it, picking our way among the shrubs and bushes.* Presently we mounted a steep height, and on the other side had a wide-spreading prospect, but still quite lonesome, of a beautiful park-like country, not unlike the neighbourhood of Tunbridge Wells. Another steep ascent, and we came to a stone-built water-mill of very antique and romantic appearance, discharging at a furious rate towards the valley beyond; and on the heights opposite was the antique white town of Vejer, not on the shoulder, but on the summit of the mountain. I have never yet seen a town that seemed so completely removed out of the mortal world: perched where it is, it does not seem to associate itself with any business of life, and you think only of the banished and dead ancient Moors.† We wound our way into the

* For a league or more, two rural damsels on horseback, upon smart saddles, of the country fashion, with high handles decorated in toyshop style, bore us company in threading these small wildernesses. Portéla, who was always at home with a petticoat, and had a touch of the militaire (which he had once been), seemed to beguile their way very gallantly, but the Andalusian small talk far outstripped my comprehension.

† Captain Scott, who ascended to Vejer, says that, "taken altogether, it is a much better town than could be expected, considering its truly out-of-the-way situation;" and that there is a fine view from the steeple. (Excursions in the Mountains of Ronda and Granada,
Our journey for to-day was to Tarifa by way of the Venta de Taibilla. As I was dressing, Portéla (1838, vol. ii. p. 52.) He observes of the venta: "There is not a better halting-place between Cadiz and Gibraltar; albeit, many stories are told of robberies committed even within its very walls. Let the traveller take care, therefore, to show his pistols to mine host, and to lock his bed-room door" (p. 53). I have seen the same hint as to the exhibition of arms at Vejer in another book of travels, the name of which I forget. Possibly the Carbineers' station noticed above (p. 50) may have helped to correct the old state of things.
came to me and said some carbineers were going by the Taibilla road, and if we made haste we might join them. I made a doggish kind of toilette (but in these wilds the sun shines on the unclean as on the clean), and, after a hurried cup of tea which he had got ready for me, we started.* The carbineer (it was only one) had set off, and we had to track and inquire after him through sandy pathways and woods, till at last we caught sight of him, and we kept him company all the way: he was a little rough-looking man, riding a small mule, which was attended by a small boy who walked all the way. I do not think all three would have struck much terror into the enemy if we had met with any, but authority commands respect, and perhaps they would have been awed by the decorations he wore at his button-hole, though not by his little cutlass (he had no carbine that I could see) or his little half-boots and bare legs.

Some of this woodland road, down hill especially, was frightfully bad: steep pitches among flat stones or loose round ones, or clayey mud. Moreover a heavy shower came on and obliged me to take to my manta. This, when I have popped my head through it, covers body and legs, and part of the horse, but does not protect the neck: it keeps the alforjas dry,

* Soon after six. We reached the Venta de Taibilla at twenty minutes before eleven.
however, in which I carry books, tea, brandy, my tin teapot and kettle, bread, eggs, and other nicknacks. The wood was very pretty, consisting very much of ilex and cork - trees, but we presently left it, and emerged upon a vast clammy bog, spreading far and wide, and dismally green, to distant mountains, another of those scenes of lonesomeness on a great scale which so much strike you when you begin to travel in Spain. It is not desolation, like Stainmoor (though even there you see more traces of man, for instance in the dry-stone walls), but the total abandonment by man of what seems calculated for his use. By and bye some low walls, which at a distance looked like a cattle-shed, proved to be the Venta of Taibilla, with a police station adjoining, where two authoritative men in three - cornered hats peered out at our gallant companion on the mule. These civil and military establishments are not so much for the safety of travellers, I believe, as to check the smuggling between Gibraltar and the interior.*

We made an hour's halt at the venta: the salon was a hovel with no light but from the door; but it was gaily decked with green boughs, stars neatly

* The prevention of smuggling is the business of the Carabineros: the general safety of the roads is watched over by the Guardia Civil. The men at Taibilla were of the latter service.
made of green leaves and fixed against the white walls, and a kind of altar, formed of greenery too. All this was in preparation for the fiesta of the Cross of the 3rd of May,* when the venta is to be very lively. The people told me that this place is a great resort of the officers from Gibraltar, who make parties here to shoot woodcocks (or snipes) and wild ducks, and, if I understood rightly, to course hares. Some were here in the bad weather last winter, and were a week without being able to do anything, but were very merry nevertheless. There is a pass from Taibilla (the Trocha) which leads to Gibraltar by a much shorter cut than the roads I have taken.

From the Taibilla we turned across the moor in the direction of the sea, and came underneath a line of green and stony mountain with picturesque wood at its base. There was a little wooden cross nailed against an ilex. Portéla remarked, "Aqui mataron á uno" (here they killed one). I asked how long ago; he said, "Ha tiempo!" (oh! a long time since). Our road led us gently down toward the coast, and, turning a huge headland, we were upon the seashore, with the gloomy coast of Africa spreading each way before us. But the south-west wind had brought such a haze over the straits that I could only trace the out-

* This Maying is noticed in Doblado's Letters, p. 301, Letter 9.
lines of the mountains. Africa has been sometimes called a land of mystery, and it was so to me this evening. The lighthouse and fortress of Tarifa, the southernmost point of Spain, were now full in our view, and we rode along the sands with a bitter wind blowing at our backs. An old Moorish tower perched upon a high rock was a striking object on our left. Nothing is more tedious than approaching a conspicuous place on the sea-side: you make so many strides without ever seeming to get nearer. We did at last reach it, about half past five, and never was I more disappointed. I had imagined a quaint but gay little place, with Christian-like accommodations. Portela led me through a doorway in a white wall* into a bad, small stable-yard, on one side of which, opening upon the yard, was a lock-up, destined to be my "cuarto" for the night. Vejer was elegant in comparison. There was a window, but small, and out of my reach, and the wooden shutter had to be closed, for there was no glass: so too had the door, or else dogs, pigs, and cats might walk in, in addition to what could creep (and did, as I saw in the morning) between the door and the ground. Much as I was

* A dozen or more of lazy fellows were lounging with their backs against this wall, which did not mend the general sinister appearance. Close by were the ruins of the old convent; a scene of dirt and desolation.
prepared to "rough it" on this journey, my heart died within me. They brought in my bedding. One of the pillow-cases was marked with the slaughter of many animals, but this they had the grace to change. There was no better lodging to be had, Portéla told me, either in this house or elsewhere; and I could not, at this time, discover anything to the contrary.*

The posada was just outside the town gate, which, I was told, shut at nine o'clock and opened at six in the morning: why they shut it, except for something to do, I cannot guess.

The town is distinct from the fort, and has still all its old walls, gates, and Moorish towers. A tragical-looking man, with a long face, turban hat (the common Spanish one), and a cloak down to his heels, but disclosing a very shabby suit of clothes, offered to show me round the town. It is curious, as being confined within the old Moorish limits, and those very small ones; the streets narrow, white, and sepulchral, looking as if made of backs of houses instead of fronts. There was a great number of cloaked and turban-hatted

* I have since heard that Tarifa has better accommodation; the Handbook, for once, notices no inn. I discovered, before I had travelled far, that Portéla, with all his accomplishments in the field, was an indifferent quartermaster, and I was obliged generally, with the able assistance of my book, to take this matter into my own hands.
men, however, lounging in the more than cool of the evening; but the most remarkable figures were the women, who wear black dresses, and the black mantle thrown entirely over the head, and meeting across the face in the oriental fashion; some shroud the face so that you cannot discern any part of it. It is striking to see these black spectres gliding up and down the white streets, and in and out of the church. As to their beauty and grace, of which Ford says a great deal, I was not lucky enough to see much of it: he says the beauty is derived from the Moors, and I could see in both sexes something of what, I suppose, he means; animated black eyes, with eye-brows finely arched and very near the eye. The chief walk of Tarifa is a flagged pavement by the side of a muddy river in the middle of the town fronting the Italian façade of the principal church; quite a Flemish picture when some of the black women are crossing it, and the burghers lounging on the flags. The views from the rampart walks, up and down the coast and across the island, as it is called, where the fort is, are very striking. One of the towers has an inscription (half defaced, though modern) in honour of Alonso de Guzman, who defended this place against the Moors five or six hundred years ago, and refused to surrender it, though they threatened to murder his son if he held out, and the threat was fulfilled. The tower in front of which the tragedy took place bears the inscription.
As to my night's lodging; the bitterest ills have their alleviation; the people gave me an excellent supper, partly of fresh sardines, which I particularly affect, some fried in oil, and some dressed with an excellent sauce. I went to bed, and tried the elaborate night-dress, which I had not yet worn, and whether there were no animals in the bedding, or whether this panoply kept them out, I had eight hours of complete unconsciousness, and got up quite refreshed.

How differently one is situated in travelling, one night and another! Last night I was in the den I have been describing, without a sight even of the sky: to-night (Algeciras, April 20th), I am in a cheerful room with a balcony looking over Algeciras Bay and all the rock and town of Gibraltar.

