

Spanish fleet at Cadiz, when there was one; it was soon afterwards struck by lightning, which completed its inutility.

The view is magnificent; it is indeed the sentinel watch-tower of the Mediterranean, the battle-sea of Europe, to visit whose shores must ever, as Dr. Johnson says, be the first object of travel. Descending amid zigzag, admirably engineered roads, chiefly the work of Gen. Boyd, the views are delicious, while the browsing wild goats form foregrounds fit for Claude Lorraine. The sandy strip, or neutral ground, has a cricket-ground and a race-course, *cosas de Inglaterra*: passing the Devil's Tower, an ancient barbarian, is an approach to Catalan Bay.

Inland excursions may be made to San Roque, 6 m.; to Carteia, 5 m.; to Ximena, lodge with Don Juan de Leon, 24 m., with its Moorish castles and caves. The pedigree of these caves is undeniable: when Crassus took refuge in them they belonged to one *Pacicus*, and when visited by Mr. Conduit still belonged to one *Pacheco*. This name is itself Phœnician, *Pithuac* the *παταριος* of the Greeks. See this point enlarged on by us in 'Quarterly Review,' No. cxxiii. p. 100. Or you may excuse to Tarifa, 24 m.; to Algeiras, 10 m. (see Index).

There is good rough shooting in the neighbourhood of Gibraltar, especially the woodcocks in the "Cork Wood," and partridges and wild fowl in the vicinity of *Estepona*. Excursions on horseback, or with the gun, may be made to the convent of Almoraima, 14 m., and 4 m. on to the nobly-situated castle of *Castellar*, the property of the Ms. de Moscoso, who owns large estates in these districts. Sebastian *el Escribano* is the best guide there, but the "Gib." hacks know the way blindfold. For fox-hounds, the "Calpe Hunt" have been kept ever since 1817, when started by Adm. Fleming. Foxes are rather too plentiful, as Don Celestino Cobos, the owner of the first *Venta* cover, is a great preserver: and since the hunt gave him a silver cup, a vulpicide is unheard of. The best "meets" are "first and second Ven-

tas," Pine Wood, Malaga Road, and Duke of Kent's farm. Horse-keep is reasonable, about two dollars per week for each horse; the price of a nag varies from 20 to 150 dollars.

None should omit to cross the Straits, and just set foot on Africa, and remember to eat *Kouscosou*; the contrast is scarcely less striking than passing from Dover to Calais. The excursion into Barbary is both easy and interesting. The partridge shooting and wild-boar hunting, near Tetuan are good; a small steamer, set up, it would seem, to facilitate smuggling, runs from Algeiras to neighbouring ports. There is also a constant communication by *Misticos* and other craft between Barbary and the "Rock," which is supplied with beef by contract with the Emperor of Morocco; and steamers, English and French, ply irregularly every week to Tangiers: the former the best. Cross, therefore, over to Tangiers, which once belonged to England, having formed part of the portion of the Portuguese wife of Charles II. Put up with *La Escocesa*, or Miss Duncan, a Scottish ladies' house, which is clean and comfortable; excellent accommodation, with moderate charges, is to be also had at Mrs. Ashton's. Mr. Hay, the English consul and author of the amusing account of the Moors, understands the country and natives better than most men. Visit the Alcazar, the Roman bridge outside the town, and the Swedish and Danish consuls' gardens; visit also some Berber village or Douar, and the lake near Cape Spartal. Previously to returning from Tangiers to Gibraltar, be sure that the boat is likely to arrive before gun-fire.

Obtain by application to the English consul a soldier as an escort, and ride in 12 h. to picturesque Tetuan; lodge in the Jewish quarter with Solomon Nathan. The daughters of Israel, both at Tetuan and Tangiers, are unequalled in beauty: observe the eyes, feet, and costume of these true Rebeccas. The Jews speak a corrupt Spanish. Visit the Kaid in the Alcazar, taking a present, for *Bachshish* is here everything: visit also the bazaar and the Sultan's

garden. Tetuan was founded in 1492 by the refugees from Granada; many of the families yet exist, who retain the title-deeds of their former estates, and the keys of their doors ready for re-occupation. Tetuan and its population may be taken as a type of what the Spanish Moor and his cities were. There is no danger or difficulty in this interesting African trip. The Spaniards despise the Moors, and being utterly ignorant of their real condition fancy Tetuan to be a wilderness of monkeys; hence the proverb, *Se fue á Tetuan para pillar monos, or para coyer monos*. The old leaven of mutual hatred and ignorance remains, and there is no love lost on either side.

Another day's sail may be made from Algeciras to *Ceuta*; this opposed rock to Gibraltar is the Botany Bay of Spaniards. The name is a corruption of "septem," the seven hillocks on which it is built; it is very strongly fortified, especially on the land side, and is well garrisoned for Spain, with 5000 men. *Ceuta* should belong, as it once did, to the owners of Gibraltar, and then the command of the Straits would be complete, except in fogs; and we deserve to have *Ceuta*, for during the war such were the neglect and incapacity of the Spanish juntas, such their unworthy suspicions of England, and refusal to admit our troops, that the French, or possibly even the Moors themselves, would have taken it had not Sir Colin Campbell sent over 500 men under Fraser on his own responsibility; and even these were long kept out in the boats, permission to land being refused by the Spaniards, but Fraser insisted, saying, "*Ceuta must be preserved.*" No sooner were the Cadiz Cortes saved by the victory of Salamanca, than they contemplated passing a law to prevent any foreign soldier (meaning British!) from ever being admitted into a Spanish garrison, and this when their chief garrisons not taken by the French were precisely those which, in their hour of need, they had entreated England to defend. At the peace in 1814, Ferdinand VII. made a formal and ungracious demand

that its and his deliverers should evacuate the place.

