

wall of the nave—*San Francisco receiving the Stigmata*—finer by far than the *Santa Catalina*, and there are some single figures by Zurbaran close by, which are wonderfully good for the “Painter of the King and King of Painters.”

It is the uninviting spot in Spain which usually rewards the traveller! Just behind the Paseo de las Delicias, and shut in between great barrack-like houses like a veritable town-garden, there is a little square of greenery at which one looks twice before taking the trouble to peep inside. Yet here are the Botanical Gardens of Cadiz; and, impossible as it may at first appear, they deserve the high-sounding name. Among the many curious and valuable trees and plants which seem to be enjoying existence immensely under most unfavourable conditions, we may find the wonderful ‘Trasparente’ tree of New Zealand (*Myoporum lacteum*), several notable specimens of the *Dracæna Drago* of India, and such an array of tree-geraniums and cactuses as it would be hard to meet with in any other public garden in Europe. There is quite a family of the dragon tree; a parent of the respectable age of five hundred years, a child of forty-seven, and an infant of ten.

So there are a few things worth looking at in Cadiz after all, even if one is not just in the mood to enjoy sweet fresh air, unlimited sunshine, and picturesque quarters. Then we must not neglect to stroll, early in the morning through the great Plaza de la Libertad, the

open-air market. Of all similar scenes this is the very finest, not only for its superb show of fruits and other produce, and for variety of costume and colour, but for its brilliant surroundings and its animation. There are several pleasant excursions to be made too, especially across the bay to Rota—the garden of Cadiz—and down to San Fernando and the arsenal of La Carraca. Here, at La Carraca, Essex did his greatest damage in 1596; and here, some eight or nine years previously, when Philip II. was slowly collecting his Armada—colossal as everything he put his hand to—Drake had swooped down with his small following of thirty ships, and practically destroyed the costly labour of two years.

On the way to La Carraca, taking the tiny steamer which leaves the Muelle each day at noon, a glimpse may be caught of the strange salt-manufacturing process which now forms the staple trade of the district. Large, shallow, oblong ponds, or “pans,” furnished with the most quaintly inappropriate Biblical names,* are cut in the low-lying ground that skirts the bay. Into these the sea-water is admitted throughout the summer, in judiciously successive doses, by means of hatches, or sluices, and evaporated by the sun’s rays. It takes all the three or four months of tropical heat—from May to

* “José y Maria,” “El dulce nombre de Jesus,” etc., and suggesting irresistibly to one’s mind a connection with the passage referring to the “salt of the earth.” But one’s sense of the ridiculous is even more strongly excited by overhauling the brands upon goods lying on the Muelle for shipment—coming, for example, across a row of barrels of salt fish called “The flower of Jesus!”

the end of August—to obtain a respectable “crop” from a pan, so that some idea may be formed of the immense area required. During the cold months the sluices are left open, the tide washing in and out of the pans at will; and the huge pyramids of dirty but glistening crystal, that stud the plains in autumn like an army of tents, are gradually shipped away to Monte Video, the Havanas, France, and Italy, or—the salt being very pure in quality—even to England.

XII.

GIBRALTAR AND TANGIERS.

THE steamers for Gibraltar, very roomy and comfortable if the proper line be taken, leave Cadiz early in the morning, *en route* from Sevilla to Barcelona. The getting on board is not a pleasant operation, but in the winter time, at least, there is ample repayment, by a most glorious view of the old city as the light of morning breaks upon it. It is almost dark in the harbour, and as we strike out from the mole in a small boat the figures upon the pier overhead loom out black and ghostly against the fast-reddening sky. Half an hour's row lands us upon the deck of the steamer, and by this time a glow of light has come over the white indication of houses upon the hillside, while the still brilliant stars shine emerald green in the crimson flush. Slowly the red dissolves into a mass of green, yellow, and rosy tints, which tinge the more conspicuous buildings and church-towers one after another, but still leave the lower part of the town in shadow. And then, all in a moment, the sun leaps up in the east, separating all into gorgeous blue and gold, and lines of almost too pure white.

Save for the views of the very gradually receding city, or a momentary interest in the bay of Trafalgar, the sail is decidedly monotonous until the Straits are reached. Then there is all the subtle excitement of approaching new regions and a strange life, with pleasant anticipations of homelike experiences at Gibraltar. Tangiers Bay and Cape Spartel lie away on the right, with the long line of charmingly-diversified coast reaching on as far as the shadowy Apes' Hill, which towers above where Ceuta lies; while the hitherto bare Spanish shores seem to reply by assuming an unwonted beauty of shape and greenness. Some sign of human life, too, makes its appearance in the old Moorish town of Tarifa, whitewashed and bewalled, and thrusting its business-like lighthouse far out into the sea. The steamer now hugs the Spanish coast, in order to avoid the currents which set strongly in and out of the Straits, and it seems an interminable time before the great Gibraltar rock comes fully into view, and anchor is cast in the wind-swept bay of Algeciras.

