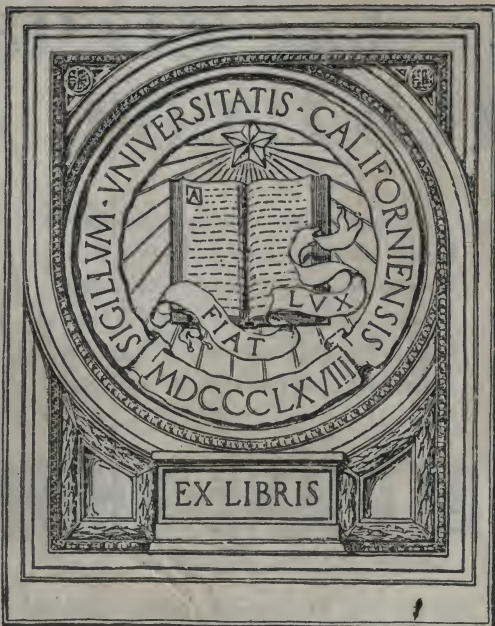




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RUTH KEDZIE WOOD



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MONDAY MORNING IN IBERIA (*frontispiece*)

THE TOURIST'S SPAIN AND PORTUGAL

BY

RUTH KEDZIE WOOD

*Author of "Honeymooning in Russia," and
"The Tourist's Russia"*

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS



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THE
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TO
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CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	xi
I TRANSPORTATION—GENERAL INFORMATION	1
II HOTELS—FESTIVALS—SPORTS	29
III CHRONOLOGY	67
SPAIN	
IV MADRID	83
V TOLEDO—ESCORIAL—AVILA—SEGOVIA	118
VI SALAMANCA AND NORTHERN CITIES	144
VII GALICIA AND ASTURIAS	160
VIII ZARAGOZA—BARCELONA—EAST COAST	167
IX ANDALUSIA	187
PORTUGAL	
X LISBON—MONT' ESTORIL—CINTRA	249
XI THE ALEMTEJO AND ALGARVE PROVINCES	275
XII MAFRA—ALCOBACA—BATALHA—THOMAR	288
XIII COIMBRA—BUSSACO	305
XIV PORTO—BRAGA—VIANNA DO CASTELLO	320
TOURIST CITIES OF SPAIN	341
TOURIST CITIES OF PORTUGAL	346
CONVERSION TABLES	348
INDEX	349

ILLUSTRATIONS

Monday morning in Iberia	<i>Frontispiece</i> <i>Facing Page</i>
United States and Portugese mail steamer, "Sant' Anna." Type of steamer on New York-Lisbon route	12
Map of Spain and Portugal	50
The Prado, Madrid	90
The Bridge of St. Martin, Toledo	124
The Cathedral and the Alcazar, Segovia	138
The House where Columbus died, Valladolid	146
Site of the Cid's House with Cathedral Towers, Burgos	154
In Galicia	162
At the Mosque Door, Cordova	170
Seville, Patio de las Doncellas, Alcazar	184
The Vermilion Towers, Alhambra	192
Granada, Tombs of Ferdinand and Isabella, and of Jane and Philip the Handsome, in the Cathedral	224
The Cathedral and Roof-tops of Cadiz	236
Rolling Motion Square, Lisbon	252
Cintra, "the Rock of Lisbon"	264
The Royal Cloisters, Batalha	276
The Monastery and the Tower of the Hotel, Bussaco .	284
The Cavalleiro, Manoel Cazimiro	292
In the Star Mountains, Portugal	300
The Wharves of Oporto	308
Pay-day in a Douro Vineyard	316
Flax-combers near Vianna do Castello	322
The Temple of Diana, Evora	330
Sardine Fishermen, Lagos	336



INTRODUCTION

A TOUR of Iberia may no longer be regarded as an adventurous sally upon which the traveller is bound to encounter the romantic terrors of brigandage, and the doubtful transport of mule and diligence. The inns of old Spain and Portugal are succeeded by an efficient hotel service throughout the two countries. The newest guest houses of San Sebastian, Madrid, Barcelona and Granada, of Lisbon, Oporto and Bussaco, compare in comfort with the best of other lands. In one case, and that in Portugal, the housing and decoration are literally palatial.

As to the railways of the Peninsula, they still thread a leisurely path across reaching *vegas*, and mount lazily to *sierras* bold, green or snowy. The *mixte*, that naïve agglomeration of freight and passenger cars, still stands accused of all the frailties exposed by the impatient or the cynical. But as a rule an *expreso* is going your way at least once daily if you do not unreasonably choose too remote a destination. And after all, the Spanish railways were built primarily for the Spanish, the Portuguese for the Portuguese, and is

there in Spain or Portugal a native who wishes to hurry?

Rapides are to-day thrust upon the major towns. And there is the Sud Express — the pride of Franco-Peninsular railwaydom — the *luxo* which daily unites Paris with Madrid and Lisbon. These innovations as to speed have been supplemented by increased comforts in carriages of the first and second class. On main routes the latter is not now deserving of the ostracism recommended by writers in the past.

Of Spanish brigands there are, alas! no more. And with the doughty, rakish, "tight-jerkined" crew have passed other thrilling features of Spanish travel. Gone from the highroads are those flashes of gay costuming, those unsophisticated processions, those *posada patios* swarming with Don Quixote characters. The straight-brimmed cavalier behind whom, on the haunch of his wise-eared mule, perches a beruffled skirt — we look for him, but he evades us except, by chance, on the days of the *feria*. Spain is no longer the opera-bouffe country that Bizet and Irving taught us to love, and likewise to fear.

Portugal, barred off by the sea and by a hostile nation, has lived its life apart. Whereas Madrid is denuded of "types," Lisbon abounds in them, and one can still mark the limits of a province or district by the manner in which the head ker-

chief is bound,—by the shape of the water-jug that Portuguese women carry to ancient fountains.

Portugal's retired position must also account for the mental attitude of the mass of her sons who in nature are distinctly opposed to those of Spain. Until the year 1095, their history was identical. They are blood and bone of the same ancestry. The Roman, the Goth and the Moor were their common enemies. They worshipped, fought, triumphed as one, until a Burgundian noble established a new dynasty, and Spain and Portugal became two in ideal, as well as geographically and historically.

The Spaniard thinks concisely, is a master of repartee. His brother across the Guadiana is of a dreamy temper. For the grave wit and inborn polish of his neighbour is substituted in him a slow thoughtfulness often illumined by that warm and exquisite smile and unselfish courtesy which led one author to name him, "the kindest peasant in South Europe." Honesty is another of his distinguishing qualities. Thievery is almost unknown outside the large towns, and there it is so rare as to elicit remark. Travellers leave hand baggage unattended in a railway waiting-room with no danger of its being pilfered, and it is a peasant boast that their doors never knew a lock, nor their windows a sash.

The Land of the *Lusiads* offers less of man's

handiwork than Spain for the enjoyment of the stranger. But in nature beauty she is richer in proportion to her extent. Only one arid spot exists in Portugal and that is crossed in an hour in a slow-moving train. For the rest, it is a verdant garden sentinelled by white-hooded peaks. Spain, less individual now than her secluded little neighbour, must always retain the tourist's interest by right of her glorious possessions of art and masonry, of history and romance.

The inspiring scenery of Galicia and Asturias, the seductive groves of Andalusia and the East Coast bid us forget those wastes, magnificent and relentless, which are the centre and north of Spain.

Both countries merit tourist patronage, and are to-day in a position to care for their guests in deed as in spirit, thanks to the awakened conscience of the Hispano-Portuguese hotel-keeper and to the increasingly advantageous transportation facilities on both sea and land.

In all that pertains to the evolution of the past three or four years, the Propaganda Societies of both Spain and Portugal must receive chief credit. Nearly every Spanish municipality has an organisation whose sole aim is to smooth the way of the traveller, to bring about reforms affecting him, and to aid him in choosing tours and diversions.

Sometimes, as in Cordova, where the Tourist

Agency is particularly well organised, the Propaganda is under municipal and therefore under Government control, since Spanish mayors are appointed by the Crown. In other communities are private associations for the furtherance of tourist traffic.

The cause of Spanish Tourism is earnestly championed by the progressive young ruler, His Catholic Majesty, Alphonso XIII, by whose direction a Royal Commission has been formed with a distinguished grandee and art patron at its head.

In Portugal the Sociedad de Propaganda is a national institution having nearly eight thousand supporters whose influence is of incalculable weight with legislators and in forming popular opinion.

Travellers are asked to register at the Society's Headquarters, 103, Rua Garrett, Lisbon, where they will be given gratuitous assistance in arranging their journey. Branches of the Society will be found in other cities and towns.

To the officers and directors of this organisation the author makes acknowledgment of her indebtedness in compiling this volume. During months spent in their delightful country she was the recipient of numberless courtesies from the acting President, Senhor Vasconcellos, from Senhor Roldan, the efficient and self-sacrificing Secretary, and from Herr Wissmann, a Portuguese by adop-

tion, whose broad knowledge of the country's attractions is always at the disposal of the nation's guests.

At 22, Rua Alecrim, Lisbon, the Government has recently established a Tourist Office in charge of a qualified Secretary, Dr. José d'Athayde, who, working in sympathy with the older association, has already influenced important improvements for the comfort and pleasure of the traveller.

Further acknowledgment is made of kindnesses shown the writer by the Marqués de Comillas, of Madrid; by the Marqués de la Vega Inclan, Royal Commissioner of Spanish Tourism; by the Marqués de Guadalmina; the Baron de Satrústegui; Don Zarco del Valle, Inspector General of the Royal Palaces; Señor Louis Scatti; Señor Hilario Crespo; Señor Salvador Muñoz y Perez, Mayor of Cordova, and his assistant, Señor J. L. Chiappi; by Señor Antonio Halcon Vinent, Mayor of Seville; Señor Pedro Balgañon, Secretary-General of the Hispano-American Exposition; Señor Modesto Cendoya y Busquets, Director of the Alhambra; and by Señor Pelayo Quintero de Atauri, Delegate of the Royal Commission of Tourism for the Province of Cadiz.

R. K. W.

Malaga,
28 April, 1913.

**THE TOURIST'S
SPAIN AND PORTUGAL**

CHAPTER I

TRANSPORTATION. GENERAL INFORMATION

Passports—Transportation to Spain and Portugal—Railways—Cabs and Trams—Routes—Guides—General Information.

Passports.

THOUGH not required in either Spain or Portugal, passports will be found convenient in calling for mail, in obtaining special entry to museums and private collections and in identifying the owner at his country's consulates. In crossing the frontier between the two countries the establishment of one's nationality may be demanded.

The State Department, Washington, sends upon request, an application blank, which, filled out and mailed with one dollar, brings the passport in return. The document is valid for two years and may include all the members of an immediate family, if all are United States citizens. In Great Britain the life of the passport is five years and its cost slightly less than in the States.

Transportation.

Steamers to Spain and Portugal from the United States.

The American traveller to Spain is well served by four Lines which, sailing from New York, touch at Gibraltar. Of these, the White Star Line has no port of call in Spain on the homeward trip; but the Cunard Steamship Company, the North German Lloyd and the Hamburg-American Line call at Gibraltar on both the eastward and westward journey.

The Cunard Line has placed a large fleet of steamers in their all-the-year-round Mediterranean service. Their steamers call at Madeira on the outward voyage, passengers having the privilege of stop-over at Funchal. First class fare Madeira-Gibraltar for passengers embarking at Funchal without Cunard trans-Atlantic tickets, \$10.00-\$15.00.

Steamers returning from the Adriatic during the early Fall make a call at Almeria, southern Spain, continuing to Gibraltar and New York.

The New York office of the Cunard Line is at 24, State Street.

Sailing every Saturday, express steamers of the North German Lloyd (offices, 5, Broadway, New York) reach Gibraltar eight days later, sighting the Azores en route. The company tender conveys passengers to land, obviating the necessity of

bargaining with the native boatmen. Patrons may make a tour in Spain between steamers, proceeding later to Algiers, Naples and Genoa, or returning to New York.

The North German Lloyd also has special sailings from New York to Madeira and thence to African and Italian ports with no stop at Gibraltar. From Madeira there is then other connection for both Gibraltar and Lisbon.

The Hamburg-American Line (New York office, 41-45, Broadway), maintains a Mediterranean service throughout the year, the first regular port of call being Gibraltar. When steamers have occasion to stop at Madeira, passengers may, if time permits, land at Funchal. Stop-overs are permitted at Gibraltar. Patrons of this Line have the advantage of buying in New York their railroad tickets for a series of Circular Tours in connection with the Mediterranean Service, which have been arranged by this Company.

A Hamburg-American steamer leaves Hamburg weekly for Boulogne, Southampton, Vigo, Leixões (Oporto), Lisbon and Madeira en route for South America.¹

The Fabre Line has now a direct service between New York and Lisbon. Heretofore Portugal's inaccessibility to American tourists has been in

¹The Compania Transatlantica connecting New York with Spanish ports cannot be recommended to tourists until the service is bettered.

great measure responsible for their ignorance of its attractions.

The steamers of this company follow an unusual course, passing up the Sound to Providence, R. I., and calling thereafter for two and a half to eight hours at each of three ports on the Azores. They proceed thence to Lisbon, and finally to the home port, Marseilles. Travellers by this route reach Portugal without trans-shipment or overland journey. The New York agents of the Line are Messrs. J. W. Elwell and Co., 17, State Street, and the Lisbon agents, Messrs. Orey and Antunes, 4, Praça do Duque da Terceira.

Steamers to Spain and Portugal from European Ports.

The Royal Holland Lloyd steamers leave Amsterdam every two weeks, calling at Dover, Boulogne, Corunna, Vigo and Lisbon on their way to South America. Passengers from England or America join these steamers at either Dover or Boulogne. The service and cuisine of this Dutch Line equals that of any trans-Atlantic Company. The main office is at 131, Prins Hendrikkade, Amsterdam.

The Netherland Royal Mail, Amsterdam, calls every two weeks at Southampton and Lisbon, going thence to Tangier, from which point there is boat connection for Spain across the Straits of Gibraltar.

The Booth Line (offices, Water Street, Liverpool) leaves Liverpool every ten days via Havre for Vigo, on the north-west coast of Spain, touching thereafter at Leixões (Oporto) and Lisbon, and continuing to Madeira.

This Company has been an active agency in emphasising Portugal's claims as a tourist field. Its tours organised through Portugal and also in northwestern Spain and Madeira are recommended to travellers.

The Pacific Steam Navigation Co. has a sailing every week from Liverpool, calling at Cherbourg, Corunna and Leixões.

The Royal Mail Steam Packet Co. with headquarters at Southampton despatches a weekly steamer via Vigo and Leixões to Lisbon.

Three lines connect London with Gibraltar. Hall's (1, New London Street, London) proceeds every week to Gibraltar and then to Malaga, Spain.

The Peninsular and Oriental steamers (122, Leadenhall Street, London) also sail each week for Gibraltar. During May and June they advertise special tours from Marseilles to Madeira, the Azores, Canary Islands and Lisbon, a connecting steamer running from London to Marseilles.

The Orient Line's schedule calls for a steamer every three weeks from London to Gibraltar.

The small steamers of the Empreza Insulana de

Navegação, leave Lisbon every two weeks, making the circuit of the Azores and Madeira Islands.

Rail to Spain.

FROM PARIS TO MADRID: The Sud Express (first class only) from Quai d'Orsay daily at 12:16 P. M. (noon). Arrives Irun (Spanish frontier) 11:00 P. M. After customs examination, passengers change to Spanish train, and reach Madrid about 2:00 P. M. Distance 1450 kilometres.² Time, 26 hours. First class fare, 92 francs, Paris-Irun, 78 pesetas,³ Irun-Madrid. There is a supplementary fare on this train which includes sleeping-car berth.

FROM MADRID TO PARIS: The Sud Express leaves the North Station every evening at 8:00, arriving in Paris 8:54 the next evening.

The "Rapide," which leaves Paris in the evening and Madrid in the morning, makes the same journey in about 28 hours.

First class, as above. Second class, 62 frs., Paris-Irun, 52 p., Irun-Madrid. No supplement.

PARIS-BARCELONA: Sud Express 12:16 P. M. Paris. Change at Bordeaux to "Rapide" 7:50 P. M. Arrive frontier (Port-Bou) 4:10 A. M., Barcelona 7:53 A. M. Distance, 1209 kilom. Time about 20 hours. First class, 109 frs.

² See Conversion Tables.

³ See under Money. 1 franc=19.3 cents=10d.

Paris—Port-Bou, 29 p. Port-Bou—Barcelona.
Same time from Barcelona to Paris, leaving
10:00 A. M. daily.

By the Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean from
Paris, there is an evening and a morning express
for Barcelona. Time, 22 hours. (Connection
with Marseilles and eastern points at Avignon,
France.)

VIGO—MADRID: Bi-weekly connection via Orense,
Leon, Valladolid, Medina and Segovia. Distance
823 kilom. Time, 22 hours.

CORUNNA—MADRID: Bi-weekly connection via
Lugo, and then same route as above. Distance
and time about the same.

GIBRALTAR (ALGECIRAS) — MADRID: Bi-weekly
sleeping-cars, Mondays and Thursdays. Boat
leaves Gibraltar, 2:20 P. M. Train leaves Alge-
ciras (6 miles from Gibraltar), 3:05 P. M. Ar-
rives Madrid 9:05 next morning. Distance, 724
kilom. Time on railway, 18 hours. First class,
93 p. Second class, 71p.

The above train makes connection on Thursdays
at Bobadilla Junction for Malaga, Granada, Cor-
dova and Seville. Other daily connections by
slower trains.

Through sleeping-cars Bobadilla-Madrid, four
times a week, connecting with trains from Alge-
ciras.

76
15
390
780
11.70

Rail to Portugal.

PARIS-LISBON: Sud Express, first class only, Quai d' Orsay, 12:16 P. M. daily. Change to Spanish cars at frontier customs station (Irun). Continue via Medina and Villar Formosa (Portuguese frontier, no change). Arrive Lisbon 11:00 P. M. Distance, 1899 kilom. Time, 35 hours. First class, approximately 220⁴ francs. Supplement demanded on this train (*luxo*) entitles to a berth.

Sud Express, Lisbon-Paris, leaves Rocio Station daily 11:30 A. M. Arrives Paris 8:54 P. M. following day.

Two other expresses daily each way, without supplement. First class, approximately 220 frs.⁴ Second class, 160 frs.⁵

PARIS-OPORTO: Best connection by Sud Express to Pampilhosa Junction (Portugal) and then north to Oporto, 2 hours.

Oporto-Paris by same route, or by Barca d'Alva (frontier) and Medina route.

VIGO-OPORTO: via Guillarey and Tuy (Spain) and Valença. Express leaves Vigo three times weekly at 11:10 A. M., arriving Oporto, 4:43 P. M. No change at frontier.

LISBON-MADRID: MADRID-LISBON: Through tri-

⁴ About 42 milreis.

⁵ About 30 milreis. See under Money.

weekly express via Entroncamento. First class only. No supplement. Sleeping-cars and restaurant. Leave Lisbon Monday, Wednesday, Saturday, 5:00 P. M. Arrive Madrid 8:00 A. M. Distance, 665 kilom. Time, 15 hours. Fare, 15 milreis.

Same service from Madrid, Tuesday, Thursday, Sunday, at midnight, arriving Lisbon 2:30 P. M.

Also daily express connection between the capitals via Pampilhosa, Villar Formosa, Salamanca and Medina, about seven hours longer than above.

LISBON-SEVILLE *and* CORDOVA, via Badajoz. Daily express in 24 hours. Seville may also be reached via Villa Real de St. Antonio (south-eastern Portugal). Ferry from Villa Real across Guadiana River to Ayamonte (Spain). Diligence, Ayamonte-Huelva, 5 hours. (Railroad now building.) Huelva-Seville by express, leaving 4:00 P. M., arriving Seville 8:10 P. M.

Oporto-Madrid: Via Barca d'Alva, Salamanca and Medina, 17 hours.

Customs. Motor Vehicles.

The examination of tourists' baggage is conducted in both Spain and Portugal with leniency. Tobacco and cigars are most sought.

In making a tour by steamer from one Spanish port to another, baggage is examined at each

stop, whether the traveller is landing or not, and despite the fact that he may not have left Spanish dominions since the last inspection.

Travellers are cautioned to see that all their baggage has been removed from the customs office to the train or steamer before departure. There is an octroi examination on entering Lisbon and Oporto, and the large towns of Spain.

Information concerning duty on automobiles, motorcycles and bicycles, together with details as to triptychs, deposits, tolls, routes and circular automobile tours is given in the Michelin Guide to Spain and Portugal, which may be obtained from Michelin agents or by sending postage (60 centimes) to the Michelin-Guide, Clermont-Ferrand, Puy-de-Dome, France.

Both Governments are spending increasingly large appropriations upon the roads of their respective countries, with a view to making them more attractive to motorists.

Railways.

The first class carriages of Spain and Portugal are arranged in compartments, as elsewhere in Europe. There are corridor cars on express trains only, and not always on the slower of these. Second class cars, when not divided into compartments, have an aisle and a free space above the high-backed seats. The upholstery is apt to be

of hair cloth and springless, the conversation of one's companions as obtrusive as their cigarette-smoke. But those who profess to travel in order to know "the people" will find conditions far from unbearable, and even entertaining, if they have an acquaintance with the native language.

Sometimes Spanish express trains carry only first and third class carriages, with the result that the tone of third class travel is raised. If a rug or travelling cushion is disposed upon the seat to ease it of its woodenness, and one is philosophical about small annoyances, a day's journey may be accomplished with comparative comfort and moderate outlay.

Even unluxurious travel costs more in Spain and Portugal than in most other countries, due probably to the heavy tax demanded by the Government. Ticket expense may be reduced 40 per cent. by the use of kilometre books. In central and north Portugal a 1692-kilometre ticket is valid for 100 days at a cost of 22\$000 (22 milreis)⁶ first class, and 16\$000, second class.

In Spain a 2000-kilometre book costs about 172p. first class, 126p. second class, and is valid three months. A 3800-kilometre ticket costing 327p. first class and 240p. second, is good for four months and will carry one through an extensive journey. Two or more persons may join in tak-

⁶ See under Money.

ing one ticket. The minimum distance for such a combination ticket is 5000 kilom., the maximum, 12,000 kilom. They are valid five to twelve months, according to cost. The price for 6000 kilom. (valid for two or more persons six months) is 469p. first class, 358p. second. Applying three or four days in advance of his departure, the traveller may obtain his book of coupons direct from the railroad or through a Tourist Agency. Coupons must be exchanged for tickets upon departure. A photograph two inches square of each person using the book must be affixed. Circular and semi-circular tickets in Portugal, in Spain, and uniting both countries, are advisable for short tours, and are issued by nearly all railways.

In nearly all large towns there is a central office where tickets can be taken and baggage registered (30 kilograms=66 pounds free) an hour or more before train time. The seats on many Spanish trains are limited, even in third class. Those not sold at the *Despacho* are telephoned to the station, where the window is up about three-quarters of an hour before the train leaves, and closed again within five to fifteen minutes of departure. The reasons for early arriving are obvious. Except on *trains de luxe* no seats are numbered.

On the better trains, first class compartments are supplemented in both countries by *berlinas*



UNITED STATES AND PORTUGUESE MAIL STEAMER, "SANT' ANNA." TYPE OF
STEAMER ON NEW YORK-LISBON ROUTE

or coupés with couch seats. A sur-charge is made for these. They may be reserved for an individual or party if a certain number of tickets are taken. They are especially practical at night if there is no sleeping-car attached. Pillows and rugs may be hired at stations at one peseta each. All main connections over night have sleeping-cars, arranged usually in compartments for two. Sometimes such connection is made only on specified days of the week. The various railway guides which are to be purchased on news-stands and in stations give time-tables and sleeping-car rates. Approximately, a berth for a fifteen-hour journey costs 25 pesetas in the International Sleeping-car Company's coaches. The price of a berth over night from Lisbon to Faro or Villa Real de St. Antonio, southern Portugal, is 1\$000.

The gauge of most railways is broader in Portugal than in Spain. The carriages are therefore more commodious. Portuguese trains cover twenty to forty miles an hour, whereas Spanish locals attain fifteen miles an hour, and *expresos* rarely more than thirty. These lazy journeys may, however, be regarded as an opportunity to recuperate from the rigours of sight-seeing if one is so disposed. Given a comfortable seat and an open mind, there are more uncongenial ways of spending a day than in a train drawing past vistas of orchards, of oxen pacing slow in the

fields, of white towns, spire-topped, and station platforms crowded with unfamiliar humanity.

At all stations a bell is rung immediately before the departure of the train.

When no restaurant car is carried, trains stop at stations which have a *fonda* or buffet where passengers have time to order a meal. There is a good station restaurant at Pampilhosa, Portugal, and another, well known, at Bobadilla, the Spanish junction so familiar to all travellers in Andalusia. A meal of several courses is served for 3-4 p. The various hotels prepare very appetising lunch baskets for their departing guests, when required. Fruit, and often bread and rather questionable sweets are vended along the route. No traveller in Spain will fail to remember the cry of the water-sellers, who are usually women or children. The insistent, "*Agua-a!*" beats its refrain at every station to the clink of a generous glass upon the terra-cotta sides of the water-jug. At five centimos a *copa* the thirsty may be refreshed.

Those who can possibly arrange to do so, will find it to their great advantage to travel with baggage which can be placed with them in the car. Expense, time, annoyance and possibly loss are thus avoided.

Two civil guards ride on every Spanish train; at each station throughout the country stand two.

In all Spain there are 15,000 of these rural police, commanded by regular army officers. Their glossy, tri-cornered hats are the distinguishing feature of their uniform. This body of picked and unimpeachable men are given the credit for having cleared the country of robbers, and because of their achievements, their uprightness and their handiness with a gun, are the most highly respected uniformed corps in Spain. With them rests power of life and death. No questions are asked if they esteem it necessary to kill.

Cabs and Trams.

The usual rate for Spanish cabs by the hour is per one or two persons. Three or four in a party may therefore hire two cabs at no greater cost than if all stowed themselves, *à la français*, in one small vehicle. The hour rate is usually 2p. per two persons in the cities, 1.50-2p. in smaller towns, within certain limits. For a sight-seeing excursion it is better to take a carriage at a stipulated price per day or half day. The rate by the course varies from 1-1.50p. All rates are doubled on Fair days. There are taxicabs in the chief cities, which can be hired by the hour as well as by the trip.

The trams of Spain are for the most part primitive. Those of Madrid, though extensive and cheap, are inferior to those of the American

system which are installed in the Portuguese capital. The latter city is traversed in every direction, up hill and down, by swift new cars which offer an excellent substitute for cabs. The fares vary from 30-80 reis, according to distance. Cars stop in Madrid on signal at street corners; in Lisbon at *Paragem* signs. Lisbon rules forbid the admission of those carrying heavy baggage. Porters carry baggage on foot from hotel to station, or vice versa, for a few reis.

Auto-taxis, because of the hills of Lisbon, are usually preferred to horse-cabs. There is a minimum rate for 900 meters ⁷ of 250 reis. The rate by the course for 2 to 4 persons is 700-900 reis. By the hour, 2\$000 first hour and 1\$000 the second. Small baggage free. Single horse cabs by the course, 400-500 reis, 2 to 4 persons. By the hour, 600-700 reis, 2 to 4 persons. Two-horse carriages by the hour, 1\$200 for 2 persons, 1\$400 for 4 persons.

Outside of Lisbon the usual rate by the hour for horse-cabs is 200-300 reis by the course, 400-500 reis by the hour, 1 to 4 persons. Many Portuguese towns are removed some distance from the station. Carriages are therefore required, unless the diligence is patronised. A telegram to the station master or one's hotel will insure the presence of a carriage at a given train. The

⁷ See Conversion tables.

price varies according to the length and difficulties of the road, but it is never unreasonable. As to diligence tariff, a 10-kilom. ascent from Mafra station to the village costs 210 reis, a 2-kilom. ride at Portimão, 50 reis. Luso-Bussaco, all the way up-hill, 300 reis. A 6-kilom. ride on level roads, Alcobaça-Vallada, 90 reis. It will thus be seen that the Portuguese diligence is an economical means to an end.

Baggage weighing not over 30 kilograms per passenger is carried free on most conveyances in Spain and Portugal. Trunks, 1 peseta or 200 reis each. At all stations in the Peninsula are trustworthy porters wearing a licence tag. The usual tip from train to street is from 35 centimos (70 reis) to 1 peseta (200 reis) according to number of pieces.

Routes.⁸

If Spain is entered via Gibraltar, the traveller will cross the Bay to Algeciras and go by the comparatively new English road to Bobadilla, from which junction he may pursue one of several routes. To the south-east and east are Malaga and Granada. From Granada the East Coast cities are accessible as far as Barcelona. The road from Barcelona to Madrid passes through Zaragoza (Saragossa). From Zaragoza there is

⁸ See under Transportation.

connection for the cities of the Basque Provinces in the north, for Galicia in the west, for Leon, Burgos, Valladolid, Salamanca, Segovia and Avila. Returning south from Madrid one may visit Toledo, Cordova, Seville and Cadiz. An automobile diligence connects the latter city with Algeciras. This Grand Tour includes all the important tourist centres of Spain.

Entering from Paris via Hendaye-Irun the northern cities may be visited first. From Madrid, at the heart of the country, radiate roads to Barcelona on the east, and Andalusia in the south, and to north-western provinces.

The most favoured route from Algeciras comprises Andalusian cities, Madrid, the Escorial, Toledo and perhaps Segovia.

Barcelona has steamer connection with Valencia, Alicante, Murcia, Malaga, Cadiz and the Balearic Islands.

Travellers arriving by steamer at Vigo may see the beauties of Galicia before proceeding to northern and central Spain. Or go south into Portugal first, and to Madrid later from Lisbon.

Tourists to Portugal may arrive by steamer at Lisbon or Oporto, leaving again by sea, or continuing overland to Paris, Madrid or Seville.

The Canary Islands — Madeira — The Azores.

Steamers from Barcelona, Cadiz and Almeria have passenger accommodations to Las Palmas and Teneriffe. Several lines from Liverpool, London and Southampton also touch these Spanish islands.

Inter-island steamers connect Las Palmas and Funchal (Madeira), the last-named also having connection with New York, Liverpool, London, Southampton and Lisbon.

Madeira and the Azores are Portuguese possessions. The latter group is reached by steamer from New York, Lisbon and Funchal.

Thomas Cook and Son, with offices in Madrid, Barcelona, Gibraltar and Lisbon, have arranged comprehensive itineraries of Spain and Portugal. Parties are also taken from Gibraltar to Tangier.

Tours from Gibraltar through Andalusia vary in length from five to seventeen days.

Accompanied parties leave London on stated dates for Spain, via Paris or Gibraltar. Another twenty-three day itinerary via Gibraltar embraces chief cities of Spain, and includes Lisbon with its environs.

A more extended Portuguese tour is advertised by way of steamer from Liverpool three times a month.

Every spring a Cook's party leaves London to spend Holy Week and Easter in Seville.

Twice a week there is a tour from London, via Newhaven, Paris and Avignon, for Barcelona and Palma, capital of Majorca Island.

Guides.

The official interpreter and courier-guide of the Hotel Ritz, Madrid, is recommended for his intelligent knowledge of Spain. Mr. Freund has the special authorisation of the Government. His services may be secured by addressing him at the hotel or in care of the Couriers' club, 54, Davies Street, London.

Guides of varying reliability are attached to most hotels which are frequented by tourists. In both Spain and Portugal, the Municipal Tourist Offices (Fomento de Turismo), the Syndicats d' Iniciative or Propaganda Societies may be depended upon to furnish capable men. Fees vary from 10-15p. per day, or more if the guide leaves the city.

GENERAL INFORMATION

Money.

SPAIN: The unit is the peseta. 100 centimos = 1 peseta. One peseta, according to the usual rate of exchange, equals 18 cents or 9 pence, if in specie; the paper peseta equals 14 cents or 7

pence. Five centimos = 1 cent = $\frac{1}{2}$ d. Gold coins not in circulation. Bank notes, 25, 50, 100, 500 and 1000 p. Silver, 50 centimos, 1, 2 and 5 p. Copper, 1, 2, 5 and 10 centimos.

Reals, not now minted, are still spoken of in computing. One real equals 25 centimos; 20 reals equals a Spanish dollar, 5 pesetas, or one duro.

A piece of 10 centimos is often called a *peragorda* (fat dog) and one of 5 centimos, a *perrita* or *pera chica* (little dog), due to an ancient misinterpretation of the figure of the lion on the reverse of these coins.

PORTUGAL: By the old coinage, still in use, 1000 reis = 1 milreis (1:000 reis, or 1\$000 rs.) = \$1.07 = 4s. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. specie = 84 cents = 3s. 6d. paper. 10 reis = about 1 cent = $\frac{1}{2}$ d.

The new denomination is counted by ecus, centavos and milavos. 1 ecu = 1\$000rs. = \$1.07 = 4s. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. 1 centavo = one-hundredth part of an ecu = about 1 cent = $\frac{1}{2}$ d.

Very little gold in circulation.

Bank notes, 5, 10, 20, 50, 100 ecus.

Silver, 50, 100, 200, 500 reis (referred to as $\frac{1}{2}$, 1, 2 and 5 testoons.)

Silver, (new currency) 20 and 50 centavos, 1 ecu,

Nickel, (new currency) 5 and 10 centavos.

Copper, (old currency) 3, 5, 10, 20 reis,

Copper, (new currency) 5 milavos (one-thousandth part of an ecu), $\frac{1}{2}$, 1 and 2 centavos.

The new currency approximates that of the United States and Canada. The Portuguese also call 1\$000rs. a "dollar," or one thousand reis. 2\$500 rs. is "two thousand five hundred," or "two and a half milreis" (or "dollars").

Convenient Circular Notes, or International Cheques, are issued by many American and British banks, by Tourist Agencies, and some Steamship and Express Companies. These and Letters of Credit are payable through banks in Spain and Portugal. The Circular Notes have the advantage that they are accepted in payment of bills at many hotels and in some shops. United States, English and French gold can always be exchanged, sometimes with a premium, at banks and money-changers. The current rate is published every day in the financial columns of the newspapers. In Spain, an English pound, gold, fetches 26-28p., a 20-franc piece 21.60p., a 20-dollar gold piece 112-114p. Bank notes issued in one Spanish province are not always accepted in others.

Weights and Measures.

The metric system has been adopted in both countries. See Conversion Tables at rear of book.

Postage.

SPAIN: Letters, 15 centimos, Spain and Tangier (the letter-carrier receiving 5 centimos for each letter delivered).

10 centimos for local letters.

10 centimos Gibraltar and Portugal.

25 centimos foreign.

Postal cards, 10 centimos for Spain and abroad; 5 centimos Gibraltar and Portugal.

PORTUGAL: Letters 25 reis = $2\frac{1}{2}$ centavos, Portugal, its Islands and Spain.

50 reis = 5 centavos, foreign.

Postal cards, 10 reis = 1 centavo, Portugal, Islands, Spain.

20 reis = 2 centavos, foreign.

Telegrams — Telephones.

SPAIN: Telegrams cost 1 peseta for first fifteen words, and 10 centimos for each word thereafter. One-half rates in the same province. Urgent telegrams, three times ordinary rates. Telegram receipt, 10 centimos. Telegrams may be written in any language. The sender will be required to prove his identity at the telegraph office in case it is demanded by the receiver.

The Telephone Companies make a rate for a fixed number of words, or by the minute.

PORTUGAL: Telegrams — 50 reis for 10 words, 10 reis each additional word. Within limits of cities and their suburbs the charge is reduced. The principal towns of Portugal are served by the Anglo-Portuguese Telephone Company.

Language.

Marlborough's Manual of Spanish and Portuguese Conversation and others of like nature are on sale at book-shops and tourist agencies.

Portuguese is a corruption of the language of Galicia, in Spain, and is entirely different in accent from Spanish. *S* is pronounced *zh* in many cases (dos = dozh; saudades = saudadezh). The diphthong *ão* substitutes *on* or *ion* in English (João = John; concepção = conception.)

As the Spanish *b* and *v* are often interchanged, the stranger's ear must accustom itself in Catalonia, for instance, from the series of sounds in Mancha or Castile. The letter *j* is often substituted for *x* (Quijote = Quixote). Both are aspirated (Quixote = Quihote. Granja = Granha, as near as can be indicated.) The letter *g* is also aspirated in some words (Genarilife = Henarilife) and substituted for *x* (Genil = Xenil). *Ll* = *ly* or *y* (banderillo = bandereelyo; calle = kah-yeh.) *C* before *e* and *i* pronounced *th* as in thing (doce = do-theh). In Andalusia, the final consonant of a word is often dropped (Cadiz = "Cadi"),

The Basque tongue has insuperable difficulties for the foreigner.

Climate and Seasons.

SPAIN: December is usually the rainiest month, January the coldest. Snow may fall in Segovia as late as April. But elsewhere, in places sheltered from north winds, trees begin to blossom in February. Barcelona has a winter without snow and with very little rainy or cloudy weather. Throughout the year Spain counts 3000 hours of sunshine to 1800 in Italy, 1700 in Germany, and 1400 in England. Though situated so far to the north, Barcelona is as fortunate in its number of sunny days as cities of the south. It has also an exceedingly mild climate, due to the protection of mountains and to the warm breezes which come to it across the Mediterranean. Flowers bloom in the open all winter, the average temperature being about 9-10 degrees Centigrade (48° - 50° Fahrenheit. See Conversion Tables). There are scarcely twenty-five rainy days in the Barcelona year.

Madrid, which is somewhat further south, is much colder in winter, and less agreeable because of its bared position on a high and treeless plateau. The same conditions tend to make it a hot summer city. The pleasantest seasons for visiting it are from April first to June fifteenth,

and from the third week of September to December first. At all seasons there are sudden and treacherous variations of temperature of which those going to the capital should be warned. It is wisest to carry an outer wrap no matter if the day seems mild, or even warm. That insidious breeze which the *Madrileños* blame for most of their spring ills often comes under cover of the sunshine. Madrid's high mortality rate is largely due to its variable climate.

Santiago de Compostela, near Corunna, is said to be the rainiest spot of the Peninsula. The cities of Leon, Burgos and Zaragoza are often frankly cold, even in the early spring, and it is possible for one to be thoroughly uncomfortable in hotels which are improperly heated or have no heat at all, not only in the north, but in the south as well.

Seville has a proverbially sunny climate and Cordova, Cadiz, Malaga and the East Coast towns are equally blessed. But when occasional raw days come few hotels are prepared for them. The tourist is advised to carry with him a warm wrap and a rug, unless his journey to Spain be made in the hot season.

Cadiz has an average winter temperature of 58° Fahrenheit, of 61° in the spring, 70° in the summer, and 65° in the fall.

The Malaga climate is said to be superior to all

winter stations of Italy and France, the thermometer rarely falling below 40° Fahrenheit in January. Alicante also has a climate superior to the Riviera; violent winds being very rare, it is a delightful resort for those affected with pulmonary weakness.

Because of its position among the mountains, Granada is the coolest city of Andalusia in summer.

Santa Cruz, capital of the Canary Islands, and Las Palmas, chief town on the Island of Teneriffe, have many visitors who are attracted by the suave and equable climate.

PORTUGAL: Lisbon is warmer than Constantinople in winter, and cooler in summer. In December it has an average of 180 hours of sunshine. Its climate is modified by the beneficent Gulf Stream in winter and by south-west winds. In summer it is cooled by north or north-west winds. Its average mid-winter temperature is 51°, in comparison with 49° at Porto,⁹ and 53° at Lagos. Porto's average mid-summer temperature is 70°, Lisbon's, 71°, and that of Lagos, 73°. Lisbon has 135% less rain than Porto, and 25% more than Lagos.

Mont' Estoril has the most advantageous climate of any place in Portugal, and it has been called the best marine resort on the Continent.

⁹ Porto = Oporto.

It lies on a bay a little north of Lisbon, sheltered by mountains to the north and to the south. It is neither damp nor cold in winter nor dry nor excessively hot in summer. The very evenness of its climate is, however, enervating to some. The mountains of Cintra and Bussaco afford mild but bracing days in both summer and winter. Portugal may be visited with less discomfort in summer than Spain because of the cooling Atlantic winds. Rain rarely falls from May to October. The months of February, March, April, May, October and November are the most favourable for travelling, as the country is then at its best. The month of June is delightful in the mountains of Bussaco. Snow remains on the Estrella range until June or July.

The climate of Madeira, 500 miles south-west of Lisbon, varies only 9° throughout the year. The mean winter temperature is about 63° , that of the summer, 72° .

The Azores have the same winter climate as Madeira, but are tempered in summer by the northerly winds which cool Lisbon and the coast of Morocco.

CHAPTER II

HOTELS. FESTIVALS. SPORTS

Hotels — Cuisine — Restaurants — Amusements — Festivals — Sports — Dances and Songs.

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Hotels.¹

SPAIN: The hotels of present-day Spain are, in the main, adequate to the demands of the tourist. It is unjust that they should labour any longer under the handicap of traditional inefficiency. Bad hotels may be found even in France. And bad hotels may still be found in Spain. But these are now exceptions to a general rule of cleanliness and good management.

So ambitious have the Spanish become to raise hotel standards that the King and his courtiers have given their financial support in erecting the Hotel Ritz, Madrid. The Duque de San Pedro is sole proprietor of the Alhambra-Palace Hotel at Granada, which was honored, as was the Ritz, by the presence of His Majesty, the Thirteenth Alfonso, at its inauguration. Such incidents have aroused the whole nation to belated pride in

¹ See Tables of Hotels, Consulates, Banks, etc.

improving its existing hostelries, and in building new ones. No traveller need defer a visit to Spain through fear that he will not be well lodged and fed.

Pretentious hotels in Madrid, Barcelona, San Sebastian and Granada charge from 20-25 pesetas a day and up, for room, light, steam heat, attendance, and three meals, not including wine. Breakfast, which is usually served in the bedroom, consists of coffee, tea or chocolate, rolls, toast, butter, and marmalade if desired. At the same hotels 7-10p. and upward is asked for a single room, and for a double one (two beds) from 10-16p. up. Luncheon, 4-6p. Dinner 5-9p.

Thoroughly comfortable hotels in the same cities, as well as first-class hotels in Seville, Cordova, Cadiz, Malaga, Valencia, Burgos, Leon, etc., charge a minimum pension rate of 9-15p. The rate for room and meals at the best hotel in Seville, the Inglaterra, is from 15p., wine included. The Suiza at Cordova provides unusually good accommodation at 12p. per day. The Hotel France and Paris, Cadiz, at from 9p. up. The tariff of second-class hotels in the same representative towns is about one-third less, which also applies to the best hotels of still smaller cities and towns. As a rule table wine is included in Spanish hotels.

One can therefore live quite luxuriously in Spain

at an outlay of from 20-25p. a day, and very comfortably for 10-17p.²

Not all hotels grant the inclusive rate for a stay of only 24 hours. If, having paid the pension terms, one is leaving before the final day is completed, he is entitled to a basket luncheon for consumption on the train.

As it is the custom for several waiters to serve one table, the dining-room tips are usually given to the head-waiter who divides a common sum evenly among those under him. One need not then be conscientiously disturbed at the swarm of minions who, napkin on arm and a hopeful smile upon the lips, attend the guest's departure. At the close of a two or three days' stay one or two persons will, as a rule, distribute among concierge, waiters, maids, boots, porters and elevator boys 5-7p., according to merit. Or the guest may add 10% to his bill and ask the proprietor to act as his almoner.

Spanish servants have a meagre reputation for either suavity or efficiency, often bearing themselves with a certain tolerance toward those so unfortunate as to have been born without the bounds of proud Castile.

Hotel omnibuses usually meet incoming trains and transport guests at a nominal charge. Fre-

² Rates are doubled in Seville, Cordova, etc., during Fair week, and during Holy week in Seville.

quently public omnibuses (fare about 50 centimos) run to and from the central square or market. If one's command of Spanish is unequal to bargaining with a cabman, let him drive to the hotel and consign the task to the omniscient concierge who, after all, is the tourist's best friend the world over. Usually, in Spain as elsewhere, he knows at least a "leetle" English, probably more French, rarely any German. If corroborated by the printed time-table, his advice may usually be relied upon as to trains. Rather is it safer not to depend upon either the time-table or the concierge, but to make inquiry at the railway station if one is particular about catching any one special train. Spanish despatchers are fond of sending out certain *expresos* or *rapides* on certain days of the week which are not always definitely indicated in the *Guia de Ferrocarriles*, of which there are several published by private enterprise.

The writer has painful recollection of a steamer which, due at Malaga on an advertised date, decided at the last moment not to call at Malaga; of a train which, in consequence, had to be taken and which, in distressing contradiction to all hotel information, carried her, not to a centre of civilisation, but to a wayside junction and a questionable inn over which even the *controleur* shook his head in warning.

This digression for the safe-guarding of him who

would too readily put his trust in Spanish schedules and hotel porters, no matter how honest their intentions.

Nearly all hotels are built about the traditional *patio* or court, which often serves as office, reading, writing, smoking and reception room. Here, over the perpetual cigarette, the Spaniard scans his *Heraldo* or *Diario* for the late news of the *corridos*; the wearied tourist orders tea and studies his guide-book; the emissary of industrial Germany writes his letters.

The *patio* is the social heart of the Spanish inn.

There are pensions or boarding-houses in the larger towns. Concerning these and furnished rooms the traveller is referred to the local Propaganda Society or to the Madrid, Barcelona or Gibraltar offices of Thomas Cook and Son.

PORTUGAL: The hotels of all Portugal are above the average in cleanliness, and below the average in price. You may live in a spotless country inn at 1\$000 rs. a day, everything, even wine, included. The best hotel in Porto, the commercial capital, will board, wine and lodge you for 2\$000 rs.-3\$000 rs. a day, and excellently at that. The Palace at Bussaco, which some call the most beautiful hotel in Europe, has the same tariff. Coimbra, the University town, has two good hotels whose pension rates are 1\$500 rs.-3\$000 rs. In Lisbon, first-class hotels, like the

Grand Central and the Avenida, give pension at 3\$000 rs.-4\$000 rs., and second class for 1\$800 rs.-2\$500 rs. The rates at Mont' Estoril on the Portuguese Riviera are about the same. In Evora, at the centre of a fertile farm district, a room and three meals cost 1\$200 rs., while in Faro, a prosperous town of 16,000 inhabitants on the southern coast, one can board for 1\$000 rs. a day, wine included.

The Government has recently appointed an inspector to make a tour of hotels and report on needed improvements; this is in keeping with the national movement to enlarge and better hotel accommodation.

The hotels of small towns have two serious but quite remediable shortcomings. The sanitary arrangements are often atrocious; and the beds, guiltless of a spring, matted with something worse than straw, and equipped with cotton bathing pillows the size of a handkerchief — for how many sleepless nights are they accountable! Not the immaculate floors, the smiles of the host, the abundance of the food, can atone. Until their proprietors heed the pleas of the Propaganda Society, the hotels of small towns must be shunned whenever possible. One can usually visit what they have to offer in the daytime and go on to a larger town for the night.

Bare floors are a distinctive feature in both

homes and public houses. One may at first resent the cold, unfinished look of bed-chambers and living-rooms, but will come to appreciate their advantage over the musty carpet of the average English or American hotel. Paper-white, and smelling of fresh water and the scrubbing-brush,— the palace of a marquis — the lowly inn is sweeter for these clean uncovered boards.

The three meals of a Portuguese day begin with a movable feast which, served from ten or eleven to one o'clock, is called breakfast and is composed of luncheon dishes. Dinner is served from five to eight, according to local custom; about ten o'clock one is invited to take tea. Travellers may, however, substitute a morning cup for that of the late evening.

Outside of Lisbon, Mont' Estoril, Cintra, Bussaco and Porto, where English and French are freely spoken by hotel managers or servants, the stranger will need to employ a Portuguese vocabulary in making his wants known. Occasionally, as at Thomar, the hotel proprietor may speak French; some waiters know Spanish; many of them come down from Galicia to serve in both hotels and private houses. But English is a *lingua incognita* to the provincial Portuguese, as it is indeed to the Spaniard, who is proud to know but his own tongue.

He who disdains the prospect of a wretched

couch, and for whom a tip-tilted diligence has no terrors will find in remote villages small hospitable inns or "stablings" (*estalagem*, in Portuguese), where he may remain over night for a sum too trivial to mention. Diligence roads climb the hills and go down into the vales of all Portugal, and open to the adventurous avenues of pleasure which are closed to the cautious or conventional. The railway guides give a table of fares and distances. Some day some one will write "Through Portugal in a *Diligencia*," and that will be the true romance of Lusitania.

Portuguese hotels are homely, Portuguese proprietors and servants most untiring in their wish to please. Small gratuities are expected, but one may open his purse the wider for that.

Cuisine.

The fare in most hotels of Spain and Portugal which invite tourist patronage, is cosmopolitan in character, with the general fault that it comprises too many meat dishes, summer and winter. When a typically Spanish meal is served, the courses follow in this order at luncheon (*almuerzo*) or dinner (*comida*): Eggs at the noon meal, soup at dinner; a vegetable probably cooked in oil. Then sausages, ham or other meat, succeeded possibly by fish, and the familiar *pilaf* of chicken, rice, peppers, green vegetables and bacon, known as

Arroz à la Valenciana. A steak, or more chicken with salad, precedes a caramel pudding, almost the sole dessert known to the Spanish cook. A compound of quince jelly called *membrilla* often accompanies fruit and cheese. In Andalusia, sweets consist largely of dried fruits, nuts and oranges, the latter usually bearing their green leaves.

Breakfast chocolate has in Spain a special flavour and consistency. The factory formula calls for the following ingredients — cocoa, sugar, Indian corn, cinnamon, vanilla, cloves, capsicum and musk. Boiled in goat's milk to a paste, the result is not palatable to foreigners. The Spaniard likes to eat it with sponge cake. In tourist hotels it is usually diluted to a beverage by the addition of more goat's milk. Goat's milk is used in the Spanish kitchen not only because it is preferred, but because milch-cows are rare and their product proportionately expensive. A peseta a glass may be asked for it, whereas ordinary table wine costs but a peseta a bottle. Vast herds of cows are devoted to the breeding of calves destined for the bull-ring, and this bears directly on the milk market, as, also, it affects the price of beef.

The wines most commonly in demand are Rioja, from the North Provinces about Bilbao; Valdepeñas beloved of Sancho Panza and grown in La Mancha, and Manzanilla, a pale yellow product of the Jerez (Sherry) district.

Sugared water is a favourite Spanish drink in warm weather; also *agraz*, which is the juice of freshly crushed grapes in iced water. *Orchata* is an ice which the Spanish like, and strangers too. Toledo is reputed for its marzipan and Malaga for its tangerine wine. Sweet-shops display trays of bright orange bonbons and small cakes whose centres are formed of egg paste, not so unappetising as it sounds.

These candied egg delicacies also appeal strongly to the Portuguese. The yolks are first beaten and then dropped through a sieve into hot sugared water. The resulting heap of golden-sweet shreds is divided into small pyramids and browned in the oven, or is coated with icing, or packed in little wooden kegs and sold on station platforms in Portugal to hungry wayfarers who eat it with bread.

The Portuguese have an unusual and a dainty way of serving a buffet luncheon or tea. Roast turkey is carved in mouthful sections, each one speared by a willow tooth-pick; crustless sandwiches, tiny croquettes, slices of pineapple, orange and banana, cakes, and frosted goodies each bear a toothpick handle. The company surrounds the table, each guest choosing morsels to his individual liking without recourse to knife or fork.

Candied thistle and other sorts of crystallised fruits are liked, especially the prunes and figs of Elvas, a town near the Spanish frontier. The

Portuguese are extravagantly fond of sweets. They will tell you quite seriously to eat sugar after sardines to avoid possible indigestion.

A typical *ménu* corresponds in the main to the Spanish one already given. Milk and butter are very expensive, the latter costing 600 reis a pound in Lisbon. Milk shops often present the odd picture of a stall full of cows at the rear. They are kept one week in the city and sent the next to pasture.

A native fish stew (*calderada*) resembles the French *bouillabaisse*. Ink-fish and rice is another delicacy, also octopus dried and eaten in a stew. The chief diet of the peasantry is fish, broad beans and corn bread. A delicious cheese made of sheep's milk comes from the Estrella mountains.

The soil is too frequently sacrificed to the growing of the grape to the exclusion of other crops. The yield of grapes is sometimes so heavy that the wine cannot be bottled. Country people then pay 30-50 reis a litre for the pure red wine of Portugal.

Near Lisbon is produced a wine which bears its name and is largely sold in England. The Muscatel of Carcavellos resembles Port. Near Cintra are the sandy vineyards of Collares, where the dark red juice of the grape may be drunk at 20 reis a glass. In the Douro region the rocky soil and climatic conditions, due to reverberation of

heat and light, produce the small black Port wine grape. The wines of Portugal are frequently sold abroad under French and German labels.

The Portuguese as a nation are not heavy wine drinkers, but they are very particular as to water. Water-shops in Lisbon and other cities are known by the sign of a jug bearing a white glove. Customers who have a predilection for waters from certain districts, not necessarily mineral waters, patronise certain shops where they sip of their favourite spring at 5 reis a glass. Portugal abounds in mineral springs, some of them having the same analysis as those of Vichy, Carlsbad, Contrexeville, Evian and Apollinaris.