The town of *Ceuta* is clean, and paved in a mosaic pattern. *Posada, la de Rosalia*. The (formerly) English barracks is now a wretched *presidio* or place for convicts, who are not at all well kept or treated; in fact their death economises rations and makes them quite sure. All the Spaniards, however, are confined to their rock, and kept in *presidio* by the Moors, who shoot at them the moment they stir beyond their defences, and the chief supplies of this dull town of banishment come from Algeciras. From *Ceuta* the Moors embarked on their invasion of Spain; the secret mover of this expedition was the person called Count Julian, who is said thus to have revenged his daughter's injured honour by dethroning Don Roderick, her seducer. It is not clear who or what he was; his real name was Olianus, whence Elyano Ilyan: he was probably a rich Berber merchant, and one of great influence over those fierce highlanders of the lower Atlas (consult the curious and learned note, 'Moh. D.' i. 537; and see *La Cava*, post, p. 285).

Those who have not been to Ronda, should ride by Gaucin, Ronda, and Casarabonela to Malaga. To those who have the choice, two routes are open, either by land, or by sea by the steamer, which is the most rapid, and the sea-coast is magnificent all the way down to Almeria; if they go by land, nota bene to fill the provision hamper before starting with a farewell joint of the roast beef of old England.

#### ROUTE 24.—GIBRALTAR TO MALAGA.

Va. del Guadairo . . . . .	4	
Estepona . . . . . (long)	3	.. 7
Marbella . . . . .	5	.. 10
Ojen . . . . .	1	.. 11
Monda . . . . .	2	.. 13
Malaga . . . . .	5	.. 18

Or,

Marbella . . . . .	10	
Fuengirola . . . . . (long)	4	.. 14
Benalmedina . . . . .	2	.. 16
Malaga . . . . .	3	.. 19

This may be ridden in two days' hardish work. The distance from *Gib-*



raltar to *Estepona* is good 7 L., and takes 8 h. riding, and from *Estepona* to *Fuengirola* 10 L.

*Gibraltar*, as Strabo observed, lies about half way between Cadiz and Malaga. The coast bridle road is as sandy as the trochas of the Serrania are stony; the line is studded with *atalayas*. Passing through the "Lines" along the sands, cross the dangerous valley of the *Guadairo*, Fluvius *Barbesulæ*; in fact, from the number of bridgeless torrents pouring down from the hills, this route becomes impracticable in rainy weather. *Estepona*, *Cilniana*, was built in 1456 from a ruined Moorish town: it supplies "the Rock" with fruit and vegetables. Pop. 8000. *Posada* kept by Christobal Navarro. A few arches remain of the ancient aqueduct of *Salduba*, at *Las Bovedas*. On the hills to the l. is Manilba, the *Hedionda*, or fetid Harrowgate waters, of the coast. The hygean spring offends the nose and palate, but benefits the stomach; the smell and taste, according to local legends, are attributed to the farewell sigh of a water-devil, who, on being expelled by Santiago, evaporated, like a dying attorney, with a sulphurous twang.

Next is crossed "*el Rio Verde*." This wild oleander-fringed mountain torrent is translated by Bishop Percy as a "*gentle river with willowed shore*:" assuredly the prelate never crossed it, as we have done, when swollen by a heavy rain; but, as he said, "*green would not sound well*:" what would he have done with the *Red Sea*? But *green* being the colour of the prophet, is esteemed in tawny Spain, where it is scarce, and *ojos verdes*, despite of "green-eyed jealousy," is a delicate compliment to those of a lady. Green in the symbol of colours signifies *hope*;—and what is life in Spain or out, without it? This river is one of sad recollections in the ballads of Spain. On the hills above, Alonso de Aguilar, with the flower of Andalusian chivalry, was waylaid and put to death by El Feri, of Benastapar. The unburied bones, still bleaching, were found in 1570 by his great-grandson; and such, for many years, will be the bone-strewed pass of Cabool; for

the Spaniards, like the Orientals, generally leave the disposal of the bodies of the slain in battle to the vulture, the *rechamah* of Scripture, and the national undertaker. The Iberians believed that the souls of those whose bodies were thus exposed were transported at once to heaven (Sil. Ital. iii. 342; xiii. 471). The ancients held this bird to be sacred because it never preyed on the living, and was an excellent undertaker and scavenger. Spain is the land of the vulture: the flocks hover over their prey, and soar sulkily away when disturbed, parting the light air with heavy wing. During the late wars the number of these feathered *guerrilleros* multiplied fearfully, like those of the *latro implumis* kind. Battle, murder, and sudden death provided sustenance to the carrion-feeders, whose numbers increased with supply of subsistence. The indecency of the Spaniard towards a dead body is very remarkable; a live man is of small value, a dead one of rather less. The *Sangrados* have small use for anatomical subjects, since it saves them trouble to practise on their patients before the *coup de grace* is given.

Diego de Mendoza (Guerras de Granada, iv.) describes the discovery of these bleaching bones, and the rage and grief of the army. He borrows, without either acknowledging the obligation, or improving on his original, from Tacitus, 'An.' i. 61, whose splendid account of the finding the remains of the legions of Varus is well known. Mendoza is now called the Spanish Tacitus, just as Toreno might be termed their Southey, as far as *loaning* other men's ideas go.

*Marbella*, a pretty town with a pretty name, rises in a sweet climate amidst groves and gardens, backed by the Sierra Blanca, for here verdant hills are called *white*, as azure streams are *green*. Isabella is said to have exclaimed, "*Que Mar tan bella!*" *Marbella* is frail and fair, and, like Potiphar's wife, is said to steal raiment:—

"*Marbella es bella, no entres en ella;  
Quien entra con capa, sale sin ella.*"

The posadas *San Christobal* and *La Co-*

rona are decent. Consult '*Conjeturas de Marbella*,' Pedro Vasquez de Clavel, 4to., Cordova. It was taken from the Moors in 1485. Pop. 5000.

Near the Rio Verde are the iron-works, *La Concepcion*, established by the late Manuel de Heredia, who introduced the English system, and operatives. The ore is rich, but want of fuel neutralises this bounty of nature.