Now for bargaining! Hitherto there has been but little of it, and the inexperienced traveller will probably have been rejoicing in the thought that the always imminent dread of being cheated is one of the many bogus scares of Spanish paths. Here, however, and at all the southern ports—Gibraltar, Tangiers, Málaga, Cartagena, etc.—he will always have to gird up his loins for the fray; and, if he has a knowledge of the vernacular, he will receive wondrous enlightenment upon the nature

of an excuse and an extortion. There is a defined tariff indeed, and it is a beautifully modest affair, one peseta per head, and half a peseta for the usually corresponding amount of luggage; but he will be more than lucky—clever—if he gets a finger raised to assist him under a dollar, and that will be a generous reduction from the three dollars (fifteen pesetas) originally vowed to be the minimum. Moreover, that is just the fair weather consideration—if, that is to say, the steamer has left Cadiz pretty punctually, if she has been able to reach her destination by three o'clock or so, and if the little cockle-shell which plies between Algeciras and Gibraltar is in an unwontedly business-like frame of mind, and is performing its work. When, however, there is not this happy combination of circumstances, and if it be desired, nevertheless, to sleep upon British soil, milord must be content to pay seven, or even ten dollars, for the privilege of being driven round the bay, or rowed by stalwart Algeciras boatmen across the little strip of water which separates him from the haven where he would be.

But it is no use to lose either one's temper or time over these trifles, even if during the protracted negotiations the sullen boom of a gun across the bay announces that the sun has set, and that the town is sealed up for the night. Nor yet is it of any avail to look for help; for all one's natural protectors—custom-house officials, interpreters, and captain—are in league with the enemy. It is more profitable to throw away a dollar or two, and

try to get repayment out of the abounding interest and picturesqueness of the half-naked, struggling, gesticulating groups that swarm up on the deck of the steamer to prey upon the defenceless traveller. And all this time there is the magnificent rock rising up, seemingly, sheer out of the waves, and now putting on its delicate evening robe of purplish gray mist, embroidered at the hem by hundreds of pale twinkling points of fire. Why not resign oneself to sleep at Algeciras, and look out again upon the fair vision when bathed in the glorious Southern daylight? Really one might do worse. There is a fair hotel and quite a good *casa de huéspedes* here, and the up-country, with its thick cork-woods, its rugged hillslopes and lovely winter wild flowers, will be ample compensation for a little delay and labour. Twenty-four hours hence there will be the irresistible thought, "What a good thing it was that we could not get into Gib last evening!"

For, once missing all this extreme tip of Spain, it is rather difficult to get a peep at it at all, unless one boldly faces the journey by land between San Fernando and Gibraltar, or between the latter place and Ronda. Algeciras will probably not be touched again—inasmuch as it is only the Spanish steamers that anchor on the north side of the bay; while, to make excursions from the Rock into the neighbouring territory entails the passing and repassing of the utterly abominable belt of land covered by the "Lines," and the straggling Spanish town of Linea.

It is one of the many anomalies of the world's travelling that only very slight heed is taken of the attractions and advantages which Gibraltar possesses, both in itself and as a touring centre. The climate may not be desirable for a lengthened residence, and the charms of the place, being all in small compass, may be worn threadbare by any prolonged and exacting demand; but for the bird of passage, or the sojourner for a few weeks, there is here quite a little paradise. Balmy air, glorious sunshine, far-reaching views over rock and glittering sea, a bright life and gorgeous Nature's dressing, home feeling and homelier fellowship, with the always surpassing interest of treading old paths amidst new surroundings—what more can the seeker after a change and a rest desire?

And all may be attained with a minimum of discomfort or labour—considerations of especial importance to those whose insularity has fenced them in from either sympathy or patience with the always seeming roughness of strangers' ways. By taking a P. and O., or Cunard, steamer, the beloved English ground may—so to speak—never be left, and yet an infinite, an altogether refreshing and awakening harvest of new experiences and knowledge gained, while all may be made to spell out pleasure. Then, with just a shadow of courage and hardness, a three weeks' round may be taken, *viâ* Málaga, to Granada, Córdoba, Sevilla and Cadiz, and so back to Gibraltar, and a very fair sample of Spanish life and Spain's art treasures be studied. And this, be it noted,



with none of the trials and difficulties attendant upon the long journey through the more northern regions, and with a quite sufficiently ample skirt of what the veriest town-mouse will call 'civilisation' everywhere spread over tender limbs.