I got leave this morning, and every facility was given very kindly,* to go round the fort of Tarifa. It is joined to the land by a sandy causeway, but its whole circumference is rock: the lighthouse is within it, and batteries front the sea and land in every direction. There is a great deal of fine open space, now covered with turf and wild flowers, upon which I was told four

* An officer of the garrison sent word that he would attend me, and did so with a courtesy for which I was very grateful.
regiments could exercise;* very healthy and pleasant in spring and summer, but in winter the sea washes over the place from side to side. The African view this morning was very fine; all the long line of mountains clearly displayed, and the towns of Ceuta and Tangier conspicuous on the water's edge. You are here at the very narrowest point of the Strait of Gibraltar. A great round mountain to the eastward was named to me as Monte Bulione. For a minute I did not recognise by this name the classical Mount Abyla, one of the Pillars of Hercules. My guide of last night attended me again this morning. I had taken him for some reverend burgess, frowned upon by fortune, but he proved to be a common valet-de-place, wide awake for his fee.

Leaving Tarifa about ten (in the present weather there is no ceremony about mid-day travelling), we toiled up the Sierra de Tarifa: the views downward of mountain and blue sea were glorious, but the road was heartbreaking. After a time Portéla asked a

* Perhaps, however, my friendly conductor did not speak strictly within compass; for, when I asked him how far the guns of the seaward batteries would carry, he said, "Oh! half across the Strait."

Ariosto, when he makes Orlando swim the Strait, does not condescend to carry him over this narrowest part, but takes him from "Zizera" to "Setta;" that is (I suppose), from Algeciras to Ceuta. Canto xxx. st. 10–15.
woman whom we met (with a tiny pig following her like a dog) how the road was farther on; she said, "Piedra, fango, todo!" (stone, mud, everything!); and so it proved. The winter rains had ruined the highways surely enough; but I asked my guide if it was not somebody's business to mend them at some time. He said the government took it in hand sometimes, but, like other things in Spain, it is begun, and money supplied, and then los intendentes (the superintendents)—and he made a sign towards his mouth, intimating that they eat it up. Yet this road seems to be a good deal travelled; we met a great many country-people; some (who were conveying loads on horseback) with guns at their hands, but not likely I should think, by the glimpse I had of the locks, to do any sudden execution. We walked a good deal, out of compassion to the horses, for it seemed as if their bones must have been dislocated by the struggles and plunges they had to make. Near the top of the mountain we came to a beautiful wood, quite a park scene, of ilex and cork-trees; a fine full mountain stream running through it, and the nightingales making melody. Hereabout we saw another cross in memory of a murder. At the top of the ridge of hill dividing the Tarifa coast from that of Algeciras a new sea-view broke upon us, and there, at its full length, was the glorious rock of Gibraltar; a mountain in the midst of the sea, for the sandy neck that
There was a promenade on the pier, tolerably well frequented by the good company, male and female, of the little watering-place. A daily steamboat ran between Algeciras and the Rock. 

The composition of roofs is generally a significant circumstance in the aspect of a country: the Taibilla venta was roofed with thatch.
Gibraltar, May 1st, Thursday.

I arrived here at ten, after a delightful ride round the bay. I am very glad I did not come to this place first after the sea voyage; it is so completely England, though with a dash of Spain: a curious contrast to Cadiz and Tarifa; far less so to Southampton. I am glad to have finished the first and one of the most arduous parts of my journey with so much pleasure and without feeling much fatigue, or meeting with any terrific adventure, though I had prepared for these so wisely as to stick two gold Isabels into my shaving soap, thinking this would probably be the last thing the thieves would want to take. This goes, I hope, by a Liverpool packet to-day.
LETTER VI.


Gibraltar, May 1st, 1856.

Nothing I have ever seen in my travels is so striking as the transition from Spain, such as I have partly described it in my other letters, to Gibraltar. A few furlongs of sand and a barrier as simple as a turnpike (in one part of which you are asked in plain English whether you are a British subject, and in another whether you have brought any spirits, &c., and you are then passed on) launch you at once into a Spanish England; English uniform, English costume and physiognomy, English method and solidity: the names of the streets, the announcements on the shops, the traffic, are all English. The principal hotel is the Clubhouse; another the Queen’s Arms; the tavern is the Cock and Bottle. The soldiers, young and old, look business-like, simple-minded, and thoughtful: men have the
appearance of being bound to duty, and "tied to
time:" women are dressed as in Portland Place. All
around are the tremendous appearances of the power
which has made and keeps this great conquest: a
mountain honeycombed and embossed with batteries.
The general scenery is something like that of Dover,
but on a grander scale, and more military; the eastern
precipice is steeper than Shakspeare's Cliff, and very
much higher.

The appearances of the place however are not all
English: the buildings are generally in our plain taste,
mostly, of course, rebuilt since the siege which ended
in 1783,* but, seen all together in a vista, they have
a touch of the Spanish too. The figures in the streets
are an endless variety: English officers in uniform or
plain clothes, Andalusian majors, Jews robed and
turbaned, a Spanish courtesan taking up the whole
foot pavement, a stiffly dressed English lady with her
maid and children; a train of Moors with white and
red turbans, bare legs, and yellow slippers; and Afri-
cans from I do not know what region, grim and
swarthy, hooded in white (or whity-brown rather),
and wrapped in mantles of the same down to the heels.
One of these, a very tall fellow, was walking alone
down the centre of the street to-night like a spectre,

* On the old foundations and plan. Drinkwater
(Colonial Library Ed.), ch. ii., p. 17, note.
but I believe looking after the women: A few Spanish ladies appear, in the usual graceful costume of the country, speaking with their fans. Spanish gentlemen are not very prominent. This morning there was a grand parade on the exercising ground just out of the fortress towards the Spanish lines; a very goodly show of red coats.

After dinner I walked in the Alameda, a kind of park parade of modern English growth, handsome and spacious and well gardened; but very different from the snug, sociable, flirting, Alameda of Spain. Here a band played till near sunset, and the officers and their lady friends lounged; and when I looked at this scene, at the grand natural and artificial defences all round, and at the quiet brood of English ships repose in the bay, and the music opened its noble finale of 'God save the Queen,' I felt my heart enlarged, and could not help saying to myself, "What government would dare to give up this place?" At sunset the evening gun lightens from some high point in the cliffs, and the report rolls round in echoes: some time later you hear the beautiful evening strain of the bugles; and the band to-night moved away playing 'The lass of Richmond hill.' I can scarcely understand how I am hearing and seeing all these

* Part of the troops were under tents on this side of the rock.
things, when only yesterday morning I was creeping out of a dog-hole at Tarifa, and peering about the battlements of that little Moro-Spanish place with a guide almost as mouldy as the town itself. Again I say I cannot rejoice too much that I took the taste of Spain I have had before visiting Gibraltar.

I have done but little to-day towards seeing this place in the ordinary sense, but I have delivered two letters from Doña C. to friends of hers; and have been introduced to the garrison library, a very handsome one, originally planned, Ford says, by Colonel Drinkwater: his picture hangs in one of the rooms, an admirable likeness. The library must be a vast resource for men condemned to garrison life. I saw in it the London newspapers down to the 19th only. I remark here how little of a stranger you are to any Englishman; people whom you speak to seem glad to make your acquaintance; for though the place is our own and full of us, there is a tenderness of feeling between countrymen so far from home, which disarms pride and takes off stiffness. I observe this especially in speaking to young soldiers, who perhaps have never been so far out in the world before. One meeting pleased me greatly: while the band was playing at the Alameda, a lady sitting by the parade-ground called out my name, and I found it was Mrs. C— of ——, whom you of course remember. Her husband is here with the militia of his district, but
expecting daily to be released. She called him, and we had a long gossip. He asked me to a mess dinner, but I excused myself, wishing to have my liberty during my short stay. I wrote to Doña C. today.*

My horses, and Portéla and his mozo† (the man who attends him and the steeds) will now be eating their heads off; but this results from the treaty of Cadiz, as settled between you and Doña C. Portéla is very anxious to make himself serviceable, and I employ him as far as I can. Both the men rather amuse me by hanging about when we are in a town, and seeming to think they are still bound to look after me. Yesterday evening, in Algeciras, I met the mozo, who, although called so, is a grey-whiskered, elderly man, very simple and kind-mannered, and, I sometimes think, with more brains than Portéla, though he himself does not suspect it: he was alone, and told me, as the news, or by way of apology, that Pepe‡ was gone to get himself shaved: meantime he attached himself to me, but, luckily, in the Plaza there was a ring surrounding a juggler: we went up to this, and there I gave my mozo the slip. I

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* Portéla's loyalty to la Señora, as he called her, made him fidgety till I had performed this duty, though I was not likely to neglect it.
† Lad, literally; as we used to call postilions, of whatever age, the "boy."
‡ So he styled Portéla, whose name was José Maria.
believe I never described my horses. One, destined for me, is a sleek, white, stupid animal, very unwilling to go, but much addicted to neighing, particularly when mares are near. I got so tired of his much cry and little work, that I took Portéla's mare, a much more sensible beast, though not so strong or showy, and gave up the horse to Pepe, who belabours him bravely, and cries "Ca-ball-ooo" loud and long enough to be heard at Malaga. As to the third horse, I know little about him, for he is so covered up by the rush-baskets which hold my bags and hat-case, and by the legs of the mozo (which are arranged here or there according to circumstances), that his figure is nearly lost to the world. How he gets on in the bad places is a wonder, but there is less bustle with him than with either of the other two. We seldom move faster than a stout man could walk: I suppose a man's walk is about the regular pace.

