numbered, babies included, about fifty, and I well remember the grace and courtesy of the poor mothers, with children in arms or at their side, in never pushing forward to get the little offerings for their darlings. I remember the grace with which each child—even the baby of a year old—when I had deposited the little handful of sweetmeats in its right hand, would instantly transfer it to its left, or to its mother's hand, and wave out its little right hand to be shaken with my own. I remember, too, that if this simple rite were not gone through, the father or mother would pursue me, child in arms, until it was. I remember, too, the dark, close-packed quarters, and the very savoury, but very rough cooking below decks, of which these poor unintelligible people always offered me a share. I remember, too, the fair flaxen hair, and the dresses, shapeless, but girdled round the waist, and the ruddy cheeks of these poor women. All this I remember. But one thing I can never forget, namely, the joy with which, one and all, men, women, and children, they crowded down the steps of the vessel, and streamed up to the town, to the barracks, to the chief streets, to the sea-front, to the country around, only to look about; to feel free; to pluck a daisy; to throw a stone. This was joy to them—a joy so evidently expressed in their smiles and gestures, that one who saw could not forget it. And so, after my short seven days on board a steamer, I actually felt my own joy at putting foot on shore, and thought of, and understood theirs!

Well, at the landing-place at Lisbon it was quite difficult to get to the landing-steps at all, such a crowd was there of boats, and such a screaming of boatmen. We were assailed, simply assailed, by would-be guides

to the strangers—the English; but we managed to beat them off, and wandered about in the beautiful squares and streets of the city alone. The cleanness of the streets, the glitter of the shops, and the height and whiteness of the buildings at Lisbon, strike one first. But another thing also strikes one, and that is, that one must have some dinner, if one has not dined—that is, if it be possible to have some! After dinner we were bound to return to our berths on board the steamer, for she might start at any hour.

At eight o'clock it was fast darkening, and we started out of the hotel. Outside waited one of the guides, one of the very men I had taken such pains to get rid of a few hours before. Instantly he recognized us, and offered his services to conduct us to the wharf. I thought to myself, it is not "quite the thing" to cast off a friend in fair weather, and take him on again in foul; so I refused. However, the poor fellow persisted in accompanying us; and as the night was now very dark, and I had not the slightest idea either of the Portuguese language or of the whereabouts of the wharf, the guide came with us.

We got to the steps; thank goodness, we had the guide, for there was much ado to get a permit to leave the landing-steps for our vessel. At last we got it, and our guide signalled a tiny boat, manned by one boy. I demurred, not thinking such an escort over safe. The guide insisted. "Well," I said, "if it's all so *couleur de rose*, you step into the boat first, and when we get to our ship I'll pay you." In he stepped in a moment, and we after him. I must say he spoke English fairly well, and understood it very well. To my surprise, though I saw the lights of our vessel lying at her old moorings, quite close to the steps, the

boatman pulled up a sort of backwater, as it seemed to me (remember, it was pitch dark), and pulled with all his might right away from the vessel. Understand it I could not. At last I could bear it no longer. "Give me the oar," I said, "I can at least pull straighter than that for our vessel." The guide ejaculated the simple words, "The tide, the tide," and I waited awhile. At last, when we were fairly out of sight of the "Lisbon," the boatman calmly shipped his oars and lit a cigarette.

Then I understood his tactics. The current, in a moment, caught our tiny boat, and, broadside to it, down it we went, back towards our vessel. Now and then we nearly fouled a boat or vessel lying at anchor in the stream, but the ever-ready oar of the lad staved off the danger, and in three minutes, so swift and violent was the current, we were, broadside on, just off the "Lisbon."

On the following morning, when I recounted the matter to one of the officers of the ship, I was informed that so rapid and violent is the current of the Tagus, that a rowing-boat, merely drifting down with the current, has been known to capsize by merely coming broadside on, across one of the buoys!

June 28th, Saturday.—We went on shore again, but we were to be off again at three; so you will imagine that our impressions of Lisbon are very scanty. Almost am I ashamed to jot them down. The day was heavenly; as Charles Kingsley beautifully calls it, a very "day of God." Bright sun, balmy breeze; but the time was too short! We gazed on the white, lofty quadrangle of Black Horse Square, the finest square in Lisbon; strolled down Gold Street and Silver Street, both, in their way, with their show of

jewellery, very handsome; wondered at the lack of beauty among the Portuguese women,—(the men are really a handsome set; the women, both high and low, exceedingly plain: I am told that this is the case throughout Portugal, and am quite unable to understand why that beautiful country should, in this respect, present such a contrast to her sister, Spain); and then went to prayer at the Church of San Roqua. Outside, this church has little to recommend it, but the interior is very striking and costly. The "dim religious light," the silent prostrate worshippers, struck me first; but the brass sculpture or carving of the several altars and the painting of the roof are exceedingly grand and costly.

