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INTRODDEN
SPAIN
AND HER
BLACK
COUNTRY
By H. J. ROSE.

VOL. 1.

LONDON
SAMUEL WINSLEY

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14



I.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife
CONSEJERIA DE CULTURA

JUNTA DE ANDALUZA

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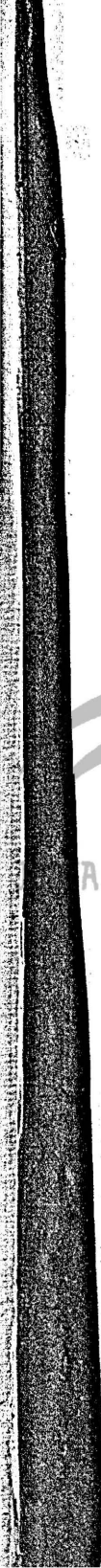
Tabl. 2

N.º 14



JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA

P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA



UNTRODDEN SPAIN.

CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

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UNTRODDEN SPAIN,

AND HER

BLACK COUNTRY;

BEING

SKETCHES OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER
OF THE SPANIARD OF THE INTERIOR.

BY

HUGH JAMES ROSE,

M.A., of Oriel College, Oxford; Chaplain to the English, French, and German
Mining Companies of Linares; and late Acting Chaplain to
H.M. Forces at Dover Garrison.

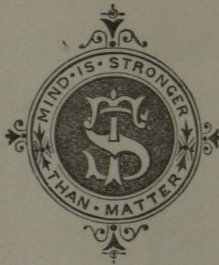
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JUNTA DE ANDALUZA

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



London:

SAMUEL TINSLEY,

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1875.

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Dedication.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE FATHER,

WHOSE VOICE,

ONCE EVER TENDER, WISE, AND TRUE,

HE MISSES,

AND IN WHOSE ONWARD FOOTSTEPS

HE FAIN WOULD FOLLOW,

THESE PAGES ARE REVERENTLY

Dedicated,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E.

It is related of a certain eminent lawyer, that when, being retained for an arduous and extraordinary case, the solicitor handed to him an unusually large amount of manuscript, explaining that the greater portion of the writing consisted of his own (the solicitor's) "observations," he asked,—“Where do your observations on the case commence?” and, on being shown, tore the bundle off at that spot, and committed them to the flames, with the remark, “Then there go your observations.”

Mindful of the warning contained in the above oft-quoted anecdote, the writer of these pages has endeavoured rather to present to the reader a series of simple sketches from life, printed, as they were originally written, with the rough edge full upon them, than to offer many observations or reflections of his own upon the state of things he has attempted to depict. Like the solicitor above referred to, he has not been able to repress *all* his observations; but he has, he believes, given such a backbone of *facts*, that

if the reader chooses ruthlessly to tear the observations off he will still find plenty of simple narrative remaining to give him a fair idea of the condition of the Spanish interior.

These Sketches, some of which are reprinted from the pages of *Macmillan's Magazine*, were, at first, merely a collection of letters, notes, and jottings made in the semi-tropical heat of the weary summer days of 1873. The writer strung them together at the suggestion of a friend, who believed them to be sufficiently interesting to merit publication, and offered them to the magazine in question. They were cordially received by the editor, and the first instalment appeared in November, 1873.

A passing tribute should here be paid to the generosity of the editor of the magazine in question, who, at great personal inconvenience, and in a season of much anxiety, himself corrected the proofs of the letters as they appeared—a task of no slight difficulty, considering the frequent necessary occurrence of *Spanish* words, and one the performance of which, owing to the distance and the irregularity of posts, by the author himself was impossible.

Two reasons have induced the writer of 'Untrodden Spain and her Black Country' to continue his Sketches, and offer them to the public in a collected form:—

First, the kindly and hearty way in which his Sketches were received, not only by many friends, and even strangers, to whom the authorship was accidentally known, but also by the public press, and noticeably by the *Spectator*, *Guardian*, and *Illustrated London News*.

