up the bay, the smoke streams. It comes from pipes or chimneys, out of the bare mountains, under which these old and long tenantless mines are reworked. The Romans used the ancestors of the proud Hidalgos as slaves in the mines, and sent their convicts hither. Owing to Gothic destruction and the decay of European silver mining, incident to the discovery of the richer Americas in the fifteenth century, these mines lay dormant until 1839. Then joint-stock companies began to work them, and to be enriched by the experiment. I was told by the French Consul, who was on our steamer, that fabulous sums are made out of these mines. The mining has given rise to a considerable commerce with England. Three hundred collier ships come here every year with coal to be used in the explorations.

When we landed, we found a crowd ready to receive us. They fought for the honour and the price of taking our baggage to the hotel. The solitary hotel—and that very poor—received us after many hours of travail, on being delivered from the custom-house. Ours was a French steamer, but we found that the new Spanish Government had relieved it and all other foreign craft of port dues and other restrictions. We did not wait long for our permit. But the time is not lost. We make observations. The people look odd and picturesque. Every one has a touch of the Moor: not the turban, but a coloured handkerchief in its stead tied about their head; not the burnous, but the mantle, cross-barred, like Scotch plaid, or red and flaming, and always worn with grace; their feet, not entirely shoeless, but a sort of Arab sandal, made with hemp, and tied with strings over the bare feet, generally all the toes out of doors but the big one! The pretentious sash is inevitable, but how can I describe that peculiar, black, rusty velvet

hat? You may, to see it with your mind, imagine a round platter, turned up three inches or more on the rim, and upon it a conical-shaped bowl, turned upside down! If this description is imperfect, some of my illustrations will suffice. We perceive, occasionally, a dark rosette upon the hat. We notice, also, that we are in the land of the crazy Don Quixote; for windmills decorate all the breezy eminences. It begins to rain. No sunbeams here. The streets are full of people, and not of the best class. Beggars abound. Walls shut in the city. We learn that the gates are locked at night. The town is on a plain, surrounded by sierras. This plain is in process of rescue from a marsh, which used to breed malaria. Livy records that there was, in his day, round a part of these walls, a lake which had been there when Scipio took the city. This, doubtless, once covered the present marsh land.

Strange to say, in one of the churches into which we ventured, the modern Carthagenians were preparing to celebrate the deeds of those gallant Spaniards who fell in the recent war with Peru! Thus patriotic and high-spirited, yet they are actually demolishing the magnificent Carthaginian fort upon the mountain above the town—the most commanding object of interest around or in the city. It is already half torn down to make houses withal! All the world cried out when, years ago, Mehemet Ali *talked* of using the Pyramids for building purposes; but here, in this century, the most prominent monument of Carthaginian power and commercial affluence, and of Roman prowess and civilized sway, is already half destroyed. What are Rome and Carthage to these degenerate sons of the proud discoverers and conquerors of the New World? I will not be too hasty about answering this question.

We go out of Carthagena on a railroad; we wait at

the depôt two hours before the train is ready. Here the beggars congregate, and, indeed, all other classes of the inhabitants. The baths of Caracalla were not more the resort of Roman quidnuncs than is the depôt for the Carthagenians! We at length leave the city. We are in the country. We look about for the promised Paradise. The gardens of Spain are here! So we have somehow heard. We look in vain. Are we in the moon? Is this a land of ashes and scoriæ of extinct volcanoes? Where are the orange groves, the vines, the pomegranates? Have we become inverted? This is Africa, with her proverbial aridity; and what seemed Africa to us, with her glorious luxuriance of growth, was Spain! Well, both the Doctor and myself were puzzled. We expected to find arid, white, yellow, bare deserts in Algiers; but they are here! Not deserts of sand, but deserts of rock, lime, or clay, dazzling to the eye and relieved by no green. It is as if all this country for thirty miles, with a few exceptional spots—oases in a desert of dry, baked lime or clay—was an extensive, old, used-up brick-yard! Yet, still stranger, the vast area between the bleak mountains is ploughed ground. It is ploughed and planted. What does this signify? Are the peasants waiting for crops from the sterile soil? They will wait in vain. It is May, and the harvest-time is nearly here. Are they yet to sow other seed? Surely not; for the blister of summer will soon be on the breast of the earth. By no drawing, squeezing or sucking, can milk be pressed or stripped from these dry earthly udders. What does it mean? The Doctor suggests that he has read that rice is here raised. Very well; but I suggest that there is no provision here for water, and that rice requires water! Then we are silent—more and more puzzled. We ask some people in the cars. They do not know. Here is an immense