Restaurants.

Madrid cafés and restaurants centre about the Puerta del Sol and the Calle Alcalá. Few of them are congenial for ladies in the late evening. At the Gran Café Inglés, Calle de Sevilla, the bull-fighters congregate.

The Casino at San Sebastian is the pivot of gay summer life. At Seville the garden-restaurant, Venta Eritaña, is visited by all celebrities who come to the Andalusian capital. In its arbour'd booths pale wines are served to the accompaniment of *picos* (bread-sticks), hot fish fritters, tongue, sausages, pepper bologna, fish roe, pitted olives, and *queso manchego*, or cheese of La Mancha,

which is made in Don Quixote's country. Before the dark, honest folk may go there without shame. In the night, wine, dance and song turn the green retreat into a Garden of Revels. One's morals are gauged here by the clock.

Barcelona, a thoroughly modern metropolis, has several handsome restaurants near the Plaza de Cataluña and in the Calle del Marqués del Duero called, for short, *el Paralelo*, and likened by Catalonians to Montmartre. Outside of Barcelona, at Arenys de Mar there is a castellated restaurant built over the sea. Others are situated among mountain resorts near the city.

At Toledo and Segovia there are hotel-restaurants patronised by excursionists, which charge exorbitantly for mediocre service. The Hotel Castilla, Toledo, asks 6p. for a most ordinary midday meal. The Hotel Comercio, Segovia, is also unsatisfactory and expensive.

Lisbon restaurants of the better class are in the vicinity of the Rocio, or Dom Pedro IV Square, near the Central Station. The Golden Lion (Leão d'Ours), Rua do Principe, is interesting for its show of paintings done by a representative group of artist-patrons, among them the brothers Rafael and Columbano Pinheiro, João Vaz, the marine painter, Silva Porto, founder of the modern Portuguese school, and José Malhoa, one of the leaders of it.

In Porto there are several restaurants which are patronised largely by Englishmen. Café life revolves about the Praça Dom Pedro.

Amusements — Festivals.

Italian opera is given throughout the year at the Royal Opera House, Madrid, which is opposite the Palace on the Plaza del Oriente. The Spaniard's passion for the theatre is demonstrated in the capital by the number of its fine theatres. At the Español, classic dramas and comedies are produced. There are, besides, ten other theatres, giving drama, comedy and variety. On gala occasions embroidered, long-fringed shawls drape the boxes and balcony rails, and, despite the incursion of French modes, the white *mantilla* may also be seen.

An entrance fee is demanded in some theatres in addition to the price of the box or seat. Many provincial towns honour the memory of Cervantes by giving their chief theatre his name. This is the case in Seville, where, at the Theatre Cervantes, opera and drama are presented. Sometimes one is fortunate enough to see there an excellent travelling stock company, and doubly fortunate if it prove to be that of Maria Guerrero, the splendid tragedienne, and her husband, Señor Mendoza. Two other houses are patronised for

comedy and vaudeville. To another, a none too select *café cantate*, one goes to hear gypsy women sing. On Sunday afternoons the latter hall is given over to cock-fighting!

Cadiz is proud of a new Gran Teatro decorated by Cadiz artists, one of the most commodious of the many throughout Spain.

Barcelona boasts her Lyceum Theatre, seating 3,500 spectators, and her Palace of Music, the ornate home of the far-famed Orfeo Català. The latter is visible every day from noon to one o'clock. The best orchestras and soloists of Europe have appeared in this magnificent auditorium. The Orfeo itself, by reason of its classic interpretations, has established a superior standard of music not only in Barcelona, but in the neighbouring provinces.

The Royal Philharmonic of Cordova is under the King's patronage. It is to Andalusia what the Orfeo is to the Catalans. With choir and strings it interprets the sensuous airs of the southland. The performers' dress is the velvet-breeched, cocked hat costume dear to the itinerant *estudiante*.

Since the fall of the monarchy Lisbon's Opera House has been closed. The National Theatre, which bars the north end of the Rocio, is under State patronage. A statue of Gil Vicente, the

first great Portuguese playwright, crowns the classic façade. Nearly all of the lesser theatres are devoted to light opera and variety.

The Count Barahona built for Evora one of the most notable theatre buildings in the country. Both concerts and plays are given here.

Oporto's Opera House having burned in 1908, the citizens subscribed for a new and larger one. Three other theatres offer a range from drama to circus. Open-air resorts are patronised all winter.

Portuguese military bands are particularly tuneful and enliven the squares of even the smaller garrison towns with stirring concerts. They excel with the cornet and trombone.

Festivals.

The picturesque demonstrations of Spain are usually concerned with the Church. The Corpus Christi processions of Toledo, Cadiz, Granada and other cities are second only to the observances of Holy Week in Madrid and Seville. Avila celebrates Santa Theresa, Zaragoza the appearance of the Virgin to St. James. From Santander to Almeria every town has its titular saint's-day festivities, and every district its favourite *romeria* in honour of the *santos*.

The Sanctuary of Begoña dominates Bilbao and the valley of Ibaizabal. It is a Vizcayan pilgrim-

age built on the site where the "Sailors' Virgin" was found. St. James, the warrior Saint, still receives the vows of devotees at his shrine in Santiago de Compostela — once the most important pilgrimage resort in Spain. During the last two weeks of May, peasants come from Aragon, from Valencia, from the Valley of the Guadalquivir, from the Estramadura to the shrine of San Isidoro, beyond Madrid. When they have filled their jugs at the miracle spring and have performed the accustomed rites, they make merry in the fields, forming a pageant of Spanish costumes now too rarely seen.

On January seventeenth the horses, asses and mules of the humble are blessed before the Madrid Church of St. Anthony.

Two days after Christmas Granada's faithful toil to the top of the "Big Mountain" to pray in souvenir of St. Michael's appearance on this spot two hundred years ago.

Of secular *fiestas* there is the November carnival of Burgos, where grotesque *gigantones* and *gigantillos*, more effective than those of Nice, amuse the throngs.

In May, Barcelona holds her annual Tourney of Catalonian Poesy, and celebrates festivals of flowers and dancing. On a Sunday early in April, Madrid sees the prime military show of the year, when the King and his staff and the Royal Family

take part in the parade which marks the solemn swearing in of the new recruits.

Seville's April *Feria* is the one most widely known in Spain, and brings her thousands of guests. The Horse Fair at Jerez, later in the same month, brings together a concourse of traders and makes an excuse for gaieties in which all the Province of Cadiz joins. Cordova surrenders in May to the madness of its *Feria de la Salud*. Under the trees of the Campo Victoria the *muchachas* flaunt their Manila shawls for the admiration of *picador* and *espada*, and tap their heels to the tune of the *seguidilla*, strummed by Spanish mandolins.

The chief pilgrimage or *romeria* of Portugal is that of Good Jesus (Bom Jesus) near Braga. To the chapel of Mont Sameiro on the peak above, pilgrims also go in great numbers on the annual Holy Days in June and August. On Whitsunday thousands of the pious go on their knees up the steps of the Via Sacra at Bussaco, which was once the domain of Trappist monks. The Mont de Santa Luzia, on the height above Vianna do Castello, is another pilgrim resort.

Ecclesiastical processions are forbidden in the streets of Portugal under the new political régime. The Holy Week celebrations are therefore shorn of much of their interest for the stranger.

Portuguese costumes are prodigally displayed at the fairs which occur in all the large provincial

towns on certain days of the month. The most important are the cattle fairs in the Alemtejo district south-east of Lisbon, near Evora and Portalegre.

Festival fairs, usually held on Holy Days, are especially characteristic of the north, the Good Friday Fair of Vianna do Castelo being renowned.

The Patron Saint of Portugal is Nossa Senhora da Conceição (Our Lady of the Conception). In her honour many a humble *feira* is organised.

On Palm Sunday the peasants carry flower poles to be blessed by the priest. Placed later in stables, they are said to be efficacious in keeping away untoward spirits.

Sports.

His Majesty Alfonso XIII is the most energetic patron of sport Spain has ever known. He has recently given the ground for a new Golf and Country Club on his estate near Madrid. On the same domain he hunts bison, boar, deer, rabbit, fox and game. He plays polo at the Hippodrome; at San Sebastian he races his own yachts. His passion for motoring has led to the building of many new roads. In the Royal Stables of Madrid there are ten automobiles, among them one in miniature for his little sons. His influence has inspired the formation of out-door clubs in every part of his kingdom.

There is a national league of football. In Cadiz lawn tennis is so much in favour that the bull-ring serves as a court when the *corridas* are not in season. It will astonish many to know that there is a snow field for winter sports within twenty miles of Madrid. Over a pass 2100 metres high (about 6600 feet) the King constructed a road to La Granja, the summer palace near Segovia. The Spanish Alpine Club, surrounded by private huts, is on this road at an altitude of 1600 metres. It is open to members of other Alpine and Sports Clubs. The address of the Secretary is Arenal, 8, Madrid. From January to April fifteenth there are climbing, tobogganing and skiing tourneys among the lofty Guadarammas. During the season a special train leaves Madrid every Sunday at 8 A. M., returning at night. At Cercedilla and San Rafael, donkeys and mules are available for excursionists, who bring provisions and make coffee in the pine woods which, white-carpeted, look across mountain views that suggest Baden.

Near Paular there is trout fishing in the cold, swift-running brooks.

Barcelonians also have winter sports on Montseny, several hours distant by rail. In April the Royal Club of Barcelona holds a week's nautical tournament under the presidency of Don Alfonso. Other Barcelona societies organise races, and com-

petitions in tennis, golf, pigeon-shooting, football, *pelota*, water-polo and swimming. San Sebastian's summer programme duplicates these open-air amusements. The game of *pelota* is the native sport of the Basques.

Many intelligent Spaniards believe that the *corridos* must eventually diminish in prestige through the promulgation of these sane and vigorous sports. Those who have witnessed the ecstatic furore of Madrid's Calle Alcalá on a Sunday afternoon, who have been in Seville during *feria* week, or observed the adoration of street throngs for a passing *matador*, will question the early realisation of such hopes.

The bull-rings are usually built like the arenas of the Romans, with seats rising in tiers. It is not uncommon for them to hold 14,000 spectators. The prices vary according to the season, the high season in central and northern cities being from April to June. In most southern cities the bull-ring is closed except in the summer and on festival days of spring and fall. For "Royal Bull-fights" in Madrid, seats in the sun cost 2.50-8p.; those in the shade, 3-12p. Boxes, 25p. For inferior fights, when the contestants are *novi lleros* and the bulls are young and not very fierce, prices are less.

As a rule the best men are in Madrid, though they go to Seville for the Fair, to Granada for the

Corpus Christi Festival, and elsewhere on special occasions. The Charity Benefits and Press Association fights of Madrid are usually attended by the King, who thus constitutes them "Royal" contests. They are held two or three times a year. Let it be said that Alfonso XIII goes to the bull-fight less often than his ancestors. The national sport is, however, an institution not to be lightly regarded in the minds of the Spanish people. "Leave us our church, our lottery and our bull-fight," they say to the King and his ministers, "and you may do what you will with the country."

Two hours before the *corrida* begins, the doors are open for those who wish to visit the stables of the horse-victims, and of their more fortunate brothers, the mules and the oxen. The oxen (*ca-beztreros*) wear bells on their necks, and, when called upon, escort from the ring the bulls which clumsy *matadors* have not been able to kill. The mules serve to drag out the dead bulls, and the horses which may be either dead or dying. In Ronda the latter are tossed over a parapet to waiting vultures.

When bulls are six months to a year old and their horns have developed, they are put in the fields with older bulls. When two or three years old they are tested. If they are sufficiently savage they are segregated, twenty to a pen. The horns

of a prospective *toro* must not be bent in too much and must be very pointed. Also, the bigger a bull is the better.

The best bulls, as well as the best fighters, come from near Cordova and Seville. The Miura *ganaderia*, or breeding-farm, and that of Antonio Guerra, brother of the classic *matador*, Guerrita, are famous among others.

The bulls destined for *corridas* are usually driven at night or in the early morning from the farms to the railway, always accompanied by the oxen, whose presence insures their docility. On the cars they are locked in individual pens, and, arrived at the ring, they are again shut in stalls, where for twelve hours they neither see the light nor taste food or water.

The president's box in the arena is occupied by the mayor or a town official. There is also a box for municipal authorities and for the manager. In Madrid there is, of course, a royal box. A military band plays before the entrance of the first bull, and in the interim, which is spent in removing traces of the slaughter.

When the audience is seated, a door opens opposite the president's box and to the side of the bulls' exit. The bull-fighters all enter then in procession — first the *matadors*, of whom there are usually three, each one killing two of the six bulls whose presence constitutes an average

bull-fight. At a festival *corrida*, eight to twelve bulls may be killed. Each *matador* or *espada* (swordsman) has his own crew or *quadrilla* of eight to ten men. They consist of the *banderilleros*, or *capotes*, who thrust the darts (*banderillos*) into the back and shoulder of the bull and distract him with coloured cloaks from attacking their chief if he be in danger; and the *picadors*, who ride the horses and wield the barbed pikes. Each horseman has a servant dressed in red, "wise monkeys," according to the Spanish. Their red garments entice the bull. When they step nimbly out of his way, the horse of the *picador* receives the charge of the lowered horns.

Before entering the ring for the defile, the *matadors*, the cape and dart men, and the pic-men, perhaps the *monios sabios* too, have said a prayer to the Virgin and their patron saint in the chapel next to the dressing-rooms,—not always a perfunctory rite, one might say, considering the nature of the task upon which they are about to enter.

The *matadors* wear jackets embroidered in gold tinsel, with knee breeches and round hats. The *picadors*, next in importance, are in silver jackets. On one side they carry the protection of a metal legging, just as on one side their mounts are blindfolded. *Matadors*, *picadors*, *banderilleros* — all wear the *coleta*, or wisp of long hair pendent

from the crown of the head. Behind the *quadrillas* come in procession the oxen, the mules and the extra horses — the latter a gaunt, worn and unsuspecting cohort.

The *desfile* presents itself before the president's box and does homage. Then the oxen, the mules, and the horses not yet summoned for a Spanish holiday, retire. The men take their places. A mounted policeman in special uniform appears beneath the president's *palco* and removes his plumed helmet. Into it the president casts the key which the policeman (there are always a pair in each ring) hands to the stableman.

Now fans pause and eyes fasten upon the door through which a moment later there leaps a hungry, thirsty and bewildered bull. Until the previous night he has known only his own pastures and the faces of his keepers, and the peaceful tinkle of the *cabestreros'* bells. Now, after a dazed period of black discomfort, he is here confronted by the unaccountable clamour of an expectant throng. There, opposite, a cloak, blue, green or yellow, flutters teasingly before his blodshot eyes. He charges, but passes it. The cape has achieved its purpose. The lumbering brute is now near enough to make out the red servant, who skips aside as the *picador* raises his lance and strikes and lurching in his stirrups twists the iron deep in the sleek shoulder. Then — revenge for smart-

ing pain! A crash of horns in thin flanks. The horse goes down — perhaps the rider under him. If so, the servant tries to remove his master during a tense moment. The bull is not yet done with the horse. . . . The *matador* approaches to tempt and tantalise until the cavalier is safe. An *espada* is a brave man and agile. He may even court the crowd's favour by pulling the bull's tail to make him look around. When the *picador* has remounted (perhaps his horse is not yet dead, or perhaps another has been substituted) — the game proceeds. His work over, he withdraws, often on a horse whose entrails go dragging on the ground. If the horse is not hurt to death, his side will be sewn up; sometimes they are thus sewn even the second and third time.

Meantime the *banderilleros* receive from their assistants the darts, which are of wood with a pronged point of metal, and are bedizened with coloured paper, with ribands, or muslin roses. The *banderillero*, a dart poised high in each hand, calls the bull. They meet. . . . On his tiptoes the man places his darts and dances away. The bull plunges on, goaded by new wounds, furious that this new antagonist has foiled him too. Occasionally the bull is quicker than the man. There are more mortalities among the *capotes* than among swordsmen or *picadors*.

When the second part is over and the bull has been somewhat weakened and tired by his opponents, the *matador* approaches the presiding official with red cape and sword, and standing below the box vows the strength of his sword-arm to the glory of the dignitary above him. In his speech he may simply pledge his sword to do his best, or he may go further and swear to cut off his *coleta*, his cherished braid, if he fail. With a flourish worthy of the moment he goes to his victim. With play and by-play, step and sidestep, he rouses the temper of the onlookers. Their calls urge him to daring trickery. He sits upon a chair, he leaps over the bull's broad back, he neatly drives darts which the fury of the wearied bull has no power to avoid. And when he has done all that need be asked of a good *espada*, the president signals, "Enough. You may kill." Then with the cloak — usually only that of the *matador* is red — he plays the bull until it stands square and with head down. At that moment, if the hand is sure, the sword goes to the hilt into the heart and lungs. The huge body totters, and sinks, amid the acclamations of the delirious crowd. The victor passes about the ring amid a rain of coats, caps, hats and cigars, and amid shouts of praise.

He throws back the enthusiastic garments, the

servants pocket the cigars, the mules perform their offices to the dead, the ring is tidied, and the conflict begins anew its tedious repetition.

If the *matador* bungles the killing he will be warned by a policeman, emissary of the president. If he fails at the third attempt, an employé's knife may pierce the spine, or the oxen be sent to lead out the bull. He may be nursed back to health and live to fight another day. But the *matador* is for all time disgraced.

There are *espadas* who are better with the cape, and others who kill more skilfully. A clever man may be unfortunate. Such a one was Fuentes, who, through a series of unhappy incidents, had to retire, though known as a fighter of elegant and graceful style, who sat often in the arena or knelt, planting always short *banderillos*.

Dominguin having been killed in the ring at Barcelona, his body was brought to Madrid. Eight horses drew his funeral car and there was pomp, like that of royalty. One *toreador* became manager of the Madrid Opera. Another was vice-mayor and a deputy in parliament. He swore on his wife's tomb in Mexico that he would cut his *coleta*, and now he fights no more.

Morals and humanity aside, the bull-fighting industry is the curse of Spain. Great herds of cattle are fed and cared for by armies of men for three to five years, to be killed in the ring, six to

eight at a time. The meat is so poisoned and fevered by anger that only the poorest people will buy it at a low price. Thousands of boys and young men spend their time training their muscles and practising the art of *tauromachy*, producing nothing, living idle lives. Millions of pesetas are poured into the till of the impresario by patrons of the sport. The huge salaries (a quarter of a million pesetas often being paid to *matadors*) vitiate the ideals of youths who see in the *toreros* the only heroes worthy of imitation.

The sport was abolished in the 19th century because too many horses and bulls were being consumed. Two thousand pesetas is often given for a bull of good fighting stock, and even a rack-and-bones steed brings at least one hundred pesetas.

Bull-fighting was known to the Greeks, but probably not to the Romans, as has been often asserted. The city of Larissa in Thessaly was famed for its combats. In Greek arenas several bulls were turned out at one time, an equal number of horsemen pursuing and attacking them. Clever contestants could throw a bull to the ground without dismounting, and sometimes fought hand to horn with the raging beast.

In Spain, gentlemen first conducted the game in private arenas. For something like two centuries it has been in the hands of a brutish class who are

surely more bestial than the creatures they slaughter.

The Moors, abhorred and despised sons of Islam, stoned and drove from Tangier a troupe of Spanish bull-fighters who were advertised to perform there.

The Portuguese bull-fight is purely a *jeu d'adresse*, a skilful play of horse and man against the bull whose horns are cut and padded. The *matador* becomes in this graceful sport a *cavalleiro*, a rider upon a superb animal so trained to evade the bull's onrush that blood is rarely shed, only the man being in danger. In the end the bull is "killed" by the mock thrust of a wooden sword. There are bull-rings on the outskirts of all Portuguese towns. At the Campo Pequeno, Lisbon, the *corridas* occur every Sunday from Easter to the end of September. The *cavalleiro* pre-eminent of Portugal is Manoel Cazimiro d'Almeida, known as Cazimiro. He has now retired except from occasional performances, and is host of a hotel in Vizeu where he is surrounded by the trophies of his prowess. His son succeeds him in the arena.

The Automobile Club of Lisbon has laid out a golf course under English supervision, which is said to be one of the best in Europe. There are also golf grounds at Bussaco and Porto. The Portuguese are not an active race, and have few open-air pastimes.

Dances and Songs.

At Cordova the Moors had the first music school in Spain. In the time of the caliphs, Ali son of Alhassani published a collection of 150 tunes which is now in the Escorial. The volume also contains the lives of fourteen Arab musicians famous in their day.

The songs of Andalusia descend from the Moors. They are songs to be quavered upon the roof-top or beneath a *mirador*. To only the ears of Andalusia are they intelligible, descending, mounting again with Oriental monotony. While the soloist sings, one or two girls may tread a subtle, stilted dance, angular, hesitating. Then a quickened twang of the guitar strings, the castanets beat louder and the steps leap to a swift and passionate measure. About the performers there is a group who cry out and their cries have the accent of Africa. "Olé-e!" They stamp and strike their hands, and sinuous hips and shuffling feet respond and the song wails higher. "Olé! El olé Andaluz!"

Damas and *caballeros* dance the *sevillana* to the guitar, which in Spain is played with the back of the hand, and by castanets, those hollowed wooden cymbals which, manipulated by rhythmic fingers, can stir the blood to savagery. The *muchachas* pose in flounced skirts which spring like a bell

over lacy under-things. The long fringe of their red and white or blue-green shawls drips from shoulder and breast. One carries a flower in her mouth, all have mammoth combs in their hair and artificial roses crushed low in the neck behind pink-lobed ears. Their partners are slim youths tight-trouserred, short-jacketed, belted high with bright sashes.

They pose, *señoritas* crouching with arms drooped over their dark heads like swans' necks — swains bending stiffly. Then sidling, swaying they mark step and position — elbows out, knees wide, feet crossing, lips flashing over teeth and coral gums. The maidens fend amorous gestures, then invite . . . then retreat to the *ta-ta-ria-tan-tan, ta-ta-ria* of the cymbals in their palms.

Their bodies move softly under the supple stuffs that cover them. Lithe muscles shimmer in long waves from shoulder to toe.

Mothers in black *mantillas*, friends, younger sisters are not insensible to the restrained abandon of *careo* and *matalaraña* as stepped by the figures in the semi-circle. They all begin to clap and the pace moves faster to the final tableau — hips thrust forward, eyes glancing, arms held high. A whirl of petticoats close pursued, a stooping posture, a defiant upturned smile, and the dance is done, the lovely *sevillana*.

The dancing girls wear white *mantillas* in the

gracia; in *el Vito* they put on the cloak and stiff-brimmed hat of the bull-fighter and imitate his handling of *capa* and sword. This dance, like the *jaleo*, originated in Jerez.

The "Malaga Belle and the Bull-fighter" is an enticing representation of grace and coquetry in which the male partner as a *torero* woos a *Malagueña* in a variety of poses.

The *panaderos* is native to Cadiz, a city of traditionally sensuous dancing. The man wears laced leggings and the round hat of the *torero*, while the woman's costume consists of a satin jacket and vest, and a pointed skirt of chenille net over a straight petticoat.

El garrotin is a modification of the *faico* which is danced by the gypsies of Valencia, Malaga and Granada, and is not unlike the *tango*, which also had its origin in Cadiz.

Andalusian dancers were in favour with the Romans. Their charm has remained a tradition during successive centuries. So wide-reaching is their reputation that the stranger arrives in Seville or other southern cities with the half-defined conviction that he need only lean from his balcony or turn into the nearest *plaza* to see radiant Carmens swathed in 'broidered *mantons* and carried through the transport of the dance to the ring of the tambourine.

If he makes his way to the noisome streets in the

suburbs of Granada and Seville where the gypsies live he may, upon liberal payment, see the *flamenco* and other typical dances performed by impudent children and their hard-faced elders. If he is fortunate in being asked to a private home, the daughters may show him the mysteries of the *baile andaluz* within the intimacy of garden or *patio*. But in public, only the *fiestas* afford the tourist a realisation of the pictures he comes to Spain hoping to see, and these do not always coincide with his visit.

One is more or less grateful then for the conventional exhibition which, by the payment of five pesetas, he may see at Señor Otero's Academy in Seville. His pupils are young women of grace and ability and, from their rendering of a programme of dances, it is possible to get a quite satisfying impression of Andalusian dancing, besprinkled with steps native to Mancha and Madrid. A handkerchief dropped in your lap solicits a piece of gold or silver. Not long since one vivacious, rather pouty *señorita* unfolded her handkerchief to find in it a 1000p. note — the generous reply of a traveller from Argentina to her ingenuous plea.

The *carricadanza* of Vizcaya is danced to drum-beat and the pipe of a short flute with four holes. The music of Castile's *guaracha* requires *zambomba* and strings. A woman treads to it a grave *pas*

seul with motionless body and arms. The *dulzayna* is a flute whose piercing wail is all but intolerable to others than the Valencians. Down there in the old Kingdom they dance around eggs to show their lightness. A *pandero* of the tambourine family accompanies the song and dance of the octette who perform the *seguidilla*, which is a combination of *fandango* and *bolero*. The *fandango* is a national dance in which eyes and features are exercised to supplement the gestures of arms and legs.

Galicia has a bag-pipe dance, Aragon its *jota*. The latter's brusque, mad tempo is characteristic of the energetic, combative qualities of the provincials whose capital is Zaragoza.

The national dance of the Basque provinces is the *zortzico* which is accompanied by pipe and *tamboril* and consists of two movements contrasting in temper.

Spanish songs as a whole are neither melodic nor graceful. They usually have a sad story to tell or express a pessimistic hope for happiness. The most appealing relate to the Virgin and the Saints. Both words and music are of elemental simplicity in these religious folk-songs.

The religious songs of the Portuguese are full of sentiment but not so quaint as the Spanish. Their love-songs are, however, peculiarly beautiful. Who can forget those "fate" songs, the

fados sung in the open to the picking of the *mandolino*? The latter has little resemblance to a mandolin. It has a flattened back and is played with the fingers in sweeping chords after the manner of a guitar, but it sounds more like a zither.

The peasants often take their instruments with them on a Sunday afternoon or when they go for a walk in the evening. They pass along the road playing lovely melodies which no one has ever written down. The words are often impromptu. One, thinking of his Maria, may begin to sing while the others keep on playing. If having commenced his plaint, ideas fail him, he drifts again into silence, continuing with his unsmiling companions the old tune, or striking up a new.

They may come upon a group dancing by the road, and pause to contribute a share of the accompaniment. The *vira* is under way . . . one girl dancing while the others sing. Four men join the ring, taking the girl's hands. They click their fingers in lieu of castanets. Perhaps two are thinking of courtship. They, then, in balancing, in crossing over, in the waltz-movement, sing words of their own making, the girl responding nimbly to the would-be lover's stanzas.

Some one draws up a stool as the dance ends in a burst of laughter, and all listen considerately as the guitar begins the strophe,

“Nobody who a sorrow has
 Is going to tell it to someone who has none.
 Because he knows only the persons who sorrow,
 Can understand another’s grief.”

A reflective interlude — a modulation from minor to major chords, and he confides to his audience:

“When I go up to my darling’s house
 It seems that I am going down hill.
 But when I return —
 Then I know well that it is of a truth
 More difficult to come down than to go up.”

The love-sick nod acquiescence. One, a bold-eyed youth, seizes the guitar and, looking at the prettiest girl, cautions pointedly:

“Here is my heart — do with it what you like.
 If you like to kill it, you may.
 But remember — you are in it.
 Kill my heart and you kill yourself.”

But his lady-love shakes him off mockingly. She and five companions join hands and walk around in the first sad movement of the *fandango*. If there is a moon, they dance until it slips behind the trees. And when it is quite dark, the recalcitrant one will in all likelihood hear under her casement the *saudade*, that sigh, that “*Minha mãe*,” which runs through four verses to the softest of pleading tunes.

Then she is told to the accent of the strings:

“Your eyes are black as the darkest night —
 Without them I see but blackness.”

At this she may relent and answer from her window — so far relent that for hours he is privileged to linger close to the house wall, wooing her.

If sleep is interrupted by the soft rumble of protest and evasion, the family makes no remonstrance. For in Portugal, as in Spain, it is thus that courtship is pursued.

CHAPTER III

CHRONOLOGY

THE first invaders of Spain were probably of Berber stock — that white race of North Africa which came from Asia uncounted ages ago to establish in the plains of Morocco and in the Atlas Mountains a kingdom which remains to-day unconquered and of unmixed blood. These first inhabitants of the Peninsula, the Iberians, undoubtedly crossed on the bridge of dry land which once joined the continents of Europe and Africa.

Of the Celtic tribes who migrated from Asia, some settled in Great Britain, some in Central Europe, and some in Spain. The Celt-Iberians were the descendants of these fused races. Those of pure Celt blood made their homes chiefly in the hilly regions of Galicia and Asturias. The Lusitanians, the most learned of the tribes, were, according to popular tradition, the original settlers of Portugal. The Lusitanians, and the Cantabrians in the north-west, left Druidical monuments like those found in England and Wales.

The Catalonians in the north-east are probably

of Phœnician descent. The Phœnicians, those inveterate traders of Bible times, coveted the riches of Spain and developed her mines of gold, silver, copper and iron. According to Dr. Hale, the ships of Tarshish mentioned by Isaiah were those Phœnician vessels which brought ore from Tارتessus, a district west of Gibraltar where, at the mouth of the Rio Tinto, English ships are still loaded with the inexhaustible wealth of the copper mines near Huelva.

The Carthaginians grew rich and powerful, establishing a great city on Spain's south-east coast. This city aroused the cupidity of Hannibal who possessed himself of it, and attacked Saguntum, a settlement of the Romans. The subsequent 40-years' war resulted in Spain's becoming a Roman province which was divided into three districts, that occupied now by Portugal being the smallest.

After four centuries during which Spain's history is associated with the luminous names of Scipio, of Cato, of Sertorius, of Pompey, of Julius Cæsar, Augustus, Trajan, Adrian and the Senecas, there came from Germany the Goths. Their king made Barcelona his capital. The Vandals swept the Peninsula, driving out the Huns, who invaded in the 5th century, the Romans and the Sueves. A Visigothic king becoming Christianised, the Roman Catholic religion was officially established

as the faith of Spain late in the 6th century.

Gothic rule ended in 709 A. D. when the Saracens entered Spain by way of Tarifa and Gibraltar and defeated Roderick, King of the Visigoths, near Cadiz. There followed the dominion of the caliphs; during three centuries Spain knew a period of industry, prosperity and culture. The Moslems' power abated when the Christians of the north grew strong and rebelled against their presence in the land.

After the defeat of Roderick in 709 his nephew, Pelayo, had set up a kingdom in Asturias, and Leon was wrested from the Moors. Among the principalities of Leon, Asturias and Castile there developed a confusion of kingships and petty contests. The King of Navarre, Leon and Castile left a domain to each of three sons. One of them was Alfonso VI. He took Toledo from the Moors who had held it for 400 years. Northern Spain was finally freed from Moorish rule at the Battle of Tolosa, 1212.

Meanwhile, Lusitania had been the arena of jealous conflict. In 997 a Galician king had seized the northern portion, and a half century later King Ferdinand of Leon, Castile and Galicia established a seat at Coimbra.

Among the Galician counties was one called Portucalensis from Portus Cale, the city at the mouth of the Douro now known as O Porto, "the

Port." One of Ferdinand's sons fell heir to the counties of Porto and Coimbra.

Lisbon was taken in 1093 by Alfonso VI and recaptured by the Moors. In subsequent battles with Moorish rulers he was helped by two adventurous knights, Count Raymond of Toulouse and Count Henry of Burgundy. To the first named, grateful Alfonso gave a daughter and the domain of Galicia; to the latter another daughter and the counties of Porto and Coimbra with the title, Count of Portugal. At this period, 1095, Portugal's history branches from that of Spain.

King Ferdinand III, who was canonised four centuries later, took Cordova in 1235, and in 1248 he entered Seville, which had been under the Moors for five hundred years.

The son of Ferdinand III was Alfonso X, called "the Learned" because of his intellectual accomplishments. During his reign Dante and Bacon were writing. He was succeeded by son and grandsons. Then came the reign of Pedro I, called vengeful by some and just by others.

Because of deeds done by wish of his mistress, Maria de Padilla, his kingdom revolted, headed by Charles V of France and Pedro's half-brother, Henry. Pedro with the assistance of the English Black Prince, son of Edward III, won a victory over Don Enrique, or Henry, at Najera in 1367. But though restored to his Castilian throne, Pe-

dro was eventually slain in a hand-to-hand fight with Henry, who succeeded him. His kingdom comprised all of Spain except Granada, where the Moors were still in power.

Later there was civil war in Aragon which ended when Ferdinand ascended the throne. When he was seventeen he was married (1469) to Isabella, heir to the crown of Castile. Subsequently their kingdoms were united. For their zeal against the infidel Moors, they were called by the Pope, "the Catholic Kings."

From 1481 to 1492 they strove for possession of Granada. Boabdil surrendered to them the fort and retired beyond the mountains, leaving them sole rulers of Spain; Granada had been under Moorish domination over 700 years.

It was immediately after the surrender of Granada that Columbus received his commission from Ferdinand and Isabella to go on his voyage of discovery. In 1493 he returned from the New World and was received by the court at Barcelona.

The son of Ferdinand and Isabella died before reigning. Their daughter Isabel was the wife of two Portuguese kings in succession, but she also died, and her heir also, little Prince Miguel, who would have been King of Spain and Portugal had he lived.

The second daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella was Jane, who married Philip, son of Maximilian

of Germany. Their son became Charles V of Germany and Charles I of Spain (1500). Jane's sister, Catharine of Aragon, married Henry VIII of England.

Charles V was also ruler of possessions in the Netherlands, as Duke of Burgundy. Further explorations in America, Mexico and the West Indies contributed to the increasing wealth of Spain. Charles abdicated in favour of his son Philip II and retired to a convent at Yuste.

To other enormous possessions Philip II added the kingdom of Portugal. Cervantes lived in his reign and took part, so it is said, in the war against Portugal. The second of Philip's four wives was "Bloody Mary" of England. He died at the Escorial in 1598 and was succeeded by Philip III. With the latter's reign began the Spanish decline. The daughter of his son, Philip IV, married Louis XIV of France. Their son, Charles II, died in 1700, the last of the Hapsburg dynasty in Spain. Under him was fought the War of the Spanish Succession. Philip V, his son, abdicated after further wars with England, Holland and Portugal. His son Ferdinand VI died in 1759, succeeded by a brother, Charles III. The latter befriended America against England, and was a generous patron of arts and architecture,

Under Charles IV occurred the difficulties between Spain, Portugal, France and England which led to the battles of Trafalgar and Vitoria. Joseph, brother of Napoleon, was driven from Spain by Wellington.

Internal conflict between Ferdinand VII and his people gave France an excuse to occupy Madrid, and later began the Carlist dissensions, through the claims of Carlos, brother of Ferdinand VII. Carlos disputed the right of Isabel II, daughter of Ferdinand VII, to the throne. She was born in 1830, and became queen in 1833. Three generations of Carlos princes were involved in conspiracies. Finally, Isabel II fled to France during the revolution of 1868. General Prim brought about the election to the throne of Amadeo, son of King Humbert of Italy, and was assassinated on the day the new king landed at Carthagena. Amadeo abdicated in 1873. Castelar tried to form a republic, but the people summoned from exile the son of Isabel II, Alfonso XII.

The young king maintained the constitution, and was much beloved for his personality and his diplomacy. He died at the age of 28, his eldest daughter being queen until the birth of Alfonso XIII, on May 17, 1886. The latter ascended the throne when he was thirteen.

During Sagasta's term as Prime Minister, Cuban

matters became acute, and a three years' war ensued. The events of the year 1898 cost Spain her last possessions across the seas.

King Alfonso XIII married the English Princess, Victoria Eugénie, in May, 1906. Their heir, Alfonso, Prince of Asturias, was born in 1907. He is the first son born to a reigning king of Spain in over a century.

Portugal's independence was founded by the Burgundian Count who married Theresa, daughter of Alfonso VI, King of Leon. Their son was the capable and broad-minded Affonso Henriques, first King of Portugal. After the death of Count Henry, Theresa made Guimarães the capital during her regency, which ended when her son seized the throne from her (1140), and became king in his own right at seventeen years of age. His reign was one of conquest; he took from the Moors many strongholds in central Portugal, being aided in his final capture of Lisbon by English crusaders. Gilbert Hastings, an Englishman, was appointed by him Bishop of Lisbon. Affonso died in 1185, being succeeded by his son Sancho I, who continued his father's policy of enlarging his kingdom. Under Affonso II the Portuguese assisted the Spanish at the Battle of Tolosa.

The Algarve, or southern province, was subjugated in the reign of Affonso III (1248). The

Moors being finally expelled, the kingdom was fortunate in having as ruler Dom Diniz, who, as a man of intellect and executive ability, organised the administration, the judiciary and the educational institutions of the infant dominion. He restored and built cities, encouraged agriculture, and planted immense forests to protect the fields from the encroachment of sand.

The son of Diniz "the Laborer" and of Isabel, a Spanish Princess who became patron Saint of Coimbra, was Affonso IV, who put on a firm basis Portugal's trade with England, and who was responsible for the murder of his son's sweetheart, Inez de Castro, so dramatically avenged by King Pedro in later years.

With Fernando, Pedro's son, ended the Affonsine dynasty. The daughter of Ferdinand had married John I of Castile, who would have incorporated Portugal with his own kingdom but for the resistance of the Portuguese, who were at all times suspicious of the Spaniards' ambition to destroy their independence.

John, Master of the Knights of Aviz, was the natural son of Pedro I and Inez de Castro. He was declared legitimate and elected to the throne by the Cortes. As John I of Portugal he led his army against John I of Castile, husband of his niece, and won in 1385 the decisive Battle of Aljubarrota. The Treaty of Windsor (1386)

united England and Portugal still more closely. John I married Philippa, daughter of John of Gaunt. They had five famous sons. One of them became King Edward (1433). The third son, Prince Henry the Navigator, inspired subsequent voyages of discovery, and was elected Master of the Order of Christ, of which Thomar was the headquarters.

Edward's son was Affonso V. He married the daughter of Henry IV of Castile and would have put her on the throne; but the Castilians crowned Isabella, sister of Henry IV, who became the wife of Ferdinand of Aragon. The reign of Affonso V was enriched by discovery and by African conquest.

John II won the enmity of his nobles by depriving them of ill-gotten privileges and they arose against him, taking as leader the Duke of Braganza, whom John II executed at Evora in 1483. It was to John II that Columbus appealed in vain for support, because the king was so absorbed in his own projects relating to India. John's son died without issue; this son's wife was the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella. It was her fate to marry two Portuguese kings without having a child of either come to the throne.

John's successor was the son of the murdered Duke of Braganza. He was a student at the University of Salamanca. Upon being called to the

throne (1495) he continued the plans of John II and sent Vasco da Gama to find the sea route to India (1497). As a reward for expelling the Jews he, in the same year, was given the hand of Isabel, daughter of the Catholic Kings. Upon her death Manoel, surnamed "the Fortunate," married her sister, and being widowed again, took for wife her niece, sister of Charles V. But despite the tenacity of his ambition he did not succeed to the Spanish throne. Before Manoel's death, Lisbon had become the richest city of the world through her profitable trade with India, Brazil, Asia, Africa, America and islands of the sea. This was the age of Vasco da Gama, of Cabral, Vespucci and Magellan.

John III, "the Inquisitor," established the "Holy Office" at Evora (1536). Under his rule and during the disastrous Moroccan wars of Sebastian I, Portugal declined in power and resources, and following the reign of Henry the Cardinal-King fell under the domination of Spain in 1580.

After sixty years of oppression the Portuguese revolted and named another Duke of Braganza king. After a long war with Spain there was renewed peace. When Pedro II was king of Portugal, gold was discovered in Brazil, and the crown was again possessed of enormous revenues. John V (1706) built Mafra Monastery as a thank-offer-

ing for the birth of his heir, who became Joseph I. During the reign of the latter the Lisbon earthquake (1755) presented to the Marquis of Pombal a rare opportunity to demonstrate his extraordinary administrative ability. He was dismissed from his position as Prime Minister at Joseph's death, as he had incurred the Queen's displeasure by expelling the Jesuits.

Maria, daughter of Joseph, married her uncle and they were crowned together. When she became mentally incompetent, Dom John ruled as regent. Junot, the French General, entered Lisbon and Dom John fled to Brazil (1808).

At the invitation of the Portuguese, Sir Arthur Wellesley landed with English troops and, routing Junot, continued his victories by defeating Soult at Porto. Together the English and Portuguese repelled Massena at Bussaco (1810). Wellesley was made Duke of Wellington during his Portuguese campaigns in the Peninsular War.

The French invasion at an end, the people formed a constitution, the King-regent, John VI, being still in Brazil. There was revolution and counter-revolution until, in 1822, Brazil proclaimed her independence, naming John's son Emperor. He was Pedro I of Brazil and IV of Portugal. His daughter, Maria II, reigned in Portugal, her throne being contested by her uncle Miguel, much as Carlos disputed the rights of his niece, Isabel

II of Spain. Miguel was banished. Pedro IV, who had abdicated in Brazil in favour of his daughter, died in 1834, honoured and beloved in both kingdoms.

Maria's husband was Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, cousin of Queen Victoria's Consort. Their son, Dom Luiz, married Maria Pia, daughter of King Emmanuel of Italy.

Soon after Carlos, son of Luiz, came to the throne (1889), Brazil proclaimed independence. The wife of Carlos was Amélie, Princess of Orléans. They had two sons, Luiz and Manoel. As a result of political controversy, the King and his heir were assassinated February 1, 1908.

a republic

Manoel came to the throne as the second of his name. He ruled two years and eight months. A Republic was proclaimed on October 5, 1910. Manoel II and his family spent a last night at Mafra and embarked at Ericeira on board the royal yacht which took them to Gibraltar and thence to England.

Doctor Manoel d'Arriaga, a professor of languages, was elected first president of the Republic, September, 1911.

SPAIN

CHAPTER IV

MADRID

MADRID is the converging point of tourist routes in Spain, the hub in a wheel of traffic of which the railways are the spokes.

Its detractors deride it as a capital without justification, a metropolis unsupported by industry, a mock Paris whose streets are arid of interest, un-Spanish, and characterless. They remind us that its chief sponsor was son of an eccentric and grandson of a madwoman, that the very gloominess of its site was doubtless congenial to one of his austere peculiarities, and influenced him to declare it his capital. There is truth in this, though the city which Philip II stirred into life from the husks of the Moorish village of Madjrit has many attractive aspects, despite fundamental disadvantages, and is, moreover, the guardian of specific treasures which alone justify a journey to Spain. The streets are wide and animated. This activity is Madrid's most disconcerting quality, for it has little basis in fact. Throngs shift through *calle* and *paseo*, to what purpose? The

handsome city resembles a scene on which crowds are so manipulated as to produce the appearance of preoccupation and haste. The audience is not deceived by their energy, but the result is effective.

Madrid exists for courtiers and politicians. It produces nothing, its commerce consists only of barter and exchange. Rich proprietors come here to scatter the profits of orchards and factories which are situated in the provinces; officials dispense their salaries and clerks their hire; shop-keeper feeds upon shop-keeper. The population is constituted of those who spend and those who sell.

Pavement tables are patronised from noon to midnight by prosperous idlers, by idlers who live by politics and intrigue, and by idling optimists who trust their hopes for existence to the official lottery.

The *torero* and the envoy, bareheaded women in black shawls, messengers, priests, tradesmen, soldiers and fine ladies make up the press of passers-by. Except on festival days, the streets disclose only occasional hints of native colour. It is a flavourless, unlovable city, graced by the gifts of generous sovereigns. It may be compared to a woman who, without charm or character, is admired for the beauty of her raiment.

Expansive parks and avenues project an air of ease and luxury; the shops about the *Puerta del*

Sol carry rich stocks; government and municipal offices, banks, clubs, business buildings, private houses and hotels show impressive façades; fountains and statuary beautify open spaces. The builders of Madrid have created a city of fine distances and huge edifices, many of which have architectural merit.

The Palace, appropriately enough, is the largest of them all. Its massive sides form a square of nearly five hundred feet. The western flank overlooks outlying plains, the Guadaramma Mountains, and the Prado, the country estate of the royal family, which shows green beyond the feeble Manzanares.

Those who enter Madrid by the North Station see the Palace a long way off. The station lies below it near the outskirts. The Madrid of the tourist is defined by the Palace on the north-west, by the Plaza de Toros to the east, the Hippodrome towards the north-east, and by the district about the Atocha Station on the south. At the latter station travellers enter when coming from Andalusia and Toledo. From it the Prado, a wide boulevard, continues in a straight line past the Botanical Gardens, the Prado Museum, the Plaza de Lealtad, the Ritz and the Palace Hotels, the Bourse, the new post office and the Bank of Spain, and terminates in the square which is adorned by the Cibeles Fountain, The Ministry

of War, formerly the palace of the Duchess of Alba, is opposite. The Paseo de Recoletos is an extension of the Prado and, with the Paseo de la Castellana, ornamented by statues of Columbus and of Isabella, completes a green and very modern promenade from the South Station to the Hippodrome, or race-track.

At the Cibeles Fountain, the Prado is crossed by the Calle Alcalá, a main business street which is one of ten that radiate from the Puerta del Sol. The Alcalá ends at the bull-ring.

East of the Prado ("the Meadow" of primitive days) lies Buen Retiro, or Pleasant Retreat Park, a sandy slope set out in trees and fountains. On the edge of a large lagoon is a gilded equestrian statue of Alfonso XII.

The Artillery Museum, containing trophies of Spanish wars, is near the park in the Calle Mendez Muñoz. It is usually open Tuesday and Saturday afternoons. There is no entrance fee, but the attendant receives a tip of 1-2p., according to the number in the party. Behind the Museum is the modern Church of San Jeronimo, where the present King and Queen were married. Immediately below it is the Museo del Prado, the proudest possession of the Spanish nation.

The Botanical Gardens, which are to the rear, and the building itself, were inspired by Charles III, to whom, more than any one else, the capital

owes its handsome exterior. The terra cotta walls housed a natural history collection in his time; it was quite by accident that they fell heir to a priceless legacy. When his palaces were about to undergo repairs, Ferdinand VII sent the Crown pictures, to the number of 300, to be stored in the red and white building on the corner of the Prado and Philip IV Street. He found the public appreciative of the opportunity to view the "chief works" which Charles V and successive Philips had brought from the Netherlands or had ordered to be painted in Spain, and considerately left them there. The collection received acquisitions from convents, hospitals, museums and palaces, and during the short-lived republic which followed the flight of Isabel II, it ceased to be called the Museum of the King and became national property.

On Thursdays, Sundays and fête days, admission is free. Sunday hours, 10 to 1. Week days, 10 to 4. Entrance, 1p. In summer, galleries and museums are open from 8 to 1.

The supreme position of the Madrid Gallery is unquestioned by those who value worth above numbers. It contains nearly 3000 paintings, most of them representative of the best periods of Flemish, Italian and Spanish art, the latter predominating. The collection was made for the most part when Spain was immensely rich and powerful. There are rooms which contain only master-

pieces by Murillo, Ribera, Raphael and Goya. But the shrine pre-eminent is the salon devoted to the works of Don Diego Velasquez de Silva, who was born of a Portuguese father and a Spanish mother in Seville in 1594.

Velasquez was court painter under Philip IV, and produced his most important subjects in the Alcazar, which used to stand on the site of the present Palace. It is therefore fitting that Madrid should possess the most complete collection of his works; in the Prado alone there are over sixty.

Over the door of the Velasquez room hangs a picture of the master portraitist, the work of a pupil — a fine, gracious head with a vigorous jaw. Many paintings are here which all the world knows through their reproduction: those jovial revellers, "The Topers" ("Los Barrachos"); the Vulcan, to whom Apollo reveals the appearance of Mars and his wife; and, below the God Mars himself, the portrait of Velasquez' wife. The lean and melancholy face of Philip IV is several times portrayed — "the most painted of Kings," limned by the most truthful of painters. Near him are his jesters and his little son, Baltasar Carlos, on an unnaturally fat pony. "The Rendering of Breda" is commonly called "The Lancers" because the Spanish troops are equipped with mediæval *lanzas*. It depicts an episode at the close of the twelve years' hostility with the Netherlands, when the

Marqués de Espinola, commissioned by Philip IV, accepted with chivalric grace the keys of Breda from its Governor. It is said to have no equal among historical pictures.

The famous painting of blonde little Princess Marguerite of Austria with her ladies and the royal buffoons has been removed from the alcove which was set apart for it when the Velasquez Salon was erected in 1894. It loses much of its effect of reality through this change enforced by damp walls. The scene is in Velasquez' studio. He is painting the parents of the Princess, and their figures are reflected in a mirror. Formerly, when one entered the little room devoted to this picture alone, it was as though he stepped directly into the painter's studio, so wonderfully does the painting convey the sense of atmosphere. It hangs now near the lovely "Tapestry Weavers." Beyond it are other portraits of Philip's wife and his sober little daughter in the pointed bodice and outstanding skirts; and here are the shrewd and inimitable portraits of Æsop and Menippus.

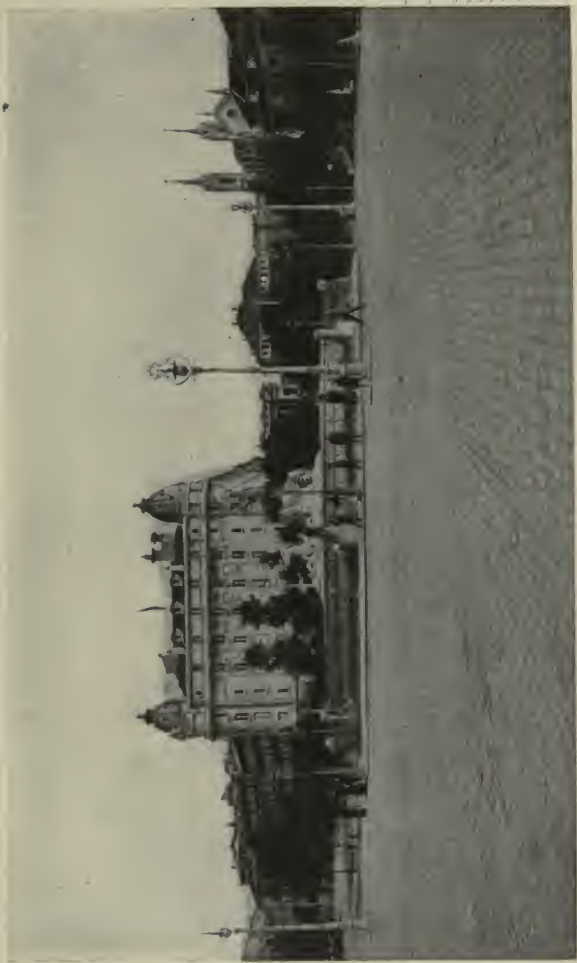
There are more paintings by Velasquez in the long gallery without, with originals by Van Dyck, Tintoretto, and El Greco,—the Greek Theotocopuli, whose methods are thought to have influenced Velasquez, and whom some extremists rate with him. In this Grand Salon are many canvases by Rubens, among them "The Three Graces," a typ-

ically voluptuous trinity. Titian's portraits of royalty on horseback, his "Adam and Eve" and the copy of it made by Rubens hang not far apart.

The most notable picture of the Murillo room is that of Queen Elizabeth Curing the Plague-ridden. It is painted with force as well as sympathy, a combination of qualities often lacking in Murillo's canvases. "The Holy Family," called by the Spaniards "The Little Bird," is one of sixteen painted by the same master. The galleries of Petersburg, Paris, Budapest and New York each possess one; the rest are in England and Spain.

The "Madonna of the Rosary" and "John the Baptist" are familiar to all admirers of the great *Sevillano*. The "Adoration of the Shepherds" is handled with peculiar energy. "The Investiture of St. Ildefonso" was inspired by the legend which relates that the Virgin appeared at Toledo in the fourth century and gave to St. Ildefonso a chasuble. In the cathedral at Toledo is the legendary stone on which she stood when she made the presentation.

Murillo is the painter most beloved by the Spanish people, but it is the fashion among modern critics to decry his work as effeminate and ultra-idealistic. A decade ago he was placed with Velasquez at the topmost pinnacle of Spanish art; even to-day there are many lovers of good pictures to



THE PRADO, MADRID. RIGHT TO LEFT, THE MUSEUM, THE CHURCH OF SAN JERONIMO, AND THE HOTEL RITZ

whom Murillo is the most appealing of religious painters.

Ribera, born in the old kingdom of Valencia in 1588, was a pupil of Ribalta, another pioneer of the Valencian School. He was called the "little Spaniard" during his life-long residence in Italy. Known as the painter of martyrs and saints — an artist of pervading originality and energetic methods, many European galleries prize examples of his genius. He treated the martyrdom of St. Bartholomew from various aspects, two of which are shown in the Ribera room of the Prado Museum. The "Dream of Jacob," "St. Peter in Chains" and other religious and mythological works fill this technically interesting but rather gruesome chamber.

