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A

# RESIDENCE AT GIBRALTAR

AND A

## VISIT TO THE PENINSULA

IN THE SUMMER AND AUTUMN OF 1841.

BY THE

REV. WILLIAM ROBERTSON,

MINISTER OF NEW GREYFRIARS, EDINBURGH.

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## PREFACE.

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THE Author of the following pages was induced to visit Gibraltar at the instance of the Colonial Committee of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. He is aware how deficient they are in much important information which a clergyman travelling in such interesting regions might be expected to seek and acquire. But the state of his health at the time, owing to the influence of climate, and other causes, was such as to weaken the energies of both body and mind; and if he has been fortunate enough to present his readers with any interesting information, it is such as has been obtained by merely keeping his eyes open to the objects and occurrences around him.

In such circumstances, the propriety of

publishing may perhaps be considered questionable ; but he is led to hope that he has one recommendation to the favour of a certain portion of the public, beyond what is possessed by the generality of tourists, viz. that he has endeavoured to look on every thing with the eye of a minister of the Gospel of Christ.

The Author is persuaded that he need offer no apology to any class of readers for the frequent occurrence of religious reflections. His impressions and feelings are given as they rose in his own mind ; and in a Christian country, a Christian minister can require no indulgence for contemplating God's works and creatures through a Christian medium.

W. R.

24 GEORGE SQUARE,  
8th October 1844.

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JOURNAL.

# JOURNAL OF A CLERGYMAN.

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## CHAPTER I.

Falmouth—Bay of Biscay—Bay of Vigo—Capture of the Spanish galleons—Vigo—Gallego linguists—Coast scenery—Mouth of the Douro—Floating society—Peninsular steamers—The Tagus—Lisbon—Imposing appearance of the city—Disappointment—Streets of Lisbon—Botanical garden—Aqueduct of Alcantara—Promenade—Square of the Inquisition—Successors of the Apostles—The great Earthquake.

*July 4, 1841.*—EMBARKED yesterday evening, at seven o'clock, on board the Royal Tar steamer, for Gibraltar. Thus far the weather has been most propitious, and we enjoyed a pleasant, calm passage to Falmouth, where I landed betwixt five and six o'clock this evening. Attended evening service in the church; and, accompanied by a youth bound for Gibraltar, strolled on the high grounds above the town, where there is little to admire in the way either of nature or of art. Falmouth is a poor, uninteresting town; the country behind is bare and treeless; the bay in front, and the wide expanse of ocean beyond, look cold, and misty, and uncomfort-

able—not unlike my own prospects in respect of my present excursion. What a change has come over the spirit of my dream, since the prospect of a foreign tour was as full of unmixed enjoyment as any earthly prospect could well be! The hoarse snorting of a steamer rousing her mighty locomotive power, the rattle of the wheels of a travelling carriage, or even the lumbering of an unwieldy French diligence, was then like the music of the spheres. In those days of light-hearted wandering, I enjoyed a frame whose vigour no fatigue could subdue. I had no encumbrances, as cooks, and butlers, and servants of all work say when they advertise for a place. Now, I carry with me a body not a little worn and enfeebled, and I leave behind me my parish and my family—the former containing two thousand souls, committed by God to my charge, and of whom I must hereafter give an account—and the latter suffering under severe and protracted sickness. These are all subjects of no small disquietude; and yet, “Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me? hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.”

*July 7.*—We are in the famous Bay of Biscay. The Royal Tar reels like a drunkard—now rolling from side to side with a violence which seems to threaten instant destruction, and now pitching forwards, head foremost, into the wave which meets her,

with a shock that makes the timbers tremble from stem to stern. I have been in the stormy Bay before, but I have never seen it in a state of such violent commotion. All yesterday and to-day the rolling and pitching have been very great, and sadly changed is the cheer of most of my fellow-passengers. One old French gentleman especially, who, elated by two days of calm, had begun to boast of the comfort he enjoyed at sea, and to talk of a trip across the Bay as a mere party of pleasure, now looks sadly crestfallen, and his pallid and rueful countenance indicates any thing but enjoyment. The ladies, half sick and half terrified, indulge occasionally in pretty screams, but on the whole behave exceedingly well. As for myself, I am too old a sailor to participate in the afflicting agonies of sea-sickness; but the violent tossing has affected me with an overpowering desire to sleep, so that I spent the greater part of yesterday in bed. We have had, on the whole, a tolerable run. The day before yesterday, about two o'clock P. M., we paddled out of the bay of Falmouth; and this evening, just before dark, the coast of Spain and Cape Ortegal were indistinctly visible, like a mass of cloud on the horizon. About the same time the Braganza steamer appeared in the distance, homeward bound, and, as usual, a blue rocket blazed from each, to signify, I presume, "All's well."

*July 8.*—Awoke this morning in smooth water, dressed hastily, jumped on deck, and found ourselves

within the Bayona rocks, and gliding up the magnificent Bay of Vigo—a bay sheltered from every blast, protected sea-ward by that noble natural breakwater the Bayona islands or rocks, room enough for all the navies of Europe to ride in comfort, and capable of being fortified at its entrance, so as to bid defiance to the most daring enemy. What a glorious place this would be were it but on the British, instead of on the Spanish coast! And what makes Spain of it? A pitiful fishing station, without even a harbour!

Now I begin to feel the southern sun. How beautifully it gleams and flashes on the polished mirror of the waveless bay! To what a vast depth it appears to illumine the still waters! Down through fathoms of liquid crystal the eye discerns a descending object, until we almost think that, but for the avaricious sand, we might discover the lost treasures of the Spanish galleons buried beneath. What a fearful spectacle this lovely bay exhibited on the 22d of October 1702! The rich West India fleet, laden with treasure and costly merchandise, had taken refuge here. Booms were thrown across the entrance from rock to shore, the war-ships of France drawn up in line within, and guns and mortars dragged to every point which might command the bay. Vain precautions! Bravely fought the Spaniard in defence of his wealth, and bravely fought the Frenchman in defence of his allies; but they had to do with those who, at the least, were as

brave as themselves, and who loved gold quite as well. The British fleet, though repulsed with disgrace from Cadiz, having had the appetite for gold whetted by the plunder of Port St Mary, were not to be easily deterred with such a prize in sight. The booms were broken, the French ships of war sunk or silenced, the flying galleons overtaken, the flames raised by their despairing crews extinguished, and one half of the treasure wrested from Spain, from the flames, and the waves. The other half still lies buried many fathoms deep, to tempt the enterprise and avarice of future generations.\*

About eight o'clock in the morning I landed with the lieutenant, who has charge of the letter-bags, walked about the streets of Vigo for half an hour, and returned to the steamer in time for breakfast. With the modesty peculiar to tourists, I may therefore consider myself duly qualified to speak of Spain in general, and Galicia in particular.

\* The British fleet, having sacked Port St Mary, and being repulsed from Cadiz, were returning to England, when they were informed that the Spanish yearly West Indian fleet, being shut out from Cadiz, their regular port, by the operations of the British and Dutch against that place, had steered north, and run into the Bay of Vigo. The capture of this rich prize was immediately decided on. Seven ships of war, six galleons, and treasure and merchandise to the amount of forty millions of dollars, rewarded the conquerors, while about as much had been destroyed by the flames, or cast into the sea. "The roar of the artillery, the crackling of the flames, (says Lord Mahon,) and the plunging of the sailors from their burning ships, mingled their various sounds with the shrieks of the wounded and the exulting shouts of the conquerors. War has seldom assumed so hideous an aspect as Vigo now displayed. Two thousand French and Spaniards are said to have perished on that dreadful day."—*Vide* LORD MAHON'S *Hist. of the War of Succession in Spain*.

Vigo is a poor town, probably containing about 3000 inhabitants. It stands on the slope of a conical hill, crowned by a no longer fortified fortification. A few manufactories of hats and soap, and the fishery of its far-famed sardines,\* employ the grown-up inhabitants; while the youthful Gallegos are most industrious beggars, to exercise which profession to advantage some knowledge of foreign languages seems to be considered desirable. "Geeva mi one copper, ser," squeaked the ragged urchins, whose dolorous voices were strangely at variance with their merry laughing faces. Above the town there is a pretty Alameda, that invariable accompaniment of every town in Spain. The country around is beautiful, and rich in vines and Indian corn. The market exhibited an abundant supply of fish, fruit, bread, and vegetables, exposed amid a jabbering of buyers and sellers which out-billingsgates Billingsgate.

Paddling out of the bay by nine o'clock, the steamer kept pretty near the coast as far as Oporto, off which place we arrived about five o'clock p. m. The coast is high and hilly, and in general bare and barren, enlivened here and there with little towns and villages, with their adjacent tracts of cultivated ground. We approached pretty near to the mouth of the Douro, in order to exchange letter-bags, and receive two additional passengers. Very little of Oporto is visible from the sea, the greater part of

\* A species of anchovy, strongly resembling the pilchard, but smaller.

the town being hid by the lofty and precipitous banks of the Douro.

This has been a delightful day, bright and warm. We have had a heavy rolling sea, but very little wind. The society on board is on the whole very agreeable. A gentlemanly English officer, tall and soldierlike, bound for Gibraltar, with his lady, a very amiable and pleasing woman; a vulgar, little, brandy-faced, spindle-shanked, and most unmilitary-looking Spanish officer, ever ready with his guitar and song, until the rolling sea made him change his tune and cheer; an uproariously merry Englishman, a wine-merchant from Port St Mary, whose noisy mirth seemed to know no cessation by night or day, in storm or calm; a Spaniard, also a wine-merchant from Port St Mary, who appeared to consider himself bound, for the honour of Spain, to rival the Englishman in mirth and noise, and whose plump round figure, in tight pantaloons and youthful jacket, reminded one strongly of Mr Pickwick's friend Tupman, in his brigand's costume at Mrs Leo Hunter's fête. Such were some of the most distinguished characters in our little floating society. The Royal Tar is a capital and comfortable vessel, and her captain a fine, hearty, good-humoured seaman. The Peninsular Steam-Packet Company have very absurdly arrayed the captains and mates of their vessels in a uniform almost identical with that of the captains and lieutenants of the royal navy. The only apparent distinction betwixt the two is in the button, which in the Steam-Packet Company

bears a rising sun, instead of the crown and anchor of the navy. With such a slight, and, at a short distance, imperceptible distinction, it is not to be wondered at that the officers of the steam-packets should be mistaken by the soldiers on guard at the different Peninsular ports for officers of the navy, and saluted as such with the usual military honours; while the real navy officer, landing in half-uniform, is taken no notice of, to the no small indignation of the latter. Several of the packet masters have, however, the good sense to decline wearing this uniform, or rather *livery*.

The pitching and rolling to-day have been worse than in the Bay of Biscay.

*July 9.*—Betwixt one and two o'clock P. M., we entered the golden Tagus. “Golden” I presume it must be, out of deference for Virgil and Ovid, though it now rolls down to the sea nothing but mud, and the filth of the filthiest capital in Europe. The mouth of the river is very wide, but a long sand-bank, over which breaks a heavy surf, obliges ships to steer near the right bank, and between the forts of S. Juliano and Bugio, so that the entrance is well protected. Half an hour’s paddling brings us abreast of Belem (*quasi* Bethlehem) Castle, of Moorish origin, a singular and picturesque object, and one of the most remarkable features in the Tagus, but apparently possessing neither military strength nor architectural beauty. Sweeping rapidly past this antique fort, Lisbon, in all its glory, opens on the sight, gracefully



Drawn by C. Stuartfield from a Sketch by W. Pope.

LISBON, FROM FORT ALAMEDA.

Engraved by E. Atterton.

reclining on her seven hills. Seven is the mystical number, and so Lisbon reclines on seven hills! The eye, however, detects only three. Truly a beautiful and commanding situation it is, worthy of a great city, though somewhat too much bepraised. The broad Tagus is the glory of the scene, and looks as if nature had destined it to receive the navy and the merchandise of a mighty empire. The hills which rise on either side, have but little to boast of in respect of verdure or fertility. We hear a great deal too much of the verdant banks, orange groves, and vine-clad hills of the golden Tagus; and, after such glowing descriptions, one is apt to be a little disappointed on finding a muddy river, with lofty banks, the general appearance of which is bare, sandy, and stony. Here and there, however, the eye rests delighted on spots of great beauty, where the elegant quinta may be seen rising among groves of acacia and orange, surrounded by gardens and vineyards. The unfinished palace of the Ajuda particularly attracts the eye. It is an elegant Grecian structure placed in a commanding situation, light, graceful, and tasteful; but alas! like our National Monument on the Calton Hill, a monument of national pride and poverty. It is unfinished for want of means, and in all probability will never be completed according to the original magnificent design. The royal palace is situated lower down, and nearer to the river; and, as far as one can judge from a passing glance, it appears a mean affair, painted a glaring red.

At every turn of the paddles Lisbon continues to improve in beauty and majesty, presenting the appearance of three vast pyramids of palaces, spires, domes, and towers. As the steamer takes up her position opposite to the custom-house, affording a view into the interior of the city, the expectations of the traveller are increased. The long line of quays—the handsome custom-house, forming one side of a noble square—the Praça do Comercio, with its elegant arcade, and the equestrian statue of King Joseph I., in bronze, in its centre—the straight and airy Rua Augusta, running direct from it through the heart of the town, and connecting it at the opposite extremity with the Praça do Roncio, the second square in Lisbon, and with the shady Alameda beyond—all tend to impress the stranger with the most favourable idea of the city he is about to enter. But ah! first impressions are proverbially deceitful. Somebody somewhere says, that the true epithet to be applied to the view of Lisbon from the river is *imposing*; and most true it is, for a more gross *imposition* has never been practised on mortal senses. No sooner has the traveller landed, and passed the Praça do Comercio, than Lisbon's glories fade, the enchantment disappears, and, in its place, he finds nothing but steep, ill-paved, and abominably filthy streets. No architectural beauty, no tasteful mansions, no splendid shops; but at each turn every compound of bad smells salutes his nose, crumbling walls and ruinous buildings meet his eye, invitations of vice from most loathly

objects greet his ear ; and before he reaches the silent, desolate, stinking lane, in which stands Madame de Belem's English hotel, nose, and eye, and ear, and heart, are all disgusted with Lisbon.

As the heat was too great to permit of walking in comfort, Mr Kerferd (a young gentleman from Mexico, one of our party on board the Royal Tar) and I ordered a *seje*, the universal vehicle of Lisbon. This is a sort of cab, hung very high, and drawn by a pair of horses, one in the shafts and the other carrying the postilion. Directing him to drive us through some of the principal parts of the city, we proceeded to climb the uncommonly steep, uncommonly ill-paved, and uncommonly stinking streets. In steepness, they may rival the streets of Valetta—in pavement, the worst-paved country town in Scotland—and in perfume, whatever the reader's idiosyncrasy may lead him to regard as most abominable. I am told the smells of Lisbon are much less offensive now than formerly. What a spicy breath the capital of Portugal must have had in those days !

In our progress through the city, we were conducted first of all to the Botanic Garden, a very lovely spot in an elevated position, commanding a splendid view of Lisbon and the Tagus. Viewed from this point, Lisbon once more puts on the enchanted girdle, and becomes all grace and loveliness ; for, while the narrow and ruinous streets are concealed, the luxuriant gardens, the graceful walks, the elegant villas, the stately domes and towers, stand out with singular

effect ; while through the delicate acacia shade gleams the noble Tagus, bespangled with innumerable lateen sails, snowy white, glistening and flitting like butterflies along its sparkling tide. The garden itself is very beautiful, tastefully laid out, and ornamented with marble busts ; copious fountains splashing a grateful freshness around ; reservoirs teeming with gold-fish ; flower-plots glowing in all the beauty of southern luxuriance ; hedges of jasmine and heliotrope fifteen feet high ; geraniums twining round the stems of the orange and acacia trees, as rich, and bushy, and flowery as our honeysuckle ; besides innumerable plants and flowers unknown to my northern eye.

From the Botanical Garden we clambered still higher up the mountain street, till we reached the summit, where stands the great reservoir which supplies Lisbon and its numerous fountains with water, and is itself supplied by the famous Aqueduct of Alcantara. The aqueduct of Alcantara is unquestionably the noblest work of the kind in Europe. The water is carried over the valley of Alcantara, on thirty-five marble arches of various dimensions. They are not of uniform architecture, which perhaps impairs the effect of the whole ; but so gigantic are the dimensions of this colossal work, that it is hardly possible to contemplate it, more especially if placed under the magnificent vault of the great arch, without experiencing feelings akin to that awe which subdues the soul while contemplating the sublime works of nature. The whole work, from the source to the

reservoir, embraces an extent of seven miles, and is of so solid and massive a construction, that it withstood the shock of the great earthquake which destroyed great part of Lisbon in 1755. The principal arch is said by some to measure 250 feet in height, and by others not less than 332. In the elevation of its arch, therefore, this aqueduct is unrivaled, as far as I am aware, by any aqueduct bridge in the world. The aqueducts of ancient Rome were astonishing works. Some of them conveyed water to the city from a distance of thirty, forty, or even sixty miles; so that even in these latter days, when science and enterprise are filling the world with wonders, we may agree with Pliny, that, "if we consider attentively the works which have been constructed for forming a regular channel for the waters—arches raised, mountains pierced with tunnels, and valleys filled up to a level—it must be acknowledged there is nothing in the whole world more wonderful." In the height of their arches, however, these astonishing works were far inferior to the aqueduct of Alcantara, the highest of any (*viz.* those of the New Anio) being only 109 feet in height. The loftiest arch of the famous aqueduct of Antioch is only 200 feet high. Of the Pont du Gard I have a very imperfect recollection; but whatever its elevation may be, (and I believe it to be greatly inferior to that of the aqueduct of Alcantara,) it does not consist of one single row of arches, but of three, one above the other. The loftiest aqueduct bridge in Great Bri-

tain is, I believe, the Pont Cysylte, which conveys the Ellesmere canal across the Dee and the vale of Llangollen, and which is 126 feet from the surface of the water in the Dee to that in the canal. The aqueduct bridge of Maintenon in France, constructed by Louis XIV. for conveying the waters of the Eure to Versailles, is generally considered the loftiest structure of the kind in the world; this, however, is a mistake, for its greatest elevation is not much more than 200 feet.

The aqueduct of Alcantara, therefore, appears in this respect to stand unrivaled.

The reservoir into which it empties itself is a large building, containing an immense square basin of great depth, which receives the water as it gushes from a rockery, or fountain of grotto-work; from thence it is conveyed to all parts of Lisbon, and supplies the various fountains of the city. The water is considered peculiarly salubrious, and it is even said that the climate of Lisbon is indebted for part of its fame to the aqueduct of Alcantara. It is strongly impregnated with carbonate of lime. There can, indeed, be no doubt, that the quality of the water is a most important element in the general healthfulness of a district. This is a fact so well known to the trainer of horses for the turf, that he will cause the water which he knows by experience to agree with his horse, to be conveyed in casks to a considerable distance, rather than expose him to the risk of drinking from some less salubrious stream. In-

numerable diseases, prevalent in different districts, have been traced to the unwholesome quality of the water; and there can be little doubt that Clifton in England, and the southern base of the Ochil mountains in Scotland, owe much of their sanatory reputation to the excellence of the water, which in both places is of the same character as that with which Lisbon is supplied.

The aqueduct of Alcantara is therefore a noble work in every sense of the word. But in this utilitarian age, we are apt to pity the ignorance, quite as much as we admire the public spirit, skill, and enterprise, which it displays. When we reflect that an humble and unostentatious pipe, buried in the earth, unnoticed, and almost unknown, except by the blessings it diffuses, would have answered the purpose far better than this seven mile extent of arches of solid masonry, many of them of costly materials and towering height, our feelings become of a very mixed description. It is thus that we forget Columbus and his egg. It is probable, however, that such colossal and magnificent structures did not owe their origin, as is generally supposed, to the ignorance of the period with respect to that apparently simple hydrostatic principle, that fluid will always rise to its own level. Professor Sir John Leslie of Edinburgh used to take pleasure in demonstrating to his students, that the ancient Romans were well acquainted with this principle, and with the use of pipes for the conveyance of water founded upon it.

But though they were acquainted with this simple but most important principle, they had no means of reducing it to practice on a large scale, such as was necessary for supplying a city with water, owing to their ignorance of the use of cast-iron. Leaden pipes, which it appears were used in the baths of ancient Rome, are incapable of being made sufficiently strong—unless of enormous bulk—to resist the pressure of a large body of water. Hence the necessity for those noble and stately structures, which conveyed whole rivers from their distant mountain beds into the heart of Rome, and whose vast and massive ruins still cumber the desolate Campagna for miles around.

From the reservoir we descended to the valley to the public promenade, a shady and elegant walk, overshadowed by lofty trees, divided by hedges of myrtle, and ornamented with a handsome fountain, and ponds for gold-fish.

The entrance of the promenade from the town, is from the Praça do Roncio, the second largest square in Lisbon. This square is chiefly famous as having been, in former times, the theatre of that most glorious triumph of the holy apostolic church of Rome, the Auto-da-fé. Here the lineal successors of the Apostles (a succession so much made of in modern times) evinced how little they inherited of the apostolic spirit—and illustrated the mild and merciful genius of that blessed religion of which they called themselves ministers, by the lurid glare of the merci-

less fagot, and the agonizing shriek of the victim at the stake. Seated on a bench at the entrance of the Alameda, and enjoying the soft breath of evening, my mind was carried back to the days when the Inquisition erected its fiend-like influence here. What a singular contrast betwixt the horrors enacted on this spot, and the assumed character of those who perpetrated them! And these monsters in human shape were, nevertheless, according to a modern school of divines, the successors of the Apostles! Successors in what? Not in spirit, I presume. It may be fairly asked then—which best qualifies a man for the ministerial office, the imposition of self-styled apostolic hands, or the anointing from on high with the true apostolic spirit? And of the two, which is to be regarded as the legitimate successor of the Apostles—the priestly murderer, exulting in rack and fagot, who claims that title in virtue of ordination received from the episcopal church of Rome; or the man whose chief title to the ministerial office is derived, like that of the Apostles themselves, direct from the great Head of the church himself, and proved by Christian mildness, meekness, and love, by apostolic zeal, faithfulness, and diligence? Oh, what a sad picture of human nature is unfolded when we consider, that the world has now enjoyed for upwards of 1800 years the gospel of the grace of God, and still resists it as obstinately as ever; nay, that the very ministers of that gospel so often, in every age and in every church, are so little under the in-

fluence of the gospel spirit! Christ preaches forgiveness, peace, and love, and his ministers respond by hatred, persecution, and the Auto-da-fé! "Master, (said the Apostle,) we saw one casting out devils in thy name; and we forbade him, because he followeth not with us. Forbid him not, (said Jesus :) for he that is not against us is for us." "Forbid him," reply the descendants of the Apostle; "for no one has any title to war with the powers of darkness, even in the name of Christ, unless he follow with us!"

O my soul! learn thou to look for a ministerial title in ministerial fitness—for apostolic descent in the apostolic spirit.

Workmen are at present employed in the Praça do Roncio in pulling down and removing some intervening buildings, part of which, I understand, belonged to the Inquisition. When this is accomplished, there will be opened a splendid vista, from the whole length of the Alameda, through the Praça do Roncio and the Rua Augusta, the longest and handsomest street in Lisbon, to the Praça do Comercio and the bronze statue of King Joseph, and extending thence beyond the Tagus.

The pedestal of the statue of King Joseph, by the way, is composed of a single immense block of stone, and is said to have required eighty yoke of oxen to drag it from the quarry.

The court is at present at Cintra, which may account in some measure for the small display of beauty and fashion in the Alameda this evening.

The greater part of a century has now elapsed since the great earthquake, and yet many of the streets and buildings, especially near the river, still bear marks of that awful event. The history of the world affords few examples of more fearful calamities, than that which overtook Lisbon on the awfully memorable morning of All Saints' Day, 1755. Thirty-six thousand human beings are said to have perished; great part of the city was reduced to an indistinguishable mass of rubbish; fire, earth, and water, seemed to have combined for its destruction; and in the crushing grasp of these resistless elements, eighty-four churches, forty-five convents and nunneries, the royal palace and twenty-four palaces of the nobility, the custom-house, the India-house, the Inquisition, the courts of justice, the public offices, and whole streets and squares, were crumbled almost to powder, and converted into one vast heap of brick and lime. It was as near an approach to the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah, as any that has occurred in modern times. And what renders the recollection of this terrible catastrophe still more melancholy is, that in all probability it was but a warning of some future catastrophe still more terrible. There is little doubt that this fair city stands over a half-slumbering volcano; so that, perhaps at no very distant date, these hills of domes and palaces may become the craters of some future eruption, destined to number Lisbon with Herculaneum and Pompeii. At first thoughts, we are apt

to wonder that men should persevere in building their homes on such a precarious foundation, and that neither the almost yearly earthquakes here, nor the still more frequent warnings of Vesuvius, should constrain the inhabitants of Lisbon or of Naples to seek some more secure abode. But this blindness and insensibility to future and unseen danger is, in fact, a part of human nature, and is not confined to the banks of the Tagus or the base of Vesuvius. We all receive almost daily warnings of the precarious nature of our earthly habitation, and yet how few—and with what difficulty those few—are persuaded to cease making themselves a home of which they cannot be secure for a single moment, and which they know must soon be destroyed, and to seek for themselves mansions of eternal rest, in that city whose foundations shall never be moved. Oh, that men were wise enough not to settle themselves in a situation, in comparison of which, the brink of the volcano, or the place of the earthquake, is secure, but to build as becomes immortal beings—for eternity!

## CHAPTER II.

Dogs of Lisbon—Farewell to Lisbon—How beautiful is night!—The Christian's privilege—First appearance of Cadiz—Streets of Cadiz—The Alameda—Spanish beauty—Introductory letters—The Trajano—Sea-sickness—The Guadalquivir—San Lucar—Arrival at Seville.

*July 10.*—Hardly a wink of sleep did I enjoy last night, owing to the midnight revels of the canine scavengers of Lisbon. It seems hardly credible that in a European capital, in the nineteenth century, such hordes of vile curs should actually be necessary to devour the filth and offal which are thrown into the streets, and which, it is said, might otherwise, in so warm a climate, putrify and breed a pestilence. This may be an exaggeration, but that there are any grounds for such an assertion, is a fact which speaks volumes for the filthiness of the inhabitants of Lisbon. Standing on such a declivity, with the command of so plentiful a supply of water at the summit and through all the streets, and with such a river below, Lisbon ought to be the cleanest and sweetest town in Europe, were it not that its population is the filthiest.

The noise made by the dogs is utterly inconceivable by any one who has not spent a night in Lisbon or Constantinople. There is every variety of yelp, bark, whine, howl, and growl, from the puniest tenor of the turnspit puppy to the deep bass of the full-grown mastiff. They seem to career through the streets in packs, howling and yelping the whole night long, taking especial care, as they run from place to place, to leave a few turnspits at the corners to yelp and howl until the main body return, lest the weary stranger should catch a little brief repose in the interval. They tell me that thousands have been lately destroyed, chiefly on account of their predilection for the fruit of the vine, and the ravages they are apt to make in the neighbouring vineyards. Would that thousands more had perished before I had the good fortune to listen to their music! Ugly, mangy, mongrel curs they are—*tam purgamenta quám fruges consumere nati*—good for nothing but devouring filth and destroying grapes. It appears that the Lisbon curs bear the same character as exclusives with their fellow-curs in the capital of the Ottoman empire, and are quite as great sticklers for the integrity of the territorial system. They have divided the whole city into distinct sections or wards, each of which is allotted to a particular set of dogs, and is regularly patrolled by that set alone; and so jealous are they of the privileges and immunities of their particular order, that if any unhappy cur should presume to intrude himself into a domain

where he has no legitimate authority, or attempt to bark, howl, or devour offal, or exercise any of the rights of curship, or *hundschaft* as a German would term it, beyond the bounds of his own set, he is speedily taught, by the summary justice of the outraged party, that such violation of the established order of things is not to be tolerated with impunity.

Well, I hardly regret having had so short a time to spend in Lisbon, although, when our gallant vessel was again under way, it required all the recollection of what Lisbon actually is, to combat the illusion of her fairy appearance from the Tagus. How gracefully she rises, street above street, tier above tier, until the hills on which she stands resemble three gigantic pyramids! Farewell, Lisbon! Let me try to forget the filth, moral and physical, within, and remember only thy fairy loveliness without. Verily, thou art a whited sepulchre, outwardly so beautiful, but inwardly, in very deed, full of all uncleanness!

At eleven o'clock steaming down the Tagus, our party considerably abridged in numbers, as many of the passengers remained at Lisbon. Among these were two very pleasing and gentlemanly young men, Portuguese nobles, just returned from a visit to England, with which they seem to have been much delighted. Among other English curiosities which they have carried with them to astonish their countrymen were two enormous pine-apples, purchased at an extravagant price in London, which they declared

were far larger and finer than any to be found in Portugal. "Nobody will believe us at home," they said, "that it is possible for a country so far north to excel us in the peculiar productions of a southern climate."

Shortly after leaving the Tagus, the mountains of Cintra and the situation of Mafra were pointed out to me. It was at first my intention to have driven to Cintra immediately on landing; but I found, that though the excursion might be accomplished within the short time allowed us before the sailing of the steamer, yet it would be with fatigue and difficulty. I therefore deferred this excursion to another opportunity.

Once beyond the bar, and exposed to the roll of the Atlantic, we began to play at pitch and toss again. The wind is fair, but blowing a gale, with a heavy swell. Stretching out to sea, we soon lose sight of Portugal.

The night is dark, and somewhat tempestuous. The mighty north wind howls through the masts and cordage, keeping awful harmony with the surging of the waves, as the ship cleaves her way between. The last of the passengers has retired, but there is something powerfully attractive in the midnight scenery of the great deep, which keeps me still pacing with unsteady steps the heaving decks, or clinging to the bulwarks or taffarel for support. It is awfully sublime, and yet most beautiful, and, strange as it may seem, recalls to my mind scenes of a very opposite character.

“ Beautiful ! ” exclaimed Manfred, as he gazed from the window of his Alpine castle into “ the blue midnight, ” and on “ the snow-shining mountains. ” Yes ! beautiful and spirit-stirring is night in such a scene ; and in my days of youthful wandering, I have loved to sit by the foaming cataract, and mark the moonlight gleaming on the eternal snows and on the blue-tinted ice-crags of the lofty glacier, and listen to the roar of the distant avalanche mingling with the thunder of the neighbouring torrent ; and I have thought the Alpine solitude a more fitting temple of the Great Spirit than any made with hands ; and I have felt the midnight glory of the mountain-land fill my heart with an awful sense of the glory of the great Creator. This I imagined to be devotion ; feelings such as these I mistook for religion. Now I know that they were nothing more than mere natural emotions excited by the contemplation of the glories of external nature, but destitute of the slightest reference to the one only Mediator between God and man—the Man Christ Jesus—without whom there can be no true spiritual religion, no Christian devotion in any human heart. But even now, with a heart sobered by increasing years, saddened by my own share of affliction, and, I humbly trust, enlightened with a better knowledge of the nature of true devotion and of acceptable worship, I feel the power of external nature and the solemn loveliness of night bringing back the youthful impressions of my early days. It is a scene as different as can be imagined from the solitude of the Swiss moun-

tains, but the feelings excited by both are of the same character. There is no scenery on earth more fitted to solemnize and overawe than the boundless prospect of the wide waste of waters—none more calculated to impress the mind with a sense of the nothingness of man and the power of God, than the mighty swell of the vast ocean, tossing to and fro the largest ship like a child's toy—heaving and swelling as far as eye can reach—the very image and personification of utterly resistless power. As we gaze on the shoreless, restless, stormy wilderness, the mind becomes bewildered and confused, as if with the contemplation of infinity and eternity; and, as for beauty, the loveliest Alpine valley is not more beautiful in its soft luxuriance than the Atlantic in its terrible midnight loveliness. The vast heaving waves are crested not with foam, but fire—the wild tossings of the troubled ocean are beheld by the pale unearthly light of their own creating—the whole boundless expanse is flashing fire, far and near; and, in the midst of this bright solitude, a little dark speck, instinct with life, is struggling and wrestling with the vast ocean, now swinging on the summit of some giant wave, now plunging into the yawning gulf between, striking fire from the water by the strong sweep of its mighty engine, and leaving a track of flame behind to mark its course. Yes—beautiful, most beautiful, is night in such a scene, and most powerful in raising the contemplative mind from the wondrous works of creation to the Creator, who is wondrous in working! And this great and

mysterious Being, who by the word of his mouth made this world of wonder, and the slightest intimation of whose will the mighty elements obey, is—my Father! Astonishing thought! A sinful worm calls the holy Jehovah, Father! looks on the upheavings of the mighty deep, listens to the roaring of the tempest's breath, hears the loud thunder shake the earth, shades his dazzled eye from the lightning's deadly blaze, and says, "They are all but the creatures of my Father's power—the ministers of my Father's will!" Jesus, who hast restored that relationship betwixt thy followers and their God which sin had annulled, who hast made them sons of the Highest, and entitled the poor weak things of the dust to call the Ruler of heaven and earth Father, and secured to them from him a heavenly Father's love unspeakable, what ought to be our gratitude and devotion to thee? Oh, help by thy grace the weak creature which thou hast redeemed with thy blood, to love and serve thee, with a devotion in some small measure answerable to the changeless love wherewith thou hast loved him!

*July 11.*—A comfortable and quiet sleep on board has refreshed me after the sleepless night at Lisbon. Happily there are but few dogs on board the Royal Tar, and they are

———"Fat  
Sleek-headed dogs, and such as sleep o' nights;  
Yon mongrels have a lean and hungry look.  
Such dogs are dangerous."

The situation of Cadiz is so low, that it is not visible at any great distance from the sea. At eleven o'clock we entered the bay, and came to an anchor before the town.

Beautiful Cadiz! What a contrast to Lisbon! Here is no promise given beforehand to be broken afterwards. Beautiful without, and beautiful within, is Cadiz. Her white, snow-white walls, reflected in the bright waveless waters of the bay, and canopied by a sky without a cloud—a Venus rising fresh and fair from the ocean!

After the usual delay from the health-office, and the usual annoyance and bribery at the custom-house, we land, enter the town, and proceed to our hotel through streets of dazzling whiteness, clean as a Dutchman's paradise, and breathing the sweet perfume of innumerable fruits and flowers. The streets, with the single exception of the Calle Ancha, are very narrow—mere lanes in fact; but this, so far from being any disadvantage, is no small comfort under the scorching influence of an Andalusian sun. Owing to the narrowness of the streets, and the great height of the houses, the passenger is almost continually in the shade; while all appearance of gloom, so universally the attribute of narrow streets, is more than neutralized by the snowy whiteness of the houses, relieved by the painted balconies which project overhead, filled with flowers and flowering shrubs, or dwarf orange and lemon trees, in pots. It is singular

what great elegance and beauty mere cleanliness and white-wash can impart to a town. Cadiz has no architectural beauty to boast of—no noble palaces, or stately public buildings, or magnificent shops—and yet, from the effect of mere cleanliness, white-wash, a little paint, and a few flowers, it appears to me the most elegant and beautiful town in Europe. Transported from the filth of Lisbon, or even from the smoky streets of England, the impression on entering Cadiz is, that it is too clean to be used, too purely white to keep long so—a thing for show, a Brobdignag toy or chimney-piece ornament, painted and perfumed, to be kept under a glass case, and uncovered now and then to have the dust blown away. The brilliant white of the houses would be painful to the eyes, were it not for the depth of shade in which the streets lie for nearly the whole of the day. The narrowness of the streets is not felt to be any inconvenience, where carriages are so scarce and every thing is so scrupulously clean; while the vast number of fruit-shops and fruit-stalls, teeming with the delicious produce of a southern clime, and the flowers and odoriferous plants in balconies above and patios below, pervade the whole city with the perfume of a garden. Add to this, the transparent canopy of an Andalusian sky, unpolluted by a single breath of smoke, and you have a picture of the freshest, fairest, sweetest town between Indus and the Pole.

And is it at all possible that this can be the same

town which is thus described by a well-known traveller\* only sixty-five years ago? "Except the Calle Ancha, all the streets of Cadiz are narrow and insufferably stinking. The swarms of rats that in the night run about the streets are innumerable; whole droves of them pass and repass continually, and their midnight revels are exceedingly troublesome to such as walk late. The houses are lofty, with each a vestibule, which, being left open till night, serve passengers to retire to. This custom, which prevails throughout Spain, renders these places exceedingly offensive."

What has been the cause of such a change? Whence this wonderful regeneration? Or how happens it that Cadiz stands alone among the towns of southern Europe, singular in its purity? Alas! that this purity should be confined to streets and stone walls, and other outward things! If the accounts of travellers who have made themselves acquainted with the society of Cadiz and the character of its inhabitants are to be depended on, the moral filth of this fair city presents a gloomy contrast with its physical purity. If we are to believe some of these accounts, it is in fact a common sewer of iniquity, and the very praises which have been lavished upon it by its admirers are too often just so much evidence of the melancholy fact. O Lord, how long? How long wilt thou suffer tyranny

\* Swinburne.

and priestcraft to exclude the gospel and gospel ministers from this sinful land? Arise, Sun of Righteousness, with healing in thy wings!

Having learned that I may expect to reach Gibraltar by another steamer before the end of the week, so as to be in time for duty there on Sunday next, I have resolved to spend a few days in visiting Cadiz and Seville. Accordingly, Mr Kerferd having kindly taken charge of the heavy part of my luggage for Gibraltar, I left the Royal Tar to proceed on her voyage, and joined company with Captain B—— of our navy, who also proposes to visit Seville, chiefly with the view of gratifying his taste for painting, by the examination of the celebrated works of Murillo, the *chefs-d'œuvre* of this prince of Spanish artists being still preserved in his native city.

In the evening we repaired to the Alameda, a beautiful promenade adjoining the ramparts of the sea-line. Here the whole population of Cadiz seemed to be assembled to enjoy the refreshing sea-breeze. The walk was crowded to excess; and of talking, whispering, laughing, sighing, flirting of fans, and other kinds of flirting, there was obviously no lack; but of the much vaunted beauty of the Cadiz ladies, which travellers have seemed resolved beforehand to find and to admire, my eyes could discover but little. Perhaps the dark beauty of the Andalusian belles, to be appreciated, may require to be lighted up by a stronger radiance than that of the dim twilight; but I cannot help suspecting that the romantic beauty

of Spanish dames has not escaped the exaggeration which seems to be the prevailing vice of travellers. In one respect, however, these travellers' stories have done nothing but justice to the ladies of Spain; and a single visit to the Alameda of Cadiz will convince the stranger, that in stateliness and dignity of carriage, in the peculiar grace of their gliding walk, in the ease and elegance of all their motions, they are altogether unrivaled. Dancing has been called the poetry of motion. If so, it is very often exceedingly burlesque poetry. The true poetry of motion is the queenly step of a Spanish dame. But amid this crowd of stately forms and dark-eyed beauties, my eye singled out with no doubtful preference some fair girls, whose bright complexions and laughing blue eyes proclaimed them to be daughters of our own northern land.

From the Alameda, at a certain hour, the throng repair to the principal square, where the same laughing, talking, whispering, and flirting are renewed; while the neighbouring cafés, brilliantly illuminated, are filled with parties enjoying the cooling *gelata*, or the refreshing *grasse*, a liquor peculiar, I believe, to this part of Spain, obtained from the tendrils of the vine.

The English hotel at Cadiz, kept by Mr Walls, an Englishman, and father of Madame Belem of the English hotel at Lisbon, is clean and quiet, and, like other Spanish houses, admirably constructed to admit the air and exclude the sun.

*July 12.*—After hot bath and breakfast of fresh figs, I sallied forth to deliver my letters of introduction. One to Señor ——, one of the principal merchants of Cadiz, proved a failure. He received me with much politeness, and expressed himself as overjoyed if he could serve me. Having no particular service at the moment for him to perform, I could not oblige him. I next went to deliver another letter of introduction to Mr Brackenbury, the British consul, which turned out a much more valuable one—though the consul could not make out the signature, nor even conjecture who could be the writer; and, singular as it may appear, I was as much at a loss as himself. In the multiplicity of letters with which my kind friends had favoured me, I had totally forgotten from whom some of them were received, and the signature of that for Mr Brackenbury was utterly illegible. This was rather an awkward predicament; but our truly hospitable consul made no difficulty about the matter. After many vain endeavours to decipher the name, and spell it letter by letter, he threw it aside as a hopeless task; at the same time, in the kindest manner, declaring himself much indebted to his unknown correspondent for procuring him the pleasure of my acquaintance. On being informed of my intention to set off immediately for Seville, he gave me some useful information, a recommendatory letter to Mr Nash, who keeps the English hotel there, and a cordial invitation to his house on my return to Cadiz.

After the usual custom-house annoyance—for in Spain one has as much to do with custom-house officers when merely going from one town to another, as in the other parts of Europe when passing the frontier of independent states—we sailed in the steamer *Trajano* at one o'clock. The *Trajano* is a Clyde-built vessel, and apparently a good sea-boat. And this qualification is very necessary here; for though betwixt Cadiz and Seville she is but for a very short time in the open sea, yet, both in the Bay of Cadiz and at the mouth of the Guadalquivir, she is frequently exposed to a heavy swell and very tempestuous weather. Indeed, the Bay of Cadiz during a strong west wind is any thing but waveless, and the anchorage abreast of the town becomes very insecure.

There were a great many passengers on board the *Trajano*, among whom were a few English. The sky was beautifully serene and bright, a fine fresh sea-breeze cooled the air, and every thing promised an agreeable trip. No sooner, however, had we left the shelter of the bay, and encountered the gentle swell which in the calmest weather sets in from the wide Atlantic, than the whole Spanish population of the *Trajano* were plunged into all the horrors and agonies of sea-sickness. Never have I seen so sudden and unsparing an epidemic. The Spanish stomach, or head—for the original seat of this dreadful malady is the subject of dispute among the learned—must be peculiarly accessible to its attack.

The first wave on which the steamer gently rose made many a face turn yellow—for the dark-visaged Don can hardly be said to turn pale; and before we had encountered half a dozen such undulations, nine-tenths of the passengers were amongst the most miserable of men. It is strange that all the efforts of science have as yet failed in doing any thing for suffering humanity on board ship. Many are the remedies recommended and found ineffectual. The homœopathist alone boldly announces the triumph of science, and confidently prescribes *Nux vomica*, *Cocculus indicus*, and arsenic, as never-failing specifics. I believe my unhappy fellow-passengers would gladly have swallowed the whole contents of the tiny medicine-chest with which the homœopathist wages war against “all the ills that flesh is heir to,” had the faintest hope been held out of relief from the horrors they seemed to suffer at the mouth of the Guadalquivir.

“What’s in a name?” asks Shakspeare. I have often experienced that there is a vast deal of imposition in a name, and in none more than in the Guadalquivir. Poets and historians, ancient and modern, have united in casting an ideal charm around this famous river; and truly, from all that has been said and sung on the subject, I expected something more interesting than a wide muddy channel, with low, flat, desolate, and uninhabited banks. Yet such is the general appearance of the

Guadalquivir. Until we approach Seville, it is in fact a wide arm of the sea, but with hardly an object on its banks to break the tiresome monotony, or to impart the slightest interest to the voyage. The chief interest which the Guadalquivir claims, arises from "the glories of old days," when Columbus, Magellan, and other daring spirits, sailed from this famous river in search of adventure, honour, and gold, in the unknown oceans of the far West—and when, in reward of their achievements, the stately galleons poured through this same avenue, into the heart of Spain, the treasures of the New World. One or two steamers, a few vessels of trifling burden, and a number of small craft, are now all that are left to redeem from utter solitude the river which was once the great highway for the wealth of the Indies and the commerce of Spain. The shallowness of the channel, and the frequent sand-banks, were the chief causes why the Spanish-American trade was transferred from Seville to Cadiz. I am informed that the bed of the river could be easily deepened, and all obstacles to its navigation removed; and no doubt, if Spain shall ever resume her ancient place in the commerce of Europe, the value of such an inland communication will be duly appreciated, and no exertions spared to raise Spain's noblest river, and the renowned city of Seville, to their ancient rank and importance. It is affirmed that the navigation could be easily opened for large vessels as far

as Seville, and the river is at present navigable for small craft sixty or seventy miles further into the interior.

San Lucar, the port from which the discoverers of the New World finally sailed, is on the left bank of the river. It seems a considerable trading town, with a handsome custom-house near the shore. It is said to derive its name, not from the Evangelist Luke, as one would be led to imagine, but from Lucifer, the morning star, to whom a temple was erected here in heathen times. It would seem that the appellation San, or Saint, is here rather unfortunately applied.

Below San Lucar the banks are wooded, and here and there a solitary palm raises its strange oriental head above the other trees. Above this, the country on both sides is a dead, uncultivated, and uninhabited flat of vast extent, the dreary monotony of which is unrelieved by the appearance of a single village, or barely even of a single hut. Immense herds of horses and cattle seem to be its only occupants, and enjoy a wide and uninterrupted range of pasture. The horses of Andalucia have always been renowned. In ancient times this district was also famous for its wool; so that *vestis Bætica* (a Bætian garment, *Bætis* being the ancient name of the Guadalquivir) was among the peculiar luxuries of the wealthy. Whether the sheep of the Guadalquivir still retain their old renown, I do not know; but to judge by my dinner on board the steamer to-day, I should say

their wool may well be more valuable than their mutton.

The sun had set several hours before we arrived at Seville, so that we lost the approach to the town, which is said to be fine. About ten o'clock we landed, amid a fearful strife of porters and custom-house officers, from which we gladly escaped, and found refuge in Mr Nash's hotel. The landlord himself is very dangerously ill. The hotel seems clean and comfortable.

## CHAPTER III.

Seville and Naples—Seville and Cadiz—Streets and houses of Seville—Trade—The frugal meal—The Cathedral—Seville cathedral and St Peter's—Decorations—The organ—Columbus—Patio de los Naranjos—Library—The Giralda—Typical weathercock—Italica—The Alcazar—Moorish architecture—The garden—The Lonja—The tobacco manufactory—Cigars—Snuff—Tobacco and the potato—Progress of tobacco—Pictures—Raphael and Murillo—Ideal holiness—Angel de la Guardia—The St Anthony—The museum—Hospital de la Caridad—Moses smiting the rock—The Alamedas—The walk at even-tide.

