larly built; and all the houses had the lower windows covered with iron railings, and those on the other floors adorned with balconies, covered with glass or gay-coloured awnings, and even the highest loaded with beautiful plants in full flower.

The Plaza de la Constitucion is larger than the generality of plazas in Spain; and the Plaza del Triunfo is pretty, with its little promenade in the centre, ornamented with a monument to the forty-three patriots who were entrapped and executed in 1831. An Englishman's (Mr. Boyd's) is the sixth or seventh name on the list.

The grand promenade of Malaga is the Alameda, which is planted with trees; but many a smaller town in Spain can boast of a finer: the houses on both sides are excellent. The Zacatan is picturesque, with its gay shops. There is not now so much wine exported as formerly; ten thousand butts are supposed to be the quantity. A great deal is sent to Cadiz, and thence forwarded to England as sherry.

There is considerable luxury in the houses and furniture in Malaga, and they are very dear; but to make this show, they say they live very poorly. The women, who have such handsome dresses and mantillas, have petticoats with embroidered flounces, and the upper part, they say, of the coarsest material. They seem ladylike in their appearance, but not particularly pretty. There are about

one hundred English residents, many of them labourers in the iron and cotton manufactories, and some families residing here for climate; but as it is a town purely commercial, without arts and without literature, I wonder Valencia is not preferred, where good Spanish society may be enjoyed, and the climate is equally fine. Coal and hardware are the chief importations, and indifferent wine and one hundred and fifty thousand boxes of raisins the principal exports.

There is not a single gallery worth seeing, but the English Consul has some, and one very curious painting of Queen Isabella, they say by Juan de Leyden;* and there is an old inscription in Spanish, on the back, stating that it was drawn from nature. It is very hard, but expressive, and seems to have been taken when she was about forty-five. She is not represented at all pretty, but with full cheeks, and not even a pleasing expression. A cap fits close over her head, covering almost the whole of her forehead, but allowing her auburn hair to be seen; and that part is well painted.

The church of Santiago was once a mosque, but it is not worth seeing. There is a tolerable Christ at the column. The exterior and interior of this

* I presume they mean Lucas de Leyden; but this artist was only born a few years before the death of Isabella, and it is not like his style.

church are equally execrable. The cathedral is worth visiting. The *façade* is ornamented with Corinthian columns, and wanting in simplicity. The tower is decorated in the same style, but the effect is better. The view from the summit richly repays the trouble of the ascent, and is indeed splendid. The fortress, with its Moorish towers and walls, extending from the castle to the town, is extremely picturesque. In the distance, Africa and the blue Mediterranean covered with vessels, and calm as a lake; the immense town one mass of roofs, most of them without chimneys; the Plaza de Toros, many churches, but few of them with towers, and those not picturesque; the convent of Victoria, where the Christian forces had their head-quarters, at the foot of a little hill; La Trinidad very striking in the plain, and the convent of Los Angeles still more beautiful surrounded with wood at the entrance of a mountain gorge; the dry bed of the river and the immense city fill up almost entirely the little valley in which it is situated, an apparently narrow strip of land separating the suburbs from the fine wild furrowed mountains—admirable natural fortifications, which might easily be defended.

Near the sea are some lofty chimneys of the cotton manufactories and iron foundries, which can scarcely answer, as they are obliged to import their coal from England. There are also extensive soap manufac-

tories, and they say they export great quantities to America.

The interior of the cathedral is as bad as the exterior; three naves, formed by clusters of Corinthian columns, of the same kind I have described in the cathedral of Granada. The wood carvings in the choir are very beautiful; an Apostle or Saint above every stall, admirably done; the marble pulpits are good; and there is also an Annunciation in marble and two tombs in the same chapel, well executed. The Madonna del Rosario, by Cano, is not one of his best; the colouring is too red, but the composition is excellent. The Madonna has the child in her arms, and around there is a group of angels, and six saints below are looking up in adoration. The design of the grand altar, by Cano, is simple and elegant.