9 at night.

The band has just gone off playing 'Over the Water to Charlie;' * and I sit down to cover a little more paper. I am still charmed with this place, and to-day

* It was the militia, I believe, that indulged us with these home reminiscences.
we have had a pure sky and temperate air—light and atmosphere heavenly. I walked down this morning before breakfast to Europa Point, the southern extremity of the Gibraltar rock, where there is a lighthouse, and you look fairly up the Mediterranean between Africa and Spain. The snowy points of Mount Atlas were quite bright in the early sun. But even from the two little rooms where I live, at the Clubhouse Hotel, I have as fine a panorama as man can wish. Mont Abyla (or Ape's Hill, in Barbary, as the old geography books call it), is, as it were, at my bed's foot. The variety of beautiful points of view in the different walks along the three miles of rock is not to be described, nor in a few days' stay to be even laid up in recollection. It has been a much petted place. Drinkwater, in his 'Siege,' says that there is little vegetation to be seen on the rock; but now it is luxuriant with trees, shrubs, and flowers, and wherever you look from the rock towards the sea they help to form pictures. Not only are the public walks carefully decorated, but every person who has a habitation out of town seems to have taken a pride in making it picturesque: the pine, the white elm, the acacia, and other trees of northern climates, mix with tropical shrubs; in one hedge I saw this evening geraniums and may in bloom, and the thorns of the aloe peering above them. The geranium is quite a weed, but I do not see many of very rich colours. Of course the care given to works of strength and utility
appears everywhere. Strong macadamized roads run in all directions; new public buildings are in progress, and military works being improved or extended. The governor has a handsome house in the town, and two fanciful cottages; one in a kind of Trosach,* among rocks and trees, very fit for summer; another, a mere frontage, under bare cliffs at Europa Point, to catch the freshest sea-breezes. We, as compared to the Spaniards, are the Moors of Gibraltar; and if we gave it back to them, the relics of our industry and luxury would be admired in decay after some generations, perhaps, as the memorials of the Moors are at Granada.

After dinner to-day I took a ride to Europa Point again by another road, with Pepe for an attendant. With a consideration which was very civilized, he prepared the stupid white horse for me though I had not ordered it, for the other was far less presentable in a town, and unfortunately has too evident marks of having been galled by a collar. As it was, I was glad that nobody whom I knew should see me, unless indeed they could have fancied that there was something distinguished in my dust-shovel Spanish stirrups,†

* This, I find, was not the governor's, but the villa of a colonial judge.
† They resembled rather the skid-pan or slipper of a carriage wheel.
and tawny, mattly-headed Spanish companion. To­
day, for the first time, I saw orange-trees in full
natural bearing, and a pretty sight they are, but the
oranges here are not good, it is said. The oriental
aspects and groups never tire me; lines of turbans
gliding through the shrubberies; Moorish figures
crouched under a wall for shade: one in the market* to­
day was very striking; a man had fowls to sell, and
they were in twig baskets with netting over the mouths,
piled one above another on their sides to the height
of six or seven feet, with a brown striped rug over all.
The Mussulman was stretched upon the ground pa­
tiently waiting for custom in the shade of his baskets,
though the shadow did but just cover him.

A French steam-vessel is announced to touch at this
place probably on Monday, on the way to Tangier,
and Mr. ——, the Registrar here, has kindly in­
troduced me to a merchant and government con­
tractor, Mr. M——, who is going with the ship upon
affairs of his own, and knows the place and all its
ways; and he is returning to Gibraltar, so I shall
have the benefit of his aid as to the passage back,
which is not a matter of absolute certainty; indeed, a
matter of much uncertainty as to the speed, if the

* The provision market, just outside of the fortress;
it was always an interesting assemblage of Africans and
Spanish country-people.
THE HEIGHTS.

wind turns unpropitious, for steamers do not usually go.* It would be provoking to be wind-bound in Barbary, in sight of Gibraltar.

It is curious that there is no getting a map of Gibraltar here, except one which merely gives the streets, not the coast fortifications. Perhaps the garrison sets its face against plans of the defences. There are two or three other wants which one would not have expected. I hear there is no electric telegraph from one part of the place to another. I have not seen any rail for carriages, though I am told there are some; locomotives of course one would not expect. You cannot get a warm sea-bath, or any, I believe, except upon the sea itself; and the place is not lighted by gas, but this I hear is about to be done. The rock produces little vegetable or animal provision, but things come very cheap from Spain and Barbary.

May 3rd.

I have to-day made the tour of the Heights, which every stranger of course is bound to see: and a fine sight they are. I went first to the old Moorish tower, much celebrated in the history of the great siege, and

* A steamboat did run between Gibraltar and Tangier, but had lately been discontinued.
full of marks which are said to be the dints of shot and shells. A soldier takes you into the galleries as they are called, excavations in the cliffs, very light and spacious, where cannon are placed, looking out at window on the sea and the Spanish sands far below: the effect is very picturesque and romantic, but I suppose the guns are not the most useful ones in the place. From these great elevations you have a fine panoramic view of the Devil's Tongue, Willis's and the other batteries along the sea-line. At the landing place called the Ragged Staff there is a ship of war lying, the Tribune, which brought Lord Dalhousie yesterday from India, and goes to-morrow: he is not well enough to come on shore. The boatswain and the gunner of the ship made the round of the galleries at the same time with me, and fine sensible well-informed fellows they were: both had been in the Crimea; one under Sir Edmund Lyons in the Agamemnon.

Another noted sight on this part of the rock is St. Michael's cave, a very spacious one, of unknown extent, and full of columns and protuberances of stalactite. We could not go very deep into it for want of sufficient light, and the footing was muddy and unsafe; but caves are a sight I am soon satisfied with. We then went up to the signal station, the central pinnacle and one of the highest points of the Rock, from whence the evening gun is fired, sending
its report point blank into the Sierra of Algeciras, seven or eight miles off, which returns a noble echo. The view from this station is magnificent. I inquired of the man here about the celebrated apes of the Rock: he said he saw them in great numbers yesterday, and did so about once in two days: the brutes would not show themselves to-day. The party I had joined went down the hill from St. Michael's, but I strolled on to O'Hara's Tower or Folly, now a ruin, on another pinnacle of the Rock; a grand solitary point, overlooking the wide Mediterranean, which you can just hear murmuring below, the African shores and Mount Atlas, the promontories towards Tarifa, the long line of sea-coast backed by tawny * Sierras in the direction of Malaga and Granada, the Bay of Gibraltar and its shipping, and the narrow, grey, jagged, upright wedge of the rock itself, sinking in awful precipices to the sands at the back of the bay. The heat at this point was not intolerable, but it was a warm walk down into the town. Mr. C—— (who has just been promoted from major in the militia to colonel) had asked me to take luncheon at his quarters, and I had just time to rush into my rooms, and hurry thence to my appointment, hissing hot still. I found a large party there.

* I believe this epithet has been put down unthinkingly, and that the sierras are not tawny at this time of the year; perhaps they should be "russet."
Mrs. C—— informed me of her husband’s new promotion, and I was glad to be able to tell her that I had just heard it on the top of the Rock: a young militiaman of the ——, who was attending the two seamen, had mentioned it, with praises of the Colonel.

My introductions here have led to a good deal of invisible visiting. . . . I have now nothing material to do but wait the summons for Tangier.* The English packet is expected to-morrow, and I must have this letter ready, as their departures are apt to be sudden. I am puzzled to invent employment for my men and horses. Pepe came to me, in a manner which much pleased me, respectful and manly, and said that, if I wished to part with them here, though he should be happy to go on, he was quite willing to return home. Common sense is much this way, but it would be dismissing this man, who has been so much recommended, and taken from another engagement, for no reason that I might not have foreseen when we started; and unless

* The large square stone at the door of the Club-house Hotel commands a full view of the signal-staff on the topmost ridge of the rock, where a flag shows by its colour and position the country of any ship coming in sight, and whether she is approaching from the Atlantic or the Mediterranean. Many a time did I waste minutes in watching the little twinkling pennon, though an unpractised eye could not always discern its colours.
1856.

I am very unlucky about passing the Straits, we shall be on our travels again by Wednesday or Thursday, after which, until Granada, we shall all have plenty to do, and Pepe will be valuable. I told him I should break up the establishment at Granada, and he then said if I liked he would send Mozo and the horses home from thence, and attend me himself, at his present fee of a dollar per day, the rest of the way to Seville. We shall see.

Sunday.

I close this hastily, for I expect a summons on board.

(False alarm—I re-open my letter.)

Sunday continued.

I went to church at the Cathedral, a very spacious, lofty building, without galleries, but, by a strange fancy, the architecture Moorish. A handsome garrison attendance: one of the clergymen a Jewish convert, ordained by Bishop Tomlinson: the clerk a sergeant in uniform. In the evening I went to church at South Chapel, near the Europa end of the Rock: it was excessively crowded, and I came in for a charity (Gospel Propagation) sermon. I went home to tea with Colonel M——,
who has pretty quarters just under the Moorish castle.*

Monday, 5th May.