The road now branches; that by the coast passes the castle of

*Fuengirola*—Suel—*Posado del Salvador*; this place stands boldly on a crag jutting over an orange-garden. Here Lord Blayney immortalized himself. Sent in Oct. 1810, by Gen. Campbell, from Gibraltar, to surprise this castle and act upon Malaga, "he made," says Napier, "his dispositions with the utmost contempt of military rules," lost 2 days in cannonading the castle with 12-pounders, and thus afforded Sebastiani time to come up with a superior force. To crown the blunders, Blayney, according to his own book, "took these French for Spaniards;" and they took him prisoner. The real Spaniards, having left the English to bear the burden of the fight, now re-embarked under the protection of the Rodney's broadsides. Lord Blayney ate his way through Spain and France, and then published a narrative of a forced (meat?) journey, 2 v., London, 1814, to the infinite joy of reviewers, who compared it to Drunken Barnaby's travels. The castle is what the Spaniards term a *Casa de ratones*; and in this rat-trap, in 1834, the poor rebel dupe Torrijos and his companions were caught by the sanguinary scoundrel Moreno, who shot them all like dogs at Malaga.

On leaving *Marbella*, avoid these scenes of dishonour, and turn into the mountains to the l. by *Coin*; 3 L. of ascent amid vines lead to *Ojen*, a romantic village in a bosom of beauty. Passing on, lie the hamlet and castle of *Monda*, near which was fought the Waterloo of antiquity. The exact site is unknown; so much for glory! Some contend that Pompey's camp was near the rt. bank of the *Seco*,

while others maintain that the real venue is to be laid at *Montilla* near Cordova. Be that as it may the present village was built by the Moors from the remains of the ancient city, which is still called *Monda la Vieja*. Munda was of Iberian origin. Mon, Monoa—unde Mons—is a prefix of height. It lay to the W., and was, according to Strabo, the metropolis of the district. Consult '*Examen de las Medallas atribuidas á la Ciudad de Munda*,' G. L. Bustamente, fol. Mad. 1799.

Here, in a conflict between Scipio and Magon, the former was wounded (Livy, xxiv. 42). Here, or wherever it was, Cæsar, March 17, 47 A.C., defeated the sons of Pompey: this, the "last of battles," left the conqueror without a rival, and gave the world to one master (Florus, iv. 2, 82; Lucan, 'Phar.' i. 40). Cæsar arrived from Rome in 24 days (Suet. in Vit. 56). The first news of his coming was conveyed both to his own troops and to the enemy by his actual arrival (Hirt. 'B.H.' 29). Hirtius, a friend of Cæsar's, describes the plain, and the bright sun, which shone out as if the gods had made it a day for triumph, like *Le Soleil d'Austerlitz*. He makes the best of the event, and enumerates the number of the slain, the prisoners, and the captured standards, but Florus gives those details which the conqueror concealed. The countenance of Cæsar, which used to brighten at the trumpet-sound, was overcast; a silence came over the contending armies, who knew how important was the hazard of the cast. The veterans, flushed with 14 years of victory, wavered, and Cæsar himself for a moment despaired and meditated suicide (Suet. in Vit. 36). He flung himself from his horse, and cast off his helmet that he might be known (App. 'B.C.' ii. 804): the day was won, not by the soldiers, but by the general (Vell. Pat. ii. 55). The conqueror then remarked that previously he had always fought for victory, but then for his very life. 30,000 of the enemy were slain, and a rampart of dead bodies was raised around Munda,



for want of gabions (App. loc. cit.). Cæsar then cut down a forest for palisadoes, leaving a single palm standing, an omen and record of victory (Suet. Aug. 94). For other details of these districts, consult *Esp. Sag.* xii. 291.

A rich fruit district intervenes to *Coin*; *Cartama* lies on a hill to the l.: thence, leaving *Churriana* to the rt., through *Alhaurin el Grande*, of Moorish origin—*al haur*, the valley—distant 4 L. from Malaga; it is much resorted to for the baths, since an establishment on the Graefenburg principle has been set up. There is a decent inn in the *Calle San Sebastian*, and a so-called *Murillo*—a St. Francis—in the parish church. The *Huerta, hoya* or valley, near Malaga, is renowned for fertility, and was studded with hamlets filled with industrious Moriscoes, but the Spaniards, by expelling these admirable agriculturists, have converted an Eden into a desert. Malaga lies beyond, girt with hills, and basking at their base on its sunny bay. Crossing the *Guadalorce*, is a combined aqueduct and viaduct, which was destined to bring water from the *Sierra of Mijas*, and serve also as a road. Begun in 1726 by Geronimo Solis, after plans of Toribio Martinez de la Vega, the funds, raised by a tax on oil and wine, were first jobbed by the directors, and in 1742 the residue was seized by the needy government.

*Malaga: Inns*—At the hotel of the *Alameda*, built on it and kept by Mr. Hodson, charges 2 dollars a day, and at the *Victoria* recently erected near it, and managed by Mr. Frank, English comforts may be enjoyed under an Andalusian climate. Mr. Hodson keeps a shop, “a store,” near his hotel, where British beer, soda water, &c., may be had; he also acts as an agent in sending wines, &c. to England. For summer, the *Oriente*, kept by a Swiss, will be found very cool and reasonable. The *Fonda de la Danza*, *Plaza de los Moros*, kept by Matias Balcon, a worthy civil Gallician, who speaks English, is very good and reasonable; terms 5 pesetas a-day. There is a good *table d’hôte* at 3 and 5 o’clock;

the waiters speak English, French, and Spanish: Balcon also understands all about hiring horses, mules, filling *botas y alforjas*, whether you are bound for Granada, Ronda, or Gibraltar. For horses and mules, Pedro Perez, 7, *Calle de Postas*. Other inns are *Fonda de los Tres Reyes*—*Cuatro Naciones*, good and clean—*Parador de las Diligencias*, dirty. There are also many *Casas de Pupilos*: one at Romagnoli, near the cathedral, can be recommended as a fair quarter.

Invalids, and especially those whose lungs are affected, will find the climate of Malaga superior to anything in Italy or Spain. The characteristics are constant sunshine and dryness of air; in 1850 only seven days of real wet occurred; clear sunshine is the rule. The mean winter temperature from 8 to 10 A.M. ranges from 50. to 51. Patients will, of course, consult Dr. Francis, and read his chapter x. The *Topografica Medica* of Vicente Martinez y Montes, 4to., Malaga, 1852, embraces every detail. Winter, in our acceptation of the thing, here is almost unknown: open to the S. and sea, the sunny city is sheltered from the N. and E. by the mountains. Well may the poets sing—

Malaga la hechicera,  
La del eternal primavera,  
La que baña dulce el mar  
Entre jasmín y azahar.