Below stairs in badly lighted salons are many paintings by Goya, who usually chose to depict country life — rustics at play, pink-faced *señoritas* beneath the shade of a parasol, mischievous boys climbing apple trees, grape harvesters in the vineyard. Many of his pictures were made as models for tapestry and are reproduced in the superb wall-hangings of the State Salons of the Escorial. His *genre* pictures are full of the enthusiasm of life. It is almost unbelievable that the same brush, though guided by a distorted brain, could have produced the grinning death-heads in the collection which formerly belonged to

the German amateur, Baron d'Erlanger, and which is now exposed in the room adjoining the pictures done before insanity overtook him.

Goya is the most modern, as he is the most truly Spanish, of all the painters in the Gallery. He was born in 1746 and died in 1828. The bust which stands before the entrance to the Museum shows him to have been of a rotund and quizzical personality, with a dishevelled mane of hair.

The Flemish School is represented by nearly seven hundred canvases, including characteristic works by David Teniers, Brueghel, Snyder, Memling and Van der Weyden.

In the so-called Italian Salon are two "Conceptions" by Murillo, a Crucifix by Goya, and other canvases by Coello, Greco, Ribera and Velasquez, Giordano, del Sarto, and Guido Reni.

The Raphael Room is one of the glories of the Gallery. Among seven originals are five "Holy Families." The beautiful picture known as "El Pasmio de Sicilia" (the Surprise, or Miracle of Sicily) was rescued from the sea unharmed after a battle off Sicily's coast. Raphael's tranquil "Madonna of the Fish" is another gem in this cabinet of masterpieces.

A curious old painting by Romano hangs near the door which opens from the Italian rooms into the corridor. It is probably the only painting known which shows the Christ in a hat — a straw hat.

It bears the warning title, "Touch Me Not." Gazing upon it, one is reminded of the wooden figure of the Saviour in the Segovia Cathedral, which some one's hands have adorned with a tinselled skirt.

Across the hall to the right of the vestibule is the Salon of the Portraits. Titian's "Charles V" and "Philip II" are here, and Leonardo da Vinci's "Gioconda" (No. 504),—said by the Spaniards to be the original of which the stolen Monna Lisa was only the copy! Rembrandt's magnificent "Queen Artemisa" shows his signature on the arm of her chair. There are portraits also by Holbein, and Van Dyck, and Dürer, but the finest of all is the "Young Cardinal" by Raphael—the thin face of an æsthete thrown into relief by scarlet robes.

In the entrance to the Grand Salon near the main door is "The Passing of the Virgin," by Mantegna, whose own life passed over three hundred years ago. Goya's witching courtesan, posed both clothed and unclothed, reclines beneath twin tableaux, which, in contrast to his usual manner, tell the sanguinary story of those two days in May, 1808, when Spanish patriots checked Napoleon's army near the obelisk which now marks the Place of Loyalty.

Velasquez' weavers may be seen in the life at the Royal Manufactory of Tapestries in the Calle

Fuenterrabia, an out-of-the-way street behind the Basilica of Atocha. Charles III brought from Antwerp in 1721 an expert named Van der Goten who instituted the factory. A collateral descendant is the present owner. All the carpets of the Royal Palace were made on these hand-looms. Girls and men who earn 1.50-8p. a day stand before rows of warping frames deftly threading and cutting the coloured yarns according to patterns tacked on the wall. The carpets thus produced cost 65-120p. a square metre.

In the tapestry rooms two men work at each frame. Dextrously they pass the *canillas*, wound with silk or wool, between two taut and upright layers of threads on which the patterns have previously been drawn; with the point of the bobbin they beat down the woof to form a close, strong weave.

These skilled artisans, whose average wage is 10p. a day, are capable of reproducing in every detail the wonderful hangings of the eighteenth century. The finest of these modern tapestries are valued at 2000-3000p. a square metre.

Tapestry repairers sit at long tables darning, with surpassing patience, ragged hangings which Flemish looms first created centuries ago. It is in looking upon a group of these women that one gets the picture immortalised by Velasquez.

Another high, well-lighted chamber discloses a

circle of smiling, rosy-lipped girls appliquéing blue and red or red and yellow *reposteros*, the banners which hang upon Spanish walls on feast days.

Permission to visit this historic factory is obtained at the office near the entrance.

The Pantheon of Heroes, or Basilica, occupies a site overlooking the Atocha station. The architect, the Marquis de Cubas, has produced a commonplace mausoleum with a clumsy tower and a court open to the sky. In the cloistered tombs about the court are the honoured remains of Prime Ministers and military heroes. The beautiful memorial to Sagasta is by the best of living Spanish sculptors, Señor Benlliure. Querol, now dead, is the author of the tomb of Canovas. Canalejas, who was assassinated in November, 1912, lies near the martyred patriot, General Prim. The sarcophagus of the latter is of steel, inlaid with gold and silver; it was executed by the father of the Basque artist, Zuloaga, who is the most brilliantly original of modern Spanish painters.

A short distance from the South Station at 117, Calle de Atocha, is a hospital which bears on its face this legend: "Here was the printing-place, the Imprenta de Juan de la Cuesta, where was made in 1604 the first edition of the first part of 'Don Quixote de la Mancha,' written by Cervantes, the inspired. It was published May, 1605." Valera, a good sculptor, has made a bust

of Cervantes above a high relief of the Knight and his servant.

Continuing on a Cervantes pilgrimage, one comes soon to the Calle Lope de Vega, named for the poet who was Cervantes' most serious rival in contemporary Spanish letters. At Number 18 is the Convent de las Trinitas, where rests his body, according to his will, in a chapel close-guarded by the nuns. Permission to enter is not easily obtained. But each year on his death-day the public may attend the memorial services in his memory.

The adjoining street is the Calle Cervantes. At Number 2, Cervantes lived with his wife, with a daughter by a former mistress, a sister and a niece. And here he died April 23, 1616, at almost the same hour when Shakespeare passed away. He was born in the old Castilian town of Alcala de Henares, not far from Madrid, in 1547. Eight cities claim him, but records made when he was a prisoner of war in Algiers name this as his true birth-place. He was a soldier of fortune before he became an author. The second part of his matchless chronicle of fictitious adventure was not finished until he was nearly seventy years old.

The house of Lope de Vega is also in the Calle Cervantes, at the end nearest the Prado. The two greatest literary men of their time were therefore neighbours.

The handsome building which houses the National Library, the modern Art Gallery and the Archæological Museum is in the Paseo de Recoletos. The corner-stone was laid by Isabel II in 1866. On Sundays the Art Gallery is open from 10 to 1, and there is no admission. Week days, 9 to 4. Admission 1p.

This collection is chiefly a picture-chronicle of historical and legendary events by Spanish artists. A canvas in the first room recalls the "Year of Starvation," when the Spanish prisoners refused food at the hands of Napoleon's soldiers, and another records the "Homage of Philippine Chiefs to Maria Christina."

The adjoining room contains subjects varying from "A Lion" by Bonheur and a Portrait of Princess Eulalia by the late King Carlos of Portugal, to the "Landing of Columbus in America," and a forceful representation of Cardinal Cisneros with his nobles.

"A Slave for Sale," reminds one that slaves are still bartered in the market-places of remote Moorish towns. The neighbouring canvas, "St. Sebastian's Body Found in Rome," is another of the lugubrious subjects much affected by Spanish painters. Ferrant, the author of it, is the present director of the Modern Gallery. A typical scene by Fortuny shows us the small, prim figure of Isabel II seated beside her mother at a review of

troops, quite unconscious of fateful years to come.

Three pictures of varied artistic merit have to do with Isabella the Catholic and her daughter, Jane. In one by Rosales, the latter attends her dying mother, who is about to make her last testament. The adjacent painting depicts the episode which brought about Jane's madness. Her brain turns at sight of her dead husband, Philip, surnamed the Handsome, who she contends is merely sleeping. An impressive canvas by Pradilla handles with strength and understanding the sorry picture of the bereaved and demented wife who has halted the casket of her prince in the snows outside the convent, where his body was to lie until it was removed to the cathedral in Granada to repose beside hers. Pradilla's "Surrender of Granada," in the House of Senators, is perhaps the best historical work of the modern Spanish school.

Casado del Alisal tells us the story of the "Bell of Huesca," with gigantic and bloody strokes. Lived once an Aragon king whose counsellors urged him to do some bold and striking thing which should make his name renowned. He, mistrusting them, cut off their heads; then called other courtiers to witness that of one man's head he had made the clapper for a bell which should ring his deed across the world.

In limpid contrast to this mediæval stage-play is Alma Tadema's "Pompeian Scene," of a piping girl and her lover, who flute and gaze under the eye of a drowsy patriarch.

Through the next door we see Cervantes writing the dedication of "Persiles" to the Count of Lemos, and witness the dramatic moment in which the Jewish treasurer of Ferdinand and Isabella repels the cross they offer him, seated on their throne in the Alhambra. The latter is by Sala, and gives an adequate picture of the pomp of this magnificent court, in which the Queen was no less powerful than the King.

"The Barbarians' Invasion of Rome," by Checa, has stupendous action. Opposite it is the entrance to a long gallery of surprisingly beautiful work.

Moreno Carbonero, professor in the Academy of Fine Arts, has evolved a wonderful bit of colour in painting the golden plush robes of the Prince-Philosopher, Carlos of Viana, whom he has seated in a carved chair with a parchment volume on his knees. Across the room is "The Death of St. Francis," by the same artist.

Muñoz Degrain puts on canvas another tragedy, — a Spanish Romeo and Juliet tale — "The Lovers of Teruel." Next to it are four other pictures by Degrain, who is very well thought of in Spain.

Luna's "Trafalgar" is a splendid combat. "The Dead Crowned," by Cubelis, does not equal in conception the dramatic elements of Inez de Castro's story.

Haes, a Dutch landscapist, is given an entire room for the display of charming corners of Holland, France and Spain. Madrazo did his portrait and Querol the bust in bronze.

"The Slave" in the next salon is the property of King Alfonso — a beautiful study in clear reds on a white background. "Moon on Green Waters," by Gomez Gil, is an equally grateful handling of sea-tones.

In the last room are many paintings of Spanish life by notable men of to-day. "Under the Balcony," "Tagus near Toledo," "Civil Guards Driving Back Barcelona Revolutionists" give contrasted phases. "The Wounded Toreador," by Carlos Vasquez, won the Gold Medal of the Madrid Exposition in 1910. The sweetheart of a bull-fighter descends the steps leading from the ring where he has been hurt. The gesture of her hand,— her eyes, prove how real the incident is to her, though the crowd may regard it with but careless emotion. "A Gypsy," by Julio de Torres, helped to bring this young Cordovan his present high reputation as a portrayer of artful Spanish women. Zuloaga has only one picture in this Gallery—"A Segovian Type." But his

brown, quaintly dressed farmer is true to the painter's distinctive ideals, and hints to us of Velasquez, as do many of his more recent portraits.

"The Wounded Fisherman" is, according to Sorolla's own judgment of it, frankly uninteresting; "bad," is his adjective. It was made at the beginning of his success, in 1894. The studio in the clever Valencian's new house in Madrid shows many better paintings than this one, which represents him in the most important modern gallery of the kingdom. Sorolla's huge vogue abroad is received with scepticism by his compatriots. They allude to contributory causes, and turn from this adept, who has done something new, to admire the works of confrères who, though less original, are more seriously regarded in their own country than he.

The entrance to the Archæological Museum is on the Calle Serrano, which runs parallel to the Paseo de Recoletos. Aside from well-arranged Oriental Rooms, it is chiefly interesting for the antique collection loaned by the Counts de Valencia de Don Juan. One gets a very good impression of old Spanish arts and crafts in surveying these apartments. Here are wood-carvings from abandoned convents, 16th-century miniatures painted on parchment, and panels of Cordova leather. A drawing by Murillo hangs near a desk of tor-

toise-shell inlaid with bronze. Iron door-knockers demonstrate the skill of 15th-century metal workers. Daroca, in the Province of Aragon, a famous centre for enamel craftsmen, produced in the 16th century a dozen pictures enamelled on bronze which are shown in a case with triptychs from Limoges and Italian cities.

Spanish potteries and glass factories are represented by a wonderful clock, table and mirror of Retiro porcelain, and by vases from Catalonia, La Granja and Moncloa. The director of the Museum will give special permission to see an album of rare sketches and engravings by Goya, Fortuny, Carducci and Tiepolo.

The Academy of Arts of San Fernando is a wide, dingy building in the Alcala, which, though despoiled of some of its paintings to enrich the Museo del Prado, still conserves works by Murillo, Rubens, Ribera, Zurbaran and Cano. Near it are the Casino de Madrid, the seat of the Council of Ministers, the Custom House, several hotels of good renown, and many shops which sell books, wearing apparel and Spanish trinkets.

The Carrera de San Jeronimo is Madrid's New Bond Street. It rises in the Puerta del Sol and flows into the Prado. Just off it there is a small, shabby square which is saved from oblivion by the possession of a statue of Don Michael de Cervantes Saavedra, who lived and died but a few

blocks south. His profile is turned to the dignified portico of the Chamber of Deputies. Up the street a door or two is Señor da Costa's photograph shop, which has fallen heir to that veritable museum of Spanish views mentioned by Dr. Hale as Laurent's, some thirty years back.

The Puerta del Sol is the source from which issue nearly all of Madrid's commercial well-springs. The Puerta, or Gate, was removed long ago. But the sun still burns upon the awkward, unworthy *plaza* out of which crawl streets of varying length and importance.

The atmosphere of the Sun-Gate suggests limitless potentialities. In cafés men are plotting political *coups* over glasses of aniseed; women with red flowers in their hair wait here in the night; feverish groups gather to see lottery results chalked on newspaper blackboards, and turn away with worthless slips in their hands. On the corner by the book-shop, a Prime Minister was shot; in the near-by Government building he died.

The French and the Spanish fought a battle here. In the Calle Mayor, which turns out of the plaza to the west, there is the Town Hall, with the tower in which Francis I, King of the French, was confined by Charles V, after the battle of Pavia. Opposite is the sinister house from which the bomb was thrown into the marriage procession of Don Alfonso XIII and Doña Victoria. A mon-

ument has been raised to commemorate the forty who died, and the amazing escape of the sovereigns. The Plaza Mayor was once the scene of bull-fights and the *auto-da-fé*.

The cathedral, in the Calle de Toledo, is famed for its Palm Sunday services, which initiate a week of piety and merry-making. The palms, after being blessed by the priests, are fastened upon windows and balconies as protection from lightning. Altars are veiled on Holy Thursday, street traffic is silenced and flags droop in mourning. Shop curtains are drawn and offices closed. The *mantilla* appears, the bright silk shawls of Old Madrid, owned, loaned or rented, the coquettish knot of carnations, the brocaded skirt and the trim slippers of the *fiesta*. On Good Friday morning, town and country folk perform a pilgrimage to the Chapel in the Rua de la Infanta, where St. Veronica's veil is exposed to the eyes of the faithful. Every one wears his bravest; booths of foodstuffs and drinkables cater to the inner man. Until noon, crowds surge in and out of the unpretentious chapel and through the byways; gypsies urge their trade upon ladies who pass in carriages, and peasants wax joyous, for have they not all, on this Day of Our Lord, witnessed the imprint of His brow on the blessed handkerchief? When the chapel closes and the noon meal and *siesta* are ended, every one takes

part as spectator or processionist in the *desfile* of the Burial, reviewed by the King.

The *Madrileños* reserve Easter Sunday for the bull-fight — and the banquets which break the long fast. It is on Saturday that gleaming chancels, choirs and chimes celebrate the Resurrection.

In the neighbourhood of the cathedral is the general market, on the Plaza de Abastos or “Selling-place.” Five minutes’ walk leads to the Rag Fair, a jumble of old shoes, discarded garments, rusty hardware and stolen brass.

The most beautifully decorated church in Madrid, if we except San Antonio de la Florida, which has frescoes by Goya, is the domed ministerial temple of San Francisco, near the Segovia Bridge. Each chapel contains paintings by modern or comparatively modern artists, among them Goya, Casado, Carbonero, Plasencia and Ferrant. There are some elaborate and very old carvings in the sacristy and chapter-room. We are told that St. Francis built a hut in the *patio* when he came to Madrid from Jerusalem.

The height of the Segovia Bridge above the chasm of a paved street has tempted so many unfortunates to hurl themselves over the railing that a new row of palings has been added. Beyond it, down a short hill, is the palace of Prince Ferdinand of Bavaria, who married one of the deceased sisters of the King. Across the street there has

been building for thirty years the white marble crypt of the Almudena. The first wife of Alfonso XII had no children and was buried in the Escorial among other queens who had not been mothers. Wishing to honour a wife who was much beloved, the King began this church as a tomb for her. A chapel now awaits her body. Other niches of marble and fine mosaic are reserved for noble families, among them those of the Counts of Almudena, the Marquis de Cubas, and the Marquis de Urquijo.

The Calle Arenal joins the Puerta del Sol to the Plaza de Oriente. Each morning, about half past ten, a little group of stragglers halts on this square to see the Life Guards come off duty at the Palace, and disperse to their barracks. In their tri-cornered hats and scarlet-faced coats they march with dignified stride,—true *hidalgos*, for those who watch in the corridors and at the doors of the King must indeed be “sons of somebody.” Following them there comes, perhaps, a barouche full of royal babies and their English nurses. A small hand is raised stiffly to a sailor cap. . . . the people acknowledge with smiles the salute of a future King. At sight of a black limousine, which emerges from the Palace court, they press to the curb, the better to see the pair within,—a young woman fair and lovely, a slender, pleasant-

eyed man beside her,— the parents of the babies. Her Majesty is honoured by her subjects for her motherliness, and her many charities. She inaugurated the National War Fund for the relief of soldiers' families during the trouble in Melilla, and she is the patron of numerous institutions helpful to the poor and sick. Her husband is popularly known as "Alfonsito" among the masses, who believe in him, and say between themselves that he would remove the *consumos*, or food taxes, if the Church and his counsellors would let him. He has already promulgated radical decrees respecting the Religious Orders, and not long ago directed that non-Catholics should not be molested if they refused to uncover at the passing of the Host, an ultimatum which was considered most reactionary.

The outer guard of the Palace is changed every day promptly at eleven in the great enclosure on the south side. The best view is obtained outside the grille. The relief detachments of infantry, cavalry and artillery enter the square preceded by the officer-of-the-day and a band which plays the singularly haunting strains of the Royal March. The old guard and the new array themselves on either side, while their colonels salute and remain upon their horses during a stately pause, when the band serenades the Palace windows. Then

the retiring corps passes without the gates, the sentinels are relieved in their boxes, and the ceremony is ended.

For those who witness the guard mount the Royal Armoury is just at hand. The entrance is on the square of the Palace. After the Prado Gallery, this is the most important collection in Madrid, and of its kind it is the most important in the world.

The most forcible personalities in Spanish history are represented here in the armour which carried them unharmed through memorable combats. Banners and implements of war cover the walls. Aisles and rows of glass cases are filled with arms and the effigies of men who bore them. This is not only a Museum of Armour, it is a memorial of personal prowess and achievement, a stage peopled by kings of North Spain, by St. Ferdinand, who freed Cordova and Seville from the Moor, by Isabella in the panoply of Granada, by Cortes, and Columbus, by Charles V as he looked at Muhlberg, and by Philip II, his gloomy son, in warrior dress, inlaid, enamelled, filigreed, set with semi-precious stones. There are helmets, boots, shields, *mazas*, cross-bows, fighting gloves with pointed knuckles, saddles, pistols, guns and lances from the *Edad Media*; there is a gala sword used by Ferdinand and Isabella, a Medusa shield hammered in high relief by Negroli of Milan for

Charles V, another shield by Cellini, and a collection of primitive pistols and rifles of priceless workmanship and distinguished ownership, which of itself merits hours of inspection. The tent of Francis I—the one in which he was taken at Pavia, is set up near the travelling-bed of his captor. The most wonderful of sculptured armours belonged to Sebastian of Portugal—the headstrong king who brought about his own destruction in Morocco. In case 12 is the Duke of Wellington's pearl-handled sword. The bullet-moulds are curious exhibits, likewise the 16th-century armours for hunting-dogs and the casques and bucklers of infant princes.

Philip II ordained in 1565 the formation of this museum. Its basis was a collection of objects brought from Valladolid, the former capital, and from Simancas. Subsequent monarchs sustained it. It suffered during the War of Independence and the serious fire of 1884.

The hours and price of admission are frequently changed. The doors are usually open from 10 to 12:30, except on Thursday, when admission is from 2 to 4 p. m. The entrance fee varies from 1 to 2p., according to the humour of the Minister-in-charge.

The Palace rooms are not accessible to sight-seeing visitors except they present to the Director General a letter from their ambassador, or from

some one close to the court. When the Royal Family is in residence the privilege is, even under these circumstances, rather difficult to obtain. The state entrance faces the Plaza de Oriente. The apartments of the Director are to the left of the vestibule. On the lower floor off of the central court are the Royal Chapel and the Library. The latter numbers 180,000 volumes. The shelves of the pleasant, red-carpeted rooms hold many books in English, and on the typewriter table is a machine of American make. The librarians say that the King asks most frequently for volumes of history and warlike adventure. The young monarch, who has had, himself, no mean adventures, gathers, as rueful opportunity offers, souvenir bullets, pieces of splintered wood and bomb fragments, gaily adding them to a collection which one of a more morbid bent would regard with misgiving.

If one is very fortunate he may find the upper galleries hung with the royal tapestries, many of them of incalculable value. They are displayed only on the occasion of royal visits and state ceremonies. Out of the south gallery opens the great dim chamber in which the Kings of Spain perform each Maunday Thursday the Ceremony of the Feet-washing in the presence of the Court. The thirteen men who are summoned from almshouse

and hospice to the Palace for this old rite, receive food and money at its close.

The Audience Hall is superb in black, gold and crimson. The ceiling is the last work of Tiepolo, who painted it when seventy-six years of age. The liveried guard naïvely relates that two Parisian clocks, made especially for the Palace, are worth 6,000,000 francs apiece. It is possible that the bronzes, the portraits, the rock crystal chandeliers, the mirrors, the draperies and the handwoven carpets may be equal in value to one of the clocks, though as to this the attendant is uninformed.

All the furnishings are from the time of Charles III, except a new chair placed by Alfonso XIII for Queen Victoria. Two bronze lions stand on either side of the throne; a splendid canopy hangs high over the regal armchairs. Some think this the most luxurious Throne Room in Europe, worthy the pomp of the Spanish court. On the occasion of a particular visit, the private apartment next beyond was being arranged for an evening cinematograph show!

There are Goya portraits of Charles IV and his wife in a blue and gilt ante-chamber. The Gasparini Room is the most beautiful of all the Palace. Walls and furniture are covered with pearl-white satin heavily embroidered in pastel tones.

The ceiling is of porcelain, ornate with fruit and flowers. Gasparini intended to make the walls of porcelain also, but he died while working on the room, and his wife designed it as it stands. No richer decoration could be imagined. There is a small room further on which has walls of Retiro porcelain. The famous Retiro factory was burned over a hundred years ago, some say by order of Napoleon, who was jealous of its competition with Sèvres. Charles III united with his nobles in the salon named for him to organise the Order of the Necklace of Charles III, which is the Spanish decoration next in importance to that of the Golden Fleece.

The State Banquet Hall displays several Gobelin tapestries which are numbered among the 3000 of Flemish, Spanish and French origin possessed by the Crown. An idea of the size of this great feasting hall may be gained from the statement that the dining-table is 120 feet long. The ceiling by Saragossa portrays the Return of Columbus from America.

The Royal Stables are open to public view from 1 to 4 P. M., upon application to the Royal Intendant, whose office is upstairs to the left of the entrance.

The Harness Rooms show an interesting array of saddles made for the King by various municipalities, and saddles of foreign armies used when

he visits other lands. A red harness with gilt mounting bears a significant patch of darker leather; it is the one which drew the bridal coach at the last royal wedding. Of the eight horses, only one was unhurt, and his name, paradoxically enough, was "Auto." Altogether there are 150 cases of paraphernalia, regimental emblems, spurs, trophies, and banners.

The stables contain two hundred horses of English, Andalusian and Argentine breed. There are some with cream-coloured coats from the royal breeding-farms near Aranjuez. Many stalls are occupied by tall Spanish mules, and by the donkeys and Shetlands of unimaginable smallness which belong to the Palace children. One infinitesimal donkey was a gift from Mulai Hafid, late Sultan of Morocco. Its nameplate signifies that it is called Fuerte, the Strong One.

The carriages have not the chronological nor the artistic value of those in the Lisbon Museo, but there are several of great historical interest. A 16th-century carved ebony funeral coach is the one in which Mad Jane drove about the city with the lifeless Philip beside her. One may also see the carriage of the Atocha Virgin, who rides out in it on Corpus Christi Day. The carriage of Isabel the Exiled bears a crown on the rear curtain in pearls and emeralds. The "bomb carriage" has, like the harness, been visibly repaired.

The Senate building, on the Plaza de los Ministerios, may be seen when the Cortes is not in session. The members usually sit in the afternoon. The Senate Chamber contains a blue bench for Government representatives and a red one for the Opposition. There are boxes for journalists and a gallery for visitors.

Pradilla's "Rendering of Granada" in an outer salon shows us the mounted figures of the Christian victors receiving the keys from Boabdil — a stirring, well-painted scene.

Degrain's "Conversion of Recared," the Visigothic king, recalls one of the most heroic moments in the chronicles of the Church.

In an alcove of the Senate library there is a copy of the map of Columbus' voyages which may be seen in the original at the Naval Museum next door. A card is freely obtained from the Minister of Marine.

The museum is at the end of the Ministry court, and is open week-days, 10-2.

On the wall of an upper room hangs the map made by Juan de la Cosa, the Basque pilot of Columbus, upon their return from the third voyage. America is indicated by a vague smearing of green water-colour. Over the stairway pends the stern ship-lamp of the *Santa Maria* and the standard of the Great Voyager. Cortes died un-

honoured at Seville, but a fragment of his flag is mounted here with diamond-headed nails.

Not many tourists come to this museum though there is much to interest even the indifferent visitor. An exhibit of models of old corvettes fills several rooms. One collection of marine paintings demonstrates the progress of naval architecture from the early Egyptians, Persians and Scandinavians, with sectional drawings on the borders.

The various kinds of tackle used in Spanish fisheries are shown on the main floor.

The Parque del Oeste, outside the capital, used to be waste land and was created by the Queen-Mother to give employment to the poor. Adjacent to it is Moncloa, the forest promenade of Society. A tram from the Puerta del Sol conveys one to the latter. There is also a small steam tram to El Pardo, the royal domain (28 kilom.). The Intendant at the Palace will grant permission to enter it.

At Aranjuez, 92 kilom. south of Madrid, there is another great estate belonging to the Crown. The royal chateau stands at the end of the avenue leading from the railway station. Permits are obtained from the Administrator in the Casa del Infante on the square before the palace. The silent gardens and the shaded walks by the Tagus are enchanting in the months of April and May. Charles

IV built here what he liked to call a farmer's cottage, and completed his hypocrisy by hanging on its walls some pictures by Velasquez.

The rate for an automobile within Madrid limits is 60p. a day. For excursions to Alcala de Henares, Aranjuez, Avila, Escorial, El Pardo, Monastery of Paular, Guadalajara, Segovia, La Granja and Toledo, 1.50-2p. per kilom.

Toledo is 77 kilom. south-west of Madrid. It is usually made as an excursion from that point. Leave Atocha Station 8.05 A. M., arrive 10.00. Leave Toledo 5.45 P. M., arrive Madrid 7.50. Return fare, 12p. 1st class; 9.45p. 2nd class. Excellent carriages. Toledo may be included in going from Andalusia north, or vice versa. This necessitates changing at Algodor, or Castillejo.

El Escorial is 51 kilom. north-west of Madrid. Leave North Station 10.00 A. M., arrive 11.18. Leave Escorial 5.02 P. M., arrive Madrid 6.27. Other trains leave Madrid earlier and Escorial later. Return fare, 8.40p. 1st class; 6.30p. 2nd class.

The Escorial is on the line Madrid-Avila-Burgos-Irun. The Sud Express stops there coming from or going to Paris.

Segovia is on the route through the Guardarammas, 101 kilom. north of Madrid. The slower Paris expresses pass through Segovia. It is on the road Madrid-Medina-Valladolid-Leon-Corunna (Vigo); and Madrid-Medina-Salamanca. It can be visited in a day from Madrid; or the journey halted there en route south or north; or Segovia may be combined with a trip to the Escorial and Avila. To make the excursion in one day from Madrid it is usual to take Paris express leaving the North Station 9.15 A. M., and arriving at noon. The single fare, 1st class, is 12.65p., with a supplement of 1.30p. On this train is one 2nd class carriage for which no supplement is charged. Single fare, 9.50p. There is a slower train leaving Madrid 7.54 A. M., arriving 10.55. A return ticket on the latter (no

return tickets sold for Paris express) necessitates taking the train which leaves Segovia 5.30 p. m., and arrives in Madrid 8.45. Seats in the Paris express leaving Segovia 8.34 p. m., arriving Madrid 10.58, are limited and may be sold out at the frontier. In that case one is obliged to remain over night in Segovia. The Hotel Comercio is fairly comfortable, but expensive, considering the accommodation. Six hours is sufficient to get a cursory impression of the city if the drive to La Granja is omitted.

CHAPTER V

TOLEDO — ESCORIAL — AVILA — SEGOVIA

Toledo.

A SUN-BURNED plain leads to the former capital which, robbed now of power and the favour of kings, still holds defiantly to her crumbling throne. Jew and Roman, Goth, Moor and Christian are concerned in Toledo's history. There are houses in her mysterious streets which have stood there for fourteen centuries. The cathedral was consecrated by a Gothic convert twelve hundred years after Jewish occupation in 600 B. C. Toledoth, "Mother of the People," was bowed with antiquity in the days of Recared and Wamba.

The Tagus is spanned by the *Alcantara*, the bridge, which gives access through its Saracen towers to the dust-coloured pile that mounts from the sullen river to the citadel. A steep road swings up to the *Puerta del Sol* which some climb for a view of the prairie, the old Moorish settlement, and the gates and spires of the river-bound city. A garden separates this gate whose perfect beauty Christian kings have blemished, from a

little Arab church built on Visigoth foundations. The Cid was in the train of Alfonso VI when he entered Toledo. Passing this mosque his horse lay down obstinately and he knew a miracle was here. Search revealed a lamp burning before a crucifix which Gothic Christians had sealed within a closed niche. Therefore the King and his suite went no further than this unpretentious *mezquita* for the celebration of the first mass in the re-conquered city. And they named it the Christ-Light Chapel — *el Cristo de la Luz*.

The carriage waits at the *Puerta* while we cross the custodian's garden to peer within the fallen walls and set a cautious foot upon the very threshold stone where the Cid was unmounted by his prescient steed. There are many such things to be seen and believed. Toledo offers a generous programme, enough to fill several leisurely days. But if one has only a hurried day or two, time and energy will be economised by driving from the station by the outer walls, past the *Puerta del Sol*, the Gates of Visagra and Cambron to the Bridge of St. Martin, to St. John of the Kings, the Synagogues, the House of Greco, to San Tomé, through the Plaza on which the Cathedral faces, and up the long hill to the Alcazar. There the carriage¹ may be dismissed.

St. Martin's is a finer structure than the Alcan-

¹ 2p. an hour for two persons.

tara. It springs high above the dun stream to the plains. Perhaps Alfonso and the Cid Campeador came this way with their righteous host. At any rate, the bridge was there long before Spain's Rome was taken from the Moors.

The square tower close to the water was the bath-house of a Visigoth princess whose lover, King Roderick, last of his dynasty, dwelt in a palace on the site of the present abattoir. A private passage led him often to the rendezvous on the river-bank. There he was discovered by the father of Florinda Cava and forced to do battle on these war-blasted *vegas*.

Artists climb a hill to the left to paint the city from this angle, because here the cathedral dominates; in their eyes the ungracious modern-looking alcazar somewhat mars the view on the station side.

The outer walls of St. John — it was surnamed "of the Kings" because Isabella erected it for Ferdinand — are hung with martyr chains found in Moorish dungeons at Granada where Christians had been confined. It is a church with a single nave; it has no especial charm. But with the opening of an outer door the cloisters are disclosed. Each arch of the cool walk which goes around a garden space is inlet with stone lace-work and divided by light, carved pillars. Above is another corridor with a delicate balustrade.

The heads of many decorative Saints were cut off by the French, but, in the main, this retreat — one of the loveliest in Spain — stands as Isabella's architect designed it.

The Provincial Museum is installed within this building.

The Synagogue known now as Saint Mary the White was used by the Jews until 1405. Its pine-cone capitals and the hints of intricate moulding beneath Christian walls of plaster prepare us for the exquisite Hebraic decoration of the more important El Transito. Three rows of Jewish verses make a border between the Mudejar walls and the inlaid ceiling. Peter the Cruel's banker gave the money for this synagogue. His house was in the street a little behind it.

A high, sagging, nail-studded door is the one through which he used to pass with the king's money-bags. Within is the *patio* where he sat of an evening, the kitchen where his 14th-century repasts were prepared, the upper rooms where he made up his accounts and fumbled the bulging pouches which were stored in the vaults below. About two hundred years later the Cretan painter, Theotocopuli, came from Rome to the seat of the Spanish Kings. It was in this old house of Samuel Levi that he set up his studio and here he painted nearly all the pictures which brought to The Greek, El Greco, the renown which was never

so great as to-day. He was the originator of a way of working which was new to Spain. No one seems to know why he used to such excess the greens and pinks which are typical of him. But every one grants his mystical vigour, and his ability to paint portraits that are beyond praise. The Marquis de la Vega Inclan has bought this home of El Greco and arranged it as a memorial to the "young Cretan, a pupil of Titian," who lived here about forty years, and is now buried in the Convent of Santo Domingo el Viejo. Many of his paintings have found a place in the public and private collections of England, Canada and the United States. The work which nearly every one thinks represents him at his best is the "Burial of Count Orgaz" in the church of San Tomé, which is reached conveniently through the gardens of the Greco house.

Count Orgaz was the restorer of San Tomé. He was a man so good that Saints came down from the sky to lay him in his tomb. He died in 1323. Not long after Theotocopuli came to live in the little house near-by, he conceived "The Burial." It was painted in 1584.

The Count, in armour, is raised by St. Augustine and St. Stephen toward St. Peter who awaits him. Their faces and those of the company about them demonstrate the supreme art of El Greco as a portraitist. His own face appears upturned to

the right; his little son is painted to the left of the bending Saint.

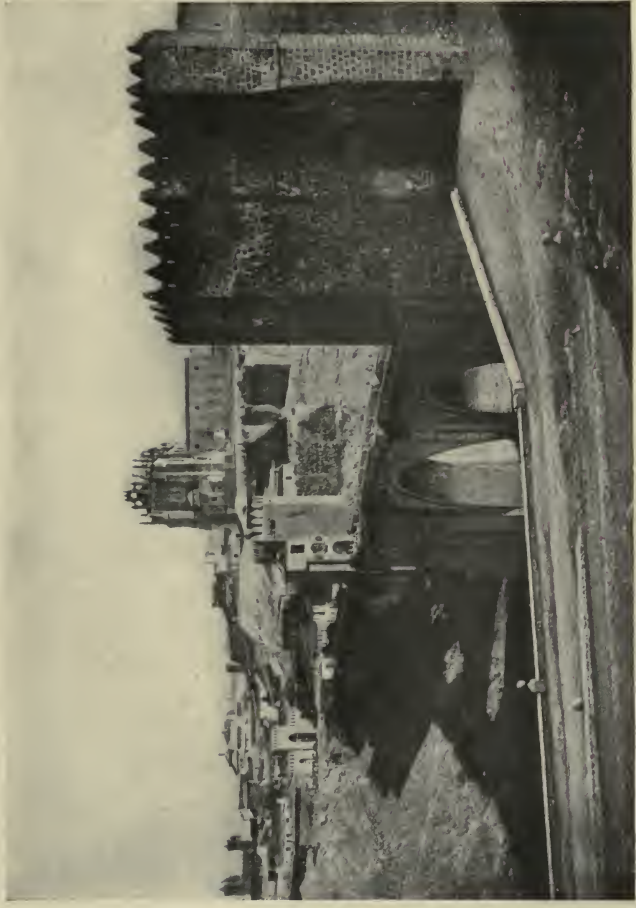
Within the ruined façade of Peter the Cruel's palace, a few nuns live. Close by is the Town Hall Square and the palace of the Cardinal of Toledo, Primate of Spain. Behind the cathedral are donkey stables in the old House of the Inquisition.

There was a Roman castle on Alcazar Hill before the Moors and the Christians made it theirs. Once Charles V stabled 5000 horses beneath the stately court where now young infantry cadets lounge about the monument of Carlos Africanus in their proper grey suits and red and blue caps. There are views from the esplanade which repay the arduous climb rather better than the chateau-fortress itself — views composed of bell-towers, Spanish roofs, beautiful old ruined walls, far-off snow mountains, tumble-down castles embroidered with legend of Saint and Moslem princess — these set off by plains and hills stripped of green, utterly dulled with age.

If the young sergeant be agreeable you may descend by the terrace path to the Hospital of the Holy Cross, whose elaborate portal is also due to Isabella the Ardent. Far more engaging than the tottering hospice is the corner *posada*, "The Inn of the Blood," whose court Cervantes looked out upon when he was writing of "*Illustre Fregona*," the inn's fair kitchen-maid. The sloping

gallery rests upon stone uprights which serve as hitching-posts for drooped asses, unburdened of their saddle-bags. The *patio* is crowded with caravans and carts. It is noon. You know it by the resting rows of grey little beasts and the odour of *puchero* which comes from a bowl on a wooden table. About the yellow bowl and a red decanter muleteers and market-men form a ring. Their thin furrowed faces are there behind a veil of fragrant steam. They laugh and one raises a glass to the prying visitor, who moves away thinking that Fregona must often have waited upon such as these.

The horse-shoe Arch of Cervantes opens upon the triangle of the Zocodover, the market-place where Toledo seems to step for a moment out of the Past into the brief Present. High houses surround it. On one corner is a café thronged with gallant grey uniforms, on another a shop which sells Damascene ware, and blades tempered in the Government Factory by the excellent water peculiar to this district, swords so sharp and supple as to have brought Toledo its chief renown outside of Spain. A tiny shop near by sells only candles, and wax ornaments for the Virgin. In the Calle Comercio, at No. 54, workmen sit by the window making the Toledo steelware. One of them has under way a picture-frame which he must spend six months to finish. The design is scratched upon the steel



THE BRIDGE OF ST. MARTIN, TOLEDO

TOLEDO
SPANAIN

plate (which is made in Germany!). A soft silver or gold wire is then worked into the scored surface. Hammers imbed it deeply. Deft fingers turn arch and scroll and chisel a beaded border with quick neat taps. The steel shows dark between the pattern of inlaid wire. If articles are embossed with gold, they are fired so that the steel will make a contrasting foundation of dead black. It is easy to understand why the Toledo Damascene is expensive after one has seen the process of manufacture. The Japanese are even more expert than the Spanish in making the same ware.

As the treasury, the sacristies, the chapter-room and special chapels are not shown until three o'clock, the afternoon is best reserved in its entirety for Toledo's major attraction, the Cathedral.

There are some who believe the Apostle James ordained its beginning during a visit to Spain. Some sort of church existed on the same spot when the Virgin, pleased with a treatise written by Bishop Ildefonso concerning her perpetual virginity, came to Toledo and gave him a chasuble to commemorate the day. Recared, converted son of Leovigild, consecrated the church of Santa Maria in 587 A. D. In 1087 it was blessed as the seat of an archbishop. About two centuries later King Ferdinand the Holy laid the corner-stone of the present vast edifice. It was finished in 1492,

but generation after generation has added to its adornment. No church in Spain has so pure a Gothic, or "pointed," nave. It is a misfortune that so glorious a building rests in a bowl formed by sharply descending streets, rather than upon a height. Its magnificence is stunted by the dwellings which crowd to its portals.

The Gate of Pardon is the principal one of three entrances. St. Christobal stalks with his pine-tree staff inside near the great Door of the Clock. At the end of a high shadowy aisle is the chapel in which every afternoon a peculiar ritual is celebrated. The Christians who remained in Toledo under Arab domination were called Muz-Arabs ("Among the Arabs"). Their victors tolerantly permitted them to maintain their own religion and liturgy; the latter consisted of the Lord's Prayer, the Last Words, and a few prayers from St. James. Different Collects are said on each day of the year. Some of them are incorporated in the Church of England Book of Common Prayer. Christians who came after the Moors wished to modify the rite but its adherents resisted, and in the time of Cardinal Cisneros a special cult was ordained with a priesthood whose representatives daily mumble the old liturgy in the chapel beneath the tower — the only one which has endured the discouragement of ages.

The fabled stone upon which the Virgin stood at

the presentation of the chasuble is now enclosed behind a grating where zealots may only touch but not kiss it. It is worn in grooves from contact with generations of faithful fingers. A circle on the pavement designates the original site of the stone.

The choir is a church within a church placed, as in all Spanish cathedrals, in the centre, rather than at the end of the nave. The stalls are most wondrously carved, as the grille before the high altar is wondrously hammered, and the pulpits gilded.

When the assembled visitors have each their green and orange tickets for which the sacristan at the entrance has received two pesetas and a half, the canons come, six of them in green-tufted mitres with each a separate key, unless three shall have delegated their office to another; with justified flourish the door of the Treasury is swung upon its weighty hinges. It is a little room brilliant with jewels, and golden altar vessels, and processional *custodiae*, and pearl-sewn robes of Corpus Christi figures. The company passes, under the leadership of successive vergers, to the Sacristy to see Greco's Christ picture which the cathedral authorities would have one believe is superior to his work in San Tomé; to the sacristy chapel to see a Van Dyck Madonna; to the room which adjoins it to marvel at cardinals' robes of silver

tapestry, and banners carried in battle and pageant. The Relic Chamber discloses the cross planted by Cardinal Mendoza in the Alhambra, and morbid caskets containing saintly bones and ashes. In the Vestibule there are pictures by Titian, Velasquez, The Greek and Bassano. On the way to the Chapter-room where cardinals confer beneath a painted row of their predecessors, they tour the chapels of the Virgin of Sagrario and St. Iago, and St. Ildefonso, where there is a bas-relief of the Investment. When the formal rites of sight-seeing have been observed, one is at liberty to shake off black-robed cicerones and wander down aisle and transept to think on the misty splendour of it all, and to make mental sketches of figures kneeling in silent abandon before barred altars, or of scarlet acolytes giggling on an old stone seat, or of the generous form of a priest smoking, in the sacristy door, a pre-vesper cigarette.

El Escorial.

When Philip the Bigot accepted the charge of his father to build a sepulchre-monastery he looked about for the most sombre site in sombre Castile, and found it on the heights of El Escorial, among tormented mounds of mine refuse and rocky fields where only the goat can flourish. The Guadarammas in their snow capes, and olive

orchards, and dazzling-white summer retreats do what they can to console en route for the monumental melancholy to come. But the stern-faced tyrant which glowers upon its parched and hideous domain through myriad rows of squinting windows brooks no forgetfulness once he is sighted there upon his grey and wind-swept hill. The Escorial is Philip, and Philip, the Escorial . . . grim despots both, and fascinating withal.

A soiled white motor-bus whirls one to the village where there are hotels and hot weather homes of Madrid business men. By dint of hurrying,—and a traveller's haste seems never more incongruous than before these awed portals—tickets may be taken² in the draughty entrance corridor and the library reached before noon. The reader must be advised, however, that the keepers of the palace-monastery-pantheon have no fixed mind as to hours. The library may be closed tomorrow at two, the sepulchre on view until twelve. But a late edict reverses this schedule. It is best to make instant inquiry upon arriving.

A twisting stone stair leads to the Vatican-like room where a precious treasure of books, missals, manuscripts and parchments are secured behind doors and within central cases. These are some of the most treasured: A hymn-book copied on pages of gold leaf; five volumes of history which

² 1p. for Palaces, 1p. for Pantheon.

belonged to Alfonso the Learned; a Treatise on the Lapidary's Art written in the 1200's; a Book About Chess of the same period (1282); the Vigilian Laws written and illuminated by Vigilian monks, 976 A. D.; Four Evangels written for Emperors of Germany in 1039; Itinerary of Emperor Antoninus, a palimpsest of the 7th century; a General Chronicle of All Kings from the Beginning of the World until the 15th Century, written in Latin; a manuscript of the 16th century made in Mexico; Lyric Poetry in Persian compiled in 962. The illumination and lettering of many tomes is indescribably beautiful. One could wish to linger here in this redolent chamber and leave the other shuddery things-to-see to prowling guides and their patrons. But an inexorable hand rests on the door-knob. Certain passages must be cleared of feminine skirts before monks can enter. Hence the apparently arbitrary exclusion. There are still about a hundred monks in residence. Many of them teach pupils who come to them. Some have their quarters overlooking the Court of Kings, where high on the tower, is inset the mocking golden plate placed there by Philip II to disprove his nobles' early prophecy that the Escorial would effect his ruin. He built it at the behest of his father Charles V and likewise made of it a votive offering to St. Lawrence because at the battle of St. Quintin a church of which he

was patron was necessarily destroyed. It pleased the King to commemorate the Saint's martyrdom upon a gridiron by setting corridors across elongated courts to represent a grill.

It is said that John V of Portugal designed the church at Mafra in imitation of the one at Escorial. If so, then the imitator far surpassed his model. True to his taste for the painfully spectacular, the Inquisitor placed gilded effigies of his parents in the chocolate granite niches above the altar. His own figure, devoutly kneeling, faces theirs. In the high choir are an enormously over-valued lustre, two hundred great music books and a masterly crucifix by Cellini. The sacristy has an altar-piece by Coello and pictures by the inevitable Greco, and by Ribera.

To the right of an echoing stair which opens from the church is the pantheon of royal children, of childless queens, and of husbands who married princesses of the blood. John of Austria is here — the natural son of Charles V who beat the Turks in the battle of Lepanto. A circular, pure white tomb holds the mummies of infants in little sarcophagi, their names chiselled in gold. About them is an array of good and bad princes, in tombs blazoned with arms. A gloomy resting-place for babies.

Down twice thirteen grey steps and then seven we grope in the feeble light to the sunken dome

beneath the altar of the church where grey marble caskets repose in tiers and hold, nearly every one, a kingly form. Charles V was the first to find a place here, since the Escorial was primarily his tomb. Kings lie to the left of the crucifix, their queens to the right. The names descend chronologically and pass around the marble pantheon to the stair. Beneath the grey and gold sarcophagus of Alfonso XII there is an unlettered casket. On neighbour shelves there are others which wait and bear no name.

The palace rooms, wearying as all such unending vistas of rooms must be, are cheered by Goya's mischievous tapestries and Teniers' suggestive ones, many of them from the Madrid factory.

The frescoes in the Hall of Battles are remarkable for their length, for the number of figures they contain and for their exemplification of mediæval fighting methods.

Charles IV,³ who tore away cells to make himself a palace, left untouched the rooms where Philip II used to pore over his holy books and nurse his gouty limb. The invalid cot on which he was carried back to the Escorial to die stands in the dark passage which enters an ante-chamber. It was here that he breathed his last with eyes fixed upon the altar just beyond, and hands grasping with fanatical faith his father's crucifix.

³ "Charles V" was I of Spain, and V of Germany.

The wonderful robes in the Chapter House were made in Escorial work-rooms during the reign of Philip II under the direction of the chief embroiderer, Juan de Loja. The funeral robes still used at the burial of kings, are embroidered in silver on black, with skull and cross bone designs. The picture gallery includes paintings — some very good ones — by Van der Weyden the elder, Tintoretto, Velasquez (“ Brothers of Joseph ”), Titian, Ribera, and two or three by El Greco at his greenest. There is also a curious and not too decent “ Paradise ” — a triptych by a quaint painter named Van Aeken — and this in a chapter-room.

When the clock warns of closing gates and train time, we go out through formal old box-wood gardens to the great park where it is good to breathe, and forget. The “ Cottage of the Prince ” is in consoling contrast, too — a gay little home made for Charles IV before he was king. An indulgent father filled the rooms with ivories, paintings, porcelains, embroideries and bric-à-brac. Opposite the lower gate of the Casita del Principe is an important chocolate factory whose aroma follows us to the station.

For those who are statistically inclined we append these well authenticated figures. The Monastery of St. Lawrence, including the palace covers 1,000,000 square feet; it has 16 courts, 12

cloisters, 3000 windows, 12,670 doors, 4566 rooms, 9 towers, 86 stairways, 40 altars, 13 oratories, 120 statues, 17,000 paintings, 36,000 volumes in the library, and 7422 relics. To traverse all its rooms, its courts and passages would necessitate walking 34 leagues, and a Spanish league equals $3\frac{3}{4}$ miles.

ESCORIAL—AVILA = Two evening trains. Time about $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours. The hotels at Escorial are comfortable. The night may be spent there and the journey to Avila, Segovia (change at Villalba), or Madrid resumed the following day.

Avila.

The most charming prince of Spanish annals held his court in an Avila monastery, and there, a brief month after his marriage, he died. Had he lived to reign — he was only son to the Catholic Kings — the entire succession would have been affected; Spain would in all likelihood never have known the rule of his nephews, Charles V and the Philips. Prince Juan reposes before the altar of San Tomas in a marble tomb of matchless beauty. Often his parents rode across the chill *vegas* to mourn him in this monastery outside the famous walls of Avila.

It was about the time of these sorrowful pilgrimages that there was born in Avila the child who became the sainted Theresa, the patron of modern Spain — a woman “beautiful, gay and full of a

heavenly sort of common-sense." She founded the cloistered sisterhood known as the Carmelites and led a life so beneficent that the room in which she was born is now the shrine of the church called Our Seraphic Mother Saint Theresa of Jesus. The Carmelite convent north of Avila is revered because it was here that she renounced the world on All Souls' Day, 1533, and later planted an apple-tree.

The cathedral of severe Romanesque architecture relieved by an ornamental façade was begun in the 11th century and had then the double character of a temple and a fort. In the tower the people of Avila and their bishop confined the father of Peter the Cruel during his minority. The sumptuous stone and alabaster tomb of a bishop popularly known as The Tostado reveals this worthy seated in a cathedral chair in the act of composing one of his numerous works. His literary fecundity has given rise to a phrase which is current to-day.

The city, a gem of antiquity flashing its facets of romance and history at every turn of crooked stone streets, has boldly stepped outside the fortified walls which Raymond of Burgundy threw about the venerable ruin when he, as son-in-law of Alfonso VI, repopled it. The church of San Vicente was erected to three members of the same holy family who expired so long ago as 303 A. D.

It stands by the gate which takes its name. Outside the *Puerta Mercado* is the market-place. But in the epoch when the walls were builded the city huddled close within their protection. The Burgundian count — companion-in-arms of the nobleman who founded the Portuguese nation — ordained that the masonry be 14 feet thick and 42 feet high, that there be “30 round towers on the north, 12 on the west, 24 on the south and 20 on the east,” and that they be equipped with all the means for warfare known to 11th-century science. Tradition says 800 men worked upon the fortification for a decade. Their handiwork remains the mural wonder of Europe.

Medina del Campo (86 kilom. north-west of *Avila*) is the junction of roads which go to *Salamanca* and *Portugal*; to *Galicia* and *Asturias*; to *Valladolid*, *Burgos*, the *Basque Provinces*, and on to *Paris*. *Avila* is on the quickest *Madrid-Paris* route. *Segovia* is reached by changing cars at *Villalba*.

Segovia.

A panorama of patchy brown prairie unrolls north of the *Guadarammas*. Brooks plunge down furrows bearing snow water to the lofty plains; the pine woods may, as late as June, show tufts of white. Tawny herds of goats, long-haired and big as calves, feed on the sparse pasture while their keeper stands resting on a staff, his chin shrouded in a striped shawl. The air is keen in

the shadows and one wonders at the open corrals which adjoin farmers' cots of roughly mortared stone. But the high unsheltered road above is ablaze with sunlight and the mule trains drag their covered wagons against a background of sky that is blue as hare-bells. The plains are unrelieved by colour, but up top there are rose-tinted mountains carrying snow avalanches on their shoulders. They go around to the east and south of Segovia, which lies serenely in their embrace.

The city, once under the heel of the African, emerged from captivity a Roman still, with cold pure profile unassailed by Moslem desecration.

A whip-boy runs alongside the mules which strain up from the station to the rock of Segovia. His vehement calls bring heads to dark windows, and scampering feet in pursuit of *perritas* which the *viajeros* may cast in the dust. The road clammers over a rise and into a gully before the occupants of the rickety *diligencia* catch a sight of the aqueduct. The Spaniards are accustomed to designate metaphorically any gigantic work as *una obra de romanos*. It is to be supposed that this stupendous water conduit is chiefly responsible for the saying.

The Academy of San Fernando published a treatise in 1757 attributing it to the fleeting era of the Greeks, but Trajan is presumed to have inspired it, though Hercules and even the Devil have

each their clan of supporters. . . . Hercules for self-evident reasons . . . the Devil because he is the legendary author of miraculous bridges the world over. There is not a better preserved water-bridge anywhere than this, and its endurance for 2000 years is the more amazing because the great blocks which form its double tier of 165 arches are piled one upon the other without bolt or cement for nearly half a mile. The aqueduct still brings to the Segovians a running stream from the Frio — the River Cold.