The terra-cotta images, for which Malaga is celebrated, representing chiefly majos and contrabandistas, with their wives on horses and mules, are excellent; but they looked so friable, I did not venture to purchase any: the best are at Leon's old shop, Calle Sa. Lucia.

The grand hotel of the Alameda was full. We found La Fonda de la Danza very comfortable. Matias Balcon, an honest Galician, is the chief valet in the hotel, and speaks English; and having had proof of his honesty, I strongly recommend him.

CHAPTER XIV.

BATHS OF CARATRACA—RONDA—SIEGE—CHASM—PEASANTS—GAUCIN—ARRIVAL AT GIBRALTAR.

We left Malaga at half-past six o'clock, and were two hours in crossing the plain, which appeared so small from the cathedral tower. The country appeared less cultivated as we receded from the city, and was very uninteresting, until we arrived near Catama, formerly a Moorish town. At the venta we breakfasted, and had to give an *employé* two pesetas to save our luggage from being examined.

I observed an immense number of stunted palmitas, with clusters of foliage precisely like the leaves of the doum-trees, or fan-leaved palms. They cut them annually for fire-wood, and call them palms, but say they never grow high. We passed some men working at the

aloes. One man was beating the leaves on a stone, whilst another separated the spongy matter from the fibrous, which is used for ropes. They told me they earn from tenpence to one shilling a-day.

We soon afterwards lost our road, and in place of taking the path to Bonjas, we turned to the right instead of the left; and before meeting any one to inquire our way, we were far advanced on the route to Carratraca. Though two leagues were added to our journey, I did not regret it, for the ride was beautiful; and bad as this road is, they say the other is much worse, and any amelioration is an advantage when there is a lady of the party.

The rocky bed of the river was frequently extremely picturesque, and once we came upon a little valley, filled with gardens of oranges. Our road often lay in the bed of the river, which we crossed and recrossed continually, and then we ascended to the village of Carratraca, situated on a high hill. On the opposite side of the defile there is a splendid mountain.

Carratraca must be a cool residence, even in the summer or autumn, for now it is quite cold compared to Malaga. There are baths, which have a great reputation in Andalusia, of sulphuretted hydrogen, of the temperature 14° Raumur, says Mr. Ford. The accommodation seems to be but indifferent, but I only saw the exterior, as the key was

not to be found; the whitish-looking water was flowing fast from the premises, and felt warmish.

At the posada they had nothing, not even an egg or a potato, and we congratulated ourselves on having brought a supply with us. A traveller in Spain should never move without ham, chickens, &c., in his basket. The baths are much frequented, generally between three and four thousand strangers in the autumn. Some come for change of air, many for the waters. There are forty private baths and a large public one; and they say fifteen hundred persons bathe every day. The water which flows from the baths irrigates the land, and produces excellent crops. The visitors will not allow the gardens to be watered in the same way, and refuse to eat any vegetables or lettuces which have been thus irrigated though the soil would filter all impurities; the idea certainly is not pleasant, of eating vegetables grown and strengthened with water which had flowed from the baths of persons afflicted with cutaneous, and still more disgusting diseases.

We started in the morning at six o'clock, and after an hour's ride, passed the village of Aldales, picturesquely situated on the slope of a hill, with a castle on a perpendicular rock adjoining, built of tapia-work, doubtless the work of the Moors. The country is verdant around, and the hills green, almost to their

summits. Soon afterwards we saw on our left the castle of Durong, which has several towers, and is more perfect. The Moors seemed to have fortified themselves in every place: sometimes even the houses are castellated. We then proceeded over hills, partly cultivated, to Cerato. Numbers of men were weeding the corn, but women are seldom seen working in the fields in Spain. An hour afterwards we passed a valley planted like a park, with splendid evergreen oaks, as large and as picturesque as our common ones. There were other oaks just bursting into foliage, but not the same as the English. There was also a great variety of shrubs, laurels, tamarinds, and many smaller plants, odoriferous in the extreme. We afterwards rode through some wild, rocky hills, their grey tints forming a striking contrast to the vivid green of the partly cultivated valleys.

