

109,000 people, they must be fed—aye, and watered. Wine will not do. Raisins are not made of calcined rock or ashy dust. Given the water, and then the white grape, which the youngster of New York makes into wine beneath his molars, grows into translucent beauty! Given the water, and hence the miracle! It becomes the sweet muscatel which makes Malaga magnificent under her canopies of grey mountain and cerulean heaven! It is this toothsome grape, made without any other sugar than the sunbeam melts into the juicy branches, and again, without any aid but its own chemical qualities, made into the raisins which the children of many lands roll as sweet morsels under their tongues—it is this that gives to Malaga its commerce and its importance. If Malaga had no history, her million boxes of raisins per annum would sweeten her memory in the hearts of childhood! If neither Phœnician nor Goth; if neither Scipio nor Tarik, Roman nor Moor; if neither the first Ferdinand of Spain nor my Bonapartist General of Ajaccio—Sebastiani; if neither the French Loveredo nor the Spanish Espartero, had taken, besieged, conquered, ravaged, or held Malaga, its name would be glorious to the connoisseur of the 'mountain' wines; and its Lagrimas, or ruby tears, which drop from the unpressed grape, would fill the goblet of its fame!

Aside from the vines and wines, Malaga is of interest as a sanitary resort. Bronchitis and laryngitis, accompanied by loss of voice, are here cured completely, according to Dr. Francis's book. The atmosphere is dry and warm. Fires are seldom used even in winter. It is, therefore, the Paradise of clergymen, lawyers, and orators, whose throats have been damaged by overmuch speaking. The thermometer is rarely below 60 degrees. The sun is very warm during the

daytime in summer, but the mountains of snow are near. The winds lose their harshness before they reach Malaga. The latitude is a little above 36 degrees. It is warmer than Algiers, because protected by mountains from the north, which Algiers is not. People live to a good old age here and hereabouts. There is a proverb that in this part of Andalusia 'old men of eighty are chickens!' The climate is drier than Rome or Naples, but not so dry as Nice and Mentone. Still it is free from the harsh mistral of the Riviera. It is warmer in the winter than Madeira by 2 degrees, than Rome or Pisa by 6 degrees, than Nice by 7 degrees, than Cadiz or Valencia by 3 degrees, than Pau by 10 degrees, than Lisbon by 5 degrees; and is colder in winter than Malta by 1 degree, than Cairo by 6 degrees; and, like Corsica, it enjoys much equability of temperature. Its nights are most deliciously cool. Indigo, cotton, and sugar grow here, and nowhere else in Europe. We see that the wheat fields have already been cut, and May is not over! Hence I may affirm that 'Winter Sunbeams,' for which I have made such diligent search, may here be found in golden profusion. There is only one drawback—the river-bed is a daily and nightly nuisance. I cannot explain further. The starry jasmine and orange flowers, with which I have decorated the head of this chapter, are not intended to apply to this part of the description. The people of Malaga ought to be ashamed of themselves. They make the empty bed of the river a filthy sty—I beg pardon—pigs would hardly do worse. The people wait for a winter freshet to wash out the river-bed into the tideless sea; and your readers can infer the results! If I were to winter here, I should seek a home upon the hills or under the mountains, in sight of the sweet blue sea, and afar from the ill-flavoured port!

It was not without interest, however, apart from the

health, wine, and grape questions, that I regarded Malaga. Its fertile vega, nine miles wide and twice as long, was very beautiful to the eye, as its dry, bright air was very grateful to the lungs. Its cypresses and lemons, its few palms and much dust, its empty river-bed, by no means as fragrant as its alameda; its cathedral, once a Moorish mosque, then a Gothic church, and now of mixed Corinthian, lifting its earthquake-shaken towers into the clear air 350 feet—all these are for the tourist to note; but it was not these, or any of these, that stopped our diligence on the outskirts of the city.