The main square is edged by tall houses with slanting eaves, and galleries which incline precariously from the upper stories. To add to the effect there is a flat, Spanish tower whose thin-clanking bells hang in an orifice exposed on two sides. The cathedral stands in a by-way near enough to contribute the grace of its receding terraces to the whole. Like most Spanish squares, this is named the Plaza de la Constitucion, and like many others, also, its balconies once surveyed scenes of the Inquisition.

The temple is floridly graceful without, and of a pleasing cheer within. The cloisters remain from the original 14th-century church which was destroyed during a siege. The cypresses in the old court stand like sombre shafts amid soft grey columns and dank greenery;—above soars the majestic *torre*.



THE CATHEDRAL AND THE ALCAZAR, SEGOVIA

There is a crude fresco on the corridor walls which records an act of grace performed by the Virgin. A Jewish girl was condemned to death and thrown, after the manner of 16th-century Christians, over a cliff. But she thought to call upon the Virgin who forgave her her past heresy and thrust out a branch to break the fall. There is a chapel to this Virgin of Fuencisla in the cathedral beside the choir. Within the *coro* Ferdinand and Isabella's chairs are preserved.

The alcazar was the seat of Isabella's brother, Henry of Castile. From one of its rooms she passed out to be crowned "Queen Proprietor of these kingdoms." There could not be a more typical Castle in Spain than this moated, draw-bridged, turreted and bulwarked "House of the Cæsars." But sad to say the palace-fort is to-day nearly all made of new tan bricks, for it was greatly damaged by flames sixty years ago. Its restored chambers are now used as vaults in which to store 3,000,000 packages of state documents, dating back to the 14th century.

From the throne-room balcony looms a scene which moved a noted Spanish painter to scribble his praise of it on the outer wall. First, there are the mountains; then a monastery in silent ruin on a hill down whose ochre sides bulls are ploughing; and on an opposite hill the rounded Chapel of the True Cross and a tower topping a drunken

road; and the cliff where the Jews were wont to be cast over. Beneath the balcony, elm and nut-trees wander down a slope to the bronze Eresma; here sheep have found new spring blades and women are rinsing garments in the stream which keeps on to the rocky prow of the fortress and there joins the Clamores.

It was in looking upon this Castilian canvas that the nurse of little Peter, son of Henry II, forgot to clutch him tight and so let him drop over. In remorse she flung herself down too. Both were quite dead by the time lackeys and hand-maids swarmed out at her cry.

Poor Mad Jane was confined in a cell upstairs in this same storied castle. Her son Charles V kept her in a dungeon with a stone bed to lie on. Sometimes she could go to the floor below to look through a grating at the cathedral *campanile* and a bit of sky.

Not far from the alcazar a road goes down to the Dominican church of the Holy Cross, which was already very old when *los Reyes Catholicos* re-built it. Under the eaves runs the motto, "Tanto Monta, Monta Tanto," which they reiterated on wall, and furniture, and linen to emphasise their equality. "So high as Ferdinand mounted (up the hill of Granada) so high mounted Isabella." Her influence and achievements were, in other words, tantamount to his.

The road continues its descent under the walls of the city to the porticoed church of San Lorenzo and a group of excessively old houses with projecting stories crumbling about an irregular square.

Though the city possesses many Roman houses, and chapels of great antiquity, this suburb of Arrabal and that of San Millan (named for the 10th-century church situated there) give an even deeper impression of age.

Over the hills and through these out-posts come the peasants on Fair days, late in June and October. Contrary to the usual order, the men are more interestingly costumed than their women. Their heads are bound in handkerchiefs beneath round hats; an abbreviated vest and jacket button over a high-swathed belt; feet are encased in purple stockings exposed by low shoes. They walk with a staff; a pouched blanket, stuffed with *botas* of wine and maize cakes is slung over one shoulder. They plod up to the cathedral; they stand gravely about the Inquisitorial Square where booths and subdued amusements are prepared for their coming. They stray in the wake of processions and dancing young folk to the *alameda* and toil back to say a prayer, in passing, at Saint Martin's. The porch of the latter overlooks a fountain, the watch tower of a Middle Age Marqués, and the house of John the Brave, leader

of the *Comuneros* against the aristocratic inquisitors. It is the most completely Spanish nook in Segovia.

Spring tourists who care for chill palaces and gardens-out-of-season may drive the two leagues to the village of San Ildefonso and to "The Grange" (La Granja).⁴ The architect of the Royal Palace at Madrid planned this summer home at the foot of the mountains for Philip V, in 1721. And Doña Philip V had the gardens and many wonderful fountains made as a surprise to her husband, who, upon returning home, was no more enthusiastic than we should expect him to be. They had, he remarked from a balcony, "cost 3,000,000 pesetas, and amused him but three minutes." The fountains play for the public on May 30, June 28, July 24, and August 25. When no water spouts from their nozzles they are so many stiff structures of marble and bronze. The park is sandy and the trees are late in leaf at this height. The "Spanish Versailles" is then a barren place in the tourist season and decidedly not worth the long drive, especially if one has only a few hours to spend in the "Queen of Castile."

Connections Madrid-Segovia and Segovia-Madrid are given at end of last chapter. Those who continue toward the north will go on to Medina del Campo (93 kilom.).

⁴ Carriage 4-5 persons, 15p. Time required about 4 hours.

From this point the road branches to Salamanca, or proceeds north-east to Valladolid, Burgos and San Sebastian. There is a through bi-weekly express Segovia-Corunna (changing at Monforte for Vigo).

CHAPTER VI

SALAMANCA AND NORTHERN CITIES

Salamanca — Valladolid — Burgos — San Sebastian.

Salamanca.

It was at Spain's oldest university town, in the still standing convent of St. Esteban, that Columbus, in converse with its wise men, was first encouraged to place before The Kings his hopes of finding a new world. The great centre of learning had been established two centuries before by Alfonso IX, whose reign was further remarkable for the Christian victory at Tolosa. His grandson, St. Ferdinand, enlarged it, but Alfonso el Sabio was its most munificent patron. In its heyday, kings and popes, students from distant colonies, from England, France and Flanders consulted its library and sat under its teachers. At one time 10,000 young men attended its 25 colleges. Four colleges received only noblemen — one especially renowned was founded by Philip II for Irish students, and is still attended by young would-be Irish priests. In 1595 the number of the university's students had dwindled to

7000. Its decline was due to out-of-date teaching, many theories in favour there having been long exhausted outside Salamanca. Its schools are now comparatively deserted. In the library are manuscripts by the monk-professor, Luis de Leon, whose statue may be seen in the open space before the sculptured gateway of the principal building.

Close by, one enters the Old Cathedral, an ancient Romanic basilica with fine altar-paintings, dilapidated cloisters, and a notable cupola. Its lofty successor, the *Catedral Nueva*, possesses the little Byzantine cross that the Cid was never without, and in the Gilded (Dorada) and Carmen chapels some *buenos sepulcros*, if tombs still interest one. The founder of the cathedral lies in the first-named. He was the good Bishop Geronimo, who shrived the Cid, defender of Salamanca, and accompanied his dead body from Valencia.

The House of the Shells is quite as remarkable for its grilled and carved windows as for the *conchas* which besprinkle its sides. Such casements, differing in shape, design and alignment, are often introduced with exquisite and archaic effect into otherwise graceless walls. Travellers are admitted to the court of the Shell House, which, with its stairway and elegant balconies, is a true type of *hidalgo* mansion. The Palacio de Monterey is still another noble home of which the stranger is

permitted a glimpse upon summoning a blue-aproned concierge.

Salamanca was ravaged by Napoleon more than any Spanish city. But his vandals spared, probably through ignorance, the altar picture of the Augustines' church,— a sublime Immaculate Conception by Ribera.

Salamanca stands on rising ground above the River Tormes, which is crossed by a splendid Roman bridge. Once a year the red-roofed city rouses from apathetic acceptance of its decadence and enters joyously into the festivities which enliven the spacious Plaza Mayor (Grand Place) during the middle fortnight of September. The *charras*, or Salamanca girls, deck themselves on such occasions with heavy bead chains, crosses, rings and earrings inherited from their grandmothers. Their dress is of formal brocade, their sleek black heads are draped with light-coloured shawls. The costume of the *charros* comprises a velvet jacket, a waistcoat with silver buttons big as *duros*, a broad leather belt, breeches very tight and wrinkled boots coming to the knees. The ancient quadrangle makes a most satisfying background for these rich but subdued costumes.

North from Salamanca a road goes to Astorga. Connection there for Galicia and Asturias.

To the south are two lines for Lisbon — the upper is the one used by the Sud Express. The lower is the most fre-



THE HOUSE WHERE COLUMBUS DIED, VALLADOLID

quented Madrid-Lisbon route. Off of the latter lies Caceres, capital of Estramadura Province, founded 74 A. D. Moorish and Roman remains. At the end of May, a celebrated *feria* and cattle market; costumes of Estramadura, Castile and Portugal.

South-east (about 175k.) is the famous shrine of Guadalupe (automobile). Founded 1340. Once a Christian mecca and the residence of Ferdinand and Isabella where discoverers planned their conquests. After Escorial, the largest Spanish monastery.

Due south of Caceres is Merida, a Roman settlement 23 B. C. Possesses more Roman ruins than any Spanish city. The Roman bridge over the Tagus is 60 feet higher than the Firth of Forth bridge, and has 80 arches. The road Lisbon-Badajoz-Huelva-Seville turns south at Merida.

Valladolid.

The raw climate of Valladolid was mainly responsible for its downfall as the capital of Spain. Charles V and his son Philip imagined the high position of Madrid to be more advantageous, and repaired there, to the chagrin of the aforesaid favourite of Castilian rulers.

Ferdinand came here to marry Isabella, and in the city of their nuptials Columbus died, May 21, 1506. The house, utterly shabby and unprepossessing, is in Christopher Columbus Street near the Colegio de Santa Cruz. The latter contains a museum of creditable paintings and a frieze of carved wood, which is cited as one of the premier examples of this essentially Spanish form of art. The cathedral and the university, the house of

Columbus and the *museo*, are in the quarter adjacent to the Plaza de Santa Maria. The church of San Pablo, north of the cathedral, is the one in which Philip II was baptized a few days after his birth, which occurred in the former house of Count de Ribadavia, twenty-one years to the day after the death of Admiral Columbus.

The Colegio de San Gregorio is close by. It is visited for its beautiful court and carved stonework.

The house in which Cervantes lived for three years is near the central Square of the Constitution in the Calle Miguel Iscar. The Campo Grande and the Avenue Alfonso XIII are the *paseos* of which Valladolid is proudest. The former ends at the station, which, like those of Segovia, Salamanca, Burgos and a number of other cities, is a long way from the heart of the town. But here, as everywhere, omnibuses (fare 50 centimos) and carriages may always be found.

At Venta de Baños (36 kilom. north-east of Valladolid) a short line connects with Palencia from which one road goes north to Santander, and another west to Leon, Corunna and Vigo. Santander is a prosperous port and a bathing resort.

Tourists who wish to see under pleasant auspices a little-travelled but very interesting part of Spain, are recommended to correspond with the London, Paris or Madrid office of the International Sleeping-car Company concerning a "Cruiser-Train" leaving Venta de Baños toward the end of May. Route: Palencia, Leon, Astorga, Benavente,

Zamora, Salamanca, Bejar Mountains, Plasencia, Caceres - Guadalupe - Oropesa (automobile), Talavera, Madrid. Time, 11 days. Cost, 825 pesetas (775 francs).

Burgos.

The one-time capital of Old Castile presents many claims to the tourist's attention: it possesses an extraordinary church; two of Spain's greatest warriors were born here; its temples, monasteries, and museums contain unique and beautiful treasures; it is of itself a city of considerable charm, and in its environs there are a number of agreeable excursions. Fortunately this obvious centre of tourism lies on a main route and has now good hotel accommodation.

The meandering and well-bridged Arlanzon is bordered by a wide *alameda* which extends below an amphitheatre of sloping roofs. Above, surveying all, and to be seen from every angle, are the exuberant pinnacles of the Gothic cathedral. Some architectural critics disparage its bridecake decoration and deny its right to be called the most beautiful church in Spain; others give it an exalted place among Europe's ecclesiastical structures. The layman freely admires its Milanese towers and luxurious interior.

Doubtless when it was begun, in 1221, its site was untrammelled by dwellings which now obscure its noble sides. If its English sponsor, Bishop Maurice, had but placed it on the topmost hill,

he would have earned the gratitude of posterity. As it is, the Portada del Sarmental, the main three-storied façade flanked by fluted, fligreed and pointed towers, looks into a rather narrow and commonplace street instead of a worthy *plaza*. Only by climbing above it does one get an adequate measure of its pale grey bulk, of its carved and turreted lantern, its Chapel of the Constable, its profusion of arched and rounded windows, its cloisters, and protruding side-chapels. These latter form on each side of the aisles a succession of roomy alcoves, adding width to the already expansive interior. The nave, exquisitely "pointed," is enriched by great pillars and by the elaborate grilles before the carved choir and the altar.

The Capilla del Condestable carries the apse into a four-sided recess whose high walls and altar are marvels of the stone- and wood-carvers' art. The Constable, or Viceroy, of Castile was Don Pedro Fernandez de Velasco, who, with his wife, is buried here. It was the same dignitary who erected in the 15th century the House of the Rope (Casa del Cordon) on the Plaza de la Libertad. The Franciscan rope is used as a decorative motive. The present owner allows strangers to enter the court. The mansion of the ex-viceroy has given shelter to many Spanish kings. It was here that Philip the Handsome died, hus-

band of Jane. It must therefore have been under this portal that she had his lifeless body carried to sit beside her in the ebony carriage.

The Chapel of Santiago bears the name of the martial patron of Spain — the great warrior who inspired the creation of the Military Order of Santiago, which had its beginning in Caceres. Santiago is known to have been born in Burgos, but the house, real or legendary, is not shown.

The processional cloister has been restored to its 14th-century state. In the lower cloister is installed a museum of primitive sculpture. A niche of the former contains one of the prized relics of relic-ridden Burgos — the Cid's chest which, supposedly heavy with jewels, was pledged with the Jews and found later to owe its weight to a hoax of sand. Be it said that after his successes at Palencia this overbearing, none-too-scrupulous son of Burgos made good the fraud.

It is only a step from the cathedral to the little church of Santa Agueda, where, suspecting Alfonso VI of complicity in the death of his royal brother, "the Chief," compelled his king to affirm three times his innocence.

Beyond the grass-grown castle where once lived and were imprisoned kings of Castile, where England's first Edward married his Spanish princess, where Peter the Cruel was born, where Wellington was checked,— some paces beyond stand three

pillars which designate the spot where Champion Rodrigo, son of Diego Lainez of this hill-top village of Bivar, saw the light. Though the bald pages of truth sustain not at all his position as the nation's hero, legend, the outgrowth of Spanish idealism, names him a Prince of Chivalry and Defender of the Church. The Cid fought with the Infidels, though his blade (probably made in Toledo, since he was once mayor of it), was oftener turned against them. He fought against the enemies of Castile and became Governor of Valencia. According to one chronicler, "the only vow to which he was ever known to be faithful was that his beard should never be touched by scissors." He was called, "He of the Splendid Beard." When he died in Valencia his horse, Bavioca, carried his body across the plains to the monastery of San Pedro de Cardeña near Rioja, some kilometres north of Burgos. Finally, the Benedictine brothers were turned out of this retreat, and the remains of the Cid and of his wife, Ximena, were brought to the Town Hall (Casas Consistoriales), where they may be viewed in a glass casket by those who apply to the *alcalde* and pay a peseta for the privilege of visiting the chapel.

The street of Fernan-Gonzalez, in the neighbourhood of the cathedral, shows a distinguished group of noblemen's houses with peaked windows

and "silver-work" portals. The chief promenades are the Paseo de la Isla, the Espolon, which edges the river, and the Paseos de la Quinta and Fuentes Blancas.

The latter form a shaded avenue along the lower side of the river, ending below the hill of the Cartuja de Miraflores, about 2 kilom. from Burgos. The hill itself is bare and scorched by the sun, but the ascent is crowned by a green *plaza* which surveys the immense cornfields and waving plains which are characteristic of monotonous northern Castile. The *catedral* of the Carthusians has a renowned altar, and contains the tombs of John II and his queen, parents of Isabella of Castile, carved amazingly in lucid alabaster marble. A Capuchin, hooded in light buff, bearded and silent, shows also the wall-sepulchre of the son of John II, Prince Alfonso, and stands, with hands folded within his sleeves, before the breathing statue of his patron San Bruno, carved from wood by the Portuguese Pereira. The sculptor of the royal tombs was the gifted Gil de Siloé.

Men may see the cells of the Brothers, who are occupied during the day tilling their farm and caring for their gardens.

In the Abadía Real de las Huelgas, over a kilom. southwest of the city, are the tombs of five kings, five queens, eleven princes and fourteen princesses. Many of them were profaned by the French. This

most famous nunnery in Spain is within the former palace park of Alfonso VIII, who gave it to the Cistercian Order in the 13th century. The cloisters which surround the Patio de las Claustillas are perfumed by fine white flowers whose odour strays from the court and lures one to linger here. The Sisters go gently tinkling to their chapel prayers, crossing arches of sunlight reflected on the stones. One, unconscious of the *señoras* in the shadow, walks more slowly and raises her eyes from her book. A bird shrills to her in the bushes. She draws toward him . . . then a swift bell recalls her and she hurries on to join the nuns already in the choir.

The banner of Tolosa hangs above their heads. It is the possession of this immortal trophy that gives to the Convent of Pleasant Fields its high renown.

In the city there are still many things to see. The *retablo* of San Nicolas is of sumptuous stone lace; the church of San Estaban has a famous high choir; within the old Torre de Santa Maria has been arranged one of the best archæological exhibits in Spain; in the market-place, Castile farmers and their donkeys stand — one as sober as the other, some sober houses behind them; in San Gil are *sepulcros* of great merit and a picture of Van der Weyden's. Near Burgos is the poetic ruin of the Convent of Fresdelval. About 45



SITE OF THE CID'S HOUSE WITH CATHEDRAL TOWERS, BURGOS

kilom. away by carriage or diligence is the Monastery of Santo Domingo de Silos with a very wonderful Roman cloister. Visitors may stay in the monastery or in village houses. Burgos is the focal point of an infinite number of such expeditions, many of which reveal delightful surprises.

At Miranda de Ebro (90 kilom. from Burgos), the main road to the frontier throws out a zig-zag branch to Bilbao, capital of Vizcaya Province, and situated on the River Nervion, 11 kilom. from the Bay of Biscay. Rich iron mines in the vicinity make it the most important harbor in Spain for mineral export. The city ranges along the base of flat-topped hills; the high peaks beyond are the Cantabrian Mountains. It was founded in 1300 by a Lord of Vizcaya whose statue by Benlliure stands in the Plaza Nueva. In 1873 it sustained a 125-day siege during wars of the Carlists, who have many supporters in the Basque Provinces. The six-arched Bridge of Isabel II crosses the Nervion opposite the centre of the town. The streets are lined by successive rows of houses from five to six stories tall. A few kilom. away is the attractive harbour of Portugalete. The Rioja wine district lies to the south. There is steamer connection Bilbao-Santander-Gijon.

The Basque Provinces consist of Vizcaya, Guipuzcoa and Alava. San Sebastian is capital of the second, Vitoria of the last. The Basques are energetic, independent, honest and extraordinarily vain of their lineage, which they claim goes back to Tubal and Noah and has no taint of Roman, Moor or Goth. They are believed to be descendants of the early Iberians. Their villages and farms nestle among wooded valleys and steep hills, recalling Switzerland. The women are handsome and much respected; the men are straight, capable, devout, and thoroughly picturesque in their *boinas* or round, flat caps, and red knitted vests. The Government allows them considerable liberty in managing

their own political affairs. The Basque language (Esquera) has according to philologists a resemblance to Hungarian and Japanese and is also distinguished by a pronunciation not unlike the Welsh. The native tongue is not now in familiar use. In the Basque country between Bilbao, Vitoria and San Sebastian there are good motor roads, and fascinating villages, among them Guernica, a patriotic pilgrimage, and Durango. Bilbao is about 75 kilom. from San Sebastian by a round-about and precipitous railway.

Vitoria.

The battlefield of the English and the French is about 8 kilom. west of the otherwise uninteresting town of Vitoria. After five years' occupancy of Madrid, the army of Napoleon met defeat here at the hands of Wellington in 1813. Of those who fell, 3308 were English, 1049 Portuguese, 553 Spanish. Joseph Bonaparte, who had been installed in the Royal Palace, Madrid, left at Vitoria pictures, treasure and currency to the value of 5,000,000 duros. Another Englishman, son of Edward III, cognomened the Black Prince, won a battle near this appropriately-named city in 1367.

On the way from the junction of Miranda de Ebro to Vitoria, the railroad crosses the Rivers Zadorra and Ebro, and climbs with the Oroncillo among wild crags and gorges to Pancorbo Pass. On this height is the ruined castle where Roderick wooed Florinda Cava, the Venus of the River Bath at Toledo.

North of Pancorbo lies Tolosa, at the foot of two mountains, in a verdant valley — not the arena of the last struggle of northern Christians against the Moslems, however. Las Navas de Tolosa is off the main line Madrid-Baeza.

San Sebastian.

The inlet of San Sebastian is a blue scallop whose hinge, narrowed by two reddish promontories, opens inland from the Bay of Biscay. The water wrinkles toward the shore in uneven, shell-like corrugations. As if to project the simile, a wee pearl of an island lies within the mouth, which tapers to a thin lip of sand. There follow then in recession, curved rows of wheeled cabins, wide wicker seats, a promenade, a belt of tamarisk trees and large, expensive, and unimpeachably modern hotels. The new town is crowded upon the crescent arm which acts as a breakwater for sheltered La Concha — the concave and immaculate beach. Mount Urgull is the green mound at the point. On its breast, looking seaward, is the burying-ground of the British soldiers who died a century ago fighting with Spain against the Pretender. The old town lies below the landward slope of this former island, now a promontory by reason of the artificial link of sand.

The Zurriola promenade turns its back upon The Shell and looks to the open sea with the modest

River Urumea at its feet. The two beaches are united by the Avenue of Liberty. Here, on the Boulevard and on the Plaza Guipuzcoa are restaurants, tea-rooms and shops.

The Casino,⁵ centre of fashionable gaieties, stands in a park overlooking the Paseo de la Concha and the Alameda, or Boulevard.

On the west side of the inlet is Miramar, the royal chalet where the King and his family are accustomed to pass the summer. From Mount Ulia, which is ascended by a funicular railway leaving the Casino every few minutes, there is an inspiring view of forest-covered mountains and expansive sea. It forms the western sentinel of the little bay.

There are limitless scheduled attractions at San Sebastian, as at other ultra resorts. The climate here is particularly genial both in summer and winter, the bathing season lasting from April till November.

It was from San Sebastian that La Fayette sailed for America.

Excursions from San Sebastian.

FUENTERRABIA. Two hours by carriage through mountains, and among gardens and villages. Less than an hour by railway via Irun. There is a

⁵ Admission during the day, 1p. Evening 1.50. For festivals, 3p. For luncheon and dinner guests there is no entrance fee.

castle built by a king of Navarre in 907, and a 16th-century palace which belonged to Charles V. Basque costumes. Fine views. Fuenterrabia faces Hendaye, the frontier station of France.

ZARAUZ, 26 k. by carriage or motor, 11 k. by rail. Attractive summer village. Beyond, 15 k. by carriage, Azpeitia, the birthplace of Ignatius Loyola, founder of the Society of Jesuits. Twenty minutes further on, the Sanctuary of Loyola, a pretentious edifice erected by Maria, the Austrian wife of Philip IV.

PASAJES. A promenade of 4 k. or tram-ride from the Casino brings one to this beautiful little fishing-port, where Victor Hugo once had a villa. Renteria and Lezo are also reached via Pasajes.

HERNANI. Tram line, 9 k.

San Sebastian is the centre for a great number of pleasant motor trips to distant Basque and Aragonese towns. Biarritz, France, is two hours distant by rail.

The most northerly Spanish town on this Madrid-Paris route is Irun (Spanish customs). The River Bidassoa divides the two countries. The Isla de los Faisanes in the centre of the river is called the Island of Conference because many diplomatic negotiations have been concluded upon this neutral ground. Charles V surrendered his prisoner, Francis I, here in exchange for the two sons of the latter as hostages.

Hendaye (French customs) is an old smuggling base.

CHAPTER VII

GALICIA AND ASTURIAS

Corunna — Lugo — Vigo — Santiago de Compostela —
Leon — Oviedo.

Corunna.

GALICIA is the Spanish province which encloses Portugal to the north. Its chief town, Corunna, is touched by several lines of steamers,¹ the landing being made in small tenders. The city reaches toward the sea on a long peninsula, whose declivitous sides are washed by a magnificent surf.

The commercial centre is the Calle Real. The Paseo de San Carlos is notable for its monument to Sir John Moore, who fell at the battle of Elviña, outside Corunna. His body rests within the citadel garden.

Dating from the time of the Phœnicians, the square Tower of Hercules has stood upon the elevated tip of the peninsula on which the city is situated. It was probably used by these early settlers to serve its present purpose — that of a mighty pharos. An inscription on a near-by rock

¹ See under "Steamers from European ports," Chapter I.

says it was repaired by Cayo Servio Lupo to the order of Trajan, who lived, as we know, in the year 1. Other repairs and additions have been made in the intervening centuries, and an inner stairway built, this last by Carlos III. It is now 363 feet high, comprising five stories and a cupola. The light can be seen 12 miles at sea.

El Ferrol, distant one hour from Corunna by boat, is the port at which Spain's naval vessels are constructed, it being the capital of the *Departamento Marítimo*.

A coach runs daily between Corunna and Santiago de Compostela, about 35 kilom. away.

The French under Soult and the English commanded by Moore met above Palavia, Moore receiving his death-wound on the slopes near Elviña.

East and south of Corunna are some rarely beautiful mountain villages. The Navia Valley along the coast is as lovely as any region in Spain. En route to Lugo (115 kilom. south-east of Corunna) is the village of Betanzos with two bridges built by the Arabs and exceedingly quaint streets.

Lugo.

On the fifth of October, Lugo, at the heart of Galicia, will be found en fête. The costumes resemble those of Portugal—full skirts for the women over many petticoats; wooden-soled and heel-less slippers; head-kerchiefs and a battery of golden ornaments. They speak the *gallego* dialect as they bargain over farm produce, wool,

home-woven dress goods and corn cakes baked in crisp thin circles.

Lugo is at the entrance to the mountain pass of Piedrafita. The railway weaves in and out of vales and pergola-ed vineyards, crosses placid streams and deep glens, coming finally to Monforte, a little hill-town with a castle and a convent on its crest.

Monforte is the junction for Vigo. The main line continues toward Leon and Palencia.

Orense, on the way to Vigo, is situated in a valley surrounded by high mountains. A bridge 1300 feet long crosses the Minho.

Vigo.

From the Castillo de Castro the town of Vigo slopes to one of the finest land-locked harbours of Europe. The chief commerce is in fish and shipping. The city itself is attractively built up, but its predominant beauty lies in its suburbs, which overlook a ravishing Galician landscape. It is but 35 k. from Vigo to Tuy, on the Portuguese frontier. The Minho River scenery is famed for its majesty of mountain and valley.

In the region to the north of Vigo is the watering-place of Mondariz, delightfully placed among the hills about Pontevedra.² A branch road

² A brochure recently published by the Spanish historian, Señor Enrique de Arribas, would seem to establish the fact that Columbus was born, not at Genoa, but at Pontevedra, of Jewish parentage.



IN GALICIA

mounts to Santiago de Compostela, already mentioned as the rainiest spot on the Peninsula, and the seat of a great shrine.

Santiago de Compostela.

Mounted on a white horse, St. James, "the warrior Saint," came to the aid of the Christians at Clairjo and routed the Infidels. For centuries pilgrims in great numbers have come to his shrine. In 1501 the Catholic Kings caused to be built a hospice for the pilgrims, who came from every part of the Catholic world.

The city contains nearly fifty churches. The cathedral is admittedly the finest Romanesque monument of Spain, though over-dressed within by tokens and tasteless ornaments. The Gloria Portal was confided in 1168 to Master Mateo who, during twenty years' labour created innumerable images of the Saints which are posed in niches about the arched door. The Saviour is on an onyx pedestal, St. James upon a throne. The latter's body is said to be in a great sepulchre immediately beneath the High Altar, upon which stands a colossal statue of the warrior, amazingly adorned.

During solemn feasts (the annual *fiesta* falls on July 25), a huge censer is swung from the cupola to and fro among the pillared arches, veiling the kneeling throng in an odorous mist.

Astorga (186 kilom. east of Monforte) is in the centre of a region peopled by a Berber race known as the Maragatos. Their traditional trade is the vending of fish, and they are the fish-wives, and husbands, of cities throughout Spain.

The holiday costume of the women comprises a plain garment hidden beneath sun-like ornaments of silver or gold, and a satin apron falling in a panel to the hem of the orange skirt. The men of Maragateria assume on similar occasions a wide hat, an embossed belt fastened over their jackets, pleated bloomers and cloth leggings.

Leon.

The "grave old Gothic capital" stands forgotten upon the moors. Despoiled of its court, aloof and inaccessible, it seems content to wait like an aged dame, with hands in lap, musing upon the end. Leon has let the world go by without trying even to lag in its train. Its irregular *calle*s remain as they were laid over a thousand years ago. Its inhabitants dress as their generations of grandparents dressed in stilted wooden shoes and sombre shawls and kerchiefs. They are plain-faced and cold and simple as the prairies from which they reap their subsistence.

Indifferently they show the road to the Santiagan Convent of San Marcos; to the Roman walls; to San Isidoro, pantheon of eleven monarchs of Leon; to the house of the Good Guzman. No beggars follow in quest of *limosnitas*. In all Spain there is not a town so dead, so still,

Scarcely a child to gape at a stranger. . . .
Leon has fallen upon the days of her sterility.

Only one subject arouses response,— the cathedral, their “*Pulchra Leonina*,” upon whose high sprung arches, and flying buttresses, open-work borders and delicate towers they gaze as a stern-lipped woman looks with tender eyes upon frivolous youth.

They pass beneath its five *ojival* portals to the nave suffused in the high radiance of windows which have no equal in Spain. From chapel to chapel they go in sober procession, and stop to murmur a “*Rest in Peace*” over some sculptured tomb.

The sacristan beckons us to the cloisters; we look on Byzantine triptychs and hear his murmured recital of the cathedral’s remote foundation— begun about 1200, finished not until three centuries had passed. But the picture which most appeals is a wistful group of stilt-shoed peasantry luxuriating in the airy richness of their *catedral muy hermosa*, their fair Leonine.

The line which branches from Leon to the Bay of Biscay passes through the Gorge of Pajares, which in winter is sometimes blocked by snow. At Busdongo the peak of Arvas is accessible to mountain climbers. Beyond, the train tunnels ten hills. From Las Segadas there is a glorious outlook upon Asturian mountains, rivers and noble estates.

Oviedo.

Oviedo was formerly the seat of the Principality of Asturias. It has a noted cathedral — what old Spanish capital has not? — a university containing pictures by Ribera, Zurbaran, Herrera and Giordano, various mansions of mediæval personages and a Museum of Antiquities. Its surroundings are superb.

By train and tramway an excursion is made to Covadonga where, August 1, 718, on a rocky height, Pelayo, nephew of Roderick, slew 300,000 Mohammedans with a Christian force of but 300! The picture of the Virgin who came down to help is in the Colegiata, and its duplicate in half the homes of Asturias.

The port of Gijon, north-east of Oviedo, is in the midst of the finest mountains of Spain. The highest peaks are Mon Sacro, del Peon and the Picos de Europa.

CHAPTER VIII

ZARAGOZA — BARCELONA — EAST COAST

Zaragoza — Barcelona — Tarragona — Valencia — Alicante
— Murcia — Almeria.

The route Madrid — Zaragoza — Caspe — Barcelona (night express in both directions) passes through Alcala de Henares, seat of a university founded by Cardinal de Cisneros (whose tomb is in the Iglesia Magistral), and birth-place of Cervantes. It continues north through Gaudalajara, whose attraction is the beautifully ornate palace of the Dukes of Osuna; through Alhama where there are famous baths and, near-by, the cascades and forests of the Monastery of Piedra; and through Calatayud, known for its fabrication of sword steel, to Zaragoza, chief town of Aragon.

. . .
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Zaragoza.

ZARAGOZA is as harsh and unpleasing as its inhabitants are busy and independent. The houses were built as strong-holds — every man's house, here, a literal castle. When the city underwent its historic struggle with the French in 1808 the fighting was carried past the outer defences into the very streets, even into the pulpit of San Augustin.

When we read Aragonese chronicles revealing proverbial insolence and pride of possession we

may be excused for thinking that the word arrogant may, with orthographical modifications, have descended to us from these brusque and lively people of Aragon.

Even their typical dance, the *jota*, is but a succession of angular contortions carried through without smiles or witchery.

In the market-place the rasp and chatter of trafficking resounds among the bright stalls. If it is a sharp morning the market-folk and their customers are bundled in rough cloaks, their heads wound Berber-like in bandannas, their chins drawn within their woollen scarfs.

A tall, not unbeautiful tower is the Torre Neuva, which has settled to one side and leans crazily above the slanted roofs of near-by houses.

The Seo, the old cathedral, has a high bulbous tower and walls of raised designs. From early centuries of the Christian era it did very well for the needs of Zaragoza, and all the kings of Aragon were anointed there. But forty years after Christ, St. James having come to preach in the Peninsula was visited of the Virgin who descended and was made visible upon a red pillar. He in accordance with her wishes built a chapel on the spot, and many years later (1681) the chapel became the nucleus for a second cathedral of strange Byzantine exterior. The Virgin of the Pillar — Nuestra Señora del Pilar — is dimly

exposed in a recess of the large chapel which, all a-glare with candles and devotional offerings, is guarded ceaselessly night and day. Many of the pilgrims who come here are maimed or sick — and have faith to believe that Our Lady of the Pillar will make them well if they bring wax or silver tokens and touch their lips, like tens of thousands of others, to the pillar whose base is exposed at the rear of the image.

The altars of the church are very fine; there are paintings by Goya and Velasquez in the chapels.

The best view of the edifice is obtained from the bridge over the Ebro. Near by is the Lonja, or Bourse, one of Zaragoza's show buildings. The principal thoroughfares are the Plaza de la Constitucion, the Calle del Coso, and the Calle de Don Jaime. Hotels and restaurants are in the latter street.

The Moorish castle (Alja feria) is visited for its typical decorations. The House of Pardo and the old mansion of Count de Argillo are interesting architecturally. But the really beautiful possession of Zaragoza is the carved *patio* of the House of Zaporte (or de la Infante). Built in 1550, it still remains, despite the desecration of tailor and carpenter shops, one of the most harmonious of all such balconied courts.

Zaragoza is connected by two lines with the main Madrid — Paris route. On the upper road is the walled city of

Pamplona, capital of Navarre, founded by Pompey, chief of Spain's northern fortresses, and birth-place of Sarasate. Between Zaragoza and Pamplona is Olite, once the Windsor of Navarre, before incorporation with Castile. The 15th century castle is a most impressive ruin, having a succession of towers of varied form with arches, turret-like holes and outer stairways.

North-east of Zaragoza lies Huesca off the Zaragoza - Lerida - Barcelona route, an old Aragon city, seat of the first university in Spain. Here Ramiro II cut off his nobles' heads and hung one to a bell. (See under Modern Gallery, Madrid.) Above is Jaca, high in the Pyrenees.

Zaragoza is about half-way between Madrid and Barcelona (7 hours) by Caspe.

Barcelona.

The trains from Madrid, from France and from the south enter stations near Barcelona's harbour, which is edged with wharves and alive with shipping scenes.

The Plaza de la Paz fronts the port and gives space to the Columbus column, commemorative of his landing here upon his return from the New World. The Rambla, a shaded, bustling boulevard, joins the quay to the city's hub, the Plaza de Cataluña. The wide artery of traffic is given many sectional names throughout its length. At the harbour end it is the Rambla Centro, and in turn becomes the Ramblas San José (or Flores), Estudios, and Canaletas. The chief hotels are in the Ramblas and about the immense Catalonian Place.



AT THE MOSQUE DOOR, CORDOVA

THE
CITY OF
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From the latter ten streets diverge, as from Madrid's *Puerta del Sol*. Outlying avenues link the ends of these radiating thoroughfares. Beyond are expanding suburbs, parks, and mountain retreats. The main shopping districts are the *Estudios*, the *Rua Fernando*, and the *Plaza Real*.

Barcelona, industrial capital and largest city of Spain, abuts on the Pyrenees and borders the Mediterranean. It reflects in every aspect the character of its builders,—the capable, forceful, not-quite-likable Catalans. The Phœnicians had a trading-port here. The men of Catalonia, whether or not they are descended from the Phœnicians, are no whit less commercial. But they are not thrifty only. They are also æsthetic to a most contradictory degree, and, like the Basques, but with more reason, they have an overweening pride of race. For Castile — for all Spain outside Catalonia, they have a superb contempt. Seditious, and resentful of lost rights which they always hope to regain, they may be called the Poles of western Europe. There is also definite resemblance to the clear-headed, enthusiastically modern and original Finns. Their architecture fairly foams with new ideas, their schools are brilliantly organised, they have distinctive art mannerisms based upon no known traditions, and they are extravagantly loyal to all who claim son-ship to Catalonia.

Barcelona's climate is unexceptionable, its amusements abundant, its general tone unremittingly gay. But it is not in any sense Spanish, though it has an insignificant claim upon the tourist. One feels inclined to forego over-decorated interiors, vast façades and troops of statues erected to "*illustres Catalans*" for out-of-the-way alleys where filigree workers piece all day their silver tracery and women sit in misty doorways making scarfs and *mantillas* of fine-threaded lace. The Boulevard of the Flowers (San José) is a pleasant place of a morning. The stalls bloom with orange, lilac, pink and blue blossoms overtopped by red cheeks and laughing, confident eyes. In the lush tongue of *Cataluña* the flower-tenders and the bird-sellers salute the passer-by with their vivid wares. And you buy — a twig of tangerines for 30 centimos,— camelias at 10 for 45. The bargain is quickly closed, a trim hand dries the stems, makes change, whisks the water-pots back into place. You are dismissed . . . and wander on in the spring-scented air to the dusky Cathedral of St. Eulalia which, near the Constitution Square, is posed at the top of a broad flight of steps. External prepare in no way for the solemn pomp within. If this is the first Catalan church you have entered you will be surprised and awed by its darkness. And when your pupils adapt themselves to the dark

you will be still more surprised to find yourself in an aisle-less church with a rounded, broad-reaching nave. It is only in Catalonia that the Gothic has taken this form. To add to the solidity of effect, the supports or buttresses are within, and the chapels are placed between them. It is a very bulwark of a church, but friendly. The sunlight is distilled through soft, rich windows which shed a benediction of colour above the gloom. The altar lights show like far-off signals and when you approach you find groups hitherto unseen kneeling at their prayers.

The martyred St. Eulalia, patron of the city, reposes in the crypt below the *capilla mayor*, or high altar. In the garden-cloister there is a gurgling fountain and a self-important group of geese which tradition has appointed as guardians of the temple.

Opposite one of the cathedral doors is an ancient dwelling of the Aragonese nobility, which is now the cloistered convent of Benedictine nuns. Once, about ten centuries back, Aragon and Catalonia were united in a Federation which continued amicably until Ferdinand and Isabella made their two kingdoms one. Catalonia's hatred for Castile, its government, language and people, dates from that time. The archives of the Crown of Aragon are in the adjacent palace, and may be visited in the morning. This is said to be the rar-

est of all such collections and contains missals, manuscripts, documents and books to the number of 3,753,000.

The Provincial Museum is in an old chapel close by. It is also open in the morning.

The Plaza de Urquinaona is a second star from which many streets ramify. In the Rúa de Trafalgar is the Palace of Catalonian Music, mentioned in a previous chapter. It may be visited upon application to the Syndicat d'Initiative who offer their services gratuitously to strangers, opening gates which might otherwise be closed.

Through the Arco de Triunfo one comes to the Promenade de San Juan, the Palace of Justice, ornamented by native artists; the Palace of Fine Arts, which is a meeting-place and an exhibition hall of Catalonian proportions; and finally to the huge and very handsome Park — with due regard for Barcelona's feelings it is spelled with a capital P. There are other Museums, Institutes, Pantheons,—many of interest, but necessitating days of time if they are to be inspected as they merit. The Museo des Bellas Artes (in the Museo Arqueologico) contains a gallery of native and foreign art, with examples by Anglada-Camarasa, the foremost Catalan painter of the present.

The Calle del Marqués del Duero (*el Paralelo*)

is an animated boulevard faced with theatres and glass-fronted cafés within which crowds seem always to be sipping their orange wine and chocolate. Beyond is the bull-ring, and the wharves. Near the Columbus monument is a unique establishment grandiloquently named, the Mundial Palace. For the convenience of travellers it contains hair-dressing and boot-blackening salons, a pharmacy, a dark room, reading-rooms, waiting-rooms, money changers' offices, a lottery branch, agencies of accident insurance companies, a post office, a telegraph station and a tobacco stand. Could hospitality be more concretely expressed to the travel-worn stranger within the city's gates?

The by-now-familiar "House of Cervantes" is at Number 33 on the Columbus Promenade. It will be remembered that the Knight enacted in Barcelona his last chapter of adventures. His creator loved Barcelona and wrote of it as the "archive of courtesy. . . the country of the valiant . . . the only place of peace and beauty." With the prospect before us of a palm-lined avenue, of the Mediterranean and the distant bold peak of Montjuich, we are well agreed as to its beauty, though the shouts of carriers and incessant creak of loading cranes disrupt the imagery of peace.

In the hall of the neighbouring Exchange is held, the first Sunday of each May, the poetic

joust known as the Floral Games, a fête of the utmost literary importance to the poetry-loving Catalans.

Off the lively Plaza de Palacio, facing a narrow dark street, stands the parish church of Saint Mary of the Sea, another one of those kindly, solemn temples which this province has made its own. It was begun in 1329, has a door of receding, rounded arches, and is beloved by the sailors and the poor of this part of Barcelona.

Besides an important university of literature and science, the city supports an industrial university. It has new model prisons, model barracks, model hospitals, model abattoirs. One must admire the effort of the municipality to bring all its institutions to the highest level of efficiency.

Fashion drives on the Paseo de Gracia and the Avenida del Tibidabo past the elaborate homes of the very rich. The ascension to the crest of Tibidabo is made by funicular railway. It costs in the *classe de luxo* 50 centimos less to come down than to go up. Vallvidrera and the Parque Güell are other excursions easily accessible by tram from the Plaza de Cataluña. One may drive or walk to Montjuich for views of the Pyrenees.

Monserrat, the world-renowned seat of the Holy Grail and monastic retreat, is reached from Barcelona by rail to Monistrol (2 hrs.). From there

a rack and pinion railway ascends the rock mountain to the monastery. Bare, cell-like rooms are allotted to those who spend the night, one large barracks-like building and several smaller ones being arranged for the reception of the thousands of pilgrims and travellers who come here annually. The summit above may be climbed by a pleasant and not too strenuous road. There is also a carriage road from Monistrol which many prefer to take for the views of gorge, sea, plain, and tooth-like, towering rocks. The mountain of Monserrat is an isolated peak whose crest is broken into a forest of weirdly shaped pillars and deep crevasses.

At this monastery, Ignatius Loyola founded the Jesuit Order.

This is not only the traditional hiding-place of the Grail but the spot where a Virgin's image brought by St. Peter was sequestered in a rock. Her chapel is the object of pilgrimage.

Those who make the ascent to the "Notched Mountain" must provide themselves with rugs or heavy wraps, as fog and chill winds sweep the lonely summit.

There is steamer connection from Barcelona for American, French, English, Italian and Spanish ports; also to the Balearic Isles. The latter comprise the four islands of Majorca, Menorca, Iviza and Pityuse and form a Spanish province. Palma, capital of the first-named, has retained its Moorish aspect, even to the habits and appearance of the

people. The voyage is made in about 12 hours. The Barcelona Syndicat d'Iniciative will give information as to expenses, excursions, etc., during a stay among the islands.

About 65 kilom. north-east of Barcelona, on the Paris route, is Gerona, esteemed for its valiant resistance against the early enemies of Catalonia, and against the French. The cathedral is without aisles or pillars. A bold conception which has never been imitated in other ecclesiastical structures. It is Gerona tradition that Charlemagne was the first founder of the cathedral (786). The present building was begun in 1316.

The trip to Tarragona (92 kilom. south of Barcelona) consumes two hours by morning express.

Tarragona.

This city upon a rock was the Roman capital of the extensive area known as *Tarraconense*. It was one of the early communities settled by the Iberians. The Romans found there the ruin of a colossal rampart and repaired it so well that a massive section still stands.

The cathedral's gilded apex lifts itself above the walled crest of the aged white city. Outside the ramparts, newer streets clamber down past *bodegas* and loading wine-carts to the harbour promenade. The rampart view of sea, hills and vine-lands is of itself a good reason for coming to Tarragona.

The cathedral is first cousin to the one at Barcelona, but has cloisters more severely beautiful. The pillars of the decaying arcades are prankishly

carved to represent cat-and-mice tales, cocks, spiders and Saints.

The Tarragona wine known as "Spanish red" is used, so it is whispered, to deepen the colour of Port. Its body and fine bouquet led the evicted Cartuja monks of France to begin here the distilling of Chartreuse.

A Roman aqueduct spans a valley 4 kilom. distant from the city. (Carriage 8p.)

Those who go from Tarragona to Zaragoza via Lerida can stop conveniently at Espluga (50 kilom. by morning train, about 2½ hours), which is the nearest station for Poblet, once the richest and the most noble monastery of Spain. It lies 3 kilom. from Espluga, ruined now by a mob which in 1835 drove out the tyrannical and extravagant monks. A diligence meets trains, and there are also women who act as guides to those who prefer to walk.

Continuing south from Tarragona to Valencia (183 kilom. about 6½ hours by Barcelona-Valencia Express), the landscape assumes an Oriental appearance. Flat, two-roofed houses seek shelter amid groves of palms. The peasantry are darker-skinned, wear linen garments and wider sun-hats. Near Benicasin the line passes the *Desierto de las Palmas*. 40 kilom. north of Valencia is the ruined Saguntum whose annihilation by Hannibal first turned Rome's serious attention to the Peninsula. Later it became a powerful city, many vestiges still being preserved.

Valencia.

To the layman, Valencia means oranges; to the painter, sunlight flashing on blue waves; to

the devout, the image of Nuestra Señora de los Desamparados; to the romancist, The Cid.

It lies amid far-reaching groves on a river which forms a canal to the Mediterranean, four kilometres distant. The roads leading to this rich market-town are choked with donkey-trains stepping slow under wicker pouches heaped with globes of golden fruit. A lash sweeps the shaggy haunches . . . “*Arré-é, mula!*” the smart driver drones. . . . The sun beats on a flat road, the sky is the tint of Valence. A wagon piled with roped *tinajas* looms through a veil of dust. Two lean brown men salute . . . “Good day, Señor,” — every Spaniard is a *señor* to his neighbour. Road-side orchards are whiter for the thick roll of cart wheels and the shuffle of tiny hoofs. And faint as the memory of last night’s dream comes the smell of waxy blossoms tucked among the leaves.

Arrived beneath the Oriental towers of the city, the *alforgas* are disgorged on a ware-house floor, the asses tethered in the shade, the wine urns unroped at a *bodega* door; the drivers repair to a *venta* whose lintel bears a green branch. In the cavernous room of the wine-shop they munch noon-day *tortillas*. And then falls the hour when Valencia — when all Spain — sleeps. The cathedral doors are closed, the flower-market deserted, shopkeepers in the Calle San Vicente drowse over

their stock of daggers and Meliana mosaics — even curs sprawl more loosely in sunny alleys.

At four, the city stirs again. The Campo Santo shows a brave promenade of *Valencianas* in shawls and lace aprons, and admiring males wearing bright vests and sandals, with a gay blanket draping one shoulder. There begins again the little procession across the bridge to the chapel of The Forsaken Virgin who is throned above the altar and wears a diadem of pearls. She is adored by Valencians as Asturians adore the Virgin of Covadonga, as the Aragonese *el Pilar*, and as the Catalonians the blackened image of Monserrat. The heat of the day passed, lace-workers take up their bobbins; students return to university classes. Tourists wend their way to the Museo de Pinturas to see pictures by the Valencians, Joanes, Ribalta and Sorolla, and by Ribera, who studied here; they seek the cathedral distinguished by its outside cloisters and lofty *Miquelete*; they climb the latter for the view of fertile lands and far-off ruins of Saguntum; they do the rounds of the Bourse and the Audiencia.

In the evening every one takes the air on the *alameda* across the scanty Turia, or on the Glorieta promenade.

In this, Spain's third largest city, once capital of the Kingdom of Valencia, there still exists a custom of untraceable age which relates to the

water-rights of cultivators. Every Thursday morning a green seat is placed before the cathedral Doorway of the Apostles for the Tribunal de Acequeros. Seven judges chosen by the farmers of the district hear complaints regarding irrigation privileges. Convicted of using the flow in the ditches out of turn, a man must pay a fine. There is no appeal from this peasant court. Cases are quickly despatched, there being no lawyers. Some Thursdays the bench is barely placed before it is carried back again.

There are steamers from Valencia to Spanish and Balearic ports, also to Marseilles and Genoa.

Valencia - Madrid, 18 hours via Calatayud (north-west). Express via Jativa and La Encina, 11 hours. At Jativa, the painter Ribera was born.

Valencia - Alicante, 9 hours by mail train leaving at noon, changing at La Encina, 5.00 P. M.

Madrid - Alicante, 13 hours by evening express.

Alicante.

The "Spanish Nice" is a pleasant-tempered city whose inhabitants are but newly awakened to its commercial future. Great cargoes of fruit and nuts are embarked for England and America.

Many come here in the winter, not because of any especial attraction in the city itself but for the climate. Violent winds are almost unknown, and sea-bathing is agreeable all the year.

Its port is protected by a breakwater. Facing

it are the twin square towers and dome of the *Casa Consistorial*. The Paseo de los Martires, a palm-shaded avenue near the harbour, is so named because here twenty-four persons, many of them innocent, were shot, in 1844, by order of General Roncali as punishment for the city's uprising against the rule of Gonzalez Brabo. In memoriam the citizens hold a celebration each year on March 8.

Theatres, shops, cafés and hotels are on the raised promenade of Mendez Nuñez.

Spanish coasting vessels frequently call at Alicante. Passengers are landed here, as at nearly all Spanish ports, by means of small boats.

Trains for Madrid leave from one station, those for Murcia from another. Murcia — Alicante, 3 hours.

En route, 21 kilom. from Alicante, is Elche, the most mysteriously fascinating town of Spain, if not of Europe. It is a city of Bible times embowered in tall palms, white and still as to its streets, Eastern in every phase. There is not in the world another date-palm grove such as the one which extends in interminable avenues outside of Elche.

In the Louvre Musée there is a remarkable bust, presumably of an Iberian woman, which was unearthed here, and is known as the Lady of Elche. A French critic whom Mr. Havelock Ellis quotes in his "Soul of Spain" (p. 109) supposes this work to ante-date the Christian era by 440 years.

The trip to Elche may be made as a day's excursion from Alicante, or between trains.

At the junction for Murcia, a branch goes south-east to Cartagena, a well-established city when Hannibal made it the base of his operations against the Romans. Once the

most prosperous and populous town of Hispania, its mines still yield ore and its harbour is second only to Vigo's. It is the best fortified of Spanish defences and has the most important arsenal in the country.

Murcia.

The Mursiya of the Moors is fertile of soil and prospect, and rich in "types" which, as is not the case in more frequented cities, are present here in the picture of every-day life. On the bridge which crosses the beneficent Segura to the suburb of San Benito women, very pretty women, pass with baskets resting on hip or shoulder, a supple arm raised in support. Often their skirts are of velvet, their hair in plaits interwoven with ribbons. At the market-place they put their wares on the ground and sit among rainbow piles of dates fresh from the palms, of medlars, oranges, purple figs, gourds, melons, pale limes and lemons. Each vender has a coloured flower in her hair, and by this token you are reminded that the Kingdom is near the bounds of Andalusia.

The Street of the Silversmiths is the resort of those in search of peasant laces and fans and Murcia ornaments.

There is of course a Constitution Plaza, a cathedral — this one distinguished by the possession of the urn which contains the reputed ashes of Alfonso the Learned — a House Consistorial, a museum. And these should be seen to do Murcia



SEVILLE. PATIO DE LAS DONCELLAS, ALCAZAR

justice. But the *huerta*, or garden-fields, her women, and her awninged streets are what one goes chiefly to look upon in hot, gay, lovely Mursiya. She is never so gay nor so lovely as upon Fair days in the middle of September, nor so piously picturesque as during the Passion Procession on Good Friday, when a series of groups carved by the sculptor Salzillo are borne aloft by bare-footed penitents.

