæsar is said to have done, that is, to employ himself in four different ways at once; he finds that it answers better to do one thing at a time; and, best of all, to do the right thing at the right time.

TWO MONTHS IN SPAIN.

II.—MADRID.

THE journey from Paris to Madrid, by mail train, takes thirty-six hours. If you register your luggage, and take a bottle of Bordeaux wine and a cold fowl in your bag, you may eat and sleep all the way to Madrid, without breaking the journey. I stopped at four or five places, but that was a matter of taste. I had no night travelling, and consequently saw the country to the best, or rather to the worst advantage; for, in regard to scenery, I was greatly disappointed. The line of rail through the Pyrenees, by the pass of Bidassoa, involves

no great work of engineering compared to that from Vienna to Trieste, or that still more wonderful and interesting journey through the Apennines, from Bologna to Florence. Perhaps in early autumn, through some of the central passes of the great range, there may be picturesque beauty and grandeur, but on these western spurs from Irun to Ernani and San Sebastian, it is a rugged, barren, dreary prospect; no green bush or tree to relieve the eye or break the monotony, but as we burrow from ridge to ridge, it is the same collection of ugly boulders and serrated peaks, as if the ashes of a primeval world had been heaped into mountains, and the storms of time had washed them into sandy ruts and jagged angles. After you have left the great range behind, the barren undulations continue till you approach the hills round Madrid, when they become more rugged and fantastic.

But to return to the Escorial. After a short night's rest, I got up at 7 A.M. I had engaged a man for that hour to take my luggage down to the station, but found there was no one stirring, and no appearance of the porter. The train left at 8 A.M., and we had three-quarters of a mile to go, and I began to get a little anxious. At length the door was opened, and I believe I might have gone away without paying my bill; and it was not till the man had shouldered my portmanteau that I said that I wished "pagar mia cuenta." You see it is not so difficult after all to make a foreigner understand when money is in question. The landlord appeared; there was no occasion for an account; the amount was only 36 reals; I gave him a 10-franc piece, and we parted very good friends.*

I arrived in Madrid the day on which Marshal O'Donnell was interred with great military pomp. The evening on which I watched the setting sun over the Bay of Biscay, that general was closing his troubled career on the next floor to me. He was only fifty-eight, and forty years of this time must have been spent in constant excitement and never-ceasing intrigue and ambition—sometimes going with the party of progress, and again becoming sycophant of the court, but withal, perhaps, about the best man among them; for "Cæsar and Pompey are very much alike." *Demortuis nil nisi bonum* seems the maxim just now, and all parties joined in doing honour to his remains. It was a grand military display—the Duke of Wellington's funeral on a small scale. The same evening there was

* I may state here that the Spanish coins are very easily understood. The copper coins in use are the quartos.

1 quartos=about $\frac{1}{2}d.$
8 $\frac{1}{2}$ quartos=1 real= $2\frac{1}{2}d.$

SILVER COINS.

8 $\frac{1}{2}$ quartos=1 real.
4 reals=1 peseta, or franc.
8 reals=2 peseta, or 1s. 8d.
10 reals=half duro, or 2s. 1d.
20 reals=1 duro or dollar, or 4s. 2d.
A five-franc piece goes for 19 reals.

GOLD COINS.

1 duro=20 reals, or 4s. 2d.
2 duros=40 reals, or 8s. 4d.
1 doubloon=80 reals, or 16s. 8d.
5 duros=100 reals, or 1 Isabelino.

The intrinsic value of the Isabelino is not a sixpence beyond our sovereign; but the exchange being now against England, instead of getting 98 reals for a pound, we only get 96; so that if 96 reals=£1, 1 real will be exactly $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ Bank-notes are a legal tender, but gold is preferred, and should be taken in exchange for circular notes. To make the matter quite clear, if you wish to cash a £10 circular note at Madrid, and the exchange is nearly par, or say 98 reals, you get 980 reals for your note, say in 40, 80, and 100 reals of gold, or of silver 4, 8, 10, and 20 real pieces. And let me caution the traveller not to take in his small transactions an 8 real, or 2 peseta piece, for a half-duro or 10 reals; the latter are known by having the "two pillars" on them.

a bull-fight in the Plaza de Toros; but more of this hereafter.

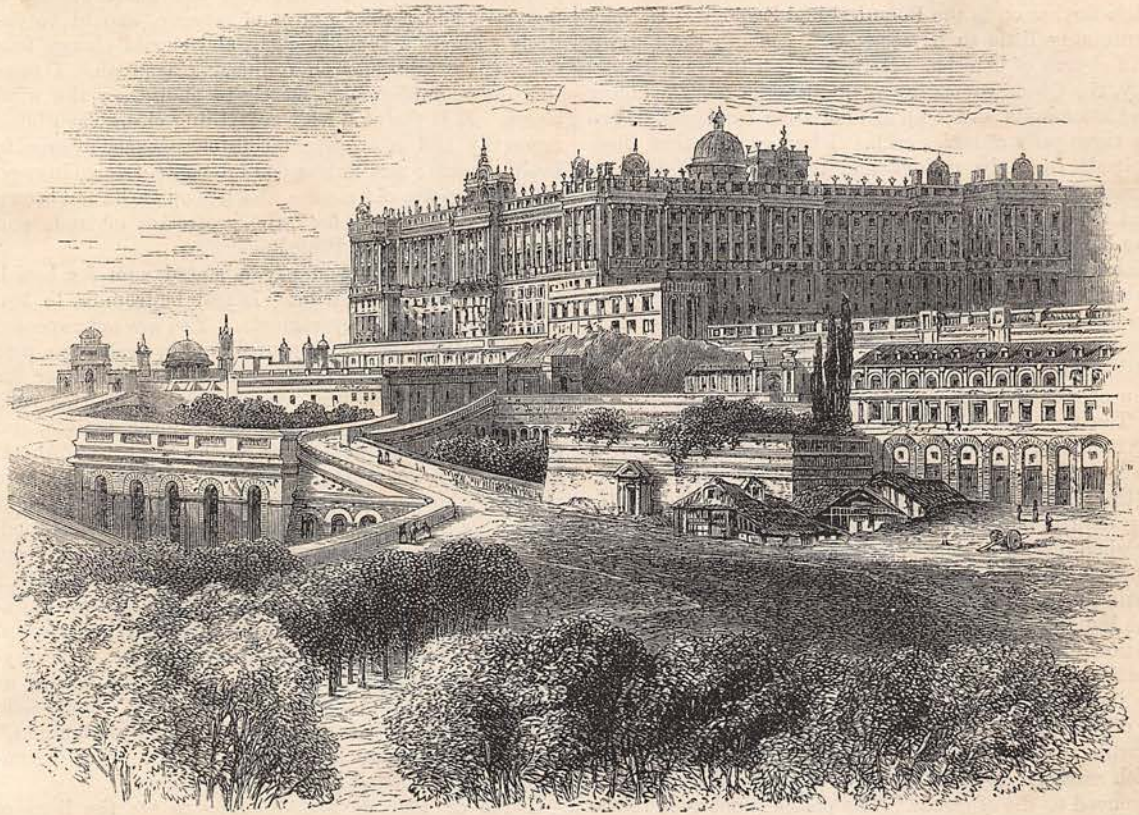
There are boarding-houses in Madrid, where one may procure board and attendance for 30 reals; and if one had a knowledge of the language, this arrangement might give him a chance of becoming better acquainted with the place and people than at a hotel among English and Americans; but on a rapid journey, the mere stranger has no alternative but to go to a first-class hotel. I may mention here that the Spanish *maitre d'hôtel* still retains his reputation for exaction where he can, and I found, when rather late, the absolute necessity of making arrangements and terms before entering my apartments. It is not usual, nor very pleasant, for an English gentleman to stand with his carpet-bag in hand, and drive a bargain with the landlord. At the Hôtel de Paris I was shown into a room on the third floor, and when I got my account, after eight days, I found they had charged me 60 reals a day. I thought this a mistake, and remonstrated, but was assured it was the regular charge. I made the acquaintance of a Spaniard who occupied the next room to me, and on comparing notes afterwards, on a railway journey, I found he was charged 40 reals for the same room that I had paid 60 for. I confess this was rather humiliating to an old traveller; but I found it was a common practice to take it for granted that an Englishman should pay double the amount of a Spaniard. There are three or four large hotels in and near the Puerto del Sol, which claim to be on the English and French principle, and certainly they are a great improvement on the old Spanish fondas, as I came to know afterwards. At the same time, there are second-class hotels in this neighbourhood, such as the Hôtel de France, of almost equal comfort, and quite equal cuisine, at 30 to 35 reals, or about 7s. 6d. a day, including all charges. The great complaint, however, about them all is the indifference with which they treat their customers when they have secured them. I had few wants, and was out all day, so that I had not much to complain of, but the English and American families complained most grievously of the absence of all ordinary attention.

For a city of less than 300,000 inhabitants it is marvellous the number of people you see idling about the streets of Madrid. I happened to have my room on the third floor of the Hôtel de Paris, overlooking the Puerto del Sol—the centre of the city, and great rendezvous of all the idle *quidnuncs*, "waiting to see what may turn up." Friday was the fiesta of St. Eugénie, whoever she may have been. The shops were all shut. We went with orders to see the Queen's stables and the Armeria (the Royal Armoury); they could not be opened, it was a fiesta. It was the same everywhere. All Madrid seemed turned out in the street. There were neither religious exercises nor profane amusements going on: It was simply a day to idle about the streets, to talk, smoke the paper cigarettes, and drink sugar and water. I learned that they had nearly a hundred of these fiestas, or saints' days. Once, in a fit of reform, the Government petitioned the Pope to make some reduction, and his Holiness' compromised the matter by reducing them to forty or fifty, on condition that they would shut their shops on Sunday, and thereby "assume a virtue, if they had it not"—an engagement which they seem to have kept.

There is very little difference now in any of the capitals of Europe with regard to dress. The old Spaniard has still the mantle thrown over his shoulder; but tweed great-coats and comforters are more common. The ladies are dressed in the last Parisian style, except that

many of them, instead of bonnets, have a black veil thrown gracefully over the head. With the appearance of Madrid I was agreeably surprised. It is a small Paris, with a dash of the Oriental; the green jil mills, moved up and down with a connecting bar, the small balcony before

near to the Escorial, and the upper part of brick, stuccoed. The streets are broad and clean, and not badly paved. The Puerto del Sol, the centre of the city, is about the size of Trafalgar Square, in London, and from it radiate nine streets. The town stands on a plateau



ROYAL PALACE, MADRID.

each window, and the matted floors, reminded me a little of old times in India.

There is little interest attached to Madrid, simply because it is a modern city, partaking more of French than Spanish character. It was raised by Philip II from a small town of 10,000 inhabitants to the dignity of the capital of Spain, under whose auspices it rose to nearly 200,000 inhabitants. The site was chosen as being near the centre of Spain; but experience has shown that he could not have chosen a worse situation as regards climate, production, and trade. The River Manzanares for many months of the year is almost a dry bed; the Guadarama, a snow range of mountains a short distance to the N.W., send their chilling, killing breezes over the plateau on which the city stands. It is, therefore, exposed to great heat and cold, or, according to the Spanish adage, "three months of winter, and nine months *del inferno*." Strangers are cautioned "to be careful against night air and sudden changes from sun to shade;" and, perhaps, "prevention is better than cure," though some of the natives seem to carry their caution to a preposterous extent, muffling themselves up to the nose in their spacious Roman togas, and just leaving room for the cigarette.

The city, as I have said, being of comparatively recent date, possesses no remains of either Roman or Moorish architecture. The houses are mostly of five to six storeys; the lower storey of the fine light granite got

of eight miles circumference, about 200 feet above the plain, and 2,600 feet above the sea. The Royal Palace stands on the western face, and the Retiro, or public gardens, to the east, and between these the *Callé de Mayor* and *Callé de Alcala* form the connecting link—the latter, leading into the Prado, is one of the finest streets in Europe. It expands, as it goes eastward, into a broad boulevard, with double rows of lime and acacia trees. The Prado is the Rotten Row of Madrid, a mile and a half long, with four broad avenues, skirted with rows of rather stunted trees. Near the Prado are situated some of the most interesting objects to be visited.

First in interest and importance is the Museo, or gallery of paintings. This is the only place that is thrown open to the stranger daily, and it is a never-failing source of interest and information, and in many respects is second to no gallery in Europe. To give you an idea of its value and importance, I may mention that there are 2,000 pictures, of which seventy are by Velasquez, fifty by Murillo, fifty-four by Ribera, a painter not so well known to us, and the remainder by some twenty other national artists of note. They have also many fine works of Raphael, Titian, Tintoretto, Guido, P. Veronese, Rubens, Vandyke, etc. But if you wish to become acquainted with Spanish art, I would recommend you to read "The Artists of Spain," by William Stirling, now Sir W. Stirling Maxwell.

On the same side is the Artillery Museum, for which I got a private order. It is admirably arranged, and contains many specimens of arms, from the earliest to the present day; a great variety of models of cities and fortifications, and of every kind of military equipage. One would fancy they were the most military nation in the world, so perfect are all their arrangements. A little farther on is the Botanical and Zoological Garden, containing little to be seen; and beyond, the convent and church of Atocha. Here, at five P.M. every Saturday, the Queen comes to pay her devotions. The family and attendants drove up in four state carriages, drawn by three pairs of mules each. I had no idea that these animals could be trained and dressed up to look so smart and sprightly. I had a good view of her Majesty and the family, who were in a side gallery overlooking the high altar. She is very stout, and rather plain, but with a pleasant face. Queen Isabel was on her way to this chapel when she was attacked and stabbed by an assassin; and the dress and jewels which she wore on that occasion were presented to the Virgin of this church, with many other valuable offerings. There are no churches in Madrid of much beauty or interest.

The Palace, which overlooks the river on the western promontory, is a noble building, the basement story of fine granite, and the upper part of white stone, which at a little distance has the appearance of marble. This building is little more than a hundred years old; part of the original design is still unfinished, and, like everything Spanish, it looks best at a distance. The courtyards, or patios, within the quadrangles, and the passages round the building, are in a state of great neglect and dilapidation; but, viewed at a little distance, the fine classic outline, lighted up in the rays of a bright sun, has an imposing appearance. I am told that the interior is ornamented with a profusion of white and coloured marbles, and no end of gilt capitals and cornices, but with scarcely any real works of art, as these have been removed to the Museum. The palace is not open to the public. Beyond the palace, and over the bed of the Manzanares, is a scene of barren desolation, and it is a relief when the eye is brought up with the snowy peaks of the Guadarama.

The Queen's birthday was celebrated while we were in Madrid, and we had an opportunity of seeing all the public officers and grandees arrayed in their court dresses, fine equipages, and no end of tinsel and show. There seemed as much gold lace about their uniforms as would have paid the interest of their national debt.

The system of lotteries is carried on here as extensively as at Rome. It is known to the reader that the profits of the Government lottery is one of the sources of the Pope's revenue, and perhaps it may be from this holy sanction that the institution has taken such a strong hold on all intensely Roman Catholic countries, such as old Naples, during the Bourbons, the cities of the Church States, and in Spain. There are numerous places open for the sale of tickets in every street, and they are thrust in your face at every corner; and this corrupting and demoralising system of gambling becomes a passion in every Spaniard, from the beggar to the prince.

There are at each of the principal hotels a number of ciceroni, ready to attend the stranger over the city at a charge of 5s. to 6s. a day; but these men seem to have little influence in gaining admission to public places, and I found I got on much better without them. Nothing will rouse the Spanish official out of his *laissez aller* and perfect indifference to the curiosity of the stranger, where he has nothing to gain by the effort.

The shops in the main street of Madrid are filled with goods from north of the Pyrenees, and at prices 20 per cent. above London and Paris. Even the cigar boxes are marked "Londres, two reals." We expected something better for 5*d.* than a London cigar. It is a strange inconsistency that a country which still possesses Cuba and the Philippine Islands, and has made tobacco a monopoly and a chief source of revenue, should be entirely without a Manilla cigar, and should charge four reals, *i.e.*, a franc, for an ordinary Havannah. I raise this question of smoke, merely to show how the wind blows. It is the case with everything else. Their blind monopoly and restrictive tariffs close every avenue to healthy trade; and unless you are content to go in rags, or brush up the old mantle, and live on garlic and brown bread, you must pay for "the protection of trade and the necessities of the State."

I have said that you pay a stated sum for board, attendance, and table wine. It may be from 8s. to 16s. a-day, according to apartments. You are not expected to add to the expenses of your dinner by ordering a pint of sherry at 4*s.*, and I am sure we are all the better for it. There are, however, some exceptions to this rule. Formerly the English were blamed by the natives, and perhaps with some justice, for raising the prices of hotel bills, labour, conveyances, and everything else where they were known to travel. That charge can be brought against us no longer. We have been entirely eclipsed, and almost left out in the cold, by our wealthy American cousins. They travel with their couriers, get the best rooms, and without any exception are the almost exclusive patrons of champagne and the best French wines. They go in for the best, and to see the best, of everything, and perhaps they are right; but it has to us Britishers sometimes the appearance of ostentation. This does not apply to many of the "good old families," than whom no more kind, genial, and agreeable companions can be found in the world.

Three or four days may suffice to see the lions of Madrid. The chief are the Royal Museum and the Artillery Museum. The Armoury they profess to open to strangers one day in the week; but if the day be wet or damp, or a fiesta, there is no admission. After some little trouble we got an order, and were admitted; and it is certainly worth some little delay and trouble. The arms and armour, Roman, Gothic, Moorish, and Mediæval, are all of historical interest. Ranged along the wall are equestrian figures of knights in rich German and Italian armour, and suspended over their heads are the flags taken in battle during their long wars—in fact, forming a history of the chivalry of Spain, such as it has been, and which will not bear much reflection. Passing from this, we visited the royal stables and coach-houses, with which we were somewhat disappointed. The best horses are those imported from England and France. The Queen's mules are the finest in Spain, and will do double the labour of horses.

In coming up from the palace to the great square Palaza Mayor, I noticed houses completely riddled with large and small shot, and many of the windows still broken and the glass shattered, from the attacks of the insurgents in June, 1866. Nothing could be more disgraceful to a nation than the heartless sacrifice of human life on that occasion. It was no question of national liberty, but simply who should be at the head of the army; and after all danger and disturbance were over—after a mock trial—some fifty or sixty deluded beings were shot in cold blood. But what were sixty lives to the intrigues and ambition of the Narvaezes, Prims, and O'Donnells?

The soldiers of the line make a poor appearance: they range from five feet four inches to five feet six inches. They are pressed into the service by a forced conscription, and are consequently the poorest specimens of Spanish humanity—very inferior even to our militia during the Crimean war, who seemed to be the rakings of our prisons and workhouses. It is not on these, however, that the Government depend: they have in the army a sort of *imperium in imperio*, a corps of horse and foot of 20,000 picked men from the most intelligent, safe, and most unscrupulous soldiers, that may be depended on, and take their orders from the men of power—whoever they be—and ask no questions. They are hated by the people, and this feeling is reciprocated, for the “guard civic” hold the *posse comitatus* in utter contempt. We were treated every morning with a military parade of a regiment of foot with their band of forty men, a squadron of lancers or guards, and a brigade of four guns, marching through the Puerto del Sol to relieve the guard at the Royal Palace. I remarked to a Spaniard that many of the boy officers, with peg-top trowsers and waists like wasps, had two or three medals—where or how could they have gained them so early? His reply was that these were gained for passing examinations, or in civil broils that no gentleman would feel honoured by. These were his words, and we will pass them for what they are worth; it is sufficient to mention the fact as stated to me.

In the Calle Alcalá there is a Royal Academy called San Fernando. There are about 300 pictures here, but only three or four of any note, by Murillo—that of St. Elizabeth of Hungary curing the sore heads of the pauper children, called El Tinoso, or The Scabby; two of “The Roman Senator and his Wife,” etc. On the upper floor is a small cabinet of natural history, with the skeleton of a megatherium, found in Buenos Ayres. I do not know if Mr. Owen or Mr. Hawkins had this specimen before them when they modelled those in the garden of the Sydenham Palace, but this is the most perfect fossil of that pre-Adamite animal that has ever been found. The body is fifteen feet, and the tail, with all the joints complete, is about eight feet long.

I had hoped to witness the proceedings of the Parliament, as the Senado and Congress should have been opened in November, but when I made inquiry, I was told that no one knew when they might open, and few cared, as they were by no means “popular assemblies.”

I soon got tired of visiting these places; there is such a constant desire here to get out in the open air to enjoy a delightful lounge in the gardens of the Retiro, a stroll in the afternoon along the Prado.

JUAN DE VALDES.

