

A CORNER OF SPAIN

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649156023

A corner of Spain by Miriam Coles Harris

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

MIRIAM COLES HARRIS

**A CORNER
OF SPAIN**

A CORNER OF SPAIN

BY

MIRIAM COLES HARRIS

AUTHOR OF "RUTLEDGE," ETC.



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY

The Riverside Press, Cambridge

M DCCC XCVIII

CONTENTS

CHAP.	PAGE
I. EN ROUTE	1
II. GIBRALTAR	10
III. FROM ALGECIRAS TO MÁLAGA	20
IV. MÁLAGA	32
V. LIFE IN A CONVENT	45
VI. THE OLD FORTRESS	52
VII. IN THE CONVENT GARDEN	58
VIII. A SPANISH CURE	66
IX. SPANISH LIMITATIONS	72
X. A MIGRATING FAMILY	80
XI. IN THE MÁLAGA MOUNTAINS	87
XII. BEHIND THE SCENES IN THE MÁLAGA BULL RING	113
XIII. A SPANISH MILK-ROUTE	123
XIV. BLOOD POWER	127
XV. AN ANDALUSIAN COOK	131
XVI. MÁLAGA'S BISHOP	139
XVII. MÁLAGA'S MANNERS	149
XVIII. MATINAL	158
XIX. IN THE SEVILLE BULL RING	165
XX. AT THE SEVILLE FAIR	183

A CORNER OF SPAIN

I

EN ROUTE

A TROPICAL Christmas on Long Island, and a New Year's day in New York that might have passed muster for a Florida May-day, had only whetted our thirst for a Southern winter. This could not last long; such weather was unseasonable; we wanted to go where it was seasonable. A trip in Southern waters; warm weather the second day out; no fogs, no Banks to pass, none of the terrors of the North Atlantic, — that was our happy programme.

We sailed out of the harbor on a balmy morning, strains of music and scent of

A CORNER OF SPAIN

flowers filling the air. The Kaiser is a fine ship, the cabins are full of appliances for comfort, enough furniture for an ordinary sleeping-room, and as much free space for moving about as in an average New York drawing-room. We sat down to our first meal with a buoyant feeling that we had made a wise choice in taking the Mediterranean route; our fellow-voyagers' faces expressed the same happy conviction.

Alas, before nightfall, we saw it all *d'un autre ail*. To be brief, "the North Pole wasn't in it," as our jaundiced Western neighbor at table said. "Give me the North Atlantic every time. Give me Banks, fogs, icebergs. I know all about 'em, and I have n't expected anything else, but deliver me from 'trips in Southern waters' crusted with icicles, from 'warm weather the second day out' that cuts like a knife, and from all such 'tropical seas' as these!"

For six dreadful days, no one, not even

EN ROUTE

the embittered Westerner, left his berth ; in all the abject misery of prolonged seasickness there was plenty of time to ask, Had the decision to leave home been such a wise one? In the dead unhappy night the great waves broke on the deck over the cabin with the roar of artillery. With nerves grown wild listening to the racing of the screw, your imagination was not above dwelling upon possibilities of all kinds. Might there not be a secret bit of mechanism hidden by anarchist fiends in some innocuous-looking bale of merchandise in the hold, ticking its way out, till it struck the ship's hour of doom? Might there not be some low-lying derelict stealthily coming towards us under cover of the inky blackness, to stab our good Kaiser under the fifth rib like another Joab and send us to the bottom? Putting derelicts and dynamite and homesickness out of the question, we were paying a high price for the subtle pleasure of foreign travel and its mental

A CORNER OF SPAIN

stimulus. The abandoned squalor and indelicacy of a seasick cabin; the crashing of crockery; the rolling about of steamer-trunks, valises, medicine-chests; the discomfort of unmade berths, and sore and bruised limbs; the horror of cold scraps of food swallowed without lifting the head; a dominant sense of degradation and disorder,—all this had to be paid for the coveted enlargement of experience, for gratifying the lust of change, for the sweetness of going where by nature and Providence we did not seem intended to go.

Six, nearly seven days of this, and then the storm abated and the sea went down. Sick and wretched beings crawled on deck into the brilliant sunshine; the deck stewards began their belated reign; steamer-chairs and rugs became matters of interest. Late on Friday we passed in and out among the ravishing Azores, not near enough "to see the whites of our enemy's eyes," but quite close enough to

EN ROUTE

admire the whiteness of his pretty houses, and the picturesqueness of his mountain roads, and to hear the roar of the great surf that beat upon his rocky sides.

By this time the air was balmy, and from that on, "Southern waters" were no fiction. People walked about the broad decks without wraps and without hats in the equally exquisite sunlight and moonlight. We dined on deck, and lay in our steamer-chairs till all hours at night. Every day some new "stowaway" crept up and looked about; there was good music, there were pretty children, there were queer people to look at, and even pleasant ones to talk to. The jolly captain rolled about and chaffed everybody. It was the very poetry of sea-going: never such stars, never such soft life-giving winds; what one ate and drank was nectar and ambrosia, and one had the appetite of childhood to eat and drink it with. But it was not the second day out, as the prospectus said, and it was on the tenth