

**HOLIDAYS IN SPAIN; BEING  
SOME ACCOUNT OF TWO  
TOURS IN THAT COUNTRY IN THE  
AUTUMNS OF 1880 AND 1881**

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Holidays in Spain; being some account of two tours in that country in the autumns of 1880 and 1881 by F. R. McClintock

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**F. R. MCCLINTOCK**

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# HOLIDAYS IN SPAIN;

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BY

F. R. McCLINTOCK.

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"Al cielo de España voy."—*Lope de Vega*.

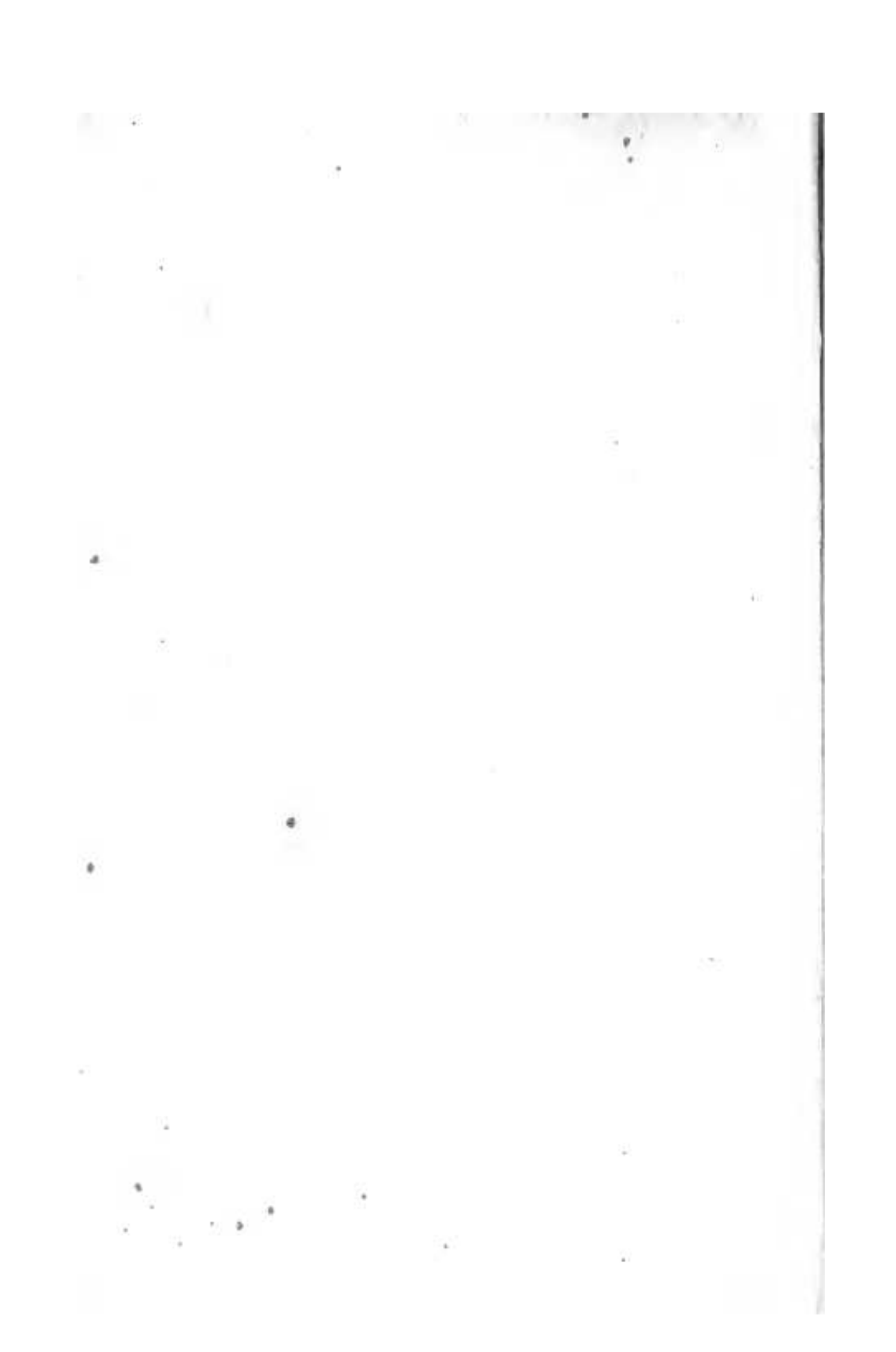
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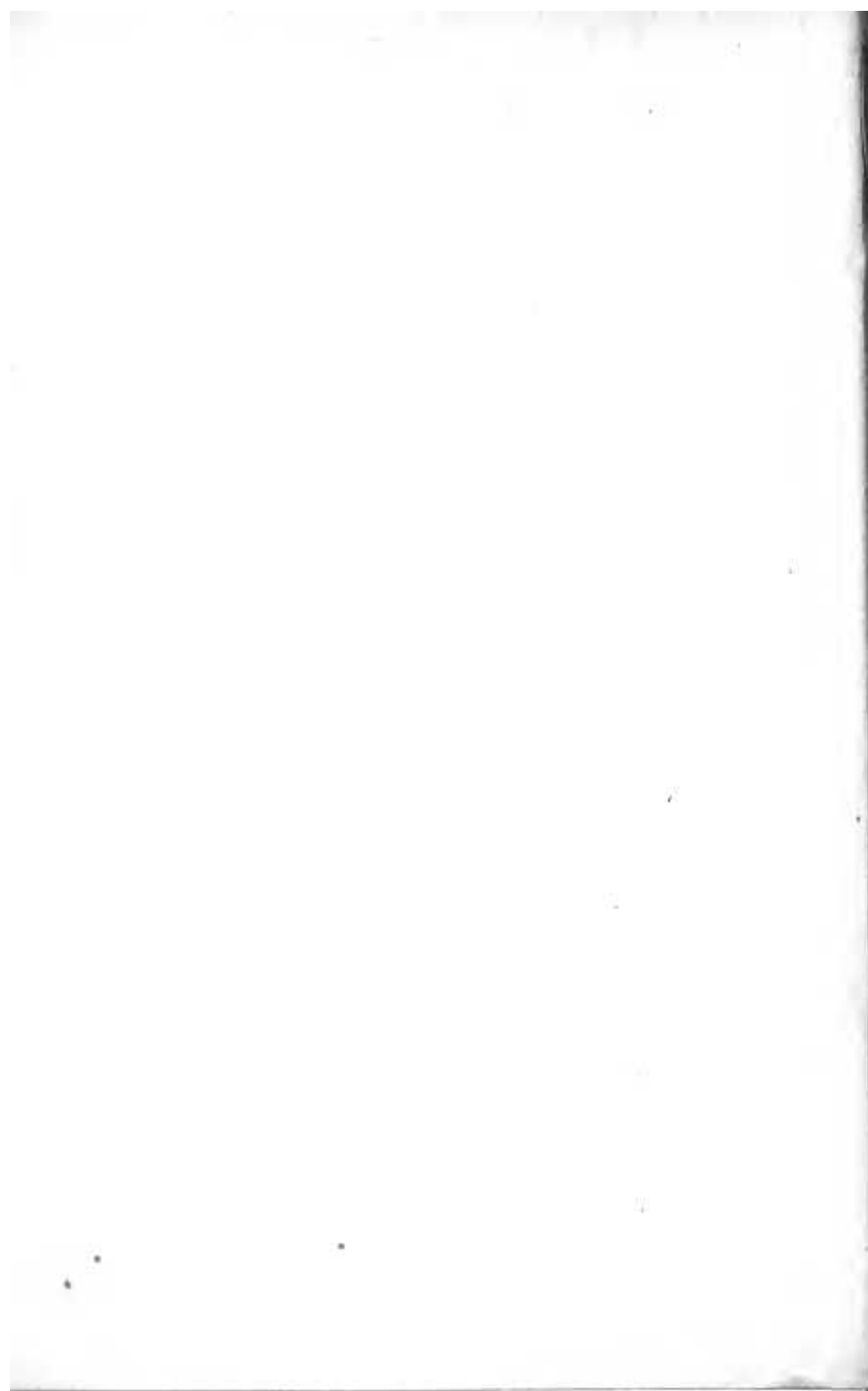
EDWARD STANFORD, 55, CHARING CROSS, S.W.