JUAN DE VALDES* was a Spanish nobleman who, with his twin brother Alphonso, formed part of the court of Charles v. They resembled each other so wonderfully in appearance and character that Erasmus, writing to the one, says the other must as a matter of course be included in his epistle. They were devoted to study and literature; and early in life appear to have embraced Protestant doctrines, for which Juan was in great danger of being imprisoned by the Inquisition. His brother seems to have thrown over him a pro-

tecting arm, which he was able to do from the high position he occupied at court. Juan afterwards retired to Naples, where he exercised a deep and lasting influence on the characters of many, some of whom were, like himself, of high and noble birth. They became inquirers after truth, and he was their spiritual father. Among many remarkable for their Christian character were Peter Martyr, Giulia Gonzaga, Bernardino Ochino di Sienna, Pietro Carnesecci, secretary of Clement VII, who was afterwards burnt to death; and Jacopo Bonfadio, who followed Valdès with poetical enthusiasm, and said of him after death—“Where shall we go, now Señor Valdès is dead? This has truly been a great loss for us and the world; for he was one of the rare men of Europe, and those writings he has left most amply show it. He was, without doubt, in his actions, his speech, and in all his conduct, a perfect man. With a particle of his soul he governed his frail and spare body; with the larger part and with his pure understanding, as though almost out of the body, he was always raised in the contemplation of truth and divine things.” The remainder is very lively and descriptive.

J. de Valdès’ “Hundred and Ten Considerations” (styled “Divine” by some) were written in connection with the conversations he had with those friends, and so highly were they then esteemed that they were translated into Italian, Dutch, German, French, and English—the latter under the sanction of George Herbert, who says of them—“There are three eminent things observable therein. *First*, that God in the midst of Popery should open the eyes of one to understand and express so clearly and excellently the intent of the gospel in the acceptance of Christ’s righteousness (as he showeth through all his Considerations), a thing greatly buried and darkened by the adversaries and their great stumbling-block. *Secondly*, the great honour and reverence which he everywhere bears to our dear Lord and Master; concluding every Consideration with his holy name, and setting his merit forth so piously, for which I do so love him that, were there nothing else, I would print it, that with it the honour of my Lord might be published. *Thirdly*, the many pious rules of ordering our life, about mortification and observation of God’s kingdom within us, and the working thereof, of which he was a very diligent observer. These things are very eminent in the author, and outweigh the defects, as I conceive, towards the publishing thereof.”—George Herbert, Bemerton, Sept. 27 (1637).

These “Considerations” were treasured up and read along with their Bibles by the Christian martyrs of Spain, in secret places, until the Inquisition rooted out all “heresies” by its prisons and the stake. We give two specimens of the work.

The twentieth Consideration is thus headed:—“That men should regulate the mind, when disordered, convalescent, and in health, as they are wont to treat the body under similar circumstances.”

I conceive that they who belong to the Kingdom of God should regulate the mind, when disordered, convalescent, and in health, as discreet men regulate the body, when disordered, convalescent, and in health. I mean to say that, as the discreet man, in bodily sickness, seeks out wise and experienced physicians, who, by prescribing suitable medicines for him, and by subjecting him to a proper regimen, cure him; so he who finds himself mentally sick ought to seek out an experienced spiritual physician, or, indeed, several such, who may put him in the way of knowing Christ, in order that, being made a member of Christ, he may be cured of his mental ailment; of which, I take it, all those are cured who, being called of God, believe in Christ, while all others remain diseased.

Again, I mean to say that, as the discreet man, when convalescent from bodily ailment, always lives most attentive and

* “The Life and Writings of Juan de Valdès, Spanish Reformer in the Sixteenth Century, by Benjamin Wiffen; with a Translation from the Italian of his Hundred and Ten Considerations.” By John T. Betts, London: Bernard Quaritch, 15, Piccadilly.

quest, handing him over the sum he asks for, and he bids you good-night with the warmest expressions of gratitude. But that is the last you see of him. Long before you are down in the morning he is off again on his travels, and, by the time you are looking for his appearance in your workshop, is probably breakfasting heartily in your county, some ten or a dozen miles off. This is bad, but, in the case of many of this class, it is far from being the worst that might happen. There is always a risk in introducing a tramp into your workshop, especially among young apprentice lads, whom he may chance to infect with low drinking habits, to say nothing of worse vices peculiar to large towns and cities. Not unfrequently, too, it will come to pass that a tramp will undertake work which he is quite incompetent to complete in a workmanlike manner; his deficient ability may not be discovered for weeks, and in some trades for months, and when it becomes too glaring to be any longer concealed, the defaulter takes himself off on pay-night, to be heard of no more. In such a case the employer has to send for a skilled workman and pay him a high wage for repairing the mischief or completing the unfinished work of the "scamp."

Writers on industry and industrial subjects have regarded it as an anomaly that the tramp, whatever his trade, should be recognised, and to a definite extent encouraged by the regular settled workmen, and they sometimes call upon the latter to cast him off and disown him altogether. But there are two sides to this question. Under trade regulations, not of a written and documentary, but merely of a traditional kind, but which have yet been in force time out of mind, the tramp has privileges which he can claim, and does claim, it is to be feared, much oftener than he should by prescriptive right. Thus, in any town which lies in his route, if, on applying for work at all the workshops where his craft is exercised, he cannot obtain any, he can, if he chooses, send in a petition for assistance at any establishment where journeymen are employed, who, by the regulations of the trade, are bound to contribute something towards his necessities. In small country towns the tramp very rarely has recourse to this method, for two reasons: in the first place, he would gain little or nothing by it, for the contributions might not be enough, or more than enough, to pay his expenses while waiting for their collection; and in the second place, his petition would have a damaging effect in case he should return to the town at any future time. In large cities the case is different; so that a tramp who is indisposed to travel may subsist for a considerable time upon contributions which custom allows him to lay upon the journeyman in regular employment. He runs the risk, however—though, to be sure, the risk is small—of being offered work when he only wants alms, and when this occurs he has no other alternative than to work for his living or to bid a hasty and long farewell to the place. We have known him in such a dilemma to accept the employment offered, and to find himself afterwards quite incapable of working at the trade to which he had served his apprenticeship, owing to long disuse and forgetfulness of the very first principles of his craft. This inaptitude rarely brings him reproach beyond what may be couched in a sly joke or phrases of affected commendation; and the regular hands, for the most part, allow him to work on, and to recover his skill if he can, and to profit by such small gains as he can make shift to earn. The cause of the general tolerance of the tramp among workmen may be safely referred to a certain sympathy they entertain for him. Most working men have a secret longing for a

change of scene, and would themselves like well enough to go forth on the tramp, were it not for domestic reasons, and for the privation and loss of social position which such a life entails. Furthermore, every man who lives by his labour feels that it is at least within the limits of possibility that he may some day or other be forced to "tramp it," whether he choose or not; and lastly, all workmen know that if there were no tramps there would be far more competition for regular employment, and that, therefore, these wandering hands do indirectly tend by their wanderings to increase the money value of the services of the settled workers.

Winter is the worst season for the tramp. At the fall of the year he is generally not merely willing but anxious to accept any country engagement which will enable him to tide over the dreary months of frost and snow; but, failing that—and for the most part he does fail—he is driven into cities for the miserable shelter and very ambiguous prospects they offer him. Thousands of this class of men turn their faces towards London about the beginning of November, and they take up their abodes in the low and wretched "Travellers'" lodgings that crowd the back streets and filthy slums, where, at the cost of a few nightly pence, paid always in advance, they are housed from the streets, and keep one another warm by their animal heat. The want and privation that some of them undergo when old age has overtaken them, and they have exhausted the unwilling charity doled out to them by the "trade," are beyond the power of language to describe. They will wrestle with nakedness and famine, and too often with the pangs of incurable disease as well, as long as a remnant of anything like life or strength is left in them, in the desperate struggle to escape from the workhouse infirmary. But it is in vain; thither they tend, through the irresistible gravitation of poverty: into that antechamber of death, leaving all hope behind, they are at length unceremoniously thrust, there to languish under the accumulating miseries of ill-usage and neglect, to be borne thence in a few days or weeks, as it may happen, to a pauper's grave.

TWO MONTHS IN SPAIN.

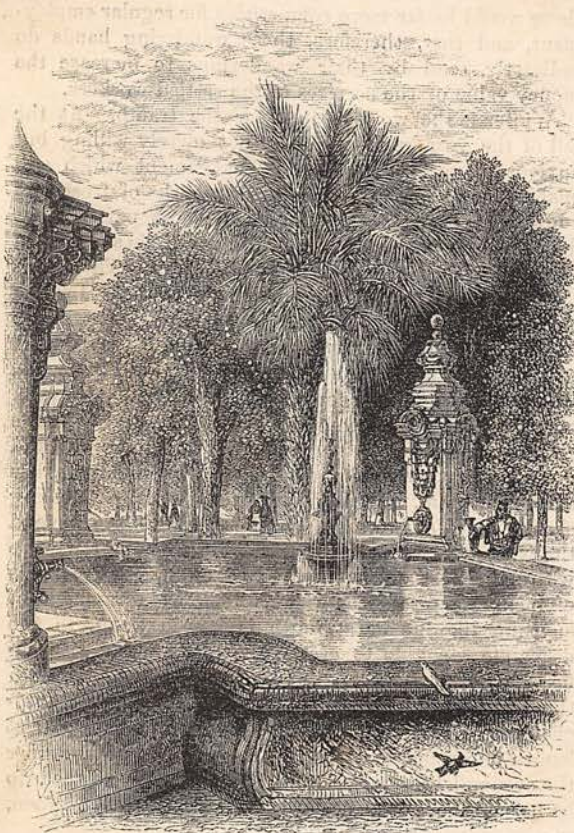
BY THE AUTHOR OF "A MERCHANT'S HOLIDAY."

III.

TOLEDO, CORDOVA.

WHEN we were about to leave Madrid, it became a question whether we should take Toledo *en route*. Some of my friends, who had ladies with them, objected to this arrangement on account of the miserable accommodation in that old Spanish city. I remember the "Dugald Creature's" advice—"If shentlemans want guid roads they should stop on the plainstanes o' Glasgow," or St. James's, if you like; but as I went to see Spain and Spaniards in every phase of life, whatever trifling difficulties or privations might be in the way, I very reluctantly broke from my party, and took my ticket for Toledo, which is reached by a branch off the main line direct to Seville and Cadiz. Certainly I should have lost many of the old and new characteristics of Spain if I had passed that city. I have observed that they don't hurry things in Spain: the distance is 41 miles, which occupied three hours—from 7 to 10 p.m. I found the "best hotel" a *facsimile* of that at the Escorial, and I almost lost heart before I got into bed. The night was bitterly cold, and there were only a rug and thin blanket on the bed, and, but for my good old Scottish plaid, I should have been almost frozen to death.

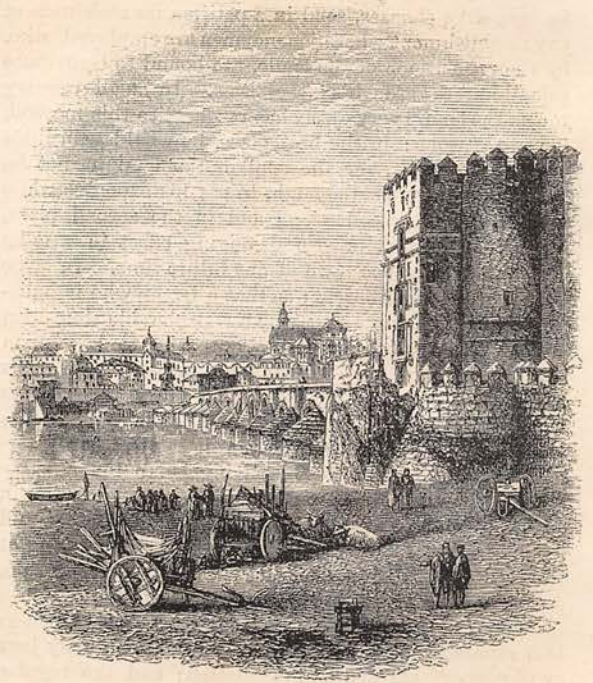
It is the peculiarity of this high-lying country, that the nights are extremely cold and the mid-day sun almost tropical. Next morning, by seven o'clock, the bright warm sun was shining through my little cell, and inviting me to come forth and enjoy his brightness and beauty. After trying a cup of chocolate—which seemed a mess of sugar and flour, as thick as molasses, which was too



FOUNTAIN AND ORANGE TREES, CORDOVA.

much for me—I sent for and engaged Ferman, a well-known guide, for the day, and set forth on my rambles. I should premise that this city has been the capital of four nations, and dates, I don't know how long B.C. First the Romans, followed by the Goths, the Moors, and the Spaniards. It was a favourite city with the Moors, and had then upwards of 200,000 inhabitants: it has now dwindled down to 12,000, and is almost dead and buried in its own ashes—a mere skeleton, without life or animation. I could scarcely have believed in such a picture if I had not seen it with my own eyes. The situation of the city is very picturesque. It lies in a bite of the river Tagus, three-parts surrounded with water, and on the land side is flanked by an old Moorish wall and towers. The town rises nearly 300 feet above the river, and 2,400 feet above the level of the sea, and is consequently exposed to great heat in summer and cold in winter. The river makes its way through broken cliffs of granite of the most rugged and fantastic shape, "in Nature's wildest garb arrayed." The streets are completely Oriental, and just allow room for the mule and bag of charcoal to pass through: there is room for no other kind of conveyance, and no other seems to be wanted. There are more of the old Moorish houses still standing in this city, I believe, than in any other in Spain; and you might think at times that you were walking in the streets of Cairo. Notwithstanding

its decay, there are still some noble specimens of architecture in this city. The Cathedral is the perfection of Gothic art, and in its exterior nearly equals that of Burgos. It is poorly situated and surrounded, and at first sight is somewhat disappointing; but a closer inspection of its details—its lofty and magnificent gates, ornamented with carvings and statuary—the centre tower, of 340 feet, with its light and elegant turrets, niches, and trellis-work—realises all the beauty and perfection of the best period of Gothic architecture. The interior is somewhat gaudy and over-done, but to the admirers of sacerdotal gilding and ornament there is no want of attractions. Two Jewish synagogues, of a mixed Arabic and Hebrew character, have been appropriated to Christian worship (?), and several mosques have been adapted to the same purpose. Ferman, my guide, was a violent Liberal, outside the churches, but inside he neglected no prescribed forms or genuflections, and dwelt a little longer than was agreeable on his description of the tinsel and tawdry ornaments of the altar. He seemed to have no love for the present dynasty, and spoke of "Nuestra Senora" with more disrespect than I would like to mention. It is strange that, from the simple guide to the most educated Spanish gentleman I have met, the same dislike exists to the head of the Government. The French have here, as everywhere in Spain, left traces of their vandalism and wanton destruction. One of the greatest ornaments of the city, and unique in its style and beauty, was the convent of St. John, called San Juan de los Reyes, and built by Ferdinand and Isabella. This beautiful building was blown up by the invaders, on quitting Toledo, and the débris of broken columns, statuary, and Gothic ornaments which are now lying about, would form a large and interesting museum; but

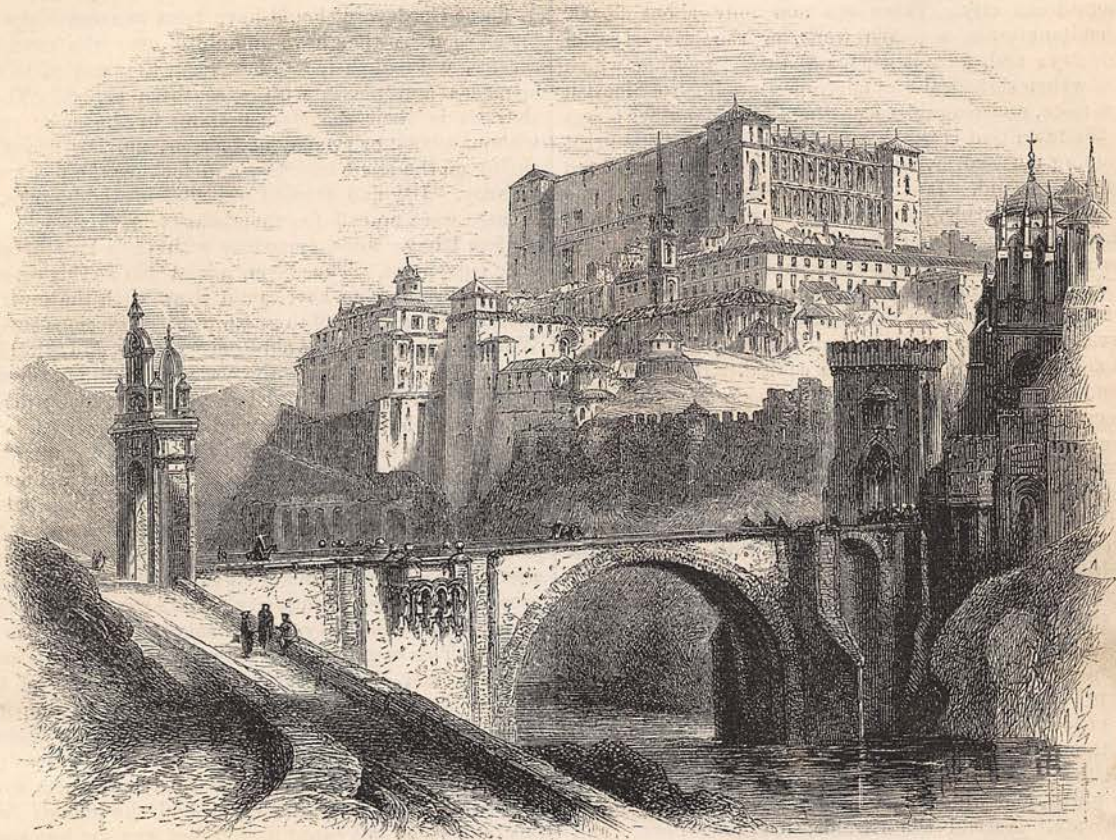


MOORISH BRIDGE AND GATE, CORDOVA.

there and elsewhere the wreck of the city lies as it was left sixty years ago. The chapel is still preserved, and is a fine specimen of the florid Gothic. A portion of the cloisters is represented in this month's frontispiece.

In the centre and highest point of the city towers the once beautiful Alcazar, the Arab term for palace or castle. The greater part of the interior of this fine building has been destroyed by fire. The Patio, with its rows of fine granite columns, and portions of the gallery, supported

wisdom of honest Sancho Panza, and thought I might discover, tending her cows, a representative of his Dulcinea del Tobosa. But a bitter cold night and a long journey before me dispelled all my dreams, and the knight and the squire and the beauty were all forgotten.



TOLEDO.

on beautiful arches, are still standing, conveying some idea of what it must have been in its massive form and pristine beauty. It is now almost a wreck, and is undergoing extensive repairs and alterations, which may completely change the character of the building. I only refer to it here to draw attention to the magnificent view that is obtained from this point of the city, the Alameda, the old gates and bridges, the granite rocks, and rugged chasms through which the foaming Tagus cuts its way.

Every one has heard of the "Toledo Blades." This great manufactory has dwindled down to a few small workshops. I visited one of these, and was weak enough to invest three dollars in an ornamental stiletto. The man laid a copper coin on a block of wood, and at one blow drove the stiletto through the metal, without doing the point the slightest injury, so finely are they tempered. I put this away at the bottom of my portmanteau, with my revolver, hoping I might never have occasion to use either of them in the way of defence.

Proceeding from Toledo to Cordova, I had to return to the junction at Castillejo, and there wait for one-and-a-half hour—from 9 to 10.30 P.M.—in a cold shade, till the next train from Madrid came up. I passed, much to my annoyance and disappointment, the classic land of Cervantes, La Mancha. I had conjured up all my early recollections of the crackbrained knight, the wit and

The morning broke with its usual splendour; the scene still looked dry and barren, save the olive trees that lined the face of the neighbouring hills. About twenty-five miles from Cordova we passed the old Roman bridge and battle-field of Bailen. I think Napier mentions this battle in 1808. It was the first and only victory the Spaniards gained over the French, and this victory was perhaps worse in its effects than a defeat. The Spaniards were so puffed up with their unexpected success, that, instead of following it up and checking the advances of the French, their general retired to Seville to chant a *Te Deum*, and "to offer thanks to the Virgin for the victory." This small success roused England to fresh exertions, and led her to pour her blood and treasure, for five long years, over the Peninsula, when her own children were starving for bread. I have nothing to say against the good and patriotic men who ruled over our destinies in those days—they acted with the light that was given them; but, *cui bono?* where now are the works of the Holy Alliance, that cost so much blood and treasure? We have a Napoleon on the throne of France, dictating to Europe; a Hapsburgh, a Pope, and "the last of the Bourbons" shaking on their thrones; and England, with a millstone of debt about her neck, from which, for nearly sixty years, we have been unable to attempt any appreciable relief.

We reached Cordova at noon, and after a late break-

fast I hired a guide and went out to explore the city. I found the same dead and decaying look, the same stagnation, as at Toledo. It is scarcely possible to believe that this was the large and beautiful city of the Moors, with nearly a million inhabitants, 600 great mosques, 4000 minarets, and 900 public baths. Making every allowance for exaggeration, it must have been a magnificent city. There are now only about 35,000 inhabitants—not a public work, or the least sign of industry; and, were it not for the great mosque, which is now their cathedral—an unrivalled specimen of Moorish art, taste, and magnificence—there is not another object in the town that is worth a day's detention. This great building must cover, with the garden or court-yard, ten acres of ground. It is divided into long and transverse aisles, with marble, porphyry, and jasper columns, from which there spring double arches. These columns attest the antiquity of the materials at least, for many are evidently the remains of Roman temples of an early date: scarcely two are alike; and, to make them fit the elevation, some are sunk in the ground, and others have an additional block to raise the capital. Here you may wander all day in the cool shade, seeing new objects at every turn, and reading, mentally, the history of this strange city for more than two thousand years, with the material evidences before you. Round the four side aisles are about forty altars, with some good pictures and a great many daubs, and any amount of bronze and gilding, which is not in keeping with the Moorish architecture around. In the centre of the building they have raised a chapel and choir in the extravagant style of Charles v, or a sort of renaissance run mad, with gilding and ornament. In one of the side altars the beautiful arabesque of the Moors is still retained in all its pristine simplicity and richly blended colours. This was the *Mihrab*, or recess in which the Koran was kept. In the outer court is still the beautiful garden of orange and palm trees and fountains, in which the Moors delighted, and which they understood so well how to cultivate. Ascend the *Giralda*, or great tower, and take a view of the country round.