At two o'clock we came in sight of Ronda, and the fine Sierra rising behind, and in the distance, the longer, and more magnificent Sierra of Grazalena. We distinguished a Moorish castle on a hill, called Ronda la Vieja, of which they say there are only a few remains of the castle, the habitations having been used as a quarry, for the construction of the modern city. As we approached Ronda, we saw more interesting remains of the Moors. A splendid aqueduct, now ruined, but even at a distance I could distinguish seventy or eighty arches of

this magnificent work, which Christians, with all their civilisation, never attempt to restore. The valleys in approaching the city were very pleasing; on our right the hills were covered with olive-trees, vines and verdure, and on our left the country appeared still more cultivated, and studded with white cottages glittering in the sun.

At five o'clock we entered Ronda, celebrated for its siege in 1485, by Ferdinand, who taking advantage of its brave commander, Hamet el Zegri, being absent on one of those marauding expeditions so common in this war, surrounded the city with a mighty army, but the siege lasted a long time. The river-girt perpendicular rocks, strong fortifications, and a numerous garrison, well supplied with provisions, were formidable obstacles. The Christians formed five camps to protect themselves from the sallies of the brave Moors, and to enable them to erect batteries for the lombards, used, some say, for the first time at this siege. With these terrible machines they set fire to the houses and public buildings, and spread terror and dismay amongst all ranks. The women, children, and old men, panic-struck at their severe effect, filled the air with their cries. The old chief, El Zegri, on his return, was frantic with rage, to see his towers, deemed impregnable, tottering under the fire of the terrible lombards, and his city blazing at night like a volcano; and yet all his efforts to break through the Christian camp, and

relieve his people, were ineffectual. The Moors perceiving that preparations were making for an assault, compelled the garrison to capitulate; and the Castilians, anxious to avoid destroying the town, granted to the inhabitants their liberty and property, and to the soldiers their arms and baggage. An immense number of Christians, more than four hundred, many of them knights of the best blood in Spain, were rescued from the dungeons, with beards reaching to their knees, and bound with chains, which now hang, as trophies of this victory, against the exterior of the Church of San Juan de los Reyes, in Toledo.

Modern Ronda is the prettiest of Spanish towns. The houses, contrary to the usual construction in Spain, are exceedingly low, having only one story; but the principal streets, especially those we passed through on entering, are long and straight, and the effect is beautiful of the balconies covered with flowers; every house fresh and clean, as if it had been whitewashed yesterday, and what enhances greatly the picturesque effect, the sashes of the windows are parallel with the walls, but the iron lattices rest on pedestals, and above are pretty mouldings. Within the iron railings are wooden lattices, in pattern similar to what may now be seen in the Alhambra, and everywhere in the East, and such effectual screens, that the women of Ronda (and many were fresh and good-looking) who were at their windows, had to stand and

look over them, which was certainly not Oriental. No doubt they have preserved this custom of the wooden lattices from the time of the Moors, which is not surprising, as so many families are of Moorish origin. In Granada, I was informed by one who had been years a resident, that one-fourth of the families were descended from the Moors, and probably it is the same here. The exterior of the city is curious. Perpendicular (pudding-stone) rocks form in many places the walls, and being weak, arches were constructed to strengthen the foundations for the houses; in many places the picturesque arches exist, though the houses have vanished. The town has also a Plaza de Toros, one of the best of the kind, and wonderful is the description they give of the bull-fights, costumes, &c., at the great fair on the 20th of May. There is also a pretty Alameda.

