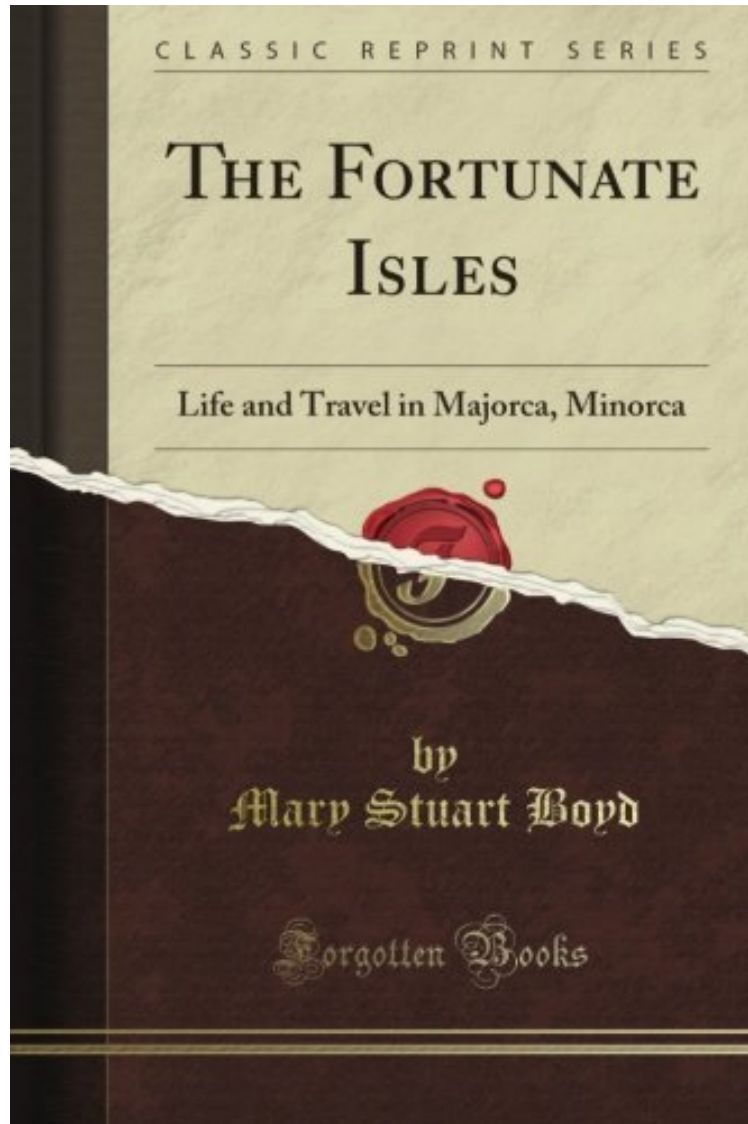


[FREE] The Fortunate Isles: Life and Travel in Majorca, Minorca (Classic Reprint)

## The Fortunate Isles: Life and Travel in Majorca, Minorca (Classic Reprint)

*Mary Stuart Boyd*

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**Mary Stuart Boyd : The Fortunate Isles: Life and Travel in Majorca, Minorca (Classic Reprint)** before purchasing it in order to gauge whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Fortunate Isles: Life and Travel in Majorca, Minorca (Classic Reprint):

When at sunset next day the hotel omnibus deposited us at the port, the Balear appeared to be the centre of attraction. It still lacked half an hour of sailing time, yet her decks, which were ablaze with electric light, were covered with people. Ingress was a matter of so much difficulty that our inexperience of the ways of Spanish ports anticipated an uncomfortably crowded passage. There was scarcely room on board to move, yet up the species of hen-ladder that acted as gangway people were still streaming ladies in mantillas, ladies with fans, ladies with babies, and men of every age, the men all smoking cigarettes. Fortunately a recognized etiquette made those whose visits to the ship were of a purely complimentary nature confine themselves to the deck. When we descended to inspect our sleeping accommodation it was to find an individual cabin reserved for each of us ;and to learn that, in spite of the mob on board, there were but four other saloon passengers. These, as we afterwards discovered, were a French honeymoon couple and a young Majorcan fedy who was accompanied by her due Ha. Rain had been predicted, and was eagerly looked for, as none had fallen for many weeks. Yet it was a perfect evening. There was hardly a ripple on the water, and the air was soft and balmy. Behind the brilliant city with its myriads of lights rose the dark Catalonian mountains. Clustered near us in the harbour the crews of the fishing boats made wonderfully picturesque groups as they supped by the light of hanging lamps. And over all, high above the tall palms of the Paseo de Colon, the statue of Columbus pointed ever westwards. Looking at the sparkling scene, it was difficult to credit that Barcelona, with its surface aspect of light-hearted gaiety, was under martial law, even though we had seen that alert-eyed armed soldiers guarded every street and alley, and knew that but (Typographical errors above are due to OCR software and don't occur in the book.)