I have referred to the palace, church, and prison of the Inquisition at Valladolid. Cordova had also its feast of human sufferings, "to make a Roman holiday." The *Alcazar*, once the magnificent palace of the Moorish kings, became the residence and prison of the Inquisition. This building lies outside the town, and, but for the associations connected with its history, we might pass it without notice; but it is one of the land-marks that indicate the ruin and downfall of Spain. I think it was Philip II, in the midst of his cruel persecution, that exclaimed, "Better have no subjects than rule over heretics." One is inclined to reverse this maxim, and say, "Better have no subjects than the poor, indolent, bigoted, and slavish remnant, a pitiful wreck of mind and matter, which he and his immediate successors have left behind them. Round the building are suspended in festoons the chains of the captives delivered from the "Infidel Moors." The cloisters of the convent, which are still in good preservation, are magnificent specimens of the elaborate Gothic of the fifteenth century, with their high pointed arches, rich carvings, figures, and niche-work. The garden of the old convent is now overrun with weeds, and the surrounding scene is one of decay and desolation.

Making the circuit of the city, I found, as in Toledo, a number of the old Moorish quadrangular houses, the garden of fruit trees, and fountain in the centre, in the true Oriental style. There is still a portion of the old Moorish wall standing, and a few of the mosques are turned into Christian places of worship. But here the

Mosque Cathedral forms the great object of attraction. There must have been upwards of twenty priests officiating at the altars the second morning I visited the place. They had no congregation, with the exception of a few old women, and they did not seem to pay them any attention. Each one, if I may use a profane expression, seemed to be working on his own hook.

These Cordovese should have been sun-worshippers; for as soon as they have mumbled over the morning service, and had their late breakfast, they are off to the *alamedas* and *plazas* with a southern aspect. There they sit in their mantles, basking in the solar rays, without a book or even a newspaper, moving about or sitting on the stone benches, and looking the picture of vacancy. Lay and clerical are all sun-worshippers, as if there were no call for their efforts in this world. I confess I have some sympathy with their love of outdoor enjoyment. The warm, genial sun at this season, and the bright blue sky, would draw forth the severest anchorite from his cell to worship at this glorious shrine. When you have seen the old Roman bridge, and the Doric gate, called Roman, but of the period of Philip II, there is scarcely anything else to detain you. It is very disappointing to have all your reading and early romance dispelled in a few hours, and to see before you such a picture of desolation. During the prosperous and active period of the Moors, there were in Cordova three handicrafts alone—viz., dressers of Morocco skins and other leathers; workers in silver and filigree, and transcribers of scientific books, who amounted to nearly as many as the present population of that city. An Arab writer of that period says, "This city and its suburbs is six miles by twenty. This great space is covered with houses, palaces, mosques, and gardens spread along the banks of the Guadalquivir. In all the west there is no city compared to it, either for population, extent, markets, religious edifices, or number of baths and inns." This was the Cordova of the Moors; what the Austro-Spanish sovereigns, the chivalry of the court, and the *auto de fé* of the Inquisition has made it, is one of the saddest chapters in Spanish history.

THE MINT.

In a recent number (p. 193, No. 848), we gave the coinage of the Mint for the year 1866, in gold, silver, and copper.* During the year 1867 no gold coin was issued, a fact unprecedented in the history of the Mint. It was thought, after the panic of 1866, that more money would be required, but so far from this being the case, not only was there no call for gold, but the demand for silver coins was remarkably diminished, as if the Mint shared in the general dulness and depression of all trade and manufacture. An article in the "Times," referring to this, contained some curious statements,† which we extract for the amusement of our readers:

There is a popular notion that any one taking gold,

* Gold, £5,076,676; Silver, £493,416; Copper, £50,624.

† The "Times" article describes the concentration of the various mints—London, Chester, Winchester, York—in one office in the Tower, where the works were carried on till the erection of the present building in 1806. It is then stated that: "Since 1806, the New Mint has been the sole coining centre for the British empire, where not only all the coins, from farthings to pounds, are struck, but where all commemorative medals and decorations awarded by the Government are made." By "the British Empire" is here meant the British Islands only; for Imperial mints exist in the colonies, and in all three Indian presidencies. The Calcutta people are rather proud of telling that their Mint Master, Colonel Forbes, of the Bengal Engineers, was deputed, about twenty years ago, by permission of the Court of Directors, to come to England to organise the new machinery then introduced at the London Mint.

rity knew one occasion when a threat of this sort was carried out. "I once," he writes, "did see a young man fulfil a vow of this kind. As soon as the clock struck twelve on the day on which his indentures expired, he threw down his tools and immediately pitched into a workman who had habitually ill-used him during the first three years of apprenticeship. Having given the man a sound thrashing, he deigned to explain his reasons for so doing thus:—'I always told you, when you used to knock me about when I first came to the trade, that I would pay you off for it when out of my time, and now, if I send any one to you for my character you can say that I kept my word.'"

With this outline of apprentice life in an engineer's workshop I shall conclude the sketch of a very interesting book, which up to a certain point we have thus analysed. The chapters on Saint Monday, Teetotalism, Penny Readings, Working Men's Saturdays and Sundays, touch upon matters of great interest indeed, but open to more discussion, and which have been more fully talked and written about than the matters which constitute the first half of the journeyman engineer's very thoughtful and well executed and every way interesting volume.

TWO MONTHS IN SPAIN.

IV.—SEVILLE.

THE distance from Cordova to Seville by rail is about seventy miles, through the valley of the Guadalquivir; and here we first began to see the semi-tropical character of the country, with increased vegetation. Extensive fields of olives stretch up the face of the low range of hills on each side of the valley, with gardens and orchards of orange and lemon trees, bordered with the cactus and aloe. The weather still continued delightful, and the air clear and buoyant, and just sufficiently cool to be agreeable. This was one of the most pleasurable of the many pleasant days I spent in Spain. My only companion in the carriage was a Spanish gentleman of an old Seville family of some note, who was himself born in one of the Spanish South American colonies. It is not always easy to get information in Spain. The consuls and attachés are proverbially close, and the Anglo-Spanish merchants are afraid to commit themselves by too free an expression of opinions. I had on several occasions the advantage of meeting with well-educated and travelled Spaniards, whose opinions I considered of more value than those of foreigners, who are liable to see things through the prejudices of their own country. My companion was one of the best type of the Spanish gentleman, with all the *suaviter in modo* of the old Don, and the frank intelligence of the English and American gentleman. He brought some pomegranates and melons into the carriage with him; and as no Spaniard partakes of anything without asking his neighbours to share with him, this brought about an introduction; and when he heard that I was familiar with these fruits, and had seen something of the world, he was at once frank, friendly, and communicative. I learned that he had travelled as a student of botany and natural history, and was an author, as I afterwards heard, of no mean repute. He told me of his travels in India, from Ceylon to the Himalayas, and spoke with true-hearted affection and gratitude of the kindness and friendship he had received from Lord Auckland and the Honourable Misses Eden, and the disinterested hospitality of the officials and "merchant princes of India." He was a great enemy to slavery in every form; and this led to some reference

to the career of the late Marshal O'Donnell in Cuba. "The general," he said, "was not a friend to England, or any of its plans, and retained much of the old Milesian hatred of the Saxon race. Nor for that matter was he any great friend to Spain. It was reported that he brought more money home from Cuba than the whole of his salary and allowance would have amounted to while there, and left a large and questionable fortune, in which Spain has no interest. I grieve very much," said my companion, "that this country, which I claim by blood and religion, should be governed by men of this class, and for their interest; but no others have a chance under our present system. The great body of the people have been so cowed and kept down by the combined efforts of Church and State, that no sentiment of true liberty is allowed to approach them. I often tell my countrymen who have never been out of Spain, that they make a great mistake in fancying that they can keep either the religion or the morals of the nation more pure by excluding all light from without, and locking up their religion, as it were, in a dark chamber. My own opinion of Catholicism is, that the more it comes in contact with light, and rubs shoulders with the intelligent labours and opinions of other bodies of Christians, the more bright and beautiful will it appear; and if this doctrine had been earlier understood by the Church, there would have been no need of an exaggerated reformation." This is a view of the case on which we might have differed, but we had no time to discuss the question further. My new friend's kindness followed me to my hotel. He gave me an introduction to the landlord of the *Fonda de Europa*, where I got the best room in the hotel, with board and attendance for thirty-five reals a day, and had more comfort and attention than some of my travelling acquaintances had for double this sum at the more fashionable *Fonda de Madrid*, *Hôtel de Paris*, and *Hôtel de Londres*. But to return to our journey.

The fine land between these two cities seems poorly cultivated, and at long intervals you see a half savage shepherd tending a flock of rough-looking sheep, reminding one somewhat of the *Campagna* at Rome, where there seems scarcely a blade of grass for the cattle to feed upon. There is neither labour nor manure bestowed on the land; and the small wooden plough, drawn by four oxen, is as primitive as that of Egypt or Hindustan. As you approach Seville the scene begins to improve, and the large orange and lemon gardens, laden at this season with their golden fruits, give a novelty and charm to the landscape. On arriving at the station, outside the town, one would think he had come on a colony of Irish. A crowd of half beggars and half idlers thronged around, with the same distinct characteristics: not a coat or covering alike, felt hats in every stage of decay, and ragged coats of many colours; the same wide mouth, thin lips, deep careworn lines on the face, low forehead and sharp eyes, half mendicant and half defiant. Here I found the same mendicant system prevailing as in Bohemia, South Italy, and in the South of Ireland. Is this the result of races, or may it be the peculiar training of their "friends, philosophers, and guides?" But this I must leave for moralists and physiologists to decide—it is altogether beyond my comprehension.

An English poet speaks of Seville as

"A city famous for oranges and women;
He who has not seen it will be much to pity;
So says the proverb," etc.

If he meant the beauty of the women, I think he took a poetical licence, or borrowed from some of their own poets. I did not see anything approaching to our idea

of handsome features. The young women of the higher class are mostly round-faced and plump, with a profusion of dark hair, and large black eyes, which they use under their fans with wonderful effect; but their features are very common-place, and have not a single classical line of beauty about them. The men of the same class have fine heads, and carry themselves with great dignity.

With regard to the "oranges," there is no mistake whatever. The whole city is a garden. My window overlooked a patio or courtyard, with orange, citron, and banana trees in full fruit, and in the centre a marble fountain, the music of its limpid jets giving life to the quiet beauties of nature; and it was hard to sit within doors with such a scene before one.

There is no place in Europe—I had almost said in the world—in which a British traveller finds himself so far from home as in Spain. If you go to the cities and prairies of America, or to the Delta, or the source of the Ganges, you know pretty well what you have to expect, and are less surprised; but here, a few days' journey from London and Paris, you feel that you are thousands of miles from home, and everything around you a mystery and a paradox. The old Moorish houses, with their courtyards and gardens, seem to throw you back in contemplation a thousand years. Many of the residences of the gentry and grandees are in narrow streets, little better than footpaths, but with all the appearance of oriental luxury and splendour. The patio is paved with slabs of white and black marble, divided from the outer to the inner court by light and elegant iron gates, gilt and ornamented, and round the centre is a profusion of fruit trees and flowers of every hue. I will not say much of their internal comforts; they may be adapted to semi-oriental people, but are perfectly unsuited to our ideas of comfort. As I have said before, the people live much out of doors, and their alamedas, or public walks, with avenues of orange, lemon, and acacia trees, with seats

"For aged sires and whispering lovers made,"

under their green and golden canopy, are to travellers a never-ending source of pleasure and surprise.

The "lions" of Seville occupy but a few days; and perhaps this was the best season of the year to see them with comfort; the air was so light, clear, and bracing that one never tired of walking about. The Cathedral is the first object of interest and attraction. It is built on the site of the great Mosque, and all that remains now of the Moorish architecture is a part of the walls, the great entrance gate, the fountain and court of orange trees, and the celebrated Giralda, so well-known to all artists, and acknowledged to be the finest specimen of the Moslem towers now existing in Spain. There are some curious legends about this tower, and of two mysterious ladies who by some supernatural power supported it in a storm or earthquake, and these sisters still hold a prominent place in the arts and ceremonies of this city; but these legends are so absurd and childish, that it seems almost contemptible to refer to them. This beautiful tower requires no such puerile support: it is still "a thing of beauty," and forms the finest and most prominent object in the general view of Seville. That part which belongs to the original Moslem tower, of 250 feet, only reached to the present belfry. The upper portion is of Christian construction, and is not in keeping with the chaste, massive architecture of the Moors. Surmounting the whole, at a height of 350 feet, is the figure of Faith, performing the part of a vane or weathercock, the origin of many jokes and sarcasms on the movings and twistings of the Church.

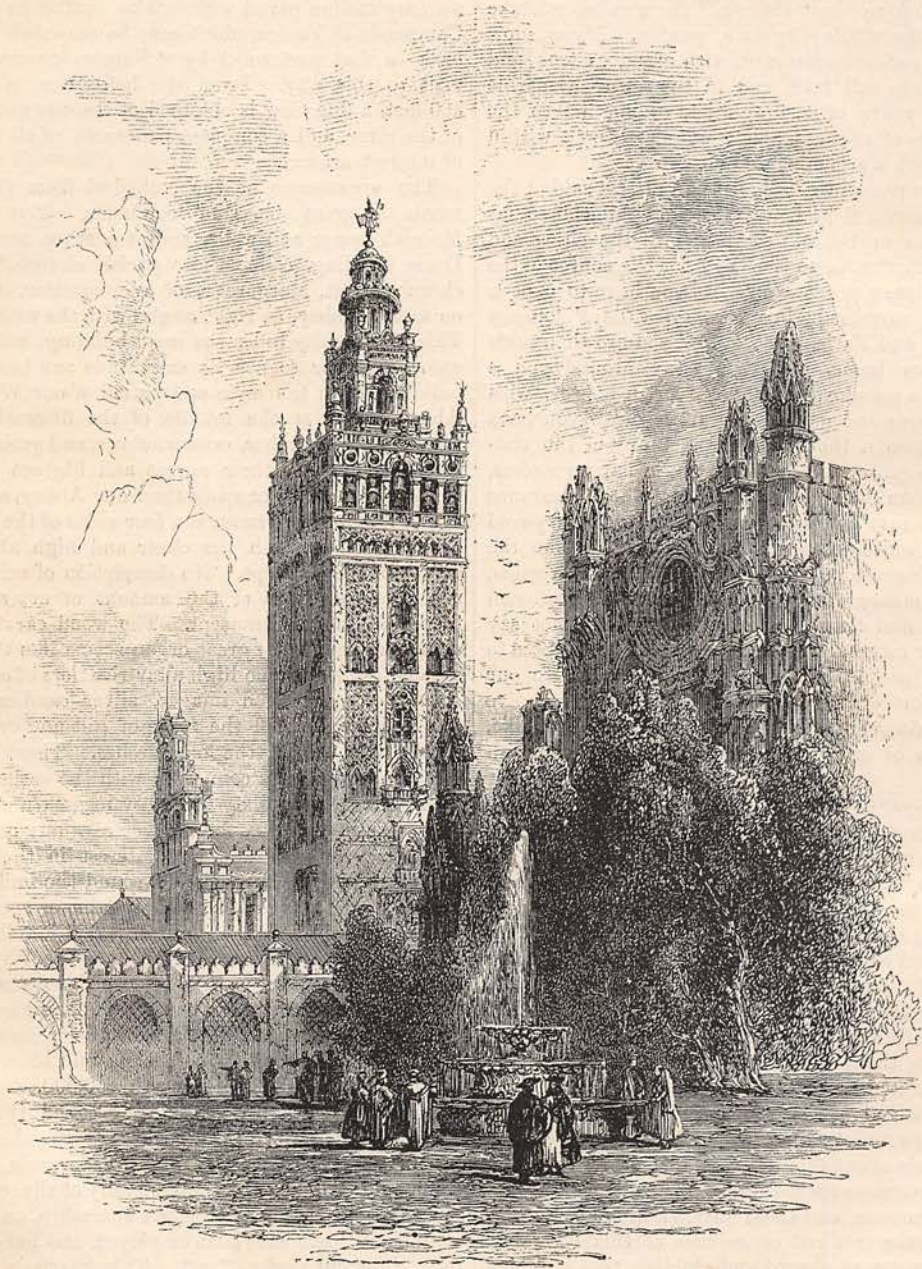
One of the curiosities shown here by the guides is the

clock, the work of a monk, and the first put up in Seville; but that is all that can be said for it, as it presents no dial to public view. In fact, strange to say, you may walk for a whole day through Seville and not see a clock. The sun is their timepiece, and their matins, mid-day siesta, and evening meal, mark all the time they care about. The ascent of the tower is by an easy incline paved with bricks, similar to that of the Campanile of Venice, which may be ascended on horse-back—a feat performed by "Nuestra Senora" on her visit to this city. From the bell-tower, a height of 350 feet, a fine view is obtained of the city and windings of the river, and a complete panorama of all the objects of interest around.

The appearance of the cathedral from the outside seems a great mass of confusion. You have the Moorish tower and walls, and at another angle a plain Doric building, called the "parish church," as if the church of St. Margaret's, of Westminster, was stuck on to our Abbey, at right angles with the western porch. This incongruity hides the main building, and we must enter in order to see its magnitude and beauty. The building is in the style and period of our Westminster Abbey, when, at the middle of the fifteenth century, the lofty spear arches, oriel windows, and groined arched roof, had attained their purest and highest perfection. It stands on a larger space than our Abbey, and instead of the long aisle or nave, the four sides of the cross form nearly a square, with the choir and high altar in the centre of the transept. No description of mine can give any adequate idea of the amount of art and labour displayed in this transept. The wood carving in the choir and round the great organ seems like the work of Titans; and over the high altar rise tiers of ornamented gilt columns, graven images, silver candlesticks, and jewelled virgins, till the maze of gilt and ornament is almost lost amidst the lofty arches. There are nearly one hundred priests connected with the cathedral alone, who perform from sixty to eighty masses a day—whatever this may mean—for I never saw any one but the officiating priests take any interest in them. There are some forty or fifty chapels round the building, each under the patronage of some holy saint or special virgin, and all contain elaborate ornament and jewelled images. As I stood opposite a wooden image of the Virgin, at one of these altars, the guide explained to me that the diamond necklace round the neck of the image was presented by the Infanta, Duchess of Montpensier, and was worth £20,000; that the bracelets and other jewels on the image were altogether worth £60,000.

In that portion of the building called the Sacristia Mayor, are contained the treasures of the church. The term Custodio is synonymous with Tabernacle, containing the "holy of holies," and is generally of silver and silver gilt, of the most beautiful workmanship, on which the Cellinis of Spain have been employed, and have produced most exquisite works of art. This Sacristia is said to contain the value of half a million sterling. My guide, notwithstanding his liberal opinions, was proud of the wealth of the cathedral—"Great is Diana of the Ephesians"—and would insist on my going in to see this treasure of the Custodio; and I indulged him with a franc to open the door. This is the great show-shop of the cathedral, and "worth half a million sterling," more or less—perhaps less; but there is a large quantity of diamonds, rubies, and pearls set in crowns and ornaments, and embroidered on sacerdotal robes, with cups and candlesticks, etc., in massive silver. It is curious and inconsistent that a church which holds the Jews in such contempt, and has banished them from this very

Catholic country, and appropriated their synagogues for Roman worship, should have grafted so much Judaism on the simple and sublime doctrines of the New Testament. There are some fine Murillos and other paintings in the cathedral, but they are entirely lost in bad lights. old Moorish palace. Perhaps I should have seen the Alhambra before visiting this, as there is a difference of opinion which of the two is the most interesting. This palace has been carefully restored, and is in excellent order, and was the residence of the Duke de Montpensier



THE GIRALDA.