The great object of attraction at Ronda, is, however, the Tajo, and certainly it is magnificent. The view of it from the bridge is the finest. A dark chasm of gloomy perpendicular rocks, six to seven hundred feet high, where the sun never penetrates, and the dizzy depth of which is fearful to behold, enhanced by the dreary solitude of the wild glen, without a single habitation of man visible, destitute also of vegetation except a few prickly pear-trees near the summit, and in the distance, spanning the gorge, a fine picturesque old Moorish bridge, which would be called a *pont du*

diable in any other land, form one of the grandest and wildest scenes imaginable. The Guadalvin (in Arabic, the deep stream), black as Styx, reflecting the dark tints of the rocks, struggles audibly through its rocky bed, until it reaches the bridge, a marvel of art itself, crossing the chasm, with an arch six hundred feet high, and one hundred and ten broad, supported by solid buttresses, fifteen feet thick, rising from the stream below, and strengthened by other masonry and smaller arches. If the dark chasm might be supposed, from its fearful gloom, to be the very ideal of the valley of the shadow of death, the view on the other side might well be called the abode of light and happiness, especially as I saw it, the grand perpendicular rocks reflecting in a perfectly golden tint the warm rays of the declining sun, and crowned with a tiara of pretty white sparkling cottages.

As a sluggard roused to activity and usefulness, the Guadalvin, after being pent up in the narrow gorge, and wasting its sweetness on the barren cliffs, bursts forth tumultuously, sometimes hid behind projecting cliffs and luxuriant foliage, or forming cascades as beautiful as liquid silver, as it dashes from rock to rock; and when it has lent its friendly aid to one picturesque mill, foaming to another beneath, and grateful at its escape from the gloomy glen, offering up to heaven its thanksgivings—"the everlasting incense of its waters." There is a supply

for all; mill after mill (above a dozen of them) profit in their turn of the abundance; and many a stalwart miller, and many a ruddy-cheeked family, who act as guides to travellers through the intricate passages amongst the ivy-clad rocks, owe their bread, their wealth, their all, to the useful Guadalvin, who rushes on joyfully, until its over-redundant life is spent, and it glides through the distant verdant vale, a calm and fertilising stream.

We lingered with our pencils in the beautiful valley, until the setting sun reminded us there were other sights to see; but, after all, the Tajo is Ronda, and even the remembrance of Alhama fades before such a scene as this.

In the old town divided by the bridge from the new city, the streets are tortuous and not so pleasing as in the latter; but some of the houses are really Moorish, and very picturesque. The ancient battlements surround the place, and there are also considerable remains of the citadel.

We put up, in the modern town, at a clean-looking fonda, which is also, as is usual with this description of inn, a *café*, and they gave us an excellent dinner; but our beds were full of fleas and creepers.

Before starting next morning, I went into the market-place, near the bridge, and saw some hundreds of men assembled, chiefly round golden heaps of oranges. There are said to be eighteen

thousand inhabitants; and in the time of the Moors, the occupants of this mountain fortress had always the reputation of being the most active, robust, and warlike of all mountaineers; and the Spaniards, partly perhaps their descendants, retain this character. A finer and more healthy set of men I never saw; and most picturesque they looked, dressed in their russet-brown costumes.

Spain is said to be indebted to Ronda for its bravest bull-fighters, and most fearless smugglers and brigands also, when that trade was flourishing. Some of the men I saw seemed capable of anything; and even now, in these safe times, our men seemed more than ordinarily cautious not to say which way we were going.

Our road lay along the well-wooded and cultivated valley. We then ascended and descended, but chiefly ascended, for two hours, steepish hills, enjoying occasionally fine views of Ronda, with its perpendicular gorge, apparently inaccessible on that side. In another hour we reached the summit of the hills, and had a splendid view of the mountains; and at eleven o'clock arrived at Atazale, situated close to some picturesque rocks, and in the distance there was a fine view of the valley and range of mountains. The valley is planted like a park, with splendid evergreen oaks, space being allowed between each tree to permit them to collect the acorns which are larger than those of the English oak,

and are relished by the peasants here as much as the chestnuts in the Apennines, and the taste is rather similar.