country, geometrically divided into lots, and subdivided into smaller lots, all as if worked industriously and as if for a good crop, and not a petal of flower, leaf of clover, spear of wheat, or any other green and growing thing, between that dry white soil and the bright, blue, blazing sky! We look for the horizon and its verdant woods; nothing there but volcanic rocks and ashes. We look at our feet for something of vegetable life; not a blade is drawn in defence of the 'garden of Europe'! Not until we reached Murcia did we solve our sphinx riddle. Our Œdipus was an old peasant, who told us that every year they ploughed and planted this whole plain, from Carthagena to Murcia; ploughed it all carefully and planted it religiously with grain of all kinds; hoping against hope, that a few days of rain might—possibly would—come to gladden their hearts and gratify their labour; that every once in a while, say in three or four years, there *was* rain enough to make something *shoot* besides soldiers; and a little to them was so much. They laboured and waited for the possibilities of results. Farmers of Pennsylvania and Kansas, or of rock-ribbed New England! What a commentary is here! Never, *never* repine against your 'most blessed condition.' The wonder of this peculiar land grows on me, as I move on toward Murcia.

I was not more surprised at certain phases of African life and scenery than I am at the appearance of this portion of Spain. Whether I have been so ignorant, or whether the writers on Spain have skipped these parts, or, having seen them, set them down as uninteresting—whatever is the reason, I was utterly unprepared for what I have observed. Indeed, if Buckle could arise and see what is going on in Spain, in a social and political way, he would rewrite a large part of his second volume, even as I have had

to unlearn and then relearn much about Spain. I refer to the Provinces of Murcia and Valencia, or rather to the country from Carthagena, through Murcia and Alicante to Valencia, on the eastern shore of the peninsula, and looking forth towards the Balearic Islands. We have gone through these regions nearly the whole route by carriage. The latter here is very little slower than the rail, and much better as a point of observation. We come hither fresh from Algiers. We come to the old land of the Moors from the new land of the Moors; and, although three and a half centuries have elapsed since the Spaniards drove the Moors hence, time has not erased the eminent marks of Moorish manners and civilization. If this be the case here, what shall we not find in Andalusia?

Still travelling with my former companion, Dr. Henry Bennet, I have had my eye and mind directed to the soil and its productions, as well for themselves as for the proof they give of the climate most fit for human health. We have continued our search for 'winter sunbeams' into the month of May and into the land of Spain. The great desideratum which the Doctor seeks is a winter station for consumptive patients, or others affected with pulmonary and throat troubles. He would, if possible, find something better than the Riviera. These cities of Spain are favourites with many medical men and invalids; and we visit them to understand why. The great object of our trip is to know—as Milton wrote it, in 'Paradise Lost' —where we can find a Paradise regained, far from the harsh regions of the North—

> 'By what means to shun
> The inclement seasons, rain, ice, hail, and snow;'

and at the same time that we ascertain the facts, profit

by the experience in our own bodies—enjoy in this purer clime, and in this chivalric land, the delights of external beauty and historic memories.