Secondly, the writer has so done because he believes that his pages, simple and unpretending as they are, chronicle a state of things which has not been before chronicled, and a state of things which is even now yielding steadily, if slowly, to the onward march of education and civilization. Already, in the peaceful valleys around him, the shrill scream of the railway engine mingles with the music of the mule-bells; already, there is a stir being made about compulsory education; already, in a few towns of the interior, may be seen (a welcome sight to a sun-dried and weary English wanderer!) the triangular red label that tells of Bass's bitter beer!

Such are the writer's reasons for thus publishing his Sketches. Simple, roughly written, without any pretensions to beauty of diction or style,—dashed off very often with a full, sometimes with an aching heart,—oftentimes seeming unconnected,—he claims for them no merit whatsoever save this, that they are *true*. He may here add, that many of them have

been submitted to the criticism of an Englishman for twenty years resident in the interior, and that his comment was, "They are certainly very true."

As to the *matter* of the following pages, it consists almost entirely of narrative of facts which either have happened to the writer or which have come under his immediate notice. The few "Novelettes" with which the pages are interspersed are studies from real life, and are introduced, not so much for their intrinsic interest, as because the necessary surroundings and groupings of a character or a tale give oftentimes a better general idea of the state of affairs and country where such a character lived, where such a tale had its reality, than do isolated statements of facts.

The Sketches of Life and Character—a life and character slowly passing away—have all been written within the last year. They are sketches made at various times and under varying circumstances; but always, in outline, jotted down on the spot, and at the moment of their occurrence. Hence they may possibly have a certain vividness which mere recollections would fail to convey on paper.

Sometimes when inspirited with his ride across the wild grey Campo; sometimes when sitting weary and dispirited in the lonely olive-lodge; sometimes

when wandering with fishing-rod or sketch-book by silent tarn or amidst the grandest scenery; sometimes in the crowded casino or the teeming street; sometimes on the surf-beaten shore; sometimes rocking idly in a pareja out upon the blue sun-lit sea; sometimes in the stillness of a sick chamber, with all the weariness of a sick man in a strange land; sometimes beneath the gorgeous orange-groves; sometimes on the treeless waste; in the heated atmosphere of the lead-mine, and the still more heated atmosphere of political or religious excitement and discussion,—have these Sketches been compiled; but chiefly, be it remembered, the writer's experience has been in the wilds of the interior, and chiefly among the lower orders, where the joke and the wine are both rough to the palate; but where the Spaniard, whether gentleman or peasant, is ever courteous, generous, and ready to help the stranger in his work.

And now, if pleasure shall be given, if interest shall be afforded, to some of his countrymen by his rude, unaffected Sketches,—if some few bright, and pure, and grateful thoughts shall be inspired in English breasts by his "Observations,"—the writer will be rejoiced. He will say no more, but will merely send his readers on their journey with the viaticum of the Spanish peasant, which he hopes they will reciprocate

as heartily as he offers it, "Vaya usted con Dios."

There may be trifling inaccuracies the writer of 'Untrodden Spain and her Black Country' knows—indeed, he fears there surely will be—in his work; but it should be borne in mind that in his lonely and distant home, where letters oftentimes come not once a week, he could not correct his own proofs. So, forgive!

December, 1874.

P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA



JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA

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UNTRODDEN SPAIN,

AND HER

BLACK COUNTRY.

CHAPTER I.

TO SPAIN IN A TRADER.

MANY were the reasons that induced me, at last, to make up my mind to accept a promising offer of employment in the interior of Spain, and to take a passage for the nearest port thereto in the good steam-ship "Lisbon."