Nor is Malaga itself the only asylum for the invalid, as in the pleasant village of *Torremolinos*, distant about 2 L., Don Nicolas Parody, who speaks English, has recently fitted up a very fine *hacienda*, with every sort of accommodation for those sent abroad for the sake of health. This villa, and many in the city’s neighbourhood, is full of sun, flower, and fruit. Among the prettiest *casas de recreo* are those of the widow of the Prussian consul, and of the Conde de Villacazar.

The province of *Malaga*—pop. 440,000—and one of the richest in Spain, is indebted to nature for a fertile soil, and to the sea for an outlet; the range of hills abound in metals and marbles, in mineral waters, and streams, while the botany is of every zone. The

stalactical caverns are no less numerous than curious. One glance over the details of Madoz, xi. 39, is enough to show how a Buckland is desolated to explore the untrodden caverns of *Ardalez*, *Benitez*, *Las Tujaras*, *Tío Leal*, *Los Cantales*, &c. Hasten there, ye men of the vasculum and hammer.

In summer it must be remembered that the climate of Malaga is almost tropical. In the botanical garden the *Kermes cochenilla* is reared on the *Cactus opuntia*; the coffee, cocoa, cotton-plants, and the sugar-cane thrive here. As a mercantile residence, the town is agreeable. The better classes are well off, gay, and hospitable; the ladies are pretty, sprightly, and fascinating. Mr. Mark, the English consul, is full of attentions and civilities to his countrymen, as his father was before him. Dr. Shortliff is a resident English physician. A chaplain performs full service at 11 and 4, in a room fitted up at the consulate.

For local history, &c., consult *Malaga, su Fundacion*, Martin de Roa, 4to. Mal. 1622; *Conversaciones Malaguñas*, Cecilio Garcia de la Leña, 4 vols. Mal. 1789; the real author was one Cristobal Medina Conde, a notorious inventor of frauds. The new and not completed *Historia*, &c., by Ildefonso Marzo, bids fair to be the best.

Malaga is the capital of its province, the residence of the superior authorities, *Gefe* or *Gobernador*, and bishop, suffragan to Granada: pop. 80,000, a *casa de espositos*, hospitals, a naval college; a decent theatre, built by Masonesqui; a *casino*, reading-room, excellent baths; a *plaza de toros*, constructed out of a Franciscan convent; a fine quay, pier, and Alameda; a public bank is talked about. The coat of arms are the 2 tutelary martyrs, *San Cyriaco* and *Santa Paula*, with the castles of *Alcazaba* and *Gibralfaro*, and the *Tanto Monta* of Ferdinand for a motto.

*Malaga* is the chief port of Granada; the position is admirable; the *Guadalmedina*, or "river of the city," divides it from the suburbs *Perchel*

(from the *perchas* of the fishermen) and *La Trinidad*. This river never had a name of its own. *Maluchaque flumen urbis cum cognomine* (Fest. Av. de Or. Mar. 431). It is a mere brook in summer, but a devastating torrent in winter. It is the bane and antidote of the city: the deposits block up the harbour, while, like an Alpheus, it cleanses away with its freshes the accumulations of plague-engendering filth to which the inhabitants are strangely indifferent; albeit, with their port, their prosperity must depart. The schemes for improving this torrent-bed by dykes, channels, &c., are infinite. The sea meantime recedes; thus the old Moorish quay is now in the town, and the *Alameda* was covered with water last century.

Phœnician Malaga, like Cadiz, is of immemorial antiquity, and the judgment shown in the selection of site is evidenced by a commercial existence and prosperity of 3000 years. The name is taken either from *Melech*, King's town, or from *Melach*, the salt-fish, the *παριχίαι* of Strabo, those anchovies and *boquerones* for which, then as now, it is celebrated. Thus Sidon has been derived from *seid*, salt-fish. Humboldt, however, considers Malaca to be a pure Iberian name—*Mal*, a hill, with *carra*, the termination of locality (Bergseite). Malaga, like Cadiz, a city of selfish merchants, deserted Tyre for rising Carthage, and then deserted Carthage for rising Rome. Having made terms with Scipio, it became a municipium, and was embellished with an amphitheatre, part of which was laid open in digging the foundations of the *Convento de la Paz*, and reburied, as usual.

Malaga, *Malakah*, was a city so much after the Moor's own heart, that Rasis describes it as a paradise on earth. It was taken by Ferdinand Aug. 18, 1487, after a dreadful siege; and on the anniversary, at 3 o'clock P.M., the great cathedral bell is struck 3 times. The king broke every pledge, and celebrated his triumph with confiscations and *autos de fe*. See Pulgar, Chr. de los Reyes, ch. xciv. et seq.

The manes of the murdered Moors



were avenged by Sebastiani, who entered Feb. 5, 1810. The Malaga junta, after the rout of Ocaña, made no sort of preparation; they did not even remove their stores or artillery; while Col. Abello, who commanded here, set an example to the junta of taking to their heels at the first sight of the French advance. The city was then sacked, and Sebastiani "qui faisait bien ses affaires," exacted 12 million reals. See for details of his bloodshed, lust, and rapine, Toreno xi. and Schepeler ii. 534.

The *Malagueños* again made no resistance to the French in 1823; and the invaders, under Ct. Loveredo, drew out on the Alameda the cartridges which they had loaded at the Bidasoa, and threw them in the faces of the patriots, their *promenade militaire* being concluded; Malaga shared with Lugo, May 20, 1843, in taking the lead in the *Espartero pronunciamento*: to *pronounce* is rather popular here; as, whenever one of these patriotic declarations takes place, authority is at an end, and everybody robs the public till, and smuggles in cigars and cottons for their private good.