*July 14.*—

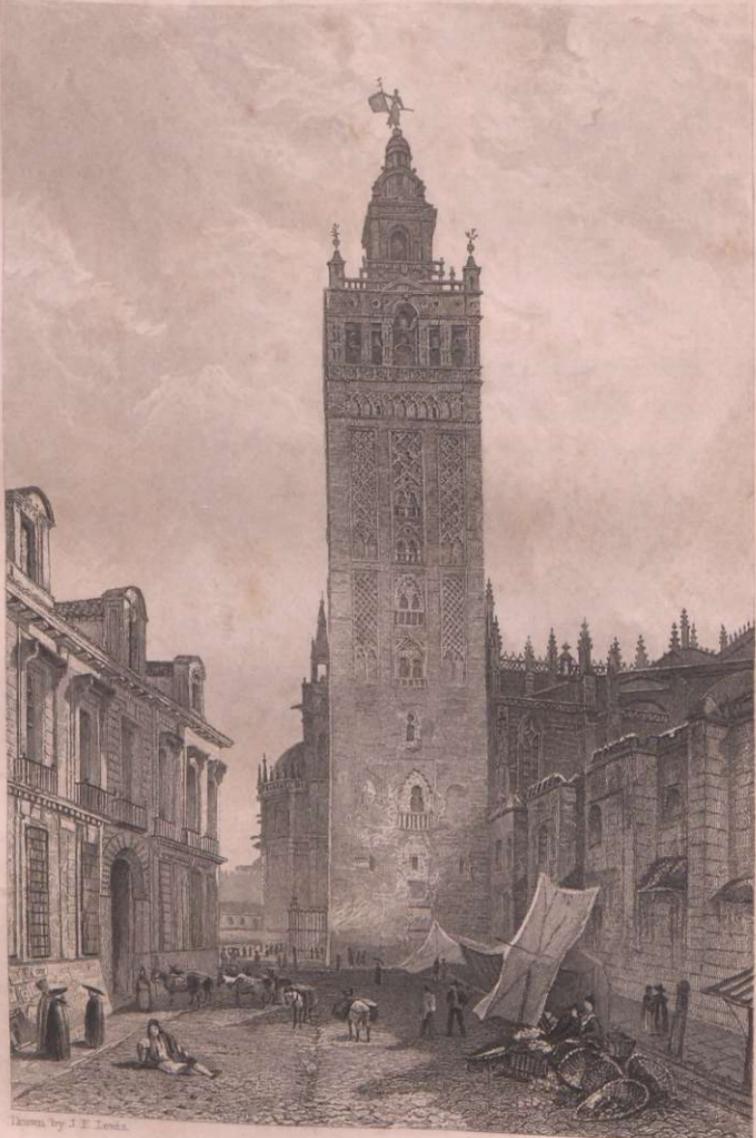
“ Quien no ha visto Sevilla,  
No ha visto maravilla,”

is a distich as widely spread as the fame of Seville itself; and though my admiration of its Italian rival in beauty and grandiloquence, leads me to regard the more laconic and emphatic “Vedi Napoli e poi mori,” as far the less bombastic and exaggerated of the two, yet no one who has once seen Seville can ever fail to regard it with peculiar interest. Of beauty it has little to boast, either in its situation or in the general aspect of its buildings. But notwithstanding this, the associations connected with its history, the singularly Oriental character preserved in its streets, the Roman and Moorish antiquities in

which it abounds, the magnificence of some of its public buildings, and the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Spanish painters with which its churches and museum are enriched, render Seville perhaps the most interesting town in Spain, and one of the most interesting in Europe.

In its general appearance Seville presents a singular contrast to Cadiz. The one so fresh and fair, like a young girl in her teens, all grace and loveliness—the other like an ancient withered grandam, venerable in age, dignified and lofty in bearing, but somewhat untidy and slatternly withal. There is indeed a remarkable air of venerable antiquity about her, and many of her streets and buildings are memorials of a race whose place knows them no longer. Her aqueduct, which still supplies the city with water, and her walls, which still enclose though without protecting her, carry us back to the days of imperial Rome. The Golden Tower on the banks of the river is attributed to Julius Cæsar—(whence called Golden I know not, unless because of the precious metals brought from America which were deposited there;) while many of her principal monuments, the character of her streets, the architecture and internal arrangement of many of her private houses, belong to the ancient Moorish lords of Spain.

Seville is not like any other town in Europe I am acquainted with. The singularly narrow and tortuous streets, traversing each other at every possible



Designed by J. E. Lewis.

Engraved by E. Hindle.

SEVILLE.  
*The Giralda.*

A. Fullerton & Co. London & Edinburgh.

angle, and to a stranger forming an inextricable labyrinth—the open windowless shops—the cool and shady patio, with its bubbling fountain and aromatic plants, all remind the traveller that though in Europe he is in no European town. The physiognomy of the people too, at least of the lower orders, is strongly indicative of a mixed descent, and the cross appears to have produced any thing but an improvement upon either of the original races. Many private houses preserve unimpaired, or unimproved, the original Moorish style—presenting to the street nothing but a lofty wall, without ornament, without windows, without opening of any kind except the massy portal, closed by a door of great strength studded with iron knobs. The exterior is therefore sufficiently gloomy and forbidding, more resembling a jail than a dwelling-house; like the town mansions of the Florentine nobles, speaking plainly of suspicion and distrust, and practically exemplifying the favourite English maxim, that “every man’s house is his castle.” But the gloomy and unadorned exterior—universal in Moorish architecture—serves to enhance the beauty and elegance within. The massy door opens into a vestibule as gloomy and unadorned as the façade; but this communicates, frequently by a lofty iron grating, with the graceful patio, the most striking and pleasing feature in all Moorish houses, and which has been universally adopted by their Spanish conquerors and successors. The patio is an open court in the centre of the

building, paved with tessellated marble or glazed tiles, generally with a fountain in the centre, and ornamented with orange-trees, aromatic plants and flowers in tubs and pots, shaded from the fierce rays of the sun by a canvass awning drawn across from the upper story, and surrounded by light and elegant arcades, supported by marble columns, whose slight and graceful proportions, and fanciful capitals, also proclaim the taste of a Moorish architect. The patio is the favourite resort of the family during the intense heats of summer : it is, in fact, the drawing-room of the Spanish house ; and being open to the air above, and sheltered by the awning from the sun, and refreshed by the splashing fountain, it is generally pervaded by a delicious freshness—the thermometer seldom rising in a well-kept patio to more than 80° of Fahrenheit, even when the rest of the house is oppressed by a temperature of 116°. The street door being generally left open until a late hour, the patio is continually as it were courting the inspection of the curious stranger ; and often in the course of his lonely rambles through the streets of a Spanish town, arrested by the tinkling of the light guitar within, he pauses to gaze on the happy faces grouped around the cooling fountain, listens for a moment to the merry song or still merrier laugh, and then wends on his lonely way, feeling more lonely than before. The marble basin of the sparkling fountain is the domestic centre of attraction here, as is the cheerful winter's fire in colder

climes ; and no doubt the Andalucian, when far from his sunny land, has as many fond and tender home recollections connected with the cool patio and its bubbling spring, as ever inhabitant of the north with “ the bleezin’ ingle and the clean hearth-stane.”

I am told that many of the private houses of Seville abound in interesting remains of Moorish architecture, and especially of that elegant stucco-work which resembles most beautiful lace, for which the Moors were so famous. In the more fashionable districts of the town, however, the houses are generally modernized.

The city is of the same extent, being confined within the same walls, as in her palmy days of wealth and trade ; but her commerce and population have equally declined. Seville now numbers only 100,000 souls ; whereas, if the statements of Spanish historians are to be depended on, when she opened her gates to Ferdinand III. of Castile her population amounted to 600,000. The conquest deprived her at one blow of nearly 400,000 of her most industrious citizens, who, being Moors, abandoned the city on its surrender to the Christians. For many years after the discoveries of Columbus, the wealth of the New World was poured into her lap, and Seville became the great emporium of Spanish trade ; but the removal of the station of the galleons to Cadiz annihilated her trade, and finally reduced her to her present fallen state. The chief export trade at pre-

sent consists in oils, olives, and cork, which being articles procured with little toil and industry, the cultivation of them is peculiarly suitable to the indolent disposition of the Andalusian peasant. The olives are the largest and finest I ever saw, being nearly twice as large as those of Provence or Italy; but the oil is very inferior, owing to want of care or cleanliness in its manufacture. It is even said that great quantities of oil are exported to France, there to be refined and re-exported as French. Some of the wines made in the neighbourhood are exceedingly good and high-flavoured; but I have often experienced how little one's critical acumen with respect to wine is to be depended on, when the mouth is parched with thirst, the thermometer standing at 90° or 100°, and the palate ready to applaud as nectar any refreshing liquid whatever.

While employed in selecting two or three small cases of olives to be sent to England, I had an opportunity of witnessing the frugal dinner of several muleteers. Having fastened their mules without, they entered the little shop, and for some inconceivably small coin purchased a few olives, and a little pimento, and suchlike stuff; and then, seating themselves in a circle round a dish containing this simple fare, each produced his bit of bread, and seemed to think himself indulging in a very hearty meal. It is truly wonderful how little nourishment these men require to maintain in health and vigour their tall, firm-set, and muscular frames.

It is with great regret that I find it necessary to allow myself so short a time to examine the wonders of Seville. Fortunately, I have in my companion an experienced and indefatigable lionizer; so that, under his auspices, two days are almost worth two weeks in ordinary circumstances. The morning after our arrival we were roused at five o'clock, and having devoured a large supply of the rich Andalusian figs—which are the largest I ever met with—we were speedily engaged in the toils of sight-seeing.

The glory of Seville is her noble Cathedral. Externally it is a strange incongruous pile, and one hardly knows by what epithet to characterize it. It presents a heterogeneous jumble of all the varieties of architecture which have at different times prevailed in Spain—Arabic, Gothic, and that singular style, which is I believe peculiar to Spain, called *Platareca*, and said to be an imitation of the silver ornaments employed in Popish ceremonies: here it is rich and florid—there, simple and grand; here, elegant and ornamented—there, massive and plain. But whatever doubt there may be respecting its external architecture and decorations, there is no such difficulty within; and I do not hesitate to characterize the cathedral of Seville as the most noble temple in Christendom. The effect produced on entering is absolutely overpowering. The mind is astonished and overawed by the solemn and sombre sublimity of the interior. No creation of mere human art with which I am acquainted, can rival the cathedral of

Seville in the instantaneous and overwhelming sense of awe which it produces. Its vast size, obscurely discovered by the dim and holy light which is poured in through its richly-stained windows, its lofty and enormously massy clustered columns, the prodigious elevation of its vaulted roof, the sombre richness of its ornaments, and the solemn silence which reigns throughout its vast extent, which seems increased rather than interrupted by the echo of some peasant's step hastening to his favourite shrine, and which we listen to as it falls faint and more faintly on the ear, until it is lost in the far distance—all exercise a singularly subduing and solemnizing power. The effect is powerfully devotional; and in this respect it is, that as a temple dedicated to the worship of the Supreme Being, it immeasurably excels even St Peter's at Rome, the glory of the Roman Catholic world. It may appear ridiculous to compare two buildings every way so unlike as the unrivaled Grecian metropolitan temple of Rome, and the equally unrivaled Gothic temple of Seville. Nevertheless, the different impressions conveyed by two buildings destined to serve one and the same purpose, are surely legitimate objects of comparison. In this view, if the desired effect at which art aims in the construction of an edifice for the worship of the Most High, be to solemnize and subdue, to overawe and to humble, to excite devotion and to raise the contemplation above the temple itself to the Being who is worshipped there, then there can be no question of

the superiority of the Gothic generally over the Grecian style, and in particular of the cathedral of Seville over St Peter's. Shall I ever forget the sensations I experienced on first entering St Peter's? the astonishment, the delight, the perfect enthusiasm with which I gazed on this wonderful edifice? Day after day and week after week I returned, unsated, still delighted, to feast on its unrivaled beauties. It seemed all enchantment. No effort of human genius ever succeeded in uniting in such perfect harmony the beautiful and the sublime, the graceful and the grand. The effect produced upon the mind is singularly powerful; but still it is certainly not of a devotional character. There is admiration, astonishment, delight; but I am mistaken if there is any thing to overawe or subdue, perhaps not even to solemnize. To judge from my own feelings, I should say that, apart from the associations connected with its sacred pictures and ornaments, St Peter's exercises as little power over the devotional feelings as the Apollo of the Vatican, or the Venus of the Tribune. I remember overhearing a party of Englishmen in St Peter's, remarking, in idle and silly badinage, what an admirable ball-room the cathedral would make; and with that thoughtless indecorum (to characterize it by the gentlest epithet) so often observed in the conduct of our countrymen in Roman Catholic churches abroad, they actually placed themselves as for a quadrille in the centre of the nave. In the cathedral of Seville this idea could not have occurred,

or, if it had occurred, would have been rebuked into silence by the awful solemnity of the place as utterly impious and profane.

St Peter's is both sublime and beautiful; but its consummate beauty is its prominent feature, and the emotions it excites are therefore chiefly delight and admiration. The cathedral of Seville is awfully sublime, almost mysteriously grand and imposing. One shrinks into conscious insignificance under its towering vault, and among its tower-like columns. "The nave of St Peter's," says the caustic and accurate Forsyth, "is infinitely grand and sublime, without the aid of obscurity; but the eye, having only four pillars to rest on, runs along it too rapidly to comprehend its full extent." Hence the general disappointment with the apparent magnitude of the Roman cathedral, and the universal complaint, that it appears so much smaller than was expected, and than it really is. In the Seville cathedral, on the contrary, the eye is lost amid a forest of enormously massy columns, and the extent of the area, vast in itself, is rendered doubly vast to the imagination. The exquisite beauty of the decorations of St Peter's, however they may charm the taste and fascinate the eye, are positively hostile to elevation of feeling or devotional excitement. The beautifully stuccoed and richly gilded vault, the admirable statues and mosaics, the exquisite relievos and highly polished marbles, the rich and graceful wreathed columns of the high altar, and the elegant marble patchwork of

the great pillars, all exquisite in themselves, nevertheless divert the attention, and divide the admiration, and thus materially interfere with the sublimity of the whole. At Seville, on the contrary, though the decorations are rich beyond conception, their character being uniformly sombre, solemn, and severe, and in strict keeping with the stupendous dimensions and majestic simplicity of the building, they are entirely subservient to the general effect, and increase the solemn impression of the whole. The very *chefs-d'œuvre* of painting, which are the noblest and the most precious of its decorations, do not distract the attention in the general survey of the edifice. They must be sought out in the recesses of the chapels where they are placed, and then they secure the admiration undivided to themselves.

The object of Roman Catholic church architecture, it may be presumed, is to excite feelings favourable to devotion, by the judicious arrangement of external objects; and I am convinced, that in no temple upon earth is that effect so fully attained as at Seville.\*

The comparative dimensions of the three most

\* I am astonished that so little notice has been taken of this cathedral by the generality of travellers, and at the indifferent terms in which it is spoken of by others. Townsend dwells on its dimensions, its treasures, its pictures, its library, its organ, the number of its altars, the gallons of wine consumed in its masses, the vast quantities of oil and wax requisite for its various services, the wealth of its chapter, and the host of officiating priests; but the whole notice taken of the cathedral itself is confined to a single sentence, in which he observes, that "it is admired chiefly for its tower, the work of Guever the Moor!" Swinburne also speaks of it in most derogatory terms. I am glad, however, to discover that I am at least not singular in my estimation of its grandeur, as will appear from

famous cathedrals in Europe, St Peter's at Rome, St Paul's at London, and the cathedral of Seville, are as follow :—

	St Peter's. Feet.	St Paul's. Feet.	Seville. Feet.
Length.....	673.....	510.....	443
Breadth.....	280.....	120.....	275
Height of nave.....	146.....	100.....	134

The pillars of the Seville cathedral are positively colossal, being no less than forty-two feet in circumference.

The decorations of the cathedral are very costly, and its treasures immense. One entire altar of great size is, with all its accompaniments, of solid silver. Another is adorned with a screen of such immense height, that it reaches to the roof of the edifice, all of the precious and now unknown Alerce wood, which defies the touch of time. It is most elaborately carved in alto, representing the life of Christ. Its various chapels—eighty-two in number

the following quotation from an interesting work, entitled *A Summer in Andalusia* :—

“ The stranger, on entering, is struck with amazement at the immensity of the edifice. When he casts his eye down the vast aisles, where arch beyond arch, and column beyond column, stretch away in dim perspective, or where he raises it to the gigantic pillars, towering to support the vaulted roof, more than a hundred feet above his head—he feels rooted to the spot, overpowered by the burst of majesty. Then, as he continues to survey the arches, which—illumined only by the light struggling through the coloured window, and playing here and there in variegated rays on pavement and pillar, or streaming, as from a point, through a far-off door—are wrapt in a twilight gloom ; as he contemplates the dark figures of the priests gliding noiselessly by ; the sable forms of the supplicants, prostrate before the altars around ; the deep and solemn silence, or occasionally the still more solemn echoes of prayer—a feeling of awe creeps

—are noble in their structure and rich in their decorations. Its organ is by many considered the finest in Europe, not even excepting the renowned organ of Haarlem, or the now still more renowned organ of Freyburg. We were fortunate enough, during our short stay, to hear this magnificent instrument thrilling under the master touch of its famous organist.

Among the other treasures of the cathedral is a very remarkable tabernacle for the Host, of beautiful workmanship and extraordinary value. It is about fifteen feet high, of proportionate breadth, decorated with a vast number of columns, and the whole of solid silver. Besides this, the treasury contains precious vases, and jewels, and gold, and relics without end, seen and wondered at, and forgotten. One part of its treasures, however, once seen, can never be forgotten—I mean the paintings. In these consist the true riches of the cathedral. The silver, and the gold, and the precious stones, are things of price,

through his soul, which heightens the sense of immensity already experienced into a sublimity such as few works of man are capable of inspiring. I question if the Pyramids themselves—which are but mounds in the vast expanse of desert, where art is lost in the grandeur of nature—can, independently of their antiquity, produce so imposing an effect as a Gothic temple like this. \* \* \* Overpowered by the grandeur of the scene, the solemnity of the place, the sublime strains of devotion still echoing through the aisles, I was hurried away by the impulse of the moment, and found myself bending the knee when I least intended. If there ever were one spot above others, where the effect of ecclesiastical pomp and ceremony upon the senses might be mistaken for the religion of the intellect and heart, or where superstition appears divested of absurdity, and assumes the garb of humble and sincere piety, Seville cathedral is that spot.”—*Summer in Andalusia.*

but these noble works of art are beyond all price. But of these more anon.\*

In the pavement of the cathedral are two sepulchral tablets, inscribed with a name which arrests the stranger's step as if by a magic spell. The names, and tombs, and lengthy epitaphs of kings, and princes, and nobles, are so numerous in cathedrals and churches, that we pass them by with little more interest than the simple gravestones of a country churchyard. But the Genoese mariner is not to be passed carelessly by among the vulgar herd of mere noble names. The name of Colon fascinates the eye, and that name, together with the brief inscription which records his wonderful achievement, conveys a thrill to the heart such as few mortal names create—

“ Nuevo mundo dio Colon  
A Castilla y a Leon.” †

\* Townsend gives the following singular account of some particulars of the expenses of the cathedral service:—“ It contains 82 altars, at which are said daily 500 masses. The annual consumption is 1500 arobas of wine (6000 gallons,) 800 of oil (3200 gallons,) and 1000 arobas of wax (25,000 lbs.) The officials connected with the cathedral are, the archbishop, with a revenue of 3,000,000 of ducats, or £33,000 a-year— 11 dignitaries who wear the mitre, amply but not equally provided for— 40 canons, with each an income of 40,000 reals, or about £400 a-year— 20 prebendaries, with an income of 30,000 reals each, about £300 per annum— 21 minor canons, at 10,000 reals each, or about £200. Besides these, they have 20 chanters, with 3 assistants, 2 leaders, 1 master of the ceremonies, with a deputy, 3 attendants to call the roll and mark the absentees, 36 boys for singing and the service of the altar, with their rector, vice-rector, and music-masters, 19 chaplains, 4 curates, 4 confessors, 23 musicians, and 4 supernumeraries ;—in all 235.”

† “ A new world gave Columbus  
To Castile and to Leon.”

It is with no common interest that we gaze on this simple inscription and this humble tomb ; for though we know that it is but an empty sepulchre, and that the body of the renowned discoverer of the New World found its final resting-place beyond the wide Atlantic, which he was the first to cross, yet so associated are his name and his discoveries with this place, that we imperceptibly give way to the illusion that we are standing over the grave of the great Columbus.

The second tablet bears an inscription which intimates, that there repose the ashes of Don Hernando Colon, his son and biographer, to whom the cathedral is indebted for its valuable library.

The Patio de los Naranjos, or court of the orange-trees, adjoining the cathedral, is interesting for its remains of Moorish architecture, having formed originally part of the mosque on the site of which the cathedral is built.

The library, with its 20,000 volumes, I did not visit, considering one library, so far as the backs of books are concerned, to be very like another.

Adjoining to the Patio de los Naranjos rises the far-famed Giralda, one of the wonders of Seville, the proudest monument of a race long since swept away. The Giralda is a massy square tower, 364 feet in height, and 50 square. It is purely Moorish as far as the bells ; for originally it was only 280 feet, and the additional 84 feet were added after Seville fell into the hands of the Christians. It is commonly

reported to have been erected about the year A. D. 1000, and is erroneously attributed to Geber, the Moorish astronomer, who is also incorrectly honoured as the inventor of algebra.\*

This singular tower was the remnant of the ancient mosque which formerly occupied the site of the present cathedral. It contains no staircase, or at least no steps. The ascent is by an easy inclined plain, winding spirally within the tower, so gradual in its inclination, and at the same time so broad, that there is no difficulty in believing the tradition which records that two knights, mounted on their war-horses, and arrayed in complete armour, rode abreast to the summit. Anciently it was surmounted by several gilded balls of enormous size, the place of which is now supplied by a gigantic weathercock (whence the name Giralda) of copper, representing Faith!

\* We rarely meet with so short a sentence which involves so many debatable points as this generally received account of the building of the Giralda. 1. It may be disputed that the Giralda was not built until near the close of the twelfth century; 2d, It could not at all events have been the work of Geber, for if Leo Africanus is to be believed, Geber flourished in the eighth century; 3d, Geber was not a Moor, but a Greek, though he apostatized from Christianity and embraced Mahommedanism; and 4th, Geber could not possibly have been the inventor of algebra, for there is extant a treatise on algebra by Deophantes of Alexandria, who flourished about four hundred years before Geber was born. This treatise consisted originally of sixteen books, of which the first six are now all that remain. It is not impossible that Geber may have been the first to introduce the knowledge of algebra into Europe, though, as far as I know, there is no other evidence of this except the sound of his name. Nor have we any historical evidence of algebra being known in Europe before the beginning of the thirteenth century, when it was introduced from Arabia into Italy by Leonardo Bonani, a merchant of Pisa; if, indeed, the meagre system exhibited in the Italian MSS. of those times, deserve the name of algebra at all.

Though this figure looks by no means extravagantly large when viewed from below, it is in reality of colossal size, and is said to weigh about a ton and a half. This is no doubt a most ponderous weathercock. It is considered a great curiosity; but what appears to me the greatest curiosity connected with it is, that Roman Catholics should choose to elevate before the eyes of all the world such a type of their faith, and to exhibit it as liable to be turned about by every wind of doctrine. Many are the Protestant, and not a few the infidel jokes on this subject. But, without jest or sneer, may we not regard this revolving colossal emblem as allegorical of the destiny of the tower on which it stands? From its lofty summit the muezzin's voice in former times proclaimed to the followers of the false prophet the hour of prayer; from the same spot the massive and deep-toned bells now summon the benighted Papist to what is little better than idol-worship; and thence, ere long, we humbly trust the same solemn peal shall gather the believers in Jesus to a more pure and spiritual service.

From such an elevation as the top of this lofty tower, the view in clear weather must be very extensive; but nothing can be more uninteresting than the vast, apparently uncultivated, and sparingly inhabited plain in which Seville is situated. The situation of the ancient Roman town Italica, about five miles distant, was pointed out to me. Even had I time to spare, the accounts of the very meagre

remains of this once large and populous town, which had the honour of giving an emperor to Rome, would hardly tempt me to make an excursion to it. The remains of a large amphitheatre, which it seems can be distinctly traced, are, I am told, all that is left to interest the curiosity of the traveller.

Our next visit was to the Alcazar, the celebrated palace of the ancient Moorish kings.

It is no easy matter to convey any idea of the Alcazar to those who are unacquainted with the singular architecture of the Moors; nor shall I now attempt it. All that I had previously read on the subject, and all the descriptions of travellers, however minute and exact, had utterly failed to give me any correct notion of the building described, or rather conveyed an impression as unlike the reality as possible. The very words palace, hall, room, saloon, and so on, associated as they are with objects with which we are familiar, give us a false impression at the very outset, leading us to combine our own ideas attached to these words with the description of the author. The Alcazar is about as like any European palace as it is like a Gothic cathedral, and equally like are its halls and saloons to any other halls and saloons of European construction. The Moorish palace more resembles a gigantic summer-house than a building destined for permanent residence. It is too light, too open, too airy, too cool, too fanciful, to correspond with our northern ideas of a dwelling.

All this, however, renders it but so much the more suitable for a residence under the scorching sun of Andalusia. And yet the Alcazar, in its present state, is any thing but a pure Moorish building. It is, in fact, a curious medley of Arabic, Gothic, Grecian, and modern nondescript. Part is pure Arabic, though frequently disfigured by the bad taste of the Christian monarchs, and bedaubed with some of their armorial bearings. Part again is modern, but in which the original is so closely copied, and with so correct a taste, that it is no easy matter to distinguish the one from the other. Part of the original Moorish work, too, has lately been recoloured and regilded in admirable taste, which gives a peculiar splendour to this portion of the building. The introduction of the Gothic in part of the additions is peculiarly unfortunate, and harmonizes very badly with the rest of the building; while the appearance of Corinthian pillars supporting an Arabic cupola, is scarcely less startling, though by no means so displeasing to the eye.

But though the Alcazar has thus suffered not a little from the vain-glory of some princes and the bad taste of others, and not a little from the remorseless touch of time, who shows as little respect for monuments of ancient art as any tyrant of them all, and emblazons his coat-of-arms on the mouldering wall as proudly as the imperial Charles himself; still, notwithstanding additions, alterations, and decay,

enough remains to convey a lively impression of the taste, refinement, and luxury, of these ancient semi-barbarous warriors. Much of the ancient tessellated pavement, much of the elegant mosaic, much of the beautiful gilding on roof and cupola, much of the delicate lace-work on wall and pillar, looking like the most elaborate carving, though it is but stucco, still remain. The whole gives a pretty correct idea of the internal arrangement of a Moorish palace; and shows how taste and splendour were combined with the nicest adaptation to the nature of the climate. The spacious open court, the cool and shady arcade, the lofty cupola, and the refreshing fountain, all bespeak the sunny south.

The style of ornament peculiar to the Moors is at once singular, and singularly beautiful. The slender marble pillar with its fanciful capital has a peculiarly light and elegant appearance. The mosaic-work, formed of glazed tiles of various brilliant colours, which in some of the apartments cover the lower part of the walls, is gaudy, but exceedingly pretty, and harmonizes admirably with the brilliant colouring and gilding of the roofs. What I term lace-work (I know not whether the term is original or not, but it is very appropriate and descriptive) is not the least singular and striking of Arabesque ornaments. It more resembles an imitation of lace than any thing else I can think of. It is said to be composed of a species of stucco,\* made of gypsum

\* *Summer in Andalusia.*

mixed with oil and the white of eggs; this composition was cast in a mould, and finished off when attached to the walls, and generally painted with brilliant colours. It is now, however, completely coated over with white-wash, and it is only here and there that the original colours are discernible. Brilliant colouring seems to have been quite the ruling passion of this singular race; and it reflects no small credit on their taste, that instead of being glaring and gaudy, the effect is exquisitely beautiful. This is peculiarly conspicuous in the Hall of the Ambassadors, the most elegantly though gorgeously ornamented, as well as the most gracefully proportioned saloon which can be imagined. It is about thirty feet square, and sixty high. Within this space it contains a circular colonnade of marble, supporting the cupola. Disfigured though it be by time and the Goths, this noble hall, preserving its original beautiful proportions, and still glowing in all the most brilliant colours of the rainbow, appears to my eye the very perfection of elegance.

The garden attached to the palace is equally singular and fanciful with the palace itself. It is said to have preserved its original form unchanged. Myrtle seems to have been the favourite shrub, and is trimmed and clipped into every shape that fancy could suggest. It abounds in fountains and fish-ponds; indeed, the paths seem to be undermined by water-works, and the whole garden is refreshed at will by showers of rain reversed, poured from earth

to heaven in innumerable little threadling *jets-d'eau*.\*

One of the handsomest buildings in Seville is the Lonja, or Exchange. It is a quadrangle, each front being 200 feet in length, surrounded by a colonnade of the Doric order, and ascended by a noble staircase of yellow marble. It was built in 1598, after designs by Herrera, and at the expense of the merchants of Seville. But Seville has no longer any need of an exchange, and this noble building is now a monument of the mutability of human things. The great hall on the ground-floor is still used for mercantile affairs. The upper part of the building

\* The water-works in the garden of the Alcazar seem intended merely to refresh the garden and cool the air. There are similar water-works, but on a much more extensive scale, and intended more for ornament and amusement than use, in the gardens of Schloss Heilbronn, a chateau belonging to the Emperor of Austria, about four miles from Salzburg. A vast deal of ingenuity and labour have been wasted here to form a very curious toy, and to show how many amusing tricks and gambols water can be taught to execute. Here, artificial ducks quack, turkeys gobble, dogs bark, the lark sings, and the cuckoo cries, by water-power. In one piece of water, a strange winged monster, such as neither earth, air, nor water ever knew, swims from a cavern in the rock, drinks at a little *jet-d'eau*, and then returns to his den. In another, Perseus is seen fiercely assaulting the fabled sea-monster, which swims round and round the rock to which Andromeda is tied. The most singular piece of mechanism of the whole represents a busy scene in a town, a cathedral in the centre, and people of all descriptions actively plying their several trades around. The cathedral organ is playing, soldiers are marching, and men and women hurrying to and fro. A ludicrous scene occurred here with the servant of my friend Adalbert de Widmann. Franz was as stupid a clodpole as ever left his native mountains of Bohemia. His round face, pale blue simple-looking eyes, and lack-lustre countenance, announced inexhaustible good-nature, but a short allowance of mother wit. The chevalier having arranged beforehand with the master of the water-works, we were conducted to the garden, where the wonders of water elicited unbounded admiration from honest Franz. At last he was led by his treacherous guide to a beautiful

contains the public archives. Here, also, is the only original portrait of Columbus; but having been frequently retouched and repaired, little dependence can be placed on the likeness.

Not the least among the curiosities of Seville is the tobacco manufactory. Tobacco is one of the royal monopolies, and it is manufactured in a palace. A very cursory glance at this singular establishment will afford some idea of the great value of this monopoly. It is a noble and stately edifice, of a quadrangular form, 600 feet in length by 480 broad. It is surrounded by a moat, and approached by a drawbridge, like a regular fortification. Soldiers are

*grotto au naturel*, adorned with hanging stalactites, and some wild beasts in stone couched in the recesses, the entrance being also guarded by unicorns, stags, &c. Franz, with open mouth and upturned face, examined the singular specimens of mineralogy above him, when suddenly the stalactite roof discharged a torrent of rain, which sadly astonished him and disturbed his reverie. Recovering from the suddenness of the shock, he sprang into a recess, which seemed protected from this unexpected shower-bath; but, alas! a lion, which the moment before looked as gentle as a sucking-dove, suddenly poured from its horrid jaws a torrent of water which quite blinded poor Franz. All the other animals were alike dangerous, open-mouthed, and foaming. He rushed from the grotto, but had to run the gauntlet through all the beasts of the wood suddenly become hydromaniacs—the very horns of the stag squirting water from every branch. Once escaped from the grotto, he seemed to consider himself in safety, and began to arrange his disordered attire, and press the water from his dripping clothes, when, to his utter dismay, the earth itself, as well as the beasts of the earth, seemed converted into a water-engine, and small jets gushed from invisible fountains below the walk, enveloping him in spray. Fairly disconcerted, Franz escaped at racing speed, and having, as he thought, got beyond reach of the naiads, he sat down on one of a row of stone seats. This was the last, but not the least of his mishaps. These stone seats were nothing else than the mouths of so many powerful *jets-d'eau*, which immediately discharged a column of water strong enough to make poor Franz bound from his resting-place like a merry-andrew from a spring-board. The rueful, serio-comic, half-angry, half-laughing countenance of the good-natured Bohemian was inimitable.

continually on duty at the entrance and in the courts ; all the work-people are carefully searched every night on leaving the establishment, and no cloaks are permitted within its precincts—all precautions against the abstraction of the precious weed. It employs no fewer than 5000 hands.\* Of these, 3000 are women ; almost all of whom are employed in twisting cigars. Of the 2000 men, a great proportion are similarly occupied ; while a considerable number are employed in the manufacture of all the different articles and implements which are required in the establishment. Women are preferred for the manufacture of cigars, as lightness and delicacy of touch are of importance in this branch of the business. Two immense halls are set apart for the cigar twist-ers, one for the men and the other for the women. The largest of these, in which 3000 women are seated, busily engaged in rolling up the fragrant leaf, each with a little basket of bread and fruit beside her for dinner, presents a very extraordinary spectacle. The work is performed with amazing rapidity, and a single individual will roll up from 500 to 600 cigars per day.† The time of labour is from 7 o'clock A.M. to 4 P.M. One part of the process is

\* The tobacco trade must have wonderfully increased in Spain since 1830, when Seville was visited by Mr Inglis, who describes this manufactory as sadly on the decline, and represents it as employing only 400 men.

† Cigars must have come very rapidly into vogue in Great Britain, for Swinburne, betwixt sixty and seventy years ago, thought it necessary to describe them as "little rolls of tobacco, which the Spaniards smoke without a pipe."

sufficiently disgusting, but out of consideration for the lovers of cigars, we refrain from mentioning it.

We saw the whole process of manufacturing snuff. The tobacco-leaves are first steeped in a decoction of Brazilian tobacco, plums, walnuts, lemon-peel, &c.; the heart-stalks are then removed, and the leaves twisted into ropes, and coiled up in tight packages. These are pressed by a machine, not unlike a large cheese-press, and are then stored up for six or eight months to ferment. Afterwards they are uncoiled, and chopped into small pieces by a very clumsy set of hammers worked by mules. When chopped sufficiently, the tobacco is conveyed to the mill and ground into snuff. The stems and heart-stalks are, I believe, manufactured into a coarser article. When the wind blows in a particular direction, it is said that this establishment may be nosed at a league distant.

There are five royal tobacco manufactories in Spain, of which this at Seville is the largest. The quantity of cigars consumed by this nation of cigar-smokers is prodigious. Spaniards are decidedly the greatest smokers in Europe. All Spaniards smoke, and all smoke cigars. The pipe is comparatively unknown. The cigar gleams betwixt the lips of the haughty noble and the poor muleteer. Like death, it levels all distinctions; all are alike subjected to its sway. It overpowers the odour of garlic in the poor man's hut, and mingles with the rich perfumes of the halls of the wealthy.

Europe is indebted to America for tobacco and the potato, but tobacco has far outstripped her com-patriot; and while the humble and nutritious root which brings plenty to the poor man's home, is only gradually, and by dint of much pains and patronage, forcing its way in the world, the nauseous and un-wholesome weed is chewed, and smoked, and snuffed in almost every part of the known world, and that too in defiance of much opposition. The King of England wrote a book against it; the Pope issued his bull against it; the magistrates of Transylvania punished its culture with confiscation; the King of Persia forbade it under pain of death; and the Grand-duke of Moscow under penalty of the loss of the nose! The last appears the most appropriate punishment.

The progress of tobacco is, in fact, a singular phenomenon in the history of the human race; and proves how mankind will prefer the most disgusting and nauseous drug, provided it exert a narcotic or stimulating influence over the nerves, to the most nutritious and wholesome food, though as palatable as valuable. The history of tobacco, opium, and ardent spirits, is not very flattering to the dignity of human nature.

The grand charm of Seville consists in its paintings. De Vargas, Velasquez, Zurbaran, Valdez, and Ribera, are names sufficient to immortalize a nation. But though many of the noblest works of these great Spanish masters are to be found in Seville, I could

hardly spare them a glance. Murillo occupied my whole attention. I pretend to no critical knowledge of the art ; but there are painters whose works, to be appreciated, require none. There are painters whose works speak not to the taste alone, but to the heart. Chief among these are Raphael and Murillo ; and I should be inclined to suspect not merely of an utter want of taste in the fine arts, but of a want of some of the best and purest feelings of human nature, the man who could stand cold and unmoved before the Madonna di San Sisto of the Dresden gallery, or the Guardian Angel of the Seville cathedral. They are both pictures which, once seen, can never be forgotten. My recollection of the Madonna di San Sisto seems now like the remembrance of some holy dream. It was in the early days of almost boyish enthusiasm, when, with clasped hands and streaming eyes, I stood before this glorious picture ; and though many a weary year has passed over my head since then, Murillo touches the same chord, and it vibrates still. Raphael's Holy Maria is, indeed, but one of those pure and beautiful creatures of the imagination which exist only there, but which the heart clings to, not the less fondly that its counterpart is not to be found amid the cold realities of a world of sin. Raphael and Murillo, and their brother poets, (for artist is a feeble name, and they *are* poets of the very highest order,) have afforded a sort of rallying-point to those day-dreams of the heart ; but alas ! we are forced to turn away from the contemplation of that more

than mortal purity and holiness which they have embodied, and to which they have given, as it were, life and substance, in their divine representations of the Holy Mary, the martyred Cecilia, the Guardian Angel and his infant charge ; and then the darkness of reality, and the gloom of a sinful world, seem doubly dark and gloomy from the bright gleam of superhuman brightness which dazzled our eyes for a moment. But, O my soul ! there is a reality of holiness offered thee, as far superior to what the imagination of painter or poet ever conceived as heaven is above the earth. There is a reality of holiness offered thee, which infinitely transcends the loftiest conceptions of any mortal mind. It was above the comprehension even of an inspired Apostle —“ It doth not yet appear what we shall be,” he confesses ; “ but this we know, that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him.” Jesus ! if we are to be like to thee, if we are to bear the likeness of the only Holy One, then shall our future purity be such as eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor heart conceived. Yes, blessed be God ! that superhuman purity of heart which even an unrenewed and still sinful heart can covet and admire, is no phantom of the imagination, no delusive *ignis fatuus*. It may be attained by any, it shall be attained by all to whom Christ is “ made wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption ; ” and who at last shall “ be found in Him, not having their own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through

the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith." *Here* is something for the soul not only to admire, but to hunger and thirst after! *Here* is an object of pure and lofty ambition!

And what has called forth these reflections? A mere picture? Yes, gentle reader! But a picture of no common order; and before you condemn these reflections as unnatural, you must examine for yourself the Madonna di San Sisto of the Dresden gallery, or the Angel de la Guardia of the Seville cathedral. The first of these I scruple not to call the most powerful piece of eloquence in the world, or, if it has any rival, it is the Crucifixion by Rubens in the Antwerp museum. But for power over the moral emotions, I have seen, read, or heard of nothing to compare with the Madonna, and second only to it is the Guardian Angel. There is an eloquence in painting as well as in poetry; and painting has this advantage over the sister art, that it addresses itself to the most acute, most lively, and most comprehensive of all the senses, and that it is thus enabled to place the whole subject at once in all its force before the mind—an effect which the other can hope to attain only by long and laboured detail.

But to return to the Angel de la Guardia, which has occasioned this digression. Connoisseurs, no doubt, will turn away from this noble picture with comparative indifference, and will observe how inferior in execution it is to others, which, accordingly, engross all their attention. But still, in moral power,

it is superior to any work of Murillo's I have ever seen. There is an eloquence, a moral power, in the calm, solemn, majestic, and benignant holiness of the angel's truly angelic face—an eloquence, a moral power, in the guileless, confiding innocence of his infant charge, which stamp this picture as the work of a great poetic—that is, creative—mind. Murillo's eye never beheld such divine holiness as he has expressed in the angel's countenance, nor such pure and guileless innocence as he has pictured in the child. They are both the ideal creations of his own mind. The child is one of the most wonderful creations of the pencil in the world. The face, the figure, the attitude, are all perfectly childish; and yet there is an indescribable air of grandeur and majesty, inexplicably blended with infantine grace and simplicity, which positively overawes. I am at a loss to tell whence or how this effect is produced; but it appears to me as if the painter had designed to convey the idea, that the child had derived from the consciousness of divine protection, and the presence of his angelic guide, a majesty and a confidence, not only super-infantine, but super-human. The attitudes of both are perfectly natural, graceful, and beautiful; while there is something so gentle, so earnest, and yet so lofty and dignified, in the angel as he points to heaven, and something so confiding, so simple, so reverential, and yet so noble, in the child, that it is hardly possible to gaze on them without tears. O God! thou hast told us in thy word

that there are such holy ones sent forth to minister among men. Grant, for thy Son's sake, that such may watch over me and mine, protect us on earth, and guide us to heaven !\*

There is no wonder that the Guardian Angel should escape attention in its dark corner, more especially as it is placed near one of the very noblest of Murillo's works, viz. the St Anthony. This picture occupies perhaps the best light in the cathedral. At the first glance it fascinates, and the longer we gaze the more we are charmed. It is one of the most pleasing pictures I ever saw. The holy man cannot be seen but to be revered and loved. He is kneeling, and beholds the infant Saviour surrounded

\* This truly noble picture is placed in a dark corner of the cathedral, and seems to have escaped general attention. It appears to be very little known ; and I should have hesitated, from distrust of my own judgment, to express the powerful impression it made upon me, were it not that, since my return to this country, happening by accident to fall in with that exceedingly interesting work, *The Bible in Spain*, I found that there was at least another who thought and felt, when under its influence, as I had done. "Of all the pictures of this extraordinary man," (viz. Murillo,) says Mr Borrow, "one of the least celebrated is that which has always wrought upon me the most profound impression—I allude to the Guardian Angel, (Angel de la Guardia,) a small picture which stands at the bottom of the church, and looks up the principal aisle. The angel, holding a flaming sword in his right hand, is conducting the child. The child is, in my opinion, the most wonderful of all the creations of Murillo ; the form is that of an infant about five years of age, and the expression of the countenance is quite infantine ; but the tread is the tread of a conqueror, of a god, of the Creator of the universe ; and the earthly globe appears to tremble beneath its majesty."—*Bible in Spain*.

It is very possible that the flaming sword in the angel's right hand may have escaped my attention, so much was I engrossed by the countenances and figures of the angel and child ; but I cannot help suspecting that this is the creation of the traveller. The angel appeared to me to be pointing to heaven without any flaming sword.

by attendant cherubs, bending towards him from the clouds, and in the act of blessing him. The expression of the saint's face is exquisite, every lineament is beaming with love—pure, heavenly, reverential love. I can hardly persuade myself, but that the man who was capable of conceiving such a depth of holy devotion, and of so faithfully portraying it, must have been a saint himself. It is hard to imagine how he could commit to canvass such powerful portraits—if I may be allowed the expression—of all that is pure, and holy, and heavenly, if he had no experimental knowledge of them from his own soul. I know of no painter of equal power in this respect with Murillo. Raphael has left one or two perhaps unrivaled even here; but the great charm of a large number of Murillo's *chefs-d'œuvre* is their singular moral beauty. Many of his countenances strike at first sight as being perfectly lovely; but on examination, we perceive it is not the loveliness of mere flesh and blood which we admire, it is the loveliness of the spirit within, which lights up the features with a moral beauty, so that they appear to breathe every pure affection and every holy feeling. So far as mere features are concerned, one may meet every day in the streets of Seville the counterparts of his infant Saviours or his Madonnas. In fact, his faces are peculiarly national—they are all Spanish, and all Seillian.

There are many exquisite Madonnas by Murillo in the Museum, especially one representing the As-

sumption. The museum is undergoing alterations and repairs at present. It was formerly a convent of the Order of the Redemption; but now that the rooks are driven out in Spain, their nests are converted to better purposes. Besides Murillo's masterpieces, it contains many noble paintings by other Spanish masters, and a large assortment of daubs. The Hospital de la Caridad also contains some splendid Murillos, the most remarkable of which are "Christ feeding the multitude," and its pendant, "Moses smiting the rock." Both of these are noble pictures; the last especially is by many considered the most perfect of Murillo's productions in Seville.\* It is truly a wonderful picture, and in power of expression is surpassed by none. The frantic impatience of those who are struggling to reach the precious stream, the avidity with which others are allaying their burning thirst, and the satisfaction beaming on the faces of those who have drunk their fill, are all portrayed and contrasted with unrivaled power. It is a poem of the very highest order.

\* It is not a little amusing to contrast the different opinions of travellers respecting the same object. Speaking of "Moses smiting the rock," one author observes—"The story is not well told; the calmness and tameness of the figures would never lead one to imagine that the people were dying of thirst."—*A Summer in Andalusia*. Another traveller says of the same picture—"The men, women, children, and even the beasts of the thirsty caravan, are drinking with a joyful avidity, that gives almost equal delight to the spectator."—*A Year in Spain*. Inglis is nearer the truth. "Murillo," says he, "has introduced many varieties of human feeling. The anxiety of those who wait for the accomplishment of the miracle, the burning impatience and eager importunities of thirst, and its contrasted satisfaction."