One reason, among the many, was the desire to see other lands, other peoples. True, Spain was in a ferment; and each newspaper—(alas! until I came to sunny Spain, I never knew that a newspaper could rank among the greatest of earthly luxuries—luxuries rare, and few, and far between sometimes)—each newspaper told the story of its anarchy, and bloodshed, and disquietude. But, perhaps, that only added to the charm of seeing Spain—the land of the song and the dance,—the land of the vineyard and the olive-grove,—the land where, from A.D. 711 to A.D. 1492, Pagan and Christian, Moorish and Spanish architecture and manners, prevailed side by side, and have

left their relics,—the land of tropical heat, and wintry snows of the Guadalquivir and the Sierra Nevada. All these one's heart had long yearned to see, and now they might be seen. And another of the many reasons for leaving the shores and the friends of dear old England was, that England, in all her professions, is overstocked—her sons are elbowing one another. Go abroad, and, if it please God that your health stands the climate, you will, at least, get more work and more money, a fair field and no favour; and, above all, experience. So, to go I decided, and took a passage in the steamship "Lisbon" for Gibraltar, one of Messrs. John Hall's trading steamers, commanded by Captain John Russell, a very prince of good seamen and true friends.

The fare to Gibraltar in one of these steamers is so trifling (under £10), and the fare on board so good, that I would recommend any invalid, who is not really ill, but only worn out with parish work or city business—the hard-worked minister of a town-parish; the barrister; the merchant; the solicitor, who is suffering from that plague of this hurry-scurrying day of telegraphs, underground railways, and competition, 'yclept by doctors "nervous exhaustion"—to take a moderate purse with him, if he cannot obtain a cruise in a friend's yacht, and go to Lisbon and the Spanish ports in one of the largest of this line of steamers. He will enjoy himself; the bright sea-breeze, the freedom from care, the pleasure of scanning every passing sail—above all, the joy of thinking, as he lies down at night, "at any rate, no Penny Post can bother me in the morning,"—all these will refresh and strengthen the whole nervous system. Besides, there is plenty to be learnt at sea by a landsman,

and plenty to be seen at every port at which his ship may touch and stay for a day or two.

The steamer in which I had taken our passage was advertised to take passengers on board at Shadwell Basin at 8:30 on the morning of June 21st. At 7:30 we were in our last London cab, slowly rumbling along in the grey morning mist through streets where nothing appeared but the huge traffic vans (which, I suppose, never rest), and the early policeman or newsboy. One of these latter I hailed from the cab window, determined to carry on board the last news of "the Claimant." At last we got to the Docks; the cabman was at fault; but a kindly passer-by guided us down to Shadwell Basin. The baggage was soon piled up by a loquacious Irish porter on the brink of the Basin, and we sat down on one of our boxes to await the arrival of the "Lisbon." The grey steaming river, and the many fine vessels around, were a study in themselves. Above all, it was there that I caught my first (and, perhaps, last) glimpse of Wapping—land henceforth for ever classic—and pictured to myself the burly figure of the Claimant calling there for his first English glass of grog, and the last tidings of "Mary Ann."

At 10:30 the big figure-head of the "Lisbon" was seen slowly approaching; passengers there were none but ourselves and one poor Spanish girl, with her tiny baby at her breast, who, sitting close beside me, had been reading patiently page after page of 'Amor de la Madre,' her only book; but there was a crowd of sailors, porters, shouters, and loiterers on the quay as the ship slowly steamed up into the Basin.