At half-past two o'clock we passed on our left a village, with a Moorish castle, called Ben Adalid, close to it, better constructed than the generality of those fortresses. It is a square massive building, situate on a hill projecting into the valley, with a round tower at each angle, and on the side where the approach is, defended by another in the centre over the entrance. The situation of this castle and village is very picturesque, in a rich and verdant valley, surrounded with a splendid amphitheatre of mountains, some of them covered with trees and verdure, and others of a grey tint, the most barren of all sierras. We then proceeded up-hill and down-hill, a fine mountain ride, and at about three o'clock, at the village of Laridano came in sight of Gibraltar. The view was very fine; the valley studded with picturesque villages, the blue Mediterranean calm as a lake, and Africa beyond, the white houses of Ceuta perceptibly glittering in the sun. It was impossible to resist the impression that the little rock of Gibraltar is part of the range we were traversing, and should belong to Spain, and not to England; and certainly it is not surprising that the Spaniards are jealous of our possessing it. We then turned to the right into a different and still more charming valley, richly wooded; some of the mountains covered with foliage,

even to their summit, and others more lofty, raising their grey rocky peaks almost to the delicate, white, fleecy clouds playing above them, while the river Guadiaro, like a silver thread, crosses the verdant vale. Soon we returned to the other valley we had left after passing Ben Areba; and thus the road continually changed from one valley to another, sometimes affording us views of Gibraltar, and then of the rich vale which became still more wooded as we advanced. I observed to-day, and indeed every day since we left Granada, enormous lizards, actually as thick as my wrist. They were in form more like young crocodiles than the thin, little timid things I have seen basking on the walls of Italy and in other countries of the South.

At five o'clock we arrived at Gaucin, situated at the foot of some steep picturesque rocks, looking down on a plain wavy and broken as the sea in a storm; and in the distance, Gibraltar, the range of mountains forming the mountain barrier of Spain, and the hills of the African coast, between which are the Straits. It is a splendid view, but more extensive than picturesque. Several of the villages we have passed to-day have Moorish names, and were probably the last abodes of the unfortunate Moriscoes. We passed several fragments of high roads, paved doubtless, by the Moors, but now the pavement is often as rough as a flight of stairs, and almost as difficult to ascend. The peasants we saw on the road were

always civil, respectful and obliging. If they were eating, they invariably asked us to partake, as is the custom in the East; and nothing can exceed their industry, every plot of land being cultivated with the greatest care.

We left Gaucin at half-past five o'clock in the morning, and were two hours in descending a steep path into the valley of the Guadiaro. The views of Gaucin perched among wild rocks, are very picturesque, and towards the sea it is also very fine; Gibraltar glittering in the sun, and Africa looming in the distance. From many points the rock had the appearance of a bridle-bit, and such it is for this Mediterranean lake, and for Spain and France. The valley of the Guadiaro, where we first joined it, is narrow and very beautiful, filled with gardens of oranges, laden with fruit, and perfuming the air with their flowers, and some cypresses still more picturesque, with a background of fine rocky mountains. Our road being now in the valley, we had to ford the broad river twenty times, broad I should call it for Spain, where the rivers in fine weather are seldom wider than our brooks in England. This was often thirty to sixty feet wide, but the water was never deeper than our horses' knees. The valley soon became wider, and we left the river and rode over rich land covered with fine crops of wheat and flax.

At twelve o'clock we crossed the stream again at a broad ford, and breakfasted at the Venta de Guadiaro.

After resting there an hour and a half, we started for Gibraltar, and entering a wild district covered with shrubs—what is called, I believe, the cork-wood —we lost the track, but after trying several I found one which seemed to go in the right direction, and calling to M. L—— to follow me, descended into a gorge. My party took a different route, but having observed accurately the situation of the rock and the hills, I made out my way; and after a couple of hours got into the road to St. Roque, a neat, clean-looking town, and in an hour reached Gibraltar. The approach on this side is very fine. The perpendicular grey limestone rock appears longer than from other points, but is very imposing, and the city is extremely picturesque at the foot of the hill, street above street rising terrace-like above each other. It looks like the abode of peaceful prosperity and wealth, and at a distance gives little indication of the eight hundred mighty guns which, with the extraordinary natural fortifications, render the rock impregnable.