Seville abounds in alamedas. The Prado de Christina on the banks of the river, and near which the steamer lands, is a beautiful garden, intersected by a broad paved avenue, which terminates at the Golden Tower, and is furnished with a double row of stone seats. The most frequented promenade, however, seems to be the Plaza del Duque, a square in the heart of the town, planted with acacias. Its chief attraction consists in the neighbouring cafés, which seem to be preferred by the Sevillians to the sweet perfume of plants and flowers, and the cooling breeze from the Guadalquivir. At this season of the year, when it is both unpleasant and unsafe to be much exposed to the burning sun, it is positive luxury to stroll at even-tide in the delightful alameda by the river's side, to inhale the perfumed air in the orange-groves, or to recline under the whispering shade of the acacia. There is then a softness in the balmy air, and a freshness in the gentle breeze, infinitely refreshing after the parching heat of day; while there is a calm tranquillizing beauty in the scene, which fills the soul with many sweet and serious thoughts. While we gaze on the silent flowing of the broad river, reflecting from ripple and eddy the rich colouring of the western sky; or admire the deep blue of the cloudless heaven above, studded with stars of a brilliancy unknown to northern climes; or listen to the distant hum of the city, gradually subsiding into the "hush of night"—we feel the influence of the hour and of the scene in a pleasing,

solemn sadness, which steals over the mind, alluring the heart to devotion, and making us feel alone—but alone with God. It was at such an hour, and under such a sky, that Isaac loved to go forth into the quiet fields to meditate. And many of God's people have loved the sweet retirement of nature, as Isaac did, and acknowledged the power of silence, solitude, and night, to favour the communion of the soul with itself and with its God.

## CHAPTER IV.

Heat of Seville—The cathedral—Cui bono?—Suburb of Triana—The Inquisition—Parting scene—Night on the Guadalquivir—Discomforts of a crowd—Spanish sea-sickness—Cadiz—Taken by the English—Resists Sir G. Rooke—Blockade—Classic ground—Decay of trade—Decay of navy—Situation of Cadiz—The new cathedral—Pictures—“The St Francis”—Murillo—“The marriage of St Catharine”—Impiety of Popish pictures—The Hospicio—The female hospital—Singular exhibition—The sick girl—The view from the Signal Tower—Voyage to Puerto Santa Maria—Spanish modesty—Dangerous sand bar—Rio Guadalete—Puerto de Santa Maria—Wine-stores—Sherry—Amontillado—The Posada—Spanish cookery—The bull-fight—Sanctification of the Sabbath.

SEVILLE is considered one of the hottest places in Europe. It is said to be no uncommon thing for the thermometer to stand in the shade at  $115^{\circ}$  or even  $120^{\circ}$  of Fahrenheit. This is considered a very cool season, and yet, when exposed to the sun, the heat is intense. The extreme narrowness of the streets affords a great protection, and many of them are sheltered by canvass awnings, stretched across from the highest story of the houses, and are thus as shady even at mid-day as the patio itself. The houses are built in a style admirably suited to the climate; the airy and shady patio not only affording a cool retreat in itself, but circulating fresh and cool air through

every part of the mansion. At five o'clock P. M., in my bed-room the thermometer was only at 85°, and at six o'clock in the morning at 74°. The water in our apartments is also preserved wonderfully cool, in consequence of the porous nature of the jars in which it is kept, which, by permitting it to ooze out, and thus keeping up a continual evaporation, maintains it at a temperature seven or eight degrees below that of water in ordinary vessels.

The only resource in such weather is to stay at home, or escape the glare and heat of day by betaking one's-self to the cool twilight of the cathedral. Fortunately this resource is not soon exhausted of interest. Great part of my last day in Seville was spent within its walls; and when the setting sun was pouring its softened light through the richly coloured windows, I found myself still slowly pacing the noble aisle, gazing with still increasing admiration, now on the lofty vault towering above—now on the colossal pillars, looking like the work of some race of gigantic mould—and now on the long majestic aisle, stretching away into obscurity and darkness beyond. I felt my admiration growing upon me, when suddenly the chilling question occurred, "Cui bono?" For what end? For what purpose is this wondrous pile, with all its architectural magnificence and majesty, its priceless treasures of art, its wealth of gold and silver and precious stones? For what purpose is it all? To give effect to a debasing superstition, to advance priestcraft, to subject the souls of men to a

degrading spiritual tyranny ! For this that majestic temple was reared ; and for this alone is it fit, and for nothing else. For pure and simple gospel worship it is every way unsuited. How wofully this consideration chills one's enthusiasm, and subdues admiration !

But is it true that pure religion cannot avail herself of the resources of human genius ? Cannot the talent of the architect, given him by God, be devoted to God ? Here is one of the mightiest efforts of architectural genius in the world. Suppose Spain evangelized, must this and other such noble temples become worthless for the purposes of religion ? Protestantism seems to have declared against such majestic edifices ; for in Scotland she has pulled down or defaced them, and in England she shuts them up. But is the genius of Protestantism opposed to their use ? I boldly answer, no. Let the altar and the images be removed from the cathedral—let the superstitious rites and idol worship be abolished—let the transept be set apart for the preaching of the pure gospel—let the doors be kept open night and day, to give access to the solitary worshipper into the house of prayer—let men be invited to seek the Lord in his temple, not only on the day and hour set apart for public worship, but when they will—let them learn not to confine the exercise even of secret prayer to their own closets, but to regard the Lord's house as the house of prayer more than the house of preaching, a house of prayer for the silent worshipper as

well as for the loud voice of an adoring multitude, for the lonely penitent as well as for the meeting of the saints; and then the high-vaulted and dimly-lighted aisle, the massy columns and stately arch, will not be lost to religion or to man. It is said pure religion needs no such accessories. Alas! pure religion needs every accessory, and requires every mean to be put in operation to recommend itself, and to win its way to the sinner's heart. I feel such accessories may solemnize the heart, and at once subdue and elevate the soul; and I trust it would in no way have been derogatory from my Protestantism, if, while leaning against a lofty pillar, and gazing on the solemn scene, I had acknowledged the prayer-inspiring influence of the place, and implored the God and Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ to purge his temple of idol-worship, and to grant that ere long the Lord God of earth and heaven should be the only Being worshipped there.

I have not had time to visit the suburb of Triana, (so named from the Emperor Trajan, who was an Andalucian by birth, and a native of Italica, in this neighbourhood,) which lies on the opposite side of the Guadalquivir, and is connected with Seville by a bridge of boats. Indeed I am not aware that there is any thing particularly deserving of attention there, unless it be the famous halls of the Inquisition. The Inquisition established in Seville in 1481, was probably the most renowned in Europe for the holy zeal of its pious officials. These godly men were inspired

with such Christian indignation against those "cold-blooded, most perfidious, most impious, most blasphemous caitiffs"—as Archbishop Cranmer is styled in the "History of the Reformation"—that every engine of torture which human ingenuity prompted by pious zeal could devise, was put in requisition. Within the first year after its establishment, the merciful Saviour was honoured by twenty human hecatombs, for in that space of time 2000 victims perished at the stake, and in one day 800!

The Inquisition of Seville lays claim to a large portion of the blood of the 341,000 victims of the Holy Office in Spain; and, if I mistake not, may boast of the last Auto-da-fé in Europe, viz. in 1780, when a poor woman was burned at the stake. So late as 1776, it proved its dreaded power against a man of rank and influence, who was moreover guiltless of any crime except enmity to the monks, viz. Don Pablo Olavide, who was dragged from his bed to the dungeon of the dreaded Office, and after twelve months' confinement there, was condemned to eight years' further imprisonment in a convent, and all his effects were confiscated to the use of the Inquisitors.\*

Where is the man who doubts the inherent wickedness of man, or hesitates to assent to the dark picture of human nature presented to us in the Word of God? Let him study the history of the Popish Inquisition, and he will rise with the conviction, that

\* Townsend.

the desperate wickedness of the heart of man is fully proved by the desperate wickedness of Popery; and that the severest language of Scripture can hardly do justice to the evil tendencies of our nature, thus proved to be capable of rivaling Satan himself in malignity and crime.\*

My original intention was to have returned from Seville by the way of San Lucar and Xeres; but in the present state of the weather, and of my own health, even the short land journey from San Lucar to Xeres is more than I dare undertake. The journey is described as utterly uninteresting, very fatiguing, and not a little dangerous, owing to a profuse sprinkling of *ladrones* over the country. The wine-cellars, which are the great curiosities of Xeres, are now to be seen to as great perfection at Puerto Santa Maria, which is much more accessible. Accordingly, having exhausted the little time I had to spare in Seville, I left it with much regret; and giving its

\* "The original Inquisition, armed with dreadful powers, under the appellation of the Spiritual Court, still exists in England, where, as in Spain, the poor suffer most by the abuse of its authority. The serpent with us appears to have lost its venom; it is torpid, but not dead; and should at any future period our government be changed, it may revive, and be as destructive to our children as it has already been to our progenitors."—TOWNSEND'S *Journey through Spain in 1786-7*.

The doctrine of religious intolerance and persecution, which we fondly hoped was too absurd to be held save in the dark ages, has been seriously propounded anew by the English Tractarians, who could not embrace the chief principles of Rome without showing their partiality for this favourite tenet of the Popedom and of Satan—so that if power be obtained, the will is not wanting to act upon this hint of Mr Townsend. May we trust that the cloven foot has peeped from under the surplice in time.—*Vide Edinburgh Review*.

glorious cathedral, its towering Giralda, its interesting Alcazar, and its mal-odorous tobacco palace, "a thankful glance of parting praise," embarked once more on board the *Trajano* for Cadiz.

At half-past eleven o'clock last night we proceeded to the quay, where a very animated scene awaited us. The *Trajano* was crowded with passengers, and doubly crowded with the friends and relatives of passengers, bidding them "go with God." Such crowding and jostling, such shouts of merriment, such laughing and crying, and above all, such a comedy of kisses, were never seen on board a sober Scotch steamer before—for, as I said elsewhere, the *Trajano* is a Clyde-built boat. One party especially of very lovely women, with "dark eyes flashing through their tears," seemed as if they would never have done kissing. But kissing, like other sublunary things, must have an end, and the comedy ended very abruptly, by the captain threatening to give them all the time between Seville and Bonanza to devote to it. The lovely Sevillians, thus warned, hastened ashore, and the steamer shot rapidly down the stream.

It was a beautiful night, but singularly dark considering the cloudless sky, and the myriads of bright stars gleaming through the clear obscure. The sky of Andalusia at night is indeed "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue"—so dark as to approximate to blackness, yet so clear, so transparent, that in gazing upwards, the eye seems to meet nothing to stop its boundless vision, and loses itself in infinite space. In

our northern land, in a clear night, the sky seems a solid canopy studded with gold—here it is an ambient transparent fluid, in which the sparkling constellations float, while the sight seems to extend far beyond them, into the measureless extent of ether. Long I paced the deck, enjoying the loveliness of the starry sky, and the refreshing breath of night; and long I paced the deck without any enjoyment at all—for why? Though my legs were tottering under me, I had no place where to sit down. Every bench was crowded, every stool had at least one occupant. I examined minutely every corner, but not a vacancy was to be found, or likely to occur; for every one seemed aware of the penalty of quitting his position for a moment. I dived into the cabin, squeezing through a dense mass of humanity squatted on the steps, and found the sofas occupied by an immovable phalanx; a double row, back to back, encircling the table, a number of the rising generation lying stretched on cloaks and pillows in the midst, without any apparent intention of rising; in short, no room for sitting, and hardly for standing. I should gladly and contentedly have lain down on the deck, but the Spaniards are too much given to expectoration to permit such luxurious indulgence. Near the fore-castle I at last fixed upon a spot, where, as there were no seats, I imagined there might be little expectoration; so I wrapped myself in my boat-cloak and lay down. Hardly had I begun to enjoy my comfortable berth, and to congratulate myself on my

good fortune, when a sailor very unceremoniously set his foot on my head, mistaking it in the dark, I presume, for a block, and afterwards indulging in sundry very opprobrious epithets, in consequence of a severe fall occasioned by his blunder. Driven from my lair, I prowled for some time round an enormous mountain of household furniture, piled amidships, intended to furnish some of the passengers' bathing-quarters at San Lucar, and examined with hungry eyes the various packages, in hopes of finding some obscure retreat, far from sailor's foot or smoker's quid. The mass looked tottering and unstable, but weariness gave me courage; so, scrambling to a perilous elevation, I ensconced myself among the softest packages I could find, and soon fell fast asleep. The chilly air that precedes the dawn awoke me, when I descended from my lofty couch to the cabin, where I found Captain B—— had contrived to screw himself into a corner; and by a little patience and squeezing, I at last succeeded in getting a seat on the sharp corner of the table.

San Lucar appears to be the Brighton of Seville. A great proportion of our fellow passengers landed here, carrying with them whole boat-loads of household furniture. After no inconsiderable delay incurred in unshipping such a mass of chattels, we again got under way, and shortly afterwards encountered a pretty heavy swell, which was rolling into the river, across the bar at its mouth. Then began the most frightful scene of sea-sickness I ever beheld.

Never have I witnessed such a multitude of miserable faces congregated in one small spot, or listened to such groans of agony. The deck of a line-of-battle ship, after a hard-fought action, could hardly present a more dreadful scene. Glad was I to escape from the disgusting spectacle, and land once more at Cadiz.

Beautiful Cadiz! Welcome once more thy shady streets, cool sea-breeze, and fruit-perfumed air!

Cadiz is a name not unknown in the annals of British war. On the 20th June 1596, the bay of Cadiz foamed under the keels of 170 armed English ships, commissioned by England's maiden Queen to avenge the insults of the misnamed Invincible Armada, and to prevent a repetition of the like offence. Gallantly they obeyed their queen's behest. The finest navy in the world was opposed to them, but behind it lay a fleet of galleons, and galleys, and merchantmen, freighted for the Indies; so that the thirst of glory, gold, and revenge, combined to render the English invincible. From dawn of day till noon the battle raged, and ended, like the affair at Vigo, by the Spaniards slipping their cables, running their ships ashore, and setting them on fire. The chivalrous Essex had been forbidden by Elizabeth to expose his precious life; but the rear suited ill his proud and gallant spirit, and forgetting the queen's prohibition and his own promise, tossing his hat into the sea in the madness of his impatience, he forced his ship into the thickest of the fight, and while yet the

battle raged on sea, landed his forces and stormed the town. The inhabitants were ordered to abandon their homes, every thing of value was conveyed on board the fleet, and Cadiz was committed to the flames and reduced to ashes. The Spaniards offered to ransom the merchant ships at Port Real with two millions of ducats; but the haughty Howard returned for answer, that he came to burn and not to sell. Besides the merchantmen captured in the bay, and the booty carried off from the town, the King of Spain lost two galleons, thirteen men of war, eleven ships freighted for the Indies, and thirteen others; also twelve hundred pieces of ordnance,\* and immense stores prepared for the intended expedition against England. The total loss of the Spanish government alone was estimated at twenty millions of ducats.†

The next occasion in which Cadiz figures in our history, reflects less credit on the British arms. On 23d August 1702, Sir George Rooke, with fifty ships of the line, English and Dutch, besides transports and small craft, amounting in all to 160 sail, entered the bay, in order to force the Spaniards to receive the Archduke Charles of Austria for their king. But Cadiz refused to surrender, and Villadarias replied proudly to the invitation to join the standard of the Archduke — “The Spaniards know not how to change their religion or their king.” But if the allies could not win honour, they won gold; they could not storm the

\* Stow.

† Rapin.

defences of Cadiz, but they could land and plunder the defenceless Port St Mary opposite. Port St Mary was then one of the richest commercial towns in Spain; so the English landed, plundered the town, rifled the churches, and then, abandoning the attempt upon Cadiz, sailed homewards, laden—says Colonel Stanhope—with a great deal of plunder and of infamy.\*

From the bay of Cadiz the ill-fated Villeneuve sailed with his gallant fleet, previous to the glorious battle of Trafalgar in 1805.

A few years later, Cadiz beheld the British and the Spaniards fighting side by side, during the memorable siege and blockade by the French, which lasted from February 6, 1810, to August 25, 1812.

Cadiz boasts of great antiquity, but no antiquities. Whatever remains of ancient days she may have once possessed, must have perished in the flames raised by the fiery Essex. She is an old friend with a new face—a modern town with a very ancient name. Its origin is traced to the Phœnicians, about 800 years before the Christian era. The Phœnicians called it Gader, the Romans Gades, and hence the modern Cadiz. It is consecrated in our schoolboy recollections as the abode of the triple-bodied monster Geryon, and the scene of the tenth labour of Hercules, who slew Geryon, and carried off his flocks to Tirynthus.

In the palmy days of Spanish trade and power,

\* Lord Mahon.

Cadiz was the great emporium of commerce, and the great station of the navy. The empty port of Cadiz, and the silent dockyard of Carraca, must be melancholy objects to a Spanish patriot. It was in 1720 that the American trade, of which Seville had the entire monopoly for two hundred years, was transferred to Cadiz. Her commerce was then the envy of the world. But her day of prosperity was not of long duration. In 1778, the monopoly was removed, and all Spanish ports—with the exception of those of Biscay—admitted to the advantages of the great western market. A more severe blow than this occurred soon after, when the wealthy Carraca fleet, valued at £200,000, fell into the hands of Lord Rodney in 1780. Notwithstanding these misfortunes, and after these repeated blows, Cadiz is represented as being able to maintain an export trade to America, in produce, to the amount of three millions and a half sterling; while her imports from America amounted to upwards of eight millions sterling in money and jewels alone, besides nearly three millions in merchandise.

In those days Cadiz usually boasted of six or seven hundred merchantmen in her port; so that it was necessary to allot to them different stations, according to the different countries to which they traded. Thus the merchant ships from the various European ports were moored abreast of the town. The canal of Trocadero, the entrance of which is defended by the two forts of Matagorda and St Louis, was ap-

pointed for the reception of the galleons and other vessels trading with America and the Indies. At the head of this narrow channel stands Puerto Real, with the merchant magazines, arsenals, and docks; and following the same channel to the east, passing betwixt the little island of St Augustin and the mainland, we come to Carraca, once the most famous navy-yard in the world.

The wealth of commerce and the glory of war have alike passed away from Cadiz and from Spain. Trocadero and Carraca are alike desolate, deserted, and ruinous. Rapid though the decline of her commercial prosperity has been, it has been almost surpassed by the speedy fall of her naval power. Towards the close of the last century, there were upwards of five thousand five hundred shipwrights employed in the now silent dockyard of Carraca.\* Spain could then boast of nearly one hundred and twenty ships of war, varying in force from 112 to 34 guns, (besides smaller vessels;) and of these ten carrying 112 guns, and sixty from 94 to 34.

The decay of Spanish trade and power forms one of the most remarkable features in modern history. It is easy to trace the decline of this great nation, and mark the successive steps of her fall from the pinnacle of power to her present abasement; and we may imagine that in each step of degradation we can detect the cause of the succeeding one. But however

\* *Summer in Andalusia.*

the Christian may investigate secondary causes, he has no difficulty in tracing both her rise and fall to the good pleasure of Him who doth according to his will in the armies of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth; while, in her present state, he observes another of the but too abundant proofs of the destructive tendency of sin, and another illustration of a truth confirmed by the history of the world, that however the final reward and punishment of men as individuals may be reserved for an hereafter, nations as such are punished or rewarded here.

The situation of Cadiz is very singular. It occupies the low flat termination of a long narrow tongue of land projecting from the Isle of Leon. It covers the whole of a little peninsula connected with the tongue of land aforesaid by a narrow neck, which is very strongly fortified. Beyond this, the sand-bank (for it is little better) expands to about half a mile in breadth, but, at the distance of about two miles and a half from Cadiz, contracts again to a narrow *chaussée*, resembling an artificial dike, with the waves of the Atlantic on one hand, and the bay of Puntal on the other. This narrow strip gradually expands again so as to form the Isle of Leon, which is separated from the mainland by a narrow channel, and is connected with it by the ancient bridge of Zuazo. The town is surrounded by the sea except at one point, and here no labour or expense has been spared to render it impregnable. The fortifications of the sea-line are also very formidable. The bay of Cadiz

is formed on the east by a broad strip of land projecting from the Spanish coast, at right angles to that on which the town is situated, and separated from it by a narrow strait, which unites the bay of Cadiz to the bay of Puntal. On the extremity of this strip of land stands Fort Matagorda, from which Marshal Victor bombarded Cadiz in 1810-12. The ramparts of Cadiz form a most delightful promenade, exposed to the cooling sea-breeze, and commanding charming views of the bay and the surrounding country, with Rota and Puerto de S. Maria, and the mouth of the Guadalete, on the opposite shore.

There are few objects of interest of any kind in Cadiz. The new cathedral is the only building deserving of notice. It is a vast pile, serving to show how the best materials, admirable workmanship, and great beauty in detail, may, in the hands of an unskilful architect, be employed in such a manner as to present a mass of deformity. One is loth to condemn as a whole an edifice presenting so many beauties in detail. It would seem as if the architect had endeavoured to unite two things utterly incompatible, the heavy and imposing majesty of the Gothic with the lightness and grace of the Grecian. The cumbersome cornice, in itself a very beautiful piece of workmanship, is singularly out of place; and the magnificent columns of the nave, of pure white marble, though well-proportioned, are heavy, unwieldy masses, unredeemed by their rich Corinthian capitals and beautifully sculptured bases. The eight columns of

the choir are of the beautiful Tortosa marble. Owing to deficiency of funds, this cathedral has been a very long time in building. It was begun in 1720, and is not yet quite finished.

The Capuchin convent contains some fine pictures by Murillo. The most pleasing of these is the St Francis, which bears a strong family likeness to the St Anthony of the Seville cathedral. The saint is kneeling before the Saviour, and the face has all that indescribable charm of expression in the development of which Murillo is unrivaled.

Whence does it happen, that amid the unnumbered host of scriptural paintings and representations of saints and holy men of every degree, we so seldom see any thing like a faithful portraiture of the Christian graces? Is it because the coarser and more prominent lineaments of human character are more easily seized by the artist?—or because the artist himself has no experience of their existence, or appreciation of their beauty? Both may be true. It is pleasing to know that Murillo, whose superiority to almost all other artists in this respect is so conspicuous, himself exemplified in his conduct many of the virtues which he has so beautifully embodied in his paintings. He is said to have been a man of a remarkably blameless life, and of a peculiarly humble, mild, gentle, and benevolent disposition—all which leads us to entertain the gratifying hope, that he had found in his own heart at least the elements of those divine graces, the representation of which he has so often conveyed to

his canvass ; and that the superhuman perfection with which he often invested the subjects of his pencil, was but the faithful picture of his own believing anticipations.

There is another picture of Murillo's in the Capuchin convent, which awakens a very different train of reflections.

The altar-piece represents the marriage of St Catharine ; it is surmounted by the figure of the Almighty in the act of blessing the nuptials. The wings or side-pieces are also by Murillo. The only interest attached to this picture arises from the circumstance, that it was the last at which this great man ever worked, and was the cause of his death. It is said, that while engaged on this picture he stepped back to consider his work, and fell from the scaffolding. He recovered so far as to be able to return to his native place, Seville ; but the injuries he received proved ultimately fatal, and he expired a few months after the accident in the year 1682. The picture was, therefore, unfinished ; and the design is all that belongs to Murillo. Of this there is abundant evidence in the picture itself ; for a poorer piece of colouring was never honoured by so great a name. But were the painting ever so fine, the subject renders it worse than ridiculous ; and the representation of the Father Eternal above it, renders it in my eyes impious, if not blasphemous. Amid all the mummeries and absurdities in Popish churches abroad, there are few things more revolting to

Christian feeling, than the frequent, and often disgusting representations of God the Father. In the hands of Murillo the subject might at least assume all the dignity which human genius could impart to it, though for the very mightiest genius to attempt to soar to such a height as to form a conception of the everlasting God, is presumption and folly; but to attempt to exhibit that awful Being divested of the clouds and thick darkness by which he is shrouded from mortal eye, and to represent him under the form of a worm of the dust, is gross and fearful profanation. The second person of the glorious Trinity has indeed humbled himself to a union with flesh and blood; and perhaps the most glorious and spirit-stirring object within the reach of human art, is to represent the Man Christ Jesus as God manifest in the flesh, and bearing on his very human nature the stamp of the divine. But though the Son is thus brought down, as it were, to the level of our feeble comprehension, and placed within the range of our bodily senses, the Father remains enshrined in glory inconceivable, "dwelling in that light which no man can approach unto; neither hath any man seen him, nor can see." Well, then, does the prophet ask of the idolaters of his time—and may not the same question be proposed to the idolaters of ours?—"To whom will ye liken God? Or what likeness will ye compare unto him?"

There are several admirable charitable institutions in Cadiz. The most remarkable of these is the

Hospicio, which owes its present admirable organization to the famous Count O'Reilly. It is described as a perfect model for establishments of the kind. It seems to be conducted on the most liberal principles, and is open to sufferers of every class and nation. The poor and destitute here find work and food; the aged and helpless rest and comfort; orphans and deserted children a home. It comprehends also a Magdalen and Lunatic Asylum. The number of inmates at one time is said to vary from 800 to 1000.

The female hospital is an admirable establishment. There is an annual exhibition of this institution of a very singular description, which I had an opportunity of witnessing. The doors are thrown open to the public, and the couches of the sick are ranged on each side of a long well-aired hall, leaving space between the rows for the crowd of visitors. It is a singular spectacle. The abode of sickness and suffering converted for the time into a gay and lively public promenade, and thronged with all the beauty and fashion of Cadiz! At the gate of the patio a tray is presented for charity entrance-money, and at the top of each staircase are seated a bevy of lovely Gaditanas, tray in hand, which they tap loudly with their fans as visitors approach, to attract attention and demand contributions. With laughing lips, and bright eyes, and arch looks, the appeal was made—nor made in vain; for their little salvers were well filled with money. It was dinner-time, and the

attendants were bustling about, conveying the simple or nutritious food from the kitchen to the beds of the sufferers. Every thing was in excellent order and beautifully clean, the bed linen and dresses of the patients white as snow. It was any thing but a melancholy scene. The poor sick women, with few exceptions, looked cheerful, and apparently enjoyed the gayety around them, and the visitors were all life and laughter. I found a party of my English friends gay, and merry, and laughing as the rest. And this an hospital! We were walking betwixt files of our sick and suffering, perhaps dying, fellow-creatures! In spite of myself I felt sad at heart, and turned aside to one of the least frequented parts of the building. I stopped before the bed of a fair girl—she appeared to be about seventeen years old. From her blue eyes and fair hair, one might have thought her a child of the north. Her face and lips were ashy pale. Her look was sad; but occasionally her eye brightened, and a faint smile played on her lip, as some gay party passed her sick-bed. Her features were delicately beautiful, though rendered thin and sharp from suffering. She appeared like one from whose heart life was slowly but surely ebbing. Had she any to speak to her the words of the life to come? No doubt the priest would visit her. Would he speak to her of Jesus? Would he forget the Virgin and the saints, and bid her trust her soul to the Son of God? Would he speak to her of the one only Mediator and Intercessor, and tell her of his

love for sinners—love unspeakable—of his joy in their salvation, of his grief for their ruin? I have known such a priest, and some such there may be here, who in some measure know the truth, and would not cheat the dying, or beguile them from the only refuge set before them in the gospel, for a bishop's mitre or the Papal crown. God grant, poor girl! that such a priest may be commissioned to visit thee.

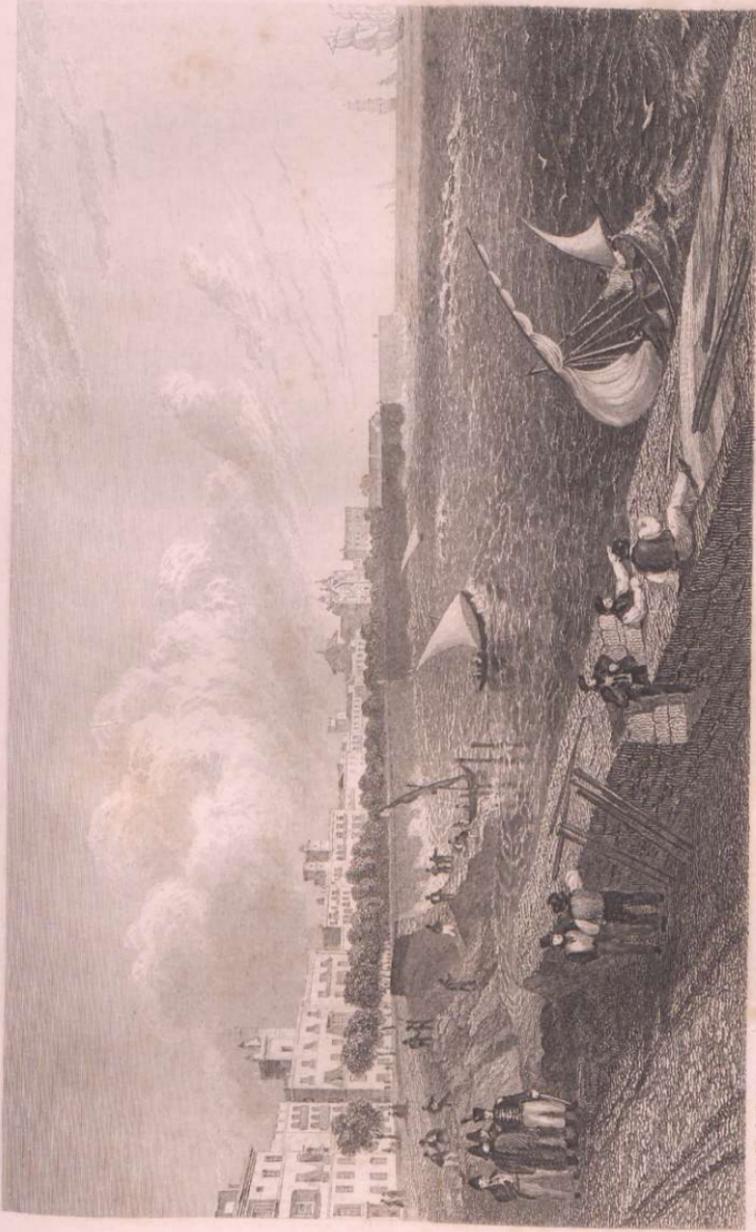
*July 17.*—The Signal Tower is uniformly recommended as the best position for obtaining a view of Cadiz and its environs. From this tower may be seen one of the finest marine prospects in Europe. On one hand the wide stretch of the Atlantic; on the other, the semicircular bay of Cadiz, with its numberless boats and shipping; and behind the narrow strait of the Puntals, the bay of Puntal with its numerous islands, and the long natural breakwater which connects Cadiz with the Isle of Leon—presenting a singular mixture of land and water. Then, on the opposite side of the bay, the sun is flashing on the white houses of Rota and Puerto Santa Maria. Forts, some in good repair, and more in ruins, occupy every point of land; and in the background appears a wide sandy waste, whose monotony is here and there interrupted by masses of forest.

The view of Cadiz itself from the signal tower is very striking. Being considerably higher than any other building in the town, we look down on the

roofs of the houses, and even into the patios of those in the immediate neighbourhood. All the houses have flat roofs, surrounded by a parapet wall; and very few are without a *mirador*, or square turret, rising to a considerable height above the rest of the building, in order to catch the cool sea-breeze. Not only are the walls of the houses whitened, but the roofs also are covered with a white cement, so that the appearance of the town at mid-day is dazzling to the eyes.

Cadiz is beholden to the famous Count O'Reilly for much of its beauty. It was under his administration that the filth which so disgusted Swinburne disappeared, and Cadiz assumed her present elegant appearance. The new alameda and the gardens at the land port were also designed by him; and under his direction the streets were paved, many unsightly buildings removed, and new elegant houses erected.

Having promised to visit an English wine-merchant at Puerto de Santa Maria, I hastened to the quay just in time to be too late for the steamer. Finding several others in the same predicament, we jointly hired one of the large boats which are continually plying on the bay, hoisted the graceful lateen sail, and scudded rapidly before the wind. An English gentleman from Gibraltar, a Spaniard and his wife, composed our party. The wind was fresh, and a considerable swell was setting into the bay, which threw the poor woman into the most



Drawn by John's Col. Bailey

Engraved by J. Phillips

*Cork*

frightful agonies of terror. At times she seemed almost distracted, shrieking, weeping, wringing her hands, and calling now on the Mother of God, and now on Pepé, her husband; and sometimes clutching hold of my arm with a strength and tenacity of gripe which rendered her neighbourhood any thing but agreeable. In one of her lucid intervals, observing that I had shifted my seat so as to be beyond the reach of her tender embrace, she related a story which happened to her at sea in similar circumstances, which was received by her husband and the boat's crew with shouts of laughter, but which was of a nature calculated to reflect very little honour on the modesty of the Spanish female character.

There is a dangerous bar at the mouth of the river Guadalete, on which the town of Puerto de Santa Maria is situated. Many a bark has been swamped there, and many a life lost. When the waves succeed in sweeping the boat upon the bar and upsetting it, the stoutest swimmer has no hope; for though at no great distance from the shore, the bar being a quicksand, he is instantly engulfed. It used to be customary for the boatmen on passing the bar, to doff their hats, mutter a prayer, and then make a collection nominally for masses for the souls of those who had perished here. This, with many other superstitious observances in this country, has disappeared.

The Guadalete at Port St Mary is a fine river, and is navigable for small craft some leagues above the town. The produce of the sherry vineyards is floated

down this river from Xeres to Port St Mary, and thence shipped for the foreign market. It was near Xeres that was fought the decisive battle which, towards the end of the seventh century, decided the fate of Spain, and gave the almost undisputed possession of the Peninsula to the Saracens. Roderick, the last of the Goths, is said by some Spanish historians to have perished in the Guadalete.

Near the mouth of the Guadalete stands Puerto de Santa Maria, about two leagues across the bay from Cadiz. It is a straggling town, with long straight streets covered with sand, which, when the wind blows, sweeps through every passage in clouds. It seems to have few attractions, except its immense wine-cellars and hospitable wine-merchants. On landing, I was received with much kindness by Don Francesco H—, my late laughter-loving and noisy messmate of the Royal Tar, and conducted to visit some of the principal wine-stores, where I was under the necessity of mouthing an infinite variety of sherries, until my palate was utterly incapable of distinguishing betwixt Amontillado and butter-milk.

These immense repositories, wine-stores rather than wine-cellars, are lofty buildings, roofed with tiles, destitute of any contrivance to counteract the variation of temperature, which is even considered to be favourable to the flavour of the wine. Port St Mary, owing to its proximity to the sea, is considered a better depot for the wine trade than Xeres,

and many of the most extensive exporters have now their establishments here. I visited several of them. One of these, the largest in Port St Mary, is an immense establishment. It consists of two long ranges, of great height, supported on lofty brick arches. Each range contains 2500 butts of sherry, making 5000 butts in this single establishment. The casks are piled horizontally, one tier above another, generally three or four tiers high.

None of the sherries in general use at home are perfectly pure wines. They are all mixed with a very small quantity of brandy; and the darker-coloured are mixed with a preparation of the wine itself, produced by boiling it down to one-fifth of its bulk. The wine thus prepared is very dark in the colour, very pleasant to the taste, but exceedingly heavy. Owing to the quantity of wine required in its preparation, it is very costly, and is never used except to mix with other wines. Of this boiled wine a greater or lesser quantity is added to the other wine, according as it is desired to produce a dark brown, golden-coloured, or straw-coloured sherry. In this manner, a great variety is produced, which is increased without end by the great variety in the flavour of the original wine itself.

Pale sherry is therefore always the purest wine, having undergone the least doctoring. But the only absolutely pure wine is Amontillado, which is so delicate that it will not bear the smallest mixture of brandy. This sort is very little known in Scot-

land. The finer qualities are very high-priced. It is pale in the colour, peculiarly dry and high-flavoured. The flavour is very peculiar, quite unlike that of other sherry, and, I am told, is not so much relished in England. Among the wine-merchants here it is immeasurably preferred to all other kinds, both on account of its flavour, and as being much better suited to the climate; the brandied and prepared sherries being considered heating. It is remarked that the English, on their arrival at Cadiz or Gibraltar, generally prefer the wine they have been accustomed to at home; but their taste speedily undergoes a change.

The most singular circumstance regarding the Amontillado is, that, in the finest sorts, its peculiar flavour and difference in quality from other wines are the result of accident, or at least of circumstances with which the grower himself is perfectly unacquainted, and over which he has no control.\* It is produced from the same vineyards and the same grapes, and by identically the same process, as the common sherry; and when the grower comes to examine the produce of his fields in the cask, he probably finds, that out of a large number of butts he has several of the full Amontillado flavour, a few more of the same possessing less of this particular flavour, and all the rest wine of the ordinary descrip-

\* Mr Inglis states, that Amontillado is also frequently produced intentionally, which is accomplished by simply plucking the grapes a fortnight earlier than for sherry.—*Spain in 1830.*

tion. This happens without his being in the slightest degree able to account for it.

After visiting the principal wine-stores, I was carried by my friends to dine at a posada, for the purpose of affording me a specimen of native cookery, of which as yet I had no opportunity of judging; as in the English hotels at Seville and Cadiz, as well as in the elegant and hospitable mansion of the British consul, there was nothing peculiarly Spanish presented at table. If the posada of Port St Mary affords a fair criterion of the state of culinary science in Spain, both the epicure and the valetudinarian ought to eschew the Peninsula; for more execrable inventions than the Spanish stews on which it was my fortune to dine this day, cannot well be imagined; and, notwithstanding my habits of total abstinence from wine and spirituous liquors, I was fain to wash down the unsavoury mess with a few glasses of good Val de Penhas. The agonies of my uninitiated palate afforded considerable amusement to my merry entertainers, who seemed to enjoy exceedingly the good things set before them.

Having spent a very pleasant day at Port St Mary, finding myself again too late for the steamer, I embarked in a sail-boat, and in three quarters of an hour landed at Cadiz.

There are great preparations at Port St Mary for a bull-fight to-morrow. This great national and most savage amusement is still the delight of the Spaniard's heart; and the day chosen for this scene of

wanton barbarity, is almost uniformly the day which the Lord commands to be kept sacred to himself.

“ The Sabbath comes, a day of blessed rest ;  
 What hallows it upon this Christian shore ?  
 Lo ! It is sacred to a solemn feast ;  
 Hark ! heard ye not the forest-monarch’s roar ?  
 Crashing the lance, he snuffs the spouting gore  
 Of man and steed, o’erthrown beneath his horn ;  
 The throng’d arena shakes with shouts for more ;  
 Yells the mad crowd o’er entrails freshly torn,  
 Nor shrinks the female eye, nor even affects to mourn.

“ Such the ungentle sport that oft invites  
 The Spanish maid, and cheers the Spanish swain ;  
 Nurtured in blood betimes, his heart delights  
 In vengeance, gloating on another’s pain.  
 What private feuds the troubled village stain !  
 Though, now one phalanx’d host should meet the foe,  
 Enough alas ! in humble homes remain,  
 To meditate ’gainst friends the secret blow  
 For some slight cause of wrath, whence life’s warm stream  
 must flow.” \*

Such is the commentary on these barbarous sports by no thin-skinned moralist. There can be little doubt of their tendency to foster the natural ferocity of the Spanish character. The Spaniard’s taste for blood is doubtless both their cause and their effect. I am not aware of any excuse for this savage diversion, unless it be the same that is sometimes urged in defence of the boxing-matches of England—viz. that they cherish manliness and courage among the people. It is very easy to see how both the bull-fight and the ring may cherish brutality among the

\* *Childe Harold.*

people ; but it is a foul libel on Old England to pretend that her bold and true-hearted children require any such unmanly and unchristian pastimes to preserve their manliness and courage. As for the Spaniards, they have proved themselves brave men on many a hard-fought field ; but who proved themselves the stoutest-hearted on the bloody plain of Toulouse?—the soldiers of Spain, whose courage had been nourished in the bull-ring, but who nevertheless fled before the troops of France so fast as to draw from Wellington the exclamation, that he had never seen such a race before—or the plaided warriors of the North, whose hearts would have sickened at the sight of horses gored and dying, yet urged by the ferocious picadore to charge again the panting and wounded bull—who would have turned back with loathing and disgust from the savage spectacle, but who turned not back in the day of battle until they had swept the conquerors of Spain before them—who needed nothing to nerve their hearts but the native daring of their race, and no stimulant to their courage but the wild pibroch of their far distant hills, and the gallant cheer of their gallant comrades? Ferocity may be cherished by the bull-fight ; but ferocity is far oftener to be found in cowards than in the brave.

I have never witnessed a bull-fight, and probably I never shall. I could, indeed, hope for no gratification from it. Apart altogether from the unhallowed nature of the entertainment, it must present a scene abhorrent to every feeling of humanity ; for I find

that all who are new to such amusements describe the bull-fight as a most disgusting spectacle. The most odious part of the diversion consists in the sufferings of the poor blindfolded horses, which are fearfully gored and mangled, and are seen spurred to the charge with their bowels protruding from their wounded sides, ay—horrible as it is even to mention—trampling on their own entrails, and dragging them still further out of their mangled bodies by their dying efforts to obey the spur of their brutal riders.

Some British officers have just arrived at Cadiz, for the purpose of being present in the Plaza to-morrow at Port St Mary. Strange inconsistency! These young men would justly consider that I should disgrace my profession as a minister of the gospel by being present on such an occasion, and yet they do not reflect how they disgrace their profession as Christians by such a public and unblushing violation of the day of rest. The infidel, who rejects the obligations of Christianity altogether; the ignorant Papist, who knows nothing of the Bible, and is taught to regard the Sabbath as a day set apart for amusement; and even the Protestant, who conscientiously believes the Sabbath to be a mere Jewish institution, and the fourth commandment of the Decalogue a singular intrusion of a commandment relating to a temporary ritual observance into a code of moral laws of permanent obligation—all these, in neglecting the Sabbath, however erroneously and sinfully, act at least consistently with their profession. But what shall we say of those who

believe in the permanent obligation of the fourth commandment, and recognise the divine institution of the Christian Sabbath, and yet knowingly, deliberately, and systematically violate it? Alas! this sin is chargeable on nine-tenths of our travelling countrymen and countrywomen on the continent of Europe. Judging by their conduct, one might suppose that they consider themselves absolved from all obligation to obey God's commandments the moment they cross the Channel. Dances in Paris, gambling-tables in Germany, Popish ceremonies and raree-shows in Rome, bull-fights at Cadiz or Seville, and theatres and operas all over Europe, are the unfailing resources of Protestant Christians on that day of which God hath said, "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy."

## CHAPTER V.

Sunday in Cadiz—Religious provision for sailors—The Consul—Ambassadors and consuls—Embark for Gibraltar—Night—Sky of Andaluca and of Naples—Phosphoric Coruscations—Steam conveyance—Spanish steamers—Caution—The moon—Bay of Gibraltar—Gibraltar Rock—Prospects.

*July 18.*—I was disappointed in my expectation of a steamer for Gibraltar in time for my Sabbath duties there this day. I have thus been detained at Cadiz longer than I wished ; but I trust this delay has not been altogether unprofitable. Most of the English inhabitants and strangers had been drawn to Puerto Santa Maria by the attractions of the bullfight. Nevertheless, Mr Brackenbury assembled a small congregation, consisting chiefly of the masters of English ships, in a large apartment in his house which he uses as a chapel, availing himself of the services of clergymen who may happen to visit Cadiz, and reading prayers himself on other occasions.

There is perhaps no class of British subjects who are left so entirely to the freedom of their own will in religious matters as our brave sailors. With too much truth it may be said of them, that no one careth for their souls. Much has been done for them in

some of our own sea-ports, but even in the greater proportion of these there is no clergyman whose peculiar duty it is to attend to them. At sea nothing can be done for them, except by supplying them with Bibles and tracts. In many of the most frequented foreign ports there are British chaplains; but I doubt if they generally consider it to be a part of their duty to visit the shipping, and either preach to the sailors on board, or urge them to attend the house of prayer on shore. In many of these ports, however, there is no English chaplain stationed, and neither British sailors, visitors, nor residents have any opportunity of hearing the gospel preached, were they ever so willing. Indeed, I am not aware of a single resident British clergyman at any one of the Spanish ports. Surely something might and ought to be done to remedy this evil. To the English Colonial Church Society a great debt of gratitude is due from thousands of British subjects on the continent of Europe. This society has not been many years in existence; but, besides its extensive colonial operations, it has already placed some zealous and faithful ministers in several of the most important stations of the Continent. I trust their attention will soon be directed to Spain. The communication betwixt Seville and Cadiz is so regular and expeditious, that these two places and Port St Mary might easily be comprehended in one charge; and betwixt the merchants and their families residing at these three places, those employed at the manufactories in Seville, and the continual influx

of visitors and seamen at Cadiz, there would be ample employment for an active minister. I have no doubt that many of the British merchants would gladly contribute to his support; and I am sure the society would find a zealous co-operator in any negotiations for this end in Mr Brackenbury, the consul-general at Cadiz.

Having twice mentioned this gentleman's name, I cannot allow it to pass a third time without expressing my grateful acknowledgments to him for the kindness and hospitality I received under his roof. A solitary unknown invalid, I had little claim on his attention; but it was precisely to such a person that his attentions were most valuable. Having some little bodily ills to bear up against, and some heaviness of heart likewise, the hospitality I met with in the consul's family was of no small service to me; and though it will be allowed, on Horace's authority, that

— “ Neque consularis  
Summovet licitor miseros tumultus  
Mentis, et curas laqueata circùm  
Tecta volantes.” \*

Yet are there few things more successful in producing this desired effect, than the charms to be found in the society of a lively and amiable family, and in the conversation of a man of genuine refinement and of

\* “ Nor can the consul's power control  
The sickly tumults of the soul,  
Or bid the cares to stand aloof  
That hover round the vaulted roof.”

FRANCIS.

a highly cultivated mind. I have had some opportunities at different times of experiencing the attention of British consuls abroad, especially in Spain, Sicily, and on the barbarous coast of Africa, and gladly avail myself of this opportunity of bearing testimony to the uniform courtesy and kindness exercised by these gentlemen towards all classes of her Majesty's subjects; and having observed the very considerable expenditure to which they are inevitably exposed by their official situation and their own gentlemanly feelings, I am able cordially to subscribe to the remarks of Mr Inglis respecting the ungenerous complaints which are often heard of the high emoluments of British consuls; which remarks of Mr Inglis appear likewise to have been suggested by witnessing the generous hospitality of our excellent consul-general at Cadiz. Consuls are certainly no more bound to invite to their tables every wanderer who may bring them letters of introduction than mercantile gentlemen are, (who, as far as my experience goes, generally limit their attentions to the expenditure of some civil words and a polite bow;) but their own liberal minds, and perhaps a high sense of what may be expected from a representative of the British government, will not suffer them to be niggard in the exercise of British hospitality on a foreign shore; and surely, as Mr Inglis adds, "it is not for the respectability of the British monarchy that these feelings should be entirely repressed." Lord Londonderry, in a late publication, passes some

pretty severe strictures on the stinted hospitality of some British ambassadors in foreign capitals, though, he says, enjoying large emoluments for the very purpose of meeting the extraordinary expenses to which their situation exposes them, but which they sometimes contrive to avoid—thus deriving no little gain from funds intended to support the respectability of the British name. It is easy for the ambassador or minister to do this, by keeping himself at a distance from his countrymen; but the consul has not this in his power. He is continually brought into contact with them in his official capacity, in such circumstances, that a man of generous heart and gentlemanly feelings may often find it difficult to avoid extending his hospitality beyond what his duties might render necessary, or his prudence allow to be requisite.