Coming to Southern Spain, one may be sure, even in winter, to find Apollo with a quiver full of silver arrows, shooting them from a clear blue sky at our mother earth. The air is dry and light. The sea of this coast is so calm that the sailors say, it is for women to navigate. The rain, if it comes at all, comes at long intervals; but the hot mountains and the demands of vegetation make water so scarce and valuable that it seems hidden, like precious jewels, from ordinary eyes.

I have said that, instead of Africa in Algiers, we found imaginary Africa here; and instead of Eden in Spain, we found it in Africa, and that this was a mystery. In reading Washington Irving over again I see that the same thoughts impressed him. I am, therefore, in good company, if I have been ignorant. In his journey to Grenada, he says: 'Many are apt to picture Spain to their imaginations as a soft Southern region, decked out with all the luxuriant charms of voluptuous Italy. On the contrary, though there are exceptions in some of the maritime provinces, yet for the greater part it is a stern, melancholy country, with rugged mountains and long sweeping plains, destitute of trees, and indescribably silent and lonesome, partaking of the *savage and solitary character of Africa!*' Had Irving visited Algiers where we have been—at least before the army of desert locusts came to devastate its luxuriant fields—he would not have spoken of Africa, except as I have, in bold contrast to the melancholy destitution of Spain. He speaks of the absence of singing birds in Spain as a consequence of the want of groves and hedges; but Algiers is full of songsters, because so full of shrubs and trees. He

sees the vulture and eagle wheeling around the cliffs of Spain; we saw these birds of prey only near the desert. He sees in Spain, in lieu of the softer charms of ornamental cultivation, a noble severity of scenery, which makes the boundless wastes as solemn as the ocean. All this and more we saw in the provinces of Murcia and Valencia—as Washington Irving saw them in Andalusia. But we remembered as we rode that irrigation had made the waste places blossom as the rose, and we waited for the vision!

As we go up towards Murcia, and rise into or upon the plateau (all Spain is a plateau, ridged with sierras) two or three thousand feet above the level of the sea, we begin to perceive a palm or so, and find a fig or so, until all at once the City of Orihuela appears. It is surrounded by rocks and mountains; but there is a river near. It looks Oriental—Moorish. There are 20,000 people here, and their plain laps up the River Segura like a wild, thirsty animal. The dwellings are low, and all marked with a cross, though of Moorish style; but the Gothic cathedral towers above all. Here we find what water is. It makes the pomegranate blush and it ripens the fig. The olive grows darker in shade and leaf. The orange looks large, but, as we soon find, its size is due to the thick rind, not the large rich inside—for, unlike what it is at Blidah, the orange here is more for commerce than for eating. Almonds are nearly ripe; merino sheep appear; palms grow more numerous and stately; the donkey is larger and white; the horse is stout and elegant; the women look brighter, and their dark optics dance; the costumes grow very peculiar and gay; the plaintive songs we have heard sung among the Arabs we hear repeated—how strangely—even here after three hundred and fifty years; and these evidences of prosperity, contentment, and joyance

follow us, more or less, till we stand within the charmed circle of emerald which environs the proud old city of Murcia! Not that the bleak, bare mountains, and white, arid plains are not still our companions all along the route from Carthagena. But, as a relief, this terrible sterility is beginning, under the system of hydraulics, pursued here yet, and which the Moors began, to give way to something like vegetable vitality; but no grand garden of Spain yet—at least, none such as we fancied, about these realms of the sun.

Why all this is, I have shown already in my chapters from Algiers. The rain from east and north is here dissipated by these heated mountains or sucked down south by the desert to fall upon Algiers. Africa becomes an Eden and Spain becomes a desert. Only irrigation rescues the latter. Here water is a creative power. We in America do not know it, except as a motive power. We never feel the lack of water, not even in our whisky; and we do not know the want of rivers. Let not the harsh North repine. The land of 'winter sunbeams,' which gives the almond and vine, orange and date, is not conquered by man, except through labour. The sun may do much, water and soil much, but it is man who combines and produces. Paul may plant; his plants will wilt and die, because there is no root. Call in Apollos and much water, and then God will give the increase. Tempes do not come spontaneously to the surface; but man makes them with water, out of the dry ribs of the torpid earth. Tempe and the Peneus are inseparable.