We had rumours of insurrection all the day of our sojourn at Malaga. The Cortes had just voted down, by over 100 majority, the proposition for a republic! Castelar, the eminent Republican orator, whose words of fire had burned into the hearts of the Malagueros, had just made his last splendid protest against kings and their craft. Malaga rang with praises of a republic. Malaga remembered her martyrs of last fall. Far out upon the vine-hills, we heard that Malaga would rise and pronounce—nay, had risen and pronounced—for the republic. Hence the stop at the gate of the city; hence the eager query of the diligence passengers: 'Is there trouble in the city?' 'No.' 'Is any expected?' '*No se sabe,*' with a shrug. 'What do you think, Señor?' '*Sabe Dios, quien sabe?*' God knows—who can tell?

We all take our places in the diligence and ramble into the city. Soldiers are plentiful as blackberries. Being a stranger, and having two ladies to convoy, and remembering how last fall a party of Americans were fired on by the government dastards here, I conclude, after taking advice and after sending out some scouts, that it was best to leave on the next day. My scouts reported that the city was as omi-

nously still as death; that it was generally lively, but not now; that the music, so often heard in Southern Spain, and which bears the name of Malagano,—that gipsy, Moorish, oriental air, that most lamentable of laments,—was heard no more and nowhere; that the Alameda, generally crowded during the moonlit May evenings with bewitching Malaganenas, was now deserted, save here and there a suspicious group of citizens, watched covertly by detectives and dogged by Dogberry,—by watchmen with lantern hid and pike concealed! Another report came that, by the morning train, flocks of people had left the city, citizens and strangers; in fact, that the hotel, as we had occasion to notice, was empty, and that the cry was still ‘they go;’ further, that the republican committee had abdicated all responsibility if troubles came, and that proclamations inflammatory and pacificatory were on all the walls, and read by quiet groups; that General Thomas, an Englishman, or of English descent, was in command, and was a determined man, and had said that he would shoot and kill, on the first outbreak, in the most miscellaneous way; and that there was an unusually deep feeling as a consequence of these provoking threats and preparations. The soldiers were kept ready, not alone in the city, but in the castle, for the first popular demonstration. My courier had been finding out where the American flag floated, and where our eagle perched, so that we might, in case of danger, retreat under their ample fold and wing.