Hardly had I concluded addressing my little congregation at the British consulate, and retired to my hotel to refresh myself, when I received a message from Mr Brackenbury, intimating that the Montrose, Peninsular steam-packet, was in sight, and would sail from Cadiz for Gibraltar that evening; but that I should have sufficient time to dine with him beforehand. Having settled all my worldly affairs in Cadiz—or, in plain words, having paid my bill at Mr Wall's hotel—having dined with, and taken leave of the kind and hospitable consul, with many kind expressions on his part, and many warm acknowledgments on mine, I embarked about half-

past seven o'clock, and immediately we weighed anchor, and bade farewell to Cadiz.

It is a lovely night!—a night of beauty utterly unknown to northern skies, and especially to northern seas. It is on such a night that we realize the beauty of that comparison in the Hebrew melody—

“ She walks in beauty like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies ;  
And all that's best of dark and bright  
Meet in her aspect and her eyes :  
Thus mellow'd to that tender light  
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.”

I have never seen the moonless heaven more brilliant, or the ocean more sparkling, than to-night. The sweet atmosphere of Naples and Sicily is softer, and to my eye more beautiful, than that of Andalusia, but certainly not so bright. The admirers of the Andalusian sky talk with enthusiasm of its unequalled brilliancy, and give it the palm over the comparatively hazy atmosphere of Italy. Now, that haze is the very beauty of Italy; it is that which imparts the singular softness to the Italian sky, and the mellow, yet most gorgeous, colouring to an Italian sunset. It is that which creates the lucid obscurity which Claude has known so well to throw over his landscapes, and which mellows into perfect and indescribable beauty the rocks and hills, and woods and waters. Gloriously brilliant as is the sky of Andalusia, it imparts none of that rich mellow tone to the landscape beneath it from which Italian

scenery derives more than one half its charm. I have been especially disappointed in the sunset of Spain. During the short time I have been in Spain and on the coast, the sun has gone down from a perfectly cloudless sky of matchless brilliancy. There were none of those golden clouds which attend the setting sun in Italy, and none of that warm haze which settles on the horizon, and which, catching and refracting his latest beams, sheds such a softened glory, such a flood of ruby light, as I have often seen with admiration bathing the rocks of Sorrento or the lofty cone of *Ætna*. I can never forget the glorious sunsets I have witnessed among the Lipari Islands. One night especially, having amused ourselves the whole day hunting the loggerhead turtle,\* towards evening we approached Stromboli, that magnificent natural "lighthouse of the deep." The gigantic cone of this singular volcano, with Le Saline, Lipari, Vulcano, and innumerable other islets, scattered in romantic confusion to the southward, were glowing with all the softest, richest, yet most delicate dyes of heaven; while the rocky coast of Sicily, with the majestic snowy summit of *Ætna* towering above it,

\* *Chelonia caretta*, also called the loggerhead turtle—a very inferior animal, in a gastronomic point of view, to the *Chelonia mydas*, or green turtle. Nevertheless, however an alderman may shudder at such a picture of savage life, we had nothing else to furnish forth the luxuries of our table for some days but loggerhead turtles. We cut the poor animals' throats with a blunt hatchet, and boiled them in an earthen pot, seasoning with salt and pepper. The method we pursued in catching them was curious. Keeping a good look-out, we could observe at a considerable distance something dark floating on the sunny sea. This is the turtle asleep. We run the boat cautiously alongside, taking care not to

formed the background of one of the loveliest pictures the eye of mortal ever gazed upon. We ran the boat on the sandy beach of Stromboli, that the men, who had toiled all day at the oar, might sleep. The sun set; and what a night of matchless beauty succeeded that glorious sunset! The calm, glassy, silent ocean, clear as crystal, and tranquil as a slumbering infant—the low ripple of the wavelets on the smooth sandy beach—the sweet perfume of “flowers yet fresh with childhood” from the shore—the distant roar of the never slumbering volcano—the vast blaze of light, reflected for leagues and leagues along the bright mirror of waters—the sweetness of the balmy air, and the matchless beauty of the clear starry sky. No; Andaluca, with all the boasted glories of her brilliant sky, never saw such sunset—never saw such night. And yet it may be that now, under the sky of Andaluca, I have a colder, duller eye, and a mind less alive to the beauties of nature than in former times. Time and care may perhaps deaden one’s sensibilities. I cannot tell. I give my impressions as I felt them.

come betwixt the game and the sun. One of the party strips, and stands ready on the gunwale. The moment we are near enough to make sure of our prey, he springs into the sea, catching hold of the turtle at the same instant by the hind legs or fins. If he succeeds in seizing these, the prize is won; but if he misses, he had better let the animal go, for his beak is of immense power, and he is a most dangerous antagonist in his own element. The loggerhead is a bold fellow, and strong withal. He will not scruple to attack a young crocodile at the mouth of the Nile, and will snap a walking-stick of ordinary dimensions in two, by a single stroke of his jaws. He defends himself vigorously both with beak and claws; but if firmly grasped by the hind legs, being unable to turn on his enemy, he is defenceless.

One singular beauty in this part of the Atlantic I do not remember to have seen in equal perfection in any part of the Mediterranean—I mean the phosphoric coruscations, or whatever men of science may term this beautiful phenomenon, which illuminate the ocean at night when the water is in agitation. I have never seen this light more brilliant or more beautiful than to-night.

Steam-conveyance, in all places where it is to be met with so invaluable for the traveller's accommodation, is peculiarly so on the coasts of Spain and Portugal. The communication betwixt Oporto, Lisbon, and Cadiz, formerly a matter of so much difficulty and danger, now offers a most safe and agreeable excursion. The journey from Cadiz to Gibraltar by land is about one hundred miles—occupying two days, or two days and a half, on horseback—over a trackless country, destitute of inns or any convenience, beset by hordes of banditti, and without any attraction to indemnify for the fatigue and danger. Now, circumstances are so altered, that eight or ten hours are sufficient; and the traveller falls asleep in the bay of Cadiz, and awakes next morning in the bay of Gibraltar. Besides the Peninsular steam-packets from England, there are small steamers which ply betwixt Cadiz, Gibraltar, and Malaga; and there are several companies (French, Spanish, and Italian) whose vessels regularly make the tour of the coast from Cadiz to Marseilles; some of them continuing the voyage down the Italian coast as far as Naples, and then

to Sicily and Malta. These vessels touch at every port of consequence on their route, generally contriving to sail in the evening, and remaining in port all day, and sometimes for two or even three days, (as I believe at Barcelona,) so as to afford time for mercantile passengers to transact their business, and for tourists to visit the curiosities of the different towns on the coast. On the Italian coast, they never remain longer than a single day at each port; but owing to the vast number of steamers now plying betwixt Marseilles and the Italian ports, this is no inconvenience. The fares are generally extravagantly high; but one circumstance worthy of notice, and which does not readily suggest itself to an Englishman accustomed to the *prix fixé* of all public conveyances in his own country, is the singular facility with which the fare may be greatly reduced, often by a third or even more, merely by playing off one company against another. There is no part of the world where opposition has been more requisite in public conveyance than in the Mediterranean; and as there is now a great deal, there is little doubt there will be a great improvement, both in point of expense and of cleanliness. The Spanish steamers plying betwixt Cadiz and Marseilles are represented as being frightfully filthy, and affording rare and singular facilities for the study of entomology, at least in the three interesting branches—the genus *Pulex*, the genus *Cimex*, and the genus *Pediculus*—(blessings on the Latin! it helps one over with some ugly words occasionally.) The last-

mentioned interesting family (as men of science call them) seem to differ in some important respects from their British correlatives, being more discursive in their habits, greater travellers in fact, citizens of their own world at large, and not confining themselves to any particular locality—being also of a more penetrating genius, and possessing, in a remarkable degree, the organ of adhesiveness. Besides these interesting classes, there is also another to be met with on board these steamers—viz. a species of ant, which, though regarded with less disgust, is quite as hard to be borne with by flesh and blood as those already mentioned. I have known gentlemen travelling on board these steamers, who, rather than expose themselves to such evil communication in the cabin, carried hammocks with them, and had them slung on deck. This, however, except in the very depth of winter, is, in the sweet climate of the Mediterranean, not to be regarded with any apprehension, but, on the contrary, is the very pleasantest way of passing the night at sea. Many a sweet refreshing slumber have I enjoyed, with no roof betwixt me and the clear blue sky, and the fresh breath of night fanning my cheek.

One caution to travellers in the far south ought not to be neglected—avoid sleeping in the open air in the moonlight, with the face uncovered. This is a precaution never neglected by the natives of the East, among whom a belief in the hurtful effect of the moon's rays, especially on the head and eyes, is universal. This belief, the result of experience, ought not to be alto-

gether slighted, even by those who think themselves wiser. It is very common to regard this as a mere superstition, and to deny the possibility of the moon's rays producing any effect of the kind. A mere theoretical opinion, however, is not to be depended on, when opposed to the result of experience and observation. It is a fact, that the moonbeams in certain countries have a pernicious influence. It is known that in Bengal, for example, meat which has been exposed to the moonlight cannot be afterwards salted or cured, but will speedily go to corruption; whereas the same kind of meat, if sheltered from the moon, may be cured and preserved. Not only is this idea of the dangerous influence of the moon entertained by the semi-barbarous tribes of the East, but European shipmasters trading to the Mediterranean are firmly impressed with the same conviction; and they are cautioned against exposing themselves to the danger by their Sailing Guides, published in England. On one occasion, many years ago, I was on board a Maltese schooner commanded by an Englishman. We were off the coast of Africa; it was spring, and the weather delicious. It was a brilliant moonlight night, and I lay down to sleep near the poop, wrapped in my cloak. I was soon after awoke by a sense of suffocation, and found the cape of my cloak drawn close over my face. I removed it, and again fell asleep. The same thing occurred a second time, and again I rid myself of the encumbrance, when the captain of the vessel cautioned me against sleeping in the moon-

light with my face uncovered. I laughed at what I considered his simplicity; but, to confirm his opinion, he mentioned several instances in which the neglect of this precaution had been followed by very injurious consequences, and appealed to his Sailing Guide as authority. There I found the caution very strongly urged; and blindness, and even (if I mistake not) derangement, stated as the too frequent consequence of the moonbeams being allowed to beat for any length of time on the head and eyes during sleep. I returned to my couch on deck, but took the precaution of fastening a handkerchief over my face, and remembered the beautiful words of the Psalmist,—“Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep. The Lord is thy keeper; the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand. The sun shall not smite thee by day, *nor the moon by night*. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; he shall preserve thy soul.” What Christian can read these words without emotion? or believe the promise without blessing Him who keepeth Israel—all the Israel of God? I lay me down to slumber, but He who keepeth me slumbereth not. In temporal and in spiritual danger he is with me; nor sun nor moon can smite but by his permission. The world of waters is around me, but they obey his voice. He commands the tempest, and makes the calm. Under the fiery heat of temptation he upholds me—under the blinding and blighting influence of sinful and worldly example he protects me—in doubt and difficulty he directs me—

in trouble and heaviness of heart he comforts me; wherefore "I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for thou, Lord, only makest me to dwell in safety."

*July 19.*—According to my directions I was called before four o'clock this morning, that I might see the approach to Gibraltar. When I reached the deck the ship was already in the bay—the far-famed rock on our right, Algeciraz and the Spanish mountains on the left; in front, the low narrow sandy isthmus which separates the bay of Gibraltar from the Mediterranean, and unites the rock to the Spanish continent; and behind us the lofty rocky chain of mountains beyond Tangiers. I confess that for some time my notions of the localities of Gibraltar were completely at fault. I could not distinctly comprehend how Africa should be where it is, or the Spanish shore where it is, or Gibraltar facing in the direction it does. Notwithstanding that I might have gathered a more correct notion of the locality from a single glance at the map, I had been unconsciously led by the accounts of travellers, and the common description of Gibraltar as commanding the straits, into the misconception that the town and batteries must face the straits which they are said to command. Whereas the town and batteries face the bay and the Spanish coast, with the exception of a small and apparently recently constructed battery at the southern extremity of the rock. The fort,

therefore, no more commands the Gut of Gibraltar than the batteries of Portsmouth do the Straits of Dover; and ships may pass and repass to and from the Mediterranean without asking the governor's permission.

The first aspect of this singular and renowned mountain on entering the bay is very striking. An immense oblong isolated mountain, apparently surrounded by water, near three miles long, and from twelve to fifteen hundred feet in height, sloping from the sea at an angle considerably upwards of  $45^{\circ}$ , and terminating in a sharp, craggy, and undulating ridge. The face of this slope is broken and craggy, and covered with a very scanty vegetation. Near the northern extremity, where the rock joins the land, stands the town, close huddled together and rising up the side of the steep. A strong line of fortification, bristling with cannon, extends the whole length from the spot where it joins the narrow sandy isthmus to the most southerly point where it projects into the ocean—a setting worthy of such a jewel. The bay appears to be about two or three miles across to Algeciraz, (a Spanish town opposite to Gibraltar,) but expands towards the entrance. At the head of the bay lie the shipping and a considerable number of small craft.

Doubling round the Thunderer, a line-of-battle ship now stationed in the bay, and a noble piece of British oak, we speedily come to anchor abreast of the town; and after the usual preliminaries with the

officials of the Health Office, we are permitted to land—no police demanding passports, no custom-house officers inspecting luggage or expecting bribes. “A British subject?” is the only question asked or answered; and without more ado, we are marched from the bustling quay through the bustling streets, to Mrs Crosby’s comfortable hotel. Foreigners, however, do not meet with the same ready admission. Two of my fellow-passengers, a Russian and a Portuguese, were stopped before the Water-port until they received the necessary guarantee from their respective consuls.

Early rising is quite a southern virtue, and nowhere more prevalent than in Gibraltar. I landed long before six o’clock, yet the whole town seemed astir, and every variety of costume figuring in the streets. Mr Kerferd, who had been kind enough to take charge of my luggage from Cadiz to Gibraltar, was out enjoying a morning ride, and an officer of the —— regiment was waiting at this early hour at the hotel to welcome me on my arrival.

And now I must resume the work of an evangelist, of a preacher of the everlasting gospel, in new and peculiar circumstances. During the few weeks I may be permitted in the providence of God to minister in this place, I shall doubtless have to encounter difficulties and discouragements of a different description from what I have been accustomed to. Still it is the same gospel which I must proclaim, it is still to sinners that I have to speak of the same

salvation, and it is on the grace of the same blessed Spirit that I must rely to render that gospel effectual. I may miss, in my ministrations among strangers, the encouragement and support I am wont to receive from those who love the Lord; yet the Lord may perhaps show me that he has much people here also. I may miss the familiar faces of my own beloved flock, and I may have to dread that my zeal, always weak and wavering, may become utterly lifeless when no longer nourished and animated by the peculiar affection which a gospel minister must ever bear to his own people. And yet there are, surely, other circumstances in my new situation which may counterbalance this deficiency. Those to whom I have now to speak are equally sinners, in danger of everlasting ruin, and whom I must warn to flee from the wrath to come. They are my native landmen equally with those I have left behind; and more than this, they are far from their home, in circumstances of peculiar temptation, in a profession which may frequently carry them beyond the reach of a preacher, and place them at a distance from the public means of grace. And if the consideration of these circumstances does not inspire me with new zeal for their spiritual welfare, and animate me with a fervent desire to improve to the utmost the present hour, and to impress the great doctrines of salvation on their hearts, now that I have opportunity to speak and they to hear; surely in such a case I shall have much need to look nearer home, and enquire,

whether I have or ever had any real love for the souls of men, any real zeal for God's glory, any real desire to promote the interests of Christ's kingdom. Oh! that I may be enabled to say with Paul, not of my own people alone, but of all to whom I may be called to proclaim the glad tidings of salvation—"God is my record, how greatly I long after you all in the bowels of Jesus Christ."

Lord! give me grace faithfully to plant, and diligently to water, and give thou the increase. Help me now, and work by me now, as thou hast done in time past, and yet more abundantly. Teach me to seek thy glory, and the good of those to whom I am sent. Increase my confidence in thee. Give me wisdom and grace to be all things to all men, without being a partaker in other men's sins. Glorify thyself through my sinful lips; honour thy Son's gospel through my humble ministry; let the power of thy word be clearly revealed through the very weakness of him who ministers it. And to thy name be all the praise, now and for ever. Amen.\*

\* One shameful abuse, long the disgrace of our military dependencies, and which must have placed a minister of the gospel in very painful circumstances, has happily been abolished. I allude to that worst species of tyranny which constrained our Protestant officers and soldiers to do violence to their consciences by offering military honours, and expressing, in military fashion, reverence and respect for the idols and idolatrous rites of the Romish religion. Presenting arms, touching hats, and firing ordnance, may all be considered matters quite within the sphere of military duty, in which the soldier has only to receive orders and obey; but when they are avowedly acts of reverence towards idols or superstitious rites, they plainly become acts of idolatry, and acquiescence in superstition. We have all heard of two officers of artillery in Malta, who were dismissed the service because they refused to worship an idol "at the cannon's

mouth." They were commanded to salute, with a discharge of artillery, the Elevation of the Host; they chose to obey God rather than man, suffered the penalty of *disobedience* from man, and, we trust, received the reward of *obedience* from God. In the Ionian Islands, as the superstition is even more gross, the British authorities are even more compliant. I have heard from an eyewitness, a clergyman of the Church of England, an account of the idolatrous ceremonies in Corfu on St Spiridon's day, and of the participation of the British authorities and military in the same, which was enough to make one ashamed of the name of a British Protestant. The dried and withered corpse of this St Spiridon, the tutelary deity of the island, was carried in solemn procession under a magnificent canopy, which was supported by four persons. One of these supporters was one of the most eminent of the British authorities! Behind the mummy god came the Lord High Commissioner, bareheaded as became him in such a presence, in full uniform, and covered with military decorations. Next came the officers of the British staff, some of whom were carrying wax tapers, as is customary in solemn processions. Then followed the regimental bands. As the procession passed, the mummy was received with military honours by the soldiers on duty, and, as it moved round the esplanade, the ramparts were ringing with artillery, discharged by British soldiers in honour of this filthy remnant of mortality. Why, what was all the old outcry against the Dutch for trampling on the Cross in Japan? And what is all the present outcry about Lord Ellenborough's devotion to Juggernaut or Seva? What is this honour given to idols but a virtual trampling on the Cross? And Juggernaut or Seva, for aught that I can see, is as respectable an idol as St Spiridon.

A good many years have passed since this particular procession occurred. How often the British authorities have assisted at such ceremonies since that time, or how long British soldiers have been compelled to be guilty of such profanity, I do not know; but I rejoice to hear that in Malta such tyranny is now unknown, and we hope the same thing may be true in the Ionian Islands.

I am not aware whether such compliances with Popery were ever authorized in Gibraltar. There is one practice, however, prevalent there, and I presume in other military stations, which cannot be observed but to be condemned by every one who recognises the obligation of the fourth commandment of the Decalogue. I allude to the practice of desecrating the Lord's Day by ordering out the regimental bands to amuse the people in the public promenade, by playing profane music. That this is Sabbath desecration, I imagine no one will dispute. Surely it is to be lamented when the violation of the least of God's commandments is authorized by "the powers that be;" but when that violation is positively enforced, it cannot be characterised but as gross oppression and disgraceful tyranny. I have every reason to believe that many soldiers in the bands of the various regiments at Gibraltar felt that their consciences were tyrannized over, and lamented that they were forced by the orders of their superiors

to do what they had been taught from their infancy to regard as sinful. An attempt was made by the Rev. Mr Strauchan to have this practice discontinued, or at least to obtain permission for those soldiers who felt their consciences aggrieved by it to absent themselves on these occasions; and however I may regret the method that gentleman followed for this purpose, I cannot but honour his motives, and wish that his application had met with a more favourable reception than it did; but little honour is cast by the transaction on any individual, however high his station, who could take advantage of the injudicious manner in which an important moral object was sought to be obtained, in order to cast discredit on that object itself.

## CHAPTER VI.

The town—The hotel—The exchange—The English church—The Wesleyan chapel—The markets—Fruit—Spanish abstemiousness—Spanish mountaineer—The Moor and the Spaniard—Spanish and Scotch festivities—Protestant example—Ardent spirits—Drunken soldier—The hospital—The climate—Baptism of a soldier's child—Court-martial—Military execution.

THE town of Gibraltar does not possess many attractions. There is only one street deserving of the name, occupying the narrow space of level ground between the line-wall and the foot of the rock, and extending from one extremity of the town to the other. It is narrow, crowded, and bustling in the vicinity of the Exchange and the port—wider, more airy, and almost deserted on approaching the South-port, at the southern extremity of the town. The other streets, or rather stairs, excessively steep and mostly inaccessible to carriages, ascend the face of the rock, on which the greater part of the town is confusedly huddled together. The houses for the most part appear close, confined, and airless, and since the siege have been built more after the fashion of the north; so that the town has entirely lost its

Spanish or Moorish character. The walls of the houses are generally coloured a dirty blue, which gives them a gloomy appearance, especially to a stranger just arrived from the snow-white streets of Cadiz. Gibraltar is therefore any thing but a pretty town within ; but its appearance from the bay is very picturesque—house towering above house, and one range of buildings rising above another, up the steep front of the precipitous rock. The ramparts of the line-wall, extending the whole length of the town, and beyond the town as far as Rosia bay, about a mile and a half distant to the south, present an airy and delightful promenade. The neighbourhood of this is the pleasantest and most airy part of Gibraltar. Close to the ramparts is built the Club-house hotel, in which I have engaged apartments. It is a large and very comfortable house, commanding, from the back windows and the terrace on the roof, a noble view of the bay and the Spanish coast, the shipping in the roads, the town, and the rock itself. It is the only house I have observed here with a regular Spanish patio, only that it is not open above, but closed by a cupola of glass. In front of the Club-house is a square planted with trees, and facing it on the opposite side of the square is the Exchange, a large quadrangular building, the upper apartments of which are occupied by a magnificent library and reading-room, belonging to the merchants, furnished with a large and excellent assortment of books, periodicals, newspapers, &c. In this square also is the station of the

main guard, Griffith's hotel, and shops in which varieties of Moorish dresses, arms, ornaments, and other curiosities, are sold by Jew merchants, at the small profit of *shent per shent*, or probably a good deal more.

A little further along the ramparts, and facing the line-wall, stands the English church, a heavy fantastic imitation of Morisco architecture—a monument of bad taste without, and of gross ignorance of acoustics within; for I am told that it is so constructed that hearing is next to impossible. This clumsy pile cost government £15,000. Proceeding in the same direction, and still following the line-wall, we pass the convent and its garden, now the residence of the governor, shortly after which we reach the south bastion and the South-port. The only other building deserving of notice in the town is the Wesleyan chapel, an unpretending structure on the acclivity, exceedingly neat and commodious internally.

The town is built at the foot of the rock, on the north-west side, facing the Spanish coast. On the outskirts, and close to the Water-gate, is situated the vegetable and fruit market; the fish market is near the Land-gate, which opens on the Spanish lines.\* Both these markets are objects of no small curiosity to the traveller from the north. The latter displays an amazing variety of the finny tribe, with many of

\* The Water-port or gate is that communicating with the old mole, and thence with the shipping in the roads. The Land-port opens on the Spanish lines and the neutral ground. The South-port communicates with the alameda and the south.

which he is familiar, but great numbers of which also are strange both to eye and palate. Among many unknown varieties, there are always to be seen numbers of long eel-shaped creatures, mottled like serpents, with heads like cats, and grinning like monkeys. The fruit market is a more attractive exhibition. Here are to be found, in endless variety and prodigious abundance, all the vegetable luxuries of the sunny south; immense melons, piled in heaps resembling the piles of cannon-balls in an arsenal—great panniers of figs of various kinds, comprehending the large green fig with red pulp, a native of Gibraltar; and the highest flavoured of all, the enormous purple fig, one of which would fill an ordinary-sized tumbler, and various other sorts—a vast profusion of grapes, some “purple and gushing,” others firm and fleshy, but supreme above all the rich, but most delicate muscatel from Sandy Bay, near Algeciraz. This grape is unrivaled by any in Europe, and far surpasses the best of our hothouse grapes, which again are far superior to the generality of open-air grapes in any climate. Apples, pears, peaches, nectarines, apricots, are in great abundance, but infinitely inferior in point of flavour to our own. The last are familiarly termed “Kill Johns” in Gibraltar, owing to their dangerous and sometimes fatal effects on poor John Bull; who, finding such unwonted luxuries within his reach for a few halfpence, occasionally on his first arrival indulges his palate to the no small detriment of his stomach. Among these luxuries of

the south, we must not forget the wholesome tomato, the favourite vegetable of the Spaniard, and the large Spanish onion, the mildest and most delicate of its kind. All are in great profusion, and very cheap. One of the most valuable to the Spanish peasant is the large water-melon, which is cultivated to a great extent all through the south of Spain. This is a beautiful fruit, and when cut, its finely and variously coloured pulp is exceedingly inviting, and holds out a fallacious promise to the eye, never to be fulfilled to the palate. It is in fact little better than a piece of sponge soaked in sugar and water. To the thirsty wayfarer or labourer, however, under the scorching sun of Andalucia, it presents at once a cooling and refreshing beverage, and a nourishing and healthful meal. The juice contains a great quantity of saccharine matter, and this, with a little piece of bread, will afford the hardy and temperate Spaniard food sufficient to maintain in health and vigour his muscular and manly frame. In all parts of Spain which I have visited, I have been struck with astonishment at observing the small quantity of the simplest food which is sufficient for the peasant's support. In Catalonia and Arragon in the north, in Andalucia and Granada in the south, he is the same tall, robust, and masculine fellow, bold and manly in his bearing, with a free and independent step and a proud and intrepid eye. The inhabitant of towns may crouch, for aught that I know to the contrary, under the despotic tyranny of their dwarf-

ish and emasculated aristocracy; but the Spanish mountaineer is as free as the winds of heaven, and with his long carabine slung to his saddle, and his deadly knife in his girdle, he values no man's smile and dreads no man's frown. He is a lawless rascal, no doubt, and has got a wolfish taste for human blood. But whose fault is that? In a lawless land, a brave man is forced to be lawless in self-defence. Spain, as far as I know, has never been a land of law, and the poor man has never had any protection from the oppression of the rich, except from his own strong arm and fearless heart; and however dreadful it may appear to the native of England, where the law is supreme and justice equal-handed to high and low, in such a country as Spain, it is no mean check on the caprice of power for the powerful to know, that they have to deal with men who will unscrupulously repay insult or injury with the bullet or the knife. Such a state of things necessarily leads to the virtual recognition of the law of the strongest—

“ The good old law, the simple plan,  
Let him take that has the power,  
And let him keep that can.”

Revenge is henceforth no vice, but reciprocative justice; robbery no crime, but the due exercise of the right of the strongest; murder implies no guilt, but is an unavoidable concomitant of the vindication of that right. Might is right, and right is might—is in fact a short and emphatic summary of the law

which is in force over the greatest part of the globe. While, therefore, we bless divine Providence for having cast our lot in a happier land, yet we ought not to condemn the Spaniard, without recollecting the circumstances which have made him what he is. In a lawless land, it would appear as if there were hardly any alternative betwixt the condition of the abject crouching slave, and the brave—and, alas! the reckless and savage—avenger of his own wrongs.

But has all this digression originated from a water melon? One might be tempted to believe association of ideas as lawless a caitiff as any mountaineer in Spain. But having thus fallen at hap-hazard on the character and condition of the Spanish peasant, let us contemplate him a little longer, and then “*revenons à nos moutons.*”

Physically there is no finer race of men in the world than the Spanish peasantry. A walk of a few minutes from the Water-port to the Exchange of Gibraltar will convince us of this. Amid all the singular variety of tribes and nations with whose costumes and appearance we may become acquainted there, the eye distinguishes two betwixt whom it is hard to decide which is the finer animal, the Barbary Moor and the Andalucian peasant. The Moor, especially when somewhat advanced in life, is a magnificent lion-like creature. He is rather above middle size, stout built, large of limb, with great display of muscle, noble features approaching to the Roman, an ample brow, a dark eye, and (in jockey phrase-

ology) uncommonly fine action, lifts high, steps out well, and sets down his foot with a firmness of tread peculiar to himself. With turbaned head, his loins girt with a red sash, wide white trousers, and naked limbs, as he moves along with his free unfettered stride, he presents a remarkable contrast to the close-buttoned European, with his artificial manner and confined garb.

“ That sew'd-up race—that button'd nation,  
Who, while they boast their laws so free,  
Leave not one limb at liberty,  
But live, with all their lordly speeches,  
The slaves of buttons and tight breeches.”\*

The striking peculiarity of the Moor is his lion-like appearance. Often have I stood and gazed with admiration on a group of these swarthy turbaned children of the sun, squatted crosslegged, pipe in mouth, solemn and silent, under shelter of the parapet wall of the King's Bastion, and wondered at the singular resemblance which their grave countenance, strongly marked features, and air of savage dignity, gave them to the lord of the desert in repose. Place them under a palm-tree beside the Diamond of the Desert, and Rubens would glory in the picture.

The Spaniard, in his fanciful tunic, sombrero, and sash, with breeches buttoned at the knee, and strong leather gaiters protecting his sinewy legs, is very

\* *Twopenny Post-Bag.*

different from, and yet in some respects not unlike, his neighbour across the straits. His well-knit and finely-proportioned figure is spare and lean, and looks sun-dried and withered. His arms and limbs are all bone and muscle; his broad and sinewy chest shows not an ounce of fat on their ribs; his whole frame looks like cast-metal; but his firm and elastic tread, his step free and unconfined, (in spite of buttons and breeches,) the animation of his gestures, the ease and vigour displayed in every movement, and his bold, intrepid, and sometimes reckless air, give intimation of powerful springs, both physical and moral, working within his iron frame. Both he and the tawny Moor are fine specimens of man in his half-savage state. The Moor may be the nobler animal of the two to look at; but for energy, and endurance too, give me the fiery Spaniard. Under proper discipline what a noble soldier he would make! Patient of fatigue, reckless of hardship, temperate in his diet even to abstemiousness, daring in spirit, and energetic in action, few could cope with him in a long campaign. Give him a bit of bread and a few olives, a handful of roasted maize and a few slices of a water-melon, and he is satisfied. At present he is a daring robber, an indefatigable contrabandista—or, more commonly, both in one. Circumstances have made him such. A change of circumstances would make him a fearless patriot and a gallant soldier. He is ignorant and superstitious no doubt, and many vices he has, springing from these sources

and from his lawless life. But alas, my country! Scotland—enlightened, educated, Protestant Scotland—he has one virtue at least which ought to put you sadly to the blush. He is no drunkard! He is ignorant and superstitious, reckless and lawless—because he has not been in a gospel land, nor under strict and impartial law. But visit him during some gay festival. You will hear the tinkling of the light guitar—you will hear the merry song and merrier laugh—you will see “fandango twirl the jocund castanet”

— “from night till startled morn  
Peeps blushing on the revel’s laughing crew,  
The song is heard, the rosy garland worn,  
Devices quaint and frolics ever new  
Tread on each other’s kibes.”\*

Perhaps you will proudly turn away from this frivolous scene, and pity the poor ignorant creatures and despise their trifling. But bring the Spaniard to contemplate a Scottish merry-making on some New-year’s day or Hansel Monday. You think his merry-making frivolous—what would he think of yours? You despise his ignorance—what will he think of your knowledge? You pity his destitution of gospel privileges—what opinion will he form of their value from the conduct of those who possess them? Dear countrymen, do not take in evil part this comparison. I love the little sea-girt isle as

\* *Childe Harold*, canto i. stanza 67.

dearly as any of her children, and thankfully recognise the many noble traits in their character. But should this render us blind to our national faults? Neither do you hastily conclude that I am unjust in this one particular. Go consult the official returns, and you will find there is a greater quantity of ardent spirits consumed by our small population in our little corner of the earth, than we can conceive to be possible in all the wide Peninsula of Spain, from the Bay of Biscay to the Mediterranean, from the Pyrenees to the Atlantic.\*

The Spaniard is among the very soberest and most temperate of men. He abhors drunkenness—he loathes a drunkard. There is a story in ancient times of a Spaniard throwing himself into the fire, in the extravagance of his rage, on being insulted with the opprobrious name of drunkard. What must these men think of Protestantism, and of the blessings of a free gospel, judging from what they see of Protestants, and from their conduct in this particular? Britain is gloriously and most efficiently engaged in the truly Christian enterprise of circulating God's Word and evangelizing the world. Prosper her efforts, O God! in such a holy work. But how do British men recommend that blessed

\* The number of gallons of spirits brought to charge in Great Britain in the year ending 5th January 1841, was as follows:—

England.....	8,278,148
Scotland.....	6,180,138
Ireland.....	7,401,051

Total,	<u>21,859,337</u>
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gospel? How do they prove its value to those who have it not? There are upwards of 3000 British soldiers, and nearly 900 British civilians, in Gibraltar. Does the Spaniard learn to reverence Protestantism, and honour the Bible, from the conduct of these Bible Protestants? Do the life and conversation of our soldiers and our merchants reflect credit on their religion? on that religion which saith, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy: No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven?" Alas! alas! Little do our countrymen reflect what a fearful mass of iniquity they are heaping on their own souls, not only by breaking God's known commandments themselves, but by teaching others so to do—not only by violating the gospel precepts themselves, but by dishonouring the gospel in the eyes of others! Many a time and often, when returning late at night from the south, or enjoying a quiet walk at even-tide among the sweet groves of the alameda, have I had my meditations interrupted by the broken song of some solitary drunkard, or the loud altercations of some party of military sots hastening to their barracks from some foul den of iniquity; and how often have I felt doubly saddened on observing the well-known tartan waving in the wind as they staggered past!

More than thirty years ago, General Cockburn observed, "Gibraltar was always a drunken place." I fear it still preserves the same reputation. I have

often heard the officers complaining of the habits of their men in this respect, and of the sad effects of intemperance upon their general health and conduct. The spirits sold to the soldiers, notwithstanding all the care of their officers, is frequently a most deleterious drug. Some dealers in spirituous liquors were discovered selling very unwholesome stuff whilst I was in Gibraltar, and punished accordingly. The authorities are, very properly, exceedingly strict on this point. What a pity they should not, or could not, prohibit the poison altogether! The life, perhaps the soul, of many a good soldier might thus be saved from deadly peril. Poison, ardent spirits must be termed in every country, whatever the climate be, if we are to credit the decided opinion of the most eminent physicians. But in hot climates they are peculiarly pernicious—and great part of the sickness among the military in Gibraltar is to be attributed to this cause. About the beginning of August an accident occurred, owing to intoxication, which had very nearly proved fatal to one of our Scottish soldiers. In a drunken fit, he either fell, or threw himself over the parapet-wall of the fortification, near Europa Point. From the appearance of the precipice, I should have thought that he must have fallen about sixty feet; but I am informed he did not fall the whole distance. Be that as it may, his escape with life was wonderful. His head was sadly bruised and cut, and his hip dislocated. He was recovering, and able to walk a little on crutches,

when I left Gibraltar. I visited him in the hospital as soon as he was able to receive me. He stoutly denied being a habitual drunkard ; but such, nevertheless, was his character. In conversation with me, he made great professions of repentance and promises of amendment. How far he adhered to these I do not know ; but my past experience of such cases does not lead me to entertain very sanguine hopes. Ministers soon learn how little worth vows of amendment made in sickness generally are. It is proved in numberless instances, that human strength is quite unequal to the task of overcoming this vicious and most ruinous habit. There is only one way in which the victim of intemperance can rationally hope for success. It is the way of the gospel—for “ this kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting.”

One part of my regular duty in the garrison was to visit the hospital. It was very remarkable what a very small number of Scotch soldiers were on the sick-list. Of other regiments, there were generally a great number in hospital ; while I never found more than two, or at most three, of my people confined to bed, and probably eight or ten more convalescent. I visited the sick in their wards, and the convalescent I gathered in a large apartment on the ground floor, and addressed them collectively. The prevailing diseases in Gibraltar at present, appear to be fever—but not of a very serious description—dysentery, and complaints of the chest. The climate seems to be peculiarly unfavourable to pulmonary diseases ;

and there are always serious cases of this description in the hospital. The only hope for sufferers of this class is to be shipped off as soon as possible from Gibraltar—a rule which seems to be invariably followed. Fevers and dysentery are said to be chiefly owing to the carelessness of the men themselves, and their immoderate indulgence in ardent spirits. In respect of dress, exposure to the sun, &c., soldiers require as much watching as children. No warnings are sufficient; it is absolutely necessary to control them.

I am at a loss to account for the distinction between the Scotch and other regiments in respect of their comparative numbers in hospital. At first, I was led to believe that it arose from the superior temperance of the Scotch. Unfortunately for this hypothesis, it is but too true that the Scotch are more addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors than either English or Irish.\* An officer of rank, who has had considerable experience of foreign climates, assures me that this difference is owing entirely to the circumstance, that the Scotch regiment was the latest arrival at the Rock. He maintains that our troops are never in such good state for withstanding the influence of a warm climate, as when they have just arrived from Britain; and that, by remaining some considerable time in a warm climate, they become relaxed, but not acclimated, and therefore

\* This is unhappily but too clearly proved by the last returns of the quantity of spirits brought to charge in England, Ireland, and Scotland.

more open to the attacks of any endemic disease. He gives this opinion as the result of his experience in various parts of the world. How far it may be true, I am not competent to judge; but, if correct, it appears that the ordinary course in which regiments are sent first to the Mediterranean, and afterwards to the West Indies, must be the most injudicious routine possible. I presume the principle acted upon at present is, that the soldiers, by a few years' residence in the Mediterranean, become to a certain extent accustomed to a warm climate, and run less risk in being removed to Jamaica. But if there is any truth in the suggestion of this gentleman, the very reverse is the case; in the warm climates of the Mediterranean the soldiers become relaxed, and their constitution is rendered more liable to be affected by the unwholesome climate to which they are transported. The question is, undoubtedly, one which deserves some attention.

The climate of Gibraltar is, in ordinary seasons, by no means an unhealthy one. Dr Gilchrist, the chief medical officer in the garrison—a gentleman to whom I am happy to acknowledge myself as indebted for much kindness and attention—speaks of the climate with enthusiasm. In winter, it is represented as being as near perfection as is possible. During the months of July, August, and September, the heat is great during the day, but tempered towards evening by a refreshing sea breeze, familiarly styled the Doctor. The most disagreeable and unhealthy weather

is during the prevalence of the east wind. This wind did not on my first arrival feel unpleasant; on the contrary, I thought it cool and refreshing; but I was universally warned, that before I had stayed many weeks on the Rock I should give it a very different character. It is loaded with moisture; and is complained of—and in this complaint I soon joined very heartily—as oppressive, feverish, and headachy. While it blows the Rock is shrouded in mist, sometimes as low as the town—the sky is covered with clouds. When it blows hard, as it does not unfrequently, the whole of the town and the lower part of the Rock are swept by clouds of dust, which no doubt must bring many fond recollections of home to the “desert born;” for it more resembles a sand-storm in Arabia than the dust of a civilized land. This cloudy and dusty wind, as was predicted, soon fell in my estimation; and, like other people, I began to regard it as the precursor of headache and heaviness, often of oppression and nausea. Unhappily, it prevailed with little intermission during the whole of this summer; so that, though the climate has been unusually cool, it has been unusually unhealthy. I have suffered much from it—at least I partly attributed to this cause the state of health into which I fell before leaving Gibraltar. At any rate, I soon learned to congratulate myself on the departure of the Black Levanter, as this wind is called, and to rejoice in the appearance of the cloudless sky. When the west winds prevail, the sky has all the brilliancy so much

admired in Andalusia ; and though the heat is often excessive, the air is dry, elastic, and pleasant. The only resource in an east wind is to confine one's-self entirely to the house, or mount on horseback, gallop out of the town, through the Spanish lines, and at the head of the bay there will generally be found a cool refreshing air.

There are none of our military stations where the health of the soldiers is better attended to, or more wisely provided for, than at Gibraltar. Great attention is paid to their clothing, and care taken that they should not be causelessly exposed, or neglected when overheated. Their barracks, for the most part, are in the healthiest and most airy situations, especially those at the south. One remarkable exception are the casements of the King's Bastion. These casements are bomb-proof, and contain quarters for 800 men, with kitchens and ovens for cooking. There are not a great number quartered in them at present ; but the fewer the better, for such subterranean dens are but miserable abodes. The entrance to the different apartments is from a large court, about ten or twelve feet below the level of the ground. I was conducted there by a soldier of the Royals, who had applied to me to baptize his newly-born and dying child. His wife had been confined at seven months. At the end of a long subterranean apartment, with no other opening to admit air or light but at the entrance, and occupied by several other families, I found the poor mother and her infant.

I spoke to her briefly—for she was very weak—of the consolations of God's word, and of the love of that Saviour whom she had learned to worship in her own land. She seemed to listen with singular eagerness, but her look spoke of great exhaustion. I asked her if she suffered much from the heat in this airless abode. No, she was used to it! Poor thing! The soldier's wife is indeed used to much. The husband, a fine soldier-like fellow, had been well instructed in the doctrines of the gospel, and produced an excellent certificate of character from one of his officers. A few of his fellow-soldiers and their wives gathered round to witness the service. I dedicated the newly-born and early-dying one to Jesus. Two days afterwards it was buried.

There was a gloom overhanging Gibraltar at the time of my arrival, owing to a circumstance happily of very rare occurrence—a court-martial on a soldier accused of a capital crime. The criminal was an Englishman, a very fine young man, a private in the 7th Fusiliers. He had hitherto borne a most excellent character, and was a good soldier. Love and jealousy seem to have turned the poor fellow's brain. The object of his affections was a woman employed in the mess-kitchen—a person of very indifferent reputation; at the very time said to be *enceinte* by another man. He had had a considerable sum of money bequeathed to him by a relation in England, and it was his intention to purchase his discharge from the army, make this woman his wife, and return

to settle in his native country. The woman had promised to marry him ; but persisted, notwithstanding his remonstrances, in keeping up an intercourse with another admirer. The consequence was, that in a fit of jealousy and madness he stabbed her with a knife in the side ; the wound proved mortal, and the unhappy woman expired very soon after. The court-martial sat for several days ; and had not finished its proceedings at the time of my arrival. *Malice prepense* was proved against the soldier, chiefly from the circumstance of his calling the woman aside into a room, shutting the door, and making it fast with a bench before he gave the fatal blow. He was found guilty accordingly, condemned to death, and was executed on the neutral ground on the morning of 23d July. It is described as having been a most impressive scene. The whole garrison, with the exception of those on guard, were marched out to the ground in solemn silence. The gibbet was erected on the neutral ground ; and when the troops had arrived at the place appointed, they were formed into three sides of a square, the scaffold occupying the centre of the vacant side. The criminal was then marched handcuffed round the square, inside the ranks—the dead-march playing, and the chaplain reading the service. It was observed how regularly the poor soldier, from the force of old habit, kept time to the music ; and when he happened to be put out, how he changed the step, though his whole mind seemed occupied by the religious service. The steps

to the fatal scaffold were exceedingly steep and ill-constructed; but even with his fettered hands he ascended calmly and firmly without assistance. After the execution the body was laid on the top of the coffin, and the troops were marched slowly by it in single file, with the order "eyes right," as they passed, so as to force every soldier to contemplate the ghastly spectacle. It is said that many, both officers and men, shed tears on the occasion. I am at a loss to divine the reason why the soldiers should have been compelled to contemplate the body of their comrade after the execution. Such exhibitions produce no good moral effect, but serve only to disgust, and to excite sympathy for the criminal, instead of indignation against his crime. There was no executioner in Gibraltar at the time; but the office was accepted by a private of the 46th regiment, who received his discharge beforehand, and was duly installed in the honourable office of hangman to the garrison, with free quarters in the old Moorish tower, a salary of eighteenpence per day, together with a doubloon, and the usual perquisites, when called upon to perform his duty.

## CHAPTER VII.

The rock—The alameda—Scenery of Gibraltar—The tower of Tarik—  
The excavations, upper lines—The signal-tower—Europe and Africa  
—Ceuta—Christian elevation—St Michael's cave—The monkeys—  
O'Hara's tower—Dangerous scramble—The Mediterranean steps—  
The excavations, lower lines—Batteries—Street population—Contrasts  
—The Spaniard's knife—Narrow escape—Provisions—Horses and  
mules—Population, clergy, and schools.

By far the most correct and graphic description of the Rock of Gibraltar which I have met with, is in a cheap publication called the *British Cyclopædia*; and, in order to convey as distinct an idea as possible of this remarkable fortress, I shall not hesitate to avail myself of it.

“The form of the mountain is oblong; the summit a sharp craggy ridge; its direction is nearly from north to south; and its greatest length in that course falls very little short of three miles, while its breadth varies with the indentations of the shore, but nowhere exceeds three quarters of a mile. The line of its ridge is undulated, and the two extremes are somewhat higher than the centre; the summit of the Sugar Loaf, the point of greatest elevation towards the south, being 1439 feet; the rock Mortar, the highest point to the north, 1350; and the signal-house, which is

nearly the centre point between these two, 1276 feet above the level of the sea. The western side of the mountain consists of a series of rugged slopes interspersed with abrupt precipices; but its northern extremity is perfectly perpendicular, excepting towards the north-west, where what are called the Lines intervene, and a narrow passage of flat ground leading to the isthmus is entirely covered with fortifications. The eastern side consists of a range of precipices, but a bank of sand rising from the Mediterranean in a rapid acclivity covers a third of its perpendicular height;\* while the southern extremity falls in a sudden slope from the summit of the Sugar Loaf, into a rocky table of considerable extent, called Windmill Hill. This is bounded by a range of precipices, at the foot of which a second rocky table takes place, alike terminating in a precipice, which is washed by the sea, and the southern end of which forms Europa Point. The bay of Gibraltar bounds the mountain on the western side, and on the north it is attached to Spain by a low sandy isthmus, the greatest elevation of which above the level of the sea does not exceed ten feet, and its breadth at the base of the rock, from the bay of Gibraltar to the Mediterranean, is not more than three quarters of a mile."