I am not sorry that we halted for Sunday at Murcia. This splendid city is seldom visited by tourists. It is an exclusive and lordly old Spanish place of 60,000 inhabitants. Our posada, or hotel, was once a Moorish alcazar, or palace. We could perceive the tracery of the Byzantine architecture and the

gilt of former splendour. Murcia is the Murgi of the Romans. It was once the capital of an ancient kingdom of the same name. The Moors built the city from the Roman ruins. There has been much fighting here between Spanish and Moor and Spanish and French. The city is even now full of soldiers. In the revolution of last September, not a soldier would raise a voice, much less a musket, for the Queen. She died out, not because the people here were republican or revolutionist, but by the general disgust entertained for her character. The houses of Murcia are painted in yellow or pink. Every window has a balcony, every balcony has a beauty, and every beauty has a bouquet; and, when night comes, the city is all beatitude and all a-twang with guitars. Serenades sound from every quarter and in every street. But most, and above all, as if it were an elegy and requiem of the dead Moors, there is that same sad song—drawling, mournful, everywhere heard, from palace and hut—which we heard the Arab Dervishes sing when they chanted the Koran!

I confess to various essays in regard to this song—first, to understand it; next, to resolve it into music; and then to reconcile it with what I heard in Algiers among the Moors. I failed in each essay. Picking up Irving, however, I read from him what it meant; but I do not believe that he heard it in Murcia or Valencia. It has more significance than he gives to it, as the simple music of muleteer, bandit, and contrabandista. He describes it, or rather, he describes all Spanish song, as rude and simple with but few inflexions. These the singer chaunts forth with a loud voice, and long, drawling cadence. The couplets are romances about Moors, or some saintly legend or love ditty, or some ballad about a bold contrabandista or hardy bandolero. The mule bell or the guitar is the ac-