The Tangier steamer is not telegraphed yet, but may be at any moment. Meanwhile I am comfortable here, gaining health, though losing time.

* It was night when I returned home, and Colonel M—— sent a servant to guide me in threading my way downwards into the town. It was a kindness, for there are purlieus in Gibraltar where a stranger may well be unwilling to lose himself.
LETTER VII.

Gibraltar not Spain — Catalan Bay — A Spanish 'King John' —
The magistrate and clergy — Scenery and sea prospects —
Vegetation — Spanish proverb — Arrival of French steamer —
Rosia — Captain Grey's garden — The Bustler.

Gibraltar, May 5, 1856.

My French corsair does not make her appearance yet, which is growing inconvenient, but I hope there will be news of her by to-morrow's daylight. There was a mistake in the address of your letter, "Gibraltar, Spain." Gibraltar is not considered to be Spanish; and the first note I received here was from a gentleman apologizing for not coming to see me because he was engaged that morning to ride "into Spain." I took a stroll this evening on the white horse, round the pinnacle of the Rock nearest the Spanish lines, to a romantic little place called Catalan Bay, in a recess of the huge cliffs. It is a fishing village of little yellow and white houses; the villagers are Spaniards, but the garrison has a party of thirty-six men there; with a captain, who dines every day at our table-d'hôte. A sergeant of the 66th volunteered to do me the honours
of the Bay, and showed me the men’s quarters, the
great well (of course the best water about the garrison),
and his own garden, in which among other things they
have, in the season, prickly pears and mulberries. The
great defect of the place seems to be that large stones
sometimes come thundering down from the rocks, and
no one knows where they may light.

I have been this evening to the theatre, to see a
Spanish ‘King John,’ but could not sit it out, though
the fourth act was to contain the “descubrimiento de la
Gran Carta” (discovery of Magna Charta).* The
house is large and rather handsome, and the audience
was attentive and orderly; very respectable indeed in
the boxes; the other parts soldierish and sailorish, with
a large sprinkling, aloft, of ladies quietly looking out
for the unwary.

I made a farewell call in the morning upon Mr.
P—, the police magistrate of the place. His duties
of police seem to be much the same in kind as those of
a London magistrate, but not very heavy.† They

* The scene between Arthur and Hubert went off
very lamely, and was improved, as inferior workmen
improve Shakspeare, by making Arthur turn round and
address a showy apostrophe to something or somebody
outside of the window.

† I think he said that about eighty cases came before
him in a month; the lighter were disposed of sum-
marily, the heavier sent to a Court of Session, the
say that Gibraltar is not at all a disorderly place, considering the multitude of persons belonging to the army and sea, and the many mercantile and other visitors who are constantly passing from the European and African coasts. One reason of this is the shutting of the gates next the mainland after evening gun fire; another, that people are not allowed to be about, except under certain restrictions, after midnight. Mr. S——, the Bishop's chaplain, tells me, that the cure of this place is a very heavy one, and becoming more so in proportion as regard has been paid to the duties of visiting and teaching. The town is thickly inhabited in some obscure parts, and he says districts have grown upon the clergy, requiring attention, which at first were unthought of. Indeed the English Church in this place ought to be an establishment of very great practical importance.

Wednesday, May 7th.

Gibraltar still. A provoking detention: the Frenchman does not appear, but always may. I am half tempted to give up Tangier, but I have a strong desire to cross the strait, and the circumstances under magistrate taking the informations. The greatest amount of disorder was created by the women.
which I go are very advantageous. An English steamer goes from Gibraltar on Saturday, to return the same night; so that in the worst event I know the last minute to which I could be detained. I have here an excellent library to resort to, and the Rock scenery is still, to me, delightful. I rode out again yesterday after dinner to Europa Point, to enjoy the evening air by the wild cliffs at that extremity of the land, and look up the Mediterranean. The white town and castle of Ceuta (from which the Moors first invaded Spain) were brilliantly clear, stretching into the sea upon a headland which projects below Mount Abyla. The scenery near Europa Point is solitary and savage, but between it and the Alameda you pass under hedges of flowers, and look across tufts of trees and shrubs to the bay, full of shipping,* and the Spanish hills beyond. I cannot suppose anything in Greece to be more beautiful than some of these prospects. The western sky, after sunset, is of a burning orange, which makes the line of hills beneath it quite black: and the slender new moon shines with a power which I have never before seen her have while so young. The military works round us sometimes spoil the picturesque effect, but oftener increase it, especially when well blended with the crags; and there are many little

* The Spanish shipping, a trifling array in comparison, lies at a distance, under the town of Algeciras.
ancient towers, like those on the Genoese coast, built of old to guard against invasions by Saracen pirates, which give the landscape an air of romance. I cannot say this, however, of one antique little round tower at the Spanish end of the Rock, which is now quite hemmed in by our improvements, but is allowed to survive, and still bears the mysterious name of the Devil's Tower. A number of goats, kept chiefly, I believe, for milking, feed in herds upon the Rock, and it is said that each flock knows its master's whistle, and, when he calls, all his own goats come down, and nobody's else. Unluckily the milk of these beasts finds its way into your tea; but cow's milk is to be had on the Rock. The clearness of the atmosphere sometimes surprises me, often as I have been in southern climates before: in an afternoon, as you look up the flanks of the Rock facing the west, it seems as if you could count not only every bush of flowering gorse, but every grey stone up to the topmost ridge; and then the eye rests delightfully upon the masses of low pine spreading up the declivities like cushions of dark velvet. I noticed the olive-tree here yesterday; and the cocoa (if I am told rightly) is very common, but not of a large size; not, as far as I have seen, growing to much more than a shrub. Of palms there is a good sprinkling, of the ugly aloe more than enough.

I saw strawberries the other day at Colonel C—'s,
but not fine ones. They were anticipating how much better ones they should find coming into season when they got back to Yorkshire.

Portéla and the mozo saunter about like prisoners on parole. Pepe gives me a Spanish proverb for my state of expectation, “Quien no espera, desespera” (he who is not hoping is despairing). Curiously enough, in our ride yesterday (for I always take him with me in case I should fancy to dismount and walk) he made just the remark on this place which I did in my last letter. He asked first whether I knew that, in fact, Gibraltar was in Spain; and then, after admiring the military works, he said, “If this were Spanish it would soon be what so many of our military places are, ‘perdido’” (lost, ruined). “Camino perdido” was his exclamation many times on our way from Cadiz.

Half-past 11.

The “red, white, and blue” is come in at last; and the ship looks well. She goes from Tangier to Mogador, to bring back pilgrims for Mecca.* I find

* To be landed at Alexandria. It was said she expected eight hundred. The ship was of Marseilles, built at Greenock.
she does not sail till twelve to-morrow, and I must avail myself of the English return steamer on Saturday.

Wednesday night.

I have taken the last, I suppose, of my pleasant jog-trot rides and Alameda walks. I shall always remember this place with affection, though I was near having too much of it. This evening I went to call on Mr. S——, the chaplain who lives in the Bishop's house at Rosia, about a mile and a half out of the town: a pretty place enough, revelling in flowers.

Captain Grey,* the master of the port, has sent me a billet to secure my passage from Tangier on Saturday, on board the Bustler. I hear the Captain's garden is beautiful. Pepe, whom I sent to his house out of town for the ship-order, came back full of "bonitas" and "preciosas." And, like a jolly Briton, he not only admires our regular military works and pretty gardens, but shows his teeth and says that the merry tunes (English, Irish, and Scotch) of our militia bands have been his delight during our stay here, as they have been mine. The Bustler's voyage on Saturday is a flying pleasure trip for some ladies and gentlemen of the garrison.

* The Hon. Captain, now Admiral, Grey.
May 8th.

I send this by the overland post, which goes tomorrow, and takes nine days, they say. A fine morning. Now for the Moors.

NOTE.

An hour or two before my departure a fire broke out at the back of the main street, and caused a good deal of alarm, as it was in the neighbourhood of some valuable mercantile stores, but very little confusion followed; the garrison authorities took the matter in hand with military promptitude, and, when I went away, a large extent of the principal street was clear and quiet, under the control of a guard, and everything put into correct and orderly course.
LETTER VIII.


Mrs. Ashton’s Hotel, Tangier, May 8th.