The upper part of the western side of the moun-

\* This bank of sand does not extend along the whole of the eastern side of the rock. On the contrary, it is very confined in extent, its position being above Catalan Bay.

tain, composed entirely of rugged masses of rock, affords but little scope for vegetation. The palmetto, or dwarf-palm, however, contrives to thrust its strong fibrous roots into every crevice and cranny. The lower part again is cultivated wherever cultivation is possible; and often where not possible for want of soil, soil has been carried from the mainland, and the most beautiful and luxuriant gardens have been formed.

Immediately beyond the South-port, outside of the town, lies the parade ground, a large level area surrounded by trees and shrubbery, contiguous to which is the alameda, a very beautiful garden, in which, by means of winding walks, rustic bridges, *bel-vederes*, &c. &c., a piece of ground of no great extent has been made the most of. This beautiful spot is ordinarily quite deserted except on Sundays, and as quiet and retired, though in the immediate neighbourhood of such a large population, as the most meditative soul could desire. In the centre of the alameda stands the iron statue of the iron old governor General Elliott, with gun and mortar, piles of ball, and the still more appropriate furnace for red-hot shot, beside him.

There are two roads from the town of Gibraltar to the south, which branch off outside the South-port at the entrance of the parade ground. One passes below the alameda and follows the line-wall to Rosia, where are the quarters of some regiments, the hospital, powder magazines, &c. &c. The

other, which is by far the most beautiful, begins to ascend immediately on quitting the town, passes above the alameda, and scaling by a steep but gradual slope the face of the rock, attains a considerable elevation, and commands some of the most enchanting views imaginable. About a mile and a half or two miles from the town, this road branches into two. One of these continues to ascend, passes through a rocky chasm, and attains the elevated platform overhanging the sea called Windmill Hill, where the barracks at present occupied by the 79th Highlanders are situated. The other branch descends to a lower level, and winding through a singular labyrinth of craggy rocks, fissures, and chasms, passes through a narrow gap in the gigantic adamantine wall, and entering a wide rocky platform, like the other overhanging the sea, reaches the most southerly point of Gibraltar, called Europa Point, where there has been lately constructed a lofty lighthouse. The road continues beyond this to skirt the edge of the wave-worn precipice, passes through a gallery blasted by gunpowder in the solid rock, and terminates in a precipice and a battery. On this platform stands a large building containing the mess-room and quarters of the officers of the 79th. This to my mind is the most airy and delightful situation on the Rock. Nothing can be imagined more splendid or more romantic than the whole of the scenery on this road. The views which it presents while it skirts the face of the rock, are singularly picturesque: the

precipitous front of the mountain towering above—the beautiful gardens reposing below in all the luxuriance of an almost tropical vegetation—the numberless batteries frowning on the subject deep—the shining mirror of the bay, with its fleet of boats and small craft, and one or two stately ships of war—the lofty mountains of Spain beyond, and the still wilder mountains of Africa looming in the distance. When the road descends towards Europa, the view is confined by the fantastic rocks which rise on every hand, ornamented with picturesque cottages, and villas, and gardens. Here it winds through a gigantic rockery, presenting the most singular mixture of luxuriance and sterility—bare shattered crags, interspersed with little spots of verdure and fertility. How strangely the rock is quarried out by the hand of nature! How curiously the cottages are nestled into the very fissures and crevices! How beautifully the crags are crested with the fig, the orange, and the aloe, or festooned with the broad-leafed vine! Often have I wandered through this singular labyrinth, enjoying the cool evening air, and enchanted with the fragrance and loveliness around me, and gazing from earth to heaven, and from heaven to earth, wondered which was the loveliest.

Europa Point, the most southerly point of Gibraltar, is generally considered also the most southerly point of Europe; this, however, is a mistake, for the point of Tarifa, on the opposite coast, stretches still farther to the south.

In the beginning of August Captain W—— of the Guards, formerly a fellow-passenger on board the *Royal Tar*, arrived, in company with two young mercantile gentlemen belonging to Lisbon, from a tour through Andalusia and Granada. Being bent on sight-seeing, and as I had not yet visited some of the most remarkable curiosities of Gibraltar, we set out together to explore the excavations, so well known and so often described. On our way to these singular subterranean batteries, we pass the Tower of Tarik, the principal or almost the only Moorish remains of consequence on the Rock. It was built by the first Moorish invaders of Spain in the year 712. This venerable ruin (for it is now little better) stands on the north-west side of the Rock, immediately above the town. There was originally a line of fortifications in the Moorish style, extending from it down to the water's edge; but these have been mostly removed to make room for more important defences, and what is left has been spared because it was found, during the siege, that it afforded some protection to the town against the fire of the enemy's batteries from the isthmus.

The upper lines, which are the most singular, though by no means the most formidable batteries, consist of two long galleries, one above another, cut through the solid rock, sometimes expanding into lofty and spacious halls, and again contracting into narrow and gloomy passages, with apertures or embrasures broken through at intervals, to admit the

light and to emit the shot, and communicating one with another by means of spiral staircases, cut likewise through the solid rock. To excavate these vast subterranean batteries must have been a work of great labour. The idea was singularly bold—not to build, but to quarry a castle, and to convert the mountain itself into a tower of strength, hollowing out halls, and barracks, and corridors, and blasting embrasures and port-holes through its flinty sides. Looking up to these openings from the isthmus, at such an immense elevation above, they look for all the world like rabbit-holes; and the great guns protruding from the port-holes might be taken for the animals themselves contemplating the lower world from their lofty warren. Looking down through the craggy and shattered embrasures of this strange fortification, and clinging to the gun for security, the low sandy isthmus, and the mountains beyond, seem like some vast picture set in a frame of rock, while the soldiers on guard look like red-coated pigmies, and the great guns of the lower batteries like children's toys. These extraordinary excavations are among the few *sights* which cannot disappoint, but surpass the expectation. They were projected and begun by General Elliott, and finished by General O'Hara. But all these singular works, together with St George's Hall, Lord Cornwallis' Hall, &c., (large caverns hollowed out for the greater convenience of the troops,) and the various batteries, galleries, and communications cut through the solid

rock, are all well known, and have been well described. They command the whole isthmus and the approach to it by sea, and may well render this part of the Rock impregnable; for in addition to the tremendous and far more formidable batteries below, the soldiers here, in almost perfect security, with the mountain itself as their shield against the balls of the enemy, can level their deadly guns with cool precision on the comparatively defenceless besiegers. It is, however, worthy of observation, that though the vast elevation of these batteries seems to place every thing below at their mercy, this very elevation necessarily confines the effect of each individual shot to the spot of ground where it strikes, while those on a level with the besieging force may sweep off whole ranks the moment they come within their range. Hence the lower defences are infinitely more formidable than these lofty mouths of fire.

Along the whole line of these vast subterranean batteries, the besieged can pass and repass in safety; for even the communications betwixt the different galleries, though not tunneled, are excavated to a sufficient depth to conceal the movements of the soldiers.

Issuing from this slumbering artificial volcano, we remounted our horses, and began to ascend towards the signal-tower. The path is steep and tortuous, continually commanding a view of which the eye never tires; but the hot August sun blazing on our heads, and reflected from the bare rocks around us,

rendered the heat hardly supportable. On reaching the signal-tower, our delight with the magnificent prospect which burst on our sight knew no bounds. Words cannot do justice to the splendour of this view. Standing on the lofty serrated ridge—the Mediterranean on one hand, the Atlantic on the other—Africa before, Europe behind—the eye ranges over a boundless extent of mountain, land, and sea. The mere *physique* of the prospect is deeply interesting; how deeply interesting the *morale* connected with it! I stand on the confines of civilization and barbarism—on one hand, Europe, the land of light, of refinement, of the gospel; on the other, Africa, the land of darkness, of barbarism, of Pagan superstition. A narrow stripe of water divides the two physically—morally, a vast gulf lies between them. Each presents to the other a vast rocky barrier of mountains, as if to mark the eternal confines of light and darkness. For ages, the one has enjoyed the knowledge of the arts and the light of true religion, however obscured by human contrivances—and has diffused them widely to the east and to the west, to the north and to the south; but that narrow stripe of water, that girdle of rock, have been like an enchanted circle around the other, which to overpass has defied all the ordinary means of propagating civilization and truth. The ambition of the conqueror, the avarice of the merchant, the enterprise of the traveller, the zeal of the Christian, have alike proved ineffectual. Alike the turbaned Moor, the naked Negro, and the

sheep-skinned Hottentot, bid defiance to arts, arms, and the gospel. With the exception of a narrow line of sea-coast, we know little more of Africa now than Herodotus did two thousand three hundred years ago. Still it is the unknown land—a land of mystery and uncertainty—trod by savage men and savage beasts; and what with its torrid climate, pathless deserts, barbarous tribes, and fell miasma, it seems as inaccessible to the white man as ever. Whether it be godly zeal, or whether it be a mere *esprit de corps*, I cannot tell; but I cannot look on these wild mountains, and think on the wilder tribes beyond them, without feeling the spirit of the missionary arise.

The most conspicuous of the mountains on the African coast is Mount Abyla, the other pillar of Hercules. It is commonly called Apes' Hill, being inhabited by a race of monkeys of the same species as the monkeys of Gibraltar, and said to be found only in these two places—thus confirming the old tradition of a submarine communication by St Michael's cave. This imaginary passage from Africa to Europe was, it seems, known to the Moors in former times; but is now only used by their successors in knowledge, the monkeys. The two pillars of Hercules bear a strong resemblance to each other in their animal, vegetable, and mineral productions; many of which are to be found nowhere in Europe except on the rock of Gibraltar. This fact appears to confirm the opinion, that Gibraltar

in the youth of creation was attached to Africa, and that the Atlantic and Mediterranean must then have communicated by the present bay of Gibraltar and the sandy isthmus which unites the Rock to Europe, until, by some terrible convulsion of nature, their waters found another passage by the straits through the riven rocks of the African mountain.

Ceuta is the only town on the African coast which is distinctly visible from the signal-tower. It has long been in the possession of Europeans, having been taken from the Moors by John, King of Portugal, in 1409. Spain got possession of it at the revolution in 1640; and in 1688 it was finally ceded to that kingdom, in whose power it has ever since continued. It is strongly fortified on a peninsula, about five leagues from Gibraltar.

Not the least curious object seen from this elevated position is Gibraltar itself, with its busy thousands swarming about a single spot, strongly reminding one, as the young American says, of a crowd of ants on an ant-hill. It is rarely that one can look down from such a height upon such a dense population; and one is tempted to wonder what all the little creatures can be so busy about. It is, I think, some old writer who says, that the Christian looks upon the world and all its concerns as a man from the top of a mountain. Every thing worldly dwindles into insignificance; and truly, the busy stir of war, and trade, and pleasure, which engross the many thousands below, when beheld from the lofty ridge of

Mount Calpé, look insignificant enough. Would God, my soul could always contemplate the world from such a lofty spiritual elevation, that all its cares, and pleasures, and pursuits, might seem equally insignificant and trifling!

The summit of the Rock is a long, sharp, undulating ridge, almost as sharp as the ridge of a house. One might ride astride upon it; one foot hanging over the Atlantic, and the other over the Mediterranean. From the summit of the ridge, it descends nearly perpendicularly to the Mediterranean, with the exception of a singular sloping bed of sand, about three quarters of the height of the Rock, above Catalan village and bay. On the other side, there appears an uninterrupted slope, at about half a right angle, down to the bay of Gibraltar.

Having gazed, and admired, and moralized to our satisfaction, we took lunch with Sergeant M'Donald, who has the charge of the signal-tower, and whose business it is to signalize the approach of vessels from east and west, and to announce the rising and the setting of the sun to the little world below, from a small signal battery in front of his aërial abode. Having provided ourselves here with two or three torches and some blue-lights, we proceeded to St Michael's Cave, the entrance to which is considerably lower down the mountain and further to the south. The entrance to this famous cavern is narrow; but after a short and rather slippery descent, we come to a most noble hall of vast height, encrusted on all

sides with stalactites, and supported, as it were, by enormous stalactite pillars. The roof of this magnificent hall, probably from sixty to eighty feet high, is richly fretted with stalactite, giving the whole the appearance of some ancient Gothic cathedral; and the arches, columns, and fretted roof of nature's handiwork, seem to intimate that all the splendour of Gothic architecture is but an imitation of the subterranean works of nature. A little lower down is another hall of the same description, smaller, but still more regular in its architecture, and more beautiful in its proportions, than the first. In each of these are openings which communicate with other halls and vaults below. These have been explored at different times, by various adventurers, to a great depth. The descent being almost perpendicular, and the rocks wet and slippery, they were lowered down by ropes; and it is said that several soldiers have lost their lives in the attempt. Very lately, the descent was accomplished to a greater depth than it is supposed was ever done before. At first, indeed, the adventurers imagined they had attained the extremity of the cavern; but on close examination, another but very narrow aperture was discovered, leading from the *lowest* abyss to a *lower* abyss. The aperture is too small to admit a man; but a line being dropped, it descended to a great depth. It was proposed to enlarge this opening by means of gunpowder; but it is said the governor refused to authorize it, alleging as a reason for his

refusal—at least such is the report—that a communication, dangerous to the safety of the garrison, might possibly be thus opened. Whether the apprehended danger was from Moors or monkeys, I have not ascertained. Our torches and blue-lights were sufficient to afford a very distinct and picturesque view of the singular cavern; but when brilliantly illuminated, as it sometimes is in honour of some great personage, the effect is said to be magnificent. The only inhabitants of this splendid temple are rats and bats. It is too cold for jacko. The monkeys which abound on the rock are very uncertain in their movements, and not to be always met with. The only individual of the race I have seen, is one chained in the court of the Fusiliers' mess-house. It is larger than the generality, being about two feet high. The cook shaves the poor fellow's face every Monday morning, which gives him a hideously human appearance. At first he struggled, and resisted this *barbaric* operation very stoutly; but being coaxed with a glass of rum, (how truly says General Cockburn that Gibraltar is a very drunken place!) he now submits to be lathered and scraped with considerable philosophy.

Remounting our horses at the mouth of the cave, we ascended to O'Hara's Tower, built for a signal-station by Governor O'Hara, but now in ruins. It stands on the summit of the most southerly and highest peak of the Rock. The view from it differs but little from what we enjoyed at the signal-staff.

From this point, we sent our horses and attendants to meet us below at the Jews' burying-ground, immediately above Windmill Hill, intending to descend on foot by the Mediterranean steps, to which our guides pointed the way, assuring us we could not miss them. We did miss them, however, and walked a good way beyond them along the top of the rock; when, falling in with a gallery cut directly through the ridge, we concluded that this must certainly lead to the steps. On emerging from this gallery on the Mediterranean side of the rock, we did, indeed, find steps leading down the almost perpendicular precipice. They were very bad, and very unsafe; but flattering ourselves that they must of necessity lead to something, and that something probably the steps we were in search of, we continued to descend. Every step we descended was worse and more dangerous than its predecessor; until at last the hardly distinguishable appearance of steps that remained, appeared to lead upwards again to the top of the rock, but in a more southerly direction. Still hoping the best we persevered, and followed the hardly visible steps in their new direction, until they became perfectly indistinguishable. Here were we in a pretty mess—still at a considerable distance from the top of the rock, and hanging on the face of a frightful precipice, where a false step or a loose hold would infallibly precipitate us at once sheer down a thousand feet into the Mediterranean. One of our party had a narrow escape. His foot slipped; but fortunately

he had a firm hold with his hands, so that, though he hung suspended in the air for a moment, he was able to hold on until he regained his footing, and escaped with a sprained wrist. In this predicament, some of the party urged the necessity of retracing our way by the same steps—if steps they may be called—bad as they were. But as this involved the necessity of a descent before we should again begin to ascend, and as I could not but look with apprehension on such a descent, with our faces looking down the dizzy height, without a single object between us and the waves of the Mediterranean, I argued for the propriety of continuing to ascend direct to the top of the ridge as best we could. This accordingly we did—hanging sometimes by the roots of the dwarf-palm, which grows in the crevices, and again clinging with legs and arms to the projecting rocks. Thus we reached the summit of the ridge once more; and shortly afterwards one of our guides arrived, being alarmed by our delay, and pointed out the top of the steps immediately behind O'Hara's Tower. The Mediterranean steps form a very remarkable staircase, leading from the very summit of the rock down to the lower line of road above the Mediterranean. I am told there are four hundred steps in all; these are not continuous, but are interrupted here and there, where the inclination of the precipice is not so steep as to render steps necessary. They are perfectly safe, and protected on the side of the precipice by a parapet wall. The heat during the whole of our excursion

was very great on the face of the rock ; but the steps were in the shade, and the descent exceedingly agreeable.

The day after this excursion, an officer of the Royals kindly called on me, with a permission from the governor to visit the lower lines, which, it seems, are not usually shown to strangers. We accordingly repaired again to the old Moorish castle, where we found a colour-sergeant waiting to receive us, and conduct us through the fortifications. From this man—a Scotchman, and one of my evening congregation—a fine tall noble-looking fellow he is—we received the most marked attention ; and on leaving the lines, when Captain W—— wished him to accept a trifling remuneration for his trouble, it was politely but somewhat haughtily refused. It is pleasing to observe this spirit, and one feels a gratified vanity in contrasting it with the-smallest-trifle-thankfully-received principle, so much more generally met with.

The lower lines consist of two lines of excavations, one above the other, communicating by subterranean passages and stairs. They are much shorter than the upper lines, and as excavations less remarkable ; but as batteries they are far more formidable, and are considered exquisite specimens of fortification. The batteries here are not subterranean, like those in the upper lines, but stand out from the face of the rock ; but the communications are chiefly excavated through the rock, in which there is also hollowed out a spa-

cious hall for a mess-room, and, in fact, a complete barrack for the soldiers. These batteries command the entrance to Gibraltar from the isthmus, which is by a narrow causeway across an inundation; and this is moreover flanked by two bastions and other works, and exposed to the fire of the Old Mole, forming a cross fire with the lines—a battery which did such service during the siege, that it received the appellation of the Devil's Tongue. While crossing the causeway, the most inexperienced eye is struck with the terrible appearance of the batteries which command it, bristling with cannon, above and around. The Spaniards give this approach to Gibraltar the characteristic name of "Boca de Fuego," or Mouth of Fire. It is no great evidence of national vanity to maintain, that while manned by British soldiers, Gibraltar, on this side at least, is absolutely impregnable.

The singular assemblage which the streets of Gibraltar present of various tribes and nations, kindreds and tongues, strikes every stranger the moment he lands. All the states of the Mediterranean, and many others besides, have their representatives here; and the languages one listens to in the streets remind one of Babel. British soldiers and civilians, Italians, French, Portuguese, and Spaniards, are the most numerous of the Europeans. The boatmen are chiefly Italians, and the porters are Jews. The Moors and Jews present a most striking contrast. A nobler-looking animal than the Moor is rarely to

be seen in any part of the world; a more abject and miserable-looking object than the native Jew of Gibraltar is seldom to be met with. He stoops almost double as he shuffles along slipshod and dirty; his eyes, like boiled gooseberries, are fixed on the earth, and his sallow lean countenance is expressive of nothing but meanness. The Spanish population of Gibraltar are noways remarkable in their appearance; neither are the inhabitants of the neighbouring country by any means so striking in their appearance as the free and wild mountaineer of Ronda, who frequently visits Gibraltar in the prosecution of his smuggling avocations. Another very remarkable contrast is forced upon the attention every time one crosses the Spanish lines—it is betwixt the Spanish and British soldier. The smart red coat, the clean white trousers and gaiters, the well-polished shoes and burnished arms, the erect figure, measured step, and disciplined appearance of the latter, give him the appearance of a beautiful and highly finished piece of mechanism; while the dirty and slovenly dress, untrimmed beard and unwashed face, rusty firelock and lounging gait of the latter, remind one of a mad beggar more than of a soldier. In fact, most of us have seen in our country towns the very counterpart of these Spanish warriors, in the person of some half-witted creature rigged out in a ragged and soiled militia uniform. The first time I entered Spain, many years ago, was across the Pyrenees by the Port de Venasque, and the truth of this comparison

struck me very forcibly on my first meeting with a Spanish soldier. I and my French servant were put under arrest, and conducted under the escort of two of these doughty tatterdemalions to Venasque, where we were brought into the august presence of the governor, a military dignitary whose accoutrements were quite in keeping with those of the soldiers under his authority.

There is great freedom of intercourse betwixt Gibraltar and Spain. I have been provided with a pass from the governor, authorizing me to wander at will in the neighbouring country; but I have not once had occasion to show it. I ride almost every day unquestioned through the Spanish lines, nor have I ever had any unpleasant rencontre with either soldier or peasant. Others, however, have been less fortunate, and owing to the excessively irascible and inflammable temper of the Spaniard, a small pocket-pistol ought to be the invariable companion of every traveller in Spain, more for the purpose of overawing the knife than for any more deadly object. The Spaniard is so accustomed, on every occasion and on the slightest insult, real or imaginary, to whip out his long knife, which he is exceedingly dexterous at sheathing in the body of the offender, that some convenient weapon becomes absolutely indispensable. Disputes betwixt the British and Spanish soldiery are of very rare occurrence. On one occasion this year, as two officers of the garrison were returning from their usual ride, and passing

the Spanish guard, it happened—fortunately a most uncommon occurrence—that the soldiers on guard were intoxicated. Our officers were challenged by the drunken sentinel, and one of them found with no very comfortable sensations the muzzle of a loaded musket within half a yard of his breast. He was a young man of considerable wealth, which circumstance suggested to his companion a banter, which sounds sufficiently burlesque in a position of such imminent peril: “I say, —, what’s the worth of your fortune now?” “I shall have a tussle for it at any rate,” replied the spirited young man; and instantly precipitating himself from his horse, and at the same time beating up the muzzle of the musket, he closed with the Spaniard, and they rolled together on the ground. The musket went off harmlessly, and the Englishman being promptly assisted by his companion, the soldier was secured and carried in triumph to Gibraltar. He was immediately given up to the authorities at St Roque, but what punishment was awarded I do not know.

The principal supplies of provisions for Gibraltar are from Barbary. Animal food of all kinds is bad and dear. The Barbary beef and mutton are better than the Spanish; but both are bad. Fowls may occasionally be had tolerably good, and the Spanish pork is excellent. Some of the regiments frequently get mutton from England by the steamers, which proves a great luxury. Bread at Gibraltar is indifferent, which is singular, for Spanish bread is almost

uniformly the best in Europe. It is peculiarly white, the whitest in Europe, and remarkably sweet. It is exceedingly close in its texture, and weighs heavy, but keeps good for many weeks. Some people think it heavy and indigestible—to me it appears the very perfection of bread. Vegetables and fruit are the cheapest and best articles of consumption to be found in Gibraltar. Fish are also in great abundance, and in great variety.

Almost the only beast of draught used in Gibraltar is the mule. This is the most valuable animal in Spanish zoology; and in the common carts we often see a team of six or eight perfect specimens of symmetry and strength. They are large, often near sixteen hands, clean-limbed, broad-chested, powerful animals. Gibraltar resounds with their dissonant bray. The horses are mostly poor garrons, though often better than they look. One which I hired for seven dollars a-week, I found a useful and very safe hack, but as vicious as a tiger, and marvellously expert at mischief both with hoofs and teeth. Some of the officers have very handsome Andalucian horses, and there are a few showy, small-boned, high-bred, cat-gutted, worthless Barbs.

## NOTE—STATISTICS OF GIBRALTAR.

## POPULATION OF GIBRALTAR IN 1840.

Nations.	Males.		Females.		Totals of each Nation.	Totals.	
	Above 12.	Under 12.	Above 12.	Under 12.			
British Subjects {	British .....	387	39	413	29	868	} 11,313
	Native Christians.	2610	1787	2954	1761	9112	
	Native Jews.....	456	175	537	165	1333	
Barbary Jews .....	251	2	21	...	...	274	} 4,241
Belgians.....	1	...	...	...	...	1	
Brazilians.....	1	...	1	...	...	2	
Danes.....	1	...	...	...	...	1	
French .....	42	1	22	...	...	65	
Genoese .....	612	6	339	6	...	963	
Germans .....	23	...	3	...	...	26	
Greeks.....	2	...	...	...	...	2	
Ionians .....	3	...	1	...	...	4	
Italians.....	95	...	13	...	...	108	
Moors.....	15	...	...	...	...	15	
Portuguese.....	368	1	219	3	...	591	
Prussians .....	1	...	...	...	...	1	
Spaniards.....	774	18	1352	16	...	2160	
South Americans.....	2	1	6	...	...	9	
Swedes.....	1	...	1	...	...	2	
Swiss.....	1	...	1	...	...	2	
Turks.....	9	...	2	...	...	11	
United States.....	1	...	1	2	...	4	
						15,554	

## RECAPITULATION.

British subjects,	.	.	.	11,313
Aliens,	.	.	.	4,241
Protestants,	.	.	.	1,343
Romanists,	.	.	.	13,577
Hebrews,	.	.	.	1,620
Mahommedans,	.	.	.	14
Married,	.	.	.	4,029
Single,	.	.	.	10,275
Widowers and Widows,	.	.	.	1,250
At School, { Boys, 1141 }	.	.	.	1,965
{ Girls, 824 }	.	.	.	

One hundred and sixty-seven heads of families (fathers and mothers) are Presbyterians.

N. B.—It will be observed, that this Recapitulation differs slightly from the statement of the population.

The garrison, comprehending upwards of 3000 men, besides women and children, are not included in the above.

## CLERGY.

Episcopal clergyman's salary,	.	.	£300
Do.	do.	for house-rent,	100
			<hr/>
			£400

The garrison Episcopal chaplain has a field-officer's allowance, viz. 15s. per day, with quarters, rations, coal, candle, and forage for a horse.

## ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Popish vicar,	.	.	£100 per annum
English curate,	.	.	80
Spanish curate,	.	.	50
Chanter,	.	.	30
Chaplain of the South,	.	.	20
Chief sacristan,	.	.	20
			<hr/>
			£300

N. B.—These salaries, for the support of Popery, were granted by government in 1836.

Presbyterian chaplain about £70 per annum.

## SCHOOLS.

	1839.	1840.	1841.
Public school,	£65 0 0	£60 0 4	£61 2 0
Wesleyan mission,	7 14 11	22 19 0 $\frac{3}{4}$	41 18 5
Popish school,	130 0 0	74 13 4 $\frac{1}{2}$	75 8 8 $\frac{3}{4}$

The rule followed by government, is to allow one-third of the sum collected yearly for each school.

## CHAPTER VIII.

My clerical duties—My military flock—Shameful neglect of government of our Presbyterian soldiers—Strange partiality—The Presbyterian military chaplain—Work of an evangelist—Duty of government—The Wesleyan minister—Movement in the Jews—The synagogue—The Jew—Religious state of Spain—The strange evangelist—Missionary prospects—The Popish vicar—Episcopal clergyman—Popish intolerance of freemasonry—Singular tragedy.

MY clerical duties in Gibraltar would be very easy to a person in ordinary health. I preach twice every Sunday; viz. at seven o'clock in the morning to the 79th Highlanders, in a large barrack-room at Windmill Hill, about two miles and a half from my hotel. At three o'clock in the afternoon I preach in the Wesleyan chapel, to a congregation drawn from the different regiments in the town, chiefly from the 1st Royals and Artillery. A few civilians also attend at this hour. I visit the hospital at least once every week, conversing and praying with those confined to bed, and exhorting the convalescents collectively.

I have never preached to any class of men who interest me more than the soldiers. They are peculiarly reverent in their demeanour, and most attentive listeners. I am persuaded that a faithful minis-

ter will find them admirable materials to work upon. I continually observe symptoms of lively impressions among them. These impressions are for the most part probably transient; but if followed up with assiduity by a minister settled among them, who had made himself master of all the means of access to them, and studied to time his visits, and throw himself in their way from time to time, they would often through God's blessing be rendered permanent. My sense of duty led me on one occasion to address to them a severe and pointed rebuke on account of the prevailing and crying sin of intemperance. I could not fail to observe that many of them were deeply moved. Some of the officers after service thanked me for what I had said, and remarked how much some of the men were affected, adding, "Ah! poor fellows, they will keep sober perhaps for a week after this." Now, if a few earnest words were likely to make an impression on these men that would last a week, what might not be effected by the faithful and unremitting exertions, week after week, of a stated minister devoted to his work, and anxious to follow up one blow by another, urging line upon line, precept upon precept, in season and out of season! May God send our brave fellows such a minister, and God prosper his labours when sent! He will find some disadvantages, but more advantages, peculiar to his situation. For myself, I have seen no field of labour on which I would more cheerfully enter; or promise myself, through the Divine blessing,

more cheering prospects of success. Like M'Callummore, I feel my heart warm at the sight of the tartan, and the sound of the homely northern accent awakens a lively feeling for our brave countrymen far removed from their homes, their friends, their ministers—in the most affecting sense of the word, wandering like sheep without a shepherd, exposed to innumerable spiritual dangers and cruel temptations, without one friendly voice to warn them to flee from the wrath to come. When we consider the situation of our soldiers—I mean our Scottish and Presbyterian soldiers—with respect to spiritual things in our foreign military stations, we are tempted to ask, Can that be a Christian government which sends out so many thousands of our countrymen to situations of peculiar spiritual danger, without making the smallest provision for their spiritual protection? These poor men are bribed, not unfrequently beguiled by every base unworthy artifice, to enter the ranks of their country's defenders; and then shipped off to some foreign shore, where they are exposed to every species of temptation, without the slightest effort being made to shield them from it. They are deprived of their minister's counsel, exhortations, and watchful eye, in the very circumstances where these are most required. They are carried from the quiet and primitive simplicity of their native hills, and suddenly brought into contact with men of every variety of religious belief, and of no religious belief at all; with men of depraved hearts and abandoned lives; with men who

reckon nothing a crime that is not punishable by martial law, and nothing disgraceful which is not visited with the lash. Is it wonderful if, in such circumstances, our soldiery become reckless of religious restraint, Sabbath-breakers, swearers, and drunkards? Would it not be marvellous if it were otherwise? But at whose door lies the sin of this? If the cries of the labourers whose hire is kept back by fraud, enter into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth, surely the cry of those immortal souls who have been defrauded of a right infinitely more precious, shall not be forgotten. I know this complaint will appear to many to savour of priestcraft and bigotry; but this also I know, that no man who values the gospel, and believes the institution of the gospel ministry to be an integral part of the gospel dispensation, can deliberately consent to deprive thousands of our fellow-countrymen of that ministry, and of those means of grace connected with it; and that, too, in circumstances rendering such a provision peculiarly indispensable. Wherefore I maintain, that the fact, that in the various military dependencies of Great Britain, there has been no provision for affording the Scottish or Presbyterian soldier the inestimable advantages of the means of grace, is an indelible stain on the character of the British government.

There has been singular partiality, and a want of evenhanded justice between Scotland and England shown in this particular. The spiritual interests of the English or Episcopalian soldier have not been so

slighted. In Gibraltar there are two Episcopalian ministers; in Malta, two; and in the Ionian islands, three; while, up to the present moment, not one Presbyterian clergyman has ever been stationed in the Mediterranean. How is this to be accounted for? or how is the guilt of such neglect to be excused?

We cannot close our eyes to the fact, that the British government has been shamefully to blame in this respect, and has shown a disgraceful partiality and neglect of our Presbyterian soldiers. But the Presbyterian churches of the kingdom, and principally the Church of Scotland as an established church, are not to be exculpated. Why have they been so long silent where they were so deeply interested? Why have they not made the wrongs of their people resound in the ears of the rulers of the land? I cannot suppose it possible that any government could have withstood an appeal against such gross and glaring injustice. The eyes of the Church of Scotland are beginning to be opened to her duty here, and before many weeks are gone a Presbyterian minister will be established in Gibraltar. A claim has been made upon government for his support, and a salary, amounting to about £70 a-year, has been granted. No one surely can blame the Church of Scotland for making any very exorbitant demand for her minister at Gibraltar, seeing that, while he receives this £70 a-year, the two Episcopal ministers are jointly in the enjoyment of upwards of

£800 a-year, and the Popish clergy of £300 a-year. It ought also to be remembered, that nearly one-third of the gross British population of Gibraltar, at this present moment, are Presbyterians. I am far from quarreling with the amount of salary settled on the Episcopal clergymen of Gibraltar. They are both excellent men, and I believe eminently useful; nor, in such an expensive situation, where all the necessaries of life are dear, can their salaries be regarded but as little enough. But what we do lament is, that the British government should treat Scotland with such step-dame partiality; and surely the request is not unreasonable, that wherever a considerable number of Presbyterian soldiers are stationed, there should a Presbyterian minister be stationed too; and while we do not ask for him great emoluments, we think we are entitled to ask that he should be supported as a clergyman ought, without being forced to have recourse, as our clergyman at Gibraltar must, to tuition or any secular employment, in order to secure a maintenance. The government or War-office allowance of £70 is not sufficient, in Gibraltar, to provide the bare necessaries of life, far less to maintain a clergyman in decency and respectability. The Colonial Church Committee of Scotland have voted £50 a-year towards his support; but not to mention the impropriety and injustice of forcing this committee to contribute, from their very limited funds, towards a purpose so completely within the province of the War-office as the support of a

military chaplain, it is very obvious that the whole of this pittance (not one half of the government allowance of the Episcopal chaplain) is quite inadequate for the purpose. The consequence will be, that the Presbyterian chaplain, instead of being perfectly free to devote himself entirely to the important duties of his sacred office, which are more than sufficient to occupy all his time, will find himself forced to withdraw himself in a great measure from the work of a minister, and to devote himself to the work of a schoolmaster. I cannot help hoping that the long-continued neglect of the spiritual interests of our Presbyterian soldiers is to be attributed to a culpable oversight on the part of government, and not to any intentional slight of Scotland and the Church of Scotland; and that, were the case properly represented, matters would be placed on a more equal footing.

But the Presbyterians at Gibraltar require something more than a minister; they require a place of worship. During my residence there, I preached to the Scottish regiment stationed at Windmill Hill, in a large barrack-room, which, though inconvenient in many respects, is by no means to be objected to. We could not expect any regular place of worship at such a distance from the town, as it is only when a regiment entirely Scotch happens to be stationed there that any would be required for the Scotch service. In the town, however, the case is different. The various regiments stationed there, or at a short distance, together with the numbers of resident civi-

lians, must always be sufficient to guarantee a large congregation, and render a suitable place of worship indispensable. And here I most gratefully acknowledge myself, and my brother Presbyterians, as under great obligations to Mr Rule, for his kind and liberal conduct in accommodating us with the use of the Wesleyan chapel, without which we must have found ourselves in considerable embarrassment.\* But deeply sensible as we are of the Christian good-will thus shown by Mr Rule towards the Church of Scotland, it is obviously of great importance that the minister and members of that church should be in possession of a place of worship to which they should have a legal title. It is not to be supposed that government would resist the just claim of the Church of Scotland to be provided with a suitable edifice for this purpose; nor is it easy to perceive on what grounds such a refusal could be rested, while the costly edifice appropriated to the service of the Church of England exists to shame them into something approaching to impartiality. The claim has, I believe, as yet never been made; but the sooner it is made the better.†

It is impossible to avoid perceiving the great importance of Gibraltar as a station for an active, intelligent, zealous gospel minister; and of what vast

\* Besides the Wesleyan chapel in the town, there is another building at the south, belonging to the same active and enterprising body.

† Since my return to this country, the Colonial Committee of the General Assembly made application to government with the view of obtaining a suitable salary for a chaplain of the Church of Scotland in Malta; but the application met with a decided refusal.

consequence it is that such a one should have his hands perfectly free, so as to devote his undivided energies to the work of the gospel. In that work he will soon find that he has enough, and more than enough, on his hands. First of all, there are the Presbyterian soldiers, the chief and primary objects of his pastoral solicitude. Besides preaching the truth to them on the Lord's Day, and visiting them when sick or in prison, (for the lock-up-house ought not to be neglected any more than the hospital, and presents an equally favourable opportunity, which the man of God will not be slack to seize,) he might, no doubt, find many other occasions of bringing his ministrations to bear upon them in private, and of exercising a sacred influence over them, so as in some measure to check their peculiar vices—drunkenness, swearing, and Sabbath desecration.

Next in order come the Presbyterian inhabitants, merchants and others. He will have much to do to bring them back to the church-going habits of their native land, which I fear many of them, at least, have wofully forgotten; which forgetfulness is no doubt owing, in great part, to the want of a minister of their own persuasion, as well as to the influence of bad example. This is a work which will require time and patience, and no small measure of tact and discretion.

After these are to be considered the Spanish population; many of whom, I have reason to believe, would gladly hear the truth. The great number of

Jews, natives of Spain and of Barbary, resident in Gibraltar, offer a most important field of labour. Neither would I willingly consider the Moors themselves—though a very small number of this singular people reside here for any length of time—as altogether beyond the reach of his operations. And if an opening could by any means be effected among them—and who shall presume to say that any thing is impossible for a man with God's grace in his heart, and God's word on his lips?—it is impossible to say how widely the truth might not be spread through their instrumentality. Gibraltar, it is obvious, is the extreme outpost of Christianity in this part of the globe—an outpost, in fact, pushed far within the lines of the infidel. Spain appears to be in a transition-state. She has, to a certain extent, shaken off the yoke of Popery without getting any thing better in its place. On a country in this condition, how powerful might be the influence of a faithful and energetic Christian minister at Gibraltar, who should be disposed to assume the aggressive as well as the defensive, to be a missionary as well as a pastor! I do not say that the Scottish chaplain, about to be established here, could, even under the most favourable circumstances, undertake such extensive operations; but I mention these circumstances to show, that were he ever so unembarrassed by other engagements, he has more to do, in the work of the ministry alone, than he can possibly accomplish. Government, it will be said, has nothing to do to provide for Jews,

Turks, and infidels. Granted. But let government take upon itself the entire burden of providing a suitable salary for the Presbyterian military chaplain, and leave the funds of the church free to be devoted to missionary labour. The chaplain will have quite enough to do among his own peculiar charge; and then, I trust, the Church of Scotland would not be slow to occupy ground so important as a missionary station.\*

Of the Protestant ministers settled at Gibraltar, I doubt if there are any who have either the inclination or the ability to do any thing for the cause of the gospel beyond their own immediate charge, with the exception of Mr Rule, the Wesleyan missionary. This zealous and able man has shown every inclination to assume the aggressive, and to make known the truth as it is in Jesus both to Jews and Papists. Some years ago, he and his assistant or colleague, Mr Lyon, established themselves for a considerable time at Cadiz, and preached boldly in the name of Christ. The people heard them gladly; but their

\* Since my return to this country, the Rev. Mr Strauchan, the Presbyterian chaplain now established in Gibraltar, has written to the Colonial Church Committee, pressing on their attention his utter inability to fulfil properly the duties incumbent on him, or to meet the demands on his time, while he is necessarily occupied so much in *teaching*, and earnestly imploring that an additional labourer should be sent out to that distant corner of the Lord's vineyard. But does not Gibraltar hold out a peculiar claim on the Committee for the Conversion of the Jews? The Jewish population of Gibraltar amounts to upwards of 1600. Many of these, especially of the Barbary Jews, are grossly ignorant, and in a very debased condition. I know very few situations more favourable to the operations of a missionary to God's ancient people than this, and I trust the Committee will ere long occupy it.

singular success soon drew upon them the attention of the civil authorities, as well as of the priests, and they were forthwith ordered to leave the country. In Gibraltar, he lately made a movement upon the Jews. He ingratiated himself with them by frequenting the synagogue, and joining with them in chanting the Psalms. On expressing a wish to confer with their learned men, he found them apparently ready to meet such a proposal. A particular Saturday was fixed on for the purpose. On the day appointed, Mr Rule appeared in the synagogue, was received with great respect, and seated among the wise men. The service proceeded, in which Mr Rule joined as usual. After service he anxiously awaited the expected conference; but, alas! one after another, the wise men stole silently away, and the disappointed champion of the truth was left to confer with his own heart.

I was exceedingly desirous, during my short stay in Gibraltar, to meet with some of the most enlightened among this singular people; but I found no opening. I occasionally attended the synagogue. The worship seemed to consist chiefly in a monotonous chanting of a portion of the Psalms in Hebrew, apparently without any one to lead; the whole congregation, meanwhile, swaying themselves backwards and forwards on their seats. After this, the officiating priest enters a large pulpit or reading-desk, in the centre of the building. The chanting was then resumed; and the priest enveloped his head and

shoulders, hat and all, in a yellow scarf, with black stripes round the border, continuing to chant all the time. After a time, throwing the scarf back from his face, he proceeded—followed by a number of others, forming a little procession—to a large wardrobe or cupboard, (begging the pardon of all Hebrews for the profane word, as I am unacquainted with its more sacred name,) meant, I presume, to represent the Ark or Sanctuary. On opening this, a number of large rolls covered with velvet were disclosed. One of these the priest selected; two silver ornaments, hung round with bells, were stuck on the top of it; then having embraced and kissed it, he carried it reverentially to the afore-mentioned reading-desk. The velvet covering was then removed, the roll unrolled, and a splendid manuscript of the book of Deuteronomy appeared. From this the priest continued to chant for a considerable time; when, having again rolled it up, enveloped it in its velvet covering, and replaced it in the sanctuary, the service soon after terminated. The priest was dressed in plain clothes, and, during the whole of the service, he, as well as all the congregation, remained covered. There was not the most distant appearance of devotion, nor any affectation of it. Many were conversing in the usual tone, and seemed to attract no attention. The only Jewish synagogue I ever visited before was at Vienna, where the service was much more solemn and imposing.

On one occasion I happened to take my seat in

the Gibraltar synagogue beside a well-dressed and intelligent-looking Israelite. With great politeness he gave me a share of his book, pointed out the passage, and occasionally dropped a word of explanation. After the service, I invited him to pay me a visit, and bring his Bible with him, which he promised to do. Next day, while I was sitting reading in my room, to my great satisfaction my Jewish friend was announced. In the course of our conversation, I asked him if it was not the case, that many learned Jews acknowledged that the latest period at which the Messiah might be expected, according to the prophecies, had now elapsed, and that in consequence some had fallen away from the faith of their fathers. He said it was quite true; but that it was a mere delusion to suppose any definite period fixed by the Prophets for the coming of their Deliverer; and that every true Israelite should go on hoping and believing until he actually did appear. I asked, how the Messiah would be known when he came?

“Chiefly,” he replied, “by the fulfilment of the prophecies in him.”

“Which prophecies?” I enquired.

He mentioned several, and among others—at which I was a little surprised—the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah.

“You then profess yourself willing,” I observed, “to receive as your Messiah the man in whom all these prophecies, and particularly this remarkable prediction of Isaiah, are accomplished.”

“Most undoubtedly we are,” he answered, “whenever such a man shall appear.”

“Well, then, listen to me,” I replied. “I pledge myself now—or whenever you may think proper to favour me with an opportunity, and in presence of as many of your people as may be willing to listen to me—to prove to you that all these prophecies, relating to your promised Messiah, contained in your holy books, and particularly this singular passage from the Prophet Isaiah, have been fully accomplished already—that they all meet in one person—that that person is the Nazarene; and if I succeed in this, I conclude that you are bound, by your own confession, to acknowledge him to be the Messiah.”

His face coloured while I was addressing him; but, whether from anger or embarrassment, I cannot tell. After a short silence, he replied mildly—

“I am a merchant, and you, I understand, are a priest. You cannot expect that I should be able to dispute with you; but I will bring one of our wise men to see you, and I shall be glad to hear you converse together on this subject.”

Of course I joyfully embraced this proposal, and the Israelite took his leave. I never saw him again, nor the wise man.

I have said that Spain is in a transition-state. It is obvious from the conversations I have had with those who are acquainted with the state of the country, that an important change in the religious views and character of the people is in process. This change

had begun to show itself before the abolition of conventual establishments, and the recent appropriation of part of the patrimony of the church. These innovations have, however, done much to shake the already tottering fabric of superstition, and to overthrow the already decaying influence of the Romish priesthood. No one can enter Spain now without being struck with the discrepancy betwixt his preconceived notions of the superstitious reverence of the Spanish lower orders for the mummery of Romanism, and the actual state of the fact. I am not acquainted with any part of Europe, in which Popery is acknowledged, where less reverence or devotion is to be observed among the common people in their religious ceremonies; and it is notorious that many superstitious observances have now quite disappeared. Am I gratified with this? I acknowledge that I am. Not that I am prepared to maintain, that no religion at all is in itself better than Popery; but because, while the influence of the priesthood over the minds of the people remained unimpaired, the introduction of the Bible generally into Spain was almost hopeless. A new era in the religious history of the Peninsula has begun. Spiritual despotism—the most dangerous enemy which the truth has to encounter—is no more; and civil despotism is quite incapable of excluding the Bible entirely from the land. Now that the anathemas of the priesthood are disregarded, the people are eager to receive the Word of God; and experience every where proves, that where a people are

desirous of welcoming the light, not all the most stringent regulations of the most bigoted and tyrannical of despotisms can keep them altogether in darkness. Bibles are at this moment pouring into Spain, in spite of *corregidor*, *alcalde*, and *aduanero*. The channel of illumination is indeed a strange one, but God often employs strange agents for his holy purposes; and we observe the worst passions of man, yea, the very devices of the devil, invented for very different ends, directly, though unintentionally, working to promote the glory of the Most High, and to advance the Redeemer's kingdom. The fierce and reckless smuggler is at present the instrument in the hands of the Lord employed for blessing the coasts of Spain with God's precious Word! A strange evangelist! but a successful one. The very fact that he finds the illicit trade in Bibles a profitable one, and capable of repaying the toils and dangers incident to his desperate profession, is a fact which speaks volumes for the desire of the Spanish people to receive this hated and forbidden book—hated by priests, and forbidden by tyrants; but, God be thanked, beloved and cherished by all who know its value; and earnestly sought after by thousands more, who have but a faint and indefinite conception of the infinite worth of the priceless treasure which they seek. Bless, O Lord, thy holy Word, even from such unholy hands!