We all flowed (about 100 of us) on to the tongue of

stone quay that rises above the black, dirty water of Shadwell Basin. Ropes were coiled here and thrown there, and under your legs in another place. The ship's side was within two or three feet of the quay, when suddenly three men (seamen belonging to the vessel, as I found afterwards) sprang on to her side, clutching at her bulwarks. I saw one miss his hold, and heard him splash down (some twenty feet, I suppose) into the black, stinking, stirred-up water between the quay and the side of the ship now being made fast alongside. "Man overboard—ahoy—yoh—ahoy!" and ropes were over our heads and under our legs, and men shouted, and women hid their faces, but—no one did anything. In a moment I saw a shirt-sleeve disappear over the vessel's side into the same dirty abyss, and in three minutes up alongside came a boat, with the shirt-sleeved hero—for hero he was—sitting in it, and the "man overboard," vomiting, on his knees. The nameless shirt-sleeves had saved his fellow-creature! There was no time to inquire, just then, who and what the gallant rescuer was. We bundled up the ladder, and were glad to find ourselves safe on deck. It was some time, amid the general confusion of finding and stowing away luggage, and "fixing ourselves" into a berth, before I could find time or opportunity to find out and shake hands with the sailor whose gallant conduct had been the admiration of us all. At last I found him, and we had a good hearty shake of the hand. British sailor-like, he was drying his clothes on the sunny fore-part of the ship, and going about his work as though nothing at all had happened. On my expressing my gratification at his promptness and pluck, he merely said,—
"Well, sir, we ought to do all we can for one another;

it is our duty." A pity that all do not think with him! I inquired if he would not value some recognition of his service from the Royal Humane Society, to which Society I have twice applied, but, possibly, in the unsettled state of "El Correo" in Spain, the letters have miscarried. He assured me he should greatly prize any such notice. His name shall here be recorded: SAMUEL RICHARD CHIVERS, boatswain of the steam-ship "Lisbon." When I last heard of him he lived at 108, Stainsby Road, Poplar.*

The journey down the river has much to engage the attention: the confused labyrinth of masts and shipping, the various rigs of the countless vessels passing up or down the river, the huge ship-building yards, and the low-lying but sometimes green and pretty banks of the river, studded with houses, all bespeak the vastness, the variety of England's commerce, and give rise to many conflicting thoughts. Countless steamers washed past us: here was a screw collier from the North, bound up the river; here, far behind in the race, the labouring collier-brig, of that class against which Mr. Plimsoll was waging his philanthropic warfare (all success to his noble and well-directed efforts against the "floating coffins," wherever they exist!); here, with her huge bulk, was a vessel, all sails set and colours flying, crowded with emigrants for New Zealand, in tow of a fierce little Thames tug off Gravesend; here were countless barges, picturesque if not symmetrical, with their reddish-brown or yellow sails, and rough-looking

* I have great pleasure in adding that since writing the above account Samuel Chivers's courage has been rewarded by the Royal Humane Society with a bronze medal.

crews—the last I saw bore upon its sails *Lloyd's Weekly News*, in huge letters of tar,—a strange place for an advertisement! Brighter, because more philanthropic, objects were the two or three huge, dismantled training ships for boys, which caught my attention.

The getting out into the glorious expanse of open sea, with its fresh breeze, and its dancing blue waves, and flying sails—it was a bright June day, with a crisp breeze—was delightful. The first, and, to my mind, chief good of a sea voyage is the enforced freedom from care. A man lies down at night with the consciousness that, whether of weal or of woe, no letter and postman's knock can annoy him and spoil his breakfast in the morning; he is on the wide seas, and care, for a while, is left behind him: good thoughts and a good appetite also attend one on the sea, and every day there is plenty of occupation—learning the names of the different ships that pass, studying, and sketching with rough paper and a few colours, the different objects of interest at sea, and on shore when near the coast—the varying tints of the sea, and the gorgeous sunsets—all these, with reading, writing one's journal, and a casual pipe, and chat with the sailors, will fill up the day, at any rate for a short voyage.

Off Shoeburyness we heard the guns from the fort booming away—the last English artillery we should hear for many a long day; and saw a shoal of porpoises gamboling by the side of the steamer. All these *little* sights and scenes, which *are* little when recounted, have a marvellous charm at the moment.

At about 5·30 we passed Deal, a place the mention

of whose very name suggests countless thoughts of English pluck, and countless tales of peril.