I promised myself an outlandish day on coming to Barbary, and I have had one, rather more so than I wished. Our steamer, ‘La Durance,’ was to start peremptorily at twelve, and I went on board accordingly, with Mr. M — and Miss M —, his daughter. One delay followed another: we waited for passengers; we waited for the French captain, Monsieur Maigre, and when he was come, and the steam up, a boat full of packages appeared in the distance, sailing towards us, with a Moor in the midst picturesquely seated on a huge box; and we waited for that.* By this time the

* If I could have made a tolerable sketch of the bark under easy way, with the turbaned loiterer reclining upon his package under the large lateen sail in predeterminant apathy, as the whole is even now pictured in my memory, the delay would have been well paid for.
dreadful fact was in everybody's mouth, that, if we did not arrive by about seven, the gates of Tangier would be shut against us, and we must probably pass the night on board. The vessel had little convenience for so doing, and I had brought scarcely any food. At a quarter before two we got away, with a strong wind more against than for us; the usual current of the straits sure to be against us. We had not much cargo, nor a great many European passengers, but about two dozen Moors, spread about in various reclining or crouching attitudes on the deck, or on the Moorish-looking striped bales of baggage. The captain was a stranger to this voyage. To make up for lost time, Mr. M——, who has gone it three or four hundred times, assisted him to steer through a passage seldom taken, which, it was said, saved about an hour and a half. After running by the Spanish coast as far as Tarifa (which has a beautifully romantic old-world effect from the sea) we stretched across the straits for Tangier. The wind was fierce, and our steamer a screw, which never works well against anything like a head wind; we managed however to avail ourselves of two stay-sails.

May 9th.

Here I went to sleep last night. Since then I am absolutely drunk with novelty, and have seen more
strange and striking things by far than were necessary
to repay me for what I suffered yesterday; but it was
not a little, as I am going to tell you.

The bow of the ship was very high out of the water,
the stern deep, and the loading light; from these, or
whatever other causes, she pitched and rolled so abomi-
nably, though there was no very great sea, that it was a
considerable struggle to keep a seat. To walk, you had
to watch an opportunity; and, as a refinement of bar-
barity, they had freshly painted some parts of the ship,
so, if you staggered against them, you were marked.
Most people on board, not of the crew, were sea-sick;
strange to say, I kept well, though I underwent all
manner of discomfort from cold, the rolling, and the
struggles of the wind to take off my hat. The poor
Moors suffered dismally, but bore it very quietly: it
was an absurd sight to see any of them trying to cross
the ship, the wind topsy-turvying their loose dresses; but
most of them lay ensconced in the baggage, or under the
bulwarks, or below deck. In the midst of this wretched-
ness I could not help admiring the African coast as the
evening sun shone upon it. The stony Mount Abyla
now appeared in grand outline, and finely touched by
clouds: the coast westward was less lofty and naked,
but barren towards the sea-shore: the country however
was prettily undulated, and there were openings inward
which showed many a richly green meadow, cultivated
valley, and pleasant wood. The interior, they say, is a
garden; or would be so under a government favourable to labour. The sun was getting very low when the turn of a promontory with a lighthouse showed us Tangier, a stately looking but not large mass of white building, on the rise of a slight hill. Impatiently did I watch it, but the ship, with all her wallowing and weltering, made little way, and it was half-past seven before we cast anchor, about a mile from the town.

We were clearly too late to make a lawful entrance; but Mr. M—— undertook to see what he could do for us, and I resigned myself to his direction. A boat came from the shore and took away some of the passengers, but I waited for my own friend; and presently Mr. M—— reported that the Captain would lend us one of the ship's boats (a small one) to go on shore, but we were to be careful not to let any one else get into it. There had been a rush for the other. With some difficulty we got off, with only the privileged party, Mr. M——, his daughter, and myself, and a Moorish attendant. There was rather a high swell, but with three oars we were not long getting to land. The walls of the town lay before us like those of Tyre or Sidon in an old Scripture print: how we were to get within them was still unknown to me. Moving lights appeared on two different parts of the beach, and we and the party who had preceded us steered for what we judged the true. Miss M—— was lifted, and we jumped out, and we then began a scramble
along the sands and between the town wall and the sea. A long affair it was: had we steered for the other lights, it would have been shorter. After a time two men met us with large coloured glass lanterns, but in spite of these we had infinite stumbling and plunging, and I was more than once up to my knees in sea-water. At last we came to a steep path which led up to a small gateway: here a soldier of the guard appeared, and there was a parley, an outcry of all voices together (at which the Moors are very powerful), and a sort of hustle. I followed my leaders, and somehow we were all within the town walls, lanterns, baggage, and all, except a large stick of mine, which remains on the heathen coast, never to be regained. The history of the matter was that the men with lights had come down to the water, seeing boats on the way: the side gate is somehow hospitably open at times: as soon as people met us, Mr. M—— had sent on to inform the guard that well-conducted persons were coming; and the little confusion at the gate was a sort of decent face of hesitation put upon our being let in, with a pretence also of inquiring what commodities we were bringing with us. I believe our simoniacl entrance cost me a shilling for my share. On our way to the interior we passed what appeared to me to be a gipsy encampment on a waste space to the left; a crowd of little booths and tents, scattered lights, uncouth figures, and a hum of voices rising from every
part. This was an encampment of Hadjis: Moors and Arabs on their way to Mecca. We arrived at a fonda, and from the little I saw of it I was not sorry I could not be taken in there; and I then went on to Mrs. Ashton’s (as I had before been advised to do), under the guidance of one Hamet, a turbaned and slippered adherent of Mrs. Ashton, who presented himself just at the right moment. A strange walk it was, through narrow passes between white walls, with now and then a door, and hardly any windows, the whole looking as if you were walking among stable-yards or, sometimes, in ditches. Mrs. Ashton’s, however, is a house kept à l’Anglaise, as far as may be here, by an Englishwoman, widow of a mercantile man. After trying a boarding-house at Gibraltar she established herself here under the patronage of Mr. Hay, the consul: a portly person she is, and well behaved. They gave me an excellent bed-room, but with an ominously heavy bedstead and mosquito curtains. Nothing, however, disturbed me all night. Mr. M—— arrived soon after me, having given up the other place too, though I had supposed him established there: and we sat down to a very tolerable supper, or rather dinner, very happy to have done with the ‘Durance.’ I pity those who go on with her to Mogador; still more those who return, for they say she is to bring seven or eight hundred Hadjis, for whom she has not even the pretence of accommodation, and they are to go
to Alexandria. I am told that on these voyages numbers die (but so they do too on the journey by land); and the return of the survivors is a wretched sight. Those of the Durance’s European passengers whom we left on board got on shore late in the evening by permission.

This morning, after breakfast, while waiting for a guide, I went into a really pleasant drawing-room, looking out upon the bay where we had so dismally come to anchor last night, and fitted up, not very gaily indeed, but after the manner of such hotels in Europe. Miss M—— sat down to a piano, “Goulding and Dalmaine,” in good tune enough, perhaps, for Africa, and played some Spanish airs; but the sound of the poor strings (no fault of the player) put me in mind of an instrument which I heard in the streets last night, something like a diseased bagpipe. That, I was told, was a kind of oboe which some innocent Moor was playing, it being the close of a day of Ramadan, at which time everybody is bound to be joyous, having fasted all day and then being allowed to eat.

A son of our Hamet led me about the town; the father speaks English very well, but the son’s amounts to little more than “yaas,” so I was obliged to make out with Spanish. What a new and odd world burst upon me! It is in vain to attempt describing the effect of seeing figures and forms of things all at once surrounding you, such as you never saw before. The change from all you have been used to is total. I
will not say imagine, for you cannot, a long downhill street, forming a vista between white walls, which ends in the minaret of a mosque, a pretty square campanile, all inlaid with green, blue, and orange tiles; the street crowded with brown, white, and dun-coloured figures, hooded and turbaned, and of all shades of complexion, from our own (for many of the Moors are white in colour, though not fair) to negro black. If you could picture this to yourself I defy you to imagine the five or six acres of rising ground at the entrance of the town, where the Hadjis are encamped: a space once I suppose green, but nearly all trodden to bare dust, and covered, quite irregularly, with tents; some holding twos, threes, or more; some just allowing one man to turn himself; some of thatch, some of black and brown striped cloth, some of almost rags, some of mere grass or fern; one, which a single ingenious person had contrived for himself (and he sat in it), woven entirely of nasturtium plants with the flower. Many of the men were lazily lying along, some working, some counting beads; a great number moving about the fields, attending to their ponies, donkeys, or mules, or lounging; a semicircle under a wall praying, as I was told; a larger semicircle standing over them and looking on. The swarthy countenances and funereal-looking robes and hoods gathered together in unsettled groups under the open sky brought to mind pictures of the Last
Judgment. Some women were there, but you knew them only by their being muffled to the eyes, sometimes over the eyes. Many of the males were of very fine stature, and I was quite startled by one or two whose drapery, partly flung back over the left shoulder, and partly hanging in deep graceful folds, was so exactly that of some old Roman statues that you might fancy they had come down from pedestals at the Capitol or the Uffizi: even the pressure of the hand upon the folds at the breast was exact. Hard by, in a waste-looking place called the Wheat Market, enclosed by arcades, was a group of camels; one on its knees being loaded, with its mouth wide open, looking, in the face, like a bird, and making that dismal screech which it seems the camel chooses to make when the load is being put on or taken off.* The shops were another curiosity: gaps in the wall such as you saw at the Chinese exhibition, where all the owner's wares are closely packed, he in the midst of them, perhaps reading or casting accounts, but not saluting

* Sidi Abû Yahya, who had been governor of Cordova, said of its people, “They are like the camel, which fails not to complain whether thou diminishest or increasest its load, so that there is no knowing what they like,” &c.—Gayangos, History of the Mohammedan Dynasties in Spain, vol. i. p. 42. Seven centuries have not altered the camel; man, of course, is too enlightened everywhere, now, to follow her example.
you or asking you to buy. They have dropping shutters by which they are fastened up at night, and some have pent-houses for shelter from sun and rain. There are two very busy market-places, which seemed to me as well and curiously peopled as one could expect, but I was told that, if it had been market-day, the variety of figures would have been much greater. The female muffling is not universal. I saw several peasant women with large hats something in the style of Leghorn, but very coarse and heavy, made of the palmetto. Some muffle their faces under this hat, which makes an astonishing costume. The Jewesses do not cover their faces at all; and very fine-looking women some of them are. I had been told that you could not go about Tangier alone without fear of being insulted, but I did not see the least disposition to behave ill; not much even of idle curiosity. Mr. M—— and his pretty daughter walked about freely without any attendant, and without shield or shroud except his umbrella. To be sure he seems to know everybody, and to be a little potentate in the place.