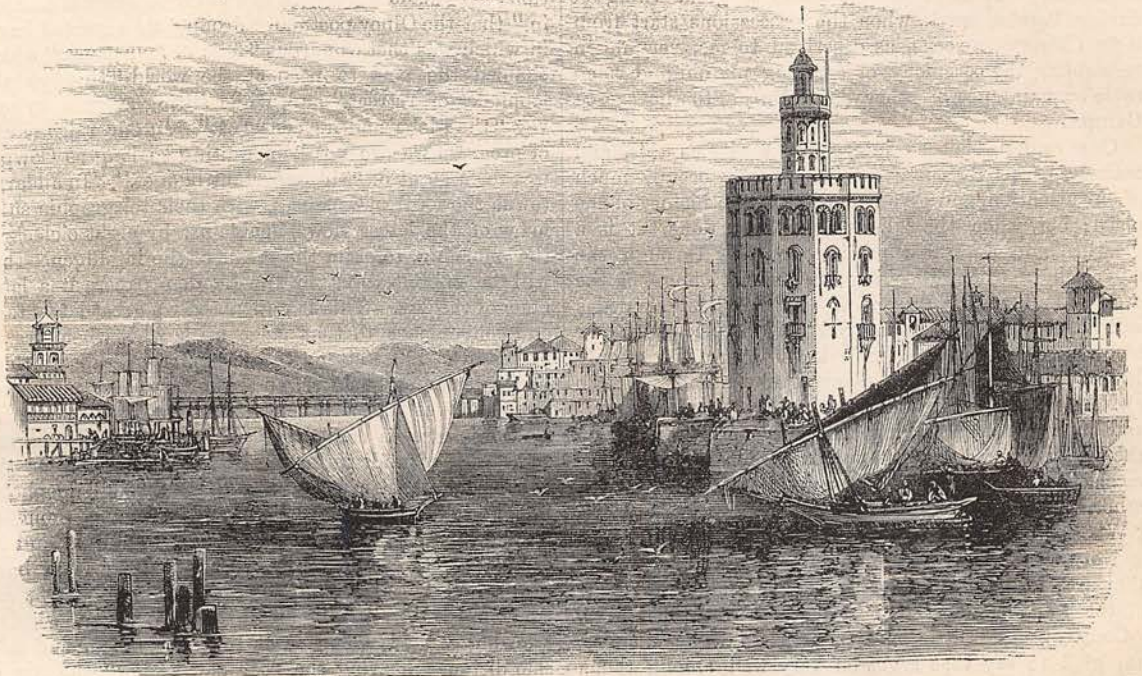
"These were painted for the church, and not for the public," as a priest told me. There are some forty or fifty other churches, but they have much the appearance of those half-finished churches we see in Italy; as if the funds had not kept pace with their religious fervour. I visited a number of these churches, to see some celebrated pictures of Murillo and other Spanish masters, but I found them, as in the cathedral, completely lost in the dark recesses of the altars.

The next object in the list of visits is the Alcazar—the

and the Infanta Maria Louisa, after the "unfortunate Spanish marriages," which brought so much shame on the Orleans family. Their first daughter, lately married to her cousin, the Count de Paris, was born in this palace in 1848. The charm of this, and all these Moorish buildings is, that you are looking on objects little changed for a thousand years, the works of an ingenious and poetical people, in which you can read the history of a nation that has disappeared from this busy western world. Perhaps the garden is the great attraction here. It

contains all the beauty of the Moorish with the Espano-Flemish gardening of the seventeenth century. Here for the first time I saw the orange trees trimmed into walls and hedges of twenty feet high, with the golden fruit just peeping out through the green foliage; and here, growing side by side, are borders of box and myrtle, the palmetto and apple, the pomegranate and the plum—the beautiful *ponsetia*, or red-leaved plant, and the rich

Downie, a child of the Scottish parochial system, who from a young clerk in the commissariat, rose to be the honoured friend of the Duke, and the Alcaide or governor of the Alcazar. In the Armoury at Madrid we were shown the sword of Pizarro, which had been presented by the Spanish Government to Sir John Downie, for valour in the field. With some English soldiers, after his Estramadura legions had deserted him, he charged



GOLDEN TOWER, SEVILLE.

flowering geranium—in short, the tropics and temperate zones vying with each other which should yield to man the greatest amount of beauty to the eye and joy to the senses, with Moorish kiosks and summer-house to rest in and view the charming scene. There are many of the gardens of the nobility that are worth visiting, but they are all of the same character. The palace belonging to and occupied by the Duke de Montpensier is not open to the public, but I had a look into his garden, which covers, I should think, fifteen acres, and I was told that the Duke got £1,000 last year for his oranges. Near to these gardens is the great tobacco manufactory, which has all the appearance of a strongly-fortified castle, with strong wall and deep ditch. The building within forms a quadrangle, each side about 600 feet. There are upwards of 4,000 women employed here in the manufacturing of the commonest cigars. This does not seem to be an unhealthy occupation, for many of the women are the healthiest and best-looking in Seville.

Crossing by a line of planks the Guadalquivir, which is here about the breadth of the Thames between Kew and Putney, but after heavy rains rises to a dangerous extent, doing great damage to property on its banks, we paid a visit to the pottery and porcelain works of the kind and hospitable Mr. Pickman. These are inferior to many of our Staffordshire works, and would have no chance in competition with them but for the almost prohibitory duty on foreign imports. I was reminded, when crossing this temporary bridge, of the daring and bravery of my countryman Sir John

across the bridge to capture some guns that the French had planted on the opposite side. He had got half way across when a portion of the bridge was blown up. He leaped his horse over the gap and charged alone, his men being stopped by the explosion. At the same moment a grape-shot struck him and carried away a part of his cheek, and a second shot hit him in the left arm. Finding himself severely wounded, he wheeled his horse round and made for the gap, and hurled the sword of Pizarro back into the ranks of his own men, and was then taken a prisoner. I transcribe this episode of the Peninsular war from a letter now in my possession from a near relative of the late Sir John Downie.

The right bank of the river is connected with the city on the left, by a fine suspension bridge, which was constructed some years ago by an English contractor. From this bridge a fine broad Prado and avenues of trees skirt the banks of the river. Not far off is the celebrated Golden Tower. It is an octagon building of four storeys, partly of Roman and Arabic construction, in fair preservation. It is said to have taken its present name from the first gold brought from the New World being deposited there; but this tradition is very doubtful. The Sevillians have lately raised a statue to their great townsman Murillo, and called the plaza after him. And here is their museo or picture gallery—a very small affair indeed—which, but for the few great pictures of Murillo, and wonderful life-like statuary in wood by the monk artist and man-of-letters Cano, would scarcely claim a visit.

Among the curiosities of Seville is a Moorish building called Casa de Pilatos, or house of Pilate. The guides have a number of absurd stories about this house; but the simple fact is that it is not an ancient Moorish building appropriated by the Christians, but was built by a Spanish nobleman in 1500, on his return from a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. All the beauty and ornament of the Moorish architecture are well and closely imitated, but it is about as like the house of Pontius Pilate as it may be to that of the Temple of Jerusalem! It is, however, made a great thing of during Passion week, when the processions start from it for Calvary—a scene, as described to me, very much resembling the ceremony of carrying my old and venerable acquaintance of other days, Durga, to the sacred Ganges.

One cannot visit so interesting a city as this, and entirely pass over these details, as they occupy much of our attention, and give one a key to the history of the place; but, when the "lions have been done," it is a pleasure and agreeable pastime to walk through the labyrinth of oriental-looking streets, or lounge in the orange and acacia groves of the beautiful alamedas and gardens, and watch the crowd of jolly priests in their black mantles and coal-scuttle hats. For a city of only 100,000 inhabitants, it is amazing the number of idle citizens that are abroad "worshipping the rising sun," and hoping that something will turn up to-morrow to their advantage. You see no anxious faces "running to catch the first train;" no bustling and hustling each other, trying who shall be first at the office or the mart. "Why hurry? there is plenty of time to-morrow."

Notwithstanding, I like the Spaniards very much; they are kind and obliging people, and look for a return of the same feeling. They have a proverb that says, "Courtesy costs little, and is of great value;" and I am glad to say that I got on very well among them. No doubt one unacquainted with their language will be subject here, as in other countries, to some annoyance and imposition; and, if you will excuse a little egotism, I will let you into the secret of my success among them. Age and some experience have taught me that it is better to make trifling sacrifices than to disturb one's equanimity. I have seen a club-swell in London haggling with a cabman about a sixpenny fare, and probably going in for an eightpenny Havannah and a bottle of champagne to dinner. This is all a matter of opinion or taste. I adopt a different principle—keep down my hotel bill, and submit to trifling extortions, or at least always give Cabby and other hardworking men the benefit of a doubt as to the exact charge. The disbursement of a few francs spent in this way rids one of many trifling annoyances, eases the mind, and makes things go pleasantly.

One little difficulty there is in Spain in the way of the stranger. When you think you have mastered a small vocabulary of useful words, the Andalusian ear is so finely tuned to sound, that unless you breathe the language in the softest accents they will not understand you. I was making some inquiry about "Jerez"—*i.e.*, the Xerez of our Gazetteer. The "J" is sounded like "H," and I tried "Heres" in all its softest modifications, but I might as well have asked for "Timbuctoo." This reminds me of the sailor that said, "Them stupid foreigners calls everything by a wrong name. They calls a horse a shovel, and a house a mason, because they don't know any better." But let me now bid adieu to Seville, as I have an invitation to taste some fine old sherries at Jerez, which, I have no doubt, I shall find much easier to mouth than the Spanish consonants.

PEEPS THROUGH LOOPHOLES AT MEN, MANNERS, AND CUSTOMS.

BY CUTHBERT BEDZ.

"'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.

VI.—NEWSPAPER READINGS.

It was not until the light of the short winter's day was passing into the deepening gloom, and all snug preparations were made wherewith to "welcome peaceful evening in," that the Olney postman "dropp'd th' expected bag," in which was that wondrous "folio of four pages" which enabled the poet to peep at the world "through the loopholes of retreat," and, while sitting at ease, to survey "the globe and its concerns." In our railway age of progress we are not kept waiting so long as Cowper was for a sight of "th' important budget." In all large towns the local newspapers, with their telegraphic summary of the latest news, enable us, by eight o'clock in the morning, to skim the cream of the intelligence that will be offered to us in the London papers at a later hour of the day. This is undoubtedly a great advantage and convenience to that large class who, when breakfast is over, must attend to the numerous calls of their professions and business, and who may have no leisure to glance at the London papers until they are in Cowper's case—a case expressed by the familiar phrase suggestive of undisturbed retirement, "shut in for the evening." It is then that the peeps through loopholes may be taken with more ease and gain, the thoughts and attention not being "dispersed by daylight and its cares." Yet, not all of us, even when far from busy towns and ruralising in some sequestered village, are condemned to vegetate all through the day, without knowing what is going on in the outer world, and at a safe distance hearing the roar and seeing "the stir of the great Babel."

That great leveller, the railway, places county-town and country-hamlet on an equality, when dealing out its gifts and distributing its conveniences. "Remote, unfriended, solitary, slow," as my hamlet of Minima-Parva may appear to be, topographically and socially, yet it lies not far from the track of a railroad; and by "the nine-twenty" train, as we call it, from London, on each week-day morning, there is dropped a parcel at the small station, four miles from Minima-Parva, and some seventy miles from the great Babel, and from this parcel is conveyed to me, by messenger, a damp copy of that morning's "Times." Another copy is taken, in a similar way, to the Squire of Minima-Parva, who not unfrequently is put in possession of his morning's newspaper at an earlier hour at his country-house than he can obtain it when at his town-house. This is partly explained by the fact that all the earliest copies of the "Times," the publication of which begins at five in the morning, are despatched to the railway stations, to go off into the country by "the 6.30" and first trains. Thus, through the clever combinations of Printing House Square, the news agents, and the railway, we sequestered rustics of Minima-Parva are enabled, soon after ten o'clock each morning, to read all the news of the world, as it was known in London up to two or three o'clock that same morning—a common every-day event, but none the less a marvel.

At what point will the marvel stop? and at what dimensions? Some witty people, a few years ago, published an imaginary copy of the "Times" of the next century. It contained accounts of the voyages of aerial ships, the journeys by balloon-railways, the steam foot-

its rich alluvial soil, the finest asparagus, of such extraordinary size that one hundred and ten heads, in a state fit for the kitchen, have been known to weigh more than thirty-two pounds. But the market-gardeners and florists complain grievously of the injury they sustain from the noxious vapours of chemical works, smelting furnaces, etc., in this hitherto rural district.

This brings us back to the connection of Battersea with a branch of our porcelain works, namely, *transfer printing*, or printing from copper-plates, by which the artistic character of the porcelain was much raised. The priority of the invention had been claimed for Liverpool; but Mr. Binns, F.S.A., in his very interesting "History of Worcester Ware," traces the claim of transfer-printing to the Battersea Enamel Works at York House (the Archbishop's old palace), where Ravenet and other artists drew for Alderman Jansen. These artists wrought in engraving plates, from which impressions were taken on enamel plaques, etc., for snuff-boxes and like articles. The Liverpool claim to the invention dates from 1756; whereas Horace Walpole writes from Strawberry Hill, six or seven miles from Battersea, to R. Bentley, September 18th, 1755, "I shall send you a trifling snuff-box, only as a sample of the new manufacture at Battersea, *which is done with copper-plates.*" A snuff-box, with a transfer engraving, which is in the possession of Mr. Morgan, bears the masonic date 5754, *i.e.* 1754. Another example is dated the preceding year. The Battersea Works failed. Alderman Jansen's stock, furniture, etc., were sold by public auction, March 4th, 1756; and a writer in the "Athenæum" thinks it probable that the plates sold in London, and some of the Battersea workmen, found their way to both Worcester and Liverpool. In the former place, porcelain works had existed since 1751. We possess a specimen of a mug, painted with a portrait of the King of Prussia, a group of military trophies, etc., with the Worcester mark, date 1757, which usually passes for the earliest example of this branch of ceramic art. There is also a specimen in the Museum of Practical Geology, in Jermyn Street.

We have still to add a curiosity of our own day. This is a stupendous railway-bridge across the Thames at Battersea, and stated to be the *widest railway-bridge in the world.* It consists of four arches, each one hundred and seventy-five feet span in the clear, with a rise of seventeen feet six inches. The immense ribs which support the superstructure are formed throughout of wrought iron, and are firmly attached to massive cast-iron standards, which are placed over the piers. The whole of the framework is thus made continuous throughout. On each side of the river is a land-arch of seventy feet span, making the entire length of the bridge one hundred and forty feet. The abutments were put in by means of cofferdams, and the foundations are carried down thirty feet below Trinity high-water-mark. The piers are built upon the same principle as that which was first applied by Sir Charles Fox to the building of the bridge at Rochester across the Medway, and which has been employed on the Thames in the construction of the Blackfriars, Charing Cross, and Cannon Street railway-bridges.

TWO MONTHS IN SPAIN.

V.—MALAGA.

I LEFT Seville on the 4th of December, for Xeres. I had an introduction to one of the largest wine exporters in the city, and, but for that, I might have passed it *en route* to Cadiz, which would have been a subject of regret, as it is a place of great commercial importance

both to England and Spain. The gentleman to whom I had an introduction is a countryman, and received me with a Scottish welcome. I went over his extensive cellars, or bodegas, as they are called, and tasted some of his fine old sherries, worth £130 per butt. The wine called "Amontillado," so much patronised in England, is not, as some suppose, the production of Montilla, near Cordova, but of this district. My friend was good enough to explain to me the mode of mixing and keeping up the stock of "old wines." I am afraid to mention the value of the stock in the various cellars that I visited, but it was something very considerable. The exports last year from this neighbourhood were 60,000 butts; and, taking them at the minimum value of £30 and £70, this would be three millions sterling. The wine casks that are in the bodega are never removed, but filled up with new wines; and the wine is drawn off in portions from different casks, as it ripens, into fresh casks for shipment, so that the quality is kept in equilibrium. A very rich sweet wine is made from grapes which have been put two or three days in the sun. This wine is kept to mix, and correct the taste of the other wines when they are wanted less dry and fruity. The vintage runs through September and October, and the process is very simple. The wine-presses which I saw were about ten feet square and eighteen inches deep, and each of these was supposed to contain grapes sufficient to yield a butt of wine. The men get into the presses with their bare feet; and, when the juice is thus exhausted, a little water is added, and the residue pressed out by a screw. This wine is kept in casks till it ferments and clears, and in January and February is transferred to the stationary casks of old wine. The exhausted grape is carried to a distillery, where a spirit is produced, and used only to give body to the wines:

We drove a few miles into the country, and saw some of the large vineyards. This is the great wine-producing district of Spain, and the attention and labour required seemed a mere pastime. It is impossible to conceive how rich and spontaneous are the productions of this country, and the small amount of labour required. I have seen orange trees, planted by the Moors 700 years ago, with scarcely a particle of the trunk remaining but a thin shell and bark, with a healthy green foliage, and bending with a burden of fruit; and the same with olives. I have never seen such an abundance of fruit and vegetables anywhere. The large public markets of Seville, and even of this small city, are unequalled. Their table vegetables—cabbages, cauliflowers, carrots, and other garden stuffs—would carry off the prizes at any of our Horticultural Shows, with fruits of every clime, and of the finest quality.

"Oh what a goodly sight it is to see
What Heaven hath done for this delicious land,
What fruits of fragrance blush on every tree,
What goodly prospects o'er the hills expand;
But man would mar them with an impious hand!"

So wrote fifty years ago the author of "Childe Harold." Fifty years have made no change in the bounty of nature; but the people, ungrateful or unconscious of the blessings they enjoy, seem rather to retrograde than advance in everything political, social, and religious. This year there was a partial failure of the crops of wheat, and the people were getting restless about the price of bread. Hence the anomaly of importing wheat from the East and the Baltic, while there are millions of acres untilled, and left in weeds for donkeys to feed on, that would yield any amount of good crops, and made Spain, in fact, in the time of the Romans and Moors, one of the granaries of the world.

The journey from Xeres to Cadiz, by rail, occupies an hour and a half. The line winds round the head of the bay, passing the port St. Mary, called in the maps El Puerto. This and Xeres are the great entrepôts of the shippers of wine. At the head of the bay we passed Puerto Real, from whence sailed the "Spanish Armada" that was to annex England to the family property of Philip II! At San Fernando we saw large pyramids of salt, which is collected here in any quantity, from the flat marshes round the top of the bay, and shipped largely to England and other quarters. The railway runs under the walls of the forts right into the city.

There is not in Europe a finer situation than that of Cadiz. Seen from the sea, it has scarcely its equal, unless, perhaps, "Genoa the beautiful." The houses are from four to five storeys, built of white stone, or white-washed. The roofs are flat, and every other house has a turret; so that, with steeples, domes, and turrets, they form a perfect forest of pinnacles, breaking the line and glittering in the sun's rays. The city is surrounded by the sea, except a small neck which connects it with the mainland, about 250 yards broad, which is strongly defended by a succession of batteries, fosses, and drawbridges. The great drawback is the want of water. It is brought into the city in casks, or on the backs of mules and donkeys, and sold at a high price. A house, the rent of which is £10, will cost nearly £5 for water. The vendors carry it through the streets in earthen jars, and sell it at a farthing a glass. The streets look clean and well kept, and there is little life and activity beyond that of the towns in the interior. From the signal-tower, in the centre of the town, a fine view is obtained of the city and surrounding scenery. On the one side the broad Atlantic stretched out to the horizon, when I saw it, calm and bright as a mirror; and on the other side lay the beautiful bay, with vessels riding at anchor, up to the Puerto Real. It is curious that a Briton always feels more at home on the seaboard than anywhere else. He thinks he has a prescriptive right to claim kindred with the blue waves and white foam that roll over the sands, or dash against the cliffs, in chorus to his thoughts of home and happy England; and, coming from the wretched towns of the interior of Spain, he feels more at home, and amongst a more healthy and active population. There is not much in the way of sights in this city. The Club, or Casino, to which I had an introduction, is a handsome building, with marble-paved court and elegant vestibule, card, reading, and billiard-rooms, but poorly supplied with papers. The new cathedral is a fine building of the Corinthian order, the whole interior of marble and alabaster columns, gilt tabernacles, and jewelled virgins. Their Museo, or Fine Art gallery, is a small affair, and has only a few pictures of any merit. As in most Spanish towns, the great and rich monasteries and convents have been broken up, and their works of art scattered over the world, and the buildings appropriated for barracks, hospitals, and other useful purposes.

On the east side of the town, overlooking the ocean, and in a poor neighbourhood, there resides a colony of Gipsies, of the pure Oriental breed. These are nominally Roman Catholics, but live apart from other citizens, and intermarry with each other. They are of the true Hindoo type; and I am more than ever convinced that these wandering tribes, known in Europe as "Bohemians" and "Gipsies," are from Northern Hindostan, and such as I have met on the table-land of Mysore.

Great complaints are made here that the trade of the place is falling off, and that the people are starving, and of course the Spaniards are always ready to blame

the Government. In this instance I don't know that they are very far wrong, as every obstacle seems to be thrown in the way of free and healthy trade.

I had intended to proceed from Cadiz to Malaga by steamer, stopping by the way for a few days at Gibraltar; but I found all my plans upset, in consequence of some antagonism between Spain and Great Britain on the subject of quarantine. The Spanish Government, for some unaccountable reason, of either pique or obstinacy, for the last twelve months had put Gibraltar under quarantine, so that I could not go in there without undergoing three days' quarantine at Malaga, which I was not inclined to do; and consequently, greatly to my mortification, I had to retrace my steps to Cordova, to catch the train from Madrid to Malaga. This is but a trifling matter of personal inconvenience, as far as individuals are concerned; but the merchants, English and Spanish, complain most grievously of this interruption to trade. The Government of Spain is not satisfied with a clear bill of health from the last port, but you must show what previous port you were in; and, if that port was under quarantine, you are subject to all the expense and delay of quarantine. To make the subject more clear, I may explain that a vessel arrived some time ago at Cadiz, with coals from Newcastle; the captain was asked what port he had been in before, and, not suspecting the design, said he had come from Riga to Newcastle; and, the former port being under quarantine, he was ordered to take his vessel round immediately to Vigo, for ten days' quarantine, causing a delay of more than a month and an expense of £200. Every remonstrance was treated with contempt or insult. The master begged to be allowed to remain in Cadiz harbour for any reasonable time, when a peremptory order came from Madrid that "the vessel should proceed to the port of Vigo, to undergo quarantine." A short time previously the Spanish Government had agreed to make compensation to the owners of the Queen Victoria, for their wanton and impudent seizure of that vessel; but when? And how is compensation to be enforced? This was only one of the many acts of injustice and insult which the Spanish Government have put on England and English subjects of late years.