Malaga, being, as it was from its very beginning, a purely commercial city, and without arts or letters, is soon seen. Taste is here confined to raisins and sweet wine. A couple of days will more than suffice to the traveller. From the summit of the hills *Santo Ritaz* 3 L., or *Potron* 2 L. The panorama of sea and land is magnificent. The best points of view of the city are from the mole-head, the convent, *La Trinidad*, and the noble Moorish castle, which was built in 1279, at once a palace and a fortress. The lower portion is called the Alcazaba, *Al Kasabah*, Arabicè the heart, the centre. It is connected with the upper keep, the Gibalfaro, the "hill of the Pharos." Observe a fine Moorish horse-shoe gateway, incongruously ornamented with old Roman columns and modern Roman Catholic images. *La Puerta de la Cava* is connected by the vulgar with *La Cava*, Count Julian's daughter, whose violation by Don Roderick introduced the Moors

into Spain, a questionable story at best; at all events *La Cava* is a corruption of Alcaba, the descent; and Cava herself is nothing but Cahba, which in Arabic signifies a lewd woman, a "curse," whence the old Spanish phrase *Cavasa gavasa*; akin to which is *gabacho*, miscreant, the Spanish term for a Frenchman, a word derived as some say from a dress, *gavach*, worn by them. That Don Julian or Elyano assisted the Moorish invasion is certain (see p. 280), but the name of this Helen, his daughter, is never mentioned, except in later ballads and sayings. *Ay! de España perdida por un gusto y por la Cava.*

The Moorish *Atarazana*, or dockyard, is now in the town, from the sea's receding. A beautiful marble horse-shoe arch remains: this has been disfigured by a paltry shed, and narrowly escaped being pulled down in 1833; and there is talk now of the "necessity of new improvement." The Spaniard in authority has small feeling for Moorish art, which he considers a remnant of a barbarian infidel and invader; nay, he resents the admiration of foreigners, because it implies inferiority in himself.

The ch. of *Santiago* was a mosque; the brick tower and some *azulejos* yet remain. The grand mosque was pulled down to make room for the mixed Corinthian cathedral, which was begun in 1538, and only finished in 1719. The original design, by Diego de Siloe, was departed from by each succeeding architect. The façade stands between 2 towers; one *está por acabar*, and the other is drawn out like a telescope, with a pepper-box dome, some 350 ft. high, and commanding a glorious view; ascend it. Opposite the *Santo Tomas* is one of the fine old Gothic doors, with curious *azulejo*. The interior is a failure. A heavy cornice is supported by grouped fluted Corinthian pillars, placed back to back on ill-proportioned pedestals. Observe the red marble pulpit. The altar mayor, designed by Alonso Cano, is light and open. Observe a "*Concepcion*," attributed to Mateo Cerezo, but it is either by Valdes Leal or some second-rate

Sevillano; a "Virgin and Child," Morales, is doubtful: the "Virgin," or "*Madona del Rosario*," by Cano, is good. The *Silleria del Coro* was carved in 1658 by Pedro de Mena, a pupil of Cano. The façade of the Sagrario, although illtreated, is in good early Gothic. The bishop's palace is near the cathedral.

Malaga is exposed to winds from the E. The mole which protects the shipping was built in 1588: walk to the end for the view, especially from the summit of the new lighthouse. The large white custom-house building in the foreground, all roof and window, was destined for the *Lonja*, or exchange. The Alameda is delicious: the houses on it are the best in Malaga; somewhat too sunny by day, the evening gas-lit promenade is most fashionable; and here will be seen *Las Malagueñas*, who are "*muy halagueñas*," very bewitching. The walk is full of flowers and water. The marble fountain, with groups of female figures somewhat too undressed for Spanish propriety, was made at Genoa, and given by that republic to Charles V.

On the beach, in the *Playas de San Andres*, below the Carmen convent, where a spinning-factory now rises, Torrijos and some 50 of his confederates were shot by General Moreno, Dec. 11, 1831, as rebels and traitors; now, in the changes and chances of Spain, they are honoured as martyrs of liberty, and a monument has recently been erected in the plaza *del Riego*, with their names and laurel crowns. They were put to death without even the form of trial; and as this course in Spain was quite a matter of course, the affair created little sensation beyond just the immediate neighbourhood, and would forthwith have been forgotten among other treacheries, bloodsheddings, and *Cosas de España*, had not an Englishman, Mr. Boyd, suffered among them; his case was taken up by the London press, who reasoned remarkably well, barring the slight mistake of confounding Spanish law with English; his was the first body interred in the new Protestant burial-ground. The man of blood,

Moreno, who began his career at the massacres of the French in Valencia, 1808, lured Torrijos into the trap, corresponding with him under the name of *Viriatus*, and pretending also to be discontented; rewarded by being made Captain-General of Granada by Ferdinand VII., he was disgraced by Christina in 1832, when she wished to make for herself a liberal party. He then became a Carlist, and was murdered at Urdax (see Index) by his soldiers, after the traitorous convention of Maroto at Vergara. *Nec lex est justior ulla, quam necis artifices arte perire suâ*. For the details of all this Punic and Iberian treachery and bloodshed, see Boyd Papers, printed by the House of Commons, 4th July, 1834.

Visit the Protestant burial-ground, not because it is a pleasant "bourn from whence no traveller returns," but as being the first site permitted here in our times for the repose of our heretical carcases, which used to be buried in the sea-sands like those of dead dogs, and beyond the low-water mark; nay even this concession offended orthodox Spanish fishermen, who fearing that the soles might become infected, took the bodies up in the night and cast them into the deep to feed sharks withal. This cemetery, which lies outside the town to the E., is the work of Mr. Mark, father of the present consul, who planted and enclosed the ground, and all travellers who contemplate dying in Malaga, and are curious about their Christian burial, must be thankful for this prospect of comfortable lying at last. (See for cemetery details 'Gatherings, p. 252.')

Malaga, besides legitimate traffic, carries on great smuggling with Gibraltar and Marseilles, by which the authorities, especially commissioners of customs and preventive officers, are said to get rich; the steamers facilitate this contraband, and the establishment of cotton manufactories near the beach is very *convenient*, as Manchester goods sometimes pass for genuine Spanish.