I went early in the day to see a greater potentate, Mr. Drummond Hay, the English consul, to whom I had a letter. He was very kind, gave me a long sitting, and asked me to dine to-morrow, but I dared not on account of my passage to Gibraltar. His house is an elegant English one, with a good show of books, prints, handsome furniture, a large piece of presenta-
tion plate, a beautiful balcony towards the sea, in short, everything in contrast to native Tangier.* He gave me his interpreter, a very well-looking and well-dressed middle-aged Jew, speaking perfect English, to show me some things that I had not yet seen. The first was the house of a Jew of superior class (the Moors will not let you into theirs): it was upon the plan general in these countries; rooms surrounding a court which is lighted from the top. This mode of lighting is one reason that so little window-architecture appears towards the streets. Mr. Meshod Abecasis did his honours in his own person, and seemed good-humouredly pleased to be a lion. The court-yard was pretty and highly ornamented: the principal columns azure; a great deal of inlaid work in the pavement, stairs, and doors. There was a slip of a room at the farther end of the court, furnished as a sitting and reading room, but with a bed at the end occupying the whole width in that part of the chamber: a little window above this gave the only light except from the door. At the top of the house was the usual flat terrace roof, surrounded by terraces of the same kind on other houses: it might be a very sociable scene in a cool evening. But I cannot think how they endure

* This and the few other houses of European Consuls, all near together, are the only part of the town, as far as I could see, which is not strictly Oriental.
the killing white with which these house-tops are washed. Under the mid-day light of to-day it almost put my eyes out. The general view of Tangier from a height is very singular and beautiful: the wide field of white terraces is a feature unlike what one has seen in Europe, and the brilliant white mass formed by these and the house walls is delightfully relieved by the blue sea and quiet-looking green hills of the bay. The minarets of the two mosques (a little white flag for prayer was flying upon one) gave an airiness to the scene, and heightened its Oriental character.

My guide took me also to the Alcazar, the Citadel or Horse Guards of Tangier, an antique building of Spanish and Moorish architecture, dilapidated and modernized, but some part still handsome. Here, basking in a corner of the gate, on the outside, we found the Pasha's son, a handsome gentlemanly-looking Moor. My guide presented me, and he shook me by the hand, and we exchanged civilities through the interpreter: he spoke kindly of the English, and put his hand to his heart; and I, in the same style, assured him of our good disposition towards him: all this was nonsense, but the feeling was good humour, of which this stuff was the only vehicle we had. En-

* Among distant objects in this view from the house-tops, are the Rock of Gibraltar and the snows of Atlas.
tering the great court-yard of the citadel, we saw the
Pasha and Viceroy himself, seated in the Oriental
fashion, with his secretary in the background, in a kind
of cloistered recess of old Spanish architecture, open to
the court like a temple, and elevated above it. My
cicerone introduced me to him also, and there was
another shaking of hands and exchange of civilities;
but the manner of the old Pasha was more graceful
and reverend than that of his son; indeed it might
have passed in Europe for princely.

This interchange of compliments is very well, but
with some of these fine patriarchal-looking personages
a different traffic is required. Mr. M—— took me into
his bed-room at our hotel, and, though he is only an
agent of the British government to get in cattle from
different parts of Barbary for the garrison of Gibraltar,
I thought for a moment that he combined with this
a universal mercantile dealing; for I saw quantities
of muslins and coloured stuffs, a showy rug from Ham­
burg, hardware, sugar-loaves, and what else I cannot
recollect, all to be distributed in presents to influential
persons, to secure their assistance if wanted, or redress
if anything should go wrong; and he assured me that
this was as regular a part of his commercial outfit
as the rush baskets of dollars which were carried into
Mrs. Ashton's on the backs of some dozen or more
of natives for the purposes of legitimate purchase.

I also saw at the citadel the Moorish prison, a very
affecting sight. The keeper, a remarkably handsome soldier, gave us a short peep into it through a hole like that of a pillory; there was a long vista of swarthy men, with animated but dejected countenances, each with a chain on his legs, reclining in various attitudes: the expression, not quite of hope, but of indefinite expectation, in all the faces, upon the event of strangers looking in upon them, was quite touching. The two nearest soon blocked up the opening with their faces, and one made a twitching gesture of begging, with the quickness and mystery of a juggler. Then we went to peep at the Pasha’s horses, but there was only one remarkable one at home, a chestnut, Barbary of course, as strong in the neck and shoulders as a rhinoceros.*

Going downward from the castle, my guide showed me a ruinous-looking place where the right of sanctuary for murderers is still kept up. And, lastly, I had the good fortune to see a Moorish woman face to face. At an unfrequented part of the road one came up to my guide and held him in talk a few minutes on business she had before the consul. She was very fat, and not young, but seemed to have been handsome; she had still fine teeth, and that

* The worshipful quadruped had a female companion, and I believe our visit was intrusive, for the Moor who attended the door tried strenuously to keep us out, but my companion was imperious.
lustrous, floating eye peculiar to Orientals, and she made it very eloquent in enforcing her wrongs. Altogether her little appeal, which ended in a sort of whimper, was made with an address that a Frenchwoman need not have been ashamed of.

Our party, and some of the guests of the hotel, dined at four, attended by Hamet, one of the most indefatigable and intelligent waiters I ever saw, and the most attentive to lucre. Afterwards Mr. and Miss M—— and I went on donkey and mules to a garden near the town belonging to a Jew agent of Mr. M——. Two or three men and a boy, all people of his, lively good-humoured Moorish fellows,* attended us on foot. We left the town by a lane deeply shaded on each side by gigantic reeds, aloes, and prickly pears, and came out on a fine sand, where, in summer, there is bathing. From the sand we turned into the country again, up a green English-looking hill, on the side of which is the garden: above at a little distance some appearance of a village, thatched roofs among trees. Thatch is common here. The garden was pleasant enough, not much shaded, nor laid out with

* There was a civilized loyalty of manner in the attention of these Mussulmans to the young lady which was very pleasing. But of course the manners of the people here who have an intercourse with Europeans, slight as it is, must be modified by it.
any taste, but full of flowers and sweet herbs, and showing good promise of fruit, particularly pears. There was a small garden-house, after the manner of this country, not made for a residence, but with sleeping accommodation for one or two persons; that is, boards like counters, a little raised from the floor, and leather mattresses. Two or three good John Bull looking natives came in to talk with Mr. M——; one of them the cadi of the neighbouring village. There was bread, leavened and unleavened, before us, and the cadi offered us milk: this we barely accepted; but he went away, and in less than a quarter of an hour there came a jar foaming with new milk, butter made at the moment, and a dish of honey. These, the butter and the honey at least, are gifts which it is not thought allowable to refuse. The honey was a coarse mash; we just tasted it; but the butter we greedily carried home: it was the first I had found tolerable since I left England. We returned into town by the white stone gateway through which we entered Tangier the night before. The guard was just set; three soldiers, who are stationed on the roof of the gate, while their horses remain below, tethered by carrying a rope from the fore to the hind leg. The soldiers are fine fresh-looking youths; their military outfit a pointed red cap, white robe, and sabre.

At night I sauntered again with Mr. M—— in the market or bazaar, to look into the shops, some of which
were now lighted up. In one corner were establishments for cookery, now beginning to be in request, as the Ramadan day was over; and there was a café, upon the close plan of the other shops, but where a sage-looking group of three contrived to sit at ease taking their coffee in public by the light of a brass lamp with several burners. The hum from the Hadjis' field seemed to go up louder and more cheerfully, and serenaders went round as late as midnight with a tambourine and the pipe I described before, sounding like the note of a distressed fly. I wish I could make all these things as novel and entertaining to you in the telling as they were to me, but that cannot be hoped for.