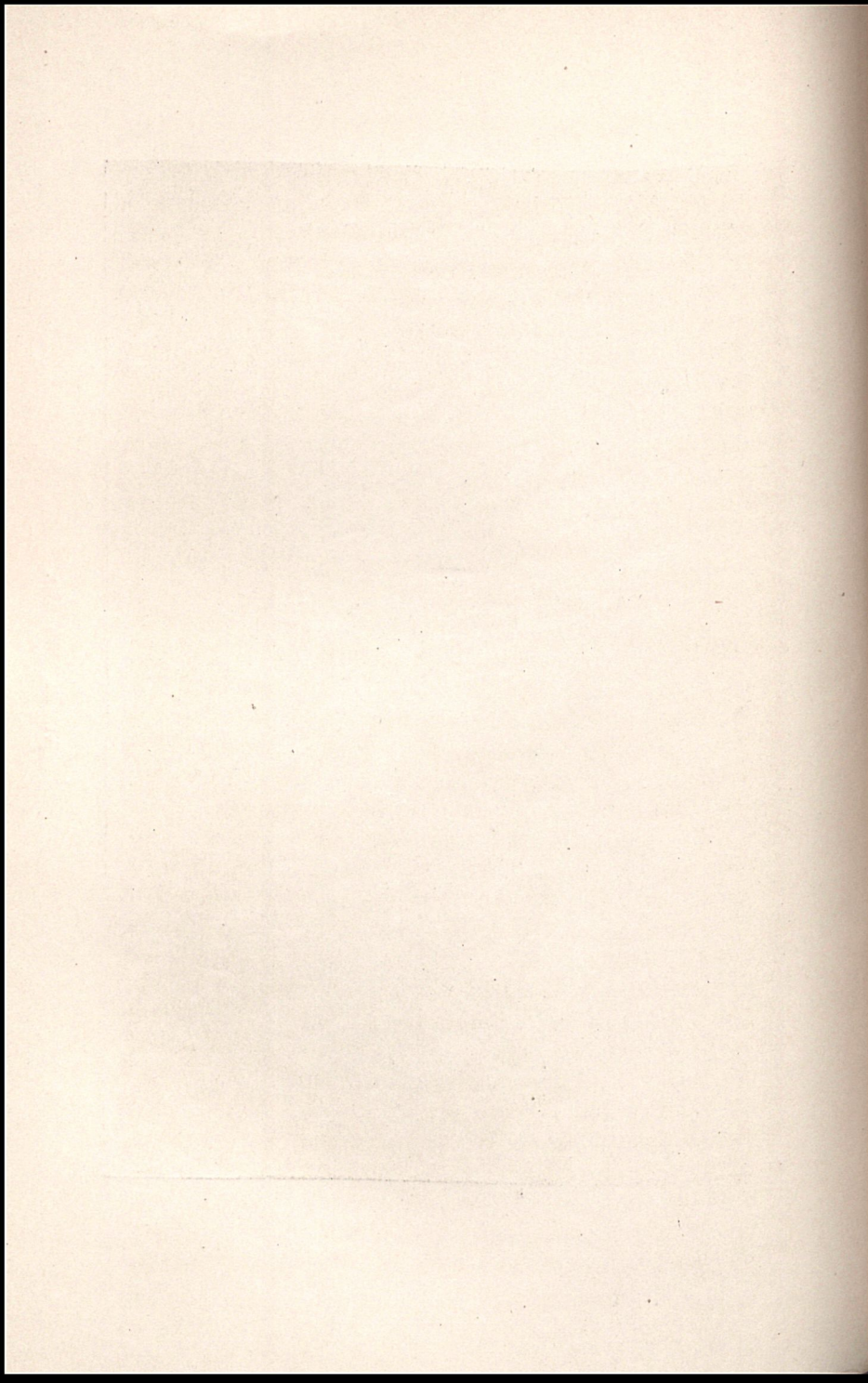
We prepared to go to bed under the excitement. As our rooms looked out on the Alameda, there was little sleep done by us or any one. Far down the avenues could be seen stealthy groups. Now and then is discerned the flash of a match, to light a cigarette; but no more. The moon came out, and so did the

cavalry. Two battalions clattered and thundered over the city. Their iron hoofs made the fire fly from the pavements, and their swords gleamed and glistened in the moonlight. Then came the steady tramp, tramp of the soldiers, and then at every moment, from every part, the whistle of the watchman. Not a sound was made, save from the horses' hoofs, muffled tramps, and whistling signals. This went on all night; but 'not a gun was heard, not a funeral note.'

Next morning everybody seemed careworn and sleepy. A mist obscured the mountains above. That old Moorish castle, near the hill of the Pharos, is called the Alcazaba. Its Puerta de la Cava is renowned, if not in history, in legend, as the scene of the suicide of Count Julian's daughter, whose woes brought on the Moorish invasion, and whose Iliad has been sung in prose by Irving. This castle is hid under a veil, even as Irving dropped over its rigid outlines the drapery of his genius. As we drive to the depot, we perceive hundreds of soldiers about the train. There comes at last a sense of relief, when our party is fairly in the cars and we rattle away from the insurrectionary town. The mist lifts a little. We see a streak of sunlight on a bleak, bright mountain ahead of us. We pass by gardens of immense fig-trees. The mountains begin to shine white. We are in the vine-hills again. The vines are very, very plentiful. The grain-crops are in. Cactus, oleander, orange, and pomegranate—all these appear; but the grape is still king in this republican province. Bacchus is here a democrat! He dominates by numbers. We pass establishments where the raisins are prepared for the market. As three-fourths of this trade is with the United States, it is of interest to know that the muscatel and *uva larga* are most used. The grape-stalk is cut partly through, and



ALOEES. MALAGA.



then the grape dries under the sweetest of sun-glow. These make the best raisins. The common sort are called *Lexias*, and are perfected by being dipped in a lye made of burnt vine-tendrils. The green grapes, whose seeds shine through the clear skin, as if in emerald amber, are sent to England and America in jars. I do not mean that other fruits are not of Malaga. The finest oranges and almonds here abound, and as we dash off from the vicinity of this fruit-abounding place, we have a chance to observe why they so abound. It is the same story I told you of Alicante, Valencia, and Murcia. It is the same story which made Milianah another Damascus, and Grenada peerless,—with the rarest elegance of cultivation—it is irrigation. 'Water is the WAHAN of Creation,' saith the Buddhist.