Next to the delight in its own and its surrounding beauties, the most prominent feeling about Gibraltar must be an appreciation of its enormous value as a strategic position and stronghold. People at home may talk glibly and lightly about the uselessness of the station, about the needless cost of keeping it up, or the pretty way in which, by exchanging it for Ceuta, we might win the approbation of Heaven by loving our neighbour as ourselves—without anything more than an apparent sacrifice; but the first sight of the noble rock, with the tiny but invaluable streak of water—"the gate of the narrow passage"—which it dominates, must scatter any such notions to the winds. It is as if the gently-sloping shore of Spain had been found insufficiently guarded against the frowning cliffs of the African coast, and so this huge earthwork, or rockwork, 6 miles in circumference and 1400 feet high, had been thrown up as an outpost in the water, by the hand of some great master of strategy. It is a position made for the arbitrage of the Mediterranean.

The ascent of the rock is pleasantly commenced by zigzagging up to the Torre del Homenaje—a remnant of Moorish occupation a thousand years ago—and then entering the lines of galleries which honeycomb all the

northern face. These command the Spanish lines, and from the batteries which open out at every few paces most lovely views may be obtained over the reach of upland country beyond Linea, and the twin seas which make Gibraltar all but an island. The galleries are two or three miles in extent, but at the terrace called Queen's Look-out, about half-way up, they may profitably be abandoned, and the road taken along the western face of the hillside. After passing a number of batteries, with seemingly interminable piles of shot and shell, the road forks, one branch leading up to the rock gun, the other to the signal-station. These, and the other pathways which lead away presently in all directions, form the most delightful saunter imaginable. Even in January we shall find the sunshine quite as hot as is desirable, drawing a bluish mist over the sea and the opposing Spanish and African coasts, and lighting up the glossy green palmitos and brilliant wild flowers which make right beautiful the broken-up surface of limestone upon which we tread. The white lateen sails waft lazily in the harbour, or flit across the more distant stretches of the bay; faint sounds of martial music come floating up from the military-ridden town lying at our feet; there is the hum of insects in the still sweet air, and the almost oppressive scent from banks of cluster narcissus, wild clematis, and lavender which lie out on all sides. Is it possible that we are on English ground, with English faces greeting us at every turn, and in the cold, bleak, dark days that usher in the new year? It

must be a dream! And so it is—just one's dream of the "sunny South."

The walk may be quite a short one—through the first set of galleries, up to the signal-station, and straight down again into the town. But it is a pity to leave it so. If there is not quite so much of beauty beyond, there is even more of interest. Coming down from El Hacho, and looking out carefully for the families of Barbary apes which flit up here when the cold Levanter drives them from their sea-washed home below, a path may be taken still farther along the rock, through the little postern called St. Michael's Gate, past the saint's stalactite cavern, and up again to the most southerly peak of all, O'Hara's Folly. From here the grandest panorama of views is obtained. Up and down the straits, across to Ceuta and the chains of African mountains, inland over Algeciras, and right away to the Ronda district, and the snow-capped heights of the Sierra Nevada, the eye may sweep with uninterrupted range. And then, by a series of zigzag paths and steps, the low-lying tip of the rock, Europa Flats, may be reached, and the winding road which leads down again from these to the grand belt of hollowed-out and undermined cliffs which are Europe's final protest against the encroaching ocean. It is with a strange feeling of helplessness—of smallness—that one stands here, hearkening to the 'lap, lap' of the waves below, looking out over the unknown, but certainly unfriendly, region in front, and with all the Continent

that is Home at one's back. And it is with a pleasant sense of comfort and security that the road is taken again round the western foot of the rock, past the pretty, smiling villas of Rosia, and through the bright and flowery alameda into the town.

But that same 'unfriendly region' has to be faced. For a visit to Gibraltar would be distinctly incomplete without a peep into the eastern ways of Ceuta, Fez, or Tangiers. Ceuta, perhaps, is too Spanish and dull; Fez too distant; but Tangiers is easily accessible and sufficiently un-European.