We passed, in our return home, a Jew's house, where, on the whitewash over the door, appeared the print of an open hand in red, seemingly from the hand itself. I had observed this elsewhere. We, or rather Mr. M——, had a lively talk about it with two young Jewesses who were sallying out of the house and spoke Spanish: they said it was a preservative against the evil eye. Talking of eyes, a half-witted black fellow at the door of one of the mosques tried (as I thought) to entice us to go in, pointing to his eyes. Mr. M—— thought he meant that if we did we should have our eyes torn out: but afterwards passing the same mosque, we got a peep in, and saw a spacious court with a large fountain, where natives were busy dipping their hands and carrying them to their eyes. The same superstition about
sacred waters being good for the eyes, I remember observing many years ago in Wales. The next morning (I am writing now on the 11th) was the Jews' Sabbath, and they were all in finery. Two I observed lounging on the roof of a house, fine-looking women, but one with an elephantiasis, or something of the kind, in her legs, more strange and disagreeable than anything of the kind I ever saw. We went to call at the house of a rich Jew in order to see his wife full dressed. They received us most courteously, in a narrow long room, like that I described before, with a bed. All the place was made very handsome; rich-looking carpets on the floor, and richly embroidered silks spread along the wall above the sofa, for the day I suppose:* strangely enough, in the same room was a huge old trunk covered with cow or horse hide, which you would not have suffered anywhere below the attic. The Jew was a good, sensible-looking, straightforward man: the lady was indeed a sight; one ought to have viewed her with a catalogue. She was very fat, but very handsome; not dark, though not fair, but with a fine pinky bloom, and fine eyebrows close to the eyes. Her dress was a simple figured muslin, but her head and neck, wrists and hands, were resplendent. She had an orna-

* The upper seats of the sofa were offered to us with punctilious hospitality.
ment in the Féronière form* on her forehead, which the Jewesses are fond of, if it be no more than the end of a gaudy handkerchief; but this lady had a jewel of course. Her pearl earrings (hoops closed by what looked like finger-rings), would have been too large for you as bracelets. There was a little Jewess, about seven years old, sitting by her mother, not with jewellery, but with petticoats embroidered in gold. As we took our leave we looked into the room where they were going to dinner; as plain a little parlour (but neat and clean) as you could see in the most modest house.† Afterwards we walked in the Swedish Consul's garden; a pretty place, pleasantly shaded with maple and other trees, and well furnished with flowers, and commanding good sea views; a garden, very un-African, if not quite English. The enclosed violets grew in it; with them is a Moorish wildflower, but very likely we have this too at home. The English Consul

* Which, as I learn from the entertaining work of M. Fournier, ‘L’Esprit dans l’Histoire,’ p. 98, note 2 (Paris, 1857), ought not to be associated with la belle Féronière at all, but is rather a Benci or a Crivelli.

† It was on a level with the footway, on a space which appeared to be part of the street; and as this was close to the window, we asked if the room was not disagreeably exposed. “No,” said our host, “the outside belongs to me.”
has a pretty garden here, I was told, but it was too far off to go to.

By half-past ten the Bustler came in, and a pretty bustle she made. More than a hundred came in her; a few ladies, but most of the party young militia-men out for a holiday and making the most of it; swarming into every place, calling for everything and everybody at once, and totally upsetting poor quiet Mrs. Ashton's dull establishment. She protested to me, "Would you believe it? some of them are in the kitchen frying their own fish!" They had soon scampered over all the sights, and come to making purchases. Tangier is a great place (and so is Gibraltar) for what are called Moorish curiosities: a Jew who used to come to Mrs. Ashton's with such articles* was incapacitated, it being Saturday, but our friend Hamet sat upon a step with a whole frippery before him, selling upon agency, and no doubt for a good commission to himself, the youngsters mobbing about him like the country-people about Autolycus.

There was a Malaga woman who waited upon us while we quietly got our dinner in Mr. M——'s bedroom (mine had been given up to a lady long before):

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* I was honoured by his visit, immediately after my first breakfast at Tangier, with embroidered velvets, bornouses, stamped leathers, and an invitation to his repository.
she was so tired, poor wretch, as to lean against the bedposts, but full of odd starts which amused me excessively; disdainful, à l’Espagnole, angry, comical, ready to cry, ready to laugh; she said, when I remarked that Hamet seemed to be doing a good business, "Oh yes, and in the mean time we stand all the shots" ("recibi­mos todas las balas"). She wanted to take something from us before we had done, for a caballero; and Mr. M——, who, with the demure gravity of a Castilian, which he is, had a comic twinkle in his eye, corrected her with some jocular remark: upon which the Malaguena clapped her hand upon his head and clutched it; as much as to say "You are right, and you are a wag."

The last notable thing I saw at Tangier was a street dance by some slaves, who it seems have liberty to go about and make a penny in this way, and came to our door to amuse the English, creating almost a riot. They were all but one negroes, or as black, with grotesque, bestial countenances, and whimsical begging looks; one beat a great drum, another rattled a sort of iron castanet on a large scale: the dance consisted of hopping from one leg to another without intermission, and without end as it seemed, if they had not been sent away.

I got to the ship in good time. The government here gives no trouble about passports, and is on very
good terms with the English;* but it is not at all in a way of being Europeanized: the consuls lately attempted to get gaslight introduced at European cost, but the Emperor of Morocco would not have the town sophisticated. The Pasha keeps pretty rigorous order: the day before I came five men were to have their hands cut off for robbery, and were brought to the place of execution, the axe ready and pitch heated to sear the wounds; but the sentence was then commuted.

Our ship was to go at five: Mr. M—— put me into a boat of his own, and I got on board quietly before the general rush. He and his daughter stay at Tangier for a time. I cannot say too much of this gentleman's helpfulness and kindness. I had an excellent passage home, and arrived at Gibraltar a little before nine o'clock.†

* Mr. Hay told me of a friendly and sensible regulation between the governments; that, on complaint of any misdemeanour committed by the subject of one against the subject of another, if the offender is native, the case is sent to the Tangerine magistrate, if English, to our Consul.

† I regretted not having been able to extend my African journey, as I once purposed, to Tetuan. It would have been a twelve hours' ride in the present state of the roads, but there was no other difficulty. The Consul, I was told, on application, procures you the attendance of a Moorish soldier as guide and escort, whose regulated fee is a dollar per day.
Gibraltar, May 11th.

Your letter welcomed me on my arrival... I hope you are enjoying as perfect weather, allowing for difference of climate, as we have here. The wind is come to the east, and makes the sea quite gay with shipping, so many sailing vessels having been detained by the continued westerly breezes. I stay here to-night; to-morrow, at morning gun-fire (half-past four), I set out for Gaucin.
LETTER IX.

Return to Gibraltar — Journey to Ronda — St. Roque — Appearance of the country — The Guadiaro — A venta and its family — Gaucin — Clapping hands — The posada — The prospects and the roads — Ronda — Situation and description of the town — The hotel — Questions to travellers — Ronda compared with Tivoli — Cuevas del Becerro — The venta — Travelling party — Castle of Teba — Campillos — Antequera — Road to Malaga — Malaga — Party at the hotel — The town.

Ronda, May 13th.

The east wind has brought with it summer heat and relaxation, and I have travelled hard for two days, but I will not grow idle while I can help it. I think I got as far, in my last letter, as to say that I had a good voyage from Tangier; it was quite a dash along and across the Straits, of only three hours and a half. The voyage is full of interesting points: as you come out of the little bay of Tangier, Cape Trafalgar and the rock of Gibraltar are in view at once; and it was very striking, as evening fell, to see the lighthouses kindled on such prominent points of the two continents as Tarifa in Spain, Ceuta in Africa, and Point Europa in our Queen's dominions. The younger gentlemen of the militia were very joyous all the way home, and
crowded the cross platform over the paddles, shouting and singing songs in chorus.* I passed the Sunday at Gibraltar, and went to church. The thanksgiving for peace was read. I saw several of my Gibraltar friends, and left a card by way of thanks to Captain Grey for my passage, which cost me nothing.

As often happens in great inns, the people of the Club-house did not call me on Monday morning, and I was awakened by the morning gun, which ought to have been the signal for our starting: but we were soon out. There is a detention at the Spanish lines for a nominal inspection of your baggage: it is done very slightly and civilly. After a short time we turned from the sands into the country. We met great numbers of people bringing loads from the interior to the Gibraltar market. Our first halt was at San Roque, a large village overspreading the top of the hill, very conspicuous from Gibraltar, and a great summer resort of persons from thence who wish for a little more room and liberty. The neighbourhood is rural enough, but not very beautiful: part of it has a cockneyish smartness; but I saw

* The dusky mountain ridge of Gibraltar, scattered with glimmering lights, had a grand effect as we drew homeward from the sea. By a special order the passengers of the Bustler were admitted into the fortress after evening gun-fire, which was at half-past seven. Portélá and the mozo were in dutiful waiting near the landing-place.
very little of it. There is what they call an English hotel, with some mean commonplace English appearances, where I got a hearthstone under the name of a loaf, and everything else bad, for breakfast. A little way onward we came to cork-trees (not the famous cork wood where the Gibraltar people make picnics), water, and the songs of birds. I have found hitherto that whenever in this country you come to trees and running water you hear the nightingale: a great delight the three things are together. Then came a wide extent of shrubby waste (called a dehesa), given up to the feeding of cattle;* and presently by a steep descent we reached the banks of the Guadiaro,† a dull-looking sandy river now, but in winter covering a large space on both sides with sand and wreck. Here, as elsewhere, we heard lamentation over the rainy winter

* The only object I recollect here giving indication of human life was the thatched dwelling of the guardagánado (watcher of the cattle).