I should mention the Goodwins, that far-famed dread of seamen. To-day, it looked peaceful enough. It was high tide, and nothing or little of the sands could be seen: their existence was only marked by the different tints of the waters over its treacherous surface, and a long line of silver ripple along its boundary mark. The sand was kindly enough to-day—a Deal lugger was floating close to its edge; a small merchantman crept along, with all sails set, hard by, as though to triumph over its sleeping and harmless foe. One of the sailors told us of a fact connected with these Sands which was quite new to me. Speaking of the beacons, he mentioned the "provision beacon." It seems that on the edge of the Sands there is a beacon, with steps up it, and a cradle at the top, which from time to time is supplied with food, for the benefit of any shipwrecked men who may be able to use it.

At six o'clock a thick haze gradually crept on—the terrible sea-fog, so common in our pent-up Channel, and we had to anchor and lie-to for the night. On board my little fishing-lugger, off the South coast, I had often knocked about hungry, and drenched, and spiritless, from the sudden coming on of this seaman's enemy, so it was nothing new to me. The most striking part of a sea-fog is the spectral-like look of the vessels seen through it, and the utter deceitfulness of the appearance of distance. You see, with your glass, what looks a huge spectral ship coming to anchor a mile off you; suddenly the fog "lifts," and all is clear for a few minutes, and, lo! the distant-looking vessel proves to

be a steamer anchored 800 yards only from your stern!

Sunday, June 22nd, rose with the same thick fog, though sun and fog for hours fought a battle royal. The latter prevailed at last. One or two of us held a short service in the cabin, which on a following Sunday we followed by one, in which the captain and several of the men and boys joined, on deck.

While leaning over the bulwarks, chatting with the captain, suddenly we heard a gun, not very far distant, booming across the misty water—then another, and yet another. It came from the direction of the Goodwins, and was, doubtless, a sign of distress from some ill-fated vessel. In less than ten minutes a Deal lugger, which had been lying off the Sands waiting for a chance, had hoisted her sail, and was bearing down in the direction of the sound; and soon we saw a fierce little tug (the steam-tug "Endeavour") passing away towards the same place, boat in tow, full speed. She just slackened speed as she crossed our stern, to hail us, and ask in which direction the wreck was, and then she was off into the mist on her generous errand.

This little spectacle has left a very dear recollection of the English coast upon my mind. These fine fellows are cruising about in their tiny luggers in all weathers, ready to help where help is wanted. It may be (and often is) said, "They do it for money." So they do, in part. But there are few noble deeds into which some spark of selfishness does not enter. The man who saves life *not* for money, often has a little idea of being admired for his courage. Yet we must not surely cease to admire noble and unselfish ends because a grain of selfishness enters

into them. This is but human, after all; One alone was or could be perfectly unselfish. None of us would destroy a diamond because it had a little flaw. And I fancy the self-same readiness to brave peril and save life does *not* exist on the sea-coasts of other countries.

Throughout Sunday we heard nothing save the clang of our steamer's fog-bell and the fog-horns, or whistles of other vessels passing by, in defiance of the fog. One or two vessels were lying at anchor near us, as we could tell by the frequent tinkle-tinkle-tinkle of their fog-bells coming over the misty water. They were lying hard by us; but, except for a few moments the fog-lights, were invisible. This was my first Sunday "in the Downs."

At 7 the fog lifted for awhile; we started, but were well into it again, thicker than ever, as we got under the bluff cliffs of Dover. It seems to me that the fog is pent up and cannot escape in that narrow channel; at any rate, it hangs about there longer than elsewhere, the captain told us. Toward midnight, or rather earlier, we went on, and when I rose at six the next morning, the bluff white headland of Beachy Head, with its sloping hills on either side looking of the brightest purple, with a few bright yellow fields here and there, was full in sight, the morning sun making it intensely beautiful.

This day was very beautiful, but bitterly cold. Off the English coast, even in June, you never are free from the chance of drenching fog, or bright sun neutralized by pinching wind.