I was glad I had an opportunity of making a sketch before my party came up. An officer rode round me whilst I was thus engaged, but being satisfied I presume with his scrutiny, that my pencil was not very dangerous, he rode away. The sentinels are ordered to challenge all who draw, but their vigilance may be easily eluded, and an official very frankly advised me to do so whenever I felt in-

clined. There is no danger of offenders being marched to prison, as is not unfrequently done in Spain. The officials at the lines, give little trouble, and the narrow, flat strip of land, called the neutral ground, which connects the rock with the main land is soon crossed.

On entering the fortress, square holes are seen in the steep cliffs, the apertures to excavations, which are in fact batteries. It was pleasant to see the red coats again, and not idling and sleeping like Spaniards in the shade, but on the alert, and marching with as much precision as if an enemy were at the gates; and this discipline should never be relaxed, for it can only be by a surprise that Gibraltar can ever be taken. The first entrance leads through a large barracks, an excellent contrivance, for if an attempt were made to seize the place, the sleeping soldiers would soon be roused to give assistance. As we approached the rock we met gay parties of English in carriages and on horseback, taking their rides into Spain. The Club-house (the best-looking hotel) being full, we found at Griffiths', a drawing-room, with carpets, chairs, and a piano, entirely in English taste; and for dinner we had beef-steaks and heavy joints, all excellent in London, but not suitable to this climate, where better mosquito nets to the beds, and cool floors would be more desirable. I had lost my passport on the road, and had considerable difficulty in procuring one at the rock. The autho-

rities required a certificate from some person that I was an Englishman, and were not satisfied with my showing them Herries' circular letter, and Baring's letter of credit and letters of introduction to the Consul at Cadiz, and the *chargé-d'affaires* at Madrid, and my card with the address of my residence in London. My letter of credit from Baring's fortunately included the American Consul, at Gibraltar, and he gave me a line that to the best of his knowledge I was an Englishman, and this satisfied them. It was extremely absurd, but I could not see Mr. Paget, the magistrate, himself; and his clerk was not only wanting in civility and judgment, but seemed also to delight in creating unnecessary difficulties.

CHAPTER XV.

GIBRALTAR — TOWN — ALAMEDA — HEAT — FORTIFICATIONS — COMMERCE—CONTRABANDISTAS—ADVANTAGE TO ENGLAND—MONKEYS.

GIBRALTAR, anciently called Calpe, was the European Pillar of Hercules. Tarik, the one-eyed Moslem General, on the 30th of April, 711, attacked this stronghold, defended by a handful of brave but undisciplined men, and to commemorate his victory changed the name of the promontory, and called it Gibel Tarik, or the rock of Tarik, which in process of time was changed to Gibraltar. Guzman el Bueno took it from the Moslems in 1309, but in 1333, the people despairing of being able to defend themselves, surrendered to the Moors, and the Commander el Alcayde Vasco Perez, dreading the indignation of the King and the hatred of the people, passed into Africa. Another Guzman, in

1462, recovered this jewel of the Spanish crown, and in 1704, during the war of the succession, Sir George Rooke attacked it suddenly, when the garrison consisting only of eighty men, had recourse to their relics and saints, but made no resistance. England has, since that period, retained this important key of the Straits. Immense efforts were made by Spain and France, during a siege of four years, to recover this fortress, which ended on the 13th of September, 1783, in the destruction of their floating batteries. The additional fortifications adapted to the new system of warfare, which may be expected from steam-frigates, have rendered the rock impregnable.

The town, containing about twenty thousand inhabitants, has little to recommend it; the houses are in the worst possible style for a hot climate, and the Calle Reale, where the principal shops are, is the only good street. There is nothing picturesque, and little in good taste to be observed in the place. The stores are plentifully provided with English goods, but there is not one handsome shop, and the prices are considerably higher than in London. Tea is an exception, admirable Souchong may be procured for four shillings a pound, and the opportunity of filling the tea-canister should not be neglected.

The pride of the city is the charming Alameda, laid out in the English style, with undulating twisting walks, which make it appear larger than it really is. The geraniums are numerous and beau-