Malaga is more renowned for wine



and fruit than literature or fine arts; the chief, if art it can be called, is the making painted *terra-cotta* images of *Mojos*, *Contrabandistas*, and local costume. Those of Leon are excellent; he is dead, but the shop goes on behind the *Café de la Loba*, *Calle Santa Lucia*. Jose Cubero may also be recommended. The clay is very pliable, and does not crack in baking. It is found near the convent *La Victoria*. Excellent *alcarrazas*, porous drinking-cups, are also made of it. This convent deserves a visit; it was so called because it was the site of the royal head-quarters during the siege of Malaga. It is open on Sundays and every morning. Observe the tomb of the Conde de Buena Vista and his wife. To the rt. of the high altar is the banner of Ferdinand, and to the l. the red ensign of the Moor—curious relics, as the former was the one actually hoisted on the *Torre del Homenaje* at the city's surrender.

*Malaga*, since the death of Ferdinand VII., has been much changed and improved, and is now a flourishing seaport, trading with every quarter of the globe. Iron-foundries, soap-fabrics and cotton-mills, are fast rising. The chief impulse to all this was given by the late energetic and enterprising Manuel Agustin de Heredia. The tall smoking chimnies of his new *Constancia* look odd under this azure sky, transported as it were from Lancashire, for their sooty sins. The fear is that the Malagenians, whose true wealth lies in the produce of the sea, and of the earth's surface, may waste their industry in pursuit of shadows. Wine and fruit are their real staples, not cotton bales and pigs of iron, the produce of Manchester and Birmingham. The mania and mistake, just now, is to wish to make for themselves wares, bad and dear, in preference to importing them good and cheap. Nay, even the immemorial hereditary *Salsamenta* are passing away, since these innovations.

The sweet Muscatel wines of Malaga are well known; they are the "*moutains*" of our ancestors, and grow for leagues and leagues on the vine-clad

*heights* which slope down to the sea. The richest are called *Las Lagrimas*, like the *Lacrymæ Christi* of Naples, and are the ruby tears which drop from the grape without pressure. The making the dry wines was first introduced by an Englishman named Murphy; they are much more agreeable and wholesome than the vile San Lucar stuff. A butt is worth about 10*l.* About 40,000 are made, of which 30,000 are sent to America and England, and sold as "genuine pale sherry." The other exports are oil, figs, orange-peel for making *caraoa*, almonds, and raisins; for the latter the Muscatel and *Uva larga* grapes are used, and these Bacchus-beloved hills are so extensive as to form one vineyard down to Adra. The green grape is exported to England in jars, in the exact amphoræ seen at Pompeii; these are the *Ollares* of Martial (vii. 20). The raisins, so common in Palestine (1 Sam. xxv. 18; xxx. 12), were first made here by the Phœnicians, and after a lapse of many thousand years are still the finest of Spain. A million boxes are annually exported; those anxious to see the process may visit the store of Mr. Clements, one of the greatest of the merchants in this line. The raisins are prepared by cutting the stalk partly through, and letting the grape dry in the sun. The finest are the "Muscatels," and the next the "Blooms;" these are cured in the same way, being only varieties of grapes. The commoner sorts are called *Lexius*, from being dipped in a ley made of burnt vine-tendrils. The late grapes, "*quæ de tardis servantur viti-bus uvæ*" (Mart. i. 44), are, as in Martial's time, hung up in festoons in the cottages of the peasants, and thence are called *Colgaderas*. The Spaniards have also preserved the unchanged Roman name for Raisin, *Pasa*. *Uva passa pensilis* (Plaut. 'Pæn.' i. 2. 99). The vineyards in the wine-making districts of Spain are seldom enclosed with any fence; they are left open to the passer-by: when the grapes begin to ripen, in those fields near a roadside temporary sheds and awnings are run up, or huts built with reeds and boughs, in which

the *Vinadero*, a watchman, is placed, who creeps in and out with his gun. These are the Oriental "Booths which the keeper maketh," Job xxvii. 18: the "lodges in a garden of cucumbers," Isa. i. 8. The guard rushes out like a fierce dog at all who pick and steal, and is the subject of vast abuse from the baffled wayfaring Spaniards, who swear that the grapes are sour, and he is a *puñetero*; nor is the guardian slow in returning his *cornudos* and other ancient and classical compliments; but *Niñas y viñas son malas de guardar*; y *miedo guarda la viña y no el vinadero*. Those who wish to see all the glory of grapes should be here during the *Bendeja*—vintage—in the autumn. Another fruit abounds at Malaga, the *Batata*, or sweet potato, the *Convolvulus Batatas* of Linnæus, which was introduced from the S. Americas; it is used as a sweetmeat, and is sold ready boiled in the streets. Among eatables may be mentioned a small fish, called *Janqueta*, something like white bait. Generally speaking the meat is bad in Malaga; agriculture being as much neglected here as floriculture. The fish is excellent—that fattens itself—while cattle require the care of man. The botanist may consult the *Voyage Botanique*. Boissier, 1837; and he should visit a nopal garden—where the cochineal *coccus cacti* is reared on the *Opuntia Coccinellifera*: the period of gathering the insect is in May.

About 7 L. N.E. of Malaga are the celebrated mineral baths of *Carratraca*. The best accommodations are at the *Casa Donoy*, and the *Parador de Juan Arcos*. The medical director, Dr. Monja, is the Dr. Granville of the locality. The waters are sulphuretted hydrogen of the temperature of 14° Réaumur; the source is constant and abundant. They are much frequented from June 20 to Sept. 20. The large open tanks, *albercas*, in which the patients bathe, are a disgrace to decency and civilization. *Cosas de España*. (See Madoz, v. 615.) Near this place and *Hurdales* is a singular cavern, discovered in 1821, the glittering stalactites and spars of which, if visited by torch-light, produce a magical effect.