1882.

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TO  
L. A. McC.,  
THE COMPANION OF MY TRAVELS,  
AND MY ASSOCIATE IN ALL MY UNDERTAKINGS,  
THIS VOLUME  
Is Dedicated.





## PREFACE.

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THE following pages *grew* out of some notes taken during two tours in Spain in the autumns of 1880 and 1881; and as the perusal of what I had set down had proved of some interest to a few of my own immediate friends, I ventured to think that it might perhaps be made acceptable to a wider circle of readers. For this purpose I took seriously in hand the always agreeable task of revising, pruning, and recasting what I had written; and I now venture to submit my notes, in the shape they have finally assumed, to the tender mercies of an indulgent public.

Considering the romantic interest of the history of Spain, the varied character of its scenery and antiquities, and the genial nature and healthiness of its climate, especially in the southern provinces, it is somewhat astonishing that it is not oftener visited, and more written about. People rush in flocks to Italy, Switzer-

land, and other parts of the Continent, and read books about the places where they have been or intend to go. But Spain has been comparatively neglected by the British traveller. There is no conceivable reason for this, except, I suppose, that it has not yet become the *fashion* to go there. There are railways now to almost all the principal towns, and the accommodation, as a rule, leaves little to be desired. The hotels will certainly compare favourably with English, if not with French and German hotels. Indeed, so easy has travelling now become, that adventures are only to be found with difficulty in remote and inaccessible places.

In the introduction to his charming 'Tales of the Alhambra,' Mr. Washington Irving gives a graphic account of his journey from Seville to Granada in the spring of 1829. The roads at that time were little better than mere mule-paths, and were frequently beset by robbers. The most valuable part of the traveller's luggage had to be forwarded by the *arrieros* or carriers, while he merely retained clothing and necessaries for the journey and money for the expenses of the road.

Stout steeds had to be provided, and a guard engaged, who was armed with a formidable *trabuco* or blunderbuss, to defend the party from *rateros* or footpads. The noontide repasts were made on the greensward by the side of brooks or fountains under shady trees; and the nights were passed in *posadas* in little towns among the mountains, and suppers were eaten to the notes of a guitar and the click of castañets, wielded by bright-eyed Andalusian maidens.

But now, whether for better or for worse, "the spirit of the age" has changed all that. Instead of an adventurous ride across lonely mountains, you lounge luxuriously in a comfortable first-class railway carriage. Instead of sending your luggage forward by the *arrieros*, you unromantically register it at Seville in the morning, and you do not see it again until it is safely deposited the same evening in your room at your hotel at Granada. Instead of "noontide repasts under groves of olive trees on the borders of rivulets," you now sit down to a well-served and substantial meal at the buffet at the Bobadilla railway station. The romance of the thing has fled;