The road north-west of Murcia connects at Chinchilla with the Madrid line. Murcia — Madrid, 12 hours.

Continuing south through beautiful, irrigated lands — the water being so valuable here that the rights are bargained for — and passing through the important town of Lorca, Baza is reached, 8 hours from Murcia. Cars are changed for Guadix, 2 hours distant. At Guadix one road goes to Granada, the other to Almeria on the south coast.

Almeria.

The Arabs, who loved this hospitable harbour, called it Al-meria, a mirror sea. Since 1490, when the Kingdom of Granada ceded it to the Catholic Kings, it has had no history. Above the town is the Moorish *alcazaba* with round and square towers, a mighty fortress in its day.

Andalusia has its easternmost boundary at Almeria. The houses are low and white, with small windows. The dress of the people is brightly coloured.

The red and white grapes which are packed in

cork-wood and known to us as Malagas come not from Malaga but from her nearest neighbour, Almeria. Malaga grapes are thin-skinned, whereas those of more easterly vineyards are tough and not easily bruised. In barrels of pulverised cork they may be kept a year.

Many small boats come into the harbour for fruit-cargoes. Cunard passenger steamers call here on early fall trips from the Adriatic to Gibraltar and New York.

Almeria - Granada via Moreda, 9 hours by noon train.

Almeria - Madrid via Baeza, 18½ hours.

At Baeza there is connection for Cordova.

CHAPTER IX

ANDALUSIA

Cordova — Seville — Cadiz — Granada — Malaga — Ronda
— Algeciras.

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MADRID — SEVILLE VIA CORDOVA.

Night express (*luxo* with supplement). Leaves Madrid (Atocha Station) 8.20 P. M. Arrives Cordova 6.00 A. M. Arrives Seville 9.00 A. M.

Day express (1st and 3rd class only). Leaves Madrid 10.00 A. M. Arrives Cordova 7.00 P. M. Arrives Seville 9.40 P. M.

SEVILLE — MADRID VIA CORDOVA.

Night express (*luxo* with supplement). Leaves Seville 8.10 P. M. Arrives Cordova 11.10 P. M. Arrives Madrid 9.00 A. M.

Day express (1st and 3rd class only). Leaves Seville 9.25 A. M. Arrives Cordova noon. Arrives Madrid 9.30 P. M.

MADRID — GRANADA.

Leaves Madrid 10.00 A. M. Arrives Granada 10.00 P. M.

GRANADA — MADRID.

Leaves Granada 9.15 A. M. Arrives Madrid 9.30 P. M.

MADRID — ALGECIRAS (GIBRALTAR) VIA CORDOVA.

Daily express. Leaves Madrid 8.20 P. M. Arrives Algeciras harbour 2.00 P. M. following day. Arrives Gibraltar by boat 2.35 P. M.

GIBRALTAR — MADRID. (See "Rail to Spain," Chapter I.)

Cordova.

En route from Madrid one of the first stops is Alcazar de San Juan, a famous cutlery town. On the platform are men who carry a stock of long knives within the fold of their belts, offering them as "knives to murder." Toboso, to which Don Quixote sent Sancho with a letter for the fair Dulcinea, is not many leagues to the west of Alcazar.

Miguel Estevan, two leagues from Toboso, has been established as the village from which Don Quixote "thro' the back door of his yard sallied into the field" in search of adventure. A day's horse-ride beyond is Puerto Lapiche where he encountered the windmills, some of which are still standing. La Mancha is the arid region between Toledo and Ciudad Real. At Argamasilla, next station to Alcazar, it is believed Cervantes wrote part of Don Quixote in the house of Medrano, still preserved.

Not far from Santa Elena is the field where King Alfonso VIII of Castile and his allies, the Kings of Aragon and Navarre, defeated Mahomed-ben-Yacub at the battle of Las Navas de Tolosa, July, 1212.

The Valdepeñas wine district lies north of Venta de Cardeñas, where the saffron plains are interrupted by rocky heights and chasms.

At Baeza the snow-covered mountains of Granada show far to the left, and there the Granada road branches south.

The Malaga route joins the line, Madrid - Seville - Madrid at Espeluy.

Approaching Cordova, olive groves extend as far as the eye can carry on either side the track.

It was on the plains beyond Cordova that Julius Cæsar heartened his lagging troops by leaping into the ranks and fighting as a private against Sextus Pompey. The latter was killed during

this battle, which occurred about a year before Cæsar himself was assassinated.

After protracted wars came a long period of peace in which letters and philosophy flourished. At Cordova the two Senecas were born; the city on the Guadalquivir was the mecca of intellectuals 400 years before the Saracens defeated Roderick of the Goths and advanced upon Cordova to make it their seat. Another period of culture and prosperity followed. Cordova's library contained over half a million volumes; caliphs and rulers bestowed privileges which made of Karah-tuba, the Imperial City, a centre of Mohammedanism more powerful than Damascus. A million Moors and Christians dwelt in and about the western metropolis. To-day Cordova is an agricultural community having a population of about 60,000. Orchards bound her empire; her crown is a wreath of olive blossoms; crop statistics and treatises on soil culture fill her archives; the plough-share has succeeded the sword.

Throughout cycles of vicissitude the city has retained one mammoth and incongruous relic—the Mosque of Abd-er-Rahman, first sovereign of Cordova. He began it in 786 A. D. to make memorable his reign and to impress his Christian subjects with the Moslems' power. Not only Cordova but other Andalusian towns contributed

labourers and money. In 796 under Abd-er-Rahman's son the building was finished, though it was afterwards enlarged and not until 200 years later were its sumptuous decorations complete.

One enters (not by the Gate of Pardons but by an arch to the left) the Patio of the Orange-trees, the broad and sunlit court which lies between the non-committal outer walls and the low, vast temple of the Arab Kings. At the pool where women are filling their jugs and gossiping under the branches, the Moslems performed the rite of ablution before entering the mosque. Even now the country people of Andalusia observe forms of cleanliness bequeathed by the Moor, and say a special prayer when putting on fresh under-linen.

From the church door we get a view of the golden bell-tower climbing above the Gate of Pardons to an unclouded sky. The tufted shadow of a palm tree is pencilled on the walk. A woman's yellow skirt and a ring of laughing children add a homely note. From this picture in the glittering sunlight we enter without prelude or warning a dusk grove of branching pillars, planted, like the date trees of Elche, in dim, far-reaching rows. Once the wall facing the court was pierced by many low arches, and no day-light came from above. Then, with the light stealing up from the base of the columns, the striped red and white arcs which connect them, looked to the

Moslems like the drooping fronds of palm-trees. But most of the arches are closed now by tawdry chapels, and in the disilluioning glare of overhead lighting the semblance is lost. An effect once mysterious as the Orient now smacks of calico, and peppermint sticks. Moreover, perspectives have been sacrificed by the building of a Christian *coro* and high altar in the very centre of the mosque — an atrocity eminently characteristic of Charles the Obtrusive, the Fifth Charles, who stamped his medallions upon the courts of alcazars and was interrupted by death when he would have grafted a Renaissance palace onto the perfect flower of the Alhambra. Despite reasonable prejudice against the intrusion of a Christian church among Moorish pillars of porphyry and jasper — pillars which stand crookedly and at uneven paces, since the Moors never used anything so unromantic as a plumb or rule,— in spite of our resolve to ignore the interloper which even Charles eventually had the grace to regret, we must in fairness admire the mahogany stalls of the choir, carved with supreme craftsmanship and relating, upon their sixty panels, tales of the Old and the New Testament,— metaphorically a veritable “work of the Romans,” though chiselled by the Spaniard Cornejo and his pupils.

Beyond the Christian altar are the prayer niches, where the caliphs read the Koran. Successive

rulers vied in constructing each a more beautiful *mihrab* than his predecessor. The final niche has a dome of glass mosaic fluted blue, gold and white, and stucco walls and arches overlaid with lace-like patterns. Through a 10th-century arch of glass mosaic and gilded stone-work, one passes into the alcove where the Koran, richly jewelled and bound, was wont to repose. The ceiling is a marble shell; about the walls run gilded texts in Arabic. The Emperor of Byzantium sent the mosaic pieces and the artisans as a gift to the caliph. The work has been mercifully preserved from the outlawry of fanatical Christians.

The two-peseta fee asked of each visitor to the *mezquita* goes toward a sum for the restoration of the carved and inlaid ceilings which Catholic kings coated with white plaster.

At the rear of the mosque the river flows, and is crossed by a bridge set upon Cæsarian foundations. From the opposite bank Cordova is disclosed in an admirable panorama of defending towers and white houses. At the entrance to the bridge is the Calahorra Tower built by the Moors to guard the mosque. The "Gate of the Bridge" has been restored to its Roman form by the mayor of Cordova, Señor Salvador Muñoz Perez, a most efficient patron of local tourism.

The buff river turns the water-wheels of three Moorish mills which straddle its broad stream.



THE VERMILION TOWERS, ALHAMBRA

On the crest of the far bank stand the Triunfo Column, the Roman wall and the ruined turrets of the alcazar, whose garden is now desecrated by the vulgar growth of leeks and cabbages.

The Provincial Museum contains paintings by Murillo, by the Andalusian painter Valdes Leal, by Ribera and the uninspired Castillo, one of Murillo's masters. Very interesting is the display of works by the Cordovans, Mateo Inurria and Julio and Romero de Torres. The modern Zugiaurre is also represented here and Villegas, director of the Prado Museum. By the outer gate is the Fountain of the Colt mentioned by Cervantes.

Cordova's streets are crowded close between straight walls and overhung by grated casements. The gates to private *patios* stand ajar and reveal pictures of flower-bordered pools which spout thin, cooling streams. Many a doorway is blazoned with noble arms, and crumbling figures of knights and heraldic lions. Sometimes an upper floor shows an arcade with light columns ending beneath the rippled edge of the roof. In a principal street stands the handsome house of Machaquito the *matador*; not far away is the club of Guerrita, which, opening upon the side-walk, permits one to view the haughty pose of the "King of *Espadas*" and his *torero* court. Crossing the plains to the excavations of Medina Azahara, one

sees the bulls themselves,— mothers of bulls, also, and tiny sons who wander near and gaze thoughtfully at the passing carriage, innocent of future carnage.

The "City of Azahara" had its beginning in the bequest of an *hourî* who at her death asked Abder-Rahman III to use her fortune in seeking to ransom Moslem slaves of Christians. None being found by his messengers, he devoted her legacy to building the hugest palace of the Infidel empire, and named it for another favourite, Zahara. The palace became a town with rooms and courts and streets for 10,000 people. And there the Cordovan rulers lived overlooking the city. About three years ago excavations were begun which have brought to light a wealth of inlaid pavements, baths, gate-ways, arched paths, conduits, and marble pillars cut in Moorish designs. Now, palace walls and terraces are over-run with sesame, thistles and wild morning-glory. The wonderful ruin lies on a hill a few kilometres from Cordova.¹

In the hills there are many fragrant gardens some of which, with proverbial Cordova hospitality, are accessible to strangers who present a card from the Municipal Tourist Agency at the Town Hall. The "Garden of the Arches" rests within the bosom of a green slope. The horses climb for miles to reach it. Arrived there, one

¹ Carriage, 15p.

eats fresh oranges in a bower, and picks roses to satiation.

Perhaps the most delightful experience Cordova offers is the drive to the Hermitage. In a comfortable *manola* drawn by three russet horses, one passes by enchanting *quintas* and through an Andalusian jungle of fig, lemon, olive and orange trees, of lavender and white *cistus*, of poppies, daisies, gentian and wild mustard to the craggy steeps above the purple *vega*. Mules, breeched and bridled in bright worsted, feed among the writhed trunks of old olive trees while their riders picnic in the shade. The men salute, but their companions, subtle *Cordovesitas*, scarcely turn their heads at the greeting of the *extranjeros*.

We crawl far out on road ledges above terrifying gullies; once we pass a cave where a tattered anchorite stretches his luxurious limbs to the indolent air. At the clink of copper, lazily he lifts an eye-lid, but the coin has rolled beyond convenient reach. He lets it go . . . What need of alms with an orange tree by yonder wall? As we turn with the serpent road, a cross shows us the Hermitage still above us, apparently inaccessible, remotely white and inviting. Then wheels and knotted thighs strain up a last rise; we alight before a white-washed gate beset by *caballeros* with staff and knap-sack who await the monks' noon dole. One hobbles to the bell handle and sets a-jangle a

long faint peal. We wait. . . . A foot approaches, sandal-shod and swept by a monkish hem. The gate is drawn inward, and closed again. We are in an alley of cedars with the hot scent of box about us. The hermit has brown mild eyes, a brown beard and a brown coarse robe. He belongs to the Order of Our Lady of Bethlehem, founded by the abbot, Franciscus de Jesus. Upon subscribing to this brotherhood he has vowed to remain for a determinate period — a year, ten years,— for life more likely. He goes with us, speaking seldom, but smiling appreciatively as we stop by the pool of gold-fish or praise the altar-piece within the tiny chapel. Other monks are there, sing-songing their prayers, with eyes upon the silver *retablo* and fingers spelling over the chaplet. A sheep-dog strolls in and sniffs among the kneeling figures; finding the particular one he is seeking, he drops beside him and lays his nose on a paw. When the Brother has finished they go out together. . . .

The garden paths are trimmed with marigolds, the buildings are white, the air on the mountain-top like bubbling wine, the heavens, which here seem but a little way above us — a tender, vapory blue. Scattered among the greyish-green orchards are the huts where the hermits sleep, and live, and eat their modest fare. One was occupied a hundred and more years ago by Brother Philip.

It is not tenanted now, and any one may live here who wishes to retire for a space to the peace of the hills. There is a bed of woven rattan, a grate, some blackened pots, a shelf of books, and on the wall a flail of knotted rope. The light falls through small squares cut in the masonry and devoid of glass.

Our monk meets us without the hut. He has picked some lemon blossoms, and offers them with one of his rare, calm smiles. We go back by the orchard. He points to the earth up-turned about the base of almond trees, and touches his breast to tell us it was he who had stirred the steaming soil. Against a near-by hermitage is the plough he deserted to answer the bell. We go on to the Abbot's Seat. There a stone terrace has been laid on the brink of the mountain, and there one looks out to prairies a-wash with wild flowers — yellow, purple, deep blue. Across the brilliant carpets stray the bull-herds guarded by mounted hirelings of the *ganaderias*, a striped blanket on the pommel, and a long *pic* resting on one arm.

As the noon bell clangs we turn to the gate. More "gentlemen" are now gathered with sacks and pails, and lounge expectantly toward the opening door. The monk withdraws his hand as we offer silver for a peep at Paradise. "No? — Then *gracias . . .*" "*Buenos dios,*" he answers. "May your worships go with God."

At the spring below the gate, the whip-boy wets two rubber-soled shoes and fits one on either brake-head to ease the creaking. . . . Pebbles clatter down the cliff-side, and the nigh horse shies as a figure emerges from a brambled path. "*Ton-tillo!*" chides the *cochero*. It is our cave-dweller climbing with a brazen pot toward the lofty almonry. Little wonder he was negligent of our *limosnitas*.

Seville.

Outwardly Seville is not fair as Granada is fair, or Segovia. Her streets are dusty and flat, and beyond her precincts flat hectares stretch far with hardly a hillock to liven the monotony of groves and savannahs.

But foreigners who live in Seville, even unimpressionable Teutons, complain that they have no liking for any other city once her perfume and sunshine have worked upon the senses. Seville is a Place Without Sadness, a community married to pleasure. With *Sevillana* and *Sevillano* it is a tradition to be amusing, graceful, effective, no less in the family atrium and on the roof-top than at *feria* and *fiesta*. Their perception of gaiety is prudently poised, permitting no excess. Men are gallant, women reserved, though alert. But merriment and good feeling, like shimmering filaments, thread the city's texture.

Though Seville's more intimate lures are not for the chance traveller, though her streets are less glamorous now for the passing of *mantilla* and shawl, still of monuments and Moorish palaces, pictures and gardens, she has a-plenty, and sunshine and sweet scents she deals with spendthrift hand.

The Plaza de San Fernando is the palm-filled *patio* of the city ménage. About it are grouped the Town Hall and many hotels. To the north the Sierpes winds away to the square where Murillo's statue marks the Provincial Museum. Serpent Street and others not so narrow but equally sinuous contain the shops which sell fans and castanets, guitars and high-coloured postal cards. The club of the elect, the *Labradores*, stands in the Sierpes, on the site of Cervantes' prison.

South of the City Hall the Giralda Tower shows the way to the cathedral. A few steps from the latter is the alcazar. On the bank of the Guadalquivir are the bull-ring and the Tower called Golden, because it is faced with yellow tiles. Once, with many other watch-towers, it guarded Seville from invaders. Columbus, Cortes and Pizarro made their way past it to the sea.

The Avenue of Delight has its beginning by the San Telmo Palace close by, and extends for several miles to the race-course.

It is nearly seven centuries since St. Ferdinand

liberated Cordova and Seville from the Mussulman. About a century and a half later (1402) the Christian cathedral was begun on the site which in former times had served for both a pagan temple and a mosque. The Tower of Faith which stands as the landmark, the beckoning star of Seville, is the old minaret of the Moors. It rises near the main portal of the cathedral and is ascended by 36 *rampes* or sloping grades as far as the balcony. Mounting by comfortable stages one gets recurring pictures of the cathedral, the roofs, the *plazas* and the river below, for the square sides are perforated by arched Moorish windows set between bands of latticed decoration. The balcony is 80 metres above the street, though the original campanile was not more than 70 metres high. Over the balcony swing the bells, each one named for a saint, one for each parish. . . . "Twenty-five parishes has Sevilla, twenty-five chimes, the Giraldilla," according to a Spanish couplet. The pinnacle of the tower is mounted by steps. At the crest a figure of Faith twirls with the inconstant wind. In the upper reaches is suspended the *matraca*, the wooden bell which is sounded on the Thursday and Friday of Holy Week by revolving it against a clapper. Its lugubrious rumble announces the hours to the hushed city, which awaits only the burst of Easter bells to cast aside black *man-*

tillas for white, and prepare for the opening *corrida*.

During the days preceding the Resurrection ceremonies, the streets are usurped by processions bearing groups of sacred figures which receive the adoration of the crowd. Each mounted tableau is escorted by its own sodality; they go in separate companies by night as well as day from one shrine to another. In the night they light their way by candles. Beneath the walls of out-of-the-way streets one comes upon them, chanting, groping with tall staffs, like characters out of a miracle play. On Good Friday not a wheel turns, not a shop door is unfastened. The municipal dignitaries, the military, and the populace gather to witness the slow-marching *paso* of the united fraternities. Balconies are draped by multi-coloured *reposteros* and flowers peep between the gratings. On either side the procession is a bank of onlookers who greet the appearance of a favourite Saint or Virgin with songs or showers of blossoms. Amid the dirge of trumpets and solemn incantations come the Passion figures carved and painted with distressing truth, and escorted by hooded forms whose eyes gleam darkly through round holes. The devout kneel as they pass swaying upon invisible shoulders, their gilded pedestals a-shine down a long avenue of tremulous colour. Soldiers with unslung ri-

fles walk with each group, and acolytes with thrusible and banner.

The immense Cathedral of St. Mary is the goal of all such processions. It is the largest of Gothic temples, overwhelming in its proportions. When its aisles are hot-pressed by humanity and every chapel holds its group of worshippers, the picture is one long to be remembered. But emotions respond more deeply in the presence of these aisles when they steal away in silence to towering arches, and narrow in unbroken perspective to distant doorways. Columns which we know to be fifty feet in circumference dwindle to slim pillars, and the voices of priests at the high altar come to us like the droning of giant bees. The central choir is walled in red marble; above it soar the pipes of twin organs which, touched by the fingers of the young organist, give forth a very ecstasy of sounds.

Behind the choir is the Royal Chapel, containing the silver catafalque of Ferdinand, the Deliverer of Seville. Four times a year the mummy is exposed through the glass sides of the gorgeous casket. Under the chapel is a tiny pantheon, where, in cupboards, are stowed the black velvet coffins of Peter the Cruel, of his favourite, Maria, and of princes of his house.

Tickets are sold for the sacristy and chapels, and a different sacristan appears uncannily in

the shadow of each door. There are pictures by Murillo in many chapels. In the Sala Capitular is his "Ascension," in the Chapel of the Chalice are several masterpieces by Goya, Greco, Zurbaran, Murillo, Dürer and Matsys, and a wonderful Crucifix carved by the best of Spanish wood-sculptors, Martinez Montañes, who lived in the 16th century, and was native to Seville.

The main sacristy is an impressive room whose walls are carved in stone up to the high dome. Here is a painting of San Isidoro, patron of Seville, one of Murillo's rare and beautiful portraits. In the wardrobes hang hundreds of costumes appropriate to important church days. The Corpus Christi vestments are embroidered in silk and gold on white satin. There are others bordered by needlework portraits; some of cloth of gold; others of velvet with raised embroidery, thick and lustrous as embossing. The Treasury cannot compare with the one at Toledo, but aside from a splendid *custodia* of silver which on Corpus Christi Day is carried by twenty-four men, there are many jewelled ornaments, and, more valued than all, the keys surrendered to Ferdinand by the Jews and the Moors.

The outer chapels are adorned by many artistic gems. An alcove near the main entrance holds a "Holy Family" by Murillo's most gifted pupil, Alonso de Tobar. "The Guardian Angel," by

the great Sevillian himself, is over the altar in the chapel of Santo Angel. The baptistry in a far corner is beautified by his "St. Anthony's Vision," which, as related with infinite variations, once tempted a thief. Alonso Cano's Virgin is near the exit to the orange-court.

The *retablo* of the high altar is delicately carved and gilded and consists of forty-five sculptured episodes in the lives of the Saints. Like the celebrated windows of the cathedral, it is the work of Flemish artists.

Columbus' remains, having been carried from Valladolid to Seville, then across the seas to Hayti and Havana and back again to Seville, are now enclosed within a sarcophagus of painted stone which is borne on the shoulders of figures representing Castile, Leon, Aragon and Navarre. This *bizarre* but not undignified tomb is to the south of the nave. Not far from the main entrance is the tomb of his son Ferdinand, who died in Seville in 1536.

During the carnival in February, on Corpus Christi Day, and on the fête of the Immaculate Conception in May, choir boys in costume pirouette before the altar of the Virgin as shepherds danced about the cradle of the Infant Christ. Formerly there were two groups of six, or *seis*; it is thus that the rite is called the Dance of the Seises (Sixes), though it is now performed by not

more than ten, who go through the steps to the music of viols and castanets.

The cathedral stands free on all sides, nine doors giving entrance to its exalted aisles. Like the Cordova *mezquita*, it has an outer Puerta del Perdon, which leads into the court of the Moors' ablutions. This Patio of the Oranges, the Giralda, and portions of two other doorways remain from the original mosque.

Close to the Giralda is the Archiepiscopal Palace and also the Library which, with the Bourse (south of the tower) shelters the enormously interesting documents which relate to the newly-discovered America. Many of these have been carefully photographed to the order of Mr. Archer Huntington, founder of the Hispano-American Society, and constitute a set of records which have no duplicate outside of Spain. Through Mr. Huntington, both the ancient and modern art of Spain has been introduced to a wider public, and Spain has also reason to be grateful for his assistance in making important excavations at Italica.

The Arabian Palace of Pedro I still belongs to the patrimony of the King. It was here that Isabella II was banished before final exile. But hers is perhaps the least tragic memory which pervades the courts and salons of this Moorish habitation.

For centuries it was the plaything of monarchs

who, beginning with Pedro, restored and refurbished until to-day it is as bright as a new-minted penny and lacking therefore in a certain appeal. An outer gate defends a court and the palace proper — a palace supported by a profusion of marble columns, arched with horseshoe arabesques, banded with iridescent tiles, encrusted with stucco embroidery, inlaid with ivory and pearl, and refreshed by low fountains.

The seat is shown where Peter the Cruel administered justice according to his own lights, and where he forever silenced with his sword four dishonest judges. The Court of the Maidens (*de las Doncellas*) is the airy and luxurious *patio* from which many halls radiate. The Ambassadors' Hall is a domed apartment ornamented with a confusing richness of colour and design which, in relation to the Doll's Court beyond, is as a Persian carpet to a flounce of lace. The latter is the smallest and the most completely lovely of all the softly lighted *patios*. Its architect drew in a puppet's head beneath the capitals of two pillars and thus bequeathed to it its name. Its fairness, too, is stained with blood, for here it was that Peter struck down his own brother, just as in a neighbouring court he treacherously slew a Moorish chieftain.

On the floor above are the royal salons and the reputed death-chamber of St. Ferdinand. Be-

neath the palace Pedro constructed a bath for Maria de Padilla, for whom he sacrificed his queen, a Princess of Bourbon. The entrance to the bath is through a dim passage leading from the gardens.

The Alcazar Gardens are the Eden of Seville, and here many an insouciant Adam and Eve stroll beneath the fig and the palm, ignorant as yet of the broader knowledge which is enemy to romance. Waterfalls of pink, yellow, and white roses shower gate and parapet, and the odour of magnolia and orange-blossom imbrues the dulcet air.

In the south-eastern quarter of the town stands another palace of Oriental architecture and decoration — the House of Pilate, which was conceived by the Duke of Ribera upon his returning from a residence in Palestine. Its magnificent court and stairway once knew the feet of the most renowned men of Seville, but to-day it is but a stately monument of bygone splendour. The half-peseta fee charged at the door is given by the ducal owner to a charity.

There are other mansions in Seville befitting its great wealth and prestige in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, but none is easily visible except the Casa de Pilatos. Very near to it is the Convent of Santa Paula, where nuns are immured for life, where they make their own coffins and bury their own dead. The chapel has a no-

tably beautiful tiled doorway. Beside the confession alcoves are latticed gratings through which the Augustinian Sisters whisper their peccadillos to a listening priestly ear.

If one is minded to make in Seville a Murillo pilgrimage, he will look first at the house on the Plaza de Alfaro, No. 7, where it is believed he died, and pass by the Exchange, near the Giralda, where he taught painting to a school of not very illustrious pupils. Then he will go to the hospice for old men — La Caridad — a short walk from the cathedral, to see canvases which are among the very finest from his brush. The two of greatest size represent the children of Israel gathered with their water-jugs about the grateful stream which Moses has caused to gush from a rock, and "The Loaves and Fishes." But the most beautiful is that of the Portuguese St. John carrying a sick man upon his back. One of Murillo's brunette angels helps the Saint as he is about to fall, while two mischievous cherubs thrust their heads curiously through an aperture. In the same chapel there are more pictures and lunettes by Murillo, an altar-piece by Roldan, and two powerfully gruesome paintings by Valdes Leal. All of these works were ordered for the Hospital by an association which continued the charities of one Miguel de Mañara, who was a

reckless man and a profligate and who, being turned from a life of evil, made atonement by doing good and denying himself henceforth all pleasure. It is related that he loved a handsome Sevillian who left her father's house to join him in his revels. When the father died through regret for his erring daughter, she was smitten with grief and said to her lover, "See, it is we who have killed him. We must in his memory build a shelter for the poor and the aged." We are reminded of this tale, only one of many told of the converted Lothario, as we cross the Caridad court where, attended by nuns in winged head-dress, old men, filmy-eyed and palsied, sit contentedly in the sun.

Opposite the hospice is a statue of Don Miguel, bearing, like St. John of God, a sick man on his back. His tomb is beneath the chapel altar.

The Sierpes leads us to the museum,¹ the most important station of our Murillo pilgrimage, since it possesses over twenty of his works. He is represented here in his three manners, the *frio*, the *calido*, and the *vaporosa*. His early pictures show his colour cold, while later canvases are painted with the warm and vaporous blues, umbers and yellows which are Murillo's distinctive tones. Of Capuchin monks he painted many, be-

¹ Open free every day, 10-4.

cause during his epoch this Order was influential and their patrons often commanded the tonsured olive-brown figures to grace palace and chapel.

There is no better example of Murillo's final manner than the picture of San Felix holding the Babe which the Madonna has laid in his arms. San Felix and San José are the patrons of children, as St. Anthony is the marriage broker of Sevillian maidens. In Toledo, those desiring a husband within a year throw pins and needles through the grille before the street altar of the Virgin of the Needles. But in Seville they have a more definite method of communication. They write a letter to St. Anthony and give it to the postman, response pre-paid. If the censor of marriages deems them worthy, a husband is forthcoming. If not, they must prepare still further for wife-hood.

One of Murillo's divine babies is perched on a book before Anthony of Padua. Another leans from the arms of the oft-copied Virgin of the Napkin. There are at least four "Immaculate Conceptions," an "Adoration of the Shepherds" and an "Annunciation." "St. Francis Supporting the Crucified Saviour" is one of those eminently morbid subjects which the serious-minded Spanish take especially to their hearts. The mellow picture of Thomas of Villanueva distributing alms, Murillo called *su lienzo*, "his own."

In this gallery there are about 200 works. Next to Murillo, Zurbaran the æsthete painter of Estramadura Province, is most frequently represented. Now-a-days Zurbaran is placed very high among Spanish artists, ranking just below Ribera after Velasquez. But his pious saints and monks are rarely convincing despite scrupulous regard for detailed truth.

Velasquez is rarely present in Sevillian collections though he was Sevillian by birth, his natal house being in the Rua Gorgoja at No. 8.

The museum is further interesting for its collection of Roman ruins taken from the near-by city of Italica where Trajan, Adrian and Theodosius were born. While the French were in Seville fragments of columns and friezes were discovered and excavations were later undertaken. The old Roman city covered many acres about the present scrawny village of Santi Ponce, about 8 kilom. from Seville. The arena with seats for 20,000 persons has been entirely cleared even to the central depression which old photographs show still filled with earth, and which must have served for aquatic games when flooded with water. The wild beasts were kept in galleries also exposed now, due to patient excavation. One may walk through the gladiators' galleries and dressing-rooms (*sudarii*) through the mortuary chambers of vanquished gladiators and the cells where

human victims were detained before being thrown to the beasts.

Returning from grass-grown *Italica* one makes a side excursion to the wrecked monastery of St. Isidoro of the Field to see an altar-piece carved by Montañes which, in 1659, a travelled Frenchman said was the most remarkable he had seen. The Spanish were masters of this craft. Certainly the San Jeronimo of this nearly deserted chapel will never be surpassed in ages to come. It was ordered for this convent by Guzman *el Bueno*, called "the good" because at Tarifa he sacrificed his two sons to the Moors rather than prove unfaithful to the city. His wife's tomb and his own are on either side the altar.

Between *Italica* and Seville is the village of Castileja de la Cuesta where Hernando de Cortez was born and where he died in 1547 the victim of a nation's ingratitude.

Returning from this drive beyond the town we traverse the Triana quarter where there are interesting potteries, and many working-men's homes. Bird-cages and pots of flowers cheer the face of the shambling tenements. Down one street a company of small maidens are practising the simpler steps of the *flamenco* to the clack of castanets and the melody of a piano organ. Another group — of boys this time — are engaged in a game of *torero*, the bull being simulated by a

youngster who wears a board head-piece with horned corners and who gives spirited chase to amateur *banderilleros* and *matador*.

As we cross the Triana bridge we gain an impression of Seville's sea and river commerce. Steamers from American and European ports are berthed at extensive wharfs awaiting consignments of fruits, oils and pottery. From Seville to Cadiz, some two hundred kilometres or less, the Guadalquivir forswears romance for burly practicalities.

On the bridge we meet troops of cigar-makers coming from the palatial tobacco factory where they are employed 5000 strong. Some are pretty, though neither so pretty nor so tempestuous as *Merimée* and *Calvé* would have us believe. Some have their babies bound in their shawls, nearly all wear a flower in their well-oiled tresses, all have a curiously graceful carriage. The factory stands near the Prado de San Sebastian, the wide plain where every year the three-day *Feria* is held, April 18-20.

A great space is consumed by the cattle-market where fine Andalusian horses, cows, oxen, donkeys, goats and pigs are shown by dealers in the picture costumes of these southern prairies.

But the *Feria's* prime spectacle takes place at night when the private booths, or "little houses," of clubs and well-to-do families are lit with

coloured lanterns and filled with Sevillian belles in ravishing dresses. Each host entertains a group of guests and the evening hours pass to the swaying measures of the dance. Fortunately for the stranger the platforms are uncurtained so that the pageant is for him who runs to see.

In the late afternoon all Seville drives on the Paseo de las Delicias, a leafy promenade perfumed by flowering trees and road-side gardens. The clank of harness chimes with the motors' chug and the soft pad of hoofs on the bridle-path. Many carriages are drawn by more than two horses. Sometimes one sees two leaders and one wheeler, or three wheelers and one leader, or horses tandem, or four abreast. Sleek mules are *comme il faut* and plump donkeys are in favour for children's carts. Coach-men are often liveried in short jackets and tight breeches with broad-brimmed hats. They sit very high and if there are two such men on the box and a *quadrida* of mules is being driven to a sort of surrey, the effect is very Spanish.

In the vehicles of the rich are serene and gracious women dressed, alas, in the hats and gowns of north Europe. At far intervals in the long procession a *mantilla* may drape a diadem of carnations above a face that is doubly fair for its filmy frame. But the native costume is passing — has passed in Seville except at the bull-fight,

where one still sees silk shawls and artful fans and the incomparable head-dress of Old Spain.

Huelva, $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours south-west of Seville, was taken from the Moors in 1257 and confiscated by Pedro I a century later for Maria de Padilla. Situated at the confluence of the Odiel and the Tinto, it is the outlet for the famous copper mines to the north. Three kilom. from the city is the convent of Santa Maria de la Rabida where Columbus stayed in 1484 to lay his plans before the sympathetic prior, Fray Perez. From Palos ($2\frac{1}{2}$ hours by boat from Huelva) he sailed August 3, 1492, returning there March 15, 1493.

SEVILLE - GRANADA VIA BOBADILLA.

Leave Seville 10.00 A. M. Arrive Bobadilla 3.18 P. M. (Change for Algeciras, arriving there 10.10 P. M. Arrive Gibraltar 11.00 P. M.) Arrive Granada 7.05 P. M.

Afternoon express three times weekly Seville - Granada. Through car on both morning and afternoon trains.

SEVILLE - CADIZ.

Via two lines of river boats. Distance about 200 kilom.

Rail via Utrera and Jerez. Leave Seville 9.11 A. M. Arrive Jerez 11.13 A. M. Arrive Cadiz 12.25 P. M.

Jerez de la Frontera is the Arabian Sherish or Xiras. It has a rich trade in wine and horses and is thoroughly typical of Andalusia. Its great cattle fair late in April brings together crowds of traders and merry-makers. In the vintage season, asses laden with basket saddle-bags full of grapes arrive at the *bodegas* and are weighed at the *recibo*. The best grapes come from the Afuera and Albarizas districts, the poorer qualities from Barros and Arenas. The grapes are pressed in vats or *jaraices* by the treading of boys' feet. The juice is then carried to "pipes" or casks to await fermentation. Real sherry wine is produced in vineyards near the city. Manzanilla and San Lucar are also grown in the Jerez district. The season of the vintage is opened and concluded with rural revelry.

Visitors are admitted to the ware-houses or *bodegas*.

In the Convent of St. Francis the wife of Peter the Cruel is buried. He, because of his infatuation for Maria de Padilla, had Doña Blanca immured in a castle and murdered when, as her tomb tells us, she was but twenty-five years of age.

A few kilometres out of Jerez is the Cartuja convent which was founded by a nobleman in 1427. It has cloisters of great length and fountains and cypress trees. Few in Spain or Portugal can compare with it for romantic beauty. Alonzo Cano made an altar 96 feet high for the church. The monks abandoned the monastery in 1835.

Between Jerez and Cadiz are extensive sea marshes, dotted with pyramids of salt obtained by evaporation. Cadiz appears a long way off on a peninsula separated from the mainland by an inlet of the ocean. Puerto de Santa Maria, Puerta Real and San Fernando are populous suburbs of Cadiz through which the train passes.

Cadiz.

The Spaniards' simile for perfect beauty is a silver cup; to them Cadiz is *una taza de plata*. It rests against a blue curtain, is etched with palms and Moorish streets, and bossed with two-roofed houses. Since Old Testament days, history has been graven on its dazzling face. Viewed from land or sea it is lovely as a mirage.

Some four centuries before Rome came into existence, Gades was a Phœnician trading port. Then followed Carthaginian, Roman, Goth and Berber. Since 1262 it has belonged to the Castilian crown. In 1596 the English bombarded the city and destroyed 200 houses. Two centuries later Nelson assailed it. In 1810 the

French vainly attempted its capture. The constitution of the Spanish Cortes was signed here in 1812 amid stormy scenes. From 1823-1828 the French occupied the city which has since been the scene of internal contests.

But Cadiz shows none of the bruises of war. Rather she is like an ethereal gift granted that we may know to what beauty a city can attain.

The dome of the cathedral and the watch-tower surmount the *miradors* of her white, three-storied houses. Against their sheer, impeccable whiteness her parks gleam coolly and the ocean shines like an opal on a white hand. Her walls are no more spotless than her streets and gem-like courts and gardens. Cadiz is the cleanest, freshest, sanest, of Spanish towns.

One grudges time for stipulated sights. On the sea-wall delightful hours drift by in gazing on the waste of blue, darkened now by flocks of tunny boats, or swept by trailing scarfs of smoke. Groups of Murillo-eyed babies play beneath the palms, and one may watch at his leisure seductive *Gaditanas* flaunting their charms under the noses of natty soldiers. Cadiz femininity is not remarkable for its shyness. Here one realises the foreign image of a Spanish woman,—daring, hasty, voluptuous. Their dance is without restraint and their tongues and tempers are as passionate as their steps. To the same degree

are they religious and devoted to churchly ceremonials. They join with animation in the winter carnival, in the protracted celebrations of Holy Week, above all in the *fiesta* of Corpus Christi and the *Velada* of Our Lady of the Angels, the latter a two-weeks' festival in August. In San Fernando, across the inlet, they celebrate during the last fortnight of July the feast of the Virgin of Carmen, patron of the navy, and on October 23 inhabitants of the coast from the Straits of Gibraltar to the Bay of Cadiz join in a *romeria* to a shrine at Cerro.

The religion of the middle and lower class Spanish has little to do with priests, "the long-skirted gentry" whose offices are often scorned. Towards purgatory, confession and even the marriage and burial rites of the Church there is an increasing indifference, but this attitude in no way affects the deep and personal love of the people for their Virgins and their *santos*.

The new cathedral of Cadiz is to the south of the Plaza de Isabel II near the ocean front. It was begun about 200 years ago, part of the funds for its building being obtained by a tax of one-fourth per cent. on the cargoes of in-coming galleons. Architecturally it has great dignity, but aside from the carved *silleria* of the choir, and the wealth of marbles used in its construction, has few treasures of painting or sculpture. The

custodia, the elaborate silver container which encloses the Host, belongs to the municipality and is valued at 908,000 reals or 227,000 pesetas. It is one of the venerated objects in the Corpus Christi procession.

Behind the cathedral stands the wooden bull-ring, forbidden to be of stone lest an enemy coming into possession of the town might use it as a fortress. Further west on the same road is the abandoned convent of the Capuchins¹ in which Murillo fell from the scaffold and was mortally hurt while painting for the chapel altar a picture of Santa Catalina kneeling before the Madonna and Child. The last figure ever touched by his brush was the cherub in the lower right hand corner. There are other pictures of interest here, two Murillos (one ruined by re-touching), and several by his pupil, Meneses Osorio.

The Museo de Pinturas,² is on the well shaded Plaza de Mina. It contains among other ancient and modern works a picture by Ferrant which portrays Murillo surrounded by monks after his fall, his brushes scattered on the floor, his face pale with suffering. Many of Zurbaran's white-robed monks are here, brought from the suppressed Carthusian convent outside Jerez. The jewel of the collection is the Madonna (about 14

¹ A small fee to man who opens door.

² Fee to guardian.

by 16 inches in size) by Rubens,— so little and so far from the earthly that one would scarcely know it for his except for the azure eyes and rosy limbs of the *Niño*. This one wee picture is worth a gallery of fleshly revels and pink nudes.

Cadiz painters are represented by Goday and Abarzuza among other *genre* and historical artists in the modern salon.

The Archæological Museum is the guardian of remarkable discoveries— jewelry, amulets, statuary, and sarcophagi taken from Phœnician tombs near the suburb of San Severiano, where, at Punta de la Vaca, the opened catacombs may be visited.

Americans will be interested to know that this fair Spanish port gave birth to Admiral Farragut.

There are trains, trams and boats to suburban towns, and bi-weekly boats to Seville. Also steamers to Algeciras, Tangier (connection for Gibraltar), and Ceuta, besides monthly trans-Atlantic and frequent coast-wise service.

An auto-bus now runs daily between San Fernando (Cadiz) and Algeciras via Tarifa. Time, 5 hours. Fare, 20–25p., according to position of seat.

Rail, Cadiz – Utrera – Seville – Madrid. Leave Cadiz 4.20 P. M. Arrive Utrera 6.58. Arrive Seville 8.00. Arrive Madrid 9.00 A. M. Other slower trains.

Utrera is the junction for trains from Cadiz and Seville to Bobadilla (Algeciras, Malaga) and Granada.

Cadiz – Utrera, 3–4 hours. Utrera – Bobadilla, 4–5 hours. Bobadilla – Algeciras, 5–6 hours. Bobadilla – Malaga, 2 hours. Bobadilla – Granada, 3 hours.

Cadiz—Granada. Leave Cadiz 7.30 A. M. Make connection at Utrera with Seville—Granada train. (See under Seville.)

En Route to Granada.

The train dawdles across a fruitful country, coming often in view of hill towns whose glamour fades as one approaches them, but which afar seem to realise all one has dreamed of Spain. Often they stand on a barren rise of ground with a canopy of clouds and burning blue sky above them. A church spire thrusts upward from terraces of dull red tiles—the roofs of straight houses—and a wall of Roman brick flings a wavering yellow ribbon about the whole. The stations are often far from the towns, but not so far that beggars, idlers and venders of fresh-picked oranges, medlars and artichokes, frosted cakes and *agua fresca* cannot find their way there. Children climb to the car windows on the far side of the train and beg with effective whines for the fragments of one's lunch basket. Sometimes little beggars, and old ones, retire with portions which awaken smiles of radiant expectation.

Costumes are disappointing, and pretty faces few. Young girls sometimes wear their blouses tucked inside a pair of washable trousers, and these same girls go back and forth knitting a sock or a shawl; the effect is very droll.

East of Bobadilla—the Rome of Andalusia to which all roads lead—the Sierra Nevadas appear to escort us upward to Granada. The estate of the Duke of Wellington extends for thousands of acres along the valley of the Genil. It was given to him as an appanage of victory in 1814.

At Santa Fé the train has crossed a ruggedly impressive country and reached the town above the famous *vega* where the Catholic Kings awaited the surrender of Granada, and, after its capitulation, received Columbus. Here he enacted the tableau of the egg, and after sundry disappointments

set out across these abundant prairies to prepare for the journey which was to enrich Spain beyond even his extravagant hopes.

Granada.

“So we rode quietly on,” records Irving, “the squab little notary taking the lead and turning to us every moment with some fresh exclamation about the *grandeurs* of Granada. . . . Thus escorted we passed between hedges of aloes and Indian figs, and through that wilderness of gardens with which the *vega* is embroidered, and arrived about sunset at the gates of the city.” At “one of the shabbiest *posadas* in Granada” the scribe of the Alhambra passed his first night below the Red Palace. Now-a-days, arriving at about the same sunset hour, we make our first entrance into the Pomegranate City by mule-coaches which careen across pavements (probably never re-laid since Irving’s day) to a height where stand a spacious new hostelry, and a pleasant retreat named for the one who has best construed for English readers the incorruptible beauties of the near-by *alcazar*.

Below the new hotel the city flows out to meet the prairie. Behind it range the mountains which cast a silver light from their snowy bucklers, a light peculiar to Granada and never-failing until the August sun robs the peaks of their glittering armament.

The fortress-chateau on the other side of the hill is a magnet which draws us quickly from what is to be seen in the town and beyond, though Granada, aside from the Alhambra, has as much to show as many other centres of sight-seeing.

Her comparatively modern Streets of the Catholic Kings and Gran Capitan are of less interest than the Zacatin, the narrow business street of the Moors, and the neighbouring passage where the silk mill stood which is said to have been burned by Fernando del Pulgar, the Christian who entered Granada by the Duaro River and tacked to the mosque door a defiant "Ave Maria."

The one-time university of the Moors, now a cloth ware-house, faces the side of the cathedral. Directly opposite is the entrance to the Royal Chapel where the tombs of Ferdinand and Isabella and their daughter Juana and her husband are placed behind a splendid *reja* of wrought-iron. Isabella died at Medina del Campo in 1504,³ and her consort in the first convent built in Granada (behind the Alhambra), in 1516. The coffins containing their bodies are in the crypt below. The altar is flanked by kneeling figures of The Kings carved in wood and painted after the special manner of the Spanish. Bas-reliefs de-

³ This most illustrious of Spanish women was born at Madrigal near Avila, April 22, 1451.

pict the surrender of Boabdil, and the baptism of the Moors who remained in Granada.

In the white-and-gold cathedral is an altar dedicated to a quaint wooden Virgin found in a ruined convent between Avila and Segovia and carried by Ferdinand and Isabella during the wars of Granada. Either side the altar are copies of portraits of the sovereigns made by their court painter—Isabella with a face of goodness and beauty, Ferdinand, shrewd and handsome. Every Saturday morning mass is said to this Virgin, and in the afternoon a group of choir boys, musicians and priests assemble opposite the altar to raise a song in her honour,—a shrill and guileless ceremony. Opposite the main cathedral entrance is an altar of Sierra Nevada marble designed by Cano, the architect, sculptor and painter who was a son of Granada and is buried before this shrine. Not only the altar ornaments and cash box but even the candlesticks are chained, and a *celador* patrols the church aisles on the watch for sneak thieves. In many chapels there are paintings by Cano and by Ribera. The sacristy is mainly interesting for the treasure of relics associated with the conquerors of Granada. Among these are a face of Christ by Memling which was carried in procession, garments embroidered by Isabella and her ladies for Cardinal Mendoza and worn at the first



GRANADA, TOMBS OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA AND OF JANE AND PHILIP
THE HANDSOME IN THE CATHEDRAL

mass in the Alhambra, the sword of Ferdinand, the sceptre and crown of Isabella, and her silver jewel casket.

The cathedral faces a little square where the daily flower-market is held; adjacent is the Plaza Bib-Rrambla where Moorish knights used to hold their routs and tourneys.

Near the station and bull-ring is the church of St. John of God, he of the Murillo picture in the Caridad at Seville. To build this church he begged alms in the street. This and other pious acts earned him recognition from Pope Gregory VIII, who presented him with the mummy of a Roman soldier taken from the Catacombs. The soldier from Rome and the Saint from Portugal are neighbours in death. And very near them, in the fallen church of San Jeronimo sleeps the Great Captain born near Cordova to become the warrior-aid of The Kings in their crusade against the Moslems. Appropriately enough his burial-place is now a barracks.

Ten minutes' ride by tram or carriage from the Puerta Real at the centre of the town brings one to a Moorish garden on the River Genil, which is now private property though once a suburban estate of the Saracen rulers. The *Mezquita de Genil* stands near the spot where Boabdil, last king of Granada, bade farewell to his victors.

Another short excursion beyond the city may be

made to the Cartuja Convent built by Saint Bruno himself on ground given by the Gran Capitan. Cano's carved St. Bruno and his painting of the Virgin, "calm as Raphael," are worth the journey. Many also admire the complicated decoration of the sacristy.

If one wishes to go further afield, there is a diligence from Granada to the Alhama Baths (30 k.= 7 hrs.= 9p.) which were partially destroyed by earthquake twenty years ago. An inscription in Moorish asserts the existence of these hot springs for twenty centuries. Moors still take the baths, and Spaniards, among them many bull-fighters.

A prosaic but most convenient cog-wheel road now mounts the hill of the Alhambra every half hour. It passes on the way the gardens of M. Mersmann, a Belgian convert to Granada's charms, who admits visitors bringing a card from the administrator of the Alhambra Palace Hotel.

The Alhambra.

The Duke of Wellington is responsible for the beautiful wood which forms the outlying precinct of the community of palaces, towers, dwellings, churches, shops and gardens enclosed now within the walls of the Alhambra. At the time of the conquest a principal gate entered the citadel grounds near the site of a hotel annex which is

about to be removed in preparation for the gate's reconstruction. It was closed by Boabdil's wish, who desired that no Christian should ever pass through it.

By this Seven-storied Tower (*Siete Suelos*) Abu Abdalla, whose abbreviated name was Boabdil, left the seat of his ancestors to release its keys to the enemy. Boabdil had conspired with his mother against his father, Mulai Ali Abdul Hassan, who retired to Malaga when his son seized the palace and fortifications. Through these intestine disputes the cause of the Moors was so weakened that Boabdil, "the little king," was forced to recognise the wisdom of peaceful capitulation when pressed by the Christians who were by now at his very gates. January 2, 1492, he rode out to meet the monarchs who received him, so we are glad to read, with consideration, and who saw him depart forever from his kingdom to a district beyond the mountains which they had ceded to him. From the Hill of Tears, known also as *El Ultimo Suspiro del Moro*, he looked his last upon Granada. We are told that very soon he withdrew to Fez, where he died in its defence. So ended nearly seven and a half centuries of Islam rule in Granada.

It is said that the Moors of Fez still guard the keys of the houses from which their fathers were driven at Boabdil's surrender. It is a tradition

that some day they will return to claim their old realm among the *sierras*. If a Moor sighs in his sleep, they say of him, "See, he dreams of Granada!" Sometimes they come across the straits to make a pilgrimage here, to wander sadly among the galleries and by-ways of the many-towered domain.

Not long ago one named Maleh Salem came to the Alhambra and when he had seen it he emitted this "sigh of the Moor" which we are permitted to read.⁴

Maleh Salem on beholding the Alhambra said:

"O Alcazar of the Alhambra! From far away
did I come to see you

Hoping you were like a garden in the spring-
time, but lo, you are like a tree in autumn.

Fondly I imagined on seeing you my heart would
rejoice; alas, tears are filling my eyes!

Blesséd he who saw you in those days of happi-
ness when Granada had thousands of Alcazars
and held untold numbers of happy people, and
the splendour of a diadem!

Then you stood out like a beautiful Queen
crowned by gilded roofs and clad with pearl-
like woods.

Then the hues and tints of your palaces sur-
passed in beauty the flowers which perfumed

⁴ Translated from the Arabic for the author by Alfred W. Rost.

the banks of the Duaro, even surpassing the sky reflecting its image in the waters.

You were then like a beautiful D eer, but now your garments are stained and torn, and there were no comfort in your disgrace except for the wing ed little friends from far-off Africa who circle your battlements and sing, (I shall hear them eternally): O Bless ed Alhambra!

They learned their song on the sandy wastes of Africa from the poor and hapless fugitives who, knowing no place to rest, wandering aimlessly, dreaming of the cool shades of your beautiful woods which their fathers planted, wail sadly: O Bless ed Alhambra!

Maybe a day will come when strife will cease between Moslem and Christian, between Spaniard and Moor, and all will be then like brothers, and those will come to Granada without fear whose fathers lived beneath her roofs.

Then shall you shine again in the purple robes of a Queen. O lose no hope! Who knows? Perhaps the day will come."

Peopled again by the Moors, the Alhambra would be flawless. Possessed by astute keepers and shopmen its delicate poise is disturbed. An army of travellers tramp through the Gate of Justice whose iron doors first yielded to the Christian cohort, and pursue the cobbled way which curves up

to the broad terrace of the Arab reservoirs. And there they confront this notice.

TARIFF OF THE ALHAMBRA.

	Pesetas	
Admission to the palaces.....	1 00	
To the south towers and me- quita	1½ 00	The palaces
To the alcazaba	50	and alcazaba
Tickets admitting to all parts of the Alhambra, valid 3 days...	10 00	are free on
Fifteen-day ticket.....	30 00	Sunday afternoons.
Photographing permit.....	50	
Painting permit.....	1 00	
(No charge for permits to holders of circular tickets.)		
Fee to see the Alhambra by moonlight in accordance with the number making applica- tion.		

Disturbing enough to the romantic!

Pipes laid by the Moors still fill the great cisterns with mountain water, which is distributed to the Alhambra quarter by donkeys. To the left of the square is the *alcazaba*, a walled triangular garden which encloses the watch-tower whose bell now performs the peaceful mission of regulating irrigation in the district watered by the Genil. The upper platform sweeps a noble panorama of plains and mountains.

The gate of the *alcazaba* faces the unfinished palace of Charles V, across the shady plateau.

The road on the left descends to the unassuming portal of the caliph's palace. Following its surrender it was a residence of Spanish monarchs until Philip V abandoned it to vagrants. But for the mystic strength of its columns and arches it must long ago have sunk into irremediable decay. No single agency was so influential in saving it from ultimate ruin as the volume composed within its walls nearly a hundred years ago by the one affectionately known to the natives as "Washington."