How un-European is evident as soon as one steps on board the tiny 'Lion Belge,' which may, sometime during the course of the morning—when it is impossible to foretell—consent to face the currents of the outer channel. It is hard to believe that the wretched little craft and her belongings have anything to do with the trim, clean, punctual Gibraltar in which we have been sojourning. It speaks volumes for the strength of Tangerine character, if it can come thus into constant contact with the ordinarily well-regulated ways of the world and yet remain uncorrupted. Surely it is a chance convoy of Nature's children, from some far-off Nature's stronghold, into the midst of which we have been thrust, and not the representatives of a neighbour-

ing trading community, largely dependent upon our Gibraltar, and looking up to her as in some sort a second home! There is the tall Arab, half in and half out of an arrangement of white towelling, be-slipped, be-turbaned, and self-possessed. There is his cousin the Barbary Jew, forming in dress, tongue and habits a curious sort of link between the East and the West, and perfectly failing in any of the three particulars to attain to either dignity or respectability. There is the unmistakable Jewish damsel, apparently only hardened and rendered the more wilful by the fact that she dwells among a people who keep their women folk in strictest seclusion. There is her still more unmistakable mother—perhaps only chaperone—who looks as if she has been ever hankering, in her African exile, after the flesh-pots of Egypt. There are the lank, swarthy limbs, thick lips and fuzzy hair of the negro; the beautifully shiny Chinaman, and, peripatating to and fro—evidently frightened of sitting down—the touch-me-if-you-dare British tourist, out for a holiday but not enjoying himself a bit, so greatly is he scandalised by the patent disregard of conventionalities around him. And all intent upon carrying out just their own will in just their own way. Oh! the dirt, the confusion, the babel of tongues—with an ever-prevailing shriek of Arabic! How on earth everybody and everything are going to be shaken down, and live together in something like accord, seems to be a mystery for hours after the appointed time of sailing.

And in the same way that the 'Lion Belge' and her cargo seem to be an anomaly in Gibraltar waters, does Tangiers itself present a never-quite-understood problem. It is little more than a long ferry across; the place is almost within hail of, and in daily communication with Europe, and it has, moreover, a considerable European population. And withal is thoroughly Eastern—Eastern in climate, in scenery, in buildings, in ordering, in language and in life. All well-recognised laws as to the proportional diffusion of varying civilisations seem here to fall to the ground. From the moment he lands—if he is new to the ways—the traveller sees nothing outside of his hotel to which he has been accustomed.

It is not at all nice—the life in these jumbled and narrow lanes, with their foul air, and their fringing of whitewashed hovels, or box-like bazaars. Tangiers sleeping in the bosom of its hill-slopes, with its old castle crowning the steep northerly height, and its outlying suburbs as a skirting of white and green, looks very enchanting, as it is approached over the dancing blue waves; but when a landing is once effected all prettiness flees away, and there seems to be nothing to mitigate the sudden unveiling of terrible, inconceivably miserable squalor. One constantly thinks how pleasant it would be to be out of it all, and even registers a silent vow never again to be tempted into the regions of romance. And yet it is intensely interesting—with an interest that grows as anomalies are lost sight of. There is always a fresh group, or costume, or custom

to be seen, a fresh bit of colouring, or quaint and unrecognised form of building, and the word and feeling are always 'Let us tarry.'

Not that much time need be spent over the architecture of Tangiers. Beyond the beautiful—and borrowed—decoration of the minarets, and a little piece of good work in the entrance to the bank, it has nothing worthy of note. There is no greatness of design, or carefulness of detail, and what we have hitherto looked upon as the pre-eminently Moorish beauty of arrangement is only conspicuous by its absence. If one comes across so much as a decent horse-shoe arch, it will open flat against a dirty white or mud-bespattered wall, and be made both incomplete and incongruous. Whence comes this? Whatever exalted opinion one may have of the art-work of the far East, and whatever allowance one may be disposed to make for an outer region like Morocco, it is impossible to withstand the conviction that Saracenic art gained immensely by familiarity with Western forms and life, when it took root in the Peninsula, and that, in intellect and civilisation, the Spanish Moor was the noblest of his race. *Here*—nothing. Within a few leagues—across the strip of water—everything of loveliness, refinement and supremest knowledge.

It is about the customs and life of Tangiers which we must ever feel most inclined to linger. These greet us, in infinite variety and interest, at every turn and hour; but they have a centre in the great Soko, or Sok—the grassy knoll of a market-place which rises up

behind the town, at the extremity of the street leading from the Bab-el-Marsa, or Sea Gate. To this Sok comes all the Tangiers world on Sundays and Thursdays, the sight-seer, the mere idler, the Micawber-like looker for waifs and strays, the agent of commerce and the more humble huckster. Hither come, too, the merchants of the interior, men of splendid physique and mien, and with them long lines of laden camels, stalking along with masterful stride, and keeping time with their outstretched heads. For a notoriously evil-tempered race these huge ships of the desert are surely the most long-suffering of beings. Here they kneel, from Saturday night to Monday morning, with the most exemplary patience, waiting while their masters have disposed of their wares, loaded up again and taken their due rest and diversion. It is a positive relief now and again to see an angry twist of the head, or a savage kick-out.