We passed Brighton, though a long way off. I could merely see, even with my glass, an indistinct line of coast, nothing more, of all the beauty

and multitudes of Brighton. Then Bognor and Worthing were passed, both wholly indistinct. But the sight of this dim coast-line brought to the mind of one who had for many years been a fisherman on that coast full many a thought of bygone days—of days when he had beaten far out to sea in his tiny lugger, with its crew of two men and “the master,” and spent the long, dark, weary night in drifting with his nets into the flowing tide; and of the bright summer’s early morning, when he had landed upon the beach, dirty, wet, and weary, to seek his early bath, while his comrades sold “the take” of fish by Dutch auction, in the early market, on the beach. All these thoughts, and many others,—thoughts of friendship snapped asunder, and kind hearts left behind, and faces seen ere starting, perhaps for the last time,—all these thoughts fill a man’s heart, and sadden his soul, the while he is leaning, smoking his pipe, all unconcernedly over the vessel’s side.

Strange people are we mortals; and strangest of mortals we English. If our heart is bursting, we smile; if it is *very* full, we smoke a pipe, and talk about the weather, and the state of politics. It is quite possible, among us, for two men to eat, sleep, live together, each sad at heart, yet either thinking the other the happiest of men. In noticing this, I have oftentimes felt the truth of those touching lines—Johnson’s, I think, but am not sure,—

“If every man’s internal care
 Were written on his brow,
 How many would your pity share
 Who raise your envy now.
 The fatal secret, when revealed,
 Of every aching breast,
 Would show that only when concealed
 His lot appeared the best.”

The Isle of Wight, Niton, and St. Katherine's Lighthouse, all spots familiar to me in early youth, were passed in quick succession. Showers of rain came on, and we all turned down below.

At about twelve the captain summoned me on deck to see (as I had requested) the last light of Old England's shores; and then it was plain, and bright, and clear; even through the squally night could be seen the light in the "Start" Lighthouse, on the coast of Devon. We would see English land no more—so farewell to England!

All through the day of the 24th of June it was fog and "a clear" by turns; we went "slow" or "half-speed," and our fog-bell rang again—it was, too, bitterly cold and raw.

At last, about six, on the evening of the 24th, we sighted Cape Ushant; the fog cleared, and with try-sails and full steam we began to cross the far-famed Bay of Biscay. The Bay was gentle to-day, but it did not quite belie its name; it gave us, at least, a good "list" to one side, and a casual roll.

For awhile, now, no land; the only thing to be seen being many a good ship under full canvas, rejoicing in the stiff breeze; French *chasse-marées*, English brigs or schooners, foreign steamers, and a casual whale, poking his ugly black head out of the water—these were all we saw. One little episode of the Bay. Retiring to bed at night, very tired, very late, I left the port-holes of my berth open. This was an insult to the Bay, and the Bay wetted every stitch of bed-linen by breaking into it. But salt-water never gives cold, so it did not matter.

On the morning of the 26th we first saw, dimly through the haze, our new country. The long bluff

headlands about Cape Finisterre came into sight, looking peaceful and purple through the haze. Never shall I forget the Spanish headlands, for I bear the mark of them to this day. Whether Sir Roger Tichborne, or Arthur Orton, in sight of them I was tattooed, with heart (bleeding), anchor, and initials; and now, said the second mate, who performed the operation, "It's no good your setting up for a property, for I'll come and swear you are plain Mr. —."

Many French *chasse-marées* were passed by us just there. They are splendid sea-boats, but far smaller than I had been led to expect: something, in pluck and weather-power, like our luggers, they seldom range beyond from 30 to 90 tons burden.

June 26th, at 8 P.M., we were ten miles off Oporto, and saw a lovely sunset. I never had beheld tints so surpassingly gorgeous. One could but stand and gaze at its beauty in blank admiration.