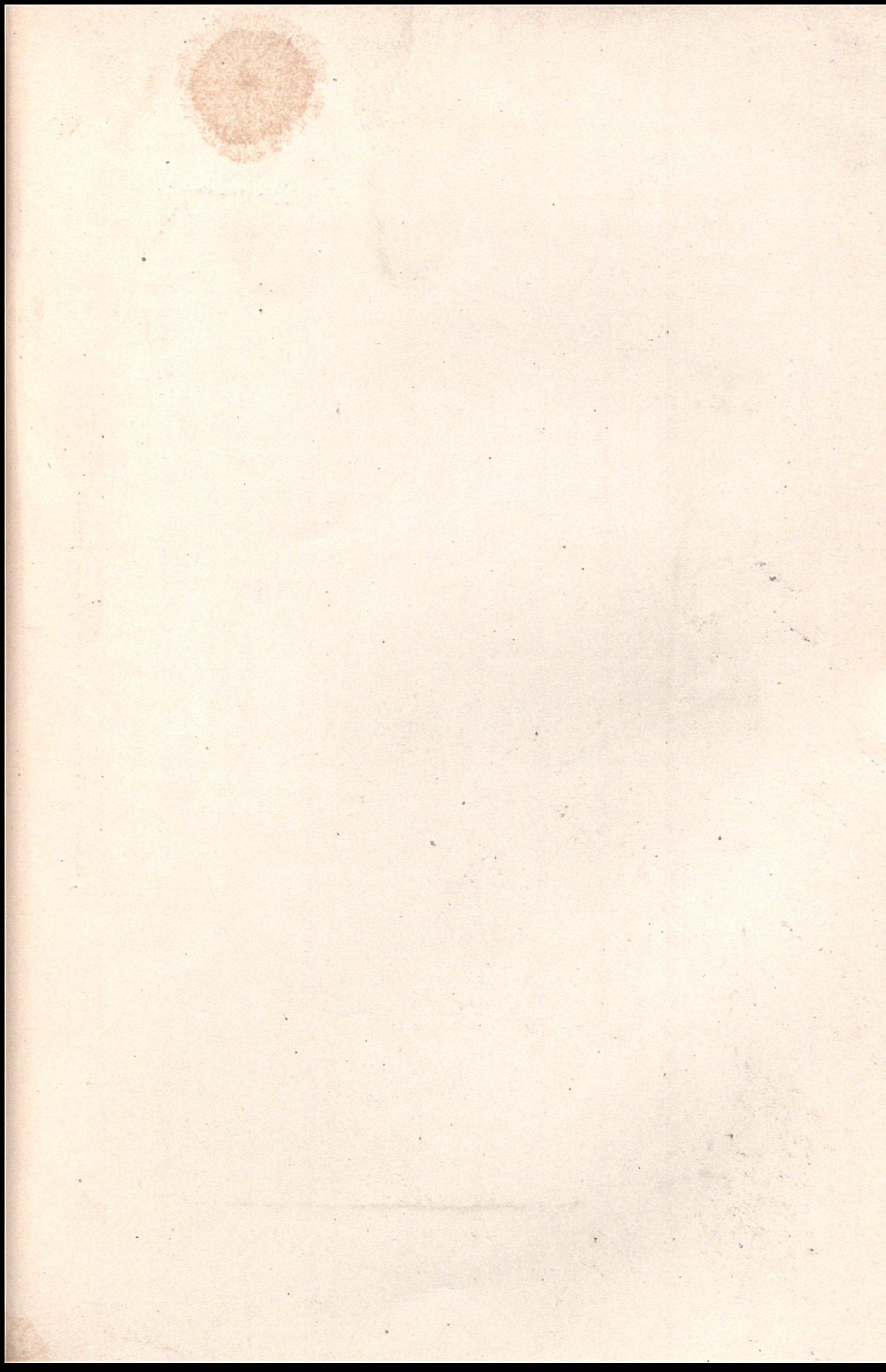
companiment. This very nearly describes what I desire. But I affirm that the music which I heard all through Murcia—city and province—and in Valencia from every girl or boy, from sunburnt poverty or grandiose elegance, was the same music, if not the same words, we heard from the diabolical dervishes who, in their religious ecstasies, swallowed scorpions in Algiers! What then? I am not to be led away by the click of the castanet or the sound of the guitar to other and more Spanish airs—not until I sift this song of songs, this sadness of all song. I am satisfied that this universal music is the unchanged Arabic *Gaunia*. It is very like the Corsican *vocero*, which I have already noticed. It begins and ends with an 'ay!' or a sigh. It is all love. If not for a lady-love, for something beloved: home or horse, country or kin, or a mule, perhaps. Our driver and his 'mozo' (carriage imp) sang it into Alicante, and improvised their affectionate souvenirs of that place into the national music. There is a chorus at the end of the verse, sung with a long, dilatory, tearful plaint, that spontaneously opens the lachrymal duct, without regard to the sentiment sung. Generally this lament is sung to the guitar. As a fierce and inexorable economist, I find the guitar to be a nuisance. The harsh north wind, the constant drought, the hot sun, the bull fight, each and all may be counted enemies to Spanish prosperity. Buckle has, after the manner of his philosophy, gathered inductively a collection of historical and scientific facts, and has concluded, deductively, that the history of Spain has been a failure, by reason of her violation of the laws of national improvement. He has shown that physical phenomena, by inflaming the imagination and preventing analysis, have operated on Spain as upon other tropical, volcanic, and epidemical lands, to its disadvantage and decay. He evidences the heat and