Thence we strolled to the public gardens. These are very beautiful, and their shaded walks, frequent seats, and countless flowers, in pots or in the earth, were truly refreshing. By far the most beautiful among the trees is the Pepper Tree, which is common in all the squares or promenades or gardens of Portugal or Southern Spain. It is perhaps the most graceful tree I know of. Fairly tall, always seeming green; its long, drooping, but well-clothed branches, bending down in clusters to the ground; its fruit hanging in graceful strings of clustering berries, green, crimson, or black; this tree attracts one's attention the moment its thick, drooping, dark-green foliage is observed.

Thence we strolled to the Fruit Market, and, let me say, this struck me as the most beautiful sight in Lisbon. It is a wide open square, belted with trees, and on one side a stone wall and gates of entry. In it are fixed hundreds of umbrella tents—just like a large umbrella stuck into the ground is each of them.

Under these little tents sit the fruit-sellers, in every variety of gaudy costume; the dresses alone of the women would have made a gorgeous picture! The flowers, cut and tied up in bouquets, were superb, and *so* aromatic! There were heaps upon heaps of lavender, scented verbenas, carnations of every hue, geraniums, purple and grey cinerarias, and, simpler store, wall-flowers, pansies, white pinks—all tastefully arranged upon the little tables beneath the tents. As for the fruit, lying heaped up upon the ground, the enormous fleshy figs, the piles of yellow, crimson, and black cherries, pine-apples, pears without number, apples, plums of every hue, with hundreds of fruits and flowers wholly strange to English eyes, formed, indeed, a beautiful sight.

But, like everything else in life that is bright, these sights and scenes of "the magnificent Lisbon" were all too short. My watch bade us hasten to the wharf to join once more our trusty vessel. My eye will, probably, never again see Lisbon *la Magnifica*, yet I shall ever think of her as the city of bright sun and balmy airs, and gold and silver, and fruit and flowers. "Lisbon is *magnifica!*" Lisbon *is* a magnificent city; but what can one see of London by walking up Oxford Street?

The shores of the Tagus, as we steamed down on the lovely evening of the 28th, seemed to me more beauteous than ever, and the gradual passing out into the open sea is always striking. Until eleven or twelve at night I did not leave the deck. The night was very hot, and I devoted one part of it to smoking my customary pipe before the mast," and learning from one of the sailors how to make an oilskin coat.

The morning of Sunday, June 29th, rose dull and

cloudy. I rose, half-dressed, and strolled on deck early, when a heavy "Scotch mist" was making everything look very dreary. At 7 A.M. we passed the Cape of St. Vincent, a large promontory of dark-red rock—I suppose sandstone. This promontory, like all the coast about here, shelves sheer down into the sea, and its dark-red and crimson rock—with black crevices, and the blue sea beating upon it—gives an idea of desolation and grandeur not often seen. On the promontory of St. Vincent stands an old and ruinous, or at least uninhabited, convent; and certainly, if isolation be an object in choosing a site for a convent, this point was well chosen.

It appears of great size; I counted with my glass as many as thirty windows in one row. It is built of grey stone, and in the middle of the long building rises up a circular tower, capped with a pointed turret.

It may be truth, it may be fiction,—judging from the honest-looking face of the speaker, I should judge the former,—but one of the sailors told me he had "often seen handkerchiefs waved to any passing vessel through the barred windows."

The barren grandeur of the red cliff, and the ancient and crumbling appearance of the building that crests it, are matter more for the pencil of the artist than for the pen of the writer. When one passes the lonely islands of the "Berlings," the wild and lonely country around the "Palace of the Mathra," or a spot like this, one cannot help wishing that life were longer, one's purse longer, and the claims of duty less peremptory, that one might simply land at each and all of them, and explore, and sketch, and annotate. How many curious facts would the

journal of such an explorer contain! But whenever such thoughts or wishes come into my mind, I have found it a good, if slightly stoical, practice, to repeat to myself the old French adage, "Quand on n'a pas ce que l'on aime, il faut aimer ce que l'on a."