I stayed on deck, on the front part of the ship, smoking my pipe with "the watch." The watch on these vessels changes once in every two hours; and at last the new moon rose, beautifully nursed in the quiet sailless sea and cloudless sky. It was the crescent moon, "with the old moon in her arms," but the point of the crescent—one horn, rather—was pointing towards the sea. "Ah," said the seaman on watch, "it's a fair-weather moon, thank the Lord! for her point is towards the water—she stands upright." "Well," I said, "and what is a wet moon?" He answered, "When the new moon, with the old one in her arms, lies on the sea like a boat." I found out from this man that the saying among the sailors on this matter is as follows:—"When the new moon is

upright (*i. e.*, perpendicular), the Indian can hang his powder-flask upon it—*i. e.*, it will be dry weather. When the moon lies upon the water like a boat, the Indian can paddle his canoe—*i. e.*, there will be much rainy weather.”

I should remark, that the change of temperature, sea-tints, and sunsets, immediately after passing Cape Finisterre, was very noticeable. Well, Lisbon was not far off now.

At 6:30, on the morning of the 27th, the steward came into my berth to summon me on deck. “The Berlings! the Berlings!” he called out. “Don’t you want to see the Berlings?” I had never, alas! even heard the name before.

The Berlingas are a group of rocks, or, to speak of the largest of them, small rocky islands, about nine or ten miles off the coast of Portugal. If my remembrance and “log notes” serve me correctly, they are passed about two-and-a-half-hours’ steam before you reach that well-known mark for mariners, Peniche Lighthouse. They look, at a distance, for the most part like huge naked rocks, standing up in a long drab-coloured line, in mid-ocean; some, however, are rounded at the summit, and on the largest of them there is a Portuguese fort, and quarters for a few soldiers. Their aspect, as you approach near to (or, as can be easily done on a clear day, steam between) them, is magnificent. They look like huge, wild, rugged rocks, with a fringe of white foam at their bases. Until a couple of tiny Portuguese-fishing-boats passed under their shadow, I had no idea at all of their height and general size. Though, at a distance, they appear of a light stone colour, on a nearer view one can see that they are of red sand-

stone formation, and probably, at some distant time, were joined on to the mainland, which is rugged and broken here, and appears of the same colour. The Berlingas, I believe, are uninhabited, save by a few soldiers; but there is, of course, communication, when the weather permits, between these castaways and the mainland.

After passing Peniche Lighthouse, the coast of Portugal, if seen on a fine sunny day, is exceedingly beautiful. Slopes of green, purple, and drab colour relieve the general red sandstone-look of the cliffs and hills. The tints of the sky are simply gorgeous; and, on the day on which I passed it, the bright blue of the sea deepened as it neared the cliffs into a rich dark purple, fringed, as it washed the shores, with a snowy line of foam. Then there are the ships flying by, all of different shape, and rig, and colour. One vessel I noticed, bearing slowly down towards us, with her cargo piled on deck half-way up the masts. What could she be? How could she hope, so laden, to ride out even the faintest suspicion of a gale? Here, thought I, is a case for Mr. Plimsoll. Here is "deck-loading" with a vengeance! Long I scanned her with my glass. The breeze was light, but still she rode buoyantly over it. At last, a seaman explained the mystery in his blunt way: "Why sir, she's only a coaster, laden with cork!"

No wonder she stood her load so well, and carried herself so bravely. Her cargo, in the event of a gale, would probably have been her best friend.

Brightly the sea was glittering—brightly the white, brown, and drab sails flitted by. At last came a different group, namely, a little fleet of tiny Portuguese fishing-boats, with their graceful double or

single lateen-sails. The lateen, triangular sail, which is the only rig used by Spanish and Portuguese fishing-boats, is strikingly graceful. See it in a moderate breeze, when it hardly bends to the wave—see it in a stiff breeze, when its graceful curl bends and bends, and strains and strains, leaving the guardianship of the mast, until it absolutely seems to lie upon the sparkling wave, and then picks itself up and dips again, and kisses the wave again, and then returns to the mast—it is very graceful! The amount of sail carried by one tiny boat is quite amazing in the Spanish and Portuguese fishing-waters.

Then we passed the Palace of the Mathra. All that was visible of it was three stone towers peering out at a break in the rocky coast. All around it seemed to be woods. Just below it, on the coast, slept a tiny fishing village, from which post, no doubt, the little fleet just described hailed.