† Mr. P., the magistrate at Gibraltar, told me of a longer but easier route, following the course of the Guadiaro for the greater part of the way, by which one might avoid many of the rugged ascents of the ordinary road, and see much picturesque scenery, sleeping at Cortes, where it would be necessary to find private lodging. But on consideration I preferred the ordinary road as likely to be more interesting. The Cortes route is noticed by Ford, Handbook, Part i., p. 267–8; 3rd ed.
and spring of this year; corn and vines, it is said, are injured past remedy. About Gibraltar I was told that the proportion of rain fallen to the average quantity was as seventy-six to twenty-eight, or, as one person said, thirty-two.

The country I have now been travelling is different from that between Cadiz and Gibraltar: it has generally an agricultural character, though there is a vast deal of mountain and waste: you see at intervals ploughing, weeding, and other farming operations; goats and sheep browsing, wheat growing, and now and then handsome new farm-buildings, which would be thought very respectable in England. We stopped about the middle of the day at a venta, which was in fact a very substantial farm-house, though with a wing, not at all shut off from the family apartment, where horses might be put up to bait. The family were sitting about the doorway, quite as well dressed as people in humble farm life in England, and in much the same costume, except the man. He was dressed in Andalusian fashion, doing nothing; the women knitting and sewing. The family room, or kitchen, was very spacious and orderly; there was a large fireplace and chimney, and over it such a goodly array of brown earthen pans that I thought the people were makers of cheese and butter, but this was not so. There were great earthen jars for water, and everything on a substantial, large scale; and a good swing
for the children from one of the beams. No refreshment, however, was to be had except aniseed brandy; and the people of the house, though civil-spoken enough, did not appear to take the slightest interest in your goings on; the man especially seemed rather to make it a point of dignity to be nonchalant. This, I know, is customary, but it is an unkind custom, and an affectation, for they all are curious. The man, if I understood right, was a farmer of land upon a large scale, a person, I suppose, of some importance, though keeping a venta.

Our journey still lay along the Guadiaro, and we forded it a great many times.* In such things Portela is quite at home; in a stream, or at an awkward piece of mountain road, his eye catches the true point with surprising quickness, and he is quite decisive; in other things I do not think he is so bright.

The scenery of the river was often pretty, and we came at last to a nook planted with orange-trees and cypresses, which seemed a little Elysium nestled among the mountains. Here we were to quit the river, and we climbed the steep side of the sierra by a track which was like the ruins of a staircase. A fine

* For some distance we had as fellow travellers a country family, mounted, and followed by a sturdy serving-woman on foot, who kept up bravely, and waded pretty deep fords without being abashed or afraid.
extent of hill and valley, including all the morning's journey, lay behind; even the mountains of Africa appeared in the distance. We struggled on by roads which seemed worse and worse. The sierras in the direction of Ronda now came more fully into view, but I thought it very long before we gained sight of Gaucin, which was our resting-place for the night. At last it did appear, a long line of white houses with dark tiled roofs, crowning the ridge of a hill, where it sloped down from a bold mountain-peak which had been conspicuous long before. Above the town were the towers, grey and battered, of the old Moorish fortress.

Nothing could be more rejoicing to the eye than all the mountain scenery in the latter part of this morning's journey; the surfaces were so finely undulated and broken, throwing off such a beautiful variety of lights and shades, and the colouring so varied, verdure, however, triumphing up to the highest points. But it is in vain to describe these things. Many a weary step we had before we got to Gaucin, some new descent and ascent continually appearing to throw us back when we had seemed to be just there. At last, passing under the walls of a suppressed convent, where the palm reminded me of Africa and Cadiz, and the stone pines recalled Italy, we entered the long, out-of-the-world village of Gaucin; one of the most picturesque places I have ever seen; far more so, I
think, than the celebrated Ronda, where I am now writing. There is a view of Gaucin, I believe, in Roberts’s Annual. I used to think that the scenes given in these publications were dressed up to create a sensation; but Gaucin, and several others of these old Moors’ nests which hang upon the Spanish mountains, are just what you see pictured there, as bold in outline, and as full of point and contrast.

I put up at a forlorn-looking posada (del Rosario, I think), but the best as far as I could observe, looking out upon a fountain where the Andaluces were coming every minute to draw and drink. The landlady was a widow; she told me that she had lost both her husband and her son by stabs in village quarrels: the husband, I heard, was killed in this very house. She immolated me to their manes in her bill, which was the highest I have yet paid in Spain.* As to dinner, there was

* Being intent rather upon the arithmetic than the nature of the charges, I did not observe this till the agreeable surprise in the countenances of the women, as I paid the money, showed me that there was something wrong. One ran and brought out some oranges (as coarse as cocoa-nuts) for a parting present; the other enlarged upon the calamities of the house, as if by way of apology for making strangers bleed. There is a wise old Spanish proverb in favour of good prices as the characteristic of a flourishing country:—“Alla me llève Dios á morar, do un huévo vále un real” (may I live in a
the usual ceremony of asking you to choose out of everything in the world, and then obliging you to take what they happen to have. This arrived after I had waited till I was nearly famished, but it was unexpectedly good: a dish of rabbit, made savoury with just enough garlic, and mixed with balls of artichoke, was quite superlative. Indeed, at the small posadas I have always found something very good, and I decidedly like the Spanish cookery, if the materials are right. A smartly-spoken damsel, the hostess's daughter, who had been at Madrid, waited upon me, and sat and talked while I dined, as the custom of the people of the house is in Spanish country places. Though I think it a good one, and always yield to it with the best grace I can, it is sometimes rather trying, when you are tired and heated, and would be glad to rest your brain, to have a difficult Spanish lesson opened upon you. My landlord here (at Ronda) had not commenced three minutes before he had ascertained that I was married (the young lady of Gaucin asked the same question): "Hijos?" (children?) “Why does not your wife come with you?” &c. &c. In the evening I went up to the Moorish castle, where a small place where an egg is worth a real) ; but its application to guests at an inn is rather overstrained at Gaucin. Portéla never aided me by a remark upon reckonings, unless when they regarded the horses.
military guard is still kept.* There is a fine view quite to the Rock of Gibraltar. By an effect of mist the Rock and the top of the hill of San Roque appeared like islands, the mist being undistinguishable from the sea. A view which more interested me, in the last light of the evening, was that from the old convent; the park-like ground sloping down towards the valley, and the soft outlines of stone pines, which no doubt had been a great pride of the brotherhood while they had their own.

We left Gaucin about five in the morning. The first outset was through lanes, sometimes skirted with may and broom. The profuse spring vegetation is a great delight in these journeys. I only regret not knowing something of botany. Portela continually brings me some showy flower or leaf, with the Spanish name, and I am unable to say whether we have it or not in England. The banks of the Guadiaro yesterday were often bordered with oleander in rich bloom. Every now and then some plant under the hot sunshine sends an aromatic fragrance across your way. Vines appeared continually even at the boldest heights of our journey to-day. From the lanes we passed to very elevated terrace-roads, overlooking the

* In the guard-room, where there was nothing to see, were a few idle sinister-looking soldiers, who offered cigars for sale; smuggled, of course.
most beautiful outlines of mountain and valley, and sometimes old Moorish villages, white and tiled houses with a castle, perched in the most fantastical places, and still bearing Oriental names.* The prospects in fact were paradise, the roads purgatory. Often we dismounted by choice; once because Portéla did not think we could ride the place with safety. About eleven we stopped under the shady wall of a venta to drink goat's milk, which the people of the place furnished (and it was nearly as good as cow's), and to eat some hard eggs. Lucky it was that we brought them, for we had many a long painful climbing and pitching before we reached Ronda. On both days the state of the roads so completely put us out of our reckoning that we not only rose by daylight, but rode through the heat of the day. I have given strong warning that we may not do so again.

From the venta we entered upon a long ascent, passing over the face of a rocky green mountain, where you saw the road far before you, and a grand amphitheatre of hills spreading all round. Here, at a point conspicuous to the whole country, if there had been any one to see, was a white monument, topped by a cross; the story was the old one, "Aqui mataron a uno" (here one was killed). Robbers, however, have been very little in my thoughts; for one thing,
the urgent present evil of the bad road, banishes the idea of uncertain ones; and I have really seen nothing to bring this to mind except that the carriers of goods appear with guns; rather, I suspect, as a professional show than for much service.* As I learn from what seems to me trustworthy report, the establishment of the guardia civil (posts of soldiers at certain points on the roads; there was one such at the village where I ate eggs) has put this robbing a good deal out of fashion.

An almost impassable road, to appearance, ended in a knot of small windings called the Vuelta de Caracol (snailshell turning), and brought us out upon more mountains, but still no view of Ronda. At last it did burst upon us: a spacious-looking place, compactly arranged upon a platform in a green Cleveland-like country, which was bordered by the Sierras of Granada, and by high peaks of mountain† in other directions. All manner of evasions and difficulties did the road make before we could arrive; but at last we did enter the old town of Ronda, by an ancient flower-grown gateway, abou

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* My party carried no arms; unless Portéla and his follower wore knives out of sight.
† Among them Mount San Cristobal, one of the great landmarks of southern Andalusia.