*Malaga* communicates with *Marssilles* and the Eastern coast of Spain by means of a regular service of indifferent steamers; they also go westward to Cadiz; Heredia established another line, which is, or was, to run backwards and forwards to Bilbao; inland, new roads are contemplated between Cordova and Granada. Meanwhile there are 2 roads from Malaga to Granada: the first, which is very bad and circuitous, is by *Loja*, 12 L.; it takes 14 or 15 h. to ride. The *Torcales* and stony lusi-naturæ will interest the geologist. This is performed by a diligence, which starts from the *Alameda* hotel; the first portion is very hilly and lonely; on ascending to the *Fuente de la Reina* (taste the water) the views over Malaga are glorious. After *Colmenar*, 4 L., occur several bad *ventas*; that *del Pobre* is worthy of its name; take, therefore, from Malaga a well-filled basket. Passing the *Puerto* and descending to the *Venta de Alazores*, Loja is reached, where the coach stops an hour or so. See for Loja p. 255.

ROUTE 25.—MALAGA TO GRANADA,  
BY ALHAMA.

Velez Malaga . . . . .	5
Viñuela . . . . .	2 .. 7
Alhama . . . . .	4 .. 11
Cacín . . . . .	2 .. 13
La Mala . . . . .	2 .. 15
Granada . . . . .	3 .. 18

This is by far the most interesting route, but it must be ridden. Attend to the provend; you can hire mules and horses at *La Danzas*, which generally are charged 12 dollars each for the journey to Granada and back; you can engage one *Manuel Ramos* on the tour round Granada, Ronda, to Gibraltar; or *Pedro Perez*, who is well spoken of; at all events, fill the *bota* and basket, for the road is stony and hungry. A well-girt horseman, by leaving *Malaga* at 4½ A.M., may reach *Velez Malaga* at 9½, where he may breakfast and bait the *ganado*. It will take about 7 h. to arrive at *Alhama*, where sleep; by leaving *Alhama* at 6 A.M., and allowing half an hour to see the baths, *Granada* may be reached between 2 and 3 in the afternoon.



Those who prefer sleeping at *Velez Malaga* may leave Malaga in the diligence, which gets there in about 4 h.; and start early for Granada the next morning, as 14 h. will be required.

The road to *Velez Malaga* is good and has its diligence. The sea and the *Atalaya* towers lie to the rt., the vine-clad mountains to the l. *Velez Malaga*, Menoba, or Sex Sesta, rises, with spires and fortress, on a gentle eminence over the Rubito, pop. 14,000. *Posada de los Caballeros*: Observe the towers of the two parroquias. N.B. Taste the *Miel de Cana*, or sugar-cane honey; for local history consult '*Historia y Grandezas de Belez*,' Francisco de Vedmar, Granada, 4to., 1652. The climate is delicious. The martlets, thick as motes in the sun-beam, approve the sweet-wooling breath of Heaven. It is in the heart of a land overflowing with oil and wine; here is the palm without the desert, the sugar-cane without the slave. The spires and convents cluster around the ruins of a rock-built Moorish castle; above rise the lordly barren mountains of *Tejada*, which look coldly down on the industry of the humble plain. The water-courses, which have peeled the sierras, deposit the soil and *detritus* in the valleys of *Velez*, and the combination of moisture under a tropical sun produces the *batata*, indigo, and sugar-cane. The latter was brought here from Sicily by the Carthaginians. The ancients did not understand the processes of crystallization and refining; the canes were sold in the streets (Lucan. iii. 237) just as they now are in Andalucia; the Moors introduced the cultivation. Ebn-el-Awam, writing in 1140, quotes from an earlier Arabian author the methods of culture. The sugar-cane was first sent to Hispaniola from these parts in 1506. It is still cultivated about the town, and sugar made here.

The town was taken from the Moors by Ferdinand *el Catolico* in person, who himself here killed a Moor, with which he was so pleased that he gave the city for its arms his own figure on horseback spearing an infidel. In the *Encarnacion* is preserved the sacra-

Spain.—I.

mental plate used by him after this victory. The Hermitage *San Sebastian* was founded in 1489 by Ferdinand, in honour of the self-sacrificing Sebastian Pelao, who saved the king from the spear of an infidel by placing himself between.

*Velez Malaga* was the birthplace of Joaquin Blake, the friend of Mahy, Ballesteros, and of all opposed to the Duke and the English alliance: he was the loser of more pitched battles ("mas de cien," says his worthy eulogist Maldonado) than any man in ancient or modern history, Spanish included. He was the son of a rebel Irish shopkeeper, and began life as a lecturer in a military school on the art of war: the poor pedant, learned in theory, never mastered its practice, and to his "ignorance in his profession" the Duke ascribed his last feat, the loss of Valencia; but his defeats never made him unpopular with Spaniards, who admired his courage, and still more his *Españolismo* and *patriotismo*, in preferring being routed himself, rather than permitting better men, because *foreigners*, to lead Spaniards to victory.

This "child in the art of war" was no relation of Robert Blake, the great admiral of Cromwell, who at the age of fifty passed from the army into naval command, and always was victorious; he was the master and terror of the Mediterranean. He, in 1654, summoned the viceroy of Malaga to surrender to him a priest at whose instigation the mob had risen upon some English sailors during a religious pageant. The governor trembled and complied. Blake received the culprit, who expected death, with great kindness, and sent him back with a message that he would prevent his sailors' misbehaviour for the future, "but that no one should presume to punish Englishmen except himself."

The road now becomes infamous, 2 L. to *Viñuela* are pleasant; nature here is fruity and verdurous. It is the home of Pomona and Flora. Passing ruined *Zalea*, the mountains become steep and barren. *Alhama* is so called from the baths, *Al-Hammám*

(whence our Hummums in Covent Garden). The number of these which existed in the time of the cleanly Romans and Moors is evidenced by the frequent recurrence of places called *caldas*, *calidas*, hot springs, and *Alhamas*. The town, wild and picturesque, is the Ronda of these alpine districts, and is perched on the edge of an awful rent in the hills round which the river *Marchan* sweeps, and backed by its own sierra, in which the *Tejada* rises 8000 ft. above the sea. It was the land-key of Granada, and its romantic capture, Feb. 28, 1482, by the Ms. of Cadiz, spread consternation into the Alhambra, and paved the way for the final conquest of Granada. The well-known plaintive ballad commencing "*Ay! de mi Alhama!*" (which Byron translated "Woe is me Alhama!" but it should be "Alas! for my Alhama!") expressed the national lamentation of the Moors. Consult for historical facts Pulgar, '*Chronica de los Reyes*,' iii. 2. The place was sacked by the French, Feb. 2, 1810, when the clergy and notables were butchered (Madoz, i. 599).

