

torrent, carrying everything before it as it rushes headlong to the sea.

The beach, near the mouth of the river, was the scene of the cruel massacre of Torrijos and his companions in 1831. He led one of the many attempts made by the constitutionalists, and was accompanied by about fifty followers. Lured by the treacherous promises of Moreno, then governor of Málaga, who was leading them on to destruction, they set sail from Gibraltar in the month of December, intending to land at Velez. Watched, however, by a Guarda-Costa, they were obliged to put in at Fuengirola, and on their landing there, were made prisoners by Moreno's emissaries, and were taken into Málaga and shot upon the strand. But the rebels of yesterday may become the heroes of to-day; and an obelisk in the Plaza de Riego now commemorates their names as martyrs to the cause of liberty. Beyond the Guadalmedina an extensive plain stretches some leagues to the westward, where the distant range of the Yunguera bounds the horizon. To the east of the town the mountains approach close to the shore, the Gibralfaro being built on the last spur. It was across those hills, and between the fortress and the Peak of the Christobal, that Ferdinand's army passed when he came to lay siege to Málaga in 1487. A convent called de la Victoria now marks the spot where the Catholic sovereigns were encamped.

Few cities were ever defended with more resolute courage than Málaga, but the heroic bravery of the governor, Hamet-el-Zegri, did not obtain for him any consideration at the hands of his conquerors, who consigned him to a dungeon for the remainder of his life. Málaga, had her citizens been inspired with his undaunted spirit, might have rivalled the

Saguntum of early Spanish history ; but the commercial instinct of its inhabitants rendered them more anxious to secure their lives and property by coming to terms with Ferdinand, than endanger both by a desperate resistance. The heroic efforts of the chief of the Gomeres were counteracted by the more peaceable exertions of Ali Dordus, one of the principal merchants, who was allied to the royal family of Granada. He opened communications with the besiegers and finally surrendered the city, after a three months' siege, during the latter period of which the inhabitants had endured all the horrors of famine. The inhabitants had, however, little reason to be satisfied with the conduct of those to whom the city had surrendered unconditionally. They were imprisoned and reduced to slavery, after having been despoiled of their wealth, and the treatment they received from Ferdinand and Isabella does not redound much to the credit of the conquerors. Ali Dordus himself, however, was rewarded : honours and wealth were showered upon him, and he retired to Antequera, where his son became a convert to Christianity. The latter and his wife were baptised, and received the names of Ferdinand and Isabella de Málaga, which family name is borne by their descendants to the present day. They were made nobles of Castile, and given for arms a shield with four quarterings ; the arms of the city they had surrendered ; a pomegranate, as descendants of Alhamar ; a lion for Castile ; and a bar for Aragon.

The Protestant Cemetery is another object of interest, although a melancholy one to the English traveller. It is beautifully situated on the slope of the hills just below the fortress ; it was a great boon obtained by the late Mr. Mark, British Consul at

Málaga. The intolerance of the Spanish nation, in not allowing followers of any religion but their own to receive Christian burial in their country, is indeed disgraceful. At Cadiz, Málaga, and still more recently at Madrid, exceptions have been made; but everywhere else in Spain, none but Catholics can be buried in consecrated ground. Protestants have truly every reason to be grateful to Mr. Mark for his exertions. He was much beloved and respected by all who knew him; and the number of Spaniards who followed his remains to the cemetery showed in an expressive manner, the estimation in which he was held. A cross has been placed with great good taste over the entrance to the grounds, which are filled with the choicest flowers, and very prettily laid out. One of the first Englishmen interred there was a Mr. Boyd, a companion of Torrijos, and who perished with the rest of his unfortunate comrades.

It is also owing to the exertions of our present Consul, the son of the late Mr. Mark, that the service of the Church of England is performed twice every Sunday by a regularly appointed chaplain, in a room in the Consulate very suitably fitted up as a chapel. There are several Protestant families permanently residing in the town; artisans employed in the iron foundries, &c.; and these, added to the numerous visitors, who now flock there in the winter for health, form a very respectable congregation.