The state of politics in Spain affords reason to hope, that this novel mode of disseminating the Scrip-

tures may soon be dispensed with. A more enlightened and liberal policy seems beginning to prevail; and it is the universal expectation that the prohibition of the Bible is about to be withdrawn, and that the Word of God will no longer be contraband in Spain.\* In this state of things, and in the present condition of the public mind in the Peninsula, there is a glorious field for missionary enterprise opening before us. There can be little doubt that the people of Spain would joyfully receive the messengers of the truth. This has been sufficiently proved in the only instance where it has been attempted—viz. as before mentioned, in the case of Mr Rule at Cadiz. It is also a fact worthy of observation, that, in various parts of Spain, vast numbers are strongly prepossessed in favour of Protestantism, without so much as knowing what it is. Many even go so far as to call themselves Protestants, though all they know of that name is that it implies something hostile to Popery. Wherefore, if the eye of the Christian tactician carefully surveys the hitherto impregnable defences of the “Man of Sin” in Spain, he will not fail to perceive that a wide and practicable breach is already made. Up then, soldiers of the Cross! Eternal honour to the man, be he Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Wesleyan, or Independent, who shall first mount the breach with the sword of the Spirit in his hand! Eternal

\* I understand that this happy change has been effected. I am not quite certain whether the prohibition had not actually been withdrawn before I left Gibraltar.

honour to the man of God who shall first preach the truth of Jesus in Madrid!

Touching the moral and religious condition of the Roman Catholics of Gibraltar, I can boast of no definite information. Their vicar, English and Spanish curates, and chaplain, all receive stated salaries from the British government. The history of the vicar's imprisonment made a great noise in Britain. I am by no means certain that the account of the circumstances, as I received it at Gibraltar, is to be depended on; but as it is the most favourable to the reverend gentleman, I do not hesitate to mention it.

It appears that the fees received for the administration of the various rites of the church are payable to certain lay managers for specific purposes. When the present vicar arrived in Gibraltar, and entered on his clerical functions, he found these fees so exorbitantly high as to be the occasion of great immorality and abuse. For example, the fees payable on account of marriages, baptisms, and burials were so extravagant, that the poor were constrained to dispense with the solemnities of religion on behalf of themselves, of their children, and even of their dead. Resolved to correct such glaring abuses, the vicar by his own authority abolished fees altogether, and administered the rites of religion, as is the case in the Church of Scotland, for nothing. Payment, however, was demanded of fees which had never been received; a process at law followed, and the vicar's imprisonment

was the consequence. Now, if this account of the matter be correct, there was certainly nothing discreditable to the vicar in the transaction; but very much the reverse, unless he assumed a right to abolish the fees without just grounds for so doing.\*

There are two Episcopal clergymen in Gibraltar—viz. Dr Borroughs, the English Protestant vicar, and the garrison chaplain. With the former of these gentlemen I had the honour to be acquainted; and it was no small part of my regret on leaving Gibraltar, that the lead-like oppression which the climate produced on my constitution, prevented me from cultivating or enjoying more the society of one whom, in the course of a few interviews, I had learned sincerely to esteem and respect as a man of liberal mind, cultivated intellect, and enlightened piety. His situation is one which requires both the gentleness of the dove and the wisdom of the serpent, chiefly owing to the danger of being brought into collision with his Popish neighbours.

One striking instance of this occurred lately under the following circumstances. The Popish priesthood at Gibraltar, as elsewhere, are exceedingly hostile to freemasonry, and take every opportunity to vilify and calumniate "the brethren of the mystic tie." Frequently this hatred rises to the utmost pitch of virulent animosity, so that a freemason is held up to public odium as worse than an infidel or a heretic.

\* The information I have received in this country concerning this transaction is, unhappily, not so favourable to the conduct of the vicar.

Lately, on the occasion of a Roman Catholic funeral, the eye of the officiating priest happening to light on the coffin, he there beheld with horror some cabalistic sign, the meaning of which is known only to the initiated, but from which he rightly conjectured that the departed must have been guilty of freemasonry. The service was instantly stopped; due enquiry into the circumstance made; the awful truth discovered; and the rites of burial were consequently refused. In vain the afflicted relatives urged and prayed. The priest could not give Christian burial to a freemason. Finding no remedy in that quarter, in their distress they betook themselves to the English vicar, and earnestly implored his good offices. Dr Borroughs could not withstand the appeal; and however delicately circumstanced, his sense of duty constrained him at once to direct the body to be buried according to the forms of the English church.

Connected with the fanatical antipathy of the Romish priesthood to freemasonry, I will here mention a most extraordinary and tragic story related to me at Gibraltar, by the unfortunate victim of one of the most fiendish conspiracies which ever disgraced a country under civilized government. I give this singular narrative as I received it from the unhappy man himself; but though he was my only informant, I have no hesitation in giving implicit credit to his statement. The simplicity and deep feeling with which the unhappy old man told his sad tale, and the bitter anguish with which he recounted

the savage murder of his wife and son, and his own trial, imprisonment, and the cruel suspicions to which he was subjected, would have convinced the most prejudiced of his truth, independent of the fact, that his statements were ultimately confirmed by the decision of the supreme court of Corfu.

Jean Solaire, the individual in question, is at present a thin worn-out old man, whose dress and general appearance bespeak both suffering and poverty. He looks bordering on seventy, though his adventurous life and distress of mind may perhaps make him appear a few years older than he is. His features are sharp and thin; but their expression is peculiarly mild and subdued. He is a person of good education, speaks French and Italian fluently, and has seen not a little of the shifting scenes of human life. He is a Frenchman by birth, and a native of Avignon. His own account of his early life is singular, but not over-creditable to himself. He was a soldier, a prisoner, a monk, a libertine, a freethinker, a renegade, and at last settled down into a quiet and respectable teacher of youth in the island of Ithaca. The history of his early years, no doubt, tends to convey an unfavourable impression of poor Solaire's character; but this impression is considerably weakened by the honest frankness with which he confesses the errors of his youth, and is quite neutralized by the documents he produces to prove his quiet, inoffensive, and respectable conduct, during a residence of upwards of twenty years in the Ionian

Islands. The mere circumstance that he was appointed by the governor-general, teacher, and afterwards superintendent of the subsidiary school, first in Santa Maura and then in Ithaca, is a strong testimony in favour of his character.

His being a convert from Popery was of itself sufficient to excite the enmity of the Romish priesthood; but his being a freemason was more unpardonable still. Unfortunately for Solaire, he was the founder of the first masonic lodge in Ithaca, viz. in 1831, and the great promoter of masonic societies afterwards, and so became the object of the most deadly hatred of the Popish clergy. In the heat of their fanatical zeal, they did not hesitate to use all their influence, both in public and private, to excite the ignorant populace against the object of their animosity. They publicly denounced masonry as anti-christian, and the masonic brotherhood as Turks, Jews, and infidels, worshippers of devils, human skulls, &c. &c. By these means, the bigoted people were excited to the utmost pitch of fury; so that on the night of the 24th December 1836, after listening to a harangue of this description from the Bishop of Ithaca himself, the mob violently broke into the masonic lodge, and destroyed or carried away whatever they could lay their hands on. After this, Solaire, who seems to have been of a timid and nervous temperament, proposed the dissolution of the society. This proposition was, however, rejected; and it was resolved to persevere, in defiance of the

fanaticism and fury both of priests and people. From this time Solaire was exposed to every species of insult, being followed and mobbed in the streets, and every injurious and opprobrious epithet was liberally applied to him. In this state of things, the president of the tribunal and the advocate-fiscal called on the bishop, in hopes of persuading him to use his influence to mitigate the violence of the people. But these gentlemen, in the very presence of the bishop, were assailed by a priest named Father Philip with the most opprobrious language. In the most violent terms of abuse he inveighed against masons and masonry, denouncing the whole system as the antichrist foretold in the Scriptures, and accusing Solaire of having spit upon the gospel in the church of St Spiridion,\* and of being a corrupter of youth.

Nothing, of course, was gained by this visit to the bishop; and the fury of the populace against the unfortunate Solaire was increased to such an extent, that he was induced to apply for his dismissal from

\* This calumny originated in the following circumstance, as I afterwards discovered from a manuscript communicated by a friend in Edinburgh. Solaire had entered St Spiridion's church to look after some of his pupils. Father Buro was at that moment, according to a common custom in Popish churches, presenting to be kissed by the people a representation of the patron saint, engraved on the boards of a copy of the Greek liturgy. Solaire, of course, refused to worship the image which Father Buro had set up; whereupon the enraged priest immediately circulated the calumny that he had spit upon the gospel, and ever afterwards, on all occasions when he happened to meet with Solaire, he never failed to cross himself and turn away his head, so as to attract the attention and inflame the fanatical fury of the people.

the island, and from his office as teacher, and in the mean time procured a constable to be stationed near his house for his protection. The public mind continued in this excited state up to the night of the 1st February 1837, a most fearfully memorable night in the sad history of the poor Frenchman. Solaire and his family had retired to rest at their usual hour, and he was quietly sleeping beside his wife: his son—whom the miserable father represented, with tears of agony, as a young man of the most amiable dispositions and high promise—was sleeping in another bed in the same apartment. Their peaceful slumbers were interrupted by the forcible entrance through the window of a number of armed men. As soon as he became aware of their presence, and recognising one of the party to be his most determined enemy, in an agony of terror he buried himself under the bed-clothes, and fainted.

Meanwhile a servant-maid in the employment of Solaire, being disturbed and alarmed by the noise of trampling and struggling, sprang from her bed, and distinctly hearing the unhappy mother exclaiming with her dying breath, "Villains, you have murdered me!" she hastily opened the window in order to call for help. At that moment, the murderers, alarmed perhaps by the noise she made, were seen rushing out the house, and the maid immediately hastened to the apartment where the family slept. Terrified at receiving no answer to her cries, she fled in her night dress to the house of the inspector of police. Con-

stables were immediately dispatched to enquire into the circumstances. A horrible scene presented itself on their entering Solaire's apartment. The poor man himself was found in bed in a state of insensibility, the bed-curtains hacked and torn, the bed-clothes pierced through and bloody, a deep wound on Solaire's left arm, the mangled body of his wife beside him pierced by nineteen wounds, and the corpse of the son floating in a sea of blood on the floor, disfigured by six desperate gashes.

This was dreadful enough ; but this was not all. The rancour of the priests and fanatics was not to be appeased, unless the unfortunate Solaire should be brought to the gallows as the murderer of his wife and child. A most infamous conspiracy was organized for this purpose ; and, strange as it may appear, one can hardly read the evidence submitted to the Supreme Court of Justice at Corfu, to which the case was appealed, without suspecting that the judges of the criminal court of Ithaca themselves were implicated in that atrocious conspiracy ; or at least, if not positively implicated in it, that they were not unwilling to lend themselves to gratify the fiendish fury of the poor Frenchman's enemies, by promoting its object. The following are some very startling circumstances in the conduct of the trial, which reflect the utmost disgrace on the judges. Witnesses, after being convicted of perjury, and condemned to be punished as perjurers, were received upon their oath as witnesses still. One person directly accused by Solaire was,

after a hasty examination, allowed to depart; and immediately he fled to Constantinople. Another, whom Solaire swears to have recognised among the murderers, was never brought up for examination at all. Several English soldiers who had intimated to the police that they had overheard those accused by Solaire using language which went far to implicate them, were never summoned. Before such judges the poor foreigner had little hope of justice; but so glaring were the contradictions, inconsistencies, and perjuries of the witnesses suborned against him, that he must have been honourably acquitted, but for a device got up in the expectation of sealing his fate. In the most solemn and pompous manner, excommunications were thundered by the bishop against all who should be acquainted with any circumstances likely to cast light on this dark business, and should yet refuse to disclose them. In consequence of this, one Buro, a shoemaker, son of a priest who was Solaire's avowed and bitterest enemy, appeared, and deponed, that happening on the night of the murder to be passing from the house of a friend who was dying, he saw Solaire issuing from his dwelling with a bloody sword in his hand, which he carried to the mole and cast into the sea. The solemn excommunications were manifestly a trick for the purpose of gaining implicit credence to the testimony of the priest's son. But the conspirators overshot their mark. The sword was found, but though by that time it had lain seventeen days in

the sea, there was no trace of rust on the blade, while the blood upon it was as fresh as if it had not lain as many hours. Besides this, it was proved by certain sailors, that on the night in question the mole was crowded with boats; that they themselves were in their boats and awake at that time, for they heard the cries of the victims; that consequently they must have seen Solaire if he had come to the mole in the manner described; but that neither they nor any of the other boatmen saw any thing of the kind. The whole evidence of Buro was in fact a tissue of contradictions and inconsistencies.

Upon such evidence as this it was obviously impossible for any court to condemn; but the judges were equally unwilling to acquit. For the purpose of leaving a stain upon Solaire's character, which would probably force him to quit the island, they refused to pronounce him not guilty, but dismissed the case on account of deficiency of proof, or, as we should say in Scotland, brought in a verdict of "not proven." But Solaire was not satisfied with this verdict. Conscious of his innocence, he resolved to have the benefit of a new trial before the Supreme Council of Justice at Corfu, and appealed accordingly. The case was also appealed by the acting attorney-general, demanding that Solaire should be found guilty. The result was the full acquittal of the accused, who, after thirteen months of imprisonment and of mental torture, was restored to the world, a friendless, childless, helpless old man, with a broken

heart, a ruined constitution, and a penniless purse ; but without a spot on his good name.

Two circumstances in the finding of the council at Corfu are deserving of notice : They recognised the probability that Solaire's life was spared intentionally by the murderers, for the express purpose of bringing him to the gallows for the murder of his own wife and son—a refinement in barbarity which at first sight appears hardly credible.

They further commented in pretty severe terms on the conduct of the inferior court at Ithaca. It is observed, “ That not the minutest suspicion of such horrible wickedness can attach to John Solaire, against whom nothing appeared, notwithstanding the various examinations that were made—notwithstanding the inquisitorial system pursued towards the accused, with utter disregard of his feelings, and in a manner quite at variance with that open and straightforward method prescribed in criminal trials, by the just and generous practice adopted by the laws of the country—proceedings which the council has observed with much displeasure.”

The unhappy victim of Romish bigotry and intolerance shortly after left the Ionian Islands, which had been the scene of this bloody tragedy, and repaired to Gibraltar, where he has since resided, endeavouring to procure a precarious subsistence by teaching a few pupils. Thus the priests gained a triumph over the feeble old man. The real murderers have never been discovered, and perhaps they may

be now blessing themselves in their fancied security, saying, "Who seeth us? Who knoweth us?" But for all that, there is an Eye upon them which they cannot elude—a Judge to try them whose judgment they cannot pervert. "For," saith the Lord, "mine eyes are upon all their ways: they are not hid from my face, neither is their iniquity hid from mine eyes."\*

\* I have lately fallen in with a highly interesting and classical work, by Mr Mure of Caldwell, entitled a "Journal of a Tour in Greece and the Ionian Islands." It appears that Mr Mure was at Ithaca at the time of Solaire's trial, at which he was present; and the account he gives of this singular tragedy is substantially the same with that given above.

## CHAPTER IX.

Recreations of Gibraltar—The garrison library—The shipping—The Gibraltar trader—Spanish Guarda-costas—British protection of the smuggler—The Brandywine—Irreligious character of British seamen—Patriotic conduct—Moorish refugees—The Cork-wood—The neutral ground—Catalan Bay—San Roque—Royal predicament—Travellers' exaggerations—The aloe—The cactus—Algeciraz—Ancient artillery—Lord Cochrane's crew—Carteia.

CONSIDERING its insulated and remote situation, Gibraltar is by no means deficient in amusements or sources of recreation. An invaluable resource, especially in hot weather, is to be found in the garrison library. This is an admirable institution, comprehending a magnificent library, a large and very handsome reading-room, furnished with most inviting sofas, and supplied with all the principal English and foreign newspapers and periodicals, a printing and bookbinding establishment, racket-court, billiard-room, &c.

Shooting excursions are frequently made by the officers of the garrison into Spain, and to Tetuan on the African coast. These last appear to be exceedingly interesting, and to afford great variety of game

to the sportsman. Boating is a common and favourite amusement, though it is by no means free from danger, owing to the sudden and severe squalls to which the bay is subject. After a hot and sultry day, a cruise in the bay is most refreshing. The shipping—principally *misticos* and other small craft—is a source of considerable interest. Of these, the Gibraltar trader is perhaps the most striking, and a most suspicious-looking craft she is. She lies rather low in the water, sharp in the bows, and carries enormous lateen sails. Her cargo looks peaceable enough, but not so her crew, who are far too numerous to be required for the management of such a vessel if she were honest, and have a desperado look about them which seems to intimate some other employment besides peaceable navigation—a suspicion which is more than confirmed by the no way equivocal appearance of two large swivel-guns poking out their wide black muzzles from under a tarpawling amidships. In short, she is a smuggler—a lawless freetrader—and her numerous and daring crew require the *guarda-costa* to be well armed and well manned before she presumes to ask any questions. These vessels are fair traders in the bay of Gibraltar, but *contrabandistas* on the Spanish coast, whose honesty must not be questioned on the open sea, but are recognised smugglers near the shore. Hence the fruitful ground of squabbles betwixt our cruisers and the Spanish coast-guard. When detected landing *contraband* goods, they are of course liable to seizure;

but we consider ourselves bound to protect them in all other circumstances, however suspicious. It appears not very dignified for a great power like England to protect the smuggling trade on the coasts of helpless Spain, who has no strength to retaliate or resist. But besides that the trade is profitable—that excuse betwixt nations for every thing that is lawless—and opens a considerable mart for British produce, it is obviously the duty of Great Britain to protect her own subjects on the high seas, and to prevent their being kidnapped by the cruisers of any other nation, in circumstances where the charge of contravening the laws of that nation within its own jurisdiction cannot be fully substantiated. Hence the watchful jealousy with which our ships of war regard the motions of the *guarda-costas* near the entrance to the Mediterranean; and perhaps the most exciting signal now made from the signal-tower on the Rock, is that which telegraphs “a Gibraltar vessel pursued by a Spaniard.” A short time ago, a collision with the Spanish authorities in this respect occurred, which occasioned violent excitement and indignation against the English. It appears that a Gibraltar vessel had been boarded at sea by one of the coast-guard, and being found laden with contraband goods, was made prize of and carried into Barcelona. There could be little doubt that the goods were destined for the Spanish market; but still the vessel was captured at a distance from the coast, where she had a perfect right to be with any goods

she might think fit to carry. So at least argued the captain of a British gun-brig, who, on being informed of the circumstance, sailed directly into the harbour of Barcelona, took possession of the vessel, and carried her back to Gibraltar. It is reported that the governor of Barcelona was deprived of his post for having suffered this insult; but whether he had the power to prevent it I do not know. There is no country in Europe which gives employment to so many smugglers as Spain. In fact, it would appear as if the greater part of the trade of the country were in their hands. Such is the effect of prohibitory duties and impolitic fiscal regulations.

Besides smugglers and traders, the bay of Gibraltar is frequently visited by men-of-war of all nations. During the time of my stay the bay has been seldom without an American ship of war. One evening I had the pleasure of meeting a number of the officers, with the captain and chaplain, of the fine American frigate Brandywine, at the beautiful villa of Sir John Sinclair, the captain of the port. I found them exceedingly agreeable, well-educated, and gentlemanly men. Mr Stewart, the chaplain, is a most interesting person, a man of considerable knowledge of the world, enlightened views, and sober but vigorous piety. He is well known to the religious world by his missionary enterprises in the South Seas and Sandwich Islands. Having promised to visit them on board, I repaired the day following to the Old Mole, where I found one of the Brandywine's boats

waiting to convey me to the frigate. She is a most beautiful vessel, in the very perfection of order, and no drawing-room could be more scrupulously clean than her main and lower decks. The Rev. Mr Stewart and the first lieutenant conducted me through the vessel, and seemed both amused and gratified by my expressions of admiration and delight. The crew were at dinner, and a most comfortable mess they seemed to have. Their dinner is placed, not on swinging tables, as I believe is generally the case in our ships, but on the deck, with a canvass table-cloth. The Brandywine carries fifty guns and five hundred men. I had a great deal of delightful conversation with Mr Stewart. His account of the general character and conduct of the crew, might have made me blush for the gallant fellows on board the British fleet. And why should the character of the crew of the Brandywine be superior to that of English sailors on board any ship in our navy? Not only are these men all of British blood, but a great proportion of them are actually British born. Our crews are, therefore, formed of essentially the same materials. The moral condition of our navy must, indeed, be a matter of deep concern to every British Christian's heart. That our sailors are generally profligate and irreligious, cannot be denied. Yet the profession of arms by sea or land is a lawful, an honest, and honourable profession. There must, therefore, be some grievous fault—some ruinous mismanagement somewhere.

There is no temperance-society on board the Brandywine, as there is in many American ships; but a great number of the men are members of temperance-societies on shore; and a great number who are not, decline drawing their allowance of grog, receiving, of course, an equivalent in money. Perhaps it may be necessary to mention, that this fine ship is named after the river Brandywine, in Pennsylvania and Delaware; otherwise it may appear a very inappropriate title for a vessel with such a temperate crew.

Captain Marryatt takes notice of the fact, that the American navy is in great part manned by British sailors, and speculates on what line of conduct they might adopt in case of a war betwixt the two countries. An interesting circumstance in point occurred lately in the bay of Gibraltar. It was at the time when great apprehensions of hostilities were entertained, owing to M'Leod's imprisonment. Two men-of-war, of nearly equal force, one British and one American, were lying opposite each other in the bay, and no one could tell but that the next post might bring tidings which should convert them into mortal enemies. In this state of matters, a considerable number of the crew of the American being British born, held a consultation together, and agreed to send a deputation to the quarterdeck to inform their captain, that, in the event of a rupture betwixt the two countries, he must not depend on them, for that they would not fight against their countrymen. This

is an honourable trait in the character of poor Jack, which ought not to be forgotten.

I was much pleased with the gentlemanly manners and sailor-like frankness of the American officers; and having taken lunch with the captain, and enjoyed their company awhile on the quarterdeck, I took my leave with many a cordial adieu, and many a courteous invitation to renew my acquaintance with the Brandywine, should I ever fall in with her again.

But of all the vessels in the bay, none interested me more than an Italian brig, carrying a large cargo of emigrants, escaping from French domination in Algiers, and bound for Tetuan. What a motley assemblage crowded to the bulwarks as our boat came alongside! Negroes, Moors, Italians, Jews; children with their nails dyed vermilion, and Moorish women veiled over nose and brow, leaving nothing visible of the human face divine but sparkling eyes. Some of the Moors were uncommonly fine men, with noble, strongly-marked countenances, and bearded like the pard. Among them was a very remarkable old man, a hundred and eight years of age. One of the passengers, an Algerine Jew, was one of the most magnificent men I ever saw. Contrary to the custom of his people, and the law of Mahommedan states, he wore a turban. He excused himself by alleging that it was intended merely for a nightcap. There was a report current amongst them, which seemed to give them great satisfaction, that the Duke of

Orleans, at present with the French army in Algiers, had been mortally wounded. Many of the passengers, especially of the Jews, understood French, so that I was enabled to have a good deal of conversation with them.

Besides boating in the bay, there are various opportunities for the officers of the garrison to get rid of a little idle time, by rides on the neutral ground, or along the Spanish shore; excursions to the different places in the neighbourhood, and picnics to the Cork-wood. This last is a favourite amusement. The Cork-wood is at a considerable distance from Gibraltar, on the road to Ronda. The chief drawback from this amusement is the risk of finding more company there than they bargained for; and it sometimes happens that a party comes home shorn, leaving both purses and horses in the hands of the robbers.\*

The neutral ground is a narrow strip of a miserable sandy waste, which lies betwixt Gibraltar and the Spanish outposts, occupying the neck of the isthmus

\* I lately happened to meet in Rotterdam a lad who had been head waiter in the Club hotel in Gibraltar, during my residence there, from whom I heard of a *contre-temps* of this sort, which occurred to some of my Gibraltar friends shortly after I left the Rock. They had gone to spend a day in the Cork-wood, and had picketed their horses while they were enjoying their rural repast. This ended, they prepared to return home; but, to their no small dismay, neither horse nor saddle was to be found. In fact, they had been cleverly and quietly carried off without disturbing the social party to whom they belonged. One of the horses was shod according to the English fashion, and the thieves, fearing that this might lead to a discovery, took off the shoes; in consequence of which the horse fell lame, and they were obliged to abandon him. This was the only one that was recovered.

from the bay of Gibraltar to the Mediterranean. Here and there it exhibits a patch of ground cultivated for growing gourds and other vegetables ; and in other places is barely covered by a scanty and withered vegetation, on which a few cattle are starving. The sands of the Spanish shore are my regular resort every morning before breakfast, for exercise on horseback. The view of the Rock from the sands at the head of the bay is singularly picturesque.

Of the excursions in the neighbourhood, the shortest, and one of the pleasantest, is to Catalan village and bay. In order to reach this pretty village, leaving Gibraltar by the Land-port, we pass under the bluff perpendicular precipice which overhangs the neutral ground, and beneath the guns of the upper lines, which are seen looking gruffly out of their rocky portholes at a vast height overhead. Doubling round the foot of this warlike precipice, we come to the shore of the Mediterranean, and find a narrow path through deep sand overhanging the sea, across that singular bed of sand formerly mentioned as occupying part of the eastern side of the rock. Following this for a short distance, we come to Catalan village, a singularly pretty and romantic hamlet, occupying a few yards of level ground at the back of the rock, at the foot of the gigantic precipice which rises immediately behind, and between it and the margin of the sea. It is a fishing village, very neat and clean, with little gardens between some of the houses, and a pretty sandy bay in front. It belongs

to Gibraltar, and offers an exceedingly convenient place of refuge to the smugglers, who, when hard pressed by the Spanish coast-guard, and unable to make their escape through the straits into the bay of Gibraltar, are sometimes obliged to run their craft ashore here, where they are under British protection.

Another very pleasant ride is to San Roque, about six miles from Gibraltar. The road—if road it can be called where track is none—is along the sandy beach at the head of the bay for about two miles, on leaving which it passes through low bare hills, amid groves of prickly pear and rows of aloes, to the foot of the steep conical hill on which the town is situated. San Roque is a poor desolate-looking town in a commanding situation. It was built by the Spaniards of Gibraltar who did not choose to live under British rule, when that fortress surrendered to Sir George Rooke. During the great siege, the Duke de Crillon, the Count d'Artois, and the Duke de Bourbon lodged in San Roque, and in the plains below the combined army encamped. Standing on the summit of the hill, and exposed to both the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, it enjoys a much cooler air than Gibraltar, and is not so much afflicted by the Levanter, on which account families from Gibraltar frequently spend the summer there. It possesses a tolerable inn, kept by a Scotchman, and occasionally draws together a considerable concourse by the attractive spectacle of a bull-bait, a miserable parody on the real Spanish bull-fight; for as the

humane society of San Roque and Gibraltar cannot afford to have horses gored and bulls slaughtered for their amusement, they are forced to content themselves with the spectacle of a single bull tortured and tormented, and rendered furious by every possible device.

The view from San Roque would be very fine were it not for the total absence of trees and verdure. The country is hilly and cultivated, so that in spring it may present a very different appearance, but at present it is as brown as a Spaniard's face. The herbage is dried and withered, and the whole landscape looks barren and desolate. The neighbouring mountains have not a tree on them, and the aspect of the country is as if blighted by lightning. To the east of San Roque rises a long, sloping, lofty hill or mountain, called "the Queen of Spain's Chair," from a ridiculous story that the Queen of Spain established herself on the top during the siege, and took an oath never to leave it until she saw the Spanish flag hoisted in place of the British on the summit of the rock of Gibraltar. When the siege was at an end, and the preliminaries of peace signed, the queen—the story goes on to say—was sadly disconcerted, unwilling to violate her oath, but still more unwilling to spend the rest of her days upon this inhospitable mountain. From this dilemma she was delivered by the gallantry of the English governor, who, on learning the melancholy predicament in which her majesty found herself, ordered the Brit-

ish flag to be hauled down, and the Spanish colours hoisted for five minutes in its room. Thus was the royal conscience saved from great danger, and the queen departed in peace.

“Behind the Queen’s Chair, a hilly country extends, which is adorned with all the charms of luxuriant vegetation and industrious cultivation. The little town of San Roque stands on an eminence opposite the western foot of the mountain; avenues of noble American aloes, and flowering bushes of oleander, ornament this pleasant hill, the summits of which are crowned by fortifications.”—So says a certain author. Surely exaggeration is the besetting sin of travellers! A more bare, miserable country than that around the Queen’s Chair, and a browner, barer, more withered-looking hill than that of San Roque, I cannot conceive; and neither the hideous excrescences of the cactus, nor the tall bare poles of the aloe can save it, at least at this season of the year, from the appearance of being cursed with barrenness. The aloe, however, which grows in this neighbourhood in considerable perfection, is a singular and very graceful plant. The tall, straight, and leafless stem shoots up from a thick bush or tuft of sharp spiked leaves, to a height of twenty feet. Rather more than half-way up the stem, short flowering spikes branch out, rising pyramidally one above another, and terminating in a single flower on the tapering top of the tree. The aloe is a most useful as well as an ornamental plant.

When grown in a hedge, the hard, sharp, and prickly leaves make an impenetrable fence; the fibres are worked into thread and cord, of which very beautiful mats, reticules, baskets, and other ornamental articles are manufactured; the leaves are chopped down for food to the cattle; soap is extracted from the juice; the sharp spines are used for pins or even nails. From another species of the same plant a valuable medicine is procured; and Mr Kerferd, my Mexican friend, tells me, that in Mexico strong cloth and cordage are made from the fibres. Some other part is good for food; and the juice is converted into wine, from which again a strong spirit is distilled.

The cactus, or prickly pear, grows in great abundance in this district, for which the hot sandy soil is well suited. It is used for hedges or fences in various parts of the south of Europe, especially in Sicily, where I have seen it growing to a prodigious size and strength. Its fruit, which grows like an excrescence on its thick lumpish lobes, is shaped like a fig—hence often called the African or Indian fig—and is a great favourite with the Spaniards. The peasants devour them in incredible quantities. But though larger than the fig, the prickly pear does not contain much food. When the rind is removed, there is nothing left but seeds and juice. The taste is sweet but sickly.

Algeciraz, on the opposite side of the bay, offers another very agreeable excursion. It is only about five or six miles distant by water, but almost twice

as far by land, as, in order to reach it, it is necessary to make the circuit of the bay. On the 22d July, Mr Kerferd and I made a fruitless attempt to visit Algeciraz by sea. We reached the middle of the bay when the wind fell to a dead calm—so “no blow, no go,” as one of the sailors sagely observed; and after baking for some time under an almost vertical sun, we were glad to take advantage of a hardly perceptible breath of air, to steal slowly back again to Gibraltar.

On the 13th August, in company with Mr T——, a Scotch gentleman residing in Gibraltar, I made an excursion to Algeciraz on horseback. Road there is none until we draw near the town; but it is a delightful ride, nearly the whole way on the beach, the little rippling waves washing our horses' feet. Starting early in the morning, we meet great numbers of mules laden with the produce of Spain for the Gibraltar market; and pause occasionally to watch the success of the fishermen, laboriously dragging their long nets to the shore, heavy with multitudes of small fish of various sorts. Leaving on the right the road which branches off from the sands to San Roque, about half-way between Gibraltar and Algeciraz, we pass under the ruins of the ancient city of Carteia, and soon after cross the Guadaranque on a large flat-bottomed ferry-boat, drawn across by ropes attached to either bank. From thence we proceed, sometimes on the strand and sometimes over a sandy plain, partially clothed with withered grass, until we arrive at the Rio de

Palmones, which we cross in the same manner as the Guadaranque. Shortly after this, we attain a road which conducts us to Algeciraz.

Algeciraz is a very pretty, clean town, with a large fruit-market, abounding with every species of vegetable luxury; a handsome square paved with large flat stones, many beautiful and luxuriant gardens, an alameda of course, and an aqueduct of hewn stone, of an extent and workmanship apparently out of all proportion to the size of the place which it supplies with water. About two or three miles behind it rise the mountains, stony, sterile, and wild, with here and there plantations of cork; while the rugged openings of different valleys seem to give promise of much bold and romantic scenery in their recesses. In front lies its little port, protected by the little island of Palomas, about a gun-shot from the shore, so completely covered with fortifications that the whole looks like the creation of man. The view from the neighbourhood of Algeciraz, of the bay and its shipping, of San Roque and the adjacent mountains, and above all, of the rock of Gibraltar, raising its giant bulk in solitary grandeur from the bosom of the waters, is singularly striking and even grand. The rock of Gibraltar has been frequently supposed to resemble a lion crouching with head erect; and though British pride may, in some measure, have helped the imagination of the original discoverer of this resemblance, and inclined him to look for the proud emblem of British power in this distant and isolated

portion of Britain's wide dominion, yet, when warned of it, there is no difficulty in making out a considerable likeness, real or imaginary.

The present town of Algeciraz is of modern date, having been built by the Spaniards at the same time with San Roque, after the cession of Gibraltar to Great Britain. The ancient city of Algeciraz—the remains of which are still to be seen a little to the southward of the present town—was built by the Saracens about the year 714, two years after their establishment in Gibraltar.\* It was here that the infidel conquerors of the Peninsula first set foot in Spain; and it was in order to secure a footing in this country, and to preserve their communications with Africa, that Algeciraz was built and fortified. Under their dominion, it became a place of great wealth and importance; and though Gibraltar was also occupied by their forces, Algeciraz continued to be their principal stronghold on this coast. For upwards of six centuries the Moors remained in possession, notwithstanding the frequent and desperate efforts of the Christian princes of Castile. Towards the middle of the fourteenth century, it stood one of the severest sieges recorded in that warlike age. For nearly two years it defied the valour of the Christian army under Alonzo XI. of Castile; and so great was the interest excited throughout Europe by this siege, that most of the European sovereigns dispatched succours to the be-

\* Drinkwater's *History of Gibraltar*.

sieging army. Amongst others, a body of English, under the command of the Duke of Lancaster, greatly distinguished themselves. It was here, too, that the English soldier first heard the roar of artillery—a sound now so familiar to his ear—for it was the Moors who first introduced this powerful auxiliary into European warfare; and it is certain that artillery of some sort was employed by them in the defence of Algeciraz.\* Notwithstanding the most gallant defence, it at length surrendered to Alonzo; but about twenty years afterwards it was retaken, sacked, and demolished by the Moors. Since that time, it continued nothing better than a fishing village built among the extensive ruins of a city, until the loss of Gibraltar made the Spaniards regard it as a situation of importance. Algeciraz, accordingly, rose from its

\* It is doubtful to what nation the honour of inventing this deadly engine is to be attributed. By some it is considered to be originally an invention of the Chinese, and it is pretended that there are at present cannon in China which were made before the close of the first century of the Christian era. It is not impossible that the Saracens may have received the invention from the Chinese; at any rate there can be little doubt that the Saracens were the first who introduced it into Western Europe, and that so early as the year 1312. If the English acquired the knowledge of artillery at the siege of Algeciraz, they were not slow in profiting by it, as we find them employing cannon at the siege of Calais and at the battle of Cressy, only two years afterwards. Of what description the Moorish artillery was, we have no means of ascertaining; but the first with which we are acquainted were made of wood, wrapped in cloth, and secured by iron hoops. Leather artillery—singular as the material may appear for such a purpose—have also been used, especially by the Swedes in the Thirty Years' War. They were carried on horseback, and though calculated for only one discharge, were considered of service owing to the rapidity with which they might be conveyed to any spot where urgently required. I have seen one of these singular pieces of ordnance in the arsenal of Vienna; it had been used by the Swedes at the famous battle of Lutzen in 1632.

ruins ; was repeopled and fortified ; and has continued a thriving town, enjoying some little trade, chiefly with Gibraltar and Ceuta.

This ancient siege in the old days of Saracen power was not the only occasion on which our countrymen have suffered from the artillery of Algeciraz. One of the few unsuccessful naval actions which occurred during the last war was in this bay, when Sir James, afterwards Lord de Saumarez, was beat back with the loss of one of his ships, from an attack on some French ships of war, protected by the Spanish gun-boats and batteries. It was in this action that an incident occurred, singularly characteristic of the reckless daring of the British sailor. The present Lord Dundonald, then Lord Cochrane, had been captured in a fourteen-gun brig, named the *Speedy*, and carried into the bay of Algeciraz, and at the time of the action, his lordship and his crew were on board the French ship of war *Formidable*. Every broadside which the English poured into the enemy was received with loud British cheers from the brave prisoners on board the French vessel ; and neither the furious threats of their enemies, nor the danger which they ran of being sunk by the guns of their friends, could silence the gallant hurrah which welcomed every discharge.\*

Many of the preparations for the great siege of Gibraltar were carried on in the port of Algeciraz,

\* Alison's *History of Europe*.

under shelter of the little island of Palomas; but the principal station of the Spanish gun-boats, and their place of retreat when shattered by the fire of the besieged, was in the river Palmones.

Having gratified our curiosity at Algeciraz, and partaken of a very miserable dinner in its very miserable posada, we remounted our horses, and after crossing the Palmones and the Guadaranque, we diverged from the beach, and ascended to the hardly distinguishable ruins of the once rich and populous Carteia. The poor remains of this once famous town are situated on a rising ground on the left bank, and near the mouth, of the river Guadaranque. The situation of this town was long a matter of dispute. Some identified it with Algeciraz, and others placed it in the neighbourhood of Tarifa. The extent of the ruins, or rather of the rubbish, and the great quantity of coins of Carteia which have been, and are still daily, discovered by the husbandman in his labours at this spot, have set the question at rest. As a Roman colony, Carteia enjoyed the privilege of coining money, and hence the chief evidence which now exists of the real position of a great city. Copper coins are to be procured in great abundance, and for a mere trifle I purchased a handful of them from a peasant.

What a strange reverse is presented by this desolate spot! This renowned city, which formerly sent to sea more ships of war or trade than the whole coast of Africa—this famous mart, whose wealth his-

torians have recorded and poets sung, is now a desert! A poor farm-house and a few huts occupy the site of crowded streets, temples, palaces, and arsenals; a solitary peasant treads unconsciously the dust of a great city. The plough has passed over it: a cumbrous mass of building on the top of the hill, the foundations of a few arches of a theatre, and indistinguishable heaps of ruins buried in earth and rubbish, are all that remain to tell of Carteia; and not of Carteia alone—here, probably, stood the still more ancient Tartessus, the Tarshish of Scripture, whence the navy of Solomon brought “gold and silver, and ivory, and apes, and peacocks.” There is something peculiarly solemn in the stillness of the desert; but when that stillness is contrasted with what history tells us of its former condition—when we gaze on the desolate solitude, and think of the once crowded and populous streets—on the moss-covered ruins, and think on the turret-crowned Carteia—on the silent and swampy stream, with its lonely banks, and recollect the shouts of the mariners which once were heard there, the stately galleys for trade and war which once assembled there, and the wealth which flowed in and out with each returning tide, which now bears nothing on its wave but weeds and sea-rack—then is the mind at once solemnized and overawed, and we learn how weak is the might of man when opposed to the fiat of that God who has said, “Howl, ye ships of Tarshish, for it is laid waste, so that there is no house, no entering in: the

Lord hath given a commandment against the merchant city, to destroy the strongholds thereof. Howl, ye ships of Tarshish; for your strength is laid waste.”\*

\* That Carteia, Tartessus, and Tarshish are identical, or occupied the same situation, is probable, but nothing more. It seems pretty certain that Tarshish of Scripture and Tartessus were the same; but the precise position of Tartessus is by no means easily ascertained. By many writers it was supposed to have stood at the mouth of the Guadalquivir, on an island formed by a branch of that river now dried up; by others again it was identified with Gader, the present Cadiz. The Guadalquivir, it appears, was anciently termed Tartessus, and the neighbouring country the Tartesside. Hence the Greek and Roman navigators appear to have applied the name Tartessus to several of the chief maritime places on that coast, among which Carteia was probably included. In the *Compendium Geographicæ Antiquæ*, Carteia and Tartessus are supposed to be the same:—“Carteia, urbs quondam celeberrima, quamvis verus illius situs vix ac ne vix quidem determinari possit. Inhabitârunt eam Phœnici, donec ann. ante C. N. 280. A Carthaginiensibus sunt inde expulsi. Græci, vero, Tartessum appellabant. Totam regionem auri argentique fodinis ditissimam fuisse veteres narrant, (Diodorus Siculus, LVI. 9;) unde opinio quoque enata, Carteiam portum fuisse Tarsin, unde Solomonis nautæ aurum, ar entum, ebur, simias, pavonesque singulis triennis advenerunt.”

## CHAPTER X.

Tetuan—Voyage to Tangier—Bay of Tangier—The town—The Moorish boat—The captain of the port—Salám—The streets and houses—The Kassina—The shops—The Kassina by lamp-light—Moorish curiosities—The Jewish marriage—The Jews of Barbary—The road to mercy—Zeal for God's glory—The castle—The mosque—The sketchers—The Dog's Head—The indignant Moor—Intolerance—The insane—The Jew—The Moor—The fair sex—The soca—The camel—The Garden of the Hesperides—Classic reminiscences—The Swedish consul's garden—The consul—The entertainment—The evening walk—My Scotch hostess—The Name of Jesus—The praying Moor and the prayerless Christian.

I HAD several times projected an excursion from Gibraltar to one or other of the towns on the coast of Africa within a short sail, but owing to various circumstances had hitherto been disappointed. The principal communication which Gibraltar has with Africa at present is with Tetuan, from whence the garrison receives a regular supply of live stock, chiefly cattle and poultry. It is represented as a large town, containing nearly 15,000 inhabitants, surrounded with most luxurious gardens, and more purely Moorish in its appearance and character than any town on this part of the coast. On this account I wished particularly to visit Tetuan, and had arranged for the voyage in one of the bullock-boats, (boats which

are employed in carrying cattle to Gibraltar,) intending to ride from thence to Tangier, and recross to Gibraltar as I could find opportunity. This arrangement, however, was rendered abortive by a severe indisposition, which confined me to the house for some days, and obliged me to report myself unfit for duty on Sunday the 1st August.

An opportunity of visiting the African coast afterwards occurred, in consequence of the arrival from England at Gibraltar of Mr Hay, British consul at Tangier, to whom I had been favoured with a letter of recommendation. Her Majesty's steamer *Lizard*, at present stationed at Gibraltar, was to convey the consul to Tangier; and together with a party of officers from the garrison, and a young clergyman from Ireland, I availed myself of the opportunity offered us by the politeness of Mr Estcourt, commander of the *Lizard*. We had a delightful trip, keeping for some time pretty near the Spanish coast, and running close under Tarifa, with her half-dismantled fortifications and vine-clad hills standing out into the sea, and forming the most southerly point of the European continent. From Tarifa, shooting directly across the straits, we encountered a pretty smart gale, beginning in a sudden and heavy squall, which made the little *Lizard* heel over like a pinnace; while a sea breaking through the cabin windows drenched the beds of some of the officers, and set their books and other articles a-swimming, ducking at the same time several of the passengers.

We were carrying a good deal of canvass at the moment the squall struck us, and I was delighted to remark the rapidity with which the sails were got in. The shrill whistle of the officer had hardly died away, when a number of smart active fellows were already hanging over the yards, and in a few moments more the Lizard was scudding under bare poles. Sailing under Cape Malibat, which forms the northern boundary of the bay of Tangier, we shortly after came to an anchor opposite the town.

The bay of Tangier is of considerable extent, but is a good deal exposed to the east wind, which often renders the anchorage near the town unsafe, and obliges vessels to seek shelter on the opposite side, under the high grounds which terminate in Cape Malibat. This circumstance deprived us of the pleasure of Mr Estcourt's company on shore; for, as the weather looked unsettled and threatening, he considered it necessary for him to remain on board, and having landed his passengers, withdrew with his vessel to the more sheltered side of the bay.

The hills which form the bay of Tangier are sandy, clothed, however, in great part with dwarf trees of various sorts. The town lies on the slope of the hill, and the white-washed houses have a smiling and cheerful appearance when seen from the sea. It is walled and fortified, and the hill at the base of which it is situated is crowned by a ruinous-looking castle.

No sooner had we dropped anchor than a large boat came alongside, manned by a singularly wild-looking crew. Brown and tawny enough the fairest of them were, but some of them were scorched almost to Ethiopian blackness. Some were dressed in the usual Moorish costume, while others had nothing to cover their well-tanned hides but ragged flannel shirts and drawers. The wind was blowing pretty fresh on shore, bringing in a considerable swell, so that it required no little exertion to bring the large boat alongside the steamer; and how the savage crew did grin and pull, jabbering all the while in their strange uncouth guttural, as if their tongues had as much to do in propelling the boat as their muscular and brawny arms! Having succeeded in getting the whole party and their luggage into their boat, they pushed off, and pulling and jabbering with uncommon vigour, soon ran the boat through the surf on the beach a few yards from dry land, when each of us mounting on the back of a Moor, we were speedily landed in safety. Then came the usual demand for payment, when it became apparent that Moors and Europeans, Moslems and Christians, however they may differ in many things, agree in extortion. The captain of the port—a magnificent old man, with turbaned head, naked legs, and yellow slippers—who had hitherto been reposing in solemn dignity under a portico close to the gate of the town, seemed to be disturbed by the uproar; for, rousing himself like a lion from his lair, he ap-

proached the scene of action with a majesty of step and air which would have done honour to King Cambyses. How far the authority of this dignitary helped to settle the dispute I do not know; for having thrown a piece of money to my Moor which seemed to satisfy him, I hastened after my travelling-bag, which was already at some distance on the back of a half-naked Moslem, who perhaps, I considered, might have no objections to improve his wardrobe from the spoils of the infidel.

Captain C——, the Rev. Mr P——, and myself, took up our quarters in the house of a Miss Duncan, a Scotchwoman from Dundee, who has resided a number of years in Tangier; and with her we met every kindness and attention, and found every thing scrupulously clean. The rest of the party were accommodated in the house of a Jew. A guide, or cicerone, speedily presented himself, in the person of an uncommonly handsome young Moor named Salâm, who speaks English tolerably well. He is dark-complexioned but not absolutely swarthy, with an eye full of intelligence and singularly brilliant, a sedate, rather melancholy expression, and a manner remarkable for dignity and gentleness. Salâm obviously pays particular attention to his dress, especially on Thursday the market-day, and on Friday the Mahommedan sabbath, when, with his snow-white turban, clean yellow morocco slippers, and spotless alhayke of delicate pale straw-colour, wound in ample folds round his person from neck to heel, he

might vie in elegance of attire with the most tastefully dressed exquisite of any metropolis in Europe.