The return journey to Cordova by train occupies eight to nine hours. The frost had set in very sharp, and I had to pass another cold night in this miserable city, and had not a pen in my hand for three days. Nothing can be more wretched in a cold winter night than a Spanish inn. The Fonda Suiza, in Cordova, is perhaps as near an approach to comfort as can be found in that city. It is a large semi-Moorish building in the form of a quadrangle, with the usual court or patio, and corridors paved with marble. One side of the quadrangle is occupied by the *salle à manger*, where there is neither fire nor fireplace; the long table is arranged for thirty or forty guests, with three oil lamps just sufficient "to make darkness visible," and the cold bare tiles for the feet to rest on. While we are waiting till the dinner is placed on the table, the chill seems to creep over the heart and stop the circulation of the blood, and it is only after a plate of warm soup and a little good wine that we feel returning animation. The natives come in muffled up to the nose in their large cloaks, and their usual cigarette, but all complaining of *mucho frio*. There was no warm room to retire to, with a book or newspaper, in short, no alternative but to walk round the cold corridors or go to bed.

I started next morning for Malaga, and had full compensation for the inconveniences of the previous evening.

in the pleasant and interesting journey between these two cities. The distance is only about 140 miles, and the ordinary train occupies eight hours; we left Cordova at 6 A.M., and arrived at Malaga at 2 P.M. The day was most beautiful, and the country through which we

better times—the granary of the world. As we approach Malaga, there is a range of hills that form a circle from east to west, through which the railway passes. The engineering on this part of the line is the most wonderful that I have ever seen, and one feels sur-



MALAGA.

passed, strange and picturesque: a succession of rolling undulations, each height crowned with a quaint old city or castle—Ayrshire, without its “honest men and bonnie lassies,” and its ploughs and industry, but most notably without those noble and richly wooded demesnes and green sloping lawns that give such charm and beauty to the British landscape. Perhaps there is not, in any country in the world, a more bare and dreary prospect than these fine but neglected valleys and undulations through which one passes from north to south of Spain. For miles, with the exception of the brown stunted olive trees, there is not sufficient cover for a squirrel. The country is but sparsely populated, and much of the land seems comparatively neglected. Mr. Ford says that “the gentry of Spain live in cities, in idleness, ignorance, and genteel dissipation.” Whether this be the case or not I cannot say; but certainly they are not to be seen in the country, nor is there anything to indicate the existence of that class which we in England call our country gentry. Philip III has had his wish: he has “left his country to his Church,” but no subjects in any proper sense of the word. The olive trees soon become monotonous. They are not picturesque; and, as they cover the face of the hills with a stunted sameness, the eye at length gets tired of them. The plains are of a deep rich soil, and only require a little labour and capital to be what they have been in

prised that man could have had the courage to carry through such an undertaking. As it is, I believe the lives of many men were lost in bridging over the chasms. It is impossible to conceive the wild grandeur of this rugged scene. The vast masses of rock rise on each side to the height of 1000 feet; the mountain stream rushes through a narrow gorge, over which is thrown a suspension bridge, and from which the sight is almost appalling; now we burrow through a solid rock, and now pass over a rich green valley, with orange, olive, and cypress trees. For more than an hour this wild and changing scene continued, till we came down on the fertile fields and gardens of Malaga, where the fields of green sugar cane and orange trees, cactus, palm, and aloe, gave token of the rich produce of the tropics.

The situation and climate of Malaga reminded me of Nice. It lies in the bosom of a range of hills that shelter it from the north and east winds; and although at that time they were suffering so much from cold in the interior of the country, the temperature was as mild as our finest day in May. They have a fine harbour, and I saw a great many vessels loading with wine, oil, oranges, raisins, and all kinds of dried fruits produced in this district. Far-famed is the sweet muscatel wine, as well as the fine raisins from the same vine, which grows here in abundance along the slopes

of the surrounding hills. This grape in its green state is also exported in great quantities, so that a good deal of activity is exhibited round the harbour. Those who are advocates of free trade say, "If we had a stable and constitutional Government that would give safety and security to property, and the duty on imports somewhat relaxed, so that we might reciprocate with other nations, there are scarcely any limits to the trade that might be done. Now there is no confidence, either in Government or individuals, and our restrictive tariffs exclude everything that would be beneficial to the country." Though the climate, as I have said, is very delightful, I fancy that very few persons would come to Malaga either for health or pleasure. The natives have not the most remote idea of what comfort means, and both English and Americans grumble immensely at the greed and extortion practised on strangers.

There are three big hotels in the city, but that is all you can say in their favour. The *Hôtel del Alameda*, on the Alameda, is perhaps the best, but even there great complaints are made of the absence of all comfort, care, and attention towards the inmates. One would think that when a Spaniard condescended to open an hotel, he expected all the homage to come from the customer to whom he offers his cold hospitality.

The town has still a great deal of the Arab character about it, and many of the natives still retain the type of their oriental origin. The present population is about 80,000, and they have introduced several cotton manufactories and iron foundries, which they are trying to foster by protection, and at the general expense of the community, which, I think, is a blunder; but that is their business. The leading merchants have established a club or casino—the nearest approach to comfort that I have seen in Spain—where English, American, and French newspapers are to be had, and which is open to visitors for fifteen days, on the introduction of a member. It is only after ten days' travelling through this benighted country that one can fully appreciate and enjoy a file of the English newspapers.

There is little of interest to be seen in Malaga, except, it may be, the Cathedral, which is the finest specimen of Greco-Roman architecture that is to be seen in Spain, and contains some very fair works of art.

Like most of the cathedrals in the south of Spain, it is built on the site of the great Mosque. It was not finished till near the close of the 16th century. The beautiful façade is flanked with two fine towers, one unfinished, and the other, forming the bell tower, rising to the height of 360 feet; and from which the view over land and sea is one of the finest that can be conceived. The building stands on a slight elevation, and, viewed from the harbour or from the hills behind, has a fine and imposing appearance. The interior will well repay two or three visits. The Corinthian columns rise in groups, supporting the lofty domes and roof; the altars are richly ornamented, and the choir, which is in the centre aisle, has some fine carvings and marble bas-relief.

There are some curious old Moorish gates and buildings still standing; but of these we have had enough in the cities that we have already visited. Here, as in most Spanish cities, the alamedas or public promenades, full of flowers, and watered by beautiful marble fountains, are the delight of travellers and the enjoyment of the inhabitants.

I may mention here, that the practice adopted in Spain for letters *post restante*, is different from any other country I have been in, and has its advantages

as well as disadvantages. All such letters are entered and posted up on boards, with date of receipt, name, and number attached to each letter, and hung out in the passages. The inquirer looks out for his name, and puts the number attached to each letter on a piece of paper, and, with his card or passport, presents them at the window. The difficulty here is, that scarcely one name is copied correctly, and one may have to go two or three times before he gets his letters. To get over this difficulty, I looked over the names on the board, for the range of five or six days that I expected letters, and took down every number the name to which had the slightest resemblance to my own, and presented them at the window. Perhaps I found three out of five letters for myself, all spelt differently in the list; and I suppose I might have taken the others also, for anything the clerks seemed to care. The complaint of the public is, that they have three men to do the work of one, and consequently the work is badly done. These post-offices are generally dark, dirty, and inconvenient. Even in Madrid the post-office would be a disgrace to any third-rate town in Great Britain. And in Malaga, a commercial city of 80,000 to 90,000 inhabitants, it is a poor dirty dilapidated building in a narrow out-of-the-way street.

I should mention, before quitting Malaga, that I was very kindly received by Mr. Mark, the British Consul, who has an hereditary claim on the respect and homage of every British subject, from the fact that his father was the first man who obtained permission for the formation of a Protestant burial-ground. Before his time the heretics were buried in the sea sands below water-mark, like dogs. This is the manner in which this peculiarly Catholic country guarded itself even against the heretical dead, so many of whom bled and died in the cause of Spanish independence.

Among the manufactures of Malaga, I was most pleased with the very pretty terra-cotta figures that are made here of the costumes of Spain; specimens of which were seen at our Exhibition of 1862.

PATRICK FRAZER TYTLER.

PATRICK FRAZER TYTLER, the well-known historian of Scotland, was the son of Lord Woodhouselee, a Scottish judge who attained great distinction both in his own walk in life, and in literature. The son resembled his father both in his literary tastes, and in following the profession of the law. But, from the first the law had little chance with the Muses, the Muse of History especially, and the son has obtained a wider reputation than the father, though not the same worldly prosperity and rank. But Tytler has still higher claims to respect than can be conferred by mere literary fame. When his life was written some years ago, it was entitled by his biographer, the well-known Mr. Burgon, of Oxford, "The Portrait of a Christian Gentleman." The ethical and religious lessons of his biography are exceedingly numerous; and at the same time the events of his life and the society to which he belonged possess a very high degree of interest, an interest in some respects unique.

When he was at Edinburgh he constantly met at his father's the most brilliant and intellectual society of which that city has been able to boast at any period of its history. Here came Jeffery and Sydney Smith, Mackintosh and Sir Walter Scott, Dugald Stewart and Henry Mackenzie, Basil Hall and Leyden the poet, with many others more or less known to fame. His

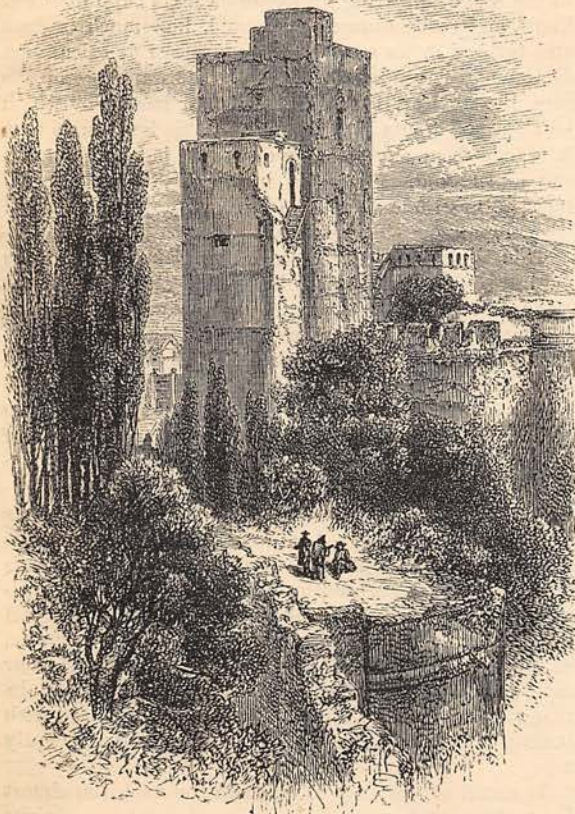
in the whole range of human experience, brings with it more genuine pleasure than that of heartfelt gratitude. Where this feeling has not been fostered in early youth, or where it exists only in a meagre, half-starved form, the grudging acknowledgment of kindness received is sometimes a hard and painful duty. How different that generous outburst from a grateful heart, which diffuses even more happiness than it receives!

After all, these teachings of the young heart are but preparatory to the work of the great Teacher. And yet these first stirrings of sentiment and feeling are the germs of great principles. They are stirrings of those motives which will animate the active life of the true being; and they are such as that being will be called to exercise in the highest range of Christian experience. Pity and gratitude—the one to help in all the sufferings of this mortal life, the very motive which brought the Saviour down to earth; the other embracing that vast debt which we owe to Him, and sweetening and sanctifying every duty, however small, which we try to render in return.

TWO MONTHS IN SPAIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A MERCHANT'S HOLIDAY."

VI.—GRANADA.



THE VERMILLION TOWER IN THE ALHAMBRA.

The reader will observe that I made rather a circuitous journey to get to Granada. There is a route by which I might have reached this city direct from Cordova, by striking off from the main line at Alameda, and by diligence to Loja, and thence by rail to Granada.

This route, to a person unacquainted with the language, presents some difficulties, as happened to some of my friends who went by it. They were too late for the train, and had to remain at a wretched Fonda in Loja for the night, which made the journey of about seventy miles occupy the greater part of two days. I think it better, though at a trifling additional expense, to make Malaga the head-quarters; leave one's luggage, and start light-handed to Granada.

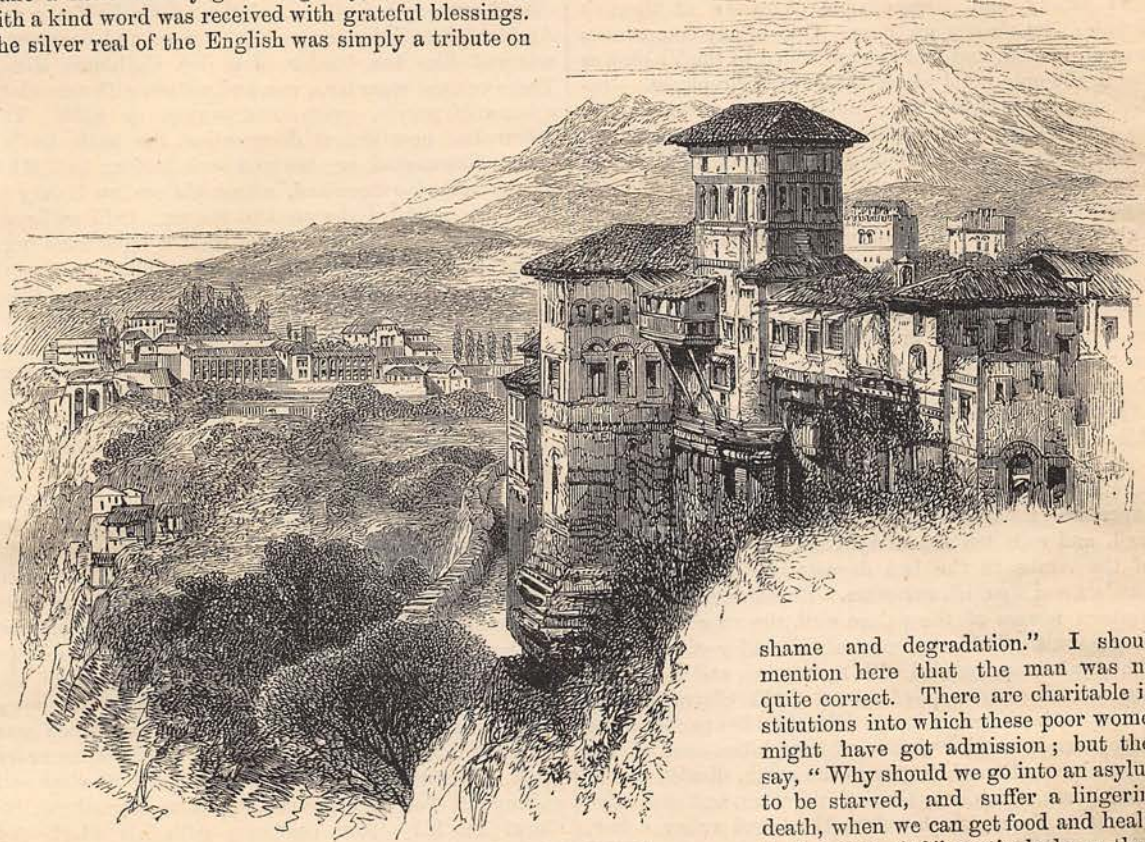
The previous evening, at the *table d'hôte*, I arranged to join two English tourists, one of whom had a "courier" (half Spanish and half Basque), who spoke indifferently four or five languages—an excellent guide, and kind-hearted, obliging fellow. We left Malaga at 6 A.M. by rail through the mountain range, the wildness and grandeur of which rather increased with familiarity. We got out at the station near Antequera, one of the old Spanish towns, where the habits and customs of the half-Moorish peasantry are still retained.

The readers of Washington Irving's romantic history of the "Conquest of Granada," will remember the prominent position this ancient Roman and Arabic city held in the history of Spain at that period. Here the "flower of Spanish chivalry" assembled in 1484, to wreak their vengeance on the Moors for the disasters of the preceding year, "and to lay waste the kingdom of Granada," which they did "like a stream of lava spreading over these fine and fertile regions." So effectually did these "brave cavaliers" carry out their cruel purpose, that they have left their mark on this desolate tract to the present day. The town, which contains about 20,000 inhabitants, is finely situated on the face of the hills, and looks well at a distance, with its white-washed walls and old castle on the height; but miserable and dilapidated within. Here a diligence was waiting us, yoked with five pairs of mules, harnessed with scraps of leather and ends of rope—both cattle and equipage presenting a very rickety appearance. The driver was rather an agreeable, jolly fellow, and perfectly "master of the occasion." We had two other attendants, —a postilion on the first mule, and a man who ran by the side of the diligence to tie up anything that might require adjustment. These two men in dress (or rather, I should say, in rags) and appearance had a half-savage look, that reminded one of their Arab origin; and yet their looks belied them, for we found them kind and inoffensive. Eight uncomfortable mortals were crammed into the interior of this packing-case—a compromise between a small omnibus and the old diligence—and for five hours were jolted and shaken through ruts and over boulders, the unpleasantness of which could only be equalled by a ride on the hump of a hard trotting dromedary. In some parts there was scarcely an apology for a road. The roads in Spain at present remind me of the description we have of those in Great Britain two centuries ago, or even as late as 1745, when the King's army took so long to advance towards Derby, and could scarcely bring their artillery through the fields and unmade roads. In this and some other respects, Spain is much in the same position now that Great Britain was in the time of the first and second Charles, quite 150 or 200 years behind the rest of Europe in all that tends to comfort and progress. The country through which we passed is a succession of broken, dry, sandy-looking hills and rich fertile plains. We had only one change of cattle, at the town of Archidona, one of the worst I have seen in Spain for misery and wretched poverty, where men are driven to robbery from downright starvation.

As soon as we got out of our packing-case, and before

we could "shake ourselves out," we were surrounded by at least a hundred and fifty beggars of all ages: from the ragged, starved child, to the old, blind, and diseased. Their importunity amounted almost to an attack on the person; they would take no denial. The Spaniards make a little charity go a long way, and a farthing with a kind word was received with grateful blessings. The silver real of the English was simply a tribute on

I am, I would strip every altar, and even the priests of their rich sacerdotal robes, for such a purpose. They are always preaching up the virtue of charity and good works, till they have made pauperism an institution of holy pride and honour, rather than



THE ALHAMBRA, WITH DISTANT VIEW OF THE PALACE OF THE GENERALIFE.

the stranger, and it was a source of pain and sorrow that one could do so little for them. There is no sham or imposture in this mendicancy. We found on inquiry that there was little employment for the people, and those who had work were getting two reals, that is, fivepence a day, perhaps to provide for a family of five or six persons. The marvel is how they can exist, even with their few wants and beautiful and luxuriant climate. I remember, while visiting the cathedral at Seville, a poor old woman, superior in dress and appearance to most of the beggars who infest that building, came up and solicited alms in a most pitiful strain. Before assisting her, I inquired of my guide if he knew anything of this woman, and he told me that her husband had been for some years a clerk in a Spanish house in London; that he was the best linguist in Seville, and had for many years acted as guide and interpreter to foreign noblemen and gentlemen; that her son had been studying for the law, when both father and son had been carried off by cholera, and the widow left destitute. There was no provision for such persons but to solicit alms. We were just then looking at the image of the Virgin, which, as I have already mentioned, is said to be decorated with some £60,000 worth of jewelry. I remarked that the value of these useless jewels round the neck of that wooden doll would endow an asylum for twenty or thirty of these respectable poor. My guide replied, "Yes, Catholic as

shame and degradation." I should mention here that the man was not quite correct. There are charitable institutions into which these poor women might have got admission; but they say, "Why should we go into an asylum to be starved, and suffer a lingering death, when we can get food and health in the open air?" particularly as there is no shame attached to such a life. A sturdy beggar came to an English friend's door soliciting alms. My friend offered him a job for a few hours. "What will you give me?" was his inquiry. A sum was mentioned. The beggar turned on his heel, saying he could make more than that on the street. The municipality know this well, and try to put it down; but while the practice is encouraged and fostered by the priests, under the cloak of "pious works," there is no hope of reform.

After five hours' drive over these trackless roads, we arrived at Loja, another old and interesting city lying on the borders of the province of Granada. The reader will find this city frequently referred to by the writer already quoted, but spelt Loxa—the x, like the j, is sounded h. It stands on a high rugged hill approached by an old bridge spanning the Xenil. It was here that the Moors made their last great defence against the army of Ferdinand and Isabella; and here our English yeomanry, under the Earl of Rivers, astonished Moors and Spaniards with their prowess and fearless bravery. This ruinous but still picturesque city has nothing of modern interest, except as a type of Spanish destruction and desolation. I had almost forgotten to say that it is the birthplace of the late Prime Minister of Spain, General Narvaez, and where he concocted many of his dark plans and intrigues. He only survived for a few months his rival, O'Donnell. The line of railway is now open from this city to Granada, where

we arrived at 7 P.M., after a long and rather fatiguing journey.