Christmas is kept with great festivities in Spain. Its approach is heralded by enormous flocks of turkeys which block up all the streets, waiting for purchasers. Turkey on Christmas-day is quite as indispensable here as in England, and serves to remind one of the festive time approaching, although the appearance of the weather, the deep blue sky and glorious sun above,

and the groves of oranges and lemons around, have little in common with the depth of winter, and the kind of weather which generally accompanies Christmas in our own land.

Christmas Eve, or the *Noche Buena*, as it is called, is the season most peculiarly celebrated, and the chosen time for an interchange of presents. Cakes, fowls, fruit, and every description of provisions form the mutual interchange of good will. The noise in the streets for some days previously becomes intolerable from the screeching of the turkeys mingled with the din of the *zambomba*, a nondescript kind of instrument upon which all the little children play most frantically. It consists of something resembling a flower-pot ; over the top is stretched a piece of parchment, into which a small reed is inserted, and on this the performer rubs his hands up and down, after moistening them, and the result is anything but melodious. The noise on the *Noche Buena* itself is dreadful, and it is quite hopeless to expect any sleep, as the people spend the whole night in the streets singing and playing. In the morning the market is one of the great sights ; and the crowds of people who come in from the country make it very animated. The streets are all blocked up with stalls, on which are sold *dulces* of every description, and the most common little toys with figures of Virgins and saints, with which to ornament the *nacimientos*.

These *nacimientos* are representations of the Nativity, the grotto of Bethlehem with the Virgin and Child, and kings and shepherds, and cows, and every variety of groups of figures and of animals, done up in the most tawdry tinsel and finery, and all brilliantly lighted up every evening until the new year. Some of them in the wealthier houses are very prettily arranged,

while others—for they have them in every house—are of course of the commonest description. In the evening we went to a supper, given to the old people and children, at the Mendicity Institution. It was admirably arranged. The children, very neatly dressed, were seated at two long tables, between which the bishop, attended by some of his clergy, walked up and down, and gave them his blessing before they commenced. Each child had its own allowance of four small plates containing *bacallao*, or salt cod, salad, sweet potatoes and dulces, with a loaf of bread. They seemed well cared for, and looked the very pictures of happiness; but, at the conclusion of the feast, the noise was deafening, for when they had finished, they each produced a zambomba, or a tambourine, and the din soon drove us from the room. We then went to see the old people, who were dining below. They also looked very clean and happy. There was a *nacimiento* at one end of the room very brilliantly got up—the crowd round the Virgin and Child represented as playing on the zambomba.

From the supper we went to midnight mass at the cathedral, which was splendidly lighted, but so crowded it was impossible to get near the high altar. The music disappointed me, and the congregation, with the exception of those kneeling near the railings, did not seem animated with much devotional feeling—the side aisles appearing more like a fashionable promenade, than the scene of a great religious ceremony.

On St. Anthony's day, the 17th of January, the people all go out into the country, taking with them refreshments, and spend the day scattered in groups along the shore and up the beds of the torrents. Some dance to the tune of the lively bolera, while others are

playing on the guitar and singing the monotonous *rondeña*. The groups thus formed are very picturesque, and on these occasions the men still appear in their Andalusian costume.

The rides in the mountains round Málaga are very wild and lonely. You wend your way up the beds of torrents ; the mountains rising on either side, at times narrowing into a gloomy gorge, and again opening out upon some vine-clad valley, with here and there a solitary farm house. They are rarely inhabited by their owners, for Spaniards have an instinctive dread of robbers, and would not consider it safe to reside so far away from a town. Some few years ago the ladies of one of the wealthy families in Málaga, who ventured to pass a few months at their *hacienda*, found themselves attacked one day by a gang of bandits, and would probably have been carried off to the mountains and held to ransom, had not the master of the house fortunately arrived, just at the moment, on horseback. An accident saved the party ; the robbers fired at him, as he approached, and, the frightened horse jumping over a wall, threw his rider, when the robbers seeing him fall, fancied they had killed him, and decamped immediately. But these incidents are few and far between, and the traveller may generally ride through every nook and corner of the mountains, unarmed, without any fear of robbers, as we did the whole winter we were at Málaga. Every peasant you meet has his musket on his shoulder, or slung from his saddle ; but it is for his own self-defence, and as he passes you he touches his hat, and gives you the passing valediction, "*Vaya V con Dios*,"—"May you go with God," with a courtesy and civility which make you feel you are among friends. Generally speaking the weapon is as harmless as the owner, for guns will not go off without

locks, and of these there is a charming deficiency. It is seldom, however, except in the frequented paths, that you meet with a human being. An oppressive feeling of loneliness overpowers you as you wander through the mountains. All seems so silent, so deserted ; no singing of birds to relieve the stillness around ; only now and then the tinkling of the shepherd's bell reminds one there is anything animated to disturb the strange tranquillity. The people all live clustered together in the villages. There is no scattered agricultural population. A few families residing here and there in the *cortijos*, or farm houses, immediately in the neighbourhood of the towns.