I said much about this element of Spanish wealth, but did not give you the facts and foundation of the system. Having now seen under my own eyes the principal irrigation works of Spain, I feel more competent to write about it. In Valencia, from the rivers Turia and Jucar, there are 56,810 acres under irrigation; in Murcia, from the Segura, 25,915; at Orihuela, from the Segura, 50,318; at Elche (place of plummy palms), 40,010; Alicante, 9139; at Granada, from the Darro and Genil, 46,930 acres. These works, whose results at least I have witnessed, comprise nearly one-half of the irrigation area of Spain. The total quantity of irrigated land is 374,269 acres. The best works are those of Valencia, Murcia, and Granada. They are the oldest, being made by the Moors about the year 800. On the Spanish conquest and division of land, the rules of the Saracens about water were re-established. Some of these works are made of masonry, in which rain is collected, as at Alicante. The principal rivers of Spain, like the Tagus and Guadalquivir, run

to the sea with but little utility as motive or creative power. But almost anything, and in any quantity, of vegetable beauty and utility can be raised in Spain with this water power. Peppers and peaches, apricots and apples, olives and oranges, sugar and citron, cotton and corn, potatoes and pears; and never less than two crops a year, and sometimes four! Of course, irrigation enhances the value of the land. In Castellon good irrigated ground is \$700 per acre, dry ground only \$50. In Murcia \$3000 per acre is given for the good ground there irrigated. In Valencia it averages from \$1000 to \$2000 per acre. Irrigation adds 1200 per cent. to the valuation of the land. The water is an article of lease, trade, sale, auction, for it is as indispensable as the land. It is the same as on the Riviera. Around Cannes, Nice, and Mentone the water is sold by the cubic foot, or per second! The owner of a rivulet is rich. There is no poetry in calling the mountain streams *silvery*. It is fact. On some of the government works, they let out the water per cubic foot per annum, as boards of public works in America do for milling purposes. The same is done at the foot of the Alps in Italy.

Of course, there must be many difficulties in the division of the water among claimants. Water is mobile. It is a leveller, and gets through all the smallest crevices to its position. It is a very litigious element—jealous of its ancient and natural rights. The Moors used to have courts for water cases. These met and yet meet in some portions of Spain—to hear and decide complaints in the olden way and in the open air. Pedro has done, for example, as many an English or American miller, according to the law-books, has done—practised hydraulics on the sly—*i.e.* dammed up a few inches, or undammed a few, for a little decrease of his neighbour's water