Lisbon Rock struck me as a grand and beautiful headland. Sheer cliffs, of no mean height, of red sandstone, with woods, and fields, and verdure spread all around the old castle—the famous Lisbon Castle—that crested its summit.

The exceeding blueness of the blue sea; the picturesqueness of the old castle, looking over its wooded slopes; the wildness of the sheer sandstone line of coast, till it faded away towards the south in a, first, verdant, then dim grey, then yellow line, blending with the sea, were more than beautiful—they were entrancing. One's only wish was, "Oh! that I could land, and wander, sketch-book in hand, along those wild, wooded slopes, or fossilize in those red sandstone cliffs."

At 2 p.m. (June 27th) we reached Casca's Bay Light-

house, at the mouth of the Tagus. It looked an old building, but whether or no it is so I cannot say—anyhow, it had a handsome, Moorish-looking tower. Just then the pilot came off from the shore. Our steamer stopped; in a moment the gaudy boat was alongside, the ladder from our vessel flung down, and no sooner flung down than taken up again, and our black pilot (for he was black) commenced giving his orders to guide us in our river course. He reminded me, by his voice and manner, of a weary night's journey down the Thames which I once took on board a traffic steamer bound for Ostend. It was a pitch-dark, drizzling night, but I could not sleep, and passed my night on deck listening to the ever-recurring words of the captain, who was piloting his vessel,—“Hard-a-po-o-ort,” “Star-bo-o-bo-o-ord,” “Stea-dey!”

Of the short run, from the entrance of the Tagus up to Lisbon, let us simply say it is surpassingly beautiful. The river is broad and its current rapid. Its waters, unlike our own Thames, or the Spanish Guadalquivir, are of a bright blue. Hills, one after another, crowned each with one, two, or three stone castles, enchant the artistic eye; every slope is of a different colour. Here, a whole field of bright yellow flowers, I know not their name; here, a corn-field reaped, but the corn not yet garnered in; there, bright little townships and villas, painted in brightest shades of every colour, red, blue, yellow, green, white; brightly-painted boats, with their various picturesque rigs; above all, the far-famed Belem (Bethlehem Castle), which cannot be described, so grand and old is it, by one who only saw it *en passant*. All these make the little journey up the Tagus one of exceeding beauty.

At 3·30 we were made fast to a buoy, amid a crowd of vessels of all nations; and at my first glance at Lisbon, standing up on its proud hills, and overlooking its rapid stream, in the bright evening sunlight, I could but believe in and echo the words of the brown Carbinero, who came on board from the Custom House, "Lisbon is *magnifica—magnifica.*"

And then we went on shore.



JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

CHAPTER II.

LISBON TO MALAGA.

June 27th.—Eventide.—Until I put my first foot on dry land, and “trod the shore” at Lisbon, after the few days at sea, I never realized the feeling of freedom and joy generally attributed to “Jack on shore,” and to the emigrant after his long and weary journey in the not too comfortable quarters of an emigrant ship.

Well do I recall to mind my wonderment when, standing on the quay of the Repairing Dock at Dover, whither a large Norwegian emigrant ship, damaged, was towed in for repairs, I beheld the simple glee and delight of those homely emigrants as they were helped down the ladder to where I stood, and sauntered up towards the town; they seemed too full of joy to do anything but laugh, and prove their freedom by stepping to this side and that, or walking down this street and up that. I wondered at this glee then; I do not wonder now. There is no describing the feeling of freedom that one entertains at such a moment.

The Norwegian emigrants of whom I spoke were all bound for Montreal. They were of the poorest class of labouring men, and with most of them were wives and families. I remember going on board the vessel, by permission, with two huge bags of biscuits, and “sugar-plums” for the children, who alone

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 shapeless dresses, 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—the 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 Thames Street?

The shores of the Tagus, as we steamed down on the lovely evening of the 28th, seemed to me more beautiful 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 Matra," 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