Many nooks recall him. It was at the recessed window of the Ambassadors' Hall that he used to sit, considering "not merely the heaven above but the earth beneath . . . priests and friars . . . *majos* and *majas* in their Andalusian dresses . . . swaggering *contrabandistas*." In the Lion's Court he talked with the Moor from Tetuan. His chamber is still above the tiny quadrangle redolent with cypresses and memories of Lindaraja. From the parapet of the *tocador* he leaned on moonlit nights. . . . "the white palaces and convents sleeping in the moonshine, and beyond all these the vapory *vega* fading away like a dreamland in the distance."

More than half of the alcazar was demolished to make space for the protuberant fancy of the son of Mad Jane. Since the 16th century it has comprised two large courts and a smaller one with

adjoining halls, with baths below stairs and an upper gallery leading to the "Queen's Dressing-room," or *tocador*. The outer door which phlegmatically guards the secret of joys beyond admits directly to the Court of the Pool or Fishpond, bordered, not by roses as in Irving's time, but by a clipped myrtle hedge. The *patio* is closed at one end by an arcade whose columns sustain an arched gallery with a low-pitched roof. The Tower of Comares stands square and high above the opposite peristyle. In the pool is reflected the light tracery of the arcs and the marble pillars. From this great court roofed by the sky two vistas present themselves — that of the Sala de Embajadores in the Torre de Comares which protrudes over the cliff, and the Patio de los Leones.

The former was the audience chamber; by reason of its size, its mural arabesques, its dome of tinted inlay, its tiled wainscot and "twin windows" it is the most ostentatious apartment in the palace.

We are told that Boabdil, in escaping from his "tiger-hearted father," slithered down the precipitous walls of the tower by means of a rope his mother had fashioned of knotted scarfs.

The gallery to the queen's boudoir turns out of the Hall of Ambassadors. From the balcony there is a rare prospect embracing the Generalife

Palace on a higher hill to the right; the peaks which stand behind; the ravine of the Duaro; and the Albaicin, the old town of the Moors, on a rise directly opposite. This belvedere is not Moorish but was built by Philip V for the beautiful Elizabeth of Parma, his queen.

Twelve eccentric stone beasts, called lions for want of a better zoölogical designation, support the bowl of a fountain in the centre of a colonnaded court. Unblinking, acutely original, they are probably the most photographed objects in the *palacio arabe*.

It is believed that the harem overlooked this open space, for latticed windows show beneath the eaves. Four porches lead to four halls, each topped by a cupola and adorned by the fairy-like decoration which looks like ivory scroll-work, but is actually of plaster impressed with moulds. The fluted intrados of the Byzantine arches is surmounted by panels of interlacing designs delicately pierced so that the light may simmer from the court into shadowy chambers. The Hall of the Abencerrajes, the Hall of the Stalactites, the Hall of Justice and the Hall of the Two Sisters contain each a low fount from which a flow of water purls along a marble trough to the central basin. In the afternoon the lions spout twelve stiff streams beneath the bell-like spray of the upper cup. The Arabs arranged fountains in their intimate apartments so that they could sit about

them among low-potted plants,—limbs crossed, chin fallen upon the breast, their reverie aided by the hum of bubbling water.

There is a stone bench in the Hall of the Abencerrajes from which one may look past the fountain through the Two Sisters' frosted arches to the greenery in Lindaraja's garden. But here a memory rises which frustrates the peace of the scene. . . . A princess married to a Prince Royal, loved instead Abenhamet, one of the rich, brave and graceful tribe of the Abencerrajes. He had been banished, but stole one night to see her in yonder garden. Four Zegrís, of a tribe who hated the Abencerrajes, overheard their tryst from a rose-tree and went straightway to the husband, with fell results. Abenhamet was slain by the Prince Royal, but not only Abenhamet — his thirty-five brave, graceful and rich kinsmen also, so that the *amours* of one brought about the extermination of all, and there were no more of their race left in the land. It was in this court that the husband wreaked vengeance, here under the *jalousies* of the harem and the blank stare of the stony-hearted lions.

The Sala de Justitia is a long hall interrupted by a succession of fret-work arches. The architecture, the patterns stencilled and stamped on walls and ceilings, the form of the stalactites which emboss cornice and window arch, the mo-

saic tiles, inimitable now in their iridescent perfection, vary in each salon. And at every hand there are details to be dreamed over — a cluster of carved capitals, an alcove, the angle of a roof, a window screened in stucco filigree, a view divided by the fragile pillar of an *ajimice*.

The palace rooms are bordered with Cufic characters of gold, or ivory, or white and pale blue, proclaiming in confident mottoes the endurance of Moslem power.

Even we of differing race and creeds may regard them a little sadly.

The muniment of the Alhambra was once fortified by thirty towers. Now a scant dozen remain. Legend has been busy with those which lie along the south-east wall. In the Torre de las Infantas, lived the three princesses who were wooed by Christian knights. Two fled with their heretic lovers, the other failed in courage, and after death still haunted the tower until the "Rose of the Alhambra" broke the spell which bound her by baptising her at her behest in a near-by fountain.

The Captive's Tower was the prison of a Christian maid from Algeciras who had the misfortune to attract a Moorish king. She threw herself into the ravine below the tower rather than become his sultana. In the garden of the Little Mosque and the Ladies' Tower there is a pool of

gold-fish fringed by yellow roses. The *mezquita* is exquisite in its ruin. The Tower is inscribed with verses to the gentler sex, to the starriness of their eyes and the blackness of their tresses.

A path goes down the cliff-side here to the *alameda* under its lee, and strange, crooked streets beyond. Above the mosque, near the church built by Ferdinand for the services of the court, another road winds among well-filled shops to a second exit. On retracing one's steps and passing the palace of Charles V, the Port of Justice is on the left. In the shop beneath the sign of Señor Abelardo Linares there are fine laces woven on Granada bobbins, and pieces of furniture made of inlaid ivory and wood mosaic by workmen who still pursue in Granada the trade of the Arab cabinet-maker.

The Generalife was once the property of Omar, a Moorish noble, who bequeathed it to his king. A passage was constructed from the Alhambra to this summer pleasaunce, which was then used only for revel, never for residence. Later it was given by Ferdinand and Isabella to Peter of Granada, a Moor who was baptised into Christianity at Santa Fé. From him it descended to the present owner, an Italian marchioness who, it is said, has a still more beautiful estate in Genoa, and, being an old lady, never comes now to Granada. At the Italian consulate in the



THE CATHEDRAL AND ROOF-TOPS OF CADIZ

NO. 1001
1875

city, cards of admission are granted to those who apply in person between nine and eleven o'clock.

The road to the Generalife (the Spanish rendition of a word which signifies in Moorish, "The Garden of the Architect"), takes a circuitous way past hotels and private villas to an avenue of cypress trees, which, pruned to the smoothness of plush, are the nesting-place of the brown nightingale. Another one of those taciturn doorways which bar so much and say so little opens to the ringing of a bell; the daughter of the care-taker stands aside for one to enter.

From the portico of the gate down to the Moorish chateau perched on the brow of the cliff runs a channel filled with water; it is edged with pots of flowers, hedged with old yews, and arched, if one has the good fortune to see the Generalife when the fountains are playing, by scintillant jets of water. At the end of the bower is the airy porch of the mansion, with its overlay of honeycomb and interwoven leaves. Each parterre of this Arabian garden lures with scents and sweet sounds, and hints of buried romance. From gallery and terrace we look down on the vermilion towers of the Alhambra. One balcony shows us the city and the jagged mountains beyond the *vega*, and commands the gypsy quarter and the Moorish town. Seven spires and bell-towers stride the opposite hill, with a white convent at

the peak of the Sierra Gordo, the "Big Mountain," where the devout pray on St. Michael's Day. Down from the convent crawls the Moorish wall to the cactus-grown caves of the gypsies, of whom some 200 (not 5000, as one chronicler has it) live in this secluded quarter. They pay two pesetas a month for their white-washed huts, and make their living by horse-trading, by horse-shoeing, and by fashioning brass utensils for the tourist trade. One hundred more live behind the cemetery.

The priests pass this way to the Sacramonte, where a small sanctuary crowns the Via Crucis.

Below the Generalife runs the Duaro, which carries in its flood enough gold to excuse desultory "washing" by men content to earn two or three pesetas a day.

The Albaicin quarter, across the narrow valley, is inhabited by descendants of the Moors, who never weary searching for the pots of gold coins which those who went out with Boabdil are known to have buried, believing their flight but temporary.

Three times a week a through car is run from Granada to Malaga, leaving at 4.10 P. M., arriving at 9.25 P. M. Those who travel by trains other than this Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday express must change at Bobadilla.

GRANADA - GIBRALTAR VIA BOBADILLA.

Leave Granada daily 8.10 A. M. Arrive Algeciras Pier

5.40 P. M. Steamer leaves Algeciras 6.00. Arrives Gibraltar 6.30 P. M.

Also a slower morning train leaving about 11.00, arriving Gibraltar 12 hours later.

Malaga.

Between Bobádilla and Malaga the railroad passes through stupendous chasms overtopped by vast ranks of rocky peaks and ranges to a lowland of contrasting tranquillity and productiveness. Malaga and the region thereabout send to Paris the first green vegetables of the year, beans and peas maturing as early as January in the open. All fruits of both the temperate and tropic zones can be grown here. The grape is cultivated in great quantities for raisins and wine.⁵ The coffee bean is also grown, as well as bananas, pineapples, dates and pomegranates.

Aside from its climate, its fruits and its flowers, Malaga has nothing to offer the tourist. It is recommended rather to those who wish to make a long stay in a warm and almost rainless resort. Many English families have winter villas near the Mediterranean or in the hills. The English colony in Malaga numbers about four hundred. There are furnished houses to rent for the season. The Hotel Regina makes special terms by the winter.

⁵ See under Almeria, last chapter.

The Calle Larios is a street of extraordinary liveliness, reflecting the temperament and prosperity of the *Malagueños*. The city's reputation for beautiful women is quickly justified by a short walk through the streets. In stature they are very small, their features are finely moulded, their eyes soft and full of expression, and their skin has that faint golden glow which Mr. Ellis speaks of as "metallic." Sometimes one sees a group of such women talking in a doorway, with black shawls drawn close about their mouths like the Africans, whose blood they are.

The state of religion is low in Malaga, if one may believe the testimony of a cathedral not yet finished, after five hundred years of building and soliciting. It is a church of no interest, except for some of Alonso Cano's carvings in the choir. On Sundays the bull-ring, which seats 9000 people, is filled to its capacity.

A pleasant drive with a tropical *quinta* as its goal begins at the new harbour promenade and carries one past villas in near-by suburbs to the open country. Long files of donkeys go by, hidden all but their ears and shaggy noses by trailing loads of brush for bakers' ovens. Often, if one peers into a wayside cot he will find Spain's best friend reposing with the family or nosing his grain-bag in the corner of the common living-room. The *Malagueño* is devoted to his donkey;

he converses with him, confides in him, and is as sad at his loss as at the loss of other members of the family. With Sancho Panza he mourns him as "born in my house, the play-fellow of my children, the delight of my spouse, the envy of my neighbours, and the comfort of my cares."

The Quinta de la Concepcion is about five kilom. from Malaga. For three generations it remained in the family whose head came from Boston to direct the building of the Malaga-Bobadilla railroad. He was rewarded for the success of his feat by a title and was subsequently known as the Marqués de la Casa Loring. Recently this remarkable botanical garden was sold to a Bilbao mine-owner, who admits visitors properly accredited.

The property was originally a bare mountainside. Now it blooms with the rose, the nasturtium, the poppy, pansy, larkspur, sweet pea, lilac, violet and palm. Rose and red geranium hedges line the walks; there are towering bushes of heliotrope and marguerite beneath the shade of barana trees and Royal Bamboos. The paths leading to the house are adorned with date palms and salvia, rubber-trees, aloes, century plants, the yucca and the dragon-tree, fern-trees and rare Pritchardia and Fiscus. There are great beds of ivy and amaryllis, arbours of Bougainvillea and rockeries with swans drifting in the mist of the water-

fall. The garden is notable for its unusual palm species and has fine specimens of Filifera (fan palm) and of a grassy palm with a conical trunk. A bush of Bird's Flower shows yellow flying leaves. Near it is the Plumiferos and a plant of prickly pear, and a lemon tree in both fruit and flower, with a ring of marigolds about the trunk.

At the end of a promenade there is a small museum of Roman statuary, unearthed during the building of the railroad.

One is free to visit the *bodegas* of the Malaga wine producers. Aside from Malaga, a fine Spanish Port is made in this district, also Muscatel and a wine of Mandarin oranges.

An excursion to Velez along the shore of the Mediterranean may be made by train, which leaves Malaga three times a day. Same excursion also by automobile, 70 k., round trip. Fare, 70p. Automobile to Antequera, 112 k., return; 120p.

Malaga has connection on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays with Seville and Granada by through car. Leave Malaga 6.00 p. m. Arrive Seville midnight. Leave Malaga 6.00 p. m. Arrive Granada 11.20 p. m.

Malaga-Madrid via Cordova. Leave Malaga 6.00 p. m. daily. Arrive Madrid 9.00 a. m.

Steamers ply between Malaga and New York, the Canaries, Tangier, Marseilles, and ports on the east coast. Frequent connection by boat with Gibraltar and Cadiz.

BOBADILLA - GIBRALTAR.

It is not many years since this route was made on horse-back and was counted a dangerous journey, as "brigands abounded and robberies and murders were frequent." The railway, British built and owned, has been completed within a comparatively short time. By it a 5-hour express service is established between the junction of Andalusian roads and Gibraltar.

Teba, 22 kilom. south of Bobadilla, was the birth-place of the young Spanish noblewoman who married Napoleon III. Empress Eugénie still retains ancestral acres of orchards and grain fields in this region so richly blessed and so beautiful to look upon.

Ronda.

This very old Roman town usurps a castle-like rock which rises like a truncated column out of a pit. Its dizzy sides slip far down to the turbulent bed of an insignificant stream which, by patient gnawing, has cleaved a track through a gully 200 feet wide, restricted by walls more than 350 feet high. The chasm is twice bridged; the "new bridge" joins two rocky pinnacles on which are placed the ancient and modern towns. The bridge is buttressed on both sides by living rock. The elongated central arch is 115 feet in diameter. Through a lower arch, which alone is as broad and high as an ordinary span, the Guadalevin hurls itself over a declivity worn in two troughs by its persistent stream. Mills receive their force from this hurtling torrent, whose voice

carries far above to the awed ears of those who linger by the screened parapet, drawn by the terrifying lure of the volcanic *tajo*.

Ronda boasts its climate, its views and its bull-fights. It is nearly 3000 feet above the sea, is a town without dust, and has many odd and very Spanish by-ways. The *alameda* offers one of the finest prospects in Spain.

Nineteen kilom. to the north are the remains of Roman Ronda, and an amphitheatre. Another town of most remote antiquity, La Cueva del Gato, is distant a two-hour horse-back ride from Ronda.

Between Ronda and Algeciras the line climbs through gorges and over rocky passes, sweeping above another clamorous river, the Guadiaro, and on to splendid cork woods, passing remote castles and the Moorish settlements of Gaucin, Jimena and Castellar.

Algeciras lies on the Mediterranean shore beyond the meadows which succeed these entralling vistas of curving ledges, of indented mountains and steep, dark gulches sprayed by the leaping river.

The port of Algeciras is becoming modernised owing to increased foreign traffic. Aside from its pleasant English hotel and abundant sunshine it offers little excuse for a visit.

Tarifa, 21 kilom. south-west, is of much greater interest, though not often visited by tourists. Its Moorish houses and walls are scarcely changed since the epoch when the Saracens came this way into Spain, and robber barons watched here to exact a tax on the cargo of passing ships — the first *tariff* collectors. The auto-bus, Algeciras-San Fernando touches at Tarifa. The straits here are eight miles wide, this being their narrowest point.

Mail steamers ply regularly between Algeciras, Tangier and Ceuta, on the African coast.

ALGECIRAS - GIBRALTAR.

From Railway Pier steamer about every 2 hours. Fares: First class, 1.50p. Return, 2.50p. Second class, 1.00p. Return, 1.50p.

Distance, 6 miles. Time, 35 minutes.

Gibraltar.

The Calpe of the ancients is a rock peninsula about three miles long, less than a mile wide, and, at its crest, 1430 feet above the sea. An isthmus of sand a mile in width and length joins it to Spain.

During the War of Succession, in 1704, Sir George Rooke was happy in finding the Rock guarded by less than a hundred Spaniards, and without justification or provocation seized it. It is garrisoned now by five to six thousand soldiers and tunnelled by well-equipped galleries.

The town occupies a strip of land on the west shore facing the Bay of Algeciras. Behind it is a grey wall furrowed by vegetation and spotted with black casemates.

Large steamers land their passengers in row boats or launches which convey one to the Waterport. Before entering the town gates, every traveller is required to record his name and nationality.

Waterport and Irish Streets and the heterogeneous market near the landing are sufficiently entertaining to amuse one for an hour or two. Many races mingle here, in a variety of costumes, and pursue sundry trades of varying honesty.

The *alameda* is a fine promenade, where one may see Gibraltar life at its best, and enjoy the luxuriant floral display. The famed simians who are thought to have come hither when Africa and Europe had not yet been divided by the sea, haunt the fig-trees of the park, accentuating the impression of uncanniness pervading this huge stolen rock, which defends nothing British but its own precipitous bulk, whose civil population is more Moslem than Christian which rises without rhyme or reason from a sandy plain to crouch like a mammoth beast of prey at the gate of the Mediterranean.

The terraces survey a mighty sweep of ocean and far-flung hills, the Atlas Mountains showing on clear days behind Morocco.

The steamers of the Bland Line and the *Compania Transatlantica* give frequent, comfortable and quick service between Gibraltar and Tangier. The crossing is apt to be rough; signals are hoisted daily as to the weather.

Gibraltar has connection with Malaga, and with Cadiz via Tangier.

For other steamers see under "Steamers to Spain," Chapter I.

PORTUGAL

CHAPTER X

LISBON — MONT' ESTORIL — CINTRA

Lisbon.

Arrivals by sea disembark from English steamers at Alcantara dock. Other steamers usually anchor in the harbour, their passengers going ashore in small boats. Fare is according to distance from steamer to custom house and number carried in one boat, approximately 500-800 reis. Baggage 80-120 reis.

THE Tagus seeks a course across La Mancha and down the western watershed of the Spanish plateau to a point between Santarem and the sea where, without preamble, it widens to the dignity of a bay, attaining its greatest breadth opposite Lisbon.

It is related that Ulysses was the first to establish a settlement on the harbour shore. Though this may be historical fallacy, there is no lack of proof that the Phœnicians made this haven a centre of trade. The city's name probably descends not from Ulysipo but from two Phœnician words signifying Pleasant Bay. To the Romans this was Happy Julia. These ancient designations

concur with more modern estimates of Lisbon's singularly beautiful position.

Spread upon its several hills, it reclines in the full glory of the southern sun, its feet laved by the waters of the Tagus, its domes and towers lifted to the clear blue of the Portuguese sky. Many of its houses are faced with coloured tiles; others are washed pink or azure. Public buildings are invariably white.

In the *Praça do Commercio* long arcades of Government offices stretch across three sides of the great court which opens toward the water. At a neighbouring pier passengers are landed by boats which cross the river from the southern railway terminal at Barreiro.

An equestrian statue of King Joseph gives this *praça* its English nickname — Black Horse Square. At the post-office corner in the *Rua do Arsenal*, Carlos and his son were murdered. The King had signed a measure disapproved by some of his subjects, and when he was about to return from *Villa Viçosa*, north-east of *Evora*, he was warned of threats against his life. A closed motor-car was sent to the pier to meet him and *Dom Luiz*, but the King dismissed it and remained in the shabby waiting-room until an open barouche was brought from the palace. He had no fear, and wished the people to see that he had none. But he and his family were scarcely seated in the

carriage when a man leaped from behind the green newspaper booth which is still at that corner and fired, wounding the King. Then Luiz, against whom there was no plot, drew his revolver and with one shot avenged his father. He killed the first assassin, but others sprang up to, in turn, avenge him, and so it was that both the King and a King-to-be fell at almost the same moment.

An imposing arch leads from the square into the Rua Augusta, in which are banks and business houses. The Rua Aurea, a principal shopping thoroughfare, runs parallel to it; both streets end in the Praça Dom Pedro IV, also known as the Rocio, and as Rolling Motion Square owing to the wavy mosaic of its central pavement.

Between this open space and the river lies a checker-board of busy streets reconstituted by the Marquis de Pombal after the earthquake had demolished them. Just as Administrative life revolves about Black Horse Square, so the Rocio is the axis of every-day affairs. It is the terminus of street car lines, the promenade of the loiterer, the site of the National Theatre, of restaurants and shops. Around a corner is the Rocio, or Central Station, and adjoining and opposite the latter are the Avenida and Inglaterra Hotels. The upper town peers from projecting cliffs into Rolling Motion Square. It is reached not only

by the hill-defying trams, but by elevators, which, for 10 reis, carry one from the lower quarter to heights which, ranged in tiers of light-coloured walls, look off to serrated mountains across the river-bay, and out to sea.

The Avenida da Liberdade, until twenty-five years ago a walled park dedicated to the ladies of exclusive Lisbon, is now a splendid avenue edged with palms and Judas-trees and extending from a square near the Rocio to the infant park christened for Edward VII of England. To right and left are newly-built quarters which demonstrate Lisbon's reviving prosperity. The Botanical Garden, remarkable among all such gardens of Europe, lies a little way west of the Avenida.

From the south-west corner of the Rocio, the Rua do Carmo mounts to the Chiado, or Rua Garrett. Or one may be spared the steep ascent by taking the Carmo elevator near the station. An extensive view of the lively city is revealed from the platform. Just at hand is the ruin of the Carmo church, raised in 1389 in fulfilment of a vow made by the famous warrior, Nun' Alvarez Pereira, before the battle of Aljubarrota.

The Archæological Museum is now installed within its aisles.

The Rua Garrett is a broad, hilly street whose shop-windows reflect a cosmopolitan patronage.

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Prices are rather nightmare-ish to the newcomer. Here is an "occasion" in cloaks at 28\$000 reis; 3:600\$000 reis will buy at a sacrifice a suburban dwelling; a mere collar costs 250 reis, a pair of spectacles 4\$500 reis. The American traveller quickly learns to divide by ten and substitute a decimal point or a comma for a colon or a dollar sign. Thus shorn of mystery the Portuguese label is rendered in approximate dollars and cents. But by no such simple methods are actual prices modified in Lisbon shops, where exorbitant values are put upon all classes of merchandise. Government duties and the municipal *octroi* are charged as the cause. Whatever the reason, shopping in Lisbon is a ruinous procedure.

The statue of Camões, Portugal's greatest epic poet, confronts one at the end of the Rua Garrett. Turning down the incline of the Rua Alecrim one passes the beautiful memorial to Eça de Queiroz the romancist, modeled by Teixeira Lopez, greatest of Portuguese sculptors, and comes again to the harbour. Facing the Praça Duque da Terceira are the Hotel Central and the Caes do Sodré station, from which trains leave for coast resorts.

Here is another centre of Lisbon life. Ox-carts loaded with wine casks, with lumber, or freight, pass in lazy procession, accompanied by drivers who stroll beside the solid wooden wheels,

goad in hand. They wear stocking-caps and excessively tight breeches. Near-by are the wharves where native craft lie rocking in the wash of the calm waters. Their brown-legged, red-girded crews ply long steering-poles to and from the fishing-banks of the Tagus basin. Other barks anchor here with tunny and mackerel from the Algarve, and sardines from Setubal. When the shimmering cargoes are unloaded, the fishermen take their ease in the sunshine. The fish-wives, after noisy bargaining, secure their day's allotments and arrange them in the boat-shaped baskets which ride a-top their well-poised heads. With full skirts reefed into a roll about their hips, long ear-rings dangling, saucy eyes sparkling from under round hats tilted over headkerchiefs, the barefooted *varinas* thread their way among vehicles, in and out of confusing crowds to the by-ways which await their long-drawn call. At the same doorways which open to the vender's shrill tones, cows are halted with calves ambling alongside. The farmer's wife draws into a litre measure a foaming stream of milk, quite visibly fresh. It is turned into the customer's pitcher, then cow, calf and milk-woman go on to the next patron. Perhaps they give way at the corner to a herd of goats on similar mission bent, or a donkey laden with a duo of wooden cases which conceal white curd cheeses and honey

and cooked beans. An urchin perched on a mule's haunch lurches across the path of an automobile, and over the rails of the tramway scamper the mule-cars, pest of the well-to-do and blessing of the poor, of which Eduardo Jorge is sole owner. When the licenced users of the track demand right of passage, the humbler vehicle jerks on to the cobbles for a brief space, only to resume the permanent way when the electric has gone grinding by. These presumptuous vehicles carry their humble patrons almost anywhere at half the rate of the haughty American trams. The municipality is accordingly lenient, though surely none but the good-natured Portuguese would tolerate the delays and wranglings for which this gnat-like nuisance is responsible.

In the busier streets of the Baixa quarter, the violet venders obstruct the pavement with their fragrant baskets. Often, the bunches of great single blooms are bound with grass and suspended by loops from brawny fingers. It is also the fashion for feminine purchasers to carry them so, instead of pinning them at waist or breast. Indeed the violet bouquets one can buy for 60 or 80 reis are almost too large to fasten conveniently with a pin. During the carnival in February, flower battles are waged in the street between occupants of private carriages, hired cabs and tram cars. Not content with the perfume of

the flying petals, larksome youths spray passers-by with distilled essences, and powder them with confetti and coloured plaster. When the summer is half over the Rocio is the scene of the St. Peter revels, which monopolise attention to the exclusion of all serious affairs. With fireworks and masquerade and street dancing the light-hearted spend the hours boisterously, for the Portuguese like tonal demonstration of their gaiety. But there is no intemperance, if one means by this term excessive wine-drinking, though mountains of egg-sweets and sugared fruit disappear from temporary stalls, and rivers of orange syrups and bottled waters.

Of Lisbon's two hundred churches there are a half-dozen of interest to the stranger.

The Patriarchal See and the Conceição Velha are in that part of the old town which for no known reason was spared devastation by the earthquake of 1755. The Rua da Alfandega leading out of Black Horse Square conducts one to a nest of ancient buildings standing in rambling streets which mount the hill by inclined pavements, or by flights of steps. The Jews lived here before Pombal drove them from the country to found distinctive colonies and synagogues in Antwerp, Amsterdam and Hamburg. A more direct route to the cathedral is along the trolley track from the Rua Conceição. The

square-towered *Sé* forms a link with Spanish church history, if, as many believe, it was one of the fruits of Visigothic zeal in the time of Leovigild and Recared. It contains the venerated bones of St. Vincent which were found near the cape of his name and brought to Lisbon still attended by the ravens which had guarded them. Successors of the same faithful birds are still preserved in the cloisters. The treasury may be seen upon application. Its chief curiosities are the cross given by Philip II of Spain to the Thomar convent, and the massive *baculo* of Joseph I. In a house near the cathedral, St. Anthony of Padua was born.

Higher up the hill is the Church of St. Vincent Without the Walls, where in the Mortuary Chapel one climbs a short ladder and looks into the benign face of Dom Pedro, last Emperor of Brazil. With Nun' Alvarez Pereira, John V, King Carlos and Prince Luiz he rests in a chamber which is less gruesome than one expects it to be.

The church, like all those typical of Portugal, is built with a broad nave uninterrupted by the structure of the choir, as in Spain. Its corridors are lined with the native tile work which is a predominant decoration throughout the country and is inherited from the Arabs.

A narrow street scrambles up from the Royal

Pantheon to the old Moorish castle which crusaders stormed and captured, thus gaining command of the city which lies below and about it. Cintra's Mountain is far to the west, hovering behind the straits through which steamers and sailing craft come now as the ships of Vasco da Gama and Cabral, Real and da Cunha came in the period of Portugal's apogee, when Lisbon was the richest port of the continent and her coffers over-ran with gold. Away to the south looms Palmella on its peak, and behind Cacilhas, broken ridges tossed up by the earthquake.

In the eastern suburbs there is a convent emptied now of its nuns but retaining still the sumptuous gifts of many rulers. Few go to the sanctuary of the Mother of God, though with one or two exceptions there is nothing in Lisbon so well worth a long ride through dusty streets.

Descending from a Bispo car, taken at the Rocio, one passes under an arch into a court where an attendant is found. By circuitous alleys the way leads to a cloister, where beneath the stones lies the body of Queen Leonor, founder of this convent.

Her husband was John II, the "perfect prince." Upon his death she came to live in a near-by palace and ordained the construction of the retreat which under her supervision and during later reigns was adorned by every means known

to the times. The cloisters are carved in pure Manoeline and Arabian styles, the choir is of gilded wood finely chiselled, the chapel is bordered by blue tiles which can hardly be surpassed in Portugal, and paintings of great value are hung in both the choir and the sacristy. The *azulejos* disregard in their subjects all churchly precedent . . . Moses, a French garden, Trappist monks going to market, form successive pictures. The choir shows us a portrait of John III who sanctioned the Inquisitorial office at Evora. The swinging doors of a tabernacle in the tiny sacristy reveal, when opened, remarkable paintings of Leonor's departure from the palace, and her entry into the finished convent. As is so often the case with Portuguese canvases these are not signed; they resemble in fine brush-work and clear colouring the work of Grão Vasco, one of the very few notable Portuguese painters of former times.

Returning from Madre de Deus to the town, one passes the Artillery Museum whose salons are decorated by historical frescoes and sculpture — the work of such very excellent "moderns" as Carlos Reis, Columbano, Condeixa, Malhoa and Salgado. In the basement of the National Library below the Rua Garrett, a museum of late paintings has recently been opened with Carlos Reis as director. The latter is represented by

a large canvas which gives a vivid impression of a rural fair near Santarem. This artist whose studio, as well as Columbano's, is in the library building, has a peculiar gift in reproducing the sunshine and brilliant atmosphere of his country. He is also a rare painter of portraits. Columbano paints portraits almost exclusively and has great renown among his countrymen. The museum possesses one or two of Trigoso's Algarve landscapes, and other pictures by Silva Porto, father of modern Portuguese art, by Lupi, Pinto and Salgado. Malhoa's "Poachers" is a captivating study of drunken rascals which would set their creator in the first rank of native painters if he had done nothing but this. Both he and Columbano work in odd tones of brown. Malhoa's home in the quarter west of the Avenida, is beautified by his brush both within and without.

Across the street is the studio of Madame Santos-Braga, whose child studies in oil and pastel are pre-eminently good. Madame Adelaide Lima, a pupil of Carlos Reis, does delightful portraits. Another young Lisbonese of very unusual gifts is Constantino Fernandes who paints with immense sympathy and conviction. Only an inherent and unfortunate racial modesty deters such artists from receiving over-seas recognition commensurate with their achievements.

A sister of Columbano Pinheiro maintains in a shop near the Rua Garrett the very old Portuguese industry of lace-making, which was first introduced by the Phœnicians. Senhora Bordallo Pinheiro exerts her skill in reproducing characteristic national designs, using *motifs* from Batalha and Thomar. These are executed in very fine thread with pins and bobbins on round pillows. In monarchical times kings and ambassadors often commanded of the little shop gifts for royal personages. Coarser laces are made in the fishing villages of Peniche, Villa do Conde, Ilhavo, and others, the wives working at home while the husbands go to sea.

Directly north of the Praça de Camões stands the plain edifice which, until the fall of the monarchy, was the court church of San Roque. Admission is obtained by application at the house of the sacristan on the right. Here, as in many Portuguese churches and museums, there is no entrance fee. A fee of 100-200 reis (10-20¢ = 5-10d.) rewards the attendant.

John V, builder of Mafra, ordered of Italian artists the chapel of John the Baptist which is constructed of marbles, porphyry, jasper, jade, lapis lazuli, and supremely beautiful altar mosaics, relieved by superb inlays, carvings and gilded metals. It is excelled only by the Sistine Chapel in Rome. The robes and sacred vessels

fashioned for use in this chapel are exhibited in an upper apartment. Their magnificence gives material proof of Portugal's vast Brazilian income during the reigns of John V and Joseph I.

A funicular railway conveys one from the Praça de Camões to the Estrella quarter. The white basilica of Estrella is the tomb of Maria I who, in building it, returned thanks for the birth of an heir. It faces a park which rivals in beauty, if not in scientific interest, the Botanical Garden and that of San Pedro d'Alcantara. Through it there is access to the English cemetery, which is in itself a bower of tropical vegetation. Passing out of an upper exit of the Estrella Park, a gate presents itself on the right. A guardian answers to the ringing of the bell, and the visitor is then free to wander about the dense green paths unattended. The grave of Fielding the novelist is to the left, half way down the main walk.

From the Largo da Estrella, a tram descends a many-angled road to the Rua das Janellas Verdes in which is the Museu de Bellas Artes, open but two days a week, Sundays and Thursdays, from 10-4, except by special permission. Thursday admission fee, 200 reis.

The lower floor has some good modern sculpture and several rooms containing old porcelain, and discoveries from excavated ruins. Paintings by

present-day artists of Portugal and Spain and a commonplace collection of Flemish, German and Italian art fill upper salons.

One of the most worthy exhibits comprises ornaments taken from suppressed convents — ecclesiastical crowns, chalices, *ostensoires*, crosses, caskets, rings, embroidered and lace-trimmed vestments, and other ornate expressions of pious devotion. One cross four feet high, gem-encrusted, is valued at 500 contas, a conta equalling a thousand milreis, or dollars. Its fabulous beauty could scarcely be surpassed in a Russian treasury.

Two splendidly-restored triptychs brought recently from the Bishop's Palace are the work of a mediæval Portuguese named Nunez Gonçaves.

One room is given to the drawings of the 19th century artist, Sequeira.

The Carvalhido Collection offers canvases of scattering interest — here a Memling, there a Metsys or a Lebrun. Aside from its exhibition of fine native arts, the museum is of slight importance, compared with those in other capitals.

The street takes its name from the green shutters of the former palace which houses the museum. Eastward on the Rua das Janellas Verdes and along the Street of the Twenty-fourth of July, several trams run to the centre of the city. Going west they pass below the Palace of the Neces-

sidades from which Manoel II fled to Mafra on the disastrous night in October, 1910, when gun-boat fire interrupted a royal dinner party to visiting Brazilians. Word was brought during the banquet that revolution had seized the town. Without betraying to his guests the substance of the message, the young King wrote upon a *ménu* card a request that the courses be served as expeditiously as possible. It was only when shells struck the palace walls that he rose from the table,—never again to dine in Portugal, unless he come once more into his own, as many believe he some day will.

The Museum of Royal Coaches is on the harbour road below another palace whose pink walls shelter the President of the Republic, as they have in the past given hospitality to many foreign monarchs.

The Museu dos Coches is open every afternoon except Friday. It presents a chronology of coach-making from the spring-less epoch when the body of the carriage was swung on straps. Each coach is labelled in Portuguese, which is not difficult to decipher if one brings a little knowledge of Latin, Spanish, or French to the task. There are carriages painted, and carriages carved and inlaid, carriages wondrously upholstered and quaintly fitted as to seats for milord and lady and their servants.

King John V ordered many of the gala vehicles



CINTRA, "THE ROCK OF LISBON"

for his own use. The two most elaborately decorated carried his ambassador and a retinue to Rome to visit Pope Clement XI. Hundreds of horses were employed as relays during the weeks of journeying in the roomy, gorgeously carved *coches*.

The monastery of San Jeronymo is Lisbon's proudest possession, no less because of its architecture than because of the achievement which it commemorates. On its site near the shore in the present suburb of Belem, Prince Henry the Navigator (son of John I and a Lancaster princess) had raised a hospice and the chapel of Our Lady of Bethlehem for the sailors who frequented the near-by port of Rastello.

When Manoel I succeeded his cousin, John II, he matured the project which led to the departure for India on July 7, 1497, of Vasco da Gama, whose last night was spent in prayer in the little shrine of the sailors.

During the months when Dom Manoel watched for the returning sails he planned the glorious monument he would build if the God of Winds and Waves vouchsafed success to the expedition.

In about a year the discoverer returned, having been to Calcutta and back by a sea-route. Soon after, Manoel, losing all interest in the wonderful chapel he had begun to build at Batalha, razed the Bethlehem chapel and inaugurated the sur-

passingly beautiful work which stands as the supreme expression of Manoeline architecture.

Senhor Ortigão, a Portuguese critic, tells us that the Manoeline style is, in the Renaissance architecture of Portugal, the resistance of native individualism to foreign classicism. Though Gothic in outline, its ornamentation is of Indian and Moorish parentage. Under Manoel I, a new leaf was turned in architectural annals. His artisans brought to their work the enthusiasm of a nation romantically enriched, of a people whose sentiment was more vital than their sense of style. Native quarries yielded them a remarkable white lime-stone which could be cut like chalk, but, when exposed, had the endurance and tint of ivory. So pliant a medium of expression impeded in no way the play of their imagination. The cable which tokened the sea became the dominant motive, since it was the sea that, like a fairy god-mother, had emptied inestimable wealth into Portugal's lap. So the rope winds about flowering pillars, and binds wreaths and festoons, and links the square cross of the Knights of the Order of Christ with an effect unrestrained and expressive.

The doorway of the church at Belem is adorned with a profusion of forms, the standing statue of Prince Henry, patron of navigators, in the central position. The vaulted ceiling within rests

upon panelled columns of fine stone tracery. In this pantheon which suggests a Hindoo rather than a Christian temple, Vasco da Gama has found a fit resting-place. Near him lie Manoel his patron; John III, who completed the Monastery, and the poets, Camões, Garrett and João de Deus. Across the cloisters which are as beautiful as cloisters could be made, a door opens into the modern chapel which holds the pure white tomb of Herculano, the historian. Executed in 1888, it gives proof of the inherited skill of Portuguese stone-workers.

The monastic quarters adjoining the church now provide a home for orphaned children, one of many excellent charities similarly well organised and managed throughout the country.

Beyond the park and the monument to Albuquerque which face the Jeronymo Monastery stands the old fortress, known as the Tower of Belem, a land-mark to vessels entering or leaving Lisbon harbour, and a veritable "joy in stone." It was begun in the reign of John II and completed by Manoel, the indefatigable builder.

Amusing hours may be spent among the marts of Lisbon which present many characteristic pictures. The main fish market is near the Hotel Central, the vegetable market just off the Rocio.

The Bemfica tram from the Rocio passes the Zoölogical Garden whose rare collection of monk-

eyes includes a pair of chimpanzees (male and female) which are said to have no equal in captivity.

Beyond the Garden a side street leads off to the distant estate of the Marquis de Fronteira which is accessible to identified visitors. It reveals many lovely corners planned by long-ago gardeners, and moats, galleries and terraces of historic beauty.

On the way to this *quinta*, barn doors invite one to enter where orange-packers are busy over their work, their caps and sashes and the green-twigged fruit splashing the dim interiors with gaudy colour. Over walls hang heavy camellia branches; ranks of ragged eucalyptus, glossy bay and mournful cypress obscure a vista of paths flanked by weather-beaten statuary and yellow lilies. A donkey-boy's call sets narrow-voiced songsters piping. . . . Tawny oxen come swaying with cart wheels lamenting under a load of tiles. . . . High on a hill round windmills twirl their lazy sails in the breeze. . . . One breathes deep of hidden perfumes and counts very fair this road to a Portuguese palace.

Small steamers which cross the bay to Cacilhas leave a pier near the Praça Duque da Terceira. Over the hazy river drift lateens of orange shading to mahogany and rose. To and fro among grey warships and the flashing wings of gulls which swarm about the wall of Black Horse

Square careen the crescent prows of fishing-boats. From the opposite shore Lisbon is clothed in the pale tints of a water-colour.

Behind Cacilhas are trails leading to vineyards and fields of violets. The village itself is a rare jumble of pack mules with owners in broad hats and side whiskers, of mad-racing *diligencias*, of wine-shops and unclean beggars.

Before leaving Lisbon let it be said that its streets are utterly innocent of revolution or the most remote suggestion of political unrest. Tourists may travel where they will in Portugal assured of quite unusual hospitality and absolute safety of purse and limb.

The author is free to confess that, upon embarking for Portugal she regarded as a precarious adventure a few days' stay in the republican capital. But the brief visit planned drew on to protracted weeks; every highway and many by-paths were explored from the north to the south; not a hint of disorder nor a ripple of dishonesty blemished her sojourn in this placid garden "near the sea planted."

From the Caes do Sodré station express trains leave at frequent intervals for Mont' Estoril, 23 kilom. west of Lisbon. Time, 32 minutes. Single fare, 1st class, 470rs.; 2nd class, 340rs. The road follows the Tagus through several bathing resorts to Estoril, and then to Mont' Estoril.

Mont' Estoril.

Sheltered by a ring of hills, this notched shore is the sunniest region on the continent's western coast. Its seasons are divided into summer and a first and second spring. Fruit trees put out blossoms in October, and when they have borne fruit in January or February, bloom again and yield a second more abundant harvest in April or May. All the flowers known to this sunny land may be gathered in the open the year round.

Beautiful villas of unusual architecture line the curving beach and perch upon rocks reaching over the water. The Portuguese high season is during the summer. But foreigners come in great numbers during the winter months to take the mineral baths for rheumatism, or merely to luxuriate in the warm dry air.

There are numerous promenades along the beach and among the hills. Cascaes, a fishing village and resort of the well-to-do, is the next town beyond. Cintra is but a few kilometres' drive behind the peak of the rocky mountain.

Cintra.

Lisbon - Cintra. Frequent trains from the Rocio station. Distance 28 kilom. Time, 40 minutes. Single fare, 1st class, 540rs.; 2nd class, 360rs. Queluz, "the Portuguese Versailles," is on the way. This was the birth-place of Dom Pedro IV (I of Brazil) who also died here. The

estate is now an experimental station for an agricultural school, and the great palace is closed except to the occasional tourist.

Beyond Cacem the Cintra road turns west, while the other route goes on to the north past Mafra.

Crowded against the steeps of a green slope, Cintra receives her court of nature-lovers. The Moors prized her position, Christian kings built here. Byron, who wrote part of *Childe Harold* in one of its hotels, called it "the most delightful village in Europe." Southey thought it "the most blessed spot on the habitable globe." To do justice to the flora, the climate, and the vistas of Cintra one needs the pen of a poet.

Its generous soil produces the tamarisk, the mimosa, the palm and the pine, the orange, the cork tree and the almond; its gardens are blanketed with forget-me-nots, with iris, acacia, roses and wistaria, with camellias, laurel, clematis, geranium and fuchsia. Castles of grey and white stone gleam among the shrubbery. Opposite the house where King Carlos and his bride spent the first year of their honeymoon is the *quinta* of Dr. Monteiro. The house and the exquisite private chapel were designed by Manini, the architect of the palace at Bussaco. The grounds which extend far back on the hill are laid out in enchanting terraces, grottos, fountains and pools, shaded with palms and tree-ferns and over-run with the

flowers which grow nowhere more beautifully than in Portugal. Workmen and sculptors, the latter earn but 800-1000 reis a day, are given continuous employment on the estate, for the owner believes in the Portuguese proverb, "When the nest is finished, the bird will die." (*Ninho feito, passaro morto.*)

Other renowned estates are those of Setaes, Penha Verde (a royal gift to João de Castro, fourth viceroy of India), and Monserrat.

The latter, inherited by Sir Frederick Cook from his father, is visible upon the payment of 200 reis, which goes to a charitable fund. The fame of its tropical gardens is world-wide. The house, not open to strangers, is decorated with stucco arabesques. The Indian room, overlooking the distant sea, contains teak-wood furniture and embroideries of great beauty and value. Few kings are housed so splendidly as this modest English gentleman.

The old palace in the centre of the village near the hotels is distinguished by the bottle chimneys of its Arab kitchen. A small fee is asked at the entrance. It contains many empty salons whose decoration and history are alike interesting. The small room is shown where Affonso VI was imprisoned for eight years until he died, his brother Pedro II having seized his throne.

The two peaks which look down upon the village

each bear a castle. One, a fortress of the Moors' betrayed to the Christians through the perfidy of its keeper, is now in ruins. The other, at the crest of a magnificent forest had its beginning in a convent, which Ferdinand, consort of Maria II, reconstructed. No single part bears architectural relation to another, towers of all heights and designs surmount it, but because of its exalted situation and its fantastic bulk it is picturesque in the extreme.

Queen Amélie was staying here when her son, Manoel II, sent for her the night he left Lisbon. It seems an offence to good taste to enter the living-rooms where magazines and pictures and silver trinkets still lie where she left them. Many think it was the Queen-mother's zeal for the Jesuits which precipitated the revolution. Since Pombal's time the country has made numberless efforts to lessen the influence of this Order in Portugal. But when France expelled her hordes of priests and monks, many found asylum under the protection of Queen Amélie of the Catholic house of Orléans, and the country grumbled.

The windows and terraces of this castle on a rock embrace vast level fields, and hilly ranges on both sides of the Tagus. King Ferdinand and Sir Francis Cook planted their exotic gardens and groves about the same time, and much friendly rivalry existed between them. The glory

of the Penha woods is the camellia forest, where bushes grow to tree-size and blossoms of white and all shades of pink and red smother the waxy leaves.

An excursion to a 16-century cork convent is conveniently made from Cintra.

A tram goes frequently to Collares where in sandy soil the stubby vines are grown which produce the famed wine of this region. This is the district which supplies Lisbon with all its fruit. At the end of the line is Praia das Maçãs (Apple Beach), with a beautiful view upon the ocean. It is in the wine-shop at the terminal that one may taste Collares drawn from the cask at 20 reis a sparkling glassful.

The drive to Mafra from Cintra consumes over two hours one way. Those who travel by rail go to Cacem junction and change for the north.

CHAPTER XI

THE ALEMTEJO AND ALGARVE PROVINCES

Setubal — Evora — Portimão — Faro — Villa Real.

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Travellers for the south and south-east cross the Tagus from the Praça do Commercio pier to Barreiro (6 kilom.). Of the many daily trains to Setubal only two or three carry direct cars. Usually it is necessary to change at Pinhal Novo. Lisbon—Setubal, 29 kilom. Time, 1 hour, 20 minutes.

Evora, 117 kilom. south-east of Lisbon, can be made a day's excursion by leaving Praça do Commercio about 8.30 A. M., arriving at Evora a little over 4 hours later. A good impression of the town can be gained in the 3 hours which elapse before the afternoon train returns to Lisbon. Passengers for Evora change at Casa Branca.

An evening express (sleeping-berth 1\$000rs.) connects Lisbon and the south coast. The Portimão branch leaves the main line at Tunes. Lisbon—Tunes, 300 kilom.= 9 hours. Tunes—Portimão (Lagos), 25 kilom.= 1 hour. Lisbon—Faro, 340 kilom.= 10 hours. Lisbon—Va. Real St. Antonio, 396 kilom.= 12 hours.

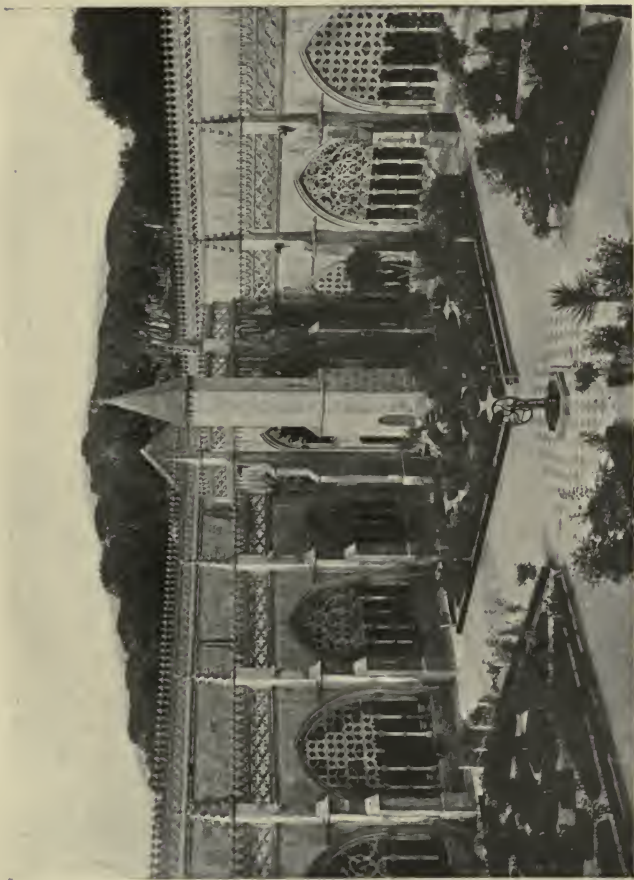
Setubal.

THE Alemtejo Province (“across the Tejo,” or Tagus) is the lower of three distinct regions formed by the valleys of Portugal. The most northerly lies between the Minho and Douro

Rivers, and is bounded by the mountains of Galicia. The central, or Beira district, extends from the Douro to the Tagus, the Alemtejo from the Tagus to the Algarve Mountains.

Setubal is at the mouth of the River Sado, occupying a position toward the south similar to that of Lisbon. In pre-historic times the fishing and mineral wealth of this broad estuary of the Sado and the encompassing hills tempted colonies of fortune hunters. Pliny and Ptolemy record the existence of a settlement here before a cataclysm of some sort had separated the island of Troia from the mainland. In the sands of the island, which is easily accessible by boat from Setubal, Roman fragments are strewn and one looks down through thirty metres of water to ruined wells whose coping was once flush with the land.

Setubal's oranges and sardines have brought her prosperity. The city is surrounded by groves bearing as fine-flavoured fruit as can be found in orange-dom. Along its river-edge are many sardine-tinning factories. The fishermen bring in their catch in black boats with curving bows; their square sails are lashed to a bamboo mast. When unloading their cargo the men wear zinc hats with a turned-up trough for a brim. The market near the sandy beach is a veritable museum of piscatorial oddities.



THE ROYAL CLOISTERS, BATALHA

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The gentle Lusitanian temper is nowhere more charmingly exemplified than here in sun-bathed Setubal, the Cetobriga of the Romans. To announce one's self a stranger is to induce almost overwhelming kindness. In the Hotel Esperance the writer spent five days confined for the most part by an insignificant but painful illness which had its compensation in the opportunity it offered to know the wells of sympathy which lie within the simple breast of the Portuguese.

It being announced that an American lady was ill within their gates, there came forthwith the cards of inquiring officials, mounds of roses, silver trays of candied orange, and — bless their generous hearts — cases of sardines. The regimental band was twice ordered to play in the pavilion under the hotel windows to distract tedious hours with extraordinarily good music. And at every hour of the day and well into the night there was Maria, the *criada*, whose tired limbs were never too weary to find new steps to take for the comfort of the sick one. Often she came just to lean by the bed and murmur tender Portuguese nothings, her broad face bound in a kerchief, her hands, roughened by forty years' toil, gentle as a new mother's. Maria could not read,—if one write her a post-card she must go with it to the proprietor; she had never been even so far as Lisbon; her mind of a child was barren

of all knowledge. But she had an intuition, a genius for goodness that set her beyond the exactions of what we call civilisation.

Besides kind hearts, and oranges, and sardines Setubal has a beautiful beach and lofty headlands, and some very old, very interesting convents and churches, of which the one built by the nurse of Manoel I, the Convent of Jesus with twisted pillars and curious tiles, is the most renowned.

An automobile diligence carries one 99 kilom. to the knightly castle of St. Iago de Cacem. But much nearer is the castle of Palmella which sits on a ridge overlooking sea and valley, and has been both a Moorish fortress and a Christian — an amazing pile reached by a breathless climb, its stairways, chapels and ramparts patterned now with lichens, its mosque on the outer walls brooding to decay. The knights who once defended it were of the Order of the same St. James whose shrine is visited at Santiago de Compostela, north of Vigo.

Evora.

The way to the south wends among grain fields and vineyards, barren moors and cork forests. Between Pinhal Novo and Vendas Novas is the largest estate in the world for the growing of grapes. Trainloads of labourers come from the north at the vintage season and remain all winter preparing the wine and caring for the vines and soil.

The typical *monte* of Alemtejo comprises several dwellings

with flat-sided chimneys and ceramic window borders. Before each low door of the long white building is a cluster of the painted, rush-bottomed chairs which are peculiar to this region. Each barn has its threshing-floor, the farmer stirs the soil with an Arab plough, bullock carts with Roman wheels carry grain and bark. At occasional stations are groups of cork-choppers dressed in sleeveless brown jackets and trousers faced with sheepskin, and carrying striped blankets, hatchets and cooking utensils. Each cork oak produces a harvest of bark every ten years. The Alemtejan is a patient agriculturist serving with devotion the landowner for whose family his own ancestors may have worked for generations. Wages approximate 400rs. a day, but so long as the *adega* holds a cask of wine and the larder affords bread, beans, olives and a strip of bacon they are content.

Evora lies on the summit of a hill which descends to rolling fields and silver-green orchards. It had an advanced civilisation when Lisbon was an unimportant trading-centre, and still possesses many noble vestiges of various epochs. The round heads, light hair and sturdy manners of its inhabitants proclaim them of Roman stock.

The road from the station passes the Norman church of the Hermitage of St. Braz with the towers and pinnacles of a mediæval castle. The heath near by is the scene of the country fair which brings multitudes to Evora on St. John's Day.