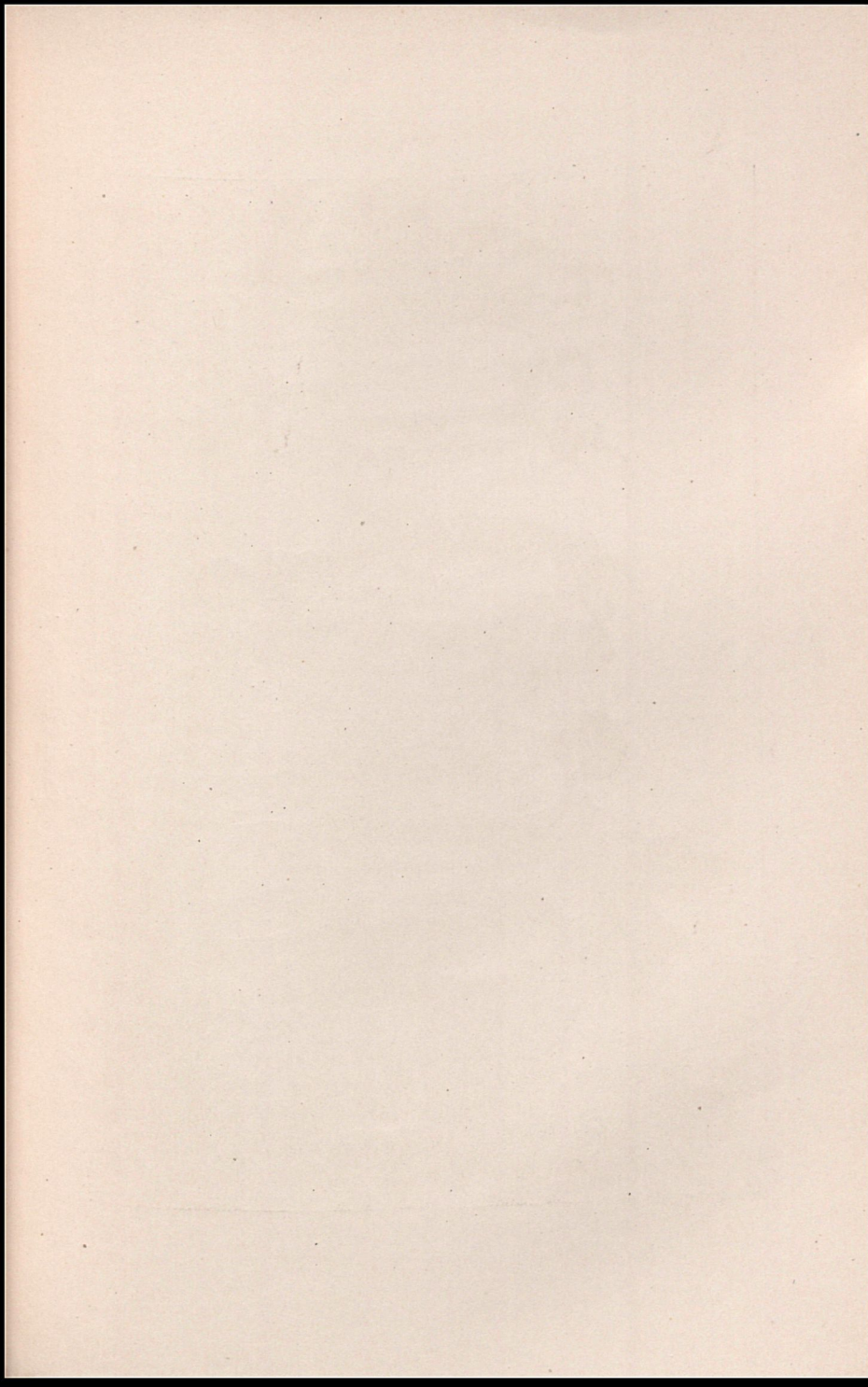
power and a little increase of his own. Good! But Pedro's neighbour grows wroth. He goes to the court, and there the dusty titles from the dusky Moorish days are examined, and the case decided, when the damming and undamming are supposed to be suspended; supposed I say.

The country we pass through from Malaga to Cordova, first in a westerly and then in a northerly direction, is well worth crossing the Atlantic to see. It is interesting, not alone for its illustration of the power of water and vegetation, but for the railroad views in the very midst, or heart, or innermost core of the immense Sierras which the road penetrates. The mountains ever hover on the horizon's edge as we travel west, much as we saw them at Alicante, parched, white, and rugged; but the valleys smile with fields and fruitage, and the streams which made them smile, are fringed with the same vegetation that we saw in Algiers. Indeed, the flora here is all African. The people have the Moorish tastes, but they have besides a dash of chivalric romance. The red kirtles of the women are picturesque. Here and there we see quite a tableau. Yonder, under a tamarisk, upon the bank of a stream, dignified with aloes, and red with oleanders (for they are in full blaze here and now), is a group of peasants. They are tending their cattle and sheep. A small boy is tinkling his guitar, while the bells of the animals in response make the scene alluring enough to be Arcadian. We observe some Indian corn, which makes an American feel at home; then, at Alora and other places,—country seats for Malaga merchants,—we perceive palms, and oranges, and pomegranates, and apricots, and cypresses, and Swiss cottages. These are all made by irrigation; cottages and all! How deftly the water is turned in and on. The peasants have here short, white trowsers (legs half bare), which

are very loose and split up. These pantaloons have furnished the Spanish student with a symbol of his—purse. Here we see a shepherd with a white crook. He looks patriarchal. He is watching his sheep, and his donkey is watching him! Now *that* is Arcadian! As we think of it, he swings his pastoral emblem in a jolly way at the engineer of the locomotive. A donkey in Arcadia is tolerable; but a locomotive is not to be endured. It disenchants us of Sylvanus and Faunus. It gives a new 'colour' to Pan's pipe.