At eleven we had service on deck under an awning, the rain still falling, though abating somewhat. The "desk" was formed of two water-casks—("We'll soon rig up a bit of a desk," said the sailors)—covered by the Union Jack. All the men were invited to service by the excellent captain of our vessel, and the congregation was, if not large, very attentive. Is it not strange, I venture to ask, that there exists among our rude sailors, whether on board merchantman or fishing lugger, so high a tone of morality in some things, (I do not say in all,) while, as a rule, they make no use of the common means of obtaining, as it is said, God's grace? The helping-hand to a neighbour, the sterling love of truth, the warm-heartedness, and the fearlessness, which in "religious people" men would call faith in God, of these men have oftentimes struck and surprised me. And you cannot call these noble qualities, of which these men most certainly have their fair share, "natural goodness," for it is not natural to be, as they are, full of love to others, and truthful, and fearless. Is it that their religion descends upon them in their weary night watches, when wind and wave are high, and they are alone with God, and near Him, as any one in a storm at sea must not only be, but feel that he is? or, in the long, dark hours, when the ship lies still in, or goes "half-speed" or "slow" through, the thick and drizzling sea-fog, when nothing is heard but the minutely ring-ring-ring of the fog-bell, or the

wailing fog-horn of some hapless fisherman's barque more benighted than themselves? It may be so. Our God has strange ways, we know, of approaching the soul and heart of His creatures; and the scent of a spring flower, or the song of a spring bird, has oftentimes done more to awake and quicken the slumbering heart and conscience than the full and ornate service in the church, or the sermon of "the eloquent orator." Be it how it may, our seamen, our fishermen, as a rule, are a truthful, warm-hearted, self-sacrificing, and contented set; and they are men who, for the most part, "see the works of the Lord and His wonders" only "in the deep."

June 30th, 4 A.M.—Gibraltar at last! The night had been intensely beautiful; for a little while a slight haze had hung upon our track, but soon it was gone, and the soft, pale, mellow moon shone out and looked down upon the dark, quiet sea, as we passed along the coast of Africa. I waited up on deck all night to behold the first headland of Africa, and I was well repaid. The whole scene was so passing beautiful, so serene, so lovely, so tranquil—the dark far coast-line of Africa; the quiet, washing, rippling sea; the mellow moon; the balmy breezeless air.

Why are some seamen so careless, so reckless of their life, and the lives of others? A mist was hanging about, very slight, but still a mist. A dark object hove in sight, close to us. Was it a ship? It was. The breeze was with her; she had all her sails set, and just as she came near us, she ran up her lamp —not until then; and then the moment she had passed us down went the light again, and she went on her silent way in darkness. I asked a seaman on board our vessel why she acted so? "Only to save

the oil, of course." That was all his answer. I remember my own little fishing-lugger at Brighton, the master of which was a "pig-headed" Sussex fisherman: he never, though I have been out with him in his bit of a 10-ton lugger on the most misty nights, would run up his light to the mast head, and hour after hour have we drifted with our trawl-net in the blinding mist, hearing large vessels passing up and down hard by us,—yes, ourselves lying in their very track,—and yet he would not run up the light. But then there was method in his madness. "As long as I live, sir," has he said to me, "I'll never hoist a lamp for the Board of Trade, or any other Board." "And why not?" "Why, the first lugger as ever wore a light at her mast-head, off Brighton coast, was run down by a vessel that took her for a pilot—so I'll never run up a light!" But how captains of sailing brigs and the like, for the paltry saving of oil, can dispense with a light, does, I must say, surprise me.

And now we are at Gibraltar, and it is early morn. Already, however, I have seen the cloud that rests so frequently upon the head of the rock; already have I heard the joyous clarion of the bugles of the English soldiers sounding the *reveillé,* and my heart longs to be on shore.

Our time at Gibraltar was very limited, as the trading steamer in which we had taken passage was bound for Malaga. I inquired if we could return by a Spanish boat to Cadiz, and thence go up country, but landing at Cadiz was, in the then state of political affairs, said to be most unadvisable.