There are two large and good hotels on the hill adjoining the Alhambra, called the Siete Suelos and the Washington Irving; and in the town the two best or worst are the Victoria and Alameda, which have all the cold misery and irresponsible character of Spanish Fondas; let no one go there. One of my companions was an invalid, and was recommended to the Victoria as being the only hotel where there were fireplaces. Unfortunately, we went there; and this was a great blunder, as the two hotels in the Alhambra have fireplaces and many of the comforts and conveniences of English and French hotels, with a warm southern aspect, and are within the grounds of the Alhambra. When we speak of fireplaces in Spain, I should mention that this was an exceptional season. The thermometer was down to twenty-eight degrees the three nights we were at Granada, and the ice half-an-inch thick, and the cold as penetrating as if it had been ten or twelve degrees of frost, while in the sun at midday the heat was fifty-six to sixty degrees.

Many persons say they are disappointed with the Alhambra. I cannot say that it was so with me. I had seen panoramas and photographic views, and read up carefully its changeful history, and fully realised all my expectations. One needs no book here. Tower, and wall, and ruin tell the story, from the first settlement of the Arabs to the last devastations of the French vandals and Spanish restorers. Standing on one of the western towers of the palace wall, the view around is magnificent. Below extends a rich valley of twenty to thirty miles, surrounded with mountains, and in the distance is the snow-capped range of the Sierra Nevada glittering in the sun's rays. The town lies partly in the valley—and on the slopes of two hills—that of the Alhambra and another spur to the north, divided by the river Darro, which runs through the town, and soon after joins the Xenel, which waters the broad valley below. The poor, if there be any distinction, live on the slopes of the opposite hill, where the Gipsies or Gitanos live in miserable huts, or burrow like rabbits, in the face of the hill, with the pig, donkey, and children in close family intercourse.

When Granada was one of the chief cities and strong-holds of the Moor, the population was estimated at half a million; it is now about fifty thousand, without labour and without life, the picture of retrogression, so that one turns with something like pleasure from the present to the wreck of the past. A long avenue of elm trees leads up to the main entrance of the palace, and passing through a high horse-shoe arch, called the Gate of Justice, we approach, amidst ruins, the Palacio Arabe, the real Alhambra or palace of the Moors. This consists of a succession of halls and patios of the most beautiful and elaborate arabesque apartments, called the Hall of Ambassadors, Hall of Justice, Hall of the Abencerranges, Hall of the dos Hermanas—that is, the two sisters—the Hall Comares, the Mirador, the Court of the Sultana, and the Court of Lions, with smaller patios or courts, which I need not enumerate. The Court of Lions is that with which the public are most familiar, from the model in the Sydenham Palace, the destruction of which is sadly to be lamented. All honour to Mr. Owen Jones and the artists who were associated with him, to whom England owes so much for the genius, taste, and labour which gave it such a school of art and beauty, in which the poorest man in England may learn more than much cost and travel could accomplish! The original court is 120 by 65 feet; and there

are 120 marble pillars of 12 feet high. If my readers remember the beautiful porticoes on each side, and the fountain in the centre, and the matchless stalactite dome in the Hall of Ambassadors, they have only to increase this three or fourfold in imagination, and they will have all the courts, halls, and corridors that I have named, ornamented with inscriptions from the Koran and Arabian poets, interwoven with flowers and ornaments coloured like the border of a rich Cashmere shawl. These colours were blue, red, and yellow, with secondary colours of purple, green, and orange or gold. The colour has now almost disappeared, the walls having been whitewashed or plastered over half an inch thick by the *restoring* Spaniard, who could see no beauty in the fairy work of the tasteful Moors. Still sufficient remains to give one an idea of what it must have been in its pristine beauty. There are guides in a semi-military uniform who conduct the visitors round these apartments, but as usual hurry through the halls, so that I had to make three or four visits, and on each occasion to give a *douceur*. The artist or amateur should get an order from the captain-general, that he may visit when and how he likes, and he will find an ample reward for any time that he can bestow on their beautiful details.

I am trying to think of some familiar site to compare with the situation of Granada, but can find none. But for the Moorish palace and fort let us take the Castle and High Street of Edinburgh, and surround them with a wall of two and a-half miles, built irregularly to meet the configuration of the ground, with towers, bastions, and horse-shoe arched gates. Within this space imagine the palaces, mosques, gardens, and fountains of the Moors. The river Darro rushing down from the snowy range brought an abundant supply of water, which was conveyed into the grounds by an aqueduct, when every court and corridor and garden walk had their clear and cooling *jets d'eau*, where the luxurious Mussulman reclined on his silken cushions, with his black-eyed Fatima at his feet to mix his sherbet and administer to his wants. All this is now but a dream, and we awake to a scene of ruin and desolation.

I have said that the history of Granada is written on stone and brick. Charles V, true to the character of his adopted country, determined to add his chapter to its pitiful history, with poor and impotent efforts at grandeur. He gave orders to clear away a square of 250 feet of the most tasteful work of the Moors in order to build a palace that should eclipse all the works around. The outer walls are nearly finished; and round and over the doors are marble bas-reliefs of some merit, and over the entrance in large characters is the name of the founder, "Carlo Quinto." But the bare walls and roofless palace stand as a monument of the rise and decline of this empire—a poor, plain Doric ruin, passed with contempt, while the works of the despised Saracens, even in their ruins, are still the admiration of the world.

On a higher ridge, overlooking the palace, is the Sierra del Sol, from which the view extends from the snowy range of the Sierra Nevada down over the wide and fertile valley of the Provence. On this hill is a Moorish Palace reached through a beautiful avenue of cypress trees. This palace, called the Generalife, is still in good order, surrounded by the Arab's "garden of beauty." A branch of the Darro is led through the palace and gardens, which are thus kept in perpetual freshness. The apartments and terraces are in the pure Arabesque style, and in wonderful preservation, though many of the minute designs and much fine colouring have

been defaced by the "whitewash" mania of the Spaniards. The garden, through which the water flows, is one perpetual spring: terrace over terrace is filled with orange, lemon, laurel, and evergreens of every clime; the cypresses and myrtles are plaited and guided into every fanciful form. From the higher to the lower terraces, the stair balusters, of blue tiles, form a water-course, where the pure stream bubbles up in every form of beauty. From this garden by moonlight the view over the Alhambra is sad and sublime; the defects are hidden by the deep shadows of tower and wall, while the bright moon lights up the whole outline, and gives a solemnity and grandeur to the scene, which cannot be described. I could fill pages with my three days' experience, but I might tire your readers, and it is time for me to descend into the city again.

There are two institutions in Spain which may be said to flourish, "native to the soil," as far as pomp and pageantry can go, that is, their theatres and cathedrals. There is scarcely a finer theatre in Europe than the one in this dull, miserable, and poverty-stricken city, and the cathedral is amongst the finest in Spain. The latter is in the best style of Roman architecture. The groined roof is supported with groups of Corinthian columns, and there are altars innumerable, with some good pictures, and many gaudy trappings. The most interesting objects in the Royal Chapel are the tombs of Ferdinand and Isabella, and their immediate successors. These tombs are of fine white marble and alabaster, and in the best style of Italian art. The statues of both, lying side by side, are superb works of art, and said to be perfect likenesses. Coming out of this chapel I met my young American friend, who told me he had just been in to see these sepulchres, and that he "guessed them fixings must have cost a big sum of money." There is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and the "fixings" must be the latter. Amongst the other churches and places we visited, I may refer, in passing, to the Cartuja, that is, the Carthusian Convent. This, though robbed of its silver ornaments and jewels by the French, is still a gem of art, in marble and alabaster, the doors richly inlaid with ebony and tortoise-shell, and the courts paved with slabs of white and black marble. Round the corridors is a series of indifferent frescoes, representing the martyrdom of the Carthusian Friars by Henry VIII. I have not much to say in favour of this "Pope King," except that he lived in the spirit of the Roman Church, and died under its ministers. But to give him his due, these paintings are a sad calumny on the memory of the bluff Harry, intended as an insult to the Protestants, and a warning to the youths of Spain to beware and fly from the Lutheran heresy. From this point we obtain a fine view of the Vega. This term does not exactly correspond with the English word "valley," but is nearer to the Scotch term "carse," a low, flat, fertile land spreading out for many miles.

It would be out of place here to give the reader a chapter of Spanish history, but it is difficult to describe the present state of this fine tract of country without some reference to its past history. This rich valley stretches out some thirty by twenty miles, and watered by the united streams of the Darro and Xenel. Before the expulsion of the tasteful and industrious Moors, it teemed with a population far in advance of the rest of Europe in agricultural skill and resources. The irrigation from these rivers formed a network through the Vega, which was cultivated like a garden, and of which scarcely a vestige now remains. It may be instructive to make some comparison between

the progress of a free and independent nation, and the retrogression of this unhappy country. At the beginning of the sixteenth century the population of Great Britain might be about three millions; that of Spain a century earlier was estimated at twenty-one millions. Since that time our population has increased to twenty-four millions, and we have populated the new world with upwards of thirty millions, who are in possession of our laws, religion, and political freedom. And following up the same principle, we are making a nation in Australia. Spain has now a population of fourteen millions, with ruined desolate cities, uncultivated fields, and hopeless indolence. So much for the Romish Church, and the "purifying influence" of the Inquisition, which, to use the epigrammatic language of our Yankee cousins, has succeeded in civilising the inhabitants off the face of the earth. About six miles off, and within view, is the property of the late Duke of Wellington, called the "Soto de Roma." It will be remembered that after the battle of Salamanca, which decided the fate of the Peninsula, this estate was presented to the Duke. I did not visit the property, and am unable to say what may be its condition or value, and it would not be safe to give perhaps the exaggerated information obtained from guides.

Our explorations ended, I returned by the same route to Malaga, much gratified with our journey; and with some of the same party engaged a passage in the steamer to Barcelona.

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.

VII.—POETS AND PAPERS.

YET another peep at the modest "folio of four pages;" and yet another view of that broad sheet which is its proud descendant in the modern "Times."

The parson poet, the Rev. George Crabbe, who was flippantly pronounced by the wits to be "Pope in worsted stockings," but whom Byron more correctly described as "Nature's sternest painter, yet her best," published, in the year 1785, a satirical poem called "The Newspaper," which he considered to be "the only poem (then) written on the subject." This poem was dedicated to the great Lord Thurlow, who, having once given the cold shoulder to the young and struggling poet, telling him that he had no time to read his verses, had afterwards, thanks to the great Edmund Burke, taken notice of Crabbe, invited him to dinner, given him a hundred pounds, told him (with an oath) that he was as like parson Adams as twelve to a dozen, and then presented him to two small livings.

When this same Lord Thurlow, at the outset of his career, occupied a tall stool in a solicitor's office in Southampton Row, he and his fellow clerk were constantly engaged, according to that clerk's testimony, "in giggling and making giggle, instead of studying the law." In after years, when Thurlow was rapidly growing into a great man, he was as slow to recognise his old office companion (who had now been called to the Bar) as he was to take notice of Crabbe. Eventually, however, he condescended to renew the acquaintance of his former fellow clerk; who repaid him by some verses "On the Promotion of Edward Thurlow, Esq., to the Lord High Chancellorship of England." Thurlow, who, thanks to

education a sovereign cure for all moral evils, are apt to imagine. Some writers suppose that the nomadic instinct runs in the blood, and cannot be eradicated. However this may be, it is certain that the inclination to vagabondism breaks out in very various classes, and that instances are not wanting where the soundest education fails to repress it. We adverted to this subject in a preceding paper treating of the trade tramp; but, as a rule, the trade tramp is never more than very partially educated, whereas the unskilled tramp is not unfrequently somewhat of a finished scholar, capable of taking a good position, had he only the will and the necessary impulses. We have known a first-rate mathematician, to whom the differential calculus was as familiar as were his own empty pockets, to go out on the tramp, and to prowl the country for years, until his shirt literally dropped away in tatters. We knew another who was versed in all the philosophical systems from Aristotle to Kant, inclusive, and who would discourse metaphysics with untiring volubility, and that to the admiration of men well versed in the subject. A clergyman, who has written concerning tramps lately in a popular journal, tells us of one who rendered into classical English a tough passage from Cicero, at sight. Some years ago we happened to be reading at an open cottage-window in the country, when a tattered figure stepped up and volunteered a lesson in Greek in return for a meal, of which he seemed sadly in want; to test him we put a copy of the *Odyssey* into his hand, when he rapped out a dozen verses, describing the escape of Ulysses from Polyphemus, giving them *one rotundo*, and adding without a moment's hesitation, a characteristic translation. At another time, at the same place, a man who begged the job of weeding the garden for sixpence, read off readily into English any part of the Hebrew scriptures. It is not always that the educated tramps are in the garb of squalid poverty; they often retain some regard for appearances, not to say personal comfort; sometimes they will introduce themselves courteously in your walks, perhaps with some encomium on the scenery, flavoured with an apt quotation from a classic author, and will ingeniously establish a conversation, and as certainly in the course of it make themselves the topic, winding up with a confession of impecuniosity, and their willingness to accept a temporary loan from "a gentleman and a scholar" like yourself. In a rencontre of this kind we know from experience how extremely difficult it is to come off quite scatheless.

The mass of our tramping vagabonds, however, are, it must be confessed, of a very ordinary mental calibre. Perhaps the majority of them may be set down as being originally rustics born to labour, which, not suiting their inclinations, they have managed to shift off upon others. There are thousands of them who, though they hate regular labour, and loathe the idea of servitude in any shape, will yet work like horses at certain times and by fits and starts. Thus, at the haymaking and harvest seasons, when a double or treble wage is to be won by herculean exertion, these are the men to make it; but even on such seasons not much reliance can be placed on them, as they soon grow weary of routine, however profitable, and must have novelty and change of scene.

In hunting counties, especially during the hunting season, a characteristic class of hangers-on are always to be found—fellows wanting neither in humour nor endurance, nor in physical energies; they have certain other qualities, not easily defined, which recommend them to sporting gentlemen: they will run with the hounds for half a day together, making up by their

knowledge of the country, and of the instincts of the fox, for the lack of a steed, and will sometimes come in at the death while half the field is far in the rear. Such a fellow is in luck when a rider comes to grief within hail of him—he runs to the rescue instinctively, picks up the fallen hero, catches his steed and remounts him, or, if the case is too bad for that, deposits the patient in an easy position, mounts himself, and gallops off for assistance—for all which timely aid he is sure to be liberally rewarded. It would almost seem that some of this class make it their business to hover about wherever there is the chance of accident or peril of any kind, since in case of any disaster, whether serious or slight, occur where it will, one or more of them is sure to start up and proffer service. Apropos to this view of the matter,—there was a story current some years back of a speculative fellow who devoted himself to the idea of laying the old Duke of Wellington under an obligation that should make him (the speculator) a rich man. His idea was, that the Duke would be some day thrown from his horse—that he would pick him up—and that the act would make his fortune. It was said that he followed the Duke everywhere with this view, dogging him in all his rides, ever ready and eager to run to his assistance when the wished-for misfortune should arrive. On a certain day, runs the story, when the Duke was crossing the parade-ground at the Horse Guards, he actually was thrown from his horse, through pulling up suddenly to avoid a child. The old soldier, however, was too quick in his movements to require help from any one, and was in the saddle again before the ever-watchful follower could get up to him. The chagrin of the would-be preserver at the Duke's ungenerous haste, it was added, caused him so much disgust that he gave up his idea and left the old hero to his fate.

Benevolent persons, exposed to the frequent appeals of tramps, have in many instances adopted the plan of subjecting them to the labour test before affording them relief. The tramp rarely objects to this, in moderation, because his antipathy is not so much against working "a spell" now and then, as against the slavery of constant employment. Some persons keep a piece of ground to be turned up by the spade, awarding a shilling to the worker when the whole is done; and so long as this is supposed to be real work, the tramps are for the most part content to do the whole more or less carefully for the shilling; but let one of them know that the digging is merely a test, and has nothing to do with cultivation, and he will scorn to touch it. A man offered work of this kind feels himself insulted. He will tell you, if you reason with him, that though you may choose to call him a pauper, you have no right to treat him as you would a criminal—and that it is only criminals who are put to unproductive labour. From which it would appear that even tramps cherish their own idea of self-respect.

TWO MONTHS IN SPAIN.

VIII.—ALICANTE AND VALENCIA.

FROM Malaga to Barcelona there are three good boats, built on the Clyde for Messrs. Lopez & Co., of Cadiz, called the Alicante, Madrid, and Valencia. One of the gentlemen who accompanied me to Granada embarked with me in the first-named. These vessels sail from Cadiz, calling at Algeciras, Malaga, Alicante, Valencia, Barcelona, and sometimes go on to Marseilles, but when I was in Spain, the Government had put Marseilles in quarantine, and the boats went no farther than Barce-

lona. We left Malaga at noon, and got into Alicante at 10 A.M. the following morning. The reader will find in many English books the name of this place spelt without the final e, and constantly pronounced so, but this is an error. In Spanish, as in Italian and Latin, the final e is accented, and it should be written and pronounced Alican^{té}. The view of the town is singular and picturesque. It lies amidst rugged barren-looking hills. The old Castle stands prominently out, on a precipitous hill 400 feet above the bay. This once celebrated stronghold of defence against the Moors is now in a ruinous and neglected state. I found it a hard pull to mount these jagged and rugged limestone cliffs, and to get to their top under a hot sun; but the magnificent view obtained of the surrounding scenery from this elevation is worth any amount of labour. There is a good trade done in the place, and it contains some comparatively wealthy British and Spanish merchants. I was agreeably surprised to find so many attractions in a small seaport town. In the old part of the town the streets are narrow, and the buildings of the usual Moorish look; but in the new, or *renovated* parts, round the harbour, the houses are four to five stories, built of stone, or white-washed plaster, and the streets broad, clean, and well-paved. There is a large and rather elegant theatre, a fine town-hall, and a good club or casino, with the usual alameda and public walks. Finding that the vessel was to lie here till the following evening, my *compagnon de voyage* got disgusted at the idea of remaining for thirty-two hours at this small seaport, took his traps on shore, and started by rail for Valencia, forfeiting his passage-money to Barcelona. I was annoyed myself at the delay, but being known to the kind and hospitable British Consul I was invited to his house, and had the advantage of seeing and learning all about the place, and spending a very agreeable day.

We drove a short distance into the country, and witnessed the extraordinary fertility of the Haurta. This is a term used in the South of Spain to denote a small, fertile, watered district, and may be literally translated a garden (*hortus*), and such it was in the days of the industrious Arabs. Their system of irrigation is still carried on to a small extent, and where this is attended to the land will produce two or three crops a year. The vine and olive in particular grow in profusion. The vintage of last autumn seemed to have been very abundant, if not profitable. A gentleman who has a plantation of nearly a million vines told me that he had sold the whole of his wine this year at a fraction over one halfpenny a bottle! This seems scarcely credible, but you may depend on the fact, as we went into the calculations. The vine bears a little the second and third years, and is of full value the fourth or fifth year, and lives to about the age of man, "three score years." The carob tree, so well-known in Malta and the Levant, where its produce forms an article of commercial importance, grows here in abundance. It has a dark green foliage, not unlike the oriental plane tree, and produces a pod, smaller than that of the tamarind, but like it containing a pulp of saccharine matter which covers the seed. There are some curious traditions about this production. One is that it formed the food of John the Baptist, and it is still called St. John's bread; another that it constituted "the husks on which the prodigal son fed:" both of which are very doubtful. In Spain it is chiefly used as food for cattle, and sometimes eaten by the poor, but it is neither safe nor wholesome for human food. The Government has another of those great tobacco manufactories here, where some thousands of women are employed. We met a number of these poor

creatures going home to their villages; many of them live three or four miles off, and walk this distance to and from their work. They receive two reals, *i.e.* five-pence, per day, and have a life of great poverty and hardship. Some of the old fortifications are being cleared away for new streets and walks. The small harbour is protected by a mole, with a narrow entrance, in which a good number of vessels were anchored, and among them a smart little craft which had just been brought in as a smuggler, and seemed likely to give as much trouble as the Queen Victoria. This vessel cleared out from Gibraltar, with "a general cargo" of tobacco and cotton piece goods, for Genoa. The Spanish spies give notice of the clearing out of these vessels, when they are suspected, and they are followed by the revenue cutters. The captors said that the vessel was within $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles of the shore, and making signals. The captain and crew swore that they were six miles off land on their legitimate voyage, and all their papers correct; in short, there was "hard swearing" on both sides; and the seizure appeared likely to give our Government and consuls a great deal of trouble. It is rather unfortunate that these vessels sail under the British flag, while there is not a single Englishman on board. The crews are composed of Portuguese, Spaniards, and half-caste Gibraltar men, not one of whom can speak a word of English; and as the circumstances were rather suspicious, the cargo being altogether unsuited for the Genoa market, it is very hard that England should bear the odium attached to this contraband trade. This is another of the bad results of a blind monopoly; the heavy duties on foreign produce offer a premium and encouragement to smuggling.