The palace of Manoel I, where he summoned Vasco da Gama to bestow upon him his commis-

sion, is in a well-tended park. Part of it is now given over to a theatre — a cinematograph theatre.

The church of St. Francis is around the corner. One is baited thither by unnatural tales of a chapel decorated with human crania and cross-bones. It fulfils morbid expectations, and more. Pillars, panels and arches show careful effects in matched rows of skulls, and arm and leg bones. The monks responsible for this ornamentation secured their materials from vaults in the old convent, from grave-yards of foundling asylums and hospices. They completed their horror by placing over the door the warning legend, "We, the bones that are here, await yours."

The Graça Church of graceful Italian architecture, houses a garrison of soldiers. Once, there were twenty convents in Catholic Evora. Now there are none. Machinery hums beneath the vaults of refectories, merchandise is stacked against forsaken altars. The Hotel Eborensis is in an old nunnery with a white-washed stair, and a pergola looking into an orange-court. The food and house-keeping of this hostelry are above reproach, but alas, for its beds of board! Evora on its bracing hill-top merits a goodly visit. Assured of even a moderately comfortable couch many tourists would remain long enough to do fair justice to her charms. The Propaganda

Society hopes some day to influence the installation of beds at Evora, at Mafra, Leiria, Alcobaça and other less important tourist towns, which conform to the ideals of the foreigner.

On the way to the hill behind the hotel where there are buildings of contrasted interest, one passes through streets Moorish in atmosphere. The houses are well-walled below, but open into arched balconies above and have sugar-loaf chimneys. From the square called Porta de Moura several such houses come into view, with the square towers of the cathedral showing above their roofs.

This cathedral was the first in Portugal to take on Gothic form. It is constructed within of many different sorts and colours of marble. Its altar is beautifully wrought, and its choir-stalls and treasury reflect the extravagant piety of which Evora was once the centre. Opposite its main door is the palace in which John III and his bishops held the Inquisition which resulted, during succeeding years, in the death of over 20,000 persons. At the side of the cathedral is the library which now contains the Inquisitorial robes and banners, the paintings and other objects taken from the palace of Manoel. The assistant librarian speaks French and some English.

The church of Loyos, the Torre de Sertorio, the palace of the Counts of Olivença and the ram-

bling college in whose church the Cardinal-king is buried, are all about this square. In the centre is the fallen Temple of Diana, one of the most remarkable Roman ruins extant. Roman mortar made of chalk and broken brick unites the stones of the rough foundation. It is recorded that the Visigoths used some of the columns to build a fortress tower.

From the terrace beyond there is a good view of the aqueduct built by Sertorius, which has been restored. Arraiolos, the village made famous by its tapestries, is far to the left. On a hill 60 kilom. distant Estremoz and its Tower of King Diniz is visible. In the palace below it, his wife, St. Isabel, patron of Coimbra, died.

At the end of the railway is the town of Villa Viçosa where Dom Carlos and his son spent their last night. They had gone there to hunt over the royal preserves.

Evora, as one of the outposts of Portuguese defence, has been the theatre of many exciting events. It was taken from the Moors by Geraldo, the intrepid nobleman for whom the chief square is named. Having lost favour with his king, he sought this means of regaining it. On the Square of Geraldo, the rebel Duke of Braganza was hanged by order of John II, and the same *praça* witnessed the 'marriage festivities of John's son to the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella.

En route to the Algarve, for which Evora has connection via Casa Branca, the train passes through Beja, a city which received special privileges from Julius Cæsar. Later, under the Arabs, it became a centre of arts, industry and letters, and during the reign of Beni-Abbad was part of the Kingdom of Seville. Manoel I was the first Duke of Beja, and second sons of subsequent rulers have borne this title. From its palace tower one can see the castles of Cintra and Palmella and mountains of Spain and the Algarve. The altar of the Conceição church is one of the ecclesiastical gems of Portugal.

Between Casa Branca and Beja, at Cuba, are the estates of Vasco da Gama. At the 400th anniversary of his return from India, where he died as viceroy, his bones were taken from here to the Belem Monastery, Lisbon. He was born at Sines, south of Setubal. The estates now belong to Donna Maria Pia da Gama, last of the family.

Portimão.

Between Tunes and Portimão is Silves, 2350 years old. Under the Moors it was the caliphate of the Algarve.

Portimão is the railway station for Praia da Rocha (Rock Beach), Lagos and Monchique. The shore, 1 k. distant, is of fine hard sand and bestrewn with rocks grotesquely furrowed by the waves of the South Atlantic. Fogs and dews are almost unknown here. The average winter temperature is 65°. The hotel at Praia da Rocha is well situated and very clean, but beds are hard.

Portimão was named for a Carthaginian general, Portus Annibalis.

Lagos, 18 k. distant (diligence or carriage), is at the heel of a bay sheltered by the Monchique

Mountains. When the railway is completed to this point and the hotel is built for which plans have already been drawn, Lagos, with every advantage of climate and situation, must become one of the most favoured winter stations of the continent. It is on the parallel of Syracuse and Smyrna. The marine prospects from near-by capes are beautiful beyond description. From this bay Prince Henry the Navigator sailed upon voyages of African discovery, and here his body was buried before being taken to Batalha. Until recently the English fleet made Lagos a manœuvring base.

Many fish are taken in these waters, especially sardines and tunny. Cape St. Vincent, the extreme south-west point of Europe, is only 16 k. distant.

The drive to Monchique (diligence or carriage) consumes about two hours from Portimão. The road sweeps among foyaité hills and forests of cork, caroub and chestnut trees, disclosing marvellous views upon the sea and climbing peaks. There are summer villas near the town of Monchique, which is a rendezvous for mountaineers of odd customs and dress. The Foya peak is 2960 feet above sea level. An excursion to the top is made by donkeys.

There is morning and evening connection between Portimão and Faro, via Tunes.

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THE MONASTERY AND THE TOWER OF THE HOTEL,
BUSSACO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
PRESS

Faro.

Faro is the most southerly city of Portugal, a clean, bright, enterprising town, with well-ordered shops and many remunerative industries. The principal *praça* is planted in palms and has a fine outlook upon an inlet of the ocean. Fishing and the preparation of cork bark are the basis of trade.

The cathedral is of decadent Gothic architecture, ornamented by over-elaborate gilt carving. Upon special request one may see in the sacristy a splendid Arraiolos carpet, and some rich vestments.

Across the square is the municipal building in which are preserved a number of archæological remains from Roman and Phœnician ruins, among them, mosaics and columns from the Roman bath at Estoy. This amazing ruin which in any country but Portugal would be counted a national treasure, is a few kilometres by carriage from Faro over a very bad road. The walls of a temple are still standing above the well-preserved basins for hot and cold water baths. The plunge bath shows a remnant of a mosaic border with fish designs. The coloured cubes have been picked out by Portuguese vandals (foreigners rarely come here) so that but little remains now of a priceless inlay which a photograph shows to have been almost intact a few years ago.

A little way from the Faro cathedral the visitor finds a convent put to still another use. Queen Leonor, founder of Madre de Deus, Lisbon, erected this nunnery, little imagining that her cloisters would some day be piled with bales of bark, and that her chapels would resound to the whir of machines for the making of bottle stoppers.

The people of the Algarve are the Andalusians of Portugal. They live beneath an African sun, they are gay, talkative, childish in their agitation, winning in manner, fond of music and dancing, and devoted to sweets. A delicious cake made by Algarve confectioners is composed of preserved pineapple encased in a shell of almond paste and frosted with sugar sprinkled with pink and silver pellets. Another sweetmeat much liked by foreigners as well as *Algarvios* is the almond nut dipped in sugared cinnamon. Whole tangerines are crystallised in syrup and other fruits are similarly prepared.

The Algarve is never so beautiful as in February when the almond blossoms enamel the branches and shake their faint petals down to carpet the soil.

The region about Faro and on the way to Villa Real is a garden close-planted with grape, fig, almond, olive and orange, interspersed with fish-

ing villages whose Moorish roofs and windows look toward Morocco.

Villa Real, on the right bank of the Guadiana, has no interest for tourists beyond its pleasant situation at the junction of the river and the sea.

There is a ferry service between Villa Real and Ayamonte (Spain). Diligence Ayamonte - Huelva, 5 hours.

CHAPTER XII

MAFRA — ALCOBAÇA — BATALHA — THOMAR

Mafra — Caldas da Rainha — Alcobaca — Batalha —
Santarem — Thomar.

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LISBON — MAFRA, 37 kilom. Time, 1 hour by West Line from Rocio station. Mafra station to village, 10 kilom. Diligence, 210rs. Carriages may be ordered by letter or telegram (in Portuguese) of the hotel, or station master. By taking an early train from Lisbon one can go on to Caldas da Rainha for the night, or drive to Cintra (about 3\$000 for double carriage. Distance, 23 kilom.).

LISBON — CALDAS DA RAINHA, 109 kilom. Time, 3½ hours.

LISBON — VALLADO (Alcobaca), 135 kilom. Time, 4¼ hours. Vallado — Alcobaca, 6 kilom. Diligence, 90rs. For carriage, see above. Fare, about 1\$000, 4 or 5 persons. Vallado is also the station for Nazareth, a sea-side resort, 6 kilom.

LISBON — LEIRIA (Batalha), 165 kilom. Time, 4¾ hours. Leiria station to town, 4 kilom. Diligence, 80rs. Leiria-Batalha, 10 kilom. Diligence, 280rs. Carriages at the Hotel Liz.

LISBON — SANTAREM (on main road to Porto), 81 kilom. Fast morning train from Rocio station. Time, 1¼ hours. Santarem station to town, 3 kilom. Diligence, 100rs. Afternoon train to Thomar.

LISBON — PAYALVO (Thomar), 128 kilom. Time, 1¾ hours. Payalvo — Thomar, 10 kilom. Diligences do not always meet trains. Carriage, 1\$500, 4 or 5 persons.

Mafra.

MAFRA is an insignificant village on a bluff set back from the sea, and would never know the visits of strangers but for the monastery which John V built with an idea of equalling the Escorial. This of course he completely failed to do, except so far as the church is concerned, and in that he set a standard of decoration which has nowhere been equalled in its display of marbles and sculpture.

The village was once a Moorish settlement, and was called Maf-hara, a "hollow valley," because it stood on the edge of a ravine; the latter was filled up during the building of the monastery. The Christians took the strategic point which passed later from one knightly order and barony to another. Early in the 18th century, courtiers urged the suit of a group of San Franciscan brothers who wished to establish a monastery here. The King, however, thought it unwise to have any more monasteries for poor monks. But in 1711 anxiety was apparent lest no child be born to John V and his Austrian wife, and the monks suggested that by the King's making a vow to erect a monastic retreat, the sterility of the Queen would be removed by divine grace.

So the King acceded and, to every one's gratification, within the year an heir was born. In fulfil-

ment of his vow the royal father came to Mafra to determine the site of the monastery. He ordained that under the supervision of the German-Italian architect Ludovici and his son, cells should be built for eighty monks. In 1717 the foundation of the church was laid with festivities upon which the Crown spent 200,000 cruzados, or 80:000\$000 reis.

Then the donor, whose enthusiasm mounted as the walls rose, commanded that the monastery be enlarged to house four times eighty monks. In June, 1729, 50,000 workmen are said to have responded to the call for carpenters, stone-masons and labourers. They lived in a great camp and each man received in wages about 150 reis a day.

From Italy came 3000 planks of walnut, from Brazil other great quantities of woods; Rome, Venice, Genoa, and Liége, as well as France and Holland furnished statues, holy vessels and vestments. A canal was built from Santo Antonio do Tojal on the Tagus to Mafra for the transportation of materials. . . . Picture the straining of oxen and the shouts and bustle of carters and the unwonted excitement of the country-side! Finally, in 1744 the chief works were finished, and 342 monks took up residence. During occupation by the French (1807) they sought refuge in other retreats. John VI left Mafra in great haste to embark at Belem for Brazil. In 1808 the village was in the hands of Wellington's troops. Some years later a few

monks came back and remained until 1834 when all monasteries in Portugal were definitely closed.

As to the cost of Mafra, it is said that John V had the records destroyed to conceal the sum of his extravagance.

Next to the church, the most impressive characteristic feature are the chimes made in Antwerp at a cost of 400,000 milreis each set. When the first chime of 46 bells was delivered, the King professed surprise at the modest demands of the bell-maker, and said quite casually, "I didn't suppose they would be so cheap. Order another set." All of which interesting information is taken from a Portuguese compilation of monkish documents.

In the church, which is of marble from dome to floor, from altar to porch, are many chapels, each dedicated to a Saint, and each containing a *retablo* in marble relief, and four statues, any one of which would mark an ordinary fane for pilgrimage. Here at these glorious shrines the peasants in their blue-lined coats and plaited sandals come to pray.

The museum¹ off of an upper corridor has an informing collection of old lamps and china and some very poor paintings, among them two water-colours by Carlos I, who left much better work than this. The library contains 30,000 volumes

¹ Open 10-5. Admission, 100 reis.

of great interest to the bibliophile, among them a copy of the Orations of Cæsar printed in 1472.

The rooms are shown in the south tower where Manoel II spent his last night in Portugal. The following morning he hurried on with his mother, his grandmother and his uncle to Ericeira to board the yacht which took him far from revolution. The little village on the coast is in plain view from the roof, which is reached by way of the narrow room where is exposed part of the mechanism which chimes the ninety-three bells.

Caldas da Rainha.

“The Hot Baths of the Queen” are patronised in the summer by the gay and the ailing. Queen Leonor was their first sponsor, having erected a pavilion over the flow of warm white sulphur waters in 1448.

On the edge of the town is the pottery which produces the Caldas da Rainha ware, very highly thought of by the Portuguese who, as a nation, are lacking in colour sense. This odd faïence is well modeled in high relief, the usual designs being of animals, insects, crustaceans, fish and fruit. But its hues of red, mottled brown, green and bright blue rob it of all claim to serious appreciation. A brother of Columbano Pinheiro, the painter, revived here an ancient industry and is responsible for the idiosyncrasies of the product



THE CAVALLEIRO, MANOEL CAZIMIRO

which one often sees in Portuguese homes and public places.

The hotel at Caldas is an agreeable place to stay while making excursions to Obidos and Peniche.

Obidos station is the first one south of Caldas, 5 kilom. distant. Motor-car, 5 people, 2\$500. Carriage, 2\$000.

From a long way off the castle of Obidos shows on its rocky pedestal. It is the largest and best preserved ruin in Portugal. The walls which enclose the town are intact, and the fortress itself fronts the sea, with scarcely a fallen turret to mar its outer face. With the town which crouches beneath its protection, it forms a segment of mediæval Portugal left for us to see how knights defended themselves and how in the cramped streets they lived and worshipped.

Some Moorish houses remain as they were before the country's first king seized the height. Dark heads, surely more of Africa than of Europe, appear behind latticed windows at the sound of carriage wheels. Children play strange games in the sloping alleys, while their older sisters and brothers tend geese and goats among the ruins overhead. In the little church there are excellent paintings by a woman artist, Josefa of Obidos, who was well known in the 17th century.

Queen Leonor lived in a now ruined convent while mourning for a son who was thrown from his horse at Santarem. And John V stayed at Obidos when taking the waters of Caldas. In August, 1808, there took place beneath the old walled town with its 'scutcheoned doorways, its keep, its pillory and crown of towers the first combat between the Anglo-Portuguese army and the French troops.

Peniche, on one of the most westerly capes of Europe, is about 25 kilom. west of Obidos (30 kilom. from Caldas), beyond a lake of salt water where there is famous fishing. The shore is covered by rock formations which, through the

action of the waves, have assumed the shapes of fairy haunts. The lace-workers of Peniche weave patterns which are thought to have been brought hither by Portuguese sailors returning from Flemish ports.

Alcobaça.

Riding one day in the hills near Alcobaça, Affonso Henriques made a resolve that if he should take Santarem from the Moors he would give to St. Bernard, abbot of Clairvaux, all the land that he could see from the summit of near-by Albardos. Santarem fell. The monastery of Alcobaça was erected¹ with cells for 999 monks, and straightway the prosperous fields thereabout fell as completely under the Brothers' sway as though the King himself was their master. Vassals who were remiss in their tribute or who were taken for poaching on Cistercian preserves were imprisoned in the dungeons of the castle outside the town.

The monks, possessed of a great income, and profiting from the patronage of the court lived in luxury like that of Poblet. The kitchen, through which ran a rivulet to a tank alive with fresh-caught fish, was stocked with game, fruit and wines. . . . Now, grey-uniformed soldiers stew their cabbage and broad-beans where once the brown monks concocted savouries beneath the cone-shaped chimneys. In the open court off the

¹ 1148 - 1222.

kitchen are mess-tables, and soldiers washing clothes in the stream. Horses are stabled in the corridors, and the library upstairs holds invalid cots instead of parchments and tomes. At one corner of the huge square of masonry,—one of the largest monastic piles ever built, there is a prison with grated windows looking out to the public square. The prisoners,—young women, old men, boys,—peer through the grille and thrust out their hands for alms. In other parts of the building are town offices, stores, and club rooms.

But the church still remains a church, though mass is never said there. It is the Gothic sepulchre of early kings, just as St. Vincent's at Lisbon is that of a later dynasty. In a chapel opening out of the transept are the carved tombs of Pedro I and his well-beloved Inez de Castro, placed, according to his desire, her feet to his, that he may see her upon the moment of waking at the Resurrection. The sculptured sides recall incidents of their tragic story, the most affecting in Portuguese history, which abounds in sentimental incident.

The cloisters, begun in the reign of Diniz, were taken as the pattern for those at Batalha. Portuguese sacristans are less obtrusive than most of their ilk. The stranger will not be disturbed if he muse long among these arched and well-trodden paths.

Below the monastery is a market-place full of women whose round black hats, trimmed with pompons and worn over yellow handkerchiefs, are typical of central Portugal. One, meeting a gaze too curious, draws the *lenço* across her mouth with a gesture that hints of Tarik and Musa. But no one jeers or smiles, or casts a defensive glance. The manners of the Portuguese peasant are so innately good that, as a traveller puts it, one cannot regard them as long or as closely as he would like because he wishes to be no less polite than they.

The Alcobaçense Hotel has the agreeable habit of serving chicken in some form at every meal, a custom so well known that the former proprietor acquired the name Sousa-Gallinha, *gallinha* meaning hen. More frequently than not correspondence is addressed to the Hotel Gallinha, with which name the towns-folk are more familiar than with the one on the sign over the immaculate door.

Batalha is more conveniently reached from Alcobaça by carriage or automobile, than via Leiria by rail.² Carriage (20 kilom.), 1-5 persons, 3\$500rs. to Batalha. After a stop there, 1\$000rs. more to Leiria (10 k.). To Leiria station, 5\$000rs. in all. Alcobaça-Leiria by motor-car with a stop at Batalha, about 9\$000rs. If a car is engaged at Alcobaça for a whole day (20\$000 rs.), Batalha could be visited, luncheon taken at its little inn³ or at Leiria, and Thomar reached before night. Distance, Ba-

² See routes at beginning of chapter.

³ See hotel list at back of book.

talha or Leiria to Thomar about 40 k. Total distance, Alcobaca—Thomar, 60 k. The roads are being improved, and are in fair condition. A railway connecting these towns is under advisement.

Aljubarrota, scene of the battle between the Portuguese and Spanish (see Chronology) is an hour's drive north of Alcobaca. The road to Batalha passes among turpentine forests, rice fields and low-lying vineyards. The inaccessibility of these great monuments has its reward in drives through the country which enable one to touch the life of the people as it is impossible to do from the railway. And after all, one does not come to Portugal so much to see her buildings and curiosities as to enjoy her ever-varied panoramas of cultivated fields, of ocean, rivers, and mountain ranges, and her unstudied pictures of peasants pursuing ancient crafts and performing, in their satisfying dress, the tasks of home and farm.

Batalha.

The Battle Abbey of Portugal glorifies the victory of the valiant six thousand who, inspired by their newly-elected king and under the generalship of Nuno Alvarez Pereira, routed a Spanish army of five times their strength at Aljubarrota, in August, 1385. John I, Master of Aviz, swore to build a worthy monastery near the battlefield and chose this site on a low plateau among the hills of the Lena Valley.

Sometime between 1386 and 1388 plans were adopted by a council of architects of whom Master Huguet was chief. The original drawings called for a church of three naves with a transept and chapels, a monastery, a chapter-house and clois-

ters, all to be constructed of the calcareous stone of near-by quarries. The architectural lines are Gothic with modifications and additions of later periods. Batalha has been compared to the cathedrals of York, Cologne, Amiens, Milan and Burgos, to the disadvantage of them all. It bears no resemblance to any structure in Portugal. It is an epic written in stone during a period when chivalry and patriotism found highest expression in erecting a temple to God.

Pinnacles, sprung arches, cornices and ogival windows are embellished with tracery so fragile and fair as to contradict any impression of age. The Chapel of the Founder adjoining the main aisle, contains the tombs of John, the Prince of Good Memory, of his wife, Philippa of Lancaster, and, beneath the carved arch of slender windows, those of their four illustrious sons, among them, Henry the Navigator. In the same pillared alcove are the sarcophagi of John II and Affonso V. The Chapel of the Martyrs is to the right of the high altar.

The interlaced arches of the Royal Cloisters rest upon columns, which are each ornamented with a different sculptural design. The beauty of the ribbed vault of the corridor is surpassed by the groining of the chapter-hall, which is structurally so perfect that its flattened arcs alone sustain the ceiling.

Passing through a garden of flowers, beyond which is the Cloister of Affonso V, one comes to the Uncompleted Chapels, which are built about a circle at the rear of the church. Dom Duarte and Dom Manoel I designed these exterior niches for the sepulture of royal posterity. Upon the inner curve of the portal and upon the pillars which were to have met in a mighty vault enclosed by a dome, Portuguese artisans have lavished their ingenuity. What the alcazars of Spain show us in moulded stucco they have surpassed in borders, captions and flutings of stone, graved with a chisel. Exposure has turned the limestone to the shade of old parchment. The effect is intensified by the cupola of blue sky which surmounts these fragmentary manifestations of nature's subservience to man — the *capellas imperfeitas* of Batalha.

Leiria was one of the last Portuguese towns to come under the Christians, the Moors having held its castle until well on in the Middle Ages. A model of this chateau was prepared for exhibition at St. Louis at the instigation of Mr. Charles Page Bryan, former U. S. Minister to Portugal.

On the way to Leiria from Vallado (Alcobaça), the railway traverses the gigantic pine forest first planted by Dom Diniz over seven centuries ago. The vessels of Vasca da Gama and Cabral were constructed of wood from these royal trees.

The railway goes on from Leiria to Amieiria, junction for the frequented watering-place of Figueira da Foz, and thence to Alfarellos on the main Lisbon — Porto route where there is connection for Coimbra and the north.

Carriage, Leiria - Thomar, 1 - 5 persons, 5\$000rs. - 6\$000rs. via Ourem. The intervening district is sufficiently remote from the railway to retain many primitive characteristics. On market-days the roads leading to Ourem swarm with donkeys and their riders — usually women who sit sideways on their saddle-bags, swarthy faces shaded by *chapeos* and shrouded close about the chin with kerchiefs that hang beneath their hats. At old stone fountains maidens foregather to fill their water-jugs. When they have lifted the dripping red vessels to their heads they move away, upright and graceful as young Romans, arms swinging free, bare toes pressed in the dust. They may pause at stooped doorways to gossip, or to display a filigree trinket bought at the last fair, or to help a neighbour with an embroidery stitch, but never do they so much as lift a finger to balance the amphora.

Santarem.⁴

Two-thirds of the way between Lisbon and Thomar sits Santarem on a commanding eminence at the head of river navigation and in the midst of an extensive farming district. Many loyal Brazilians and Portuguese come here to do homage at the tomb of Cabral, discoverer of Brazil, who is buried in a chapel of the Graça Church, restored by public subscription solicited in Rio de Janeiro. Cabral was born in Santarem. When his fleet arrived off the shores of South America he supposed he had come to the opposite side of the world. The geographer, Amerigo Vespucci, was sent for, and he demonstrated the error. The

⁴ See routes at beginning of chapter.



IN THE STAR MOUNTAINS, PORTUGAL

finding of Brazil was therefore due to bad navigation and Cabral would seem to deserve less honour than he is accorded.

From the parapet so oft besieged there is a view famous in Portugal. Below a crenellated look-out are lemon-trees and cypresses. From far off comes the Tagus bearing peaked sails across the plains and moving slowly beneath its burden of heavy-laden boats. A great bridge spans the river. For leagues in every direction are fields of moving cattle, of wheat, and yellow sesame. It is much the same picture that one gets from the Kremlin of Nizhni Novgorod, with the Tagus substituted there by the sluggish Volga.

At Entroncamento, 22 k. beyond Santarem, a line branches north-east to Villar Formosa, Salamanca, Madrid or Paris, and south-east to Elvas, an epicurean town where they preserve figs and plums and roast the peacock, and to Badajoz, Caceres, Merida, Huelva and Seville. East of Entroncamento is an islet in the Tagus upon which has stood the castle of Almourol since the beginning of the Christian era.

Thomar.

Mounting the steep slope from Payalvo, climbing among olive groves to the little city by the Nabão, forging on to the convent-fortress of a further height we perceive why Gualdim Paes, seeking an asylum and a stronghold for his Knights Templar chose this site. It was in 1160 that they took to

themselves this peak in mid-Portugal. Once the hated Infidels presented themselves below the castle and for six days assailed it, in vain. The black and white standard with its red cross flew steadfastly above the little town of Thomar and never knew defeat until it was hauled down and the warriors banished from the castle by Dom Diniz. Later, repentant of his act, he secured from Rome the right to re-establish the Order under a new name — the Chevaliers of Christ. So after a lapse of years the citadel rang again with arms.

Prince Henry, under the patronage of the well-endowed fraternity of which he was Grand Master, indulged his obsession for discovery. Early in his reign Dom Manoel built the Convent of Christ. He also added to the original oratory of Gualdim Paes⁵ a nave, a choir and a chapter-house and ordered the most luxurious adornments obtainable in that luxurious age.

Climbing the winding road where once white-garbed crusaders clanked to and fro, we enter the peaceful yard of the convent, pass the guava trees by the steps and cross to the sanctuary which has for its central shrine the Holy of Holies of the Templars which resembles the one at Malta and

⁵ Many of the Grand Masters, including Master Paes, are buried in the church of Santa Maria dos Olivaes outside of Thomar. The proprietor of the Hotel União (who speaks French) always holds himself at the disposal of guests who wish to visit the monuments of Thomar.

the Church of Anastasis erected over the tomb of Christ. Twelve paintings supposedly by Grão Vasco once filled the panels of Manoel's nave. Eight are missing; one is believed to be in London. The fine wood-work of the choir was removed by the French.

A stone stair conducts to a terrace where all who come to Thomar — architects, critics, mere travellers — must mount, perforce, to see the façade of the chapter-house, the most audacious fabric which ever left the hands of stone-carvers. Not the windows only, but the walls, the projected corners, the coping, are allied in symbolism. Manoel, called Fortunate, commanded this marvel to epitomise the deeds of argonauts who crossed

“Seas never by others ploughed
To kingdoms far.”

Dr. Vieira Guimarães, historian of Thomar, translates the meaning of the coral-like frame which imbeds a pane of fret-work, forming The Window. He says, “Each stone speaks of a lasting feat of navigation, each *motif* sings a national hymn, each ornamentation chants a Homeric triumph over-seas. Here are the skeletons of Indian reefs, waves of the ocean, the well-cut besants of our Knights, the bells of the mules, the chains of our barges, ropes tied to grommet and anchor, weeds and flora of discovered seas, rings of cork,

the oak with roots exposed, the figure on the prow and the swollen sails of the ships, the Buckle and Garter of Manoel, the Portuguese arms, and the Cross, emblem of the Chevaliers. In these stones beats the nation's soul, they reflect the glorious times when Portugal carried the torch of civilization within the wooden walls of ships."

King Ferdinand removed a wall which obstructed the view of this window. Now it is possible to look from the ledge before it into the cloister of John III whose classic serenity rebukes the feverish opulence of the style *Manoelino*.

There are some who contend that this cloister was built by Philip III, who, among other Kings of Spain, lived here in a palace of their building during the sixty years of Spanish domination.

Seven cloisters in all are comprised within these bounds. One can wander for hours about the corridors, the courts, the stairways and roofs of this convent, which embraces the ideals, the history and architectural evolution of Portugal.

Below the ruined fortalice is Thomar, a pleasant town, proud above all of her barbicans and spires, but proud also of her industries, her smart streets, and her river which flows between tree-bordered banks where nightingales sing — in the day-time.

Payalvo (Thomar)—Coimbra, 94 k.=1¾ hours. Payalvo—Luso (Bussaco) via Pampilhosa, 115 k.=4 hours, 20 minutes.

CHAPTER XIII

COIMBRA — BUSSACO

LISBON — COIMBRA, 226k. (on main route, Lisbon — Porto). Time, $2\frac{3}{4}$ hrs. by Sud Express, 11.30 A. M. from Rocio station (supplement). By other express trains, 3 — $3\frac{1}{2}$ hrs. At Coimbra change to spur on which cars run into the town, the inner station being near the hotels.

LISBON — LUSO (Bussaco), via Pampilhosa (on Lisbon — Porto route), 248 k. Time, 3 hrs., 38 min. by Sud Express (see above). By other express trains, 4 hrs., 20 min. Change at Pampilhosa. (Pampilhosa — Luso, 20 min.). At Luso take carriage to Bussaco, 4 k. up the mountain. If the passenger says "*carreira*" to the driver he will understand that the former has no objection to sharing a carriage with other arrivals for Bussaco. The fare is then 300 rs. each. Fare for lone passenger 1\$000.

Passengers who prefer to drive from Pampilhosa will be met upon request by an automobile from the garage of the Palace Hotel, Bussaco.

Coimbra.

THE early seat of Castilian and Portucaliensian kings is a veritable casket of romance and historic episode. It reposes upon the face of a hill with the Mondego for an encircling moat and the university tower for a look-out.

The station near the river-walk is untidy and besieged with beggars, though it offends less in

these respects than the gates of most other Portuguese towns. The streets are quaint, lively, well-swept by twig-brooms and engrossed by bare-headed students in flowing black mantles and frock coats. Coimbra's air of culture, her freedom from smoke and clatter, her Gothic buildings, her legends and her river set her in a place apart among the tourist cities of Portugal.

The main business street connects the Largo Bombarda with the Praça 8 de Maio. Facing the latter is the venerable monastery church of Santa Cruz, burial-place of Affonso Henriques and his son Sancho, first kings of the realm. The walls glisten with blue tiles, the *azulejos* which are never-failing elements in native decoration. There is a wonderful pulpit here, the finest in the land. The gilded Gothic carving of the choir and the Cloister of Silence must also be seen.

The Rua da Sophia contains seven ecclesiastical buildings including the tribunal of the Inquisition and two churches which, having fallen upon irreverent days, now shelter a theatre and an iron foundry. The refectory of the exclaustated monks of Santa Cruz is the meeting-place of an artisans' association. In the Rua Fernandez is another deserted monastery which is transformed into an Escola Industrial and has a clumsy fountain in the Cuff Cloister, so-called because John III sketched the plan for the court on his cuff. Coim-

Coimbra is the cradle not only of poets and scholars but of artisans skilled in cabinet-making, stone-carving and ceramic designing. The Industrial School teaches these crafts, as well as architecture, wrought-iron work, lock-making, stucco work and sculpture. Its director is the eminent artist and archæologist, Antonio Gonçalves, professor of art at the University and curator of the splendid Museum of Antiquities lately installed in the Bishop's Palace near the New Cathedral.

On the way up the long hill to the university, the tram passes the enclosed market where *tricanas* hover among piles of fruit, vegetables, and household pottery. Their dark braids are bound Coimbra-wise with red kerchiefs knotted at the back. Their shawls are drawn, like the *Sevillanas*', across one shoulder, and their bare feet thrust into heel-less slippers with shiny nail-heads ornamenting the up-turned prow of the toe.

The university, now the only one in Portugal, succeeded to the charter given at Lisbon by Diniz in 1290. In 1537 John III deeded to it the palace on the height. John V gave the clock tower and the ornate library whose interior decoration consists of black wood, gilded with unusual effect. In an alcove there is a valuable collection of manuscripts and illuminated books. Senhor Simões de Castro, associated with the library, is an authority on Coimbra facts.

The buildings which hem a quadrangle of formal shrubbery are white, are two stories high, and have slant roofs and galleries, forming an altogether delightful close in out-of-the-world Portugal.

About 2000 students from various provinces and colonies, from India, South America and West Africa, attend the schools of law, medicine, science and philosophy.¹ The roll generally includes a few women. Degrees are conferred in the Salle des Capellos in the high-stooped building near the tower. A portrait of Carlos I has been removed from its place over the platform to a corner not quite dark enough to obscure the lacerations inflicted by revolutionary bricks. Whether engaged in riot or in peaceful pursuit of traditional ceremonies the students of Coimbra have a special *cachet*. Slender, black-haired, enveloped in the sentimental atmosphere of a university very old and memory-laden, they drift to and from their classes, always gallant, boisterous only when fired by politics, scholastic or national. At night they saunter about the tranquil streets of the town, stopping anon beneath a favoured window to sing, or to strum a *fado* on that most passionate of lovers' lyres, the *mandolino*. They may not walk with the adored one or talk to her in public; there are no collegiate festivities in which the unmarried

¹ At the moment of going to press Coimbra is in arms against the decision to remove the Law School to Lisbon.



THE WHARVES OF OPORTO

maid may take part. But at the window, the plaint of the *mandolino*, and the love-signs in which the Portuguese youth become so proficient, are always permissible. When he has won admission to the house, the lover must then continue his wooing before a third person. After the door is opened, only marriage releases the sighing couple from espionage, but the prelude of love, the window courtship, is never chaperoned, even though the formality of introduction may not have been observed.

From the terrace near the library one can see the *quinta* where Coimbra's most mournful romance was enacted. Affonso IV had a son, Pedro, who married a Spanish princess. She had a beautiful lady-in-waiting, and the king's heir loved her. When his wife died he married secretly the noble lady and went to the wars. During his absence his father, fearing Inez' influence for Spain and against Portugal, hired assassins to murder her by the very spring where she and Pedro had many times kept tryst, by the channel of water where they had sailed love-notes down in bits of bark. Pedro came back to find her dead, and vowed vengeance. Twelve years later, he succeeded his father. Then he summoned the murderers, saw their hearts torn out before his eyes, and lifting the mummy of his sweetheart from her grave set upon the throne the shrivelled form draped in

satin and wearing a diadem. He commanded the court to kiss her hand, he proclaimed her his queen, "crowned after death," and had her body removed to Alcobaça to rest in the chapel where later he was buried. It was their son, John I, who saved Portugal's cause at Aljubarrota.

The road to the "Fountain of Love" in the "Garden of Tears" is easy to find, and none who comes to Coimbra misses a pilgrimage there. On this same estate across the river, upon a hill not so high as that of the university but very steep, is the Santa Clara Convent where Isabel, the sainted wife of Diniz, lies in a great silver tomb above the altar of the church. Formerly, on her natal day, the fourth of July, her casket was carried down the hill to Santa Cruz where it remained over night. But now, under the Republic, it never leaves the convent.

The Botanical Garden, the New Cathedral, with an interesting treasury, the Bishop's Palace, and the Old Cathedral are below the university. The latter is a grave Romanic building now restored to its early dignity, an edifice much loved and admired by the Portuguese for its history and architecture. Its treasury contains many instructive pieces of primitive gold, silver and enamel work.

The Olivæes tram, which starts from the station, mounts to the park where the monks of Santa

Cruz used to seek recreation, passes near the "Rock of Regrets" on which Pedro was wont to mourn his murdered love, and sets one down at the Rua José Preto at the end of which is the Cellas Convent founded in 1210 by a daughter of Sancho I. The guardian lives in a house near the entrance. The cloister reveals curiously carved capitals, and gargoye beams so remarkable that antiquarians journey far to see them.

Another daughter of Sancho became abbess of the ancient convent of Lorvão.² The Mondego road leads to it — a road which sums the scenic beauties of Portugal, which pursues in and out among the hills a river extolled by generations of poets. On the stream float craft with square sails, propelled by slow-dipping poles — carrying casks of oil and wine and a passenger or two. Little grey houses cling like hawks to their aerie above the broad curving road, or hide among orchards blowing pink or white. Women kneel by mountain streams drenching gay coloured petticoats, singing a brief melody in the sunshine, spreading garments to dry on hedges of aloes, while donkeys stand meekly waiting the homeward load. A diligence passes . . . some one shouts and throws a rose, and one of the group buffets it back again. On rumbles the mule-wagon through veils of white dust, dash-

² 22k. Diligence, 250rs. Carriage, 3\$500rs. Splendid road.

ing about jutting buttresses of rocks, escaping by a hair an ox-team, or a woman with a hamper borne upon her head. Women carry thus their load to market, or a number of pieces of furniture — even a sewing-machine. Sometimes a baby's fist appears above the edge of a roomy basket.

The diligence climbs to Penacova, a tiny village with a belvedere upon a ledge over-looking a view nowhere surpassed of its kind. Turning inland the high road plunges along a crest and down into a hollow, scarce wide enough to be named a valley. At the bottom of the depression is the convent which once had as its head the daughter of Portugal's second king. Her remains and those of her sister are preserved by the altar in silver caskets.

The choir stalls of Lorvão are the best examples of wood-carving in a country renowned for this craft. The three-score panels are of iron-wood wrought in medallions, cameos, groups, crowns and wreaths with the sheerest effect imaginable.

About the abandoned nunnery huddle the poor dwellings of tooth-pick makers. Their ancestors were taught their trade by the St. Bernard monks who dispensed the income of the convent. A square is filled with stripped willow poles piled like tepees to dry. In the convent porch and in every door along the squalid street sit workers splitting the white wood and wielding knives across leather

bands strapped to the knee. About a thousand people in the Penacova district gain their living whittling *palitos*. They receive 80 reis per 1000, and earn an average of 200 reis a day.

There are villages in the mountains about Coimbra which specialise in the making of peculiarly symmetrical amphoræ, of jewelry, tiles, fringed linens and hand-woven bed-covers. Some of them are served by a daily diligence from Coimbra.

On the way to Penacova a new road turns off to Bussaco, completing a drive of 2 hours through the mountains. Carriage about 5\$000rs., automobile 8\$000rs., return.

Coimbra-Luso (Bussaco) by rail via Pampilhosa, 22k.

Bussaco.

The Sacred Wood is a state domain comprising a thousand acres of trees enclosed by a wall six miles in circumference. It is crowned by the moss-grown ruin of a fourth-century convent at whose feet, in a bower of palms and camellias, stands a hotel which was to have been a palace and which, perverted to its present use, without doubt surpasses in extravagant embellishment any guest-house ever built.

Bussaco Mountain has sheltered Goth, Roman and Moor, Pagan, Moslem and Christian. When the monastery on the Cruz Alta and its contiguous forest were ceded in 1094 to the Bishop of Coimbra, it became a luxurious estate, tended as

its natural beauty merited. The climate even at this height was so tempered by the sea that many sorts of rare trees and plants were made to grow. Finally the great property was sold by Bishop Mello to the Carmelite Order whose head, looking upon Bussaco, exclaimed, "Here by the will of God shall be founded and walled in the best hermitage of the Order." At that time (1628), missionary monks went to preach in the new Portuguese dominions, and many exotic specimens came back by occasional ships to the nursery-garden of Bussaco. Three thousand distinct botanical species are now represented on this mountain side in view of the sea. Of the eucalyptus tree there are planted here thirty-three varieties, of the magnolia five, of the cypress ten, of the pine thirty-two, and of the acacia eleven. The lemon, ilex, juniper, laurel, cedar, palm, poplar, mimosa and the prune mingle their perfume and their shade with the *Wellingtonia gigantea* and the tree-fern, with the evergreen sequoia, with the monkey-puzzler and the Judas-tree.

The Trappists built a monastery faced with a mosaic of basalt and limestone; they erected chapels along the arbour'd ways, and fountains which gushed from numerous mineral springs; they constructed stone stairways bordered by ferns and channelled by cool streams; many a screened bosage was beautified by the ingenious hands of the

Brothers who worked in silence, speaking, according to their vow, but once a fortnight as they walked at twilight among their beloved trees.

The Pope uttered two decrees sentencing to excommunication any one who should injure the forest, or any woman who should put foot within the reserve. The documents, signed March 28, 1643, are sealed within the pebbled Coimbra gate.

Once, the monastery had warrior-guests . . . Having ranged his army of 50,000 English and Portuguese upon the ridge outside the forest, no less a person than the future Duke of Wellington found lodging in a cell which the prior put at his disposal in the low convent with walls and doors of cork-wood. And when, on September 27, 1810, the allied troops checked the gallant assault of Masséna's forces, it was the monks who nursed the wounded, and buried the dead on the side of the hill where the chapel stands in memoriam.

When all monasteries were closed in 1834 the Government came into possession of the *Matta do Bussaco*. Two generations later Carlos I began to build a palace in the Manoeline style, but was not able to complete it because a final rupture with Brazil depleted the Portuguese treasury. A few cottages were erected in the lee of the silent walls and the royal family and their attendants often found their way up the steep forest road from Luzo. Eventually the King consented to

the completion of the building as a hotel, and granted a lease to the present holders. The architect of the intended home of royalty, Luigi Manini, in no way modified the original plans for ornamentation. The building somewhat resembles the fortress of Belem, having three stories in retreat and a lofty tower. Three stone-carvers worked steadily for eight years upon the tower, the porch and the interior walls and staircase. The space between the windows on the outer walls of the verandah is filled by panel pictures in blue tiles executed by Jorge Colaço who also did the splendid historical scenes of the hall, including a portrait of Wellington, and episodes of the battle of Bussaco and of the Discoveries.

The floreated frost-white carving of the main hall gleams whiter still against the warm blue of the faïence wainscoting. The staircase is the noblest feature of the whole astonishing plan. Let the reader in imagination raise to the *n*th power of beauty the stateliest flight of steps he has ever seen — the Bussaco stair will surpass it. Frescoes by Ramalho surmount the splendid *azulejos*; there is a great window of coloured glass above the landing; balustrade, arches and the pillars of the upper floor are burdened with carving.

The ball-room, the dining-hall, the sun porch have each their distinguishing charm. Portugal's

best artists — Carlos Reis, Vaz, Condeixa, Costa Motta, Gonçalves, Machado the stone-carver, a pupil of the Coimbra school, have lent their aid in the consummation of this most beautiful structure. The Royal Annex, also adorned with rich carving, was finished about the time the monarchy fell. D. Carlos and his family were frequent patrons of the hotel.

Guests are free to go where they will in the forest. They carry their *bilhas*, their earthenware caraffes, to the various mineral springs; they explore ruined shrines; go up to Cruz Alta for the view of the Beira mountains dropping away in diminishing hills to the shore of the Atlantic; they follow the Calvary Road to the Coimbra Gate for another rare view; they lunch at stone tables beneath sombre branches; visit the Trappist hermitage and the cell of Wellington; walk to the chapel-museum and the monument which marks the battle-field; play tennis and golf; fish in near-by trout streams; motor to Valdemo, Fermentellos, Aveiro, Lorvão, San Marcos, Coimbra — make excursions even to Thomar and Batalha, returning to Bussaco for the night, or going on to Lisbon. A magnificent mountain road penetrates the Serra da Estrella region. Oporto can also be reached via Vizeu across the *serras*, past old castles and forsaken villages and down into the Douro valley via Regoa. All the mountain roads are in very good condition.

Below the hotel, at Luzo, there is a hydropathic establishment visited each year by about 10,000 guests. The analysis of the water, which has a natural temperature of 90°, is the same as Evian. In an undeveloped carbonated Apollinaris spring the village does its household washing.

At Curia, a short rail journey from Luzo, there is a renowned spring similar to Contrexeville. A new hotel has recently been built there.

Foreign travellers frequent Bussaco in the spring and fall. In the summer it has a large Portuguese and Brazilian patronage. There are post and telegraph offices on the grounds. The hotel cuisine and service are excellent out of all proportion to the very moderate terms.

Luzo—Vizeu, via Santa Comba Dão, 77k.= 3 hrs. By leaving on a morning train one can make the trip to Vizeu and return in the late afternoon to Bussaco. The route ascends through pine woods and fields of giant purple and white heather, crossing viaducts above deep gorges and tunnelling many hills. In April there is trout fishing in the Mortagua, the Criz and the Dão rivers. Vineyards in this region yield a wine like that of the Douro slopes.

Vizeu belongs to the Duchy of Braganza and has played its share in the historical drama even in primeval times when Viriato, the Lusitanian chief, contested here with the Romans.

The station is at some distance from the town. Aside from some exceedingly interesting old houses built into the natural rock, the cathedral is the only object to be visited. A guardian will open the church and dependencies. In the sacristy are five paintings, supposedly by the artist known as

Grão (Great) Vasco, whose real name was Vasco Fernandez. These have been attributed to Van Eyck, who was in Portugal in the 16th century, but in all probability they are the work of the Portuguese, Fernandez, who lived and painted in Vizeu. His "St. Peter" is a remarkable canvas; the others have little attraction for the passing traveller. In the church and chapter-house are some well-executed tiles with very droll subjects—nude figures fencing, cavaliers drinking, smoking long pipes, et cetera. Opposite the cathedral, which is of pure Portuguese architecture, is the seminary and on the corner another one of the shocking native prisons with cells bared to the street.

Within a radius of 70 k. about Vizeu are many delightful villages and resorts accessible by diligence. As in nearly all Portuguese towns, the hotels of Vizeu can be depended upon for cleanliness and an abundance of plain food.

The route Pampilhosa—Luso—S. Comba Dão—Guarda is the one taken by the Sud Express after leaving the Lisbon—Porto line. Guarda is about 3500 ft. above the sea. The Serra da Estrella range is accessible from this point, though more easily reached from Covilha on the line Entroncamento—Guarda. Tents, guides and provisions must be taken if the mountains are to be visited. The trip is made by mules, and reveals many panoramas that recall Switzerland.

Guarda is the junction for the two main roads which connect Lisbon with Spain and France, the frontier being at Villar Formoso (Portuguese Customs). See "Rail to Portugal" under Transportation.

CHAPTER XIV

PORTO — BRAGA — VIANNA DO CASTELLO

LISBON — PORTO — LISBON, 343 k. Time, 5½ hrs. Two express trains each way, morning and evening. First and second class; restaurant cars. Route going north; Lisbon — Santarem — Entroncamento — Payalvo — Coimbra — Pampilhosa — Aveiro — Porto.

Many characteristic bits of landscape are disclosed as the train takes its course through meadows and groves. Farmers in waist-high jackets and sombreros of felt are ploughing among olive trees with white villages in the background. Above, on the edge of scarred hills, are dismantled wind-mills which look like martello towers and which probably have done duty as such in troublous times.

From the sea come gulls in level flight, pausing to feed in fields as flat and green as Holland. Pines with balloon foliage lift their stalks by the side of round wells, relics of the Moors, called still by their Moorish name. In every farm-lot there is one. Near it labourers rest at noon-time. Perhaps the well-sweep is propped against a fig-stump rising like a wraith from soil grained in varying shades of russet. If the month is February the prune trees are in blossom and the almond is putting out timid buds. In contrast there are cypresses pointing black against the sun and an avalanche of boulders crashing into a sea of wild-flowers. There is a granary with steps carpeted with lichen, here a group of odd chimneys, yonder a row of women hoeing; they wear divided skirts and red or yellow bandannas.

Eucalyptus and cactus and stunted grape vines follow

the passage of the train, and then come rice fields, and, in the distance, the low roofs of Aveiro.

Aveiro (45 k. north-west of Pampilhosa) is the descendant of a community which in the night of time fished here at the mouth of the Vouga and reaped harvests of salt from the evaporated bed of a lake 40 k. long.¹

With the discovery of Newfoundland a large fleet of ships sailed from Aveiro for the banks, bringing back fortunes in *bacalhau*, or cod, which occupies to this day a stable position on the peasant *ménu*.

An inlet of the sea flows into the centre of the town, so that the curious craft of Portuguese waters anchor at a quay along the principal street.

The Aveiro women are reputed for their small, *svelte* figures and fresh colour, and for their coquetry too, for every lass in this sea-port town has her train of sailor lovers.

The Convent of Jesus, which was a school for girls until the establishment of the Republic, is now arranged as a museum of curiosities by the Marqués Gomes. St. Joanna, founder of the convent, was a daughter of Affonso V. Her superb tomb of Italian mosaic is in a chapel facing the lower cloister.

A visit to Aveiro is not without its reward, but the tourist is advised to make this an excursion from Bussaco or to stop between trains only, as the hotel is impossible.

A little way north, half-way between Aveiro and Porto, are moors tracked by narrow canals where boats with banner sails go in and out, making odd silhouettes against the stretch of green. At Ovar, Dutch crusaders were shipwrecked and stayed on to help fight the Mussulmans in Portugal. Their descendants inhabit this region, being distinguished by blond hair and Netherlandish traits and customs.

At Espinho, 24 k. south of Porto, there is a fine bathing-beach and a golf club. Its sardine boats have crescent

¹ See Aveiro in the illustrated work "*A Arte e A Natureza em Portugal*," published by E. Biel, Porto.

bows brilliantly painted; they form a striking picture as they rest high on the white sands, flashing their crude colours against the sea's blue.

Next beyond Espinho is the town of Granja, where summer homes line streets shaded by tropical foliage.

At Villa Nova de Gaia, Porto, the capital of the north, had its birth. About the former castle of Calle on a rock above the Douro, a village grew up at whose wharves vessels anchored. It took the name of Portus Calle, or Calle Port, and Portucaliensis, a county of Leon, was called after it. The town increased and embraced new territory extending to the natural fortress on the crown of the opposite shore which comes into view as the train draws across the Donna Maria Pia trestle, 200 feet above the rugged Douro.

Regally placed upon one of those broad heights in which Portugal is so rich, Porto yields nothing to Lisbon in position or outlook. Two bridges with each a single arc span her river.

The traveller approaching from the south is conveyed to a station on the outskirts from which the train then proceeds to the central station near the D. Pedro Square—the Rocio of Porto. Passengers who disembark at Leixões (the landing-place of large steamers, 10 k. distant) arrive also at the central station, or reach Porto by trolley via Mattosinhos and the gardens of Foz de Douro.

Porto.

DESPITE certain definite similarities of aspect the cities of Porto and Lisbon are utterly opposed in temper. The leisurely Lisbonese is characterised an *alfacinha*, “a lettuce,” by his less fastidious brother, who holds in contempt the sycophants who loiter in cafés and clutter the capital's pavements. In Porto even Youth has a purposeful mien. The stranger feels himself an idler in this earnest-eyed,



FLAX-COMBERS NEAR VIANNA DO CASTELLO

albeit unhurried throng, whose symbol is the persevering bullock which plods the city's hills,

At the quays, heavy barks disgorge their cargoes amid the thud of wine casks and the groan of wooden axles, and all is bulky confusion. The women in their round velvet hats are as busy as the men, heaving sacks to their sturdy shoulders, geeing a team by its broad head-strap, reefing a square-hung sail. About their neck they carry their fortune — chains, filigree hearts, beads, enameled crosses, chosen in the Rua das Flores where the hoarded testoons of the *Minhotas* find their way to the goldsmith's till. That they wear this treasure under all sorts of conditions without fear of molestation is eloquent of the pervading honesty of their countrymen.

The *cangas* of the oxen betray another phase of decoration peculiar to Porto and the Minho region. The yoke as we know it becomes here a wide, up-standing piece of timber allied in shape and in the patterns of its superficial carving to the sacrificial stone found at Guimarães, the *pedra formosa* of the Portuguese, revered as a compendium of traditional designs and therefore deserving of imitation.

The yoke which lifts behind the huge branching horns of these northern oxen bears the date of its completion, also a cross in one corner and a hedge of bristles along the upper edge. On the pole

which rises between the yellow-brown heads the teamster suspends his jacket, his dinner-pail and discarded shoes. The Porto *carro de boios* is altogether the most picturesque equipage to be found in European streets. The Douro oxen pull against leather head-pads, the *canga* never being seen to the east of Porto.

The *canga*-maker pursues his trade in the musty doorways which follow devious ways to the upper city. In one of the streets sloping upwards from the Ribeira, Dom Henriques the Navigator was born in 1460.² Above it is the market and to the left the Bolsa, the Stock Exchange, facing the Square of Dom Henriques. The Chamber of Commerce has a pretentious home which includes a Moorish ball-room where many of Porto's most hospitable entertainments are given. On its site stood the Convent of St. Francis which was destroyed by fire. The convent church was spared with its wealth of gilded wood-work which swarms over altar, wall, and pillar, a very fungus of ornamentation, more amazing than beautiful. Near the altar is a Manoeline door; there are paintings and a Gothic image to be seen, but the golden flights of its carving are the lure of old St. Francis.

The Churches of San Bento da Victoria and San

² Rua Infante D. Henriques. Near by is the Factory House or British Association, a commercial organisation of 17th century foundation.

Pedro make part of this nest of interesting buildings with the cathedral on the rise of ground at the eastern rim. The Sé has fine cloisters, and but little else to repay the climb to one of the highest points of the city.