The enormous strength of the fortifications at Gibraltar is the most striking feature of "the Rock"

on first landing ; the place would seem to be well-nigh impregnable. The heat was tremendous, the sun's rays seeming to be reflected, as from a furnace, from the white, glaring dusty road leading into the town ; their power, however, is lessened by the rows of trees and the wooded hills rising to the right. The soldiers' dresses are very handsome, especially that of the sergeants, who in addition to the snowy-white tunic and linen "puggery" encasing the cap and flowing over the nape of the neck, wear a crimson sash across the shoulder, the contrast between the whiteness of the tunic and the crimson of the sash being exceedingly chaste and handsome.

Walking down the streets, the sight was picturesque in the extreme. Here congregate men, absolutely, of all nations : the tall, well-built, haughty-looking Barbary Moor, with his sweeping beard, and clean-cut, aquiline features ; the money-making Jew, dressed in his "Jewish gaberdine" ; the Andaluz gitano, or water-carrier, in crimson faja, breeches open below the knee, and sandalled feet ; the Mediterranean boatman, in his uncouth aud varying costume ; the Levantine, in full Oriental costume ; negroes, Indians, Indian nurses, interspersed with the chaste uniforms of the British army—to say nothing of the "man-of-war's man," and the ordinary costumes of the English. All these give an exceedingly unusual and picturesque appearance to the crowded, car-rattling, jabbering, and noisy streets. Where many nations meet, many tongues must be spoken, and in some of the shops, German, Spanish, French, and English were freely circulating.

At 4 o'clock, on July 1st, we steamed out of harbour, and had another opportunity of admiring the

abrupt grandeur of "the Rock;" but ere we passed from sight a white fleecy cloud came down, and completely hid its summit from view, almost, as it seemed, in a moment: the effect was very striking. This is commonly called, "the Rock wearing its nightcap."

At 7 o'clock, along the coast, were passed the extreme westernmost mountains of the Sierra Nevada range—a noble, barren line of sierra, probably teeming with mineral wealth. At 10 P.M. "Malaga Light" was sung out by the watch. The heat of the day had given place to a refreshing coolness, and through the calm moonlit water—it seemed almost without a ripple—we steamed at midnight slowly into Malaga harbour, anchoring full in front of the twinkling lights and dark encircling hills of the city.

CHAPTER III.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF A SPANISH TOWN OF THE INTERIOR.

English people, who glean their ideas of Spanish life and character from a sojourn at Madrid or Malaga, Gibraltar or Seville, know strangely little of the real state of education and social life in the less-visited towns of the interior.

When I arrived at Gibraltar on my way to the secluded town from which I write, I was warned not to attempt to return to Cadiz, as the line was cut, and that city "in a state of siege." Malaga was "in a condition very little better." However, I went on by sea to Malaga, hardly knowing—indeed, I should say, very doubtful—whether or no I should be able to take train into the interior. At Malaga, the first token of "La Republican Democratica Federal" was a string of red-capped Voluntarios, who had taken the place of the ordinary Customs officials. They boarded our steamer, headed by their captain, and with fixed bayonets marched up to the breakfast-table on deck to confer with our captain. They seemed but ill armed, and wore no uniform, save the scarlet flannel cap, peaked over the eyes, of which every shop window was full. Some had old fowling-pieces, some Enfield rifles, some the Snider. They seemed restless and haggard, and, indeed, one of them told me as we smoked a cigarette together, that he was dissatisfied

with his Government, his faith—in a word, with everything. Our captain, a hearty Englishman, who did not like arms at his breakfast-table, good-humouredly asked them to "unfix bayonets." This the poor fellows did, after a moment's demur, with a hearty laugh. Afterwards, I met these same men at the Custom House, and they passed my luggage unopened, in remembrance of our cigar and chat together, and behaved most courteously. This was my first introduction to the Intransigentes. Next day, two thousand Malaguanese Voluntarios, who had been to proclaim the independence of Seville, entered the town, preceded by their band and four cannon. They, too, were ill armed, and only distinguished from civilians by the red cap; they promenaded the street in triumph for some time, and at a bugle call dispersed at once, each man going to his own home. In two hours Malaga was quiet as ever, and not an armed man seen in its streets. The only active measure taken on that day was the issuing of the order for every nun to leave her convent in twenty-four hours, which time of grace was readily extended, at the request of the English and American Consuls, to six days.