The climate of Alicante is delightful, and the temperature like our finest summer day. It is a question with physicians whether it is not more favourable for invalids than Nice, or any of the Italian ports. The thermometer seldom rises above 85 degs. in summer, or falls below 65 degs. in winter—in fact, there is no winter, but one perpetual spring. A few years ago the inhabitants numbered 16,000; but after the opening of the railway direct from Madrid, and the consequent increase of trade, they now number 31,000. Notwithstanding the delightful climate, I question if the attempted cure of invalids would not be worse than the disease, and if they could survive the *emmi*, if they did not die of consumption or bronchitis; there is lack of proper medical advice, and of the most ordinary comforts of civilised life. The Anglo-Spaniards seem to have a great dread of falling into the hands of Spanish physicians, and I think, with some show of reason; for I heard from those who were entitled to give an opinion on the subject, that the medical profession in Spain is of a very low standard, chiefly of the barber-surgeon kind. It might be well for the people if they could spare a little of the wealth of their cathedrals to endow good medical schools, and introduce foreign professors of acknowledged talent. A priest of very small capacity may administer "Extreme Unction," but it is only long and severe study, superior intellect, and research that qualify men for the ennobling profession of medicine, of which the Spaniards have scarcely any conception.

We left the harbour at 6 P.M., with a calm sea, a clear, bright, starry sky—so mild and pleasant that one felt inclined to walk the decks all night. The whole coast from Malaga to Valencia is a succession of bays and headlands, each crowned with a pharos to guide the mariner along the broken and dangerous coast into their small havens. The passage occupied twelve hours, and we anchored off Valencia at 6 A.M. I should say,

a long way off; for, strange to say, neither map, guide-book, or previous conversation, had advised me that the town proper was nearly two miles off, to the great loss of time and inconvenience of trade and shipping. The "Grao," a Valencian term for the ports round the coast,

imagined. You may count sixteen to twenty little towns and villages, with their domes and campaniles. The whole plain, for twenty miles, is studded with cottages and mansions, and is in apparently good cultivation. The inhabitants of the cottages are exten-



ALICANTE.

I took to be the town, and thought I had nothing to do but step on shore and go to an hotel, or present my introductions, but the host of sharks that infest this harbour soon convinced me to the contrary. After a little explanation, I hired a tartana, a conveyance peculiar to Valencia, and not unlike the after part of a gondola placed on wheels, or a common cart covered with a black awning. They have a railway from the harbour to the town, which I might have availed myself of, but I preferred the long rough ride through a fine avenue of trees. Several handsome bridges span the broad dry channel of the river, the water of which is diverted from its course for the purpose of irrigation. When I found that the vessel was to remain only a few hours, I hurried to deliver my introduction, and take a drive round the town, and return to the vessel at noon; but the same hospitality awaited me as at Alicante, and my young friend would not hear of my leaving so abruptly; so, to gratify my own wishes and carry out those of my kind host, I forfeited my passage to Barcelona, and remained for two days.

It would have been a great mistake to have lost the many sights and attractions in and around this old city. The first thing to be done was to get an idea of the topography of the place, and a bird's-eye view of the surrounding country and scenery, for which purpose we ascended the bell tower of the cathedral. This is a sight of which the Valencians are, and have a good right to be, proud, for no finer view can well be

sively employed in the silk trade, and between the rich gardens and ploughed fields there is a complete forest of mulberry trees. The Moors made this fertile valley a perfect paradise of beauty and production, and their system of irrigation is still carried out on a small scale. Still, the land produces two, and sometimes three, crops a year. All the persecutions, inquisitions, and bad government of church and state, have not been able entirely to obliterate the skill and industry of earlier days.

I cannot help thinking that it must be at times rather mortifying and humiliating to an educated and intelligent Spaniard, notwithstanding the exciting and romantic history of his race, to find that everything which gives their country a claim to civilisation, they derive from the much despised Infidels! In theory it may be right to prefer even a corrupt form of Christianity to the Mohammedan creed, but one is almost tempted to ask what Spain has gained by her grand cathedrals and temples filled with idols loaded with jewels, and daubed with paint and tinsel? There was a time when the Reformation had made marked progress in Spain, and with it would have come lasting freedom and energy to the people. But true religion and free thought being suppressed by the Inquisition, the country has paid the penalty in all the evils that follow civil and ecclesiastical despotism.

But to return to the system of irrigation: the canals or small water-courses intersect the fields and gardens,

on which the Egyptian water-wheel is employed much after the manner of the agriculturists on the banks of the Nile, and produce abundant crops. The rice grounds, from their swampy nature, give rise to a good deal of fever at certain seasons. I was shown some fine speci-

them would have graced the Bois de Beulogne or our own Rotten Row. The occupants were of the usual Spanish type of beauty, round faces, fine eyes, and a profusion of dark hair uncontaminated with cheese plate or saucer bonnets, but with a silk or lace scarf



THE PORT OF BARCELONA.

mens of the South Australian "gum tree"—I forget its colonial name—and was told that the leaf possessed some of the qualities of quinine, and was being rapidly propagated, in the hope that it might ameliorate the injurious effects of the malaria. The peasantry have a strong dash of the Arab about them, both in looks and costume, and I think still retain some of their industry.

The town of Valencia forms nearly a circle, and lies in this rich and beautiful valley like a round pearl in a variegated shell. The population of the city proper is about 80,000, but if we include the environs, within a circle of five miles, there may be 150,000. One-third of this circle is skirted by the broad, dry bed of the river Turia, which is crossed by four or five handsome bridges. There are few of the old Moorish houses now left, but the narrow streets, tall houses, with bowed windows, green blinds, and projecting balconies, still retain their oriental character. The town was formerly surrounded with a heavy wall, towers, and lofty gates; some of the latter are still retained, but the authorities have had the good sense and taste to pull down these old walls, and replace them with modern buildings and broad walks. Their Alameda is one of the finest in Spain. My friend was kind enough to give me a drive in the afternoon, to see the beauty and fashion of Valencia. The equipages were numerous, and many of

hanging from the back of the head and falling gracefully over the shoulders. This fine broad drive is divided into four avenues or *paseos*, skirted with myrtle, cypress, and orange trees, and ornamented with roses and beds of flowers, with some four or five fountains, of marble and jasper, sparkling with jets of water in every form of beauty; add to which, a bright blue sky, and soft, balmy air, and one might almost forget this busy, toiling, responsible life, and fancy oneself in a sort of Mohammedan paradise. The "sights" of the town, that may be seen in two days, are of course the cathedral and churches, which vie with other cities in Spain, in art and ornament. They have the usual Plaza del Mercado. I have elsewhere referred to the splendid markets of Spain, and their large supplies of fruits and vegetables, the finest I ever saw. My friend explained, "that the people live from hand to mouth, and purchase every morning what is required for the day, of meat and vegetables; that they have no greengrocers' or butchers' shops as in England, and consequently require these fine markets." The Plaza de Toros, or bull ring, in Valencia is the finest in Spain, after the model of the Roman Coliseum, and accommodates 16,000 spectators. The season for these brutal exhibitions is from April to November, so that I was deprived of one of the greatest sights of Valencia! Though the streets are narrow and tortuous, there are

many splendid mansions in the Moorish-Spanish style, with open patio, fountains, and flowers, broad staircases, and marble banisters. Here also the Government has a great tobacco manufactory, where many thousands are employed on a bare subsistence.

From Valencia to Barcelona there is a break in the journey where the railway is not completed. We left the former city at five p.m., and about midnight got into a diligence for two hours, and again joined the line. At sunrise we reached Tarragona. Here we left the province of Valencia and entered that of Catalonia, and were detained two hours. This gave us an opportunity of ascending the ramparts, from which we had a fine view of this ancient and most interesting city. You will know that this was the Roman capital of Spain, said then to number nearly a million inhabitants. It has a long and painful history, both ancient and modern. It was here that Sir John Murray made some sad blunders, and nearly defeated the plans of the Duke of Wellington (see Napier). The city now contains only about 12,000 inhabitants, and is still strongly guarded with ramparts and outworks, and many of the débris of the Roman city are to be seen in modern buildings. The view from these ramparts, over sea and land, on a bright morning is beautiful and picturesque.

At nine a.m. we proceeded on our journey by rail, and arrived at Barcelona at eleven a.m., on one of the brightest and most beautiful mornings that I enjoyed even in Spain. I had the good fortune to arrive in time to see the great fair that is held in Barcelona on the two or three days preceding Christmas. The country people in their best and picturesque costumes had come into town in thousands; and on the Sabbath-day the streets and broad avenues were crowded with men, women, and children, buying toys or gambling for their Christmas dinner. The stalls and gambling booths lined the sides of the streets, and all classes were trying their luck, from the poor old beggar woman to the well-to-do housewife, eager to get a prize of anything, from a brace of small snipes to a well-fed goose or turkey. I never witnessed such a scene of bustle and excitement, a sort of old Glasgow fair without its rougher elements. This city ought to have been the capital of Spain. It is beautifully situated on the Mediterranean, with a good harbour, and the finest and most genial climate in the world, and in a rich and fertile valley, surrounded with a range of hills, studded with villas, and clothed with evergreen vegetation. It is contiguous to Marseilles, and open to the trade of all the world. The inhabitants are more active and industrious, and I may say more independent, than the Castilians, and the climate the most healthy in Spain; and if historical prestige goes for anything, it was here that Columbus presented Ferdinand and Isabella with a new world.

MOTHER'S WORK;

OR, THE EDUCATION OF THE HEART.

CHAPTER II.—LOVE AND HATE.

THE heart of a child begins early to love and hate. There is nothing which it does more heartily. Upon what it loves and what it hates will depend the bias of its character, the tendency of its future life. At first a child will be strictly personal in these emotions. It will love or hate people, and perhaps things. The next attainment, and a very important one, is to love what is good, and to hate what is bad. But how to get hold

of the abstract idea of goodness, and badness, and so to apply the emotion of the child to that, without personality, is indeed a difficult matter; for there is something so real, so solid, if one may use the expression, in the love of a child, and also in its hate, that it seems almost impossible to attach either to an idea without a substance.

This necessary lesson of loving only what is lovely in itself, as goodness is, can scarcely be taught to a child in connection strictly speaking with its parents, because everything in them is good and lovely to the child; and the same difficulty would apply to the case of other near relatives, or indeed, to all who were connected with it by the ties of affection. Love is so natural to the child, so born with it, that it begins to love before it is possible for it to understand why, and indeed, before there is any reason why, except that certain individuals minister to its wants, gratify its desires, soothe its sorrows, and, in short, sustain its life.

Nor would it be easy to find more substantial reasons why any one should be loved than these. Only that a little later, and when reason might be supposed to exercise more power, they do not always hold good; for human life as it presents this strange anomaly, that persons are not always loved according to the benefits they confer. Hence we discover that this fountain of love which springs so freely from the heart of the child, is in reality a very capricious, uncertain, and unmanageable stream, flowing this way, and that—sometimes overflowing in quarters where the utmost pains are taken to dam it up, and stem its current; and sometimes falling off, and even drying up, where its genial waters are most required. Every one who speaks or writes on this subject, poets, philosophers, the wisest and the best of men and women, appear to have agreed in the opinion, that love is an impulse of our nature, which must take its own course.

Leaving this knotty point to be discussed by those who understand better than myself, I return to the love of a little child, which it is of the utmost importance that the mother should at least endeavour to direct to that which is worthy of being loved. To love mean things and base people is certain degradation to the child. To love what is intrinsically lovely is a certain means of elevation.

To love goodness simply because it is good, and to love it under every form in which it can be recognised, is one of the highest and noblest attainments of our moral nature, so high, indeed, that nothing less than that regeneration of the heart which is effected by conversion to the love and the service of Christ can lift us up to this height of being. But the mother, especially the Christian mother, can begin, God helping her, with this holy and delightful task. Only she must be content to begin simply, humbly, and without embarrassing the tender conceptions of the child with images and phrases which it is impossible for it to comprehend. She must be content also to work with human means; and this is too often what Christian parents will not do. They seem impatient of such means; and want to begin at once with spiritual instrumentality long before the child is capable of lifting its thoughts and conceptions to such a height as to go along with this kind of instruction. It is upon the mother herself that the spiritual influences must operate so as to fit her for this work; nor is it necessary to be above using the most humble and familiar means, because she may still use them with a spiritual purpose.

In teaching children to love goodness, we must love it ourselves, look out for it, embrace it, delight in it

then a song, for these twelve years, and trust to have a few listeners, though my name in literature is not high. I have mentioned this to you with the hope that you will notice my undertaking, so that I may have the benefit of publicity at least before I come from Moxon's Press.

Yours very truly,
ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

To William Jerdan, Esq.

I need hardly refer to Cunningham's previous poetical productions. His happy tinkering of several ancient ballads, and his capital imitation of others, together with his pieces of an entirely original kind, had laid a foundation of fame, which, in truth, was not much enlarged by this new effort, though replete with many beauties which ought not to be forgotten. But to proceed: in the ensuing year he commenced his separate biographies; he got ready and published his "Life of Burns," which reached a second edition, which he thus describes—

27, Belgrave Place, 15 August, 1833.

MY DEAR JERDAN,—Will you have the goodness to say to the world, in your own time and way, that I have a new edition and a new Life of Burns in hand. His works have been heretofore ill arranged; the natural order of composition has been neglected; poems have been printed as his which he never wrote, and his letters have had the accompaniment of epistles which were not necessary, and were the work of other hands. Poems, letters, and anecdotes, hitherto unpublished, are in my possession, and will appear in the course of the work. My desire is to arrange the poems, letters, songs, remarks, and memoranda of the bard, in a natural and intelligible order; to illustrate and explain them with introductions and notes, and to write a full and ample memoir such as shall show his character as a man, and his merits as a poet, and give freely and faithfully the history of his short and bright career. The whole will extend to six volumes; the first will contain the life, the others the letters, poems, songs, &c., and each volume will be embellished with two landscape vignettes from scenes made memorable in his works, both in Ayrshire and Dumfries. The work is in great forwardness, and will be published in monthly volumes.

Yours ever,
ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

[The letter ends with news of family good fortune, and with some compliments in the warmest strain of the writer's warm heart.]

With this assurance I close the examples of our correspondence as completing the portrait I have endeavoured to make up out of these traits; but it was four years later, viz. in 1837, that in writing of a work by Sir Andrew Halliday, he arrived at "my dear Willie," and evinced the *perferendum Scolorum ingenium*, by saying, "Sir Andrew is a warm-hearted, true-hearted Scot, and surely another, with a heart equally warm and true, will find some kindly words for him." O, flattering "honest Allan"!

I now hasten to conclude. His "Life of Wilkie" followed his "Life of Burns," and he pursued a persevering literary occupation, till relieved from all his labours in 1842—sinking, as it seemed prematurely, the strong, athletic, powerful man, before he had attained more than fifty-seven years. For all the later division of his life (as will be seen from the dates of his letters), he resided near the studio of Sir Francis Chantrey, in relation to whom he occupied a position most suitable to his pursuits and habits, and congenial to his taste. As factotum to the famous sculptor he superintended his works at home, and was his active friend on all occasions abroad, where his interests were concerned. In this capacity he rendered him very important services, and I may whisper that his connection with the press did not diminish their efficiency. Founded on the basis of admiration of his genius, and personal and grateful

esteem, there was nothing but honourable action in the conduct on both sides; and I will state it as it appeared to me, that no selfish motives overruled the independence either of the employer or the employed.

Looking at the two it amused me to fancy that if the principal fitted Leslie for his Sancho Panza, in the capital picture with the Duchess, the second on the scene might (with such modifications as the artist could make) have stood, not sat, for the Don; for though too stout and good-looking for the chivalrous knight of La Mancha, he was at any rate tall enough, and could have been painted gaunt to realize the transformation!

TWO MONTHS IN SPAIN.

IX.—BARCELONA.

BARCELONA should have been the capital of the nation, and I think it the only city in Spain where the stranger may be reconciled to take up his abode for any length of time. There is more life and more activity, and desire for "radical reform" and progress here than I have witnessed in any other part of Spain. The city has been called the Manchester of Spain, but this is scarcely a compliment to either city. The cloth and cotton manufactories here are on a comparatively small scale, and protected by a high tariff, at the general expense of the community, who have to pay a high price for an inferior article, while native productions, which would give healthy labour, and be profitable to the nation and to individuals, are comparatively neglected. On the other hand, the air and climate refuse to acknowledge the black chimneys, and humming, busy, dingy mills of Manchester, the towers and spires standing out like marble in the clear atmosphere.

Barcelona has its east and west end, divided by a broad avenue called "the Rambla." The word has nothing to do with our rambles, but is the Arab *raml*, which means a river bed, and is often used in Spain for a road which traverses the dried bed of an old river. This broad street is not unlike the Unter der Linden at Berlin. It intersects the town from north to south, and is carried out one and a half miles beyond the town to Gracia on the north, where it is called the Paseo de Gracia; and to the south, along the harbour, the line is continued on a broad raised terrace or rampart leading to the citadel, and terminating in the public garden and evening drive and promenade—about as like Manchester as our November fogs and smoky atmosphere are to their light air and blue sky.

The sea wall that skirts the harbour is the favourite promenade, and after a sultry day, the cool sea breeze, and the beautiful scenery around makes this terrace a most delightful lounge. On the one side is a succession of palatial buildings, public and private, including the Casa Lonja, or Exchange, a curious mixture of architecture and art, most interesting to the stranger, while on the other hand is the fine harbour, protected by a semicircular mole and filled with vessels, while beyond white sails are seen studded along the bright blue Mediterranean.

The town is protected—I should say awed—by a large and powerful citadel, not unlike that of Fort William on the river Hooghly, and in the best style of Vauban, the celebrated French engineer. On the opposite side of the harbour, to the S.E., crowning an abrupt hill of 500 feet above the sea, stands the Castle of Monjuich, strongly fortified, and looking almost impregnable. Both this and the citadel are strongly garrisoned, to curb the *pronunciamientos* of the restless

reforming Catalonians. Ascending this hill by a zigzag road, we get a commanding view over the Mediterranean, and the town, bay, and surrounding country. The town was formerly surrounded from sea to citadel by a strong wall, bastions, and gates. A great part of these have been pulled down and built upon, and the great reformer of the 19th century has spread his iron arms over the foundations of the walls, and the great bastions have become railway stations. I have my room on the second floor of the hotel "Cuarto Naciones," on the Rambla, adjoining the theatres, post-office, and principal public buildings of the city. This broad and magnificent avenue, planted with rows of acacia, laburnum, and pepper trees, is one of the most animated scenes it is possible to imagine. At the moment of which I write it is Christmas day: the women have been at mass in their black dresses and lace scarfs; the men have come out to have a holiday, and enjoy their cigarettas in the open air; the booths and gambling tables are still active with excited purchasers and "operators"—a living panorama, moving up and down in every variety of colour and costume. The inhabitants are estimated at 160,000, but one would fancy there were nearly that number now in the streets.

With regard to national costumes, I may here remark that the upper classes are rapidly assimilating in dress to those of Paris. Among the peasants the old costumes still prevail, giving picturesqueness to their gatherings at fairs and festas. There is great variety in the dress of the different provinces. Contrast, for instance, the red cap and long pantaloons of the Catalan, with the close suit and jaunty hat of the Andalusian. Among all classes, however, the long cloth cloaks of the men, and the mantillas of the women, are still characteristic. Our illustrations give specimens of some of the peculiarities which mark the national costume. Since the suppression of the religious orders the usual clerical dress of the secular clergy is alone conspicuous. The military uniforms seem of wonderful variety.

The old town of Barcelona to the east of the Rambla forms an intricate maze of narrow winding streets; the houses are generally five stories, and many of them of very fine semi-Moorish architecture. These are intersected by a few broader streets, which the municipality is endeavouring to carry out still farther, as the old houses can be cleared away. The cathedral and all the principal churches are in this part of the town. On the west, or the new town, is one of those great markets which play so conspicuous a part in all Spanish cities, two large universities (civil and military), and several fine theatres. I am told it is a disputed question whether the principal theatre here, the Liceo (Lyceum), or La Scala, of Milan, is the largest and finest. The Barcelonese strongly claim the superiority for their house, and affirm that there never was a building where comfort, convenience, and the principles of light and acoustics have been so well and carefully carried out. This is the only city in Spain, with rare exceptions at Madrid, where the great stars of the opera condescend to appear. I should have given the churches precedence of the theatres, but they were so dark and gloomy that I could scarcely find my way through them: many of them are so rich and beautiful that one wishes they could be turned inside out under the bright clear sky. The Cathedral is one of the most magnificent specimens of the Gothic architecture of the fourteenth century that I have seen. The exterior, like many of the churches in Spain, has never been finished, and we must enter the building to

see its beautiful and elaborate decorations. It is in the form of a cross, 180 by 70 feet. The choir is placed in the centre, and this, with the stalls around, is one mass of wood carving and ornament, so beautiful in detail, and so grand and harmonious in the mass, that the eye is ever discovering some new object for admiration. The clusters of light and delicate columns that support the high pointed arches and lofty groined roof, and the rich painted windows, lighting up with their varied tints the dim interior, are all in the perfection of Gothic art. This Cathedral, like that of Cordova, has its fine patio, or open court, with orange, lemon, and other trees, with marble fountains and sparkling waters.