Under the guardianship of this African dandy, we sallied forth to see the town. Town I presume it must be called; but so unlike is it to any thing that bears that name in Europe, that were it not for the houses of the consuls, it bears about as much resemblance to a town as a city of ant-hills. The houses are so small that one might believe them to be inhabited by a race of pigmies, were it not for the tall, brawny, muscular fellows who are seen going in and out. The houses never exceed two stories in height, and these very low. The entrance is low and narrow. Each house has an open court like the Spanish patio in the middle, in which there is invariably to be found a fig, vine, or olive tree; so that in this happy land every man reposes "under his own vine, and under his own fig-tree."\* These interior courts or quadrangles are, like the apartments of the house, of very small dimensions; but they serve to keep the rooms cool and airy, as they all enter from them. The roofs are perfectly flat, and covered with *terras*,

\* This Scripture phrase, expressive of peace and security, conveys to the English reader an idea very different from what it was intended to describe. In the south of England, we see the vine and the fig-tree trained to the front of a pretty rural dwelling, trellised over a graceful veranda, or forming a shady arbour. In the barbarous countries of Africa and of the East, there is no attempt at external ornament in their houses. The chief object seems to be, to render them as inaccessible to an enemy as possible. Hence the only opening to the street is the narrow door. The vine, the fig, and the olive flourish in the inner court, and spread their grateful shade over the master of the house in his domestic retirement.

a composition of lime and small stones beaten smooth with wooden mallets. In the better class of houses there are pipes which conduct the rain-water from the roof to cisterns under ground. But in general there is no such provision; and the cement being quite insufficient to exclude the wet, in the rainy season the rain penetrates both roof and walls, and keeps the whole house in a miserable state. All the apartments are on the veriest pigmy scale. If the Moor has room to squat, he wants no more. The furniture is common and simple, and almost the only ornament in their rooms is a rich and beautiful piece of Morocco needlework, wrought on coarse muslin, of various patterns and the most brilliant colours, occasionally hung as drapery round a small looking-glass on the wall, or in front of the bed. The streets are rarely wider than is absolutely necessary to allow two donkeys to pass each other; and if both are laden, they may sometimes find the passage narrow enough. They are littered with all kinds of refuse. Very few of the houses have any windows to the street; so that one appears to be walking in narrow lanes betwixt two dead walls, in place of in the streets of a populous town.

The *kassina*, as I believe that part of the town is called where merchandise is exposed for sale, is a wide space or street formed by two rows of low booths or shops. The shops are singular contrivances, being mere square holes, probably about six feet square, formed in the outer walls of the houses,

or built of wood, within which the merchant is squatted in the midst of his goods, bearing a singular and most striking resemblance to a lion crouched in his den. The entrance to this hole is about three feet from the ground, and serves for both door and window. The wooden door, or rather lid, (for it is more like the lid of a box than the door of a house,) is in two halves, hinged one above and the other below, and when closed, meeting in the centre. When opened for trade, one half folds up, and the other down to the ground. This latter half is used either as a shelf, on which some of the goods are exposed, in which case it is supported by a bench below; or as a ladder by which to enter the shop, for which purpose it has two or three bars of wood nailed across, and is allowed to drop until it rests on the ground. Such a confined wareroom is well adapted to the indolent disposition of the merchant; for while his customers stand in the street, he is able to reach the various articles in which he deals, and hand them out without moving from his position, or infringing on his dignified repose. Dress, various manufactures of Morocco leather, Moorish embroidery, and groceries, are the principal articles exposed in these booths for sale. The articles of consumption in the numerous grocers' shops, are indeed few and simple; consisting chiefly of soft soap in great quantities—butter quite as soft, and apparently about as eatable as the soap, piled up in large dishes—quiscassoo, a small species of rice, and a very common article

of food in Africa—rice, and dried fruit. The grocers' booths are mostly situated in a narrow lane, branching off from the kassina. At night, each booth is lighted up by a single lamp; and it is indeed a strange scene which presents itself as we walk through the narrow passage betwixt two rows of booths, forming as strange and uncouth a bazar as can be imagined—the strange faces and dresses of buyers and sellers rendered doubly strange, and the uncouth shops and wares doubly uncouth, by the uncertain light of their glimmering and flickering lamps. Here a tall figure, wrapped in the graceful folds of the alhayke, stalks majestically through the dingy throng; there a poor Jew, in greasy gaberdine, with pale sallow face and great fishy eyes, slinks quietly by: here an old woman wrapping up her sun-dried and withered skinny face in her long cloak, as if she were a young beauty blushing under many admiring eyes; there a dark-haired Jewess, with eyes like diamonds, and a cheek where the warm rich blood is mantling under a skin as dark and clear as night in southern skies: at one booth a half-naked negro is grinning and showing his white teeth over some villanous edible compound that has no name in a civilized tongue; and at another a no less scantily dressed Moorish boatman, having already provided himself with a quantity of his favourite quiscasoo, is cheapening, with no little noise and guttural altercation, some very nasty-looking butter.

Some few articles of curiosity I purchased at these shops—such as the yellow Morocco slippers usually



worn by the Moors; a more elegant sort made of red leather, embroidered at the instep; embroidered slippers, such as I have seen Jewish brides wearing during the marriage ceremonies, made of party-coloured cloth and leather, and richly embroidered with gold; a snuff-box, in universal use, made of the shell of the cocoa-nut, with a small round hole at one end, stopped with an ivory plug, and said to be contrived after this fashion, in order that, in offering a friendly pinch, the fingers may not be inserted, nor the plague communicated by snuff-taker to snuff-taker; Mahomedan rosaries, some composed of black, and others of red beads, which had been blessed at Mecca—for both Mahomedans and Papists pray by bead;—white quiscasoo scarfs, a very elegant manufacture of what appears to be silk, but whether called quiscasoo because that plant has any thing to do with the manufacture I do not know; and lastly, the elegant Moorish hayke or mantle, in which the Moor envelopes his stately figure, and which imparts no little majesty to his appearance. This last is a very graceful dress. It consists of a long woollen robe, very fine and thin in the texture, of a very pale straw-colour approaching to white, with a fringe at each extremity, and silk threads woven across near the end. It is nearly three yards and a half long, and two yards wide; and when the swarthy Moor, with turbaned brow and slippered foot, winds this ample robe in graceful folds round his stately person, he presents a figure which a king might envy. Another article

of Moorish manufacture, of which I purchased several, is a very beautiful kind of embroidery of needle-work. The ground on which the embroidery is worked is a coarse sort of muslin. Sometimes they are in the shape of long narrow scarfs embroidered at each end, and sometimes of square shawls entirely covered with embroidery. The work on these scarfs and shawls is exceedingly beautiful; it is embroidered with silk of various brilliant colours, and in different fanciful patterns. They are manufactured at Fez, and are not sold publicly at Tangier. In fact, the purchase seemed an underhand smuggling transaction, involved in some mystery incomprehensible to me. Our Scotch landlady procured them for me in a very secret manner; and Salâm happening to enter the house while we were examining them, she hastily concealed them as if they were contraband goods, and our cicerone a custom-house officer. She purchased them privately from some of her neighbours, who use them as ornaments in their apartments.

In the course of our evening ramble, we were conducted to witness part of the ceremonies of a Jewish wedding. The marriage customs of the Jews of Barbary are said to differ in some respects from those observed by their European brethren, though they both pretend to take the marriage of Tobias as their model. The various ceremonies, as in former times, last for seven or eight days, and are performed in the house of the bride's father. In Old Testament times, seven days were allotted to these observances, as

appears from the marriage of Jacob, and also of Samson. The wedding of Tobias, which they pretend to take as their rule, occupied two weeks, although, according to the Rabbinical laws, the proper time should have been only three days—the bride being a widow. The Rabbinical law appoints seven days for the marriage of a virgin, and three for the marriage of a widow.

On entering the house, which we found filled with company to suffocation, a man rushed past us just as we were approaching the bridal chamber, and, uttering a loud shout, hurled a large earthen vessel to the ground, and dashed it to pieces. This ceremony, which is never omitted, generally takes place immediately after the marriage contract—where there is such a thing—is read, when an earthen vessel full of wine is presented to the bride and bridegroom, and then dashed to pieces, in memory, it is said, of the destruction of the Temple.

We found the bride superbly dressed, with a silver tiara on her head, costly scarfs round her body, embroidered slippers on her feet, and, I suspect, plenty of rouge upon her cheek. She was squatted cross-legged on her bed, with her mother and a female friend beside her. Her eyes were closed, and she never opened them, but remained there more like a painted wax doll than a thing of flesh and blood. This continues for the whole space of eight days, during which time, from morning to night, she remains in the same position, motionless, sightless, and

speechless, to be gazed at by all who think her worth gazing at. She was not pretty, and had a sulky look, which, indeed, considering such a trial of patience, I do not wonder at.

The tiara or crown worn by the bride appears to be a departure from the ancient custom, as prescribed by the Rabbis. They distinctly taught, that before the destruction of the Temple, both bride and bridegroom were wont to wear crowns during the nuptial ceremonies; but that, after that catastrophe, such proud memorials were no longer becoming.\* In the Scriptures, we hear repeatedly of the bridegroom's crown, but never of the bride's. There is, however, an allusion to the bridal ceremonies in Ezekiel xvi. 12, which renders it probable that the Jewish bride in former times wore a crown as well as her husband. The whole of this remarkable passage, referring to the typical nuptial covenant into which the Lord entered with Israel, is descriptive of some of the marriage ceremonies which are still adhered to, especially the rich dresses of the bride, which it is a matter of great ambition to have as sumptuous as possible. "I clothed thee also with brodered work, and shod thee with badgers' skin, and I girded thee about with fine linen, and I covered thee with silk. I decked thee also with ornaments, and I put bracelets upon thy hands, and a chain on thy neck. And I put a jewel on thy forehead, and ear-rings in thine ears, and *a beautiful crown upon thine head.* Thus

\* Selden. *Uxor. Hebr.*

wast thou decked with gold and silver; and thy raiment was of fine linen, and silk, and brodered work: thou didst eat fine flour, and honey, and oil; and thou wast exceeding beautiful."

Now, as formerly, the Jews marry very young. Marriage is with them an obligation—celibacy, if voluntary, a sin—if involuntary, a disgrace; and the blessing pronounced by the Lord on the first pair, "Increase and multiply," is received as a positive law. According to the Rabbinical law, which in this respect is closely adhered to, a woman is marriageable as soon as she has completed her twelfth year; and the sooner after that the better. A man may be married as soon as he has completed his thirteenth year, and cannot defer it beyond his eighteenth year without violating the commandment. After the age of puberty, the Jewish maiden in Barbary—and, I presume, wherever the ancient customs of their nation are adhered to—is never, on any occasion, to be seen abroad, and, until released by matrimony, is kept a close prisoner within the narrow limits of the paternal dwelling. Hence, in the French translation of Ecclesiasticus, lxii. 9, it is written, "As long as his daughter remains hidden, she is a source of trouble and continual uneasiness to her father, which deprives him of sleep. He fears lest she should not be married in time."\*

\* "Tandis qu'une fille est cachée, elle est pour son père un sujet de peines et d'inquiétudes continuelles que lui ravissent le sommeil. Il craint qu'elle ne soit pas mariée à tems."

This custom is not peculiar to the Jews, but is common to them with the Moors, and, I believe, most eastern nations. The term of the young lady's imprisonment, however, is seldom of long duration, as, owing to the custom of marrying so early, more than three or four years are not often passed in this state of seclusion.

Having indulged our curiosity in the bridal chamber, as long as the overcrowded and airless state of the apartment was bearable, we bade adieu to the sulky and silent bride and her party, and gladly returned to breathe the cool and refreshing air of night.

I had an opportunity afterwards of witnessing the marriage ceremonies in another family, when drawing near to the conclusion. The eight days' trial of patience had almost expired, and there was less crowd and noise in the apartment. On entering the room, the family politely rose up and placed seats for us opposite the bride's bed. She was a very beautiful girl, apparently about fifteen or sixteen; no paint on her cheek but of nature's own unrivaled colouring, and no sulk on her lip; but, on the contrary, a quiet roguish smile would play on her fine features, as from time to time she opened her sparkling eyes, partly to gratify her curiosity with respect to the curious strangers who came to compliment her on her happiness, and partly, perhaps, to convince them, that if she did keep her eyes closed in compliance with custom, it was not because she thought them not worth

being seen. The young husband was sitting in the room with his new relations, and looked quite as pleased and happy as his bride.

The Barbary Jews are in general a very superior looking race to their brethren on the opposite side of the straits. Though they retain the peculiar Jewish cast of features, they bear a considerable resemblance to the better class of the Moors; and many of them residing in Gibraltar are remarkably fine-looking men. In general they are exceedingly ignorant and illiterate, unacquainted even with their own law and sacred books. I visited one of the most enlightened and intelligent of the class in Tangier, and had a good deal of very interesting conversation with him. He professed himself a devout believer in the books of Moses, and in the future appearance of their great Messiah; but nevertheless I thought his conversation betrayed a strong tendency to infidelity. I enquired particularly with regard to the grounds of his hope beyond the grave. He frankly acknowledged himself to be a sinner; upon which I asked him on what ground he expected pardon, seeing that the Temple was demolished, and all sacrifice for sin, according to the Mosaic ritual, abolished. His reply was exactly what a great many professing Christians at home would make to the same question—viz. that a man who should do as much good as he could, and avoid evil as much as possible, would doubtless be saved. Upon this I accused him of being no true believer in the books of Moses—a charge which he

denied with great warmth, and loudly asserted his belief in all the books of the Old Testament.

“How is that possible,” I replied, “when you acknowledge yourself to be a sinner, and yet hope to be saved and forgiven, provided you do as much good and as little evil as you can; while your law gives you no hope of the kind; nay, while it tells you directly the reverse?”

He seemed to consider for a moment, and then leaving the room, returned with a Hebrew copy of the Old Testament. “Show me,” he said, “where that is written?”

I turned to Deuteronomy, xxvii. 26, “Cursed be he that confirmeth not all the words of this law to do them.” And, again, to Ezekiel, xviii. 4, “The soul that sinneth, it shall die.”

“Now,” said I, “it appears to be declared by Moses, in whom you trust, and by the prophets, in whom you believe, that if you have not confirmed all the words of the law to do them, as you acknowledge you have not, you are cursed. And if your soul has sinned, and you confess that it has, it shall die. What, then, has become of your hope of forgiveness?”

After a moment's pause he observed—“You said some time ago that you believed Moses and the prophets as well as we do.”

“I do. I believe that the whole of that volume is from God.”

“Well, then, as you also have sinned like others, you are in the same condition with us.”

“By no means,” I replied; “we have a hope of pardon which you reject.” And from this point I began and preached to him Jesus, endeavouring to show him that the Deliverer had already come, and that deliverance from the curse denounced by Moses against all who should violate the law, and remission of the sentence pronounced by Ezekiel on every soul that sinneth, were freely offered, and were to be found in the atonement of the crucified Nazarene. He listened to me without showing any symptoms of impatience; but when I hoped to hear his answer, we were unfortunately interrupted by strangers calling on business; and I regret that I never had an opportunity of discovering whether my words had made any impression. I am not aware whether he was acquainted with the belief of Christians. Many of his people are not, and are quite astonished when they are told that we acknowledge the Old Testament scriptures, and reverence them as much as they do.

Leaving the Jew's house, I sauntered slowly to look for a sheltered walk by a wood of canes outside the walls. Ruminating there on the strange destiny of this singular people, and reflecting that the Church of Scotland is now honourably embarked in a missionary enterprise to the outcast of Israel, I felt the silent prayer rising in my breast, that she might be honoured to be the means of removing the veil which, even to this day, is upon their hearts. Whence that prayer? From true zeal for God's glory and for the salvation of Israel? Or from a meaner principle—

a national and sectarian spirit—pride in Scotland, of which I am a native—or in Scotland's church, of which I am a minister? Strange how many different motives may be detected in our holiest desires! It is well to wish success to every Christian enterprise in which our church is embarked. He is no Christian who does not. But, alas! have we not sometimes reason to be jealous of ourselves lest it be the church's honour and not God's honour which is the object of our heart's desire? "Lord! glorify thy church, that thy church may glorify thee!" *That* the means, *this* the end—the glorious end which every church, and every denomination of Christians, and every individual Christian heart, ought continually to have in view in all Christian labours, plans, and prayers. Lord! grant that the beloved church of our fathers may be honoured to honour thee—may be blessed in every missionary undertaking—and may be especially prospered in the holy enterprise of Christianizing Israel; and to thee, and to thy great name alone be all the praise. Amen!

The only buildings in Tangier worthy of notice are the castle and the mosque. To the former I paid repeated visits. It stands on an eminence overhanging the town, and commands a magnificent view over the town and bay. The hill on which it stands had once been extensively fortified, but the works are now entirely dismantled, and almost in ruins. The castle itself externally appears almost as ruinous as the fortification, but is nevertheless still used as the residence

of the governor when at Tangier. On entering, we were astonished to find the apartments in such good repair, belying their outward promise. The Moors seem to have a singular contempt for external ornament in their dwellings. In the wealthier towns of Barbary, the houses of the most opulent inhabitants are not to be distinguished by their external appearance from those of the poorest; and the stranger is often astonished at being introduced into mansions furnished in the richest style of Eastern luxury, through heaps of ruins and rubbish. Doubtless this is owing to a wise policy, which teaches the necessity of concealing opulence under the outward garb of poverty, from the avaricious eye of a despotic and unscrupulous tyrant. The ruinous appearance of the castle of Tangier cannot, of course, be excused on this ground; and one is astounded, after scrambling over broken walls, and through heaps of lime and rubbish, to be conducted into elegant and tasteful apartments, adorned with all the beautiful and fantastic ornaments peculiar to Moorish architecture. In the centre of the building there is, as usual, a large open quadrangle, surrounded by an elegant colonnade of white marble. The pillars are of the slender and graceful proportions so much admired in Moorish buildings, and their capitals fantastic and varied, but all bearing a resemblance to the Corinthian. The apartments on both stories are small, but a great portion of their gaudy and glittering, but most tasteful decorations is entire. The vaulted roofs, richly ornamented

and embossed, and painted in various brilliant colours, are in perfect preservation. Much of the ancient party-coloured glazed tiling also remains, and the delicate tracery of the lace-work on the walls is uninjured, except by white-wash. In fact, the castle of Tangier, in the style of its decorations, is the counterpart of the Alcazar of Seville; perhaps more perfect in respect of the ornamental part, but possessing no such elegantly proportioned apartments, and especially nothing at all comparable to the noble Hall of the Ambassadors. At present it looks desolate and empty. There is not a single stick of furniture in any of the rooms, and the governor, when he visits Tangier, brings his furniture along with him.\*

The mosque is principally remarkable on account of its massy square tower or minaret, ornamented with the usual Moorish glazed tiles of different colours, overlapping each other like the scales of a fish. The minaret is of the same breadth above as below. It is in fact, in form and style, the counterpart of the Giralda of Seville. On the top is a flag-staff, from which every day at noon a flag is unfurled, to intimate the hour of prayer. Of course our infidel feet could not be permitted to pollute the sacred precincts of the mosque; but the large gates being generally open, we could see into the outer court, which

\* The resistance which the castle of Tangier lately offered to the Prince de Joinville, proves its fortifications to be more solid than I imagined; unless (which is very probable) they have been lately renewed and repaired. To me the crumbling walls did not appear in a condition to bear the discharge of their own artillery.

consists of a large open quadrangle, handsomely paved with black and white marble in alternate squares, ornamented with a fountain and large marble basin in the centre, for the ablutions of the faithful, and surrounded by a corridor, the roof of which is supported by marble pillars. Beyond this is the great gate of the mosque, into which no infidel foot or eye is permitted to penetrate. Under the piazza which surrounds the outer court, there are generally to be observed some Moors reclining on their mats; but we could not remain opposite the gate for many minutes without having our criticism interrupted by the indignant shout of some zealous believer in the Koran, horrified that even the outer and least sacred court of his sanctuary should be profaned by the eyes of an unbeliever.

Some of our party were desirous to take a sketch of the mosque and its minaret, but were warned that any attempt of the kind would probably excite the people to great indignation, and perhaps to violence. This warning, however, only served to excite our curiosity; so, resolved to see if the people were so easily roused, we proceeded in a body to a spot where the best view of the building might be had, and the artists, producing their drawing materials, set deliberately to work. A great crowd was speedily collected, but animated with any thing but indignation. They pressed eagerly round, anxious to get a glance at the drawings; and when they saw the figure of their minaret gradually transferred to the paper,

they laughed aloud with joy; and when one of my friends introduced into his sketch some figures among the admiring crowd, their delight knew no bounds.

They are truly an unsophisticated simple people. On one occasion, while we were reclining on the beach, a number of the natives gathered round us to admire our outlandish dress and appearance. I soon found that I became an object of particular attention, obviously affording my savage admirers some singular source of amusement. First one half-naked swarthy Moslem sat down beside me, looked and laughed, and laughed and looked again. This one beckoned to others, until I found myself the centre of an admiring throng of grinning and laughing barbarians. It was not for some time that I discovered that I was indebted for this unusual tribute of merry admiration to the grotesque figure of a dog's head, with white eyes, carved on the top of my ebony walking-stick.

On another occasion, while walking in the Soca or market-place, beyond the walls of the town, we stopped to admire the patient camels squatted with their legs under them, beside their lords. In general their owners seemed pleased when we took notice of or caressed these fine animals; but one testy old Arab obviously could hardly tolerate that an infidel should touch his favourite. At last, when one of the officers of the Lizard had the audacity to spring upon the camel's back, the very turban of the desert-born shook with ire, and springing from his crosslegged repose, he hurled the audacious unbeliever from his seat,

sputtering most ferocious gutturals, and swinging his great brawny arms round his head like the sails of a windmill. His companions did not seem to sympathize in his indignation; and as we only laughed at our friend's roll in the sand, in which he himself heartily joined, they laughed as heartily at their comrade's fury, and addressed him in language which appeared to be expostulatory.

The trading population of the towns on the African coast must, of course, be to a certain extent civilized by their frequent intercourse with civilized nations. But the lady of an artillery officer, belonging to the garrison of Gibraltar, who some time ago spent a summer at Tangier for the benefit of her health, assured me that even here, when at certain seasons the inhabitants come down to market from the mountains, it is dangerous for a European to be seen in the streets; and even the consuls think it prudent at such times to shut themselves up in their houses. No European can venture to any distance from the towns unattended by a guard, but would certainly be shot down like a wild beast by the first armed Moor he should happen to encounter. Under the protection of a guard, for which a small sum is paid to the governor, they may pass along the coast, or visit Tetuan, &c., in perfect safety; and when our officers pass over to Tetuan to enjoy the field-sports for which that country is famous, they pay a certain sum for permission to shoot, and for the guard who attends them.

Idiots and deranged persons are still held in pecu-

liar veneration, to such an extent that the market people think themselves highly honoured if one of this favoured race should carry off and devour any of their fruit or provisions. They are allowed to indulge in every sort of extravagance; and some of them are cunning enough to excite veneration towards themselves by exciting the popular prejudice against Europeans. One of these creatures rendered himself particularly troublesome by taking up his position close to the house where some Europeans happened to be lodged, and crying out, in the fee-fa-fum style of the nursery story-book, "I smell Christian blood—I smell Christian blood!"

The religious prejudices of the Moors are sometimes sufficiently troublesome. One evening one of our friends, who lodged with Beniel the Jew, happening to be taking the air on the flat roof of the house, peeped over the parapet, like David of old, into his neighbour's court. There, though he beheld no Beersheba washing herself, he beheld a turbaned and long-bearded Uriah, whose flashing eyes and menacing looks proved how little he could brook a Christian eye on his privacy. The Christian of course withdrew; but the matter did not end here. Uriah laid a formal complaint before the deputy-governor, accusing the Jew's infidel lodgers of watching his premises that they might see his mother. The Moor himself was no youth, so that his old mother must have been a strange object of attraction. However, the poor Jew was summoned to appear, and after

many humble apologies and solemn protestations, that it was the doing of a poor ignorant Christian, who could not be expected to behave himself with ordinary decency, and who meant no harm at all, he was dismissed with a severe reprimand, and an admonition to warn his infidel guests of the danger of playing "Peeping Tom" in a Moorish town.

In good truth, as far as we can judge of the swarthy representatives of the fair sex in Tangier by the specimens we have seen in the streets and market-place, few infidels would think them worth peeping at. They cover themselves over head and ears in the wide and loose hayke, which envelopes them from head to foot like a winding-sheet; but, as the infidel passes by, they are not unwilling to gratify his curiosity, if he has any, by flinging back the folds of the robe from their faces, under pretence of drawing it round them again more closely, and protecting their beauty more effectually from the profane admiration of man; thus disclosing such skinny, withered, old-parchment features, that they by no means attract a second look. I never meet one of these shy beauties but she reminds me of a poor deranged creature who wanders about the woods in Clackmannanshire, attired in a very similar costume, and showing the same horror (only far more sincere) of allowing her miserable haggard face to be seen by man.

Thursday being market-day, we repaired before breakfast to the Soca, or market-place, outside of the Land-gate. The market is held in a large piece of

waste ground immediately without the walls, and presents a very singular spectacle to the eye of a European. Moors of various tribes and shades of colour, women enveloped in their ample woollen cloaks, and peeping through the folds, Jews and negroes, camels, mules, horses, donkeys, are clustered together in various groups; while the ground betwixt is littered with fruits and vegetables, and the different productions of the country exposed for sale. In the midst of this motley assemblage, a jet-black Nubian, apparently silly, attracted my attention and sympathy. He was walking among the market people, soliciting charity more by his wistful looks than any express appeal. He was dressed in a very ragged tunic, which covered his glossy black skin like an irregular species of network, and tinkled as he went an iron guitar with one solitary string, humming in a low monotonous voice some melancholy and pleading air. Poor fellow! he seemed to hum, and tinkle, and plead in vain, for I did not see a single hand held out to give him relief.

The camels in the Soca attracted my first attention. We had seen some in the same place on the day of our arrival, but on Thursday a much greater number had arrived. They are fine animals, generally very gentle, and seemed pleased when caressed; but some showed a little temper, opening their mouths ready for a bite, and uttering a most vicious bray. The manner in which they are fastened is singular. The master doubles up one of the forelegs, and fastens it

in that position by a ligature tied firmly an inch or two from the knee. The camel is then forced to lie down, and, being deprived of the use of one leg, is unable to rise.

The horses are poor garrons, and the mules are very inferior to the magnificent animals to be seen in the streets of Gibraltar; nor are the donkeys at all equal in size or spirit to the Spanish.

The country around Tangier is hilly and uncultivated; for the Moors never cultivate more than is absolutely necessary for their own wants. The soil, I am assured, is amazingly fertile, and capable of bearing immense crops of any kind. In fact, our excellent consul insists that this spot is the identical position of the famous garden of the Hesperides. We are therefore on singularly classic ground—the scene of the eleventh labour of the great Pagan hero, consecrated in the strange mythology of Greece and Rome, and “redolent of youth,” as conjuring up visions of half-forgotten things and circumstances belonging to old school-boy days—Hercules and Eurystheus—Atlas and the Hesperides, and the many-headed monster—Jupiter and Juno, and the golden apples—and, above all, a little dark man of stern aspect but not unkindly heart, rich in classic lore, and labouring, with a persevering energy which would have done honour to Hercules himself, to transfuse into unwilling minds his own illimitable knowledge of all the learning of classic times, and to inspire them with his own enthusiastic admiration

and respect for certain crumpled and dog-eared copies of Ovid, Virgil, Horace, &c.,

— “whom I hated so,  
Not for their faults but mine.”

Whether this be truly the site of the famous garden of the Hesperides or not, the Swedish consul has proved that these horticultural young ladies could not have selected a more suitable spot, either in respect of soil or climate. That gentleman's garden is only a few minutes' walk from the gate of the town. It is a luxuriant paradise, teeming with fruit, rich in rare and valuable plants and shrubs, and perfumed with the sweet breath of many flowers. The double-flowering oleander is particularly luxuriant, and many others to which I cannot attach names. I believe there is little care generally bestowed by the Moors on the culture of fruit, but, nevertheless, there seems abundance of very fine fruit to be had. I have purchased excellent grapes in the market, and some at the table of the hospitable British consul were of an enormous size. Though in a Mahomedan country, we had wine of native growth, some of the consul's own making, and another very pleasant light kind of wine from the neighbourhood of Tetuan.

Our party were all highly gratified by the kindness and hospitality of Mr Hay, the comforts and refinements of whose elegant mansion present a remarkable contrast to the filth and barbarism around him. It seems little short of banishment for a gentleman of

talent and education to be settled in this barbarous land; but both he and his family appear not only to be reconciled to it, but positively to enjoy it. He is an intelligent and well-informed man; and what peculiarly interested me in his conversation, was the fund of Scripture illustration which his acquaintance with the habits and customs of the country enabled him to draw from that source. Such incidents as the following were of frequent occurrence. While passing through one of the narrow streets, a noise from one of the houses attracted his attention. "Do you remember?—'Two women shall be grinding at the mill; one shall be taken and the other left.'" And beckoning me to follow him, we entered the outer court of the house from which the noise proceeded, and there we found, in true Oriental fashion, two women busily engaged at the mill.

One day, after dining with the consul, the whole party set out to enjoy a walk in the country. On our way through the town we were arrested by the sound of music, and as we passed the door of the house whence the melody proceeded, we were courteously invited to enter. It was the house of a Jew, one of the wealthiest merchants of Tangier, who was entertaining with tea and music some of his Moorish correspondents, who had just arrived from Fez. Chairs were placed for us in the centre of the court: on one side of which were ranged the Jewish women, squatted on the ground crosslegged; opposite us, and in the same position, were the Moorish guests,

and near them the musicians—a negro grinning from a side-door completed the company. There were three musicians; one played on a species of guitar, another on a kind of lyre or fiddle with a semi-circular bow, the third sang. The music, especially that of the fiddler, was by no means unpleasant. I am told that these people still cling to the ancient melodies of their race, and that in all probability the airs to which we were then listening had soothed and charmed many generations in the far-distant East. While the music proceeded, a tray was brought in with tea and sweetmeats, and set down at the feet of one of the Moors, who, having sweetened it to his taste in the tea-pot, filled a number of very small cups, and motioned to an attendant to present them with the sweetmeats to us. The tea was presented without cream, and though lusciously sweet, was exceedingly good and high-flavoured. Before we had finished our tea, a vessel resembling an incense-burner, such as are used in Popish churches, was placed under our noses, smoking perfume. This is considered a great mark of respect. A table was then set before us, and preparations apparently made for some more serious refreshment; but anxious to prosecute our walk, we excused ourselves, bowed our acknowledgments, and took our leave. After this we enjoyed a delightful evening walk on the high grounds behind the town. The country bears no traces of cultivation, and is covered with brown withered grass. The view of the waving and indented outline of the

coast from thence is very beautiful. Making a circuit, we returned by the castle, by which time the sun had set; and the wild and desolate region behind—the trackless ocean in front—and the white pigmy town below, all reposing in the soft twilight, presented a scene singularly novel and pleasing. The appearance of the town from this height is very remarkable; indeed, it resembles much more a large churchyard or cemetery, filled with tombstones and sarcophagi, than a city of living men.

There are very few Europeans residing in Tangier. Probably the only British subjects are the family of the consul, and our Scotch hostess and her sister. We naturally expect to find Scotchmen in every corner of the globe; but it is not usual to meet with two lonely and isolated Scotchwomen, located, without any apparent adequate occupation, on the very outskirts of civilization. The two sisters appear to have been settled in Gibraltar as dressmakers, where one of them became the wife of a Jew, who soon afterwards died. Probably this ill-assorted connexion was the cause why they withdrew from Gibraltar and settled in Tangier, where they propose to remain until the boy—the only fruit of the marriage—now about twelve or thirteen years of age, shall be old enough to take a situation in some mercantile office, for which his knowledge of various languages will make him very eligible. I was much pleased with what I saw of my two countrywomen; and they seemed no less gratified in having under their roof a

minister from the far-distant land of their birth, from which they had now been so long exiled. There was something to me singularly affecting in meeting with these two isolated females, members of the beloved Church of Scotland, in the land of the infidel; and to find them preserving unimpaired the old Scottish warm attachment to the land, the church, and the faith of their fathers. It was most gratifying to perceive their delight on discovering me to be a parish minister of the Scottish church. A missionary would have been received as cordially, but with less surprise. Our parish ministers—thank God!—are a home-keeping race; they are too busily and too sacredly employed in their own parishes to be found wandering in other countries, except under rare and cogent circumstances: so that a visit from one, in such a place as Tangier, is like a land bird alighting on the cordage of a ship far at sea. It was most gratifying also to observe with what joy our two hostesses accepted my invitation to join with myself and my companions in family worship before retiring to rest at night; and there, in that land of barbarism and Pagan superstition, surrounded by the followers of the False Prophet, we read together the lively oracles of the One only true and living God; and kneeling down before his throne of mercy, we poured out our hearts together before him, looking to Jesus, through whom alone prayer is heard or praise accepted. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds in the Christian's ear at all times! How doubly sweet

in the land where he is unknown ! Into what gigantic proportion does contrast seem to swell the blessings involved in the knowledge of that sacred name ! What would I at this moment think a compensation for the surrender of the name of Jesus, so as to place myself in the religious position of the benighted children of Africa now around me ? Would all the wealth of the East—would the power of the mightiest caliph, or the glory of the most renowned conqueror, be considered such ? Oh ! would not these, and all the riches, and glory, and power of earth, be reckoned the most worthless trash, compared with the possession of that single name, Jesus ? And yet how little is this possession valued in so-called Christian lands ! How often are all the eternal blessings connected with it sacrificed, or put in deadly peril, for the sake of the most paltry trifles ! We are all ready to acknowledge that holy name to be a priceless treasure ; but how many of us do, in our own hearts, set no value on it at all, and show by our lives that we reckon the blood of the covenant a worthless, if not an unholy, thing ! And are not such men in a far more dreadful and lamentable condition than the ignorant disciples of Mahommed ? My Christian brethren into whose hands this volume may chance to fall, I cannot refrain from warning you of your duty respecting the voluntary heathen among whom you live. You pity the spiritual condition of the Jews, and Mahommedans, and Pagans ; with fervent solicitude you entreat God in their behalf ; you consider it your duty

and your privilege to send them Bibles and missionaries to enlighten them; and you often find it necessary to deny yourselves many comforts in order to be able to do this for them. Thank God, there are such generous Christians amongst us! But in the midst of your solicitude and self-denying sacrifices for the heathen, remember there are thousands nearer home whose condition is infinitely more dreadful—men who know something of Christ, but have no value for him, no desire after him—men who say they know him, yet obstinately remain perfectly and grossly ignorant of him—men who say they believe in him, and yet neither love him nor seek those eternal blessings which he shed his blood to obtain for them. Christians!—such men are in your own land, in your own familiar circle, under your own roof. They have a more urgent claim on your charity than distant Jews, Mahommedans, and idolaters. Oh! pray for them—speak to them the words of this life—urge them to escape for their lives lest they be consumed: for if the Lord shall appear in flaming fire, taking vengeance on those who know not God, and upon the heathen who have not called on his name, what shall be the portion of those who knew God and his Son, but despised and rejected both; and who, without the excuse of heathen ignorance, have been guilty of heathen godlessness!

One day at noon, I happened to be walking to and fro on the sea-beach under the wall of Tangier, when my attention was drawn to the figure of a Moor

on his knees, prostrate, with his forehead on the earth. From time to time he raised himself up from his prostrate posture, but still kneeling, with his face turned towards the east, he spread forth his hands in the attitude of earnest supplication; then again, bowing himself with his face in the dust, he remained motionless and silent. Perceiving that my notice disturbed and irritated him, I turned sorrowfully away; sorrowful, not for the prayerful Mahomedan, but for prayerless Christians; and thinking how much more tolerable it will be in the day of judgment for that poor deluded believer in the Koran, than for thousands of enlightened self-called Christians, who think themselves believers in the gospel, but are not.

Oh send thy word, Almighty Father! to those who have it not; but in tenfold mercy send thy grace to those who have thy word but obey it not!

## CHAPTER XI.

History of Tangier—The Lizard—The night cruise—Return to Tangier—The Christian and Mahomedan Sabbath—The drag-net—The ducking—Return to Gibraltar—Failing health—Regrets—Pleasing reminiscences—The British soldier—Difficulty of recruiting—Example.

TANGIER was anciently termed Tingis, and gave name to the province of Mauritania Tingitana. For a few years it figured in our history as a dependency of the British crown. It formerly belonged to Portugal, but in 1662 was ceded to England, together with Bombay in the East Indies, and the sum of £500,000, as the marriage portion of Catharine of Portugal, the queen of Charles II. The possession of Tangier was at the time considered of great importance, chiefly for the protection of the Levant trade, and for overawing the Algerines. It was accordingly declared a free port, and invested with great privileges; while vast sums of money were expended on its fortifications and harbour. The construction of a mole alone, which was never completed, cost no less than two millions sterling. The Commons, however, began to suspect that Tangier was valued by the king for something else besides its

importance to trade. They became alarmed at finding the sums voted for its maintenance laid out in collecting there a depot of Popish troops, chiefly from Ireland; and at last, in 1679, flatly refused money for its protection—though it was at the time closely besieged by the King of Morocco—declaring that they were indeed afraid of losing Tangier, but were still more afraid of Popery. Growing weary at length of the charge of keeping it, and having occasion for his Popish soldiers to overawe his disaffected subjects at home, Charles ordered Tangier to be evacuated, and, in the end of the year 1683, commissioned Lord Dartmouth to proceed with a fleet consisting of twenty sail, and utterly demolish the town, castle, and mole, with orders to choke up the haven. This commission took Lord Dartmouth six months to execute. Since that time Tangier has remained in the possession of its legitimate masters, the Moors.

On the day appointed for our return to Gibraltar, all eyes were directed to the Lizard, which still kept her position under shelter of the cliffs on the opposite side of the bay. She was expected about one o'clock; but at that time it was blowing hard, with a heavy sea, and we were very doubtful what her purpose might be, and even began to entertain apprehensions that she might think fit to return to Gibraltar without venturing nearer to Tangier in that state of the weather. These apprehensions were very much increased when, with the help of glasses, we saw her weigh anchor, and run further out,

nearer to Cape Malibat. There, however, she again came to an anchor. We were much puzzled what to make of this manœuvre, though it appeared to me that the wind having shifted a little, all she wanted was to take up a position more under shelter of the high grounds. My original intention was to have gone from Tangier to Tetuan on horseback, a ride of upwards of thirty miles, in order to join a party of the garrison who were shooting in that neighbourhood, and return with them to Gibraltar. But finding myself becoming very ill at Tangier, I was afraid to undertake the journey, and at the same time was equally unwilling to be left behind by the Lizard and my own party. I had left them on the beach holding a council of war as to what should be done, and on my return I found the matter decided, the whole party, with the exception of the Spanish artist, embarked, and just pushing off in a small and fearfully overcrowded boat. I had time neither for remonstrance nor consideration; so, mounting on the broad back of a brawny Moor, I was carried through the surf, and safely deposited amongst my companions. What ailed the lion-like captain of the port at this moment I never have been able to discover; for on seeing us pushing off he sprang up from his lair, and rushed down to the beach with violent gesticulations and most horrible gutturals. Off we went, however, leaving him gesticulating and sputtering on the shore. The sea was running pretty high, the wind blowing a gale right in our teeth; and

how our overcrowded little boat managed to escape capsizing seemed almost miraculous. I certainly fully expected some such catastrophe, and more than once thought of casting off my coat to prepare for swimming. I found the object of my companions was to board a felucca which was already under way, and which they hoped to persuade to put us on board the *Lizard* before proceeding on her own voyage. We hailed her, but the crew took no notice of us: we pulled harder and hailed louder, but still to no purpose. Every moment was increasing our danger. At last, by dint of hard pulling and a considerable exertion of lungs, we prevailed on them to shorten sail and take us on board. The felucca was bound for Tarifa, but for a consideration agreed to alter her course in the first instance, and put us on board the *Lizard*. The wind was contrary, and we made little way. At last it died away entirely, or came only in sudden squalls. The sun set, leaving us to the mercy of a very small moon, which, however, still gave us light enough to see how to shape our course. At last the small moon set too, and left us in the lurch—that is, in utter darkness. We might have guided our course by the stars, had we paid attention to the bearing of the steamer before dark. This we had not done, trusting more to the accuracy of our wild crew than they deserved. Still we glided forward, groping our way in darkness. We gained the opposite side of the bay, but no steamer. Then we took to firing guns, in hopes that the *Lizard*

might hear, and show a light. Suddenly a light did appear, springing, as it were, from the bosom of the deep. For this we joyfully bore up; but our hopes were soon disappointed, for we found the light to be on board a brig which we knew to be lying several miles further up the bay than the Lizard. Now, however, we had at least got a notion as to the direction in which we might find the steamer. About we went again, keeping in-shore as much as possible. By no means a merry party were we. The sea swelling and tossing a good deal, the wind coming down in sudden squalls—in one of which our jib was carried away—some miserably sick, others drenched with salt water, and the rest sadly out of humour. I believe I was the only individual who actually enjoyed it. It was a beautiful night; the air was mild and balmy, the bright stars gleaming above in mysterious loveliness. I felt that there was health in the night breeze—I was refreshed, re-invigorated; and as I looked abroad on the smooth, glassy surface of the swelling and rolling ocean, it seemed to smile on me like the face of an old friend. I felt less bodily uneasiness than I had for a length of time; and as I wrapped myself in my cloak, and lay down under the lee of an old sail hanging over a spar, I thought that there were luxuries which the dweller in cities and in walled houses knows nothing of. Supposing that there was no prospect of changing our quarters for the night, and little regretting the necessity of sleeping under such a glorious canopy, I had just

made myself comfortable, and closed my eyes, and commended myself to the care of that God in whose hand are all my ways, when a sudden shout from one of my anxious friends proclaimed that the spars of the Lizard were visible betwixt us and the clear blue sky. In a few minutes, in answer to our hail, a light was hung out; and the Lizard's boat came alongside. This happened just in time; for our crew had come to the determination to give up playing at hide-and-seek in the dark, and to cast anchor until the morning.

As I expected, the commander of the Lizard was very much surprised to see us. He told us, that, having promised to call at Tangier before returning to Gibraltar, we might surely have depended on his doing so; and that our night's work was labour lost, for, notwithstanding our arrival, he was still obliged to run over to the town the next morning. It was no easy matter, meanwhile, to accommodate so many with beds.

Next morning the wind had completely fallen, and the sea was like a mirror. We stood over to Tangier, and dropped anchor before the town. As a boat was to be sent ashore for provisions, &c., I resolved to accompany it, although I did distrust the smiling face of that deceitful bay. My companions were wiser, and remained on board. Having landed, I paid another visit to our friend Miss Duncan, and then hastened back to the beach; for this being the Mahomedan Sabbath, the gates of the town are

closed from twelve o'clock till two. The steward of the Lizard, either not aware of the circumstance, or detained by his marketing beyond the time, was shut in; so much respect do the despised heathens pay to their religious institutions. They believe them to be appointed by God, and nature tells them God must be obeyed. Nature and the gospel tell us the same; and yet even they who believe the Christian Sabbath to be an institution of divine appointment, habitually violate it with as much reckless indifference as if they were persuaded that it is a mere human ordinance. There are few circumstances which more clearly show the natural aversion of mankind from God than the fact, that an impostor is always more implicitly obeyed by his disciples than the Son of God by those who profess to follow him. The disciples of Mahommed are unquestionably far more zealous and strict in their adherence to the Koran, than Christians in their obedience to the Word of God.

In consequence of the steward's detention, I had leisure to amuse myself by a stroll on the beach, listening to the uncouth dialect of the Moorish boatmen, who were lounging idly about. A strong party of fishermen were busy dragging their net. They follow the same system universally practised on the shores of the Mediterranean. The net encloses as wide a stretch as possible, in a semicircle, and is dragged ashore by the two ends. This is an exceedingly ancient mode of fishing, as appears from Egyptian paintings. The disciples are mentioned as fishing

in this manner; and the prophet Habbakuk speaks of both net and drag. The Moorish fishermen seemed to be successful; and when their net was full “they drew it to shore, and sat down, and gathered the good into vessels, but cast the bad away.” The produce of their labour was then disposed of immediately by auction to the highest bidder.

Meanwhile the Lizard, being ignorant of the cause of our delay, hoisted the signal for the boat’s recall. By this time the wind had freshened, and the sea had again risen in commotion. Some of the men being in the town with the steward, we had too few left to pull the boat. However, as they considered themselves obliged to obey the signal, we pushed off. The wind proved too much for us, and there was some risk of being driven among the breakers; setting all the men to the oars, I took the tiller into my own hands, and the additional power of another oar forced us ahead in the teeth of the blast. After a hard pull we reached the Lizard, but not before we had shipped a good deal of salt water, and got ourselves drenched to the skin. I was speedily rigged out in a complete suit of her Majesty’s naval uniform, to the great amusement of both officers and men.

As soon as the steward and the other men had returned, we got under way, and after a pleasant passage of little more than four hours, we came to an anchor in the bay of Gibraltar, and landed at the Ragged Staff just as the evening gun was discharged

—thus escaping by a minute another night on board the *Lizard*.

Thus ends a short, but very interesting visit to the savage land of Barbary. And here I must not omit to express my sense of the kindness of Mr Estcourt and his officers, from whom we have received every possible attention. Mr Estcourt himself is a person universally respected and esteemed, spoken of as an excellent officer by those acquainted with naval affairs, and as a gentlemanly and intelligent companion by those who are incapable of appreciating his merits as a sailor.

My excursion to Tangier had been of some little benefit to my health, or at least it gave me a little temporary relief. At Gibraltar I found myself gradually getting worse; and the sense of oppression and sickness, which I attributed to the unusual continuance of the unwholesome east wind, becoming more and more intolerable. This summer appears to be generally considered very unhealthy. On my return from Tangier I found myself no better; but I was still unwilling to quit Gibraltar altogether, before the arrival of a substitute to take up the duties of the ministry among our Scotch soldiers. I therefore resolved to withdraw for a short time, and return again in hopes of seeing the Rev. Mr Strauchan before my final departure, of whose ordination to the sacred office I had received intimation, and whom I desired to introduce to his flock as an ordained minister of the Church of Scotland, accord-

ing to the forms of that church. Accordingly, having preached as usual at the Windmill Hill barracks, and in the Wesleyan chapel on Sunday, August 22, I prepared for an excursion to Malaga and Granada. Several officers of the garrison proposed to accompany me, but were deterred by their dread of the heat. Certainly it is by no means a favourable time of the year to travel in the south of Spain; but I find it absolutely necessary to remove from Gibraltar, and I have no apprehensions from the heat, but rather expect good from it. The Rev. Mr P——, who had been one of our party to Tangier, is desirous of visiting Granada on his way along the coast of Spain to Italy—the French steamer, Rubis, is bound for Malaga, and sails to-night—our berths are engaged—our travelling bags packed—and we are anxiously looking out for the Braganza steamer, in which Mr Strauchan will probably arrive.