Winding in and out of the interminable throng which covers the Sok on market-days, around the heaps of golden fruit, the stalls piled up with gaily-coloured carpets and articles of attire, and the groups of squatting women enveloped up to the eyes in *haiks*, and looking like small tents, one comes continually across two types which unfailingly attract attention—the Jewess, and the pure Moor of the interior. The latter is really a very noble fellow,—dignified, splendidly made, and thoroughly picturesque in his flowing white jellaby and long beard. And while the Barbary Jew is just about as objectionable a compound as could be administered to one, his

helpmeet and his daughters are decidedly good to look upon, full of a certain sensuous beauty and vivacity.

These idlers of the market-place form its greatest charm. For the noise and the dust, the repulsively degenerate humanity which, with eager and yet half-vacant eye, and wholly animal expression of countenance, fights and shrieks down by the Bab-el-Sok, together with the all-pervading squalor, speedily drives one up to the little eminence near Bruzeaud's hotel, which overlooks the scene. Here—the graves marked by rude stones—is the ancient Moorish burial-ground. Here is an old friend, the snake-charmer; and here, too, is a much more interesting and clever individual, in the shape of an Arab story-teller of the desert, tall, swarthy and white robed. He has gathered together a great concourse of hearers, who squat around him upon the little grave-stones, and, as he strides up and down, with quick, nervous action, his voice is so perfectly modulated, and his gestures so eloquent, that we can quite enter into his narrative. We hear—or see—how the gentle, gazelle-eyed Scheherazadè was brought up among the flowers and solitudes of her father's marble courts; how the bulbul and the fountain chattered to her of the joys and sorrows of the loving warfare from which she was so carefully shut away; how the prince Adonis invaded her hiding-place, by a happy combination of chance and ingenuity, and with hot words fanned into a consuming fire the secret life which had been long smouldering; how the bright blue sky of the twin existences became

overcast, and troubles surged up from all sides; how murder and universal blood-letting ensued, and so calmed angry spirits with their strange anodyne of remorse, that a final serving out of happiness and sweetmeats to all good people concerned, together with diamonds and emeralds as big as turkeys' eggs for the specially virtuous, closed the chapter.

The spell is broken, and a general stir and sigh of satisfaction testify to the skill of the narrator. Very richly does he deserve the coppers which he collects from his grateful hearers, and which he repays again by a few courteous words of thanks to each individual donor. And then the groups break up and scatter, some in search of fresh diversion, some of long neglected bargains, leaving behind new and strange sympathies in the heart and mind of the pale-faced strangers at whom they have been between whiles marvelling.

Let us descend the hill again, and climb the opposite steep ascent to the castle-yard, that we may look in upon a very different scene. Not much of simple pleasures, beauty, or romance for any one here! Surely such a wretched collection of buildings could nowhere else be found forming the government offices of an important capital. On the left is the open hall where the Basha, or Kadi, sits every morning at nine o'clock, to hear complaints, and to administer such justice as may suit his interests or affections for the time being. Beyond is the rather tempting entrance of the mosque, but that is forbidden ground, and will prove

inaccessible even by means of the golden key. Then there come the customs bank, the prison, and the Basha's residence. To the harem of the latter ladies may readily gain admittance, but the less favoured, male visitor must cease his investigations at the prison. And it is for this that we have come; for that little chamber where the Kadi does *not* mete out justice, and this wretched hole into which his victims are crammed, yield at once a key and an index to the almost hopelessly evil estate of Tangiers. Entering the dark recess adjoining the bank we may peep into the prison, through a large hole in the wall, though it is not a vision that even the most morbid will care to prolong.

One huge room apparently—if the word 'room' may be applied to an irregular, mud built and floored den of this sort. A few heaps of foul straw by way of furniture, and groups of emaciated human beings, ragged and unkempt to the last degree, and with about as much expression on their faces as cowed wild beasts—some sitting playing at cards, but the greater number lying against the walls in a state of incipient idiocy. That is all,—except a never-to-be-forgotten stench of literally rotting humanity. It must not for a moment be imagined that these are criminals. The real evil-doer is usually strong enough, and rich enough, to defy, or rather shake hands with justice. These are mostly either the poor scapegoats, or perfectly innocent souls who have been unlucky enough to incur the wrath of somebody a little more powerful than themselves. There