I have but slightly touched on ecclesiastical matters in these brief articles. I am not prone to "pluck the mote from my brother's eye." I know that there are good and virtuous Roman Catholics, who can find underneath and notwithstanding the mass of superstition and error, the faith and hope of the Gospel. It is not the opinion of individual Christians that I would question, but everyone must condemn the policy of the dominant Church, which, protected by the arm of the civil power, keeps the people willfully in ignorance.

I remember being on a jury in Calcutta, some thirty-five years ago, in a case of murder, by some British soldiers. Fifteen young recruits, chiefly from Norfolk and Suffolk, were examined, of whom only four could write their names, and about eight could read imperfectly. Having been accustomed to a different state of matters among the Scottish peasantry, I was surprised, on inquiry, to learn that throughout these rich English counties not half the adult population could read and write. Those were days when "the school-master was not abroad." It is difficult to say what nation may "throw the first stone." We have much to be thankful for, if we are now tardily improving our national education. It is the misfortune of Spain that the spirit of the Inquisition so long prevailed to pervert the minds of men, or crush them, soul and body, under its iron hoof. It is this usurped authority that has made so many indifferentists and infidels in Spain and Italy, and perhaps elsewhere.

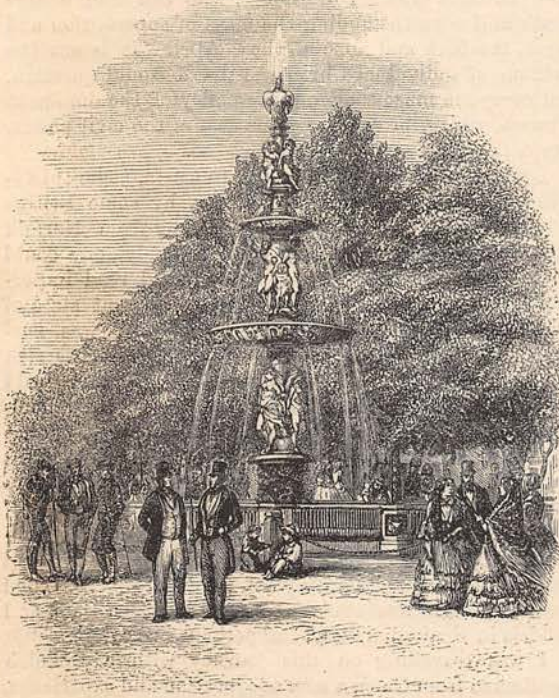
I was travelling on this journey with a Spanish gentleman from Cuba, a man of education and experience, and, I believe, a sincere Roman Catholic. He had his family at Madrid, under Roman Catholic teachers, and one of his sons was being educated for the church. He complained grievously of the Government of Spain, and made some favourable criticisms on the state of political and religious freedom in England and America. I asked him how it was that Spain, having confiscated most of the convents and religious houses, banished the Jesuits, and swept the monks and other religious orders out of the land, was still more Roman than the Romans; while indifference, and almost disrespect, were shown to the clergy, and the absence of men at the religious services, unless there was some musical attraction, was most marked? With the professions of liberality I so often heard from Spaniards, how was it the Pope's concordats were still in full force, and the people going hand in hand with the priest in excluding all Christianity that was not filtered through the Vatican, and the many books of instruction that would improve and enlighten their minds. "Your experience in England and America," I said, "must have shown you that this exclusive system is no security against infidelity. I, too, have been in America, and you must admit that there is no country in Christendom where there is more true piety, and charity, and every Christian virtue, than in the Northern States of America." His reply was short,

and, I think, conclusive. "You have not been long enough in Spain to understand the power and influence of the Church; three-fourths of the people are uneducated, and dependent on the advice of the priest, and even those who have some education, have been taught from their youth that there is no Christianity out of the Church of Rome—that to question the authority of the Church would entail eternal damnation, and that those persons calling themselves Protestants, with no end of annexes, do not believe in the divine mission of our Saviour, entirely ignore the Mother of God, and, in short, are in a worse position than Pagans. With this training and these impressions, they are ready at all times to co-operate with the clergy in excluding

some days he brought it back, saying that he had read it through with great surprise, and some shame for the injustice he had been taught to do us. He had no idea that Protestants believed what was in that book, which seemed to him to contain as much Christianity as their own Missal; but for family considerations he would not refer to the subject again.

For some years past the Government has allowed Protestant worship in the private apartments of the British Consuls. I had the privilege of hearing the English service at Madrid, Cadiz, Malaga, and Barcelona, from able and worthy representatives of our Protestant Church. The Sunday I passed at Seville we had no service. I learned that the privilege was withdrawn there in consequence of a complaint from the priests that some tracts had been distributed, or some attempt made to proselytize. The argument used for this measure we should scarcely understand in our free and happy country, but this extract from a noted Ultramontane paper may help to show the usual defence of the "right of the civil power to subserve the purposes of the Divine Will":—

"In countries unfortunately no longer exclusively Christian, religious, or rather irreligious, liberty must run riot, since it would be manifestly unwise or inexpedient to punish religious error, or unjust as affecting such as are wholly ignorant that they are guilty of heresy. But fortunately in Rome a state exists where the civil law subserves, as we maintain it ought to do, the purposes of the Divine Will, and where, in consequence, the liberty to offend God and to scandalise Christians by introducing false worship, is accorded to none. A Scotch Presbyterian clergyman, however, is not of our opinion, and feels exceedingly vexed in spirit that he is not allowed to assert in a Christian State, and



IN THE ALAMEDA AT MALAGA.

what they believe would contaminate their children, and bring punishment on the nation." Curiously enough these sentiments were confirmed afterwards by the chaplain of one of our consulates. A Spanish gentleman of good position was in communication with him, and learning that the chaplain was a married man, said, "What, a priest, and married? You cannot be a Christian priest." "Why not?" was the reply; "we can see nothing against marriage, nor was it forbidden to the priesthood till some centuries after the establishment of Christianity." Still the Spaniard insisted that we were not Christians, and that we denied all the doctrines that were essential to salvation. To cut the argument short my friend said, "If you will give me your word that you will not bring me into trouble with the priest or your family, I will lend you a copy of our Prayer-book in your own language, and if you will take the trouble to read it, you will find the Creed, the Lord's Prayer and Commandments, and even some of the prayers from your own Missal in this book." The Spaniard took the Prayer-book under a promise that he would keep it concealed, and after



SPANISH PRIEST.

proclaim from the centre of Christendom itself, in the teeth of Divine and human law, the abominable error that man has a right to teach false doctrine and to practise what false worships he chooses. But since Pius IX. will not tolerate in favour of a score or so of

Scotch Presbyterians a breach of divine and human laws, the *Times* takes up its cudgels in behalf of this Protestant chaplain. It is exceedingly wroth that the poor Romans, when sorely tempted, should not at least have a convenient opportunity at hand of committing the sin of heresy. In somewhat the same fashion Fagin, we suppose, could he have written a leader in the *Times*, would have given vent to his indignation that the jewellers at night put shutters on their windows and

makes them happy, and how comparatively few are their wants, the unequalled beauty of their country with all its luxuriant productions, I feel inclined to draw my pen through any depreciatory remarks, and leave my readers to contemplate only the sunny side of Spanish life. But as these are the opinions of Spaniards themselves, and others who have resided long amongst them, I hope I may be pardoned if I give them a place in my record.

I feel it, however, an act of justice to Spaniards, as well as to my own countrymen who may visit this romantic and interesting land, to say that I have never travelled through any country with more confidence and safety. I had not once during my two months occasion to complain of rudeness or incivility. Few people appreciate the courtesies and amenities of life so fully as the Spaniards, and if the stranger will only exercise a little patience and forbearance, and reciprocate these amenities, he will have little to complain of. I have had many opportunities of studying, in a rapid way, the social, political and religious aspects of the country, and have conversed fully with well-informed Spaniards and English residents on these subjects. I see many noble qualities in the people, and a country of unbounded resources, if they had a fair chance in it. But the Spaniards are a conquered people, as much as the Hindoos and Javanese are, and conquered like them by ignorance, priestcraft, and superstition. Like the natives of South Italy they have been so long under an ecclesiastico-military despotism, that it will require a new generation to understand or appreciate the meaning of free institutions. Like the Italians also they are too apt to dream of the past, and forget the necessities of the present. If they would but humble their pride and condescend to "become as



THE CACHUCHA DANCE.

thus took away from such as were unwillingly honest a tempting opportunity of enriching their scanty store. This last act of the Papal Government brings out in bold relief the unworldliness of the Papacy, and its steadfast adherence to the doctrine peculiar to Christianity, that public heresy is a moral offence to be punished by law. As long as the scandal of a false worship in a Christian country is not obtruded on public notice, it may haply escape the arm of the law."

You have only to change the name of Rome for that of Spain, and the article will apply exactly to our present subject. I have dwelt longer on this point than I intended, but I wished to show, from the mouths of Spaniards themselves, or from Britons that had been long among them, the delusions under which this unhappy nation is kept by its guides and teachers.

The political position is equally sad; there is "no appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober." "Our elections," said a Spaniard to me, "are a mockery; our legislative chamber a sham; our public debt has been a fraud on the nation; the Bourbons have filled up their cup of iniquity in Spain as they did in Italy; no intelligence or progress can exist where Crown and Church are determined to crush out every attempt at progress and liberal opinions." We know the result of all such governments, and when the deluge comes, and an uneducated people feel the weight of their oppression, how fearful may be the retribution. When I recall the lively scene before me, as I sat at my window that Christmas day, and think of this noble race of people, how very little



BULL FIGHTERS.

little children," and take their lesson from other nations so far in advance of them, they might still form a great and influential people.

When I was at Madrid I heard a curious piece of scandal connected with our preparations for the Abyssinian war. I should have passed it over in silence as a "foreign canard," but I had it confirmed on my journey south. When the order was issued to purchase some thousands of

Spanish mules, two or three inexperienced officers were sent to make the purchases. These gentlemen were quite unacquainted with the language and the country, and it is a question if they knew an indifferent mule from a "high-caste donkey." At any rate they fell into the hands of some sharp Spaniards, or half-caste Gibraltar men, and a general raid was made on the mules. It was understood that "they were to be purchased at any price," and the Spaniards, always greedy, "improved the occasion." Every rip that could be found with a hide on its back was brought down to the coast at the average price of 120 dols., twice the value of a good mule. And when they came to be inspected it was found that scarcely half of them were fit for service. I witnessed the re-sale of some of these rejected animals which had been purchased at 130 dollars, and were sold for—how much do you think?—their full value, 20 dollars! Did any of our proceedings at the commencement of the Crimean war beat this? We may hear more of this when "the butcher's bill comes in," but in the satisfaction at the speedy and successful termination of the war, all blunders of administration will probably be condoned.

It was rather a trial for me on reading in the French and English papers that the winter had set in very severely, to pack and prepare to leave this mild and delightful climate, but there was no help for it, there were other duties and obligations before me. I could have run across the Gulf of Lyons, and been in Marseilles in sixteen or eighteen hours, and thence have hastened in a warm first-class carriage to Paris, without much trouble; but I wished to see the passes of the Pyrenees and the central line of France, and I have been gratified and amply rewarded for any little trouble or inconvenience I may have suffered.

There is a line of railway from Barcelona to Gerona, and diligences from thence cross the Pyrenees to Perpignan, where we join the French "Chemins de fer du Midi." I took my ticket out for the whole journey at the charge of 108 francs. We started at 6 A.M. The railway journey along this coast line, through hill and dale, afforded peeps at every opening over the clear blue sea, at vineyards, mansions, gardens of oranges and lemons, surrounded with cactus and aloe hedges; and there was more active life than we had been accustomed to see in the interior of Spain, which, with the most glorious weather, made the scene lively, and cheered us on our way. At Tordera we struck inland, when the country became less interesting. We got to Gerona at 10 A.M., and had a very comfortable breakfast. Three of us, a German scholar, a young Spanish-American, and myself, had engaged the coupé, and about 11 A.M. the diligence was yoked with six small high-boned horses, three abreast, in very tattered gear. Our conductor was a fair, red-bearded Frenchman, one of the best type of our lively neighbours, obliging and communicative, and was at once at home with us. We commenced the ascent of the mountains at Figueres. The day was still, clear, and delightful, with a light bright sky, and buoyant air. The scenery round this city may be compared to some of the passes into the Grampians: the stone pine and olive trees taking the place of our larch, and birch, and mountain ash. As we continue to ascend, the whole outline of the mountains appears rising ridge over ridge, with the distant snowy peaks skirting the horizon, and lights and shades of every tint. This range of mountain is not to be compared with the wild and lofty grandeur of the Alps, but is far more pleasing and beautiful to the eye, and easier for the mind to grasp. I referred in a former letter to the barren and uninterest-

ing passes on the west, by the way of Irun and St. Sebastian, and my disappointment at the scenery. This passage far exceeded my expectations in picturesque beauty and variety: now winding round the face of a mountain, clothed with every variety of green; and now descending into a fertile valley, or passing a mountain stream foaming over its rough bed and jagged walls, or meandering through vineyards and orange groves—a constant change of the most beautiful and picturesque scenery. At dusk we reached Junquera, the last Spanish town, and the highest point of our journey, and in a short time after arrived at Boulon, the French frontier town, where our luggage was examined, and our passports called for. This was the first time on this journey that my passport had been asked for. I had fortunately put an old one in my bag, but before showing it I had a little chaff with the gentleman in plain clothes, and a bit of ribbon in his button-hole. I told him I was not prepared to be called upon for a passport, that I had traversed France for some years without one, and would like to know on what authority he made so unusual a demand on a British subject? "First by this authority," opening his coat and showing me the ribbon of the Legion of Honour; "and next, we have instructions to examine all persons coming from Spain, on account of the troubled state of Italy." What the troubled state of Italy had to do with the Pyrenees frontier was not for me to question, and I rolled out the royal arms of England on a scroll, with the "bold Roman hand" of my Lord Malmesbury, 1858, the sight of which elicited a low bow and gracious thanks. My companions, not being British subjects, were prepared with their passports *en regle*.

Our driver and conductor seemed now to have snuffed their mountain air, "and their foot was on their native heath." A team of five splendid Normandy horses, in gaudy trapping—two in yoke and three leading—dashed along in the dim light up the sides of the mountains, down the steep precipice and over narrow bridges, the driver cracking his whip and jerking out the "She-e-e yo-o-o-o" of the good old times before the locomotive banished all the romance of travel. Out with the horses and in with a fresh team!—what a change from the slow action of the Spaniard—and on we go as before, till we reach Perpignan at 7 P.M., an hour and a-half before our time, which procured our lively conductor a willing *bono mano*. We agreed to remain here for the night, and had an excellent dinner and comfortable apartments at the principal hotel, and so pleasant and agreeable had the journey been, that we sat chatting over its incidents till it was nearly midnight, though we had to be up early next morning for the 5.30 A.M. train. We travelled together as far as Narbonne, where we parted, much to my regret. My travelling companions turned off for Marseilles, and I for Paris, by Toulouse and the mid line. Those acquainted with the eastern and western route through France, to Bordeaux or Marseilles, will form rather an unfavourable opinion of the scenery of that country. One must take this centre route to see all the most interesting and picturesque beauty of the country. The quaint old villages and towns rising on the hill sides, amidst extensive vineyards, are scarcely altered in appearance since the days of Sterne and his little hostelry, where even now, if two travellers were arriving together, they might have to make a compromise on the subject of accommodation. The journey from Toulouse, Agen, and thence to Perigueux, is one continued change of hill and dale and richly wooded undulations. This long journey involved a night in the train—and such a night, with eight to ten degs. of frost; with all the warm clothing

we could muster, it was a sore trial after the delights of the Mediterranean coast. We got to Paris at 5 A.M., twenty-four hours from Perpignon; started again by the mail train at 7 A.M., and were in London by 5.30 P.M., just fifty-eight hours from Barcelona, including the eight hours' rest at Perpignon.

THE BANK OF HEALTH.

WHOEVER takes a railway run from London to Matlock will travel during the last hour of his route through some of the most striking and fascinating scenery in England; and arriving at Matlock Bridge, will find himself at the foot of Matlock Bank, which for reasons that may presently appear we have designated the Bank of Health. The site has been well chosen for hydropathic purposes—the air and the water being both of remarkable purity, and the Bank, or steep hill side, being a capital centre or starting point, from whence may be visited all the picturesque wonders of Derbyshire. But we are not going to sing the praises of these agreeable resorts on the present occasion; we are going, for reasons with which we shall not trouble the reader, to try the experiment of the water cure, and see if any good will come of it. We are strangers to the place, and have no introduction; but fortunately that is of no consequence, the whole of the precipitous Bank, which runs up sharply to the height of some seven hundred feet, and, facing the south, stretches some two miles east and west, being a complete colony of hydropaths, whose hospitable doors stand open at all times ready to receive the stranger and wash his ailments out of him. Having no choice beyond a preference for high ground, we select one establishment standing near the summit of the hill, and thither accordingly we are driven along some winding roads of the most abominable description, which at length land us at our destination, just at the moment when the inmates, some three to four score in number, and of various social grades, are sitting down to dinner. We join the company as a matter of course, without the least inkling of ceremony, and the meal over, as we shall not be under regimen till to-morrow, have time to look about us.

Down in the valley beneath us runs the Derwent, sparkling and flashing in places, but not much seen, owing to the trees on its banks, and the intervention of the high grounds among which it winds. Below, a little to the left, is the village of Matlock, and beyond it, in the same direction, we catch sight of a portion of Matlock Bath, the rival of Buxton, and of the old city of Bladud, owing to the possession of certain hot mineral springs. Right opposite to us are the Heights of Abraham, said to be the highest of the Matlock hills, and to the left of them rises the huge mass of Riber, dominated by a heavy castellated building, as yet unfinished. To the right stretches the valley of the Derwent, and in this direction only is there any marked change in the colour or general green tone of the landscape, the distance westward allowing of the introduction of purple and grey. But before we have half examined the landscape we are captured by a press-gang, and find ourselves one of a party driving in an open carriage to Darley Dale, some three miles off, where there is a flower-show this afternoon, and prizes to be distributed to the winners of them by a noble lord. The show is in the grounds of Mr. Whitworth, of rifle reputation; and there we are confronted by some monster products in the way of garden vegetables, reared by cottagers, contrasted by a choice selection of hot-house fruit contributed by the gentry. About five o'clock the prizes are distri-

buted, being heralded by an appropriate speech from an old gentleman, *vice* the noble lord, who forgot to put in an appearance. They consist of very small sums of money, and of sundry articles of cottage furniture and kitchen wares, such as a rush-bottom chair, a couple of flat-irons, or a gridiron—but "*honi soit*," etc., the measure of a man's deserts is not the value of the prize he wins or loses.

We are back again to tea, and after tea we take a stroll among the winding roads, cross-roads, and foot-paths, which intersect the bank-side in every direction. One thing that strikes us is the abundance and clearness of the water: trickling down the hill in small rivulets, it is caught here and there in large cisterns of stone, which, although brimming over and shedding their contents on the road, seem to contain nothing, so absolutely colourless and transparent is the crystal fluid. The village, if Matlock Bank may be called a village, seems to have no centre, but to straggle in the most arbitrary way over the whole hill side—here a single cottage, here two; here a single row of houses, and here a double row—and here a pretentious hydropathic establishment, the property of some company of shareholders, and almost close to it what seems a private villa, but is really another hydropathic speculation, the property of a private individual. We tire of the steep roads and footways, and in search of more practicable ground, mount to the brow of the hill, where an unfrequented lane winds along for a mile or so, and comes to an end in a stubble field, where a few sheaves of wheat are yet standing. The sun is getting low, and the breeze blowing over the distant moors comes laden with the fragrance of the heath; at the same time it comes laden with something else, for dense showers of the honey-laden bees come swarming over the brow of the hill and plunging in mad haste down the steep towards their hives. So thick are the swarms, and so wild in their flight that they dash against one's head and face, and we have to take shelter under a wall until the mass of the multitude has passed on. The Matlock honey is most delicious, and the yield would appear to be abundant—a lump of comb nearly as big as a man's head being taken from the top of a single hive, which top had been fairly emptied twenty-one days before. Not a bee is ever sacrificed when the honey is taken, the hives being so constructed as to render that unnecessary.

We are early to bed and very soon to sleep, and are awoken before six in the morning by the persistent clamour of a bell, which calls us to commence our experience in hydropathy. We find the first essay more novel than gratifying, as we cannot at first relish the icy drenching which concludes the ceremony of the "tepid sheet"; but after it is over the effect is capital, manifesting itself in a feeling of freshness, and vigour, and a craving appetite. We find it impossible to wait an hour or two for breakfast, and, following the example of others, make for the kitchen, where cook compassionately helps us to hunches of bread and butter.

"Dun you like it well o' the butther?" she asks, and distributes her favours to suit our several likings.

There is time for a brisk walk before breakfast, and walking just now seems everyone's business—some promenading the saloon at the quick step, others marching up and down the platform outside, and others again starting off for their morning constitutional. Breakfast comes at eight, followed by the reading of a chapter, singing and prayer. Then comes the postman's interesting wallet and the general delivery of letters and newspapers; after which the company disperse, singly or in groups, in search of such enjoyment as may be