As we approach the mountains, we wonder how we are to get through, the red rocks look so formidable! Soon we are in a gorge, then a tunnel, and then dash we go into the cool air and thick blackness, under a mountain several thousand feet high! Then out of the tunnel, and lo! we stretch our necks out and look up! There is seen only a little patch of blue, which breaks down from the heavens, struggling through craggy peaks and ragged rocks! The mountains here are honey-combed and water-worn, as in Corsica. They are iron-painted. Some have the form of palisades; some have every phantasy of shape. It seems as if the engineer who laid out this route had begun at the nadir and had worked up toward the zenith, and that we were dropped somehow into the midst of wonderful defiles and necromantic halls, surrounded by spires and walls of illimitable height and grotesque formation.

It was worth risking an insurrection, to see these marvellous mountains, and how the art and science of man have overcome, or rather *under*-come them! But for this tunnelling, no being—not even the goat or chamois—could ever have got into, or got out of these profound depths in the innermost penetralia of these natural temples! Science has lifted the rocky veil; the adytum has been pierced!





CABALLEROS AT JAEN.

As we proceed, we also ascend. The vegetation changes. From gardens to rocks; from the palm, whose fruit are luxuries, to the scrubby palm of Africa, and the prickly broom, whose yellow flower so often appeared in Algiers, until at last we reach Teba. There the French Empress has a splendid estate. It is not in view; no matter. The road rises still. We are on terraces, and above us are mountains, themselves terraces. Then long reaches of level plain appear between the mountains. And as we go up and on, all at once we feel that we have passed the grand sierra which hugs the Mediterranean coast from Gibraltar to Almeria, that we are out on the open plain of Andalusia, whose plateau is swept by the breezes from the Atlantic without hindrance of mountain; that we are on a wide, high prairie, whose northern bound is the Sierra Morena, defending it from the blast; near whose feet is the Athens of the dark ages, Cordova; down whose gentle western slope the Guadalquiver (pronounced *Waddle-kiv-er*), red with the fresh mountain mould, runs to commercial, historic Cadiz, and past thy stately towers, O glorious, courtly Seville! Here, then, we have Andalusia—the Tarshish of the Jew and the Paradise of the Moor! Here, again, came the Augustan era of literature to the turbaned people, and a golden age of chivalry, inspired by a perpetual religious warfare! Here is the land of the bandit, contrabandist, the dancer, the bull-fighter, and the muleteer. Here is the land of song and story about love and war. Here were the great captains; nay, as I live, here and now, from this depot of Montillo, I see the town where the ‘Great Captain’ Cordova himself was born. Mantillo, whose wines are like liquid amber, with no admixture of Celtic esculent—sipped by connoisseurs the world around—here, indeed, is its romantic tower and castle, protecting its town of 15,000, whose fame is preserved

more by the fragrance of its liquid amber than by the glory of its great soldier.

I know that half of Andalusia is in a state of nature; its soil so fertile and its sun so warm; its waters so skilfully trained to work, and its coasts so grand in harbour and beauty. Yet half the land is given over to the palmetto, the oleander, the lentisk, and licorice. Its aromatic shrubbery may well grow where the rude old Egyptian plough does its imperfect labour. The Moorish pump, with its wheel of jars, turned by donkey or mule, does the work in a day which an American pump would do in an hour! But no! Twang your guitar, happy Andalusian! On with the festive dance, Majo of Cordova! Snap your castanet, dark-eyed daughter of Seville! Let Love's rebeck resound! Let Fandango hold high festival! What have hydraulic olive-presses, centrifugal pumps, and threshing-machines to do with thee? You repeat to-day, in habit and custom, what your Moorish predecessors repeated in words more than deeds: 'Ojala!' 'GOD WORKS FOR US!' Let us be resigned!