Starting up country, *viâ* Cordoba, I was reminded only too sadly of the unhappy state of sunny, beautiful Spain. The corn, over-ripe, was ungathered in ; at each small station stood, with fixed bayonets, a couple of Guardias Civiles. No words of mine can describe the alternate beauty and savage grandeur of the route from Malaga to Cordoba. From Malaga to Alora, the wild semi-cultivated slopes stretched out far as eye could see, reminding one, here and there, of the Wiltshire Downs on a grand scale ; but at Alora, a lovely

town of some 8,000 people, the fertile plains of Andalucia Abaja (Andalucia the lower) suddenly spread around us in all their beauty, lit up by the beams of the morning sun—the orange, the vines crowning slope after slope, the full palm tree, and the olive-patches dotting the landscape far and near ; field after field separated by hedges of prickly pear, and groups of aloes here and there, completely enchained and fascinated heart and soul, and one forgot the sorrows of one's new country, and her strife and her bloodshed, in looking on her beauty and her grace.

Suddenly all was changed—vineyards, olives, trees, were all but as a dim mist of blue far behind, and we had entered on a scene of more savage grandeur than the Alps, the Pyrenees, or the Tyrol. Nothing can exceed the grandeur of the country after crossing the Guadalhorce near Bogantes Station. Far and wide there is nothing but naked rock ; you look up, peak after peak of granite towers up above the line, and cuts its rugged way into the deep clear blue ; while to your left, seen here and there through the holes of the rock, the Guadalhorce, increased and fed by one cascade after another, foams and dashes along over its huge granite boulders. The line goes through tunnel after tunnel in swift succession, until the far-famed viaduct at Bogantes is passed at a foot's pace.

The chief spot of interest is the "Hoyo," or gorge, with the river foaming at its side as just described. This magnificent scenery is but a short distance from Bogantes Station, and is called here "the pass of the Guadalhorce." It is hardly more than fifty miles from Malaga, and I can only wonder that the artist's

hand and pencil are not busy here year by year, where all is so intensely new and almost untrodden ground.

Let me pass on to the end of my journey. The road was treeless and barren, and, save for the beautiful ridge of some sierra, just tinged by the setting sun, and the silver Guadalquivir—winding among its here treeless hills—devoid of beauty. Late at night I arrived at my destination, and was only too glad to turn off to rest.

What struck me most, at first, was the wretched state of the streets, which is common to the towns of the interior: they have no pavement, but have, at some remote period, been "pitched" with huge stones, many of which have gone, leaving holes a foot deep. All travelling is accomplished on horse or donkey back, or in springless mule carts, which jolt one to pieces. These carts are covered with bamboo canes, with a sacking at each end; the bottom is simply a piece of ordinary matting stretched over the iron bars that join the wheels. But, to say truth, there *is* hardly any communication between town and town. Villages, country-houses, farm-houses, absolutely have no existence, owing to the unsafe state of the country. The farmers live in the towns, and gather their wheat and garvancos (a sort of pea) into the camera, or attic, at the top of the house.

Walking out the next morning, I heard in the distance the well-known strains of the 'Marseillaise,' played in the most lively way by a brass band, and presently a tiny coffin, swung between four boys, came round the corner—the coffin of a little fair-haired child of some seven summers, laid out in blue paper, with a glass lid to show its peaceful face. A crowd of

boys, cutting capers, singing and shouting, ran before it, while close behind, at a swinging pace, and playing their loudest and liveliest, came the band I had heard; behind them, four abreast, walked fifty or sixty young men, chiefly of the mining or artisan class. This ceremony is peculiar to this part of Spain, and has only existed since the Republic was formed. It is called a "civil funeral." The ceremony is simple enough; the band (of advanced Republicans) marches to the house whence the funeral is to come, and forms in a semicircle around the door, with all the followers; they then march to the cemetery, play one last lively Republican air, in token that the innocent has gone to a better country, and is safe "en los manos de Dios," leaving the little flimsy coffin on one of the stones until the grave-digger can find time to enter it. The law in other days was, that no funeral should take place without a priest, but this was repealed by the Republic, and permission given to all to bury with or without a religious ceremony. It is sad, I must confess, to witness such a spectacle; it is a defiance of the religion of their fathers, from men who absolutely have no faith at all to cling to in its place. Strangely enough, I have never seen a grown-up person buried with a civil funeral. The most striking part of a Spanish funeral is the number of those who follow. Every friend of the bereaved family, every distant relation, those in the same street, and all who knew the dead man, leave their work and follow him to his last resting-place. No women ever follow; no special mourning seems to be used.

A few days after my arrival, I was introduced to the Mayor of the town, himself an Intransigente, but not an ultra-red. Here is the blot of the Spanish Re-