dryness of the soil, the deepness of the river beds, which forbid irrigation, and the instability of the pastoral life, as reasons for the improgressiveness of Spain; but he has never mentioned the guitar. Yet is the guitar the especial devil of idleness;—for does it not beget singing and dancing? Once set it a strumming, and all unpin their eyelids at night and open their ears by day. Labour, duty, and patriotism, are all forgotten in its music. The guitar is an old deceiver. Don Juan was not the first performer, nor the Spanish señoritas the first to lean from balconies to hear. It is found on the Egyptian tomb of four thousand years ago—ribboned in marble over the enduring neck of some petrified, love-sick, young Pharaoh or Ramesis. It is the kinoor of the desert and Orient; the Greek kithara; the guitarre, githome, guitume, and banjo of the universal minstrel! It is not always the magical guitar described by Shelley in his poem; which was taught to reply to Love's questions, to whisper enamoured tones, and sweet oracles of woods and dells; or the harmonies of plains and skies, forests and mountains, fountains and echoes, the notes of rills, melodies of birds and bees, murmuring of seas, and rain, and, finer still, the soft airs of evening dew; but the Spanish guitar had one of the faculties which Shelley found in his enchanted instrument:—

> 'It talks according to the wit
> Of its companions,'

and its tinkling talk consists in making the castanet, feet, voice, body, spirit, and soul of its company harmonize with its service!

All Murcia was musical with this minstrelsy. I know that it has been called the dullest city in Spain. It is not! Go into its great cathedral. Do not stop to examine whether it be Corinthian or Composite, or both. Never mind the carvings or the



TICKET OFFICE FOR THE BULL FIGHT.

relics. Fear not because the earthquake has made cracks in the tower and façade. Go up into the belfry—rising, compartment up and out of compartment, like a telescope drawn out, and crowned, like all the cathedrals of this part of Spain, with a blue dome, shining beauteous in the sun. Then look about you. See what water will do for the dead earth; palms, standing up and aloof from the other vegetable glories, only made more beautiful because surrounded by such fire-tossed and twisted rocks as those which bound the view of the horizon, and bind the volume of Nature here presented.

Is Murcia dull? Come with us on Sunday to see the bull fight. It is said that the Irish make bulls, the Spaniards kill them, and the English eat them. Not to see the butchery, is not to see Spain. Murcia is alive with the occasion. Do you call it dull to see several thousand people streaming down the avenues to the great amphitheatre, following the soldiers and the bands, and all intent on the 'blood of bulls'? Come in: admission is only about ten cents apiece. Look about: a clean arena; a red flag on a pole in the centre. The bands strike up 'circus tunes,' in strange discord with the sweet and holy chimes of the Cathedral bells. Then the Marseillaise Hymn is played. A young Murcian soldier tells me that it is only lately that music of that kind has been permitted. I surmised as much. Then enter five persons out of the gates below the seats, dressed in tights, red and blue, spangled, like circus-actors. One is on a horse and has a pike. He wears an ostrich feather, and yellow breeches of leather. Look around the theatre: it is a gay scene! The sun glorifies it; the costumes are very pleasing and various. Directly the bull comes out. He is not quite what we expected; rather small and young. He is welcomed by shouts. Young Spain in the lower tiers is

very demonstrative. Three dignitaries enter a box, which is draped in red. It is the mayor and the judges. Old women are selling and crying 'water'; and boys, American peanuts. The bull trots about rather surprised. The five fighters on foot begin to run at him, shake their red inflammatory mantles at him; finally thrust little barbed sticks into his hide. These poles are ornamented with coloured filigree paper, but have a sharp nail, so as to make Taurus bleed and dance merrily. It is very pretty sport—very. Directly Taurus gets mad. He makes a moan. He bellows. He dashes at the men right and left. They scrape sand lively to jump over the red boards of the arena. He clears the ring; and then, as if thoroughly ashamed of the business, and mortified at the tricks of rational beings, he trots round to the door, now closed, where he came in, and bellows and begs to go out! This goes on for some time, with several bulls. Several times Mr. Matador came near taking—a horn. I should not have cared. I was for the bull. Then in marched the five and set up four posts, and within the posts the chief stood. The four men had to guard the chief. That was the little game. The bull knocked the posts about their ears, whereat the crowd roared. Then, in came another bull, very lively and gamey. The matadors worry him with their garments; then with their pointed poles; then the 'man on horseback,' the picador, with a pike appears. His horse trembles. It is a poor, black, half-blinded, Rosinante; and no bloody spurring can bring him within reach of Taurus. At last the judges give the signal to kill the bull. The crowd cry out, 'No! no!' He has fought so well. I begin to like the crowd for that. Then begins more teasing, until, the bull being thoroughly aroused, panting and glaring, with threads of froth hanging from his mouth,