Prudent travellers will put up for the night at a private house on the *Plaza*, known to *Ramos* and experienced muleteers, by the name of *La Casa de los Caballeros*, the Gentlemen's house: it is clean and free from vermin, but the larder is empty. As for the regular *posada*, albeit yeilded *La Grande*, it is truly iniquitous: diminutive indeed are the accommodations, colossal the inconveniences; but this is a common misnomer *en las cosas de España*. Thus Philip IV. was called *El Grande*, under whose fatal rule Spain crumbled into nothing, when, like a ditch, he became greater in proportion as more land was taken away. All who are wise will bring from Malaga a good hamper of eatables, a bota of wine, and some cigars, for, however devoid of creature-comforts this *grand* hotel, there is a grand supply of creeping creatures, and the traveller runs a risk of bidding adieu to sleep, and passing the night exclaiming, *Ay! de mi Al-*

*hama*. Matters are, however, somewhat mended lately.

Alhama continues to bear for its arms a castle with two keys, emblematic of its being one of the keys of Granada. It was the *Astigis Juliensis* of the Romans. In the Moorish period it was much frequented for the baths (which can be visited next day when riding past them); now it is a picture of decay. The traveller may look at the aqueduct on the *Plaza*, peep over the *tajo*, pass on to the church, with its single tower, and thence under an archway by the miserable prison, from whose lofty grated windows the stranger is howled at by wretches in whose eye is famine, and on whose countenance is guilt and oppression: the inmates let down by long strings baskets to receive rare donations of food, alms, and occasionally files, false keys, and implements for escape, as used to be done in England. Compare our 'Spectator,' No. 82. Passing the arch at the head of a staircase which leads into the church is a most picturesque house in which many varieties of architectural style are introduced in juxtaposition. There are the Gothic windows of the fifteenth century, the peculiar "*ball*" ornament so frequent in Toledo; there are the projecting ornaments such as occur at Salamanca and Guadalajara, with an Arragones character of solidity, all combined in this singular façade; many of the houses of Alhama are *casas solares*, or the family mansions granted to those who assisted at the conquest. The stone of which they are built is much corroded. The armorial bearings over the portals contrast with the misery in-doors, and pride is coupled with poverty. The population is clad in brown like that of La Mancha, for the gay Andaluz *Majo* has disappeared.

The view of the *tajo* from the convent is striking. Below tears the foaming *Marchan*, winding through ravines and rocky pinnacles. The whole scene, Ronda on a smaller scale, is made for the painter; on the ledges of the beetling cliffs picturesque houses topple, with trellised vines and hanging gardens, while below boil the



streams of water-mills and cascades. Alhama is seen to best advantage at its fair-time, Sept. 8.

The road to Granada descends from Alhama. Continuing up the bed of the river, and passing a picturesque mill, to the l., at a short distance, are the mineral baths. The waters issue out of a dip in the hills, in that sort of position so common to warm volcanic springs. They are strongly impregnated with *nitrogen gas*, as was first ascertained by Dr. Daubeny (see also Madoz, i. 593); considered to be beneficial for dyspepsia and rheumatism, they are frequented in spring and autumn. The bath called *el Baño de la Reyna* is circular, has a dome over it like the Pantheon at Rome, a round opening to the sky, and quite in the style of the Romans, by whom it pro-

bably was erected. The Moorish bath, *el Baño fuerte*, so called from the heat and *strength* of the waters, as it is nearer their source, is well preserved and very picturesque, with its emerald pool and spiry clouds of steam. A new bath for one person has recently been constructed, in a parallelogram form, with steps to descend into it; placed between the two older ones.

The road reascends, soon to descend by a deep gorge to the wretched village of *Cacín*, which is placed at the bottom of a funnel. Reascending it continues to the poor *Venta de Huelma*, and thence to *La Malá*, with its *salt-pans*, Arabicè *Maláha*; about 2 m. on it enters the Vega of Granada, which is spread out like a green carpet below the towering Sierra Nevada, now seen in all its alpine majesty.

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#### KINGDOM OF GRANADA.

THE kingdom of Granada is the most eastern of "*Los Cuatro Reinos.*" The length from E. to W.S.W. is about 240 miles; its breadth varies from 30 to 80. The area contains about 9000 square m., and the population reaches a million. It consists of mountains, plains, "*Vegas*" (Bekáh, Arabicè, a watered valley between hills), and a maritime strip. The *Sierra Nevada*, with its "*diadem of snow,*" rises nearly 13,000 ft. above the level of the sea, which washes its S. slopes. Thus, under a latitude of 37°, eternal snow and the blood-heat of Africa are combined; hence every variety of production, from the hardiest lichen to the cotton-plant and sugar-cane. This kingdom, being the last home of the Moors, who fled hither from the Christian advance, became the epitome of their various arts, commerce, and agriculture, of which none have survived, save the latter; and that, albeit degenerated, still forms the wealth of the province, which teems with corn and wine, oil, silk, and fruit. The snowy range is a perpetual Alembic of fertilising water, which is commensurate with the heats; as the hotter the weather the greater is the melting. The water is wealth, for the soil of the plains, although light, becomes highly productive under combined heat and moisture. The hemp is the finest in the world, and the succession of the crops never ceases. The line of irrigation, like a Rubicon, divides the desert from a paradise, while all within its influence is green and fruitful, all beyond it is barren and tawny—a feature frequent in this Land of Contrasts. In objects of interest Granada, and there is attraction in the very name, contains the Alhambra. The alpine range of the *Alpujarras*, grand beyond conception, is the Switzerland of Spain; nor can anything be more sunny and Mediterranean than the littoral districts.

This mountain range pregnant with interest to the artist, the botanist, and geologist, abounds with minerals and beautiful marbles. Well, therefore, might the Moors consider this favoured region to be a portion of heaven fallen on the earth. Few parts of the Peninsula present a sadder contrast between the past and the present. Under the Moors Granada was rich, brilliant, learned, industrious, and gallant, now it is poor, dull, ignorant, indolent,