Many of these *cortijos* are beautifully situated ; sometimes on the side of a precipitous hill, the slopes of which are covered with vineyards ; at others on the brow of a rocky height, exposed to all the burning heat of the sun ; the frames for drying and preparing the celebrated Málaga raisins forming conspicuous objects near the houses. The grapes are laid upon banks of earth enclosed in wooden frames. In the months of July and August they do not require more than eight or nine days to be converted into raisins, but later in the season as much as twenty or twenty-five days are necessary.

The colouring of the mountains is magnificent ; the deep red of the soil in many places throwing over them the richest tints, more particularly at sunset ; but the absence of trees is a sad drawback to Spanish scenery. There are very few to be seen for some distance around Málaga ; almost the only approach to such a thing being the charob tree, the foliage of which is of a rich green. It does not grow to any height ; but it is a welcome object here, where trees are such a rarity. The hedges are generally formed of the aloe and prickly

pear ; the latter being extensively cultivated for the sake of the cochineal, which are fed upon its fleshy leaves. This insect was once an important article of export from Málaga, but of late the trade in it has much diminished. The beds of the torrents are full of oleanders, the pink flowers of which in summer bloom with the greatest brilliancy. The Flora of Spain is extremely rich, and in spring the plains and mountain sides are covered with a profusion of wild flowers, but their beauty is short-lived ; they soon pass away beneath the scorching heat of the sun, and by the end of July the whole country becomes parched and arid, with scarcely a sign of vegetation.

The convent of the Angeles is one of the most picturesquely situated places in the neighbourhood. Owing to the suppression of the convents, it is now nothing more than a farm house, but the beautiful foliage in the garden makes it most refreshing to the eye. It stands at the entrance to a rocky glen, and the pines and palm trees which cluster round it make it appear quite an oasis in the desert.

On beyond the Angeles are the Ermitas, where are the ruins of several hermitages, charmingly situated, surrounded by rocks, out of the crevices of which a countless variety of wild flowers push forth in every direction. Hence may be obtained one of the most beautiful birds-eye views of the town and surrounding country, with the sea beyond. At the foot of the hill the plain extends itself towards the town, the whole of which may be seen, with its Cathedral, Alcazaba, and Gibralfaro, and the mountains stretching on towards Velez Málaga. In wandering through the defiles up the valley of the Guadalmedina, you come occasionally on lofty bridges spanning the ravines, which serve to convey water from the mountains to irrigate the fields





MALAGA, FROM THE ERMITAS.

Dickinson Rev. Ed.



valleys, and running along the mountain sides ; the moisture they diffuse around, making their neighbourhood a favourite haunt for wild flowers. Their banks and the sides of the bridges are covered with the Maiden-hair Fern, which grows here to an enormous size ; its graceful fronds, falling in the richest luxuriance, mingled with the dark-blue panicles of the *Trachelium cæruleum*, called by the country people the Widow's Flower, a plant which flourishes in all precipitous places where water is constantly trickling down.

Towards the end of March we ascended the Cerro de San Anton, a peak rising to the height of about 1400 feet. It forms the highest point of the chain of hills which extends along the coast from Málaga to Velez. About half way is a large farm house, where we stopped to rest—and then climbed to the summit, over rocks covered with several varieties of cistus, the beautiful blossoms of which give such a charm to this southern vegetation. Many low shrubs were scattered about—and multitudes of flowers of every hue were growing in profusion amongst them. The view from the summit embraces a splendid prospect. The coast of Africa appeared close to us ; while to the north, hills rise above hills, presenting the same rounded appearance, peculiar to this calcareous formation, many clothed with vineyards to the very summit.