In the Rua das Flores is the vast Misericórdia in whose chapel is Porto's one great painting, the "Fons Vitae," variously credited to Memling, Van der Goes, Van Eyck and Grão Vasco. Past the gold and silver shops in this Street of the Flowers one ascends to the railway station and arrives opposite the Praça D. Pedro IV, or Liberdade, in a valley formed by the steep, cañon-like streets of the Thirty-first of January and of the Clerigos. At the summit of the former, the Rua Santa Catarina crosses to the north, passing on its way the Grand Hotel do Porto and many théatres and shops.

East of the station is the handsome new theatre of San João on the Praça Batalha. A little way above are the camellia gardens of San Lazaro, the Municipal Art Museum, and the Library. The library contains galleries of paintings, and archæological and numismatic collections. Native artists are well represented here by Silva Porto, Souza Pinto, Alberto de Moura, and the sculptors Thomaz Costa and Teixeira Lopes. The latter, son of a sculptor and brother of a famous architect, is a master whose works are illuminated by

genius. His home across the river in Villa Nova de Gaia is the resort of many artists and admirers. Below beautiful rooms arranged in rambling Portuguese style is the studio, in itself a museum of a noble and prolific art. Each subject — childhood or haggard age, portrait or peasant idyll — is modeled with vigour touched by melancholy. For Teixeira Lopes, who is still a young man, is, to his artistic marrow, a Portuguese — intelligent, sentimental, with a warp of sadness beneath a woof of smiles.

The Clerigos Tower¹ is to Porto what the Giralda is to Seville, though they are in no wise comparable as to symmetry. Standing boldly straight and immensely tall at the summit of the street which is its name-sake, the *torre* looks away from the Praça at its feet to other towers, to the sea, to the river and its hilly shores, and to mountains far beyond. Below it are level streets opening into a park where there is a memorial to a great horticulturist by Teixeira Lopes, and into a triangular market of clean little booths which sell odd bread-shapes, violets, green vegetables, braids of onions, and live turkeys which meander, apparently unguarded, through the lanes of thriving stalls.

The most lovely of Porto's many gardens is the one, many acres in extent, which surrounds the

¹ Admission 100 reis.

Crystal Palace near the Douro bank, to the west of the Clerigos. Going north from the Palacio de Cristal one comes soon to the English Cemetery and Church. In the Rua da Carvalhosa is the severe temple of San Martinho which misty legends place here in the 6th century. If the legends could be substantiated we should have before us the oldest church of the Peninsula.

Porto's chief industries are her wine and stock-fish trade, and her silver-work. With the exception of the great Portuguese firm of Donna Antonia Adelaide Ferreira's Successors, Port wine culture and traffic are largely in the hands of British houses. Of these the firm of Taylor, Fladgate and Yeatman is the oldest, having been established in 1692. The great cool ware-houses in which the odorous tuns are stored are at Villa Nova de Gaia, which is most conveniently reached by the Dom Luiz bridge. Standard Port, both tawny and red, is the blend of several yields. A vintage wine, sound and of unimpeachable quality, is the product of only very occasional seasons. As the flood of wine flows from pipe to vat (a pipe being a cask containing 126 wine gallons), one looks down into a channel flecked by ruby foam and sniffs the scent of the Douro hills — rock hills, precipitous and bare, ridged with laborious embankments and covered with broken slate out of which the young green tendrils push upward to a

burning sun. When the small black grape is gathered into tall baskets and carried to the press, the harvest is sorted and tossed into vats where, at the *quintas* whose buildings make white patches against the hill-side, boys and men tread out the pale juice. In casks the wine is rolled aboard the *barcos* with their high platforms and lateens, and so it passes to the pipes of Villa Nova de Gaia and out to the world.

The silver-craftsmen of Porto are of two guilds — those who hammer the designs traced on bowls, frames, salvers and chalices into relief, and those who weave the intricate patterns of the filigree. The first are found at the work-rooms of prosperous silversmiths' shops where tourists are usually admitted. But strategy and patience and a long jolting ride to Gondomar are necessary if one would penetrate the mysteries of the *filigrana*. In the dark little houses of this village six kilometres from Porto, even the merchants may not always gain admission, so closely do the home-workers guard the secrets of their ancient trade. Here at high wooden benches sit parents and children with their simple equipments of pointed tools, soft wire and an annealing flame. The thread of gold or silver is heated, straightened, cut and turned into tiny shapes, laid into an enclosing rim, coil by coil, and brushed with liquid solder. The result — a filigree daisy, a heart, or a birthday medal!

Dainty product from fingers so poor and scrawny. . . . Tourists will find the work exposed at a reasonable price in many shops of the north. Sometimes filigree bands are applied upon glass with an effect like the Bohemian crystal-ware that is traced with gold.

In Porto at Rua Formosa, 342, is the noted establishment of Biel whose head has performed a valued service in making a collection of Portuguese photographs which present a chronicle of national customs, costumes and crafts, as well as a wide panorama of views.

Porto - Villa do Conde (25 k.) - Pova de Varzim (53 k.) from Pova station. Beautiful ride to the sea.

Porto - Barca d'Alva (last Portuguese station en route for Spain), 204 k. along the Douro for the most part. (See "Rail to Portugal" under Transportation.)

It is possible to gain a casual impression of the Douro vineyards by leaving Porto early in the afternoon for Regoa, 106 k. distant, and returning about an hour after arrival, reaching Porto toward midnight. Regoa is the gate of the Port wine district, a town entirely uninteresting of itself. At this station passengers for the famous watering-place of Vidago change and go north via Villa Real and Pedras Salgadas. Distance, 77 k. = 3 hrs. Diligence, Vidago - Chaves (18 k.), a small town with a history tempestuous out of all proportion to its size.

From Tua, beyond Regoa, a line zig-zags by leisurely stages to Braganza, which, being well up in the rare atmosphere of the hills and stamped with vigorous racial characteristics, has the highest percentage of violent crimes in the country. South-east, 50 k. by diligence, is Miranda do Douro in a region so far removed from travelled roads

that it has conserved a special flavour. The people are of Gothic stock, their ancestors having been pushed back into the mountains by invaders and never conquered. From this lively, robust race who inhabit the territory between Miranda do Douro and Villa Real, come the men who govern the land — statesmen and diplomats. In this section of the country called *Tras-os-Montes* (Across the Mountains) and in the Douro province, they have for centuries made a specialty of carved leather, and furniture of black wood reflective of the Flemish, which is fastened without nails or glue and is preserved for hundreds of years in peasant homes. Here they also hammer out ornamental copper pots and kitchen utensils, and forge locks by hand. The *Tras-os-Montes* region is further renowned for its excellent mules.

Porto — Guimarães via Trofa, 60 k. = 2 hrs, from Central Station. Guimarães, at the heart of the verdant Minho province, is the birth-place of the monarchy. Dom Henrique of Burgundy established himself here in the 11th century and in Guimarães his son Affonso Henriques was born and proclaimed himself King. Some historians declare that the Greeks lived here 1300 years before Christ. Later came the Celts. One of their towns, Citania, has been partially excavated. It is situated at the top of a toilsome hill above the village of Briteiros, 10 k. north of Guimarães. Chains, images and Celt-Iberian ornaments were found here by Dr. Schliemann and described in his volume, "Citania and Fortified Cities of the Minho." But we are most indebted to the late Dr. Sarmiento of Guimarães for Citanian discoveries. Edifices, round and square, and well-defined streets have been laid bare, thanks to his generosity. Coins, jewellery, and bits of pottery taken from the "Pompeii of Portugal" are exposed in the Archæological Museum at Guimarães, where is also the sacrificial stone mentioned under "Porto."

The arts of Citania and Sabroso, on a neighbouring hill, have influenced designs in ornaments and pottery throughout 2000 to 3000 years, scarcely a deviation being discernible in the latter-day product of adjacent districts.

THE TEMPLE OF DIANA, EVORA



THE TEMPLE OF DIANA, EVORA

Guimarães, though one of the oldest of Portuguese towns, bears few traces of extreme age if we except the castle built nine centuries ago by Mumadona, aunt of Ramiro II, who also founded the hoary church of Our Lady of the Olive-tree, and except also this Romanic church and the town hall set upon an arcade of wide arches. The town breathes of the clean air of the mountains. Its inhabitants have always been noted for a thriftiness which is reflected in its streets.

Guimarães - Braga by diligence, 22 k., through continuously beautiful country. Or by rail via Trofa and Nine.

Porto - Braga, 75 k = 2 hrs., via Nine. Ask for Braga car on morning express to avoid change. At Braga station, trams to the town.

Porto - Vianna do Castelo, 85 k. = 2 hrs., direct via Nine.

Braga.

The way to Braga is a green maze of valleys, and fat farms, and fruit-trees, and grape-vines grown on granite poles and tall trunks. Each house has its narrow strip of land, for the north is the domain of the small proprietor, the patient, persistent tiller of the soil. The country homes have one big door in the wall of brown stones, and steps up the side, and a gallery and a court, but no chimney. The smoke rises through the tiles in a spreading mist. A bevy of such houses drawn close in the twilight look like ghosts kneeling in the dew.

The houses of Braga have latticed shutters, *adufas*, relics of Arab possession. Bay-windows are square with Moorish ornamentation. Each wall has a stone ledge for flower-pots set, some-

times, high up beneath protruding eaves. If the upper story of a house extends over the door, forming a room above the sidewalk, one may know it for a house influenced by the Goths. A more purely Portuguese style calls for three stories with a verandah around the topmost floor. The older quarters of the town offer many studies in odd windows and doors.

Braga is another camellia town. Indeed Portugal may be called the Land of the Camellia. The stiff blooms of pearl white, or pale rose, or pinkish red gladden every plot of green; in gala times their petals shower from balconies and festoon banquetting rooms.

No one knows who founded Braga. All the races that inhabit the Peninsula have been established here. The people like to believe that St. James laid the foundation of their cathedral. Count Henry and his wife repaired it, as did later rulers, but the present façade dates from quite modern times, having been finished in 1724. On a clock in one of the cupolas is an inscription deciphered by Senhor Albano Bellino: "Master of the Madrigal, I was made in the year one thousand of our Lord."

Within a side chapel are the tombs of Count Henry and Donna Theresa, their effigies shortened at the knees to make them fit the length of the sarcophagi! Under the porch is another casket of

gilded bronze in which sleeps the young son of John I and Philippa of Lancaster, and grandson of John of Gaunt and Pedro the First, who died December 22, 1400.

Further to be remarked are the sculptures of the organ loft and baptismal font, the tiles, the Chalice of St. Gerald and other rich vessels in the treasury, and more precious than all, the chiselled silver tabernacle and coffer of the altar.

There are other churches and chapels, notably the Chapels of the Conception and St. John, which, with the cathedral, merit a detailed visit.

The fête of John the Baptist ordained by John I is still observed at Braga with wine and dancing, fire-works and music. If the traveller comes on the twenty-fourth of June he will find the walls of the town brightened by banners and the Campo de Santa Anna alive with the ravishing dresses of the *Minhotas*.

The most famous pilgrimage in Portugal is that of Good Jesus — Bom Jesus — and Mont Sameiro. Zealots tramp the four kilometres from Braga to the penitential stairway which in gigantic flight mounts to the Temple of Bom Jesus. Up the interlacing stairs they pass on their knees, pausing at chapels on the several landings to repeat the prayer prescribed before each sculptured group of the Passion. Their penance faithfully performed, — not all go on to the chapel on the further peak

of Sameiro,—reward awaits in the great forests and tropical thickets where baskets are unpacked and the fast is broken.

Tourists who are not zealots go comfortably in trams to the foot of the stairs where an incline railway carries them to the plateau above.

The view from Bom Jesus is stupendous,—it reaches from Porto to Vianna, from Gerez to the ocean—but it is surpassed by the prospect of waving hills which unrolls below the Mount of Sameiro.

Braga – Gerez, 44 k. Diligence 820 rs. Carriage 5 \$500. The waters of the Gerez springs are very similar to those of Carlsbad. The snow peak of Gerez mountain is behind, and can be climbed with mules or donkeys, or on foot.

Braga – Guimarães, see under Guimarães.

Braga – Vianna do Castello, via Nine and Barcellos.

Vianna do Castello.

En route to Vianna the railway passes through Barcellos on the banks of the Cavado, birth-town of nine bishops and arena of many historical events. Opposite it is the Thieves' Rock where brigands were wont to hide in the bold days of long ago.

The road is bordered by gorse and pines, and tall cherry trees neighbour the almond and peach. Grape vines are trained over public roads. Everywhere there are fields of *couva*, the Portuguese cabbage whose stalks grow sometimes to a height of six feet. In the meadows flocks of black sheep nibble among the granite rocks. White sheep are here the exception. The watchers idle near. Usually the shepherd is a young girl who winds the distaff for her mother's spinning.

The Minho region is the most populous of Portugal, despite the fact that it is from this province that Brazil draws most of her immigrants. If an especially fine house attracts the stranger's attention inquiry will invariably bring the information that this is the home of a returned *Braziliano*. An infinite number of festivals occur to mark various epochs in the farming season — the flaying of the grain, the combing of the flax, the killing of the pigs, the washing of the wool; and of fairs and *romerias* there is no end.

Vianna has an air of retired elegance. Her houses have opulent doorways and Manoeline windows and many outer walls show armorial bearings.

Once Vianna was mistress of the Newfoundland fishing-trade and fortunes were made in cod, and in the shipping of wine to England.

A spacious promenade borders the Lima which flows here into the sea. From it one street leads past the cathedral to the town hall, to the exceedingly quaint Misericordia, to the adjoining church and the fountain which is the pivot about which revolve many primitive pictures in the course of the Vianna day.

The Egreja da Misericordia has the best blue tiles in Portugal, though few come to see them. The *azulejos* as painted and baked in Portuguese potteries — the craft being a tradition with certain families handed down from the Arabs,— are the highest artistic attainment of the country, comparable to the frescoes of Italy. Says one writer, "They are tapestries in earthenware.

They maintain the traditions of Portuguese life — maritime adventure, love idylls, pilgrimages, miracles, joys of the field, bull-fights — all are told in the ceramic language of the tile.”

Vianna reclines at the base of a mountain whose shrine at the summit was planned as a rival of Bom Jesus. A splendid road laces the green forest and, mounting constantly, passing occasional altars and repentant stairways of mossy stone, one gets recurring and increasingly impressive vistas of the plain, the town, the river, the coast, its headlands and ribbon of glistening sand. Nature has emptied an o'er-flowing cornucopia of views among the hills of garden-Portugal, but from Valença to Lagos there is none fairer than this.

On the crest of Mont Santa Luzia stands an unfinished church and a hotel, finished but never occupied. Its sponsor, Senhor Moraes, who made a fortune in American wheat, died twenty years ago and his heirs have not continued his plan to make of this spot not only a frequented pilgrimage but a summer retreat.

Behind the hotel are the ruins of Britonia where coins have been found of the same era as Citania. They are not yet excavated to any extent. One wonders, upon visiting these Celt-Iberian and Roman towns on the outskirts of Coimbra, Thomar, Setubal, Faro, Guimarães, and Vianna,



SARDINE FISHERMEN, LAGOS

why archæologists ignore Portugal who travel far to less accessible ruins. A lenient Government and one in no wise avaricious for gain would smooth the way for explorers who turned their attention to Portugal's buried cities, if there were any demand for it to do so.

Friday is market-day at Vianna; the old grey town is cheered then by incoming groups of peasants with their products and their live-stock. But on Good Friday is held the fair of fairs; its renown in the north equals that of Evora in the Alemtejo.

On Holy Thursday when church altars are being shrouded in mourning and candles disposed in hundreds on tiers above favourite shrines, the ring of the carpenter's hammer resounds on the river-bank. Early the next morning carts and trains and mules and donkeys discharge a multitude of farmers and villagers, house-wives, children, merchants. The men add little to the picture — but the women, how well do they compensate in feature and dress for the straight-forward plainness of their males!

The Minho women are the handsomest in Portugal; the women of Vianna and its environs are the handsomest, the most graceful, the most completely bewitching of the Minho. Whether they come from Meadella, from Affife, from d'Outeiro or from Vianna itself, their costume can be sur-

passed nowhere in Portugal or out of it for the manner of its wearing, for its colours and weaving. Here is a blond goddess with Diana limbs. She carries on her head a basket which conceals its mystery beneath a white cloth. Her chemise is of lawn, the jacket of beaded velvet, the skirt, ample as her stride, is of black and white or red and black stripes, woven of wool grown on her own hill-side, spun on her own spindles; on the yoke of her black velvet apron her initials are embroidered; her stockings,— for this is a festal day and bare feet are banned by those able to buy foot-gear — are an uncompromising purple; as she swings toward the market-place her *tamancas* flap the pavement at each lift of the foot. Her breast is weighted with golden ornaments, and she wears long ear-rings.

By nine o'clock, wares are spread in the booths and on the pavement of the Promenade de San Bento under the mimosa trees. Though Diana's costume is the one most in evidence there are other dresses of red and yellow, tufted and embroidered in cross-stitch, and worn with a green kerchief knotted in two wings above the temples. Eyes are mostly blue or brown, nostrils fine, lips classic in their fulness, skin pale. Mountain women are dark and wear black dresses with black shawls drawn over black hair. They sit like Moorish women on mats, with flax and yarns and brown,

black, grey and white wool piled before them. Women from Bellinos wear hats with a turned-down brim and a small looking-glass fastened to the crown. To them, buyers go for onion, cabbage and lettuce seedlings, and sheaves of rye which, after being dampened, are used to bind the grape-vines to the dried stalk of the *couva*.

There is a lively trade in Easter bread, shaped like a horse-shoe or braided in crusty strands. Several booths are devoted to patch-work bags without which no Portuguese costume is complete. Shoe-makers do a rushing business in new wooden soles which, after a good deal of stamping and testing, are purchased at 40 or 50 reis the pair and carried off to be re-vamped at home. Or the old forms may be consigned to the shoe-maker for rejuvenation. A pair new as to both upper and sole costs 200-400 rs. Such extravagance is not for every one.

Hand-wrought nails, wooden bowls and chairs, distaff sticks, coarse laces, staffs, ox-muzzles, baskets, forks like Titan's prong, each have their interested buyers. The merchant is wary of bad coppers. To test them he gives them a smart ring on the pavement or against the insole of his *sabot*.

By noon the fair is at an end. Down come the stalls, up go the bulging baskets (one holds a pair of kids, another a butter-crock), and toward the

cathedral and the church of the Misericórdia clatter the whole company of traders.

At the Good Friday service candles are snuffed except where the priests are chanting long prayers. The lifting of the leather curtain at the entrance lets in a momentary rift of daylight. One gets a glimpse of gala forms passing from shrine to shrine, and of others kneeling on spread handkerchiefs, a pair of wooden shoes, a bundle and the cherished umbrella beside them on the stones.

Vianna - Valença (frontier), 48 k. Diligence.

Valença - Tuy across the Minho into Spain.

Vianna - Porto, two express trains daily.

TOURIST CITIES OF SPAIN

WITH POPULATION OF SOME TOWNS EN ROUTE

- Alcala de Henares; pop., 12,000; hotel, Gomez.
Alcazar de San Juan¹; pop., 9,500.
Algeciras†; pop., 13,000; hotels, Reina Cristina, Anglo-Hispano.
Alicante*†; pop., 50,000; hotels, Reina Victoria, Samper; bank, Banco de Cartagena.
Almeria*†; pop., 48,000; hotel, Londres; bank, José Canet.
Antequera; pop., 29,000.
Aranjuez; pop., 9,000; hotel, Pastor.
Astorga; pop., 6,000; hotel, Comercio.
Avila; pop., 12,000; hotels, Ingles, Comercio; bank, E. Paradinas.
Badajoz; pop., 31,000.
Baeza; pop., 13,000.
Barcelona*† (Syndicat d'Iniciative, Rambla del Centro, 30); pop., 600,000; hotels, Colon, Palace, Cuatro Naciones, Gran, Falcon, Oriente. Pensions (Casas de Viajeros), Maison Dorée, Plaza Cataluña, Francesa, Vergrara, 5 (also furnished rooms), Rancini, Paseo Colon, 8. Restaurants, Gran Continental, Pl. Cataluña, Marina, Pl. Palacio, Coll and Tibidabo (Afue-ras Mountain); banks, Crédit Lyonnais, Banco de España, Thomas Cook & Son.
Montserrat (Barcelona); Hotel and Restaurant of the Monastery (gratuity of 3-5p. for night's lodging).
Bilbao*†; pop., 90,000; hotels, Vizcaya, Inglaterra; bank, C. Jaquet.

¹ Towns opposite which no hotel is given are of slight importance to tourists.

* Indicates U. S. Consul or agent.

† Indicates British Consul or agent.

- Burgos (Fomento del Turismo, Casa Teatro, Paseo del Espolon); pop., 30,000; hotels, Norte y Londres, Paris, Universal.
- Caceres; pop., 17,000; hotel, Europa.
- Cadiz*† (Sociedad de Turismo, Plaza de Mina); pop., 70,000; hotels, Francia y Paris, Continental, Cadiz.
- Calatayud; pop., 13,000.
- Cartagena; pop., 100,000; hotels, Ramos, Francia; bank, Banco de Cartagena.
- Ciudad Real; pop., 13,000; hotel, Suiza.
- Cordova (Fomento del Turismo, Ayuntamiento); pop., 60,000; hotels, Suiza, Oriente; bank, Pedro Lopez.
- Corunna*†; pop., 43,000; hotels, Europa, Continental; bank, José Pastor.
- Elche; pop., 28,000; hotel, Comercio.
- Escorial; pop., 4,000; hotels, Reina Victoria (Luncheon, 4p.), Miranda (L., 3.50p.).
- Gerona; pop., 16,000; hotel, Italianos.
- Gibraltar*; pop., 26,000; hotels, Bristol, Cecil, Grand, Victoria; banks, Thomas Cook & Son, Anglo-Egyptian, Larios Hermanos.
- Gijon†; pop., 45,000; hotels, Marina y Suiza, Comercio; banks, Credito Gijones, Banco de España.
- Granada†; pop., 80,000; hotels, Alhambra Palace, Washington Irving, Alameda, Victoria (the last two in the town); bank, Enrique Santos.
- Guadalajara; hotel, Española.
- Huelva*†; pop., 21,000; hotels, Internacional, Madrid.
- Huesca; pop., 12,000.
- Irun; pop., 12,000; hotel, Palace.
- Jaca; pop., 4,900.
- Jaen; pop., 26,000.
- Jerez de la Frontera*†; pop., 68,000; hotels, Cisnes, Victoria.
- Las Palmas (Grand Canary); hotel, Santa Catalina; banks, Blandy Brothers, Bank of British West Africa.

- Leon; pop., 15,000; hotels, Paris, Ingles (formerly Noriega); bank, Fernandez Llamazares.
- Lerida; pop., 22,000; hotel, Suiza.
- Lorca; pop., 70,000.
- Madrid*† (Fomento del Turismo, Calle Arenal, 27); pop., 590,000; hotels, Ritz (from 25p.), Paris (from 18p.), Palace (European plan. Rooms with bath from 7.50p.), Roma (from 15p.), Metropole (from 12.50p.), Ingles (from 12p.), Grand (from 15p.), Russia (from 12.50p.), Colon (from 8.15p.). Pensions (Casas de Viajeros), Rhin, Carrera de San Jeronimo, 29 (from 7p.); Beyard, Carrera San Jeronimo, 29 (from 6p.); La Montañesa, Infantas, 2 (from 5p.). Furnished Rooms (Casa de Huespedes), La Concha, Carretas, 45 (Rooms, 60-100p. a month). Others in Calle Cruz, Arenal, etc. Restaurants, Casersa, Calle Sevilla, 3; Paris, Calle Victoria, 4. Others in Calle Alcala and streets near Puerta del Sol. Banks, Crédit Lyonnais, Banco de España, Thomas Cook & Son.
- Malaga* (Fomento del Turismo, Alameda, 11); pop., 130,000; hotels, Regina, Ingles, Cortes; banks, Hispano-American, Rein y Cia.
- Medina del Campo; pop., 6,000; hotel, Victoria.
- Merida; pop., 11,000; hotel, Fonda de la Estacion.
- Miranda de Ebro; pop., 4,200.
- Mondariz (Pontevedra). Several fine hotels at this favourite watering-place.
- Murcia; pop. (of the city proper), 33,000; hotels, Universal, Patron; bank, Banco de Cartagena.
- Orense; pop., 15,000; hotel, Roma.
- Oviedo; pop., 48,000; hotels, Paris, Colunguesa; bank, Herrero y Cia.
- Pamplona; pop., 28,000; hotels, Perla, Norte.
- Palencia; pop., 16,000; hotel, Gran.
- Palma (Majorca)*†; pop., 63,000; hotels, Grand, Continental; bank, Credito Balar.

- Pontevedra; pop., 22,000.
- Ronda; pop., 20,000; hotels, Reina Victoria, Royal (at station).
- Salamanca (Fomento del Turismo); pop., 25,000; hotels, Comercio, Pasaje; bank, Rodriguez Vega.
- Santa Cruz, Tenerife, Canary Islands; hotel, Zuisisana; banks, Miller Brothers, Bank of British West Africa.
- San Ildefonso (Segovia); hotel, Vega.
- San Sebastian† (Syndicat d'Iniciative, Boulevard, 14); pop., 40,000; hotels, Maria Cristina, Palais, Continental, Londres, Excurra, Albeniz. Restaurants, Casino, Urbana, Bourdete. Cafés, Kutz, Royalty. Banks, Crédit Lyonnais, Banco de España.
- Santander†; pop., 50,000; hotels, Castilla, Gomes, Continental; banks, Banco de España, Banco Mercantil.
- Santiago de Compostela; pop., 25,000; hotel, Suiza.
- Segovia; pop., 15,000; hotels, Europa y Comercio (Luncheon, 4p.), Fornos (L., 3.50p.); bank, Santiago Adrados.
- Seville* (Syndicat d'Iniciative); pop., 150,000; hotels, Inglaterra, Madrid, Paris, Oriente, Simon. At Pimienta, 9, a studio building with 14 furnished apartments has recently been constructed from an old house overlooking the Alcazar Gardens. Terms about 7p. a day. Bank, Crédit Lyonnais.
- Tarragona*†; pop., 26,000; hotels, Paris, Europa.
- Toledo; pop., 25,000; hotels, Castilla (Luncheon, 6p.), Lino (L., 3.50p.), Imperial (L., 3.50p.); bank, Miguel de Villasante.
- Tolosa; pop., 4,000.
- Tuy; pop., 6,000; hotel, Moderno.
- Utrera; pop., 15,000; hotel, Fonda Santisimo.
- Valencia*†; pop., 214,000; hotels, Palace, Paris, Ingles, Gran; bank, Crédit Lyonnais.
- Valladolid; pop., 65,000; hotels, Siglo, Francia; bank, Jover y Cia.
- Vigo*†; pop., 18,000; hotel, Continental; banks, Agent Crédit Lyonnais, Banco de España.

Vitoria; pop., 32,000; hotels, Quintilla, Pallares.

Zamora; pop., 17,000; hotel, Comercio.

Zaragoza; pop., 100,000; hotels, Palace, Europa, Universo;
banks, Banco de Aragon, Banco de España.

TOURIST CITIES OF PORTUGAL

- Alcobaça; pop., 1600; hotel, Alcobaçense (Gallinha).
Aveiro; pop., 10,000; hotel, Central.
Batalha; pop., 1600; hotel, Fernando.
Beja; pop., 9000; hotel, Vista Alegre.
Bom Jesus (Braga); hotel, Elevador (luncheon 600 reis).
Braga; pop., 25,000; hotel, Grand.
Braganza; pop., 7500; hotel, Virginia.
Bussaco; hotel, Palace.
Caldas da Rainha; pop., 4500; hotel, Lisbonense.
Cascaes; pop., 1700; hotel, Costa.
Cintra; pop., 5000; hotels, Costa (luncheon 600 reis at this
and the other hotels), Netto, Lawrence.
Coimbra; pop., 21,000; hotels, Avenida, Palace (new).
Curia; hotel, Grand (new).
Elvas; pop., 12,000; hotel, Central.
Espinho; hotels, Esperança, Porto.
Estoril (see Mont' Estoril).
Evora; pop., 20,000; hotel, Eborense.
Extremoz; pop., 11,000; hotel, Gradil.
Faro†; pop., 16,000; hotel, Nicola.
Funchal (Madeira)†; pop., 45,000; hotels, Reid's Palace,
Carmo, Bella Vista; bank, Blandy Bros.
Figueira da Foz; pop., 6300; hotel, Lisbonense.
Gerez; hotels, Parc, Universal.
Guarda; pop., 9500; hotel, Santos.
Guimarães; pop., 10,000; hotel, Toural.
Horta*† (Fayal, Azores); pop., 7000.
Lagos (Portimão); pop., 8000.
Leiria; pop., 4000; hotel, Liz.
Lisbon*†. Propaganda Society, Rua Garrett, 103. Gov-

* Indicates United States Consul or Agent.

† Indicates British Consul or Agent.

ernment Tourist Office, Rua Alecrim, 22; pop., 360,000. Hotels, Avenida (from 3\$500 rs.), Central (from 2\$400 rs.), Inglaterra (from 2\$400 rs.), Metropole (new. From 2\$000 rs.), Borges (from 1\$400 rs.). (Braganza and Europe closed.) Pension, York House, Rua das Janellas Verdes (from 1\$200 rs.). Restaurants, Tavares, Rua de S. Roque; Suisso and Martinho, L. do Camões (opp. Rocio); Electrico Rua de S. Julião; Leão d'Ours, Rua do Principe; Patisserie Colombe, Rua do Carmo. Banks, Crédit Franco-Portugais (Crédit Lyonnais), Thomas Cook & Son, London and Brazilian.

Luso; pop., 1260; hotel, Central.

Mafra; pop., 1500; hotel, Moreira.

Mont' Estoril; hotels, Grand, Italie, Royal, Estrade.

Nazareth; hotel, Grand Casino.

Oporto (see Porto).

Ponta Delgada*† (San Miguel, Azores); pop., 18,000.

Praia da Rocha (Portimão); hotel, Viola.

Porto; pop., 175,000; hotels, Grand Hotel do Porto, Paris, Francfort. Restaurants, Lisbonense, Rua do Bom-jardin; Internacional, Praça D. Pedro IV; Tea-room near the Tower on Rua dos Clerigos; Confeitaria Parisiense, Rua de S. Catharina; Casino at end of D. Maria Pia bridge, Villa Nova de Gaia. Banks, Crédit Franco-Portugais (Crédit Lyonnais), London and Brazilian.

Santarem; pop., 9600; hotel, Duarte.

Setubal; pop., 25,000; hotel, Esperance.

Torres Vedras; pop., 33,000.

Thomar; pop., 7000; hotel, União Commercial.

Valença do Minho; pop., 4000; hotel, Rio Minho.

Vianna do Castello; pop., 10,000; hotel, Central.

Vidago; hotel, Palace.

Villa Real; pop., 6700; hotel, Tocaio.

Villa Real de St. Antonio; pop., 7000; hotel, Trindade.

Villa Viçosa; pop., 5000; hotel, Menezes.

Vizeu; pop., 8500; hotel, Cazimiro's.

CONVERSION TABLES

TEMPERATURE.

| Centigrade | Fahrenheit | Kilometres | English Miles | |
|------------|------------|------------|---------------|--------|
| Zero | = 32° | 1 | = | .06 |
| 5° | = 41° | 5 | = | 3.1 |
| 10° | = 50° | 10 | = | 6.2 |
| 15° | = 59° | 50 | = | 31 |
| 20° | = 68° | 80 | = | 49.7 |
| 25° | = 77° | 100 | = | 62.1 |
| 30° | = 86° | 200 | = | 124.2 |
| 35° | = 95° | | | |
| 40° | = 104° | Metres | Feet | Inches |
| 50° | = 122° | 1 = | 3.2 = | 39.37 |

To convert Centigrade to Fahrenheit, divide by 5, multiply by 9, and add 32.

To convert the 24-hour clock reckoning into the one reckoned by twice twelve hours, subtract 2 from the first figure on the right.

| | |
|------------|------------|
| 13 o'clock | 21 o'clock |
| 2 | 2 |
| — | — |
| 1 o'clock | 9 o'clock |

| | |
|--------|--------|
| 5 = | 16.4 |
| 10 = | 32.8 |
| 50 = | 164 |
| 80 = | 262.4 |
| 100 = | 328 |
| 200 = | 656 |
| 500 = | 1640.4 |
| 1000 = | 3280.8 |

| Milimetres | Inches |
|------------|--------|
| 1 = | 0.039 |
| 10 = | 0.339 |
| 50 = | 1.695 |
| 100 = | 3.390 |

1 litre = 1.05 quarts liquid measure.

1 kilogram = 2.2 pounds.

1 hectogram = 3.52 ounces.

1 hectare = 10,000 square metres = 2.47 acres.

INDEX

- Abadia Real de las Huelgas, 153.
 Abd-er-Rahman, Mosque of, 189.
 Academy of Arts, Madrid, 102.
 Affonso II, 74.
 Affonso III, 74.
 Affonso IV, 75.
 Affonso V, 76.
 Affonso Henriques, 74.
 Alcala de Henares, 167.
 Alcantra bridge, Toledo, 118.
 Alcazar de San Juan, 188.
 Alcobaça, 17, 294-296.
 Alenitejo, province of, 275-283.
 Alfarellos, 299.
 Alfonso X, 70.
 Alfonso, XI, 69.
 Alfonso, XII, 73.
 Alfonso XIII, 47, 73, 106.
 Algarve, province of, 283-287.
 Algeciras, 7, 17, 244.
 Algodor, 116.
 Alhama, 167.
 Alhama Baths, Granada, 226.
 Alhambra, The, 226-238.
 Alicante, 18, 182; climate, 27.
 Aljubarrota, 297.
 Aljubarrota, battle of 75.
 Almeria, 2, 185.
 Almourol, castle of, 301.
 Amadeo, King, 73.
 Amieiria, 299.
 Amsterdam, 4.
 Amusements, 42.
 Andalusia, 18.
 Aranjuez, 115.
 Archæological Museum of Madrid 97, 101.
 Argamasilla, 188.
 Arraiolos, 282.
 Astorga, 146, 148, 164.
 Aveiro, 317, 320.
 Avignon, France, 7.
 Avila, 18, 134-136.
 Ayamonte, 9.
 Azores, the, 2, 19.
 Azores, the, climate, 28.
 Azpeitia, 159.
 Badajoz, 9, 301.
 Baeza, 186, 188.
 Balearic Isles, 177.
 Barca d'Alva, 8.
 Barcellos, 334.
 Barcelona, 6, 17, 41, 43, 45, 170; climate, 25.
 Batalha, 297-299.
 Battle of Aljubarrota, 297.
 Battle of Covadonga, 166.
 Battle of Las Navas de Tolosa, 188.

- Battle of Vitoria, 156.
 Baza, 185.
 Begoña, Sanctuary of, 44.
 Beja, 283.
 Benavente, 148.
 Benicasin, 179.
 Betanzos, 161.
 Bilbao, 155.
 Boabdil, king of Granada, 225.
 Bobadilla, 7, 14, 17.
 Bom Jesus, temple of, 333.
 Bonaparte, Joseph, 73.
 Booth Steamship Line, 5.
 Botanical Gardens, Madrid, 86.
 Boulogne, France, 4.
 Braga, 331-334.
 Braganza 329.
 Briteiros 330.
 Britonia, 336.
 Bull-fights, 49-57.
 Burgos, 18, 149-155; climate, 26.
 Busdongo, 165.

 Cabral, tomb of, 300.
 Cabs, 15.
 Cacem, 271.
 Caceres, 147, 301.
 Cacilhas, 268.
 Cadiz, 18, 43, 216; climate, 26.
 Calatayud, 167.
 Caldas da Rainha, 292.
 Canary Islands, 19.
 Cantabrians, the, 67.
 Cape St. Vincent, 284.
 Carlos, king of Portugal, 79.
 Carlist dissensions, 73.
 Cartagena, 183.

 Carthaginians in early Spain, 68.
 Cartuja convent, 216.
 Casa Branca, 283.
 Castellar, 244.
 Castileja de la Cuesta, 212.
 Castillejo, 116.
 Catalayud, 182.
 Cathedral of Braga, 332.
 Cathedral of Burgos, 149.
 Cathedral of Cadiz, 218.
 Cathedral of Evora, 281.
 Cathedral of Faro, 285.
 Cathedral of Granada, 223.
 Cathedral of Leon, 165.
 Cathedral of Oviedo, 166.
 Cathedral of St. Eulalia, Barcelona, 172.
 Cathedral of St. Mary, Seville, 202.
 Cathedral of Santiago de Compostela, 163.
 Cathedral of Segovia, 138.
 Cathedral of Seville, 199.
 Cathedral of Tarragona, 178.
 Cathedral of Toledo, 125.
 Cathedral of Zaragoza, 168.
 Cerro, 218.
 Cervantes, 72, 123, 148, 175; relics of, 96.
 Cervantes, Arch of, 124.
 Ceuta, 220.
 Charles I, 72.
 Charles II, 72.
 Charles III, 72.
 Charles IV, 73.
 Chaves, 329.
 Chinchilla, 185.
 Churches of Lisbon, 256.
 Cid, the, 152.

- Ciudad, 188.
 Cintra, 270.
 Citania, 330.
 Clairjo, 163.
 Clerigos Tower, Porto, 326.
 Climate and seasons, 25.
 Coimbra, 69, 305.
 Collares, 274.
 Columbus, Christopher, 204.
 Compania Transatlantica, 3.
 Cordova, 7, 9, 18, 43, 186,
 188; climate, 26.
 Cordova's *feria de la salud*,
 46.
 Cortez, Hernando, birth-
 place of, 212.
 Corunna, 4, 148, 160.
 Covadonga, 166.
 Covilha, 319.
 Cuisine, 36.
 Cunard Steamship Co., 2.
 Curia, 318.
 Customs, 9.

 Dances—*el garrotin*, 61.
 Dances—the *baile andaluz*,
 62.
 Dances—the *carricadanza*,
 62.
 Dances—the *fandango*, 63.
 Dances—the *flamenco*, 62.
 Dances—the *guaracha*, 62.
 Dances—the *jota*, 63.
 Dances—the *panaderos*, 61.
 Dances—the *sevillana*, 59.
 Dances—the *seguidilla*, 63.
 Dances—the *zortzico*, 63.
 Dances and songs, 59.
 Dom John, of Portugal, 78.
 Durango, 156.

 El Escorial, 116, 128-134.
 El Ferrol, 161.
 Elvas, 301.
 Elviña, 161.
 Elche, 183.
 Empreza Insulana de Nave-
 gação, 6.
 Entroncamento, 9, 301.
 Ericeira, 292.
 Espinho, 321.
 Espluga, 179.
 Estremoz, 282.
 Evora, 44, 278-282.

 Fabre Line, 3.
 Faro, 285.
 Ferdinand III, 70.
 Ferdinand VI, 72.
 Ferdinand VII, 73.
 Ferdinand and Isabella,
 71, 147, 224.
 Ferdinand, King, 6.
 Fermentellos, 317.
 Festivals, 44.
 Figueira da Foz, 299.
 Fuenterrabia, 158.
 Funchal, 2, 3, 19.

 Galicia, 18.
 Gaucin, 244.
 Gaudalajara, 167.
 Genoa, 182.
 Gerez, 334.
 Gerona, 178.
 Gibraltar, 3, 17, 245-246.
 Gijon, 166.
 Giralda Tower, Seville, 199.
 Goths in early Spain, 68.
 Goya, works of, 91.
 Granada, 7, 17, 185, 221-
 238; climate, 27.

- Granja, 322.
 Guadalupe, 147.
 Gadiana River, 9.
 Guadix, 185.
 Guarda, 319.
 Guernica, 156.
 Guides, 20.
 Guillarey, 8.
 Guimarães, 330.

 Hall's Steamship Line, 5.
 Hamburg-American Line, 3.
 Hendaye, 159.
 Henry, Count of Burgundy,
 70.
 Hermitage of St. Braz, 279.
 Hernani, 159.
 History, 67-79.
 Hotels, 29.
 House of Cervantes, 175.
 House of the Shells, Sala-
 manca, 145.
 House of Zaporte, Zارا-
 goza, 169.
 Huelva, 9, 215.
 Huesca, 170.

 Iberians, the, 67.
 Irun, 6, 158, 159.
 Isabel II, 73.
 Itatica, 212.
 Iviza, Isle of, 177.

 Jaca, 170.
 Jativa, 182.
 Jerez, 215.
 Jerez de la Frontera, 215.
 Jerez, horse fair, 46.
 Jimena, 244.
 John I, of Castile, 75.
 John I, of Portugal, 75.
 John II, of Portugal, 76.

 John III, of Portugal, 77.
 John V, of Portugal, 77.
 Joseph I, of Portugal, 78.

 La Cueva de Gato, 244.
 La Encina, 182.
 La Granja, 117, 142.
 La Mancha, 188.
 Lagos, 283; climate, 27.
 Language, 24.
 Las Navas de Tolosa, 157.
 Las Navas de Tolosa, battle
 of, 188.
 Las Palmas, 19.
 Las Segadas, 165.
 Lugo, 7, 17, 161.
 Lusitania, 69.
 Lusitanians, the, 67.
 Luso, 304.
 Lyceum Theatre, Barcelona,
 43.
 Leiria, 299.
 Leon, 7, 18, 148, 164; cli-
 mate, 26.
 Lerida, 179.
 Lezo, 159.
 Lisbon, 4, 8, 16, 41, 43, 249-
 269; climate, 27.
 Lorca, 185.
 Lorvão, convent of, 311.

 Madeira, 2, 3, 19; climate,
 28.
 Madrid, 6, 16, 40, 42, 45, 83-
 115; climate, 25.
 Madrid Gallery of Art, 87.
 Mafra Monastery, 77.
 Mafra, 17, 289-292.
 Majorca, Isle of, 177.
 Malaga, 7, 17, 18, 239-242;
 climate, 26.

- Manoel II, 79.
 Manoel, "the Fortunate,"
 77.
 Maria II, of Portugal, 78.
 Maria de Padilla, 70.
 Marseilles, 182.
 Medina, 7, 9.
 Medina del Campo, 136.
 Menorca, Isle of, 177.
 Merida, 147, 301.
 Miguel Estavan, 188.
 Miramar, 158.
 Miranda de Ebro, 155.
 Mirando do Douro, 329.
 Monastery of Alcobaça, 294.
 Monastery of Batalha, 297.
 Monastery of Bussaco, 314.
 Monastery of Mafra, 290.
 Monastery of St. Lawrence,
 133.
 Mondariz, 162.
 Monchique, 283.
 Money, 20-22.
 Monforte, 162.
 Monistrol, 176.
 Monserrat, 176.
 Mont de Santa Luzia, 46.
 Mont' Estoril, 270; climate,
 27.
 Mont Sameiro, 46, 333.
 Montjuich, 176.
 Moore, Sir John, monument,
 160.
 Moreda, 186.
 Mosque of Abd-er-Rahman,
 189.
 Motor vehicles, duties on,
 10.
 Murcia, 18, 183, 184.
 Murillo, works of, 90, 208;
 death of, 219.
 Museo de Pintura, Cadiz,
 219.
 Nabão, 301.
 National Art Gallery of
 Madrid, 97.
 Naval Museum, Madrid,
 114.
 National Library of Madrid,
 97.
 Netherland Royal Mail, 4.
 Nine, 331.
 North German Lloyd, 2.
 Obidos, 293.
 Olite, 170.
 Oporto, 8, 44; climate, 27.
 Orense, 7, 162.
 Oropesa, 149.
 Ourem, 300.
 Ovar, 321.
 Oviedo, 166.
 Pacific Steam Navigation
 Co., 5.
 Palace of Music, Barcelona,
 43.
 Palencia, 148.
 Palma, 177.
 Palmella, Castle of, 278.
 Palos, 215.
 Pampilhosa, 8, 9, 14, 304.
 Pamplona, 170.
 Pancorbo, 157.
 Pantheon of Heroes, 95.
 Pasajes, 159.
 Passports, 1.
 Payalvo, 301.
 Pedras Salgadas, 329.
 Pedro I, 70.
 Pedro II, 77.

- Penacova, 312.
 Peniche, 293.
 Peninsular and Oriental
 Line, 5.
 Philip II, 72.
 Philip III, 72.
 Philip IV, 72.
 Philip V, 72.
 Phœnicians in early Spain,
 67.
 Piedrafita, 162.
 Pinhal Novo, 278.
 Pityuse, Isle of, 177.
 Plasencia, 149.
 Poblet, 179.
 Pontevedra, 162.
 Port-Bou, 6.
 Porto, 322-329; climate, 27.
 Portimão, 17, 283-287.
 Portucalensis, 69.
 Portugalete, 155.
 Portuguese wars, 78.
 Postage 23.
 Pova de Varzim, 329.
 Praia da Rocha, 283.
 Praia das Maças, 274.
 Provincial Museum, Cor-
 dova, 193.
 Puerto de Santa Maria,
 216.
 Puerta del Sol, Madrid, 103.
 Puerto Lapiche, 188.
 Puerto Real, 216.
 Queluz, 270.
 Rail to Portugal, 8.
 Rail to Spain, 6.
 Railways, 10.
 Raphael, works of, 92.
 Raymond, Count of Tou-
 louse, 70.
 Regoa, 317, 329.
 Renteria, 159.
 Restaurants, 40.
 Ribera, works of, 91.
 Rioja, 152.
 Ronda, 243.
 Routes, 17.
 Royal Armoury, Madrid,
 108.
 Royal Holland Lloyd, 4.
 Royal Mail Steam Packet
 Co., 5.
 Royal Manufactory of Tap-
 estries, Madrid, 93.
 Royal Palace, Madrid, 109.
 Sabroso, 330.
 Saguntum, 179.
 St. Iago de Cacem, Castle
 of, 278.
 St. Isidoro of the Field,
 Monastery of, 212.
 St. John church, Toledo,
 120.
 St. Martin's bridge, Toledo,
 119.
 St. Mary the White Syna-
 gogue, Toledo, 121.
 Salamanca, 9, 18, 144-146.
 San Estaban, Bugos, 154.
 San Fernando, 216.
 San Francisco church, Mad-
 rid, 105.
 San Ildefonso, 142.
 San Isidoro, Leon, 164.
 San Marcos, 317.
 San Pedro de Cardeña
 monastery, 152.
 San Sebastian, 40, 155, 157.
 San Tomas cathedral, Avila,
 134.

- San Tomé, Madrid, 122.
 San Vicente, Avila, 135.
 Sancho I, 74.
 Sanctuary of Begoña, 44.
 Sanctuary of Loyola, 159.
 Santa Agueda, Burgos, 151.
 Santa Comba Dão, 318.
 Santa Elena, 188.
 Santa Fé, 221.
 Santa Maria de la Rabida,
 convent, 215.
 Santander, 148.
 Santarem, 300.
 Santiago de Compostela, 26,
 161, 163, 278.
 Saracens in early Spain, 69.
 Sebastian I, 77.
 Segovia, 7, 18, 25, 41, 116,
 136-142.
 Senate building, Madrid,
 114.
 Setubal, 275-278.
 Seville, 7, 9, 18, 40, 198;
 climate, 26.
 Seville's *feria*, 46.
 Sherish, 215.
 Silves, 283.
 Sports, 47-58.

 Talavera, 149.
 Tangier, 4.
 Tapestries of Madrid, 94.
 Tarifa, 244.
 Tariff of the Alhambra, 230.
 Tarragona, 178.
 Taxicabs, 16.
 Telegrams, 23.
 Telephones, 23.
 Temple of Bom Jesus, 333.
 Teneriffe, 19.

 Theatre Cervantes, Seville,
 42.
 Theolocopuli, 121.
 Thomar, 301.
 Tickets, railway, 11.
 Tips, 31.
 Toboso, 188.
 Toledo, 18, 41, 116, 118-128.
 Tolosa, 157.
 Tolosa, battle of, 69.
 Torre de Santa Maria, Bur-
 gos, 154.
 Tower of Faith, Seville, 200.
 Tower of Hercules, Corun-
 na, 160.
 Tower of King Diniz, 282.
 Trams, 15.
 Transportation, 2-9.
 Alcobaça to Batalha, 296.
 Alcobaça to Thomar, 297.
 Algeciras to Gibraltar,
 245.
 Algeciras to Madrid, 7.
 Alicante to Murcia, 183.
 Almeria to Granada, 186.
 Almeria to Madrid, 186.
 Ayamonte to Huelva, 9,
 287.
 Barcelona to Paris, 7.
 Bobadilla to Algeciras,
 220.
 Bobadilla to Gibraltar,
 243.
 Bobadilla to Granada, 220.
 Bobadilla to Madrid, 7.
 Bobadilla to Malaga, 220.
 Braga to Gerez, 334.
 Cadiz to Granada, 221.
 Cadiz to Madrid, 220.
 Cadiz to Utrera, 220.
 Corunna to Madrid, 7.

Transportation — *continued.*

- Escorial to Avila, 134.
 Gibraltar to Madrid, 7.
 Granada to Gibraltar, 238.
 Granada to Madrid, 187.
 Huelva to Seville, 9.
 Irun to Madrid, 6.
 Leiria to Batalha, 288.
 Leiria to Thomar, 300.
 Lisbon to Bussaco, 305.
 Lisbon to Caldas da Rainha, 288.
 Lisbon to Cintra, 270.
 Lisbon to Coimbra, 305.
 Lisbon to Evora, 275.
 Lisbon to Faro, 275.
 Lisbon to Leiria, 288.
 Lisbon to Madrid, 9.
 Lisbon to Mafra, 288.
 Lisbon to Mont' Estoril, 269.
 Lisbon to Paris, 8.
 Lisbon to Payalvo, 288.
 Lisbon to Portimão, 275.
 Lisbon to Porto, 320.
 Lisbon to Santarem, 288.
 Lisbon to Setubal, 275.
 Lisbon to Seville and Cordova, 9.
 Lisbon to Thomar, 288.
 Lisbon to Evora, 275.
 Lisbon to Vallado, 288.
 Lisbon to Villa Real St. Antonio, 275.
 Luzo to Vizeu, 318.
 Madrid to Alicante, 182.
 Madrid to El Escorial, 116.
 Madrid to Cordova, 187.
 Madrid to Gibraltar, 187.
 Madrid to Granada, 187, 242.

Transportation — *continued.*

- Madrid to Lisbon, 9.
 Madrid to Paris, 6.
 Madrid to Segovia, 116.
 Madrid to Seville, 187.
 Madrid to Toledo, 116.
 Malaga to Madrid, 242.
 Malaga to Seville, 242.
 Oporto to Madrid, 9.
 Oporto to Paris, 8.
 Paris to Barcelona, 6.
 Paris to Irun, 6.
 Paris to Lisbon, 8.
 Paris to Oporto, 8.
 Paris to Port-Bou, 6.
 Payalvo to Coimbra, 304.
 Paris to Madrid, 6.
 Payalvo to Luso, 304.
 Port-Bou to Barcelona, 6.
 Portimão to Faro, 284.
 Porto to Braga, 331.
 Porto to Guimarães, 330.
 Porto to Lisbon, 320.
 Porto to Vianna do Castello, 331.
 Rail to Portugal, 8.
 Rail to Spain, 6.
 Seville to Bobadilla, 215.
 Seville to Cadiz, 215.
 Seville to Granada, 215.
 Seville to Madrid, 187.
 Steamers to Spain and Portugal from European Ports, 4.
 Steamers to Spain and Portugal from the N. S., 2.
 Tarragona to Valencia, 179.
 Utrera to Bobadilla, 220.
 Valença to Tuy, 340.

- Transportation — *continued*.
 Valencia to Alicante, 182.
 Valencia to Genoa, 182.
 Valencia to Madrid, 182.
 Vallado to Alcobaca, 288.
 Vianna to Porto, 340.
 Vianna to Valença, 340.
 Vigo to Madrid, 7.
 Vigo to Oporto, 8.
 Villa Real to Ayamonte,
 287.
 Trofa, 331.
 Tua, 329.
 Tunes, 283.
 Tuy, 8, 162.

 Utrera, 215, 220.

 Vandals in early Spain, 68.
 Valdemo, 317.
 Valença, 8.
 Valencia, 179.
 Vallada, 17.
 Valladolid, 7, 18, 147-149.
 Vallvidrera, 176.
 Vega, Lope de, 96.
 Velasquez, works of, 88.

 Velez, 242.
 Vendas Novas, 278.
 Venta de Baños, 148.
 Venta de Cardeñas, 188.
 Vianna do Castello, 334.
 Vidago, 329.
 Vigo, 4, 7, 8, 148, 162.
 Villa do Conde, 329.
 Villa Nova de Gaia, 322.
 Villa Real, 9, 287.
 Villa Viçosa, 282.
 Villar Formosa, 9, 301.
 Vitoria, 155, 156.
 Vizeu, 318.

 Weights and Measures, 22.
 White Star Line, 2.
 Windsor, treaty of, 75.
 Wines, 37, 39.

 Xiras, 215.

 Zamora, 149.
 Zaragoza, 17, 167; climate
 26.
 Zarauz, 159.

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