and his neck all bleeding with the pricking of the barbed sticks, they turn in on him half-a-dozen of white and brown bull dogs. Amid roars of fun—it was very funny, oh very! for the bull,—the dogs hang on to his flanks, throat, horns, ears, tongue, and nose. He flings them about in the air and under him. It was such sport! A horn comes off, all bloody, then an ear. The foaming tongue hangs out. The bull is not down yet. The dogs cannot do it. Taurus has won his life. He wants to go out. He again thinks he can go out as he came in. He does not. His reasoning is in vain. Amid shouts, the order is given to kill, and, after five thrusts, the sword at last goes into the lungs, and the Bovine Gladiator, butchered to make a Murcian holiday, falls dead under the repeated stroke of the sword, to which is added, as a coup-de-grace, some dashes of the knife. This is sport! During the last of it the ring is opened, and all the youngsters of Murcia rush into the arena hallooing, and following with their yells the staggering, dying brute. The child thus trained to cruelty, is he not the father of the brutal man?

Mr. Buckle might have laid a little more emphasis on this 'Aspect' of Spanish nature, in his conclusions as to its character. Mr. Cobden has said, that so long as this continues to be the national sport of high and low, so long will Spaniards be indifferent to human life, and have their civil contests marked with displays of cruelty which make men shudder.

Sick, *ad nauseam*, of this rational and national sport, we left. We entered a Catholic Church next door, where the preacher was doing his best to speak of the gentle Saviour. His periods had been pointed and rounded with the shouts of the bull ring. Truly, it was hard thus to preach, and it seemed as if the preacher laboured. His congregation were sitting

on matting on the floor, and in the dim religious light of the church. They were nearly all women, and, as is the custom, were dressed in black. They seemed like people of another world. Certainly they did not belong to the world of Spain, as it outwardly keeps its Sabbath!

Since writing the foregoing, I have seen *a real, bloody bull fight!* I am compelled to interpolate a description of it, for the reason that the fight at Murcia gives no idea of the sport. We were told at Murcia that bull-fighting there was child's play compared to that at Madrid. So it proved. We now have had enough of it. A more brutal, barbarous, horrible thing never was conceived or executed under God's blue sky. But I had to see it, though I could not sit it out; and the ladies, who were with me, retired on the death of the third horse and second bull—retired as colourless as a white handkerchief. There were no horses killed at Murcia, and there were no bull-dogs at Madrid; but at Madrid there were superadded the agonies and death of a score of innocent horses and six brave bulls.

The arena at Madrid is much larger than at Murcia. It is the Roman theatre over again—the Coliseum in resurrection. It was packed with 15,000 people. The Queen's box, over which floated the yellow and red flag of Spain, was empty. Spain does not know it, but she is a republic—provisionally. The empty box showed it. The first bull let into the ring was a splendid one. The Murcian was a miserable mouse beside the Madrid monster. The latter was of the Andalusian kind—brown, big-necked, diabolically belligerent, just such as Irving described as having seen, in his trip to Grenada from Seville, among the Andalusian mountains, when, in 'winding through the narrow valleys, he was startled by a hoarse