How we reached Cordova; what we saw at Seville; and what between these ancient homes of Oriental power and Spanish grandeur, and these present abodes of luxury and beauty, may be reserved for another chapter. We certainly have ceased to wonder at Irving's remark that Andalusia is a garden, while Mancha is a desert. Its undulating hills, grain-covered, remind us of Ohio; its treeless plains remind us of Illinois; its flora of Algiers; its fountains of the Riviera; but its distant castellated mountains, its romantic, towered towns, its alhambras and alcazars, its vine-covered acclivities and palm-decked villas, its donkeys, its fruits, its marbles, its costumes, its songs, its dances, and its Orientalism, are all its own!

Having found a place of repose, with all the 'Sunbeams' required for tonic and illumination, I should like to be free to take a glance all around! I have traversed the Provinces of Madrid, Mancha, Jaen, Cordova, Grenada, Malaga, and Seville; besides sojourning in other cities on the way. I have already written about Murcia, Alicante, and Valencia. While allowing much for the historical interest and present attractions of Northern Spain which I have not seen, especially at Burgos, the capital of Castile; Barcelona, the capital of Catalonia; and Saragossa, the capital of Arragon—I think that I have already seen the best of Spain. I can form a fair idea of its soil, climate, productions, people, and geography. We have been in no hurry through Spain. Notwithstanding that the political entanglement still continues, and that the chair of state is hovering, like the coffin of Mahomet, between heaven and earth—between republicanism and royalty—that is, it is about to take the form of a Serrano-Prim-Regency—we have experienced no difficulties.

One reason why I have lingered in Spain, into the summer, is that it is the pleasantest country to be in; I mean for climate and temperature. We have not as yet had a hot, or even a warm day. Even at Malaga, which is on the level of the sea, there was a gratefully cool breeze at evening, which made the climate more agreeable than some other experiences. Spain, along its Mediterranean coast-line, from Barcelona to Cadiz, is tonical and delightful in its climate. Murcia and Malaga are unparalleled for dry, exhilarating air. Spain, in the interior, is a lofty plateau. It averages over two thousand feet above the sea. It is treeless and in summer burnt. In winter it is cold and dreary, but as we have found, in spring, and so far, one day into summer, it is cool and bracing. Spain is the land in which to be re-oxygenated. Everywhere the water is

good; better for the tourist—as a matter of health—than the wines. The peptic effects of the climate I have already referred to. The natives dip their bread in oil; or, making holes in the loaf, fill and soak it with oil. Then they swallow with a relish, and I hope, digest it. Spain is free from malaria, except in the rice lands about Valencia. In ‘Winter Sunbeams,’ of which I have been in search, and whose glow stimulates, southern Spain is rich. I do not mean to dispraise Italy or disparage France. The sierras of Spain do the work of protection from the Northern ‘eager, nipping airs,’ which the Alps and Apennines do for the Riviera. The peninsular configuration of Spain, with its mountains running east and west, shelters the shores.

There are some most select and delightful influences in Spain—I call them intellectual and moral tonics. I wish I could enumerate them all, so as to impress the reader as I have been impressed, and so as to dispossess him of many prejudices which I once had. There is the skyey influence, which has balm in its air and its light. There are the associations of the sea-coast and the country. There is the grand architecture and historic renown of the Spanish cities—the fossils and remains of antique civilisations—Phœnician, Roman, Gothic, and Moorish. There are the masterpieces of art—superior art—art of the time of Charles V. and of Leo X.; the genius of Murillo and Velasquez—illustrated in the Museum and the Cathedral. There are to be found here the grandest Gothic minsters, enshrining the most exquisite relics of religion as well as those of the painter and sculptor—minsters where God is worshipped with a state so solemn and a fear so awful that His presence cannot but hallow the shrines. Then, again, here are the influences of the authors—Cervantes at the head of