And now that I am on the point of quitting Gibraltar for ever, except probably a visit of a day on my return from Granada, I may truly say that I look upon it with “the thankful glance of parting praise.” I leave behind me here much that I shall never forget. The mere admirer of nature cannot quit a scene of so much natural grandeur and beauty without a sigh. The mere passing tourist, if a Briton, and bearing a British heart, cannot, without peculiar emotions, behold this mountain fortress, this proud and towering monument of British valour and British power, receding from his sight in the distant ocean.

But the gospel minister who has dwelt but a few Sabbaths among his countrymen here, and preached to them, according to the ability given him of God, the doctrines of the everlasting gospel, regards the scene of his short labours in a still more interesting and affecting point of view. It seems strange to myself how soon a minister's heart cleaves to those among whom he ministers, how early he learns to take a deep interest in them, and when his brief connexion with them is broken, how many fond regrets linger with them still. I humbly trust that to the best of my poor ability, and as far as my health would permit, I have sincerely endeavoured to discharge the duty of a faithful pastor towards them. I have endeavoured in public to suit my discourses to their peculiar situation, and to lay before them as plain a view of the chief doctrines of our glorious gospel as the time would admit of. I am unconscious of having withheld any thing which I thought might be for their good; and I have spoken unpleasant truths when I believed their circumstances required it. In private I have earnestly sought to accommodate myself, as far as possible without derogating from my character as an ambassador of Christ, to their tastes and habits. I have cordially welcomed the friendly advances which have been made to me, mingled freely with the military society of the place, and earnestly sought to be all things to all men, that I might win some. Whether I have succeeded in one single instance, God alone can tell; but as far as

outward seeming goes, I have reason to be thankful. My ministry has unquestionably been acceptable, but how far it has been efficient, who can say? It is from no feeling of vanity that I speak of my ministry being acceptable, but to comfort myself with the hope that my visit has not been in vain. Lord! thy servant has humbly in thy fear endeavoured to sow the good seed of thy Word—oh! do thou mercifully give it the increase. Forgive the sins of my ministry, and bless my labours; and to thy great name be all the glory. Amen.

I have indeed had every reason to be highly gratified by my reception in Gibraltar, and by the marked kindness and attention I have experienced during my short residence on the Rock from all classes, civil and military, and from every individual with whom I happened to be brought into contact, with the single exception of the governor. To my own countrymen especially, whose intimacy national feelings, and much more the particular object of my mission, rendered me most desirous of cultivating, I have to express my warmest acknowledgments, not only for the more than cordial reception I met with among them, and the gratifying regularity of their attendance on my ministrations, but also for the many happy hours I have enjoyed in their society. I am not vain or selfish enough to regard as any thing personal to myself the warmth of my reception among our Scottish officers generally, and among the small number of Scottish residents with whose acquaintance

I was favoured. It gives me far greater pleasure to consider it as a testimony of respect and affection for the church of their fathers, of which I was there the representative, and of the old, not yet worn-out respect of the kindly Scottish heart for the very name of a minister. Utterly unknown except to one or two individuals, I had no other claim to their regard; but if, on longer acquaintance, I had reason to think that their respect for my office was mingled with personal friendship for myself, I trust it is with more of gratitude than of overweening vanity, that, in my own recollections of the past, I dwell upon the pleasing conviction. Be assured, dear friends of the gallant 79th, that the Scottish minister who visited your proud war-rock, and preached the gospel of Jesus to your plaided ranks, and enjoyed the warm hospitality of your cheerful mess, will long remember with pleasure in his quiet manse, and in his retired country parish, the few weeks of his military chaplaincy among you, and will often revert with many grateful thoughts to the brave young men whose generous friendship rendered these few weeks among the brightest and happiest of his life.

May God be with you, gallant Highlanders! And in whatever clime "your bonnets nod, your tartans wave," may you ever find those who will love you in peace and fear you in war!

But not to you alone are my warm acknowledgments due. My military flock comprehended many hundreds from other regiments; and I have to thank

their officers, though members of a sister church, for the same cordiality and kindness. To all I tender my most hearty thanks; and surely it is no small compliment for a gospel minister to aver, that he can look back on the gay and lively mess, as well as on the quiet family circle, without the recollection of any thing to regret or reprove. At your splendid and hospitable tables, I may truly say, that I found the light-heartedness of youth devoid of indecorous levity, and the gaiety of the soldier devoid of profanity; and I conceive it to be due to the Christian feeling of some among you, to the respect of others for the character of a clergyman, and to the gentlemanly feelings of all, to say, that during the time I frequented your society I am unconscious of a single word being uttered among you which could have brought a blush to the cheek of the most sensitive female, or a word of rebuke from the lips of the most faithful and uncompromising servant of God. May God be with you all, gallant soldiers! Wherever the God of battles may carry you, may you never be without a gospel-preacher to declare unto you the truth as it is in Jesus; and in whatever land you plant your colours, may you leave in it a name which Britain and Christianity may not blush to own.

Wherever a British officer goes, he leaves behind him the high and honourable character of a British gentleman. Would to God we could add, that wherever the British soldier is known he leaves behind

him a name honourable to British morality. Alas! too surely is this not the case; but it is to be feared the very reverse is true. Wherever the British soldier is known, his conduct brings the morality of his country into disrepute, and in Popish lands casts discredit on the very name of Protestantism. I need not again revert to the licentiousness, intemperance, Sabbath-breaking, and profanity, which are the distinguishing vices of our army and navy, nor to the ruinous consequences of such notorious immorality to the unhappy men themselves, in this world and in the next. Alas! we have too much reason to fear that remonstrances to men in power, based on such grounds as the moral degradation and eternal ruin of thousands, would be rejected as savouring of bigotry and superstition. But surely even worldly men, who are wise in their generation, should not close their eyes against the evils which such prevailing immorality entails upon the service. These evils are in fact innumerable; but I shall mention only two, viz. the frequency of courts-martial, and the difficulty of enlisting. I believe there are few parts of an officer's duty more painful than the court-martial; but it is well known that they are matters of everyday occurrence. I have seen a young officer, who has been only a very few years in the service, and yet acknowledges that he has probably sat on fifty courts-martial. This is certainly both distressing to the officers and disgraceful to the service. What is the cause of this evil? Unquestionably, in great part, the immo-

rality of the soldiers—drunkenness alone is the source of the greater proportion of them.

Next, with regard to the enlistment of soldiers, and the difficulties attending this duty. What is it that renders the service so unpopular, as to oblige recruiting officers to have recourse to every mean and unworthy artifice in order to entrap the unwary? Every one knows that the recruiting service is frequently conducted in a manner utterly disreputable and disgraceful. The best recruiting sergeant is necessarily only the most ingenious liar—a man who sticks at no artifice however base, and considers it meritorious to entrap simple and ignorant men, often in moments of intoxication, by the grossest falsehoods, lying promises, and flattering descriptions. This abominable system of kidnapping is patronized by the government and the War-office. The plea is simply its necessity—the army must be supplied with soldiers at any cost. But whence is it that the service is so unpopular as to render this vile system necessary? The soldier is better clothed, better fed, better cared for, and less severely worked than ordinary labourers. Our people are brave, enterprising, fond of adventure, and like to see the world. Why, then, is the army so unpopular among the lower orders? I am persuaded that one great cause of this unpopularity is to be found in the bad character which it bears in the country. Men brought up with the fear of God before their eyes, shrink with dread from numbering themselves with a class whose profanity and licen-

tiousness have passed into a proverb. Parents look upon such a fate for their children as worse than death; so that even when a young man has conquered his own prejudices against the service, he knows that by entering it he runs the risk of bringing down his parents' grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. Officers know right well how eager parents often are to redeem their children from what they consider as little better than the jaws of hell, and what sacrifices they will make, and what privations they will submit to, in order to raise the large sum necessary to obtain their discharge. Country ministers are well aware of this, and I myself in my own parish have been witness to the acute distress which parents often suffer under these circumstances, and with what pain and toil they will hoard every farthing—ay, and demean themselves to beg, when they would beg for nothing else—in order to procure the requisite £20; a small sum in the eyes of the wealthy, but a very large sum in the eyes of the labouring poor, and not to be gathered together but by privations which would astonish the “gay unthinking proud.” It is unnecessary to show what prodigious advantages would result to the service and to the country by the removal of this prevalent aversion to the army. Our regiments would not then be recruited solely from the very offscourings of society, or so generally composed of dupes and knaves. How is this to be effected? One very obvious expedient at any rate is, by every possible means to raise the character of the service. Introduce into our

ranks not only discipline but morality—not only obedience to officers, but obedience to God. Make the soldier virtuous as well as brave—sober, honest, pure, and generally religious; and then you will find the hardy and pious peasant willingly enrolling himself in the ranks of his country's defenders, and his grey-haired parents giving him their blessing as he goes. Nor should this be so hard to accomplish as may be imagined. One pre-requisite absolutely essential for such a desired effect is, the good example of the officers. Soldiers will never be moral in their conduct while they have an immoral example before them in their superiors; and no instructions will be of any avail as long as vice is rendered respectable, and irreligion honoured, by the behaviour of those who are above them. Example is the most powerful mode of instruction known, and I believe it to be more influential in the army than elsewhere. But if this is true, I appeal to officers themselves, whether our regiments are not frequently in this respect schools of immorality and vice, and whether the men are not taught and encouraged by their example to indulge in licentiousness, intemperance, Sabbath-breaking, and profanity! I dread to give offence by such remarks, but I dare not shrink from a plain statement of the truth; and I would earnestly beseech every officer into whose hands these pages may chance to fall, to reflect, that while he indulges in any sort of immorality, he is doing more than destroying his own soul—he is destroying the souls of those under his

command. Or if spiritual evils are regarded as unreal shadows, let him reflect that he is doing all in his power to lower the character of the service to which he belongs, to degrade the soldier in the eyes of his fellow-subjects, to make the very profession of arms disreputable, and to render the army so hateful in the eyes of the lower orders at home, that recruiting will continue to be a business of deception, fraud, and base artifice. Let an officer reflect, that by every instance of excess or immorality which comes under the notice of his men—by every oath or impious word uttered in their hearing—by every mark of neglect or contempt for God's holy day, he is degrading and disgracing the service to which he belongs, he is increasing the number of courts-martial, recruiting for the dungeon, and perpetuating the lash. Oh! that all men and all classes of men were fully persuaded that it is godliness which exalts a profession as well as a nation, and that immorality and vice do as certainly degrade and dishonour both.

## CHAPTER XII.

## HISTORY OF GIBRALTAR.

THE signification of the word Gibraltar is matter of dispute. According to some it is derived from the Arabic Gibel-tar, "the tower of the mountain," in allusion to a tower or obelisk anciently erected on its summit to serve as a beacon, as there was also on Mount Abyla on the opposite side of the straits; hence the mythological fiction of the pillars of Hercules. Others ascribe to it an origin similar to that of the rocky islet of Rapha, in the Red Sea, viz. Gibel-el-teir, or "mountain of the bird." The most general, and also the most probable derivation is from Tarik the Moorish general, by whom it was first converted into a place of strength—Gibel-Tarik signifying "the mountain of Tarik."

Tarik certainly appears to have a very good right to the honour of standing godfather to this famous rock. He was the first who, as far as we know, recognised its value in a military point of view, and converted it into a fortress. Tarik Ebn Zarea was

the general of Caliph Al Walid Ebn Abdalmalic, and led the first Moorish invasion of Spain, which terminated in the almost total subjugation of the Peninsula. In the year of our Lord 711, he landed in the bay of Gibraltar, near the present town of Algeciraz, at the head of five hundred men, and having ravaged the country without meeting any resistance, returned to Barbary laden with spoils. Encouraged by this success, he returned the following year with an army of twelve thousand men, and landed on the isthmus which unites the rock of Gibraltar to the Continent. It was then that Gibraltar was first occupied as a military post, and from that time began to act no mean part in the history of Spain and of Europe. Tarik, struck by its natural advantages, resolved to secure it as a basis of his future operations against the Peninsula, and as a position of peculiar importance for facilitating his intercourse with Africa. For this purpose, he caused the north-west part of the Rock to be fortified, and a strong castle to be erected, the venerable ruins of which still remain, and which, as appears from an inscription over the gate, now pulled down, was finished in the year 725. During the long wars which succeeded the invasion of the Moors, Gibraltar became a place of considerable importance, although it was in a great measure superseded by Algeciraz, on the opposite side of the bay, which was long the chief stronghold of the Moors in this part of Spain. In fact we hear very little about Gibraltar during that romantic period of Spanish history,

while the Cross and the Crescent were disputing the sovereignty of the Peninsula. It seems, however, to have remained in the possession of the Moors until the beginning of the fourteenth century, when it surrendered to Ferdinand IV. of Castile, at the head of an inconsiderable force, at the very time that Algeciraz was besieged by the whole Christian army, and successfully resisted their efforts.

Gibraltar did not long continue in the hands of its new masters; for about twenty years afterwards, viz. in 1333, Abomelique, son of the Emperor of Fez, being dispatched from Africa to succour the Moorish king of Granada, landed with a large force at Algeciraz, and immediately laid siege to Gibraltar, which, after an obstinate defence, was starved into submission. Alonzo XI., the chivalrous monarch of Castile, was not slow in attempting its recovery; but being hemmed in betwixt Abomelique on the one hand, and the King of Granada, who had marched to his assistance, on the other, he was forced unwillingly to listen to terms of accommodation. He did not, however, abandon altogether the enterprise; but having afterwards succeeded in reducing Algeciraz, he turned his victorious arms once more against Gibraltar. The siege was carried on with great spirit for upwards of a year; but when on the very point of success, Alonzo died of the plague. A gallant warrior was Alonzo of Castile, honoured by friend and foe; and the deep sorrow of the Christian army for the loss of their monarch was almost equaled by the lamentations of

the chivalrous infidels. Being thus delivered from immediate dread of the Christians, the Moors quarreled amongst themselves about the possession of Gibraltar. In 1410, it was wrested from the Moors of Fez by Yusef, the Moorish king of Granada. The inhabitants, however, rose against their new masters, and having expelled them, delivered up the place once more to the Emperor of Morocco, who sent a strong garrison, under the command of his brother Sayd, to take possession of it. Hardly was this effected when Yusef appeared before the place, and besieged it by sea and land; and Sayd, after being defeated in several engagements, was forced to surrender for want of provisions.

With the exception of an unfortunate and ill-conducted attack, in 1435, under Henry de Guzman, in which he was defeated with great loss, and himself slain, Gibraltar remained in the quiet possession of the Moors of Granada until the year 1462, when, after a gallant defence, it surrendered to John de Guzman, Duke of Medina Sidonia, and son of the unfortunate Henry. Such was the termination of Moorish rule in Gibraltar, after having lasted seven centuries and a half.

In 1540, the town was surprised and pillaged by Piali Hamet, one of Barbarossa's corsairs; but the triumph of the pirates, though complete, was of short duration; for on their return, laden with plunder and prisoners, they met a fleet of Sicilian galleys, by which they were defeated, and all either taken or slain.

The original fortifications of Gibraltar were probably of no great strength, as it seems to have made but an indifferent resistance when first attacked by the Christians. But after the surrender of Algeciraz to Alonzo of Castile, Gibraltar became a place of high importance to the Moors; and it was accordingly fortified with great care according to the science of the times. These ancient fortifications were, however, almost entirely removed in the reign of the Emperor Charles V., and new works of great strength were erected under the direction of the celebrated engineer, Daniel Speckel of Strasburg.

After this, Gibraltar was considered impregnable; but its strength was never proved until the year 1704, when it finally passed from the dominion of Spain, and became a dependency of the British crown. Sir George Rooke, who commanded in the Mediterranean, having made an unsuccessful attempt upon Barcelona, and being desirous of doing something worthy of the powerful fleet under his orders, resolved to surprise Gibraltar, which at that time was defended by a very slender garrison. Accordingly, on the 21st July the fleet entered the bay, and landed eighteen hundred English and Dutch soldiers on the isthmus, so as to cut off all communication from the garrison with the neighbouring country. The Prince of Hesse-Darmstadt, who commanded the land forces, then summoned the place; but was answered, that it should be defended to the last extremity. Next day orders were given for the fleet to cannonade the town; but

owing to the state of the weather, this was found impracticable until the 23d, when the ships, having succeeded in taking up their positions, opened their fire with such fury, that in five or six hours the enemy were driven from their guns. Above fifteen thousand shot were in that time expended by the fleet. On the enemy's batteries being silenced, orders were given for the boats to land, and take possession of the fortifications. This was accomplished in gallant style; and though the Spaniards sprang a mine, by which the British lost above forty killed and sixty wounded, they maintained their position until they were reinforced from the fleet—upon which the governor capitulated.

It is mentioned by one historian, that the success of the British was partly owing to the following circumstance: It is said, that after the admiral had bombarded the town with little effect, a party of bold men having ventured ashore, climbed up an almost inaccessible part of the Rock; at the same time, a procession, composed of nearly all the women of Gibraltar, passed out of the town to a small chapel dedicated to the Virgin Mary, to supplicate her interposition. Observing this, the British sailors surrounded the chapel and seized the women, which contributed not a little to dispose the garrison to surrender.

A foolish story respecting this important siege is current in France, which, if true, would redound very little to the credit of the garrison. It is pretended

that the success of the besiegers was mainly to be attributed to *grog*, and that this, the strongest place in Europe, was captured by a few drunken sailors, who, happening to approach the fortifications, landed unobserved, hoisted a red jacket to proclaim their success, and being reinforced, captured the town.

The loss which the British sustained in this attack amounted to about sixty killed, and two hundred and forty wounded. The works mounted one hundred pieces of cannon; but the garrison did not number more than one hundred and fifty men, exclusive of the inhabitants.

It was not to be expected that the British should be left in quiet possession of their conquest. Spain could not tolerate a foreign power upon her coast; and France beheld with alarm this important post in the hands of her rival. Both prepared to use every means to wrest Gibraltar from its new masters. All the disposable forces in the south of Spain were drawn together for this purpose, and, together with some French troops, were put under the command of the Marquis de Villadarias. On the 11th October 1704, the trenches were opened against the town, and the siege was carried on with great vigour for the space of five months, during which time the Prince of Hesse-Darmstadt, who commanded the garrison, greatly distinguished himself. The assailants were both valiant and persevering, and deeds of daring were performed on both sides, which would have rendered this siege more famous than it is, but

for subsequent and still more glorious events of which Gibraltar has been the theatre. The romantic devotion of a party of volunteers deserves especial commemoration. These brave men, five hundred in number, took a solemn oath to make themselves masters of Gibraltar, or perish in the attempt. At dead of night they assembled, and having confessed and received absolution, they partook of the Holy Sacrament, to prepare them for the fate which their desperate enterprise seemed to promise. In darkness and silence they marched round the back of the Rock by a difficult and dangerous path, the waves of the ocean murmuring below, and the inaccessible precipice frowning above. Guided by a goatherd, they reached in safety the southern extremity of the Rock, and fortune so far favoured them that they mounted unperceived, and ere daybreak concealed themselves in the vast recesses of St Michael's Cave. The whole of the following day they remained in their lurking-place, until the darkness again invited them to resume their perilous undertaking. They reached and scaled the wall of the town unobserved, surprised and cut to pieces the guard, and by means of ropes and ladders, drew up several hundred more who had been ordered to support them. At this critical juncture, the French troops, which according to agreement were to have reinforced them, owing to some miserable jealousy betwixt the commanders were withheld; and the brave men, thus far singularly successful, were left to their fate. When the day

dawned the garrison became aware of their danger ; a strong party of grenadiers dashed up to attack the isolated intruders ; many were bayoneted on the spot—many were hurled over the precipice and perished, and the rest surrendered.

Thus, in spite of open force and secret ambuscade, and in defiance of a brave army on the shore and a powerful fleet on the sea, the British held their own. The French squadron could neither hinder nor intercept frequent convoys from Lisbon ; and Admiral Sir John Leake revictualled and reinforced the garrison, in defiance of all their watchfulness and exertions. At last the British admiral, being strongly reinforced from England, found himself in a condition to face the squadron of the enemy, and thus more effectually relieve Gibraltar. On the 10th March he appeared off the bay. The enemy attempted, but too late, to escape—three of their ships were captured, two destroyed, and the rest fled to Toulon ; upon which Marshal Tessé, the French general, who had superseded Villadarias, despairing of success, withdrew great part of his forces, and converted the siege into a blockade.

Ten thousand of the enemy perished in this siege. The garrison lost about four hundred men. The blockade by land continued, but with very little inconvenience to the British, until the peace of Utrecht in 1716 ; by which the possession of Minorca and Gibraltar were guaranteed to Great Britain.

Notwithstanding this treaty of peace, Spain was

still intent on the recovery of Gibraltar; and there is little doubt that a formidable force, which was assembled in the bay in the year 1720, ostensibly for the relief of Ceuta, at that time besieged by the Moors, was in reality intended to surprise Gibraltar. Gibraltar was then, in fact, in a most critical situation, with a slender garrison insufficiently officered, and with a stock of provisions for only fourteen days; and but for the opportune arrival of a British squadron, with Colonel Kane and reinforcements from the garrison of Minorca, the Rock might have been restored to its legitimate sovereign.

Disappointed thus of attaining her object either by war or diplomacy, Spain appeared to yield the point, and Gibraltar was finally ceded to Britain by the treaty of Madrid, in 1720. This, however, was a mere empty form, for, in every treaty betwixt the two countries, we find Spain continually harping upon Gibraltar; and finally, in the beginning of the year 1726, in the midst of the most solemn protestations of peaceful intentions, she made preparations for another attack. A camp of 20,000 men was formed at San Roque; all the requisites for a siege provided; ships of war ordered to rendezvous in the bay; 4000 sailors landed; and all this under the flimsy pretext of rebuilding Algeciraz. At last the mask was cast off, and on the 11th September the trenches were opened. This siege lasted four months; but Gibraltar was then well-garrisoned, and provided with ample store of ammunition and provisions, while

the British fleet was master of the sea; so that there were little apprehensions entertained for the safety of the place, either in Gibraltar itself or at home. The batteries of the enemy mounted about forty guns, besides mortars; and their fire was boldly answered by all the batteries of the Rock which bore upon their works, although the British ordnance was in a miserable condition, being old and honeycombed, so that our soldiers suffered more by the continual bursting of their own guns than by the fire of the enemy. The operations of the Spaniards were greatly impeded by the ships in the bay under Admiral Hopson and Sir Charles Wager; while the attempts to supply the necessities of the besieging army by sea, as their ships were invariably intercepted by the British, only served to increase the plenty and comfort of the garrison. Notwithstanding these difficulties, the Spaniards continued their operations with singular boldness and perseverance until the 12th June, when the news arrived that the preliminaries of a general peace were signed.

In this siege the garrison lost in the whole about three hundred killed and wounded; while the Spaniards lost above one half of their army by slaughter, sickness, and desertion. Great part of the casualties on the British side were owing to the bursting of their own guns, no fewer than seventy cannon and thirty mortars having exploded on the batteries during the siege.

In the year 1760, while the Earl of Home was

governor of Gibraltar, that which the power of the enemy had never been able to accomplish, had well-nigh been effected by treason in the garrison. A large number of the soldiers, becoming discontented in consequence of their long residence on the Rock, entered into a conspiracy for the purpose of delivering up the place to the Spaniards. Their plan was to surprise and murder the officers, and all whom they supposed especially hostile to their views; and after securing the plunder to themselves, to give up the fortress to the enemy. This nefarious plan was almost ripe for execution, when it pleased Divine Providence to frustrate their atrocious project; and in consequence of a drunken quarrel, the whole conspiracy was brought to light. It appears that about seven hundred and thirty men were implicated in this treason; but though eleven were condemned to death, capital punishment was inflicted only on the ringleader, a private soldier named Reed.

Thus force, stratagem, and treason, alike failed to wrest Gibraltar from its present possessors; and Spain, still as anxious as ever to recover what had already cost her so much blood and treasure, had recourse to the only remaining expedient, and offered two millions sterling for its ransom. This also proved ineffectual; the offer was refused, and by a new compact at Seville in 1729, she agreed to renounce all claim to it. From this period up to the breaking out of the war in 1779, the garrison were suffered to wear their laurels in comparative tranquillity; for

though another war between Great Britain and Spain broke out in 1761, no attempt was made upon Gibraltar.

But, notwithstanding this formal renunciation of all claim to Gibraltar, Spain had not its recovery the less at heart, and only watched a favourable opportunity of enforcing her pretensions. Such an opportunity was not long in occurring. Great Britain was engaged in a desperate contest with her colonies beyond the Atlantic; France, rejoicing in such an opportunity of humbling her haughty rival, had joined heart and hand against her; the famous combination, termed the Armed Neutrality, was entered into by the principal European powers, for the purpose of resisting the lordly pretensions of the British flag; Russia had already given signs of rising wrath, and the States-General were arming for war. Britain was alone, without a single ally on whose assistance she could depend. This golden opportunity was not to be neglected, and a pretext for war was earnestly sought and easily found. Spain offered her mediation betwixt the courts of Paris and London, but cunningly made such proposals as she well knew would be rejected. So convinced of this, in fact, was the court of Madrid, that before any answer had been returned from London to such offer of mediation, proposals were secretly tendered to the Emperor of Morocco to farm the ports of Tetuan, Tangier, and Larache, in order that the garrison of Gibraltar might, in case of a rupture, be shut out from the most im-

portant source of supplies. The proposals of Spain, as was anticipated, were rejected; in consequence of which, war was declared on the 17th June 1779; and on the 21st of the same month, all communication betwixt Spain and Gibraltar was interdicted by orders from Madrid.

Fortunately at this crisis, the Governor of Gibraltar was a soldier whose courage, perseverance, and military skill were equal to any emergency. This was General George Augustus Eliott, whose name is now indissolubly connected with that of Gibraltar itself, and has been rendered illustrious by his conduct and skill under most trying circumstances, in the most extraordinary siege which has occurred in modern times. In 1776 he was appointed governor, and joined his command the year following.\*

As soon as the vague and uncertain rumours of the approaching rupture reached his ears, Eliott immediately set about making preparations as secretly as possible for his defence, and laid plans for obtaining a constant supply of provisions from Africa. When these rumours were confirmed by the closing of the communication with Spain, and even before official notice of the breaking out of the war had been received from England, the greatest activity prevailed in the garrison, and every exertion was made to be ready against the bursting of the storm. Though it was still uncertain whether a serious attack on Gib-

\* Drinkwater.

raltar was meditated, it was resolved to prepare for the worst. The works were carefully examined, repaired, and strengthened; the sand-hills on the neutral ground were levelled, that no protection might be afforded to a besieging force; materials were collected at the proper points; provisions were obtained whenever it was possible from Africa; the troops were appointed to their stations; soldiers trained to work the guns; the best marksmen selected; and every thing done which skill and experience could suggest.

Meanwhile, the intentions of the enemy gradually became less doubtful. More troops began to arrive, and great activity was observed in transporting materials and ammunition, piling shot, making fascines, and constructing batteries. The blockade at the same time became more strict by sea and land. The great superiority which the union of the French and Spanish fleets gave them at sea, speedily cut off all supplies from Barbary; and had not the garrison been fortunately well victualled in April previous, they would have been reduced, even at this early stage, to the greatest difficulties. Many of the inhabitants, at the first alarm, had fled to the coast of Barbary; and the remainder, after the blockade was completed, abandoned the town in apprehension of a bombardment, and constructed wooden huts for themselves at the south. Every precaution was taken to economize provisions; and the general tried experiments on himself to discover the smallest quantity

of food on which a man could be expected to subsist in health and vigour, and actually restricted himself for eight days to four ounces of rice per day.

Hitherto, the operations of the enemy had been carried on without any molestation from the garrison; but, on the 11th September, it was resolved in a council of war no longer to allow them to proceed with impunity. Accordingly, on the 12th, the first shot was fired from the fortress on the besiegers; and the batteries told with such effect on their advanced guard, that they withdrew precipitately, and in great confusion, beyond the range of the guns; and the works which they had spent many weeks in erecting were destroyed. From this time, the garrison seized every opportunity to annoy the enemy by shot and shell, in consequence of which the besiegers carried on their operations within range of our batteries chiefly during the night.

Towards the end of October provisions began to grow exceedingly scarce, especially among the unhappy Jews and Genoese who had remained on the Rock, and could not be relieved from the garrison stores. A privateer having captured a vessel laden with rice, and succeeded in bringing her into Gibraltar, sold her cargo at the rate of £3 : 12 : 6 per cwt. Mutton sold at 3s. 6d. per lb., veal 4s., a pig's head 19s., ducks from 14s. to 18s. per couple, and a goose a guinea;\* while the miserable inhabitants were glad

\* Drinkwater.

to have recourse to thistles, dandelions, wild leeks, or any trash they could pick up. Fuel also became distressingly scarce, when temporary relief was received in a most providential manner. On 26th December, the bay was visited by a most terrific storm of wind and rain, accompanied with thunder and lightning. The very Rock seemed to quake with the fury of the tempest, and the hostile armies trembled before the dread artillery of heaven. Next morning the tempest had passed away, but had left precious fruits behind. Immense quantities of wood, cork, &c., were found floating under the fortifications along the whole length of the Rock: this seasonable supply having been washed by the torrents of rain from the banks of the Palmones and Guadaranque, the friendly hurricane had swept it across the bay to the British side. The poor soldiers hailed this relief as a miraculous interference of Providence in their behalf.

The situation of the garrison was now becoming imminently critical. Not a shot had been fired by the enemy, but the activity displayed in constructing batteries, showed that something more than a mere blockade was contemplated. But the blockade was already doing its work right well. Provisions had been occasionally received from Barbary, but the supply fell far short of the demand. The inhabitants were suffering all the miseries of want, in addition to which smallpox had made its appearance among them. Provisions of all kinds

rose to an exorbitant price, and but for the hope of help from England the prospects of the garrison were becoming every day more gloomy. In the beginning of January temporary relief was obtained from a Neapolitan vessel, which was driven under the guns and forced to come in. She proved to be laden with six thousand bushels of barley—a cargo more precious than gold. But more effectual relief was now at hand. Admiral Rodney was dispatched from England to convoy a considerable fleet of transports with necessaries for the garrison. In his way out he was fortunate enough to fall in with the Caracca fleet, consisting of seventeen merchantmen, under the protection of a ship of the line and four frigates. The whole fleet was captured, and scarcely had the prizes been secured when the Spanish squadron, under Don Juan Langara, consisting of eleven ships of the line, hove in sight. Four of these were also captured and carried into Gibraltar, two were destroyed, and the rest dispersed. Words cannot describe the joy of the poor starving people of Gibraltar when the first tidings arrived of the expected relief; and when the gallant admiral himself appeared with his victorious fleet, transports, and prizes, with the Spanish admiral on board a prisoner, the roar of artillery announcing his victory was almost drowned by the frantic shouts of joy from garrison and inhabitants.

It was on the 27th January that Sir George Rodney landed at Gibraltar, and on the 13th of February

he sailed for the West Indies, leaving the bay once more in possession of the Spaniards. During the short time the British fleet remained at Gibraltar, it appears that both the besieging army and the garrison of Ceuta on the opposite coast, were reduced to great straits for want of their usual supplies; so that it is probable that had Sir George Rodney been at liberty to remain in the bay, the siege must have terminated, and the blockading army, themselves blockaded, must have been forced to withdraw for want of provisions.

The garrison was now in the highest spirits, and though the blockade was again renewed by the enemy, present plenty banished the dread of future want from the mind of the light-hearted soldier. The whole of the year 1780 was spent in the same manner as the last; the enemy preserving a close blockade, and continually strengthening, enlarging, and advancing their batteries on the isthmus, but without making any attempt to reduce the place by force. Famine in consequence again stared the British soldier in the face, but he bore up against it with the same stout heart and patient submission as before. The supplies from Africa, at all times scanty and uncertain, were now entirely cut off—our faithless ally, the Emperor of Morocco, having sold the ports of Tetuan and Tangier to Spain; so that the condition of the garrison became even more distressing than before the arrival of Rodney's fleet. Scurvy, too, broke out among the men and made

dreadful havoc, adding the miseries of severe disease to the sufferings of want. The principal supplies were now received from Minorca, but these in miserably insufficient quantity; and the garrison had frequently the mortification of seeing the vessels intended for their relief captured by the enemy before their eyes. In this sad condition the joy of the garrison and inhabitants may be conceived but never described, when at daybreak on the morning of 12th April 1781, a convoy consisting of one hundred vessels, protected by several men of war, were seen standing into the bay. Such a fleet entering this magnificent bay must be a grand and highly interesting spectacle on any occasion; but bearing as it did plenty to starving thousands, and hope to those who from day to day were pining under the sickness of hope deferred, we can imagine no earthly spectacle exceeding in thrilling interest, or welcomed with greater transport. But the exultation of the inhabitants was shortlived. Intimation had been received through deserters, that it was the intention of the Spanish general to bombard the town if the garrison were a second time relieved. It was difficult to believe that the commander of a great army should evince a spirit of such pitiful malignity, and render himself guilty of such wanton and gratuitous cruelty. To bombard the town could have no possible effect on the ultimate result of the siege; to lay Gibraltar in ashes would not silence a single British gun; the chief sufferers would not

even be British subjects, but Jews and Spaniards, who might indeed have their whole property destroyed, while the only possible effect produced on the garrison must be to inflame them with tenfold hostility against the authors of such wanton barbarity.

To doubt the information respecting the intention of the Spanish general, only proved their ignorance of the vengeful spirit of the Spaniard; for no sooner had the convoy, in defiance of their men-of-war, come to an anchor under the protection of the fortress, than the batteries on the isthmus, so long silent and idle, at length opened with terrible effect, and an iron storm was poured on the devoted town from one hundred and fourteen pieces of heavy artillery, which speedily reduced it to a heap of ruins. This tremendous cannonade began on the 12th of April, and continued with little intermission for two months, during which time no part of the Rock was secure, the shot and shell from the land batteries and mortar-boats ranging over its whole extent. Bravely the British soldiers bore the pitiless pelting of this iron storm, returning ball for ball and shell for shell—repairing during the night what was destroyed during the day—fighting the enemy with mattock and shovel as well as with musket and cannon—defending the works by day with dauntless valour and unwearied patience—and lulled to sleep at night by the thunder of artillery and the crash of bursting shells. Nothing can convey a more vivid idea of the prodigious strength of the fortifications of this mighty stronghold, than the

simple fact, that for three weeks this tremendous cannonade continued night and day almost incessantly; and though its fury was at times relaxed, it never entirely intermitted for thirteen months, and yet no impression of any consequence was effected on the works of the garrison. During the hottest of the fire, one hundred thousand pounds of gunpowder were consumed in every twenty-four hours by the batteries of the enemy, and between four and five thousand shot and shells went through the town. Still the fortifications were almost uninjured, and the loss of the garrison trifling. During the first ten weeks, only three hundred men were killed and wounded. The misery of the poor inhabitants, meanwhile, was extreme. Flying from their dwellings in the town, now reduced to heaps of ruins, they betook themselves to the most retired and least exposed recesses of the Rock. But no corner of the Rock was secure from the deadly fire of the besiegers, and numbers of the unhappy people perished in their places of refuge. Sometimes a fatal shell would burst into the frail and hastily-constructed hut, and destroy a whole family by one fell explosion—women and children were involved in the same danger, and often in the same fate. For a time, the batteries of the enemy were answered with equal fury by the garrison; but at length orders were issued to receive the besiegers' fire in silence, unless when opportunity offered to retort with particular efficacy. During the whole period, the gun-boats from Algeciraz

from time to time approached the fortress, and swept the face of the rock, searching with their unerring shot every recess and crevice. These were at last repelled, or held in check, by vessels of a similar description, armed with heavy guns, and anchored off the walls.

Finding all of no avail against the adamantine Rock, and adamantine hearts of its defenders, the besiegers relaxed their fire, in order to obtain time for constructing new and more terrible batteries. The most famous engineers of France and Spain exhausted the resources of their art for this purpose; and under their direction works of enormous strength were constructed, of such prodigious solidity that the heavy ordnance of the Rock exerted its strength to the utmost against them in vain. The labour expended on these stupendous works was immense; every effort was made to render them efficient; their shot on trial was found to range two miles beyond the object of their attack; all Europe awaited in suspense the result. Towards the end of November they were completed, and in readiness for a grand assault. The stout old governor remained unmoved. His resolution was taken; but until the very evening of its execution it was imparted to none, lest by some accident it might reach the ears of the enemy. The opening of these terrible batteries was awaited by the brave garrison in breathless suspense. They were doomed never to open. At dead of night on the 27th of November, two thousand chosen men, headed

by Brigadier Ross, marched out in solemn silence from the gates of the fortress. The darkness of the night, the well-known and terrible strength of the batteries they were about to assault, their distance from the garrison, their close proximity to the overwhelming force of the enemy, were considerations which only served to nerve the British soldiers' hearts with more desperate daring. The gallant Elliott himself, forgetting for the moment the caution of the governor in the ardour of the soldier, could not resist the impulse, and hastily intimating his intention to the lieutenant-governor, hurried along with his brave men on their hazardous expedition. The sortie was as triumphantly successful as it was gallantly executed and skilfully planned. The enemy abandoned their works at the first attack; fire was immediately applied; it spread with frightful rapidity, and blazing out in vast masses, distinctly revealed to the astonished Spaniards and admiring British the dauntless little band busily engaged in the work of destruction. The guns were spiked, their carriages and platforms destroyed, the magazines blown up, and the British soldiers were lighted on their homeward path by the lurid blaze of works which had cost Spain so much time, and labour, and treasure to complete, and on which such sanguine hopes had been founded. A more gallant enterprise is not recorded in the history of any siege. The written report of the Spanish commanding-officer was found in the batteries, bearing the statement that "nothing

extraordinary had happened." "It must be acknowledged," says Drinkwater, "that the captain was a little premature in writing."

For some time after this disgrace, the Spanish army seemed for some days utterly confounded and disheartened; and though they soon began to repair their ruined works, their operations were not carried on with great activity. In fact, the dilatoriness of their procedure, and the length of time already consumed in the siege, began to excite the ridicule of all Europe.\* Still, however, they showed no sign of abandoning their hopeless enterprise. At last the operations of the besiegers in the advanced works seemed suddenly suspended. The 4th of May 1782, was the first day of entire cessation

\* The wits of Paris amused themselves at this time with lampoons and *jeux-d'esprit* at the expense of the brave and persevering, but too patient besiegers of Gibraltar. The following is given as a specimen:—

“Messieurs de Saint Roque, entre nous,  
 Ceci passe la raillerie.  
 En avez-vous là pour la vie ?  
 Ou quelque jour finirez-vous ?  
 Ne pouvez-vous à la vaillance  
 Joindre le talent d'abrégé ?  
 Votre éternelle patience  
 Ne se lasse point d'assiéger,  
 Mais vous mettez à bout la nôtre.  
 Soyez donc battants ou battus,  
 Messieurs du camp et du blocus :  
 Terminez de façon ou d'autre—  
 Terminez, car on n'y tient plus.  
 Fréquentes sont vos canonnades :  
 Mais hélas ! qu'ont-elles produit ?  
 Le tranquille Anglais dort au bruit  
 De vos nocturnes pétarades ;  
 Ou s'il repond de tems en tems

of hostilities for thirteen months. But the calm which succeeded this was but the prelude to a more terrible storm—the lull which precedes the bursting of the tempest. The garrison were not deceived by it; they perceived that the efforts of their persevering enemies had not been arrested, but only turned into a new channel. The activity of the besiegers was transferred from the lines to Algeciraz, and there it was easy to see that fresh preparations were carried on with fresh energy. The formidable preparations of the enemy were in fact distinctly visible from the Rock: and doubtless it was with some anxiety that the governor and his officers beheld the frequent arrival of troops by land, and men-of-war by sea; while vessels of great size were observed to be cut down to battering ships, and fitted up after a new

A votre prudente furie,  
 C'est par égard, je le parie,  
 Et pour dire, je vous entends.  
 Quatre ans ont dû vous rendre sages.  
 Laissez donc là vos vieux ouvrages;  
 Quittez vos vieux retranchemens;  
 Retirez-vous, vieux assiégeans—  
 Un jour ce mémorable siège  
 Sera fini par vos enfans,  
 Si toutefois Dieu les protège.  
 Mes amis, vous le voyez bien  
 Vos bombes ne bombardent rien;  
 Vos pétarades, vos corvettes,  
 Et vos travaux, et vos mineurs,  
 N'épouvantent que les lecteurs  
 De vos redoutables gazettes.  
 Votre blocus ne bloque point;  
 Et grace à votre heureuse adresse,  
 Ceux qui vous affamez sans cesse  
 Ne périront que d'embonpoint."

and extraordinary fashion. Rumours of a projected attack on an extraordinary scale also reached the garrison; and a letter was at last received by the governor, announcing that vast preparations were making for a grand attack by sea and land. These alarming reports were responded to by increased diligence on the part of the governor and garrison, and every effort was made to give the enemy a warm reception, in whatever shape he might appear.

Preparations of the most formidable kind were, in fact, in process on the opposite shore of Algeciraz. Ten battering ships of enormous strength were fitted up for the purpose. These vessels were fortified on the larboard side with blinds of great thickness, composed of green timber, bolted with iron, and covered with cork, junk, and raw hides. They were rendered bomb-proof on the top, and carried guns of large calibre. They were also furnished with a peculiarly ingenious apparatus, consisting of pipes which conveyed water to all parts of the ship, and which were so disposed as, by the action of pumps, both to keep the blinds continually wet, and to pour torrents of water wherever the red-hot shot of the garrison might render it necessary. Thus constructed, according to the design of the celebrated French engineer, Monsieur d'Arçon, these battering ships were considered as impregnable and incombustible; and from their prodigious powers and weight of metal, the total destruction of the garrison was confidently anticipated.

On the 22d June, the Duke de Crillon, fresh from the conquest of Minorca, arrived at Algeciraz to take the command of the army, hoping to add the capture of Gibraltar to his laurels. With him came Monsieur d'Arçon, to direct in person the equipment of the battering ships, and the Spanish admiral Moreno to command the fleet. The Duke d'Artois, brother of the King of France, afterwards Charles X., and the Duke de Bourbon, also arrived shortly after to witness this extraordinary attack.

The greatest activity now prevailed in the besieging army; but the grand attack was still delayed, until the vast preparations should be completed, and the overwhelming forces of France and Spain, on land and sea, should be fully assembled. The works which had been destroyed by the successful sortie of the garrison were now restored, and of the same solid and apparently impregnable construction as before, and only waited the completion of the naval preparations, that by one tremendous and simultaneous attack the devoted garrison might be utterly overwhelmed. But Elliott was not the man to allow the enemy to arrange and execute their plans according to their own fancy. A separate attack suited the views of the governor much better; and accordingly, before every thing was in readiness for the assault by sea, he resolved to hasten or frustrate the assault by land. All the northern batteries being furnished with furnaces for heating shot, according to the famous plan recommended by General

Boyd, and under his own directions, they opened their destructive fire upon the works of the enemy on the morning of the 8th September. The effect of these new and most destructive missiles exceeded all expectation; and in a few hours considerable part of the apparently indestructible works of the besiegers were enveloped in flames, and reduced to ashes. Apprehensive that, by a continuance of such a fatal cannonade, the whole of his batteries, which had been renewed with such prodigious expense of labour, might be utterly destroyed before the time for action arrived, the Duke de Crillon resolved to precipitate the attack from the land side, though the floating batteries were not yet in a condition to unite with him in a simultaneous effort. Accordingly, on the morning of the 9th, one of the most tremendous cannonades ever known in war was commenced from one hundred and seventy pieces of heavy ordnance. In order to co-operate to the best of their ability with the land batteries, nine line-of-battle ships poured broadside after broadside upon the garrison, while fifteen gun and mortar boats blazed upon the town. One might imagine that such a tremendous discharge of artillery, kept up for several days successively, would have shaken the very Rock to its foundations. Yet it was singular how little effect was produced; the garrison themselves were astonished, while listening to the roaring of this terrific storm, to see how little damage it occasioned. During the two first days, the land batteries alone had poured into

the garrison 5527 shot, and 2302 shells, to which the Rock batteries disdained even to reply.

On the morning of the 12th, while the enemy's artillery was still encompassing the Rock with smoke and flame, as the governor's watchful glass swept the western horizon, a spectacle met his astonished eye which might have made even his stout heart quake. A fleet of thirty-eight line-of-battle ships, with three frigates, and a cloud of xebeques, bomb-ketches, and hospital ships, appeared standing for the bay. A broad pennant streamed from the lofty mast of the leading ship, and the proud colours of France and Spain waved over the combined fleet—ten admirals were in command. In the afternoon of the same day the whole were at anchor off Algeciraz. It may be questioned if the world ever beheld before, so vast and well-appointed an armament assembled before a single fortress. Two of the mightiest empires in the world resolved to concentrate their whole disposable force at one point, and to overwhelm by one tremendous effort the handful of brave men who had so long defied their power. The mere display of such a force was enough to strike terror into any heart capable of fear. Every artilleryman as he stood beside his gun—every soldier as he paced his ground—every officer as he moved from post to post, could distinctly observe the tremendous batteries, with whose power they had grown familiar, preparing for a new and still more formidable attack: could distinguish the vast camp, and the dense masses of the

enemy marching and counter-marching on the shore: could number the mighty fleet whose countless artillery a few hours might bring to bear on the war-worn Rock: could single out the vast hulks of the floating batteries—those new and yet untried engines of death: could discern and calculate the power of the numberless swarm of gun-boats and mortar-boats, frigates and xebeques, so well calculated to support their gigantic comrades: could mark the surrounding hills covered with crowds of spectators, assembled from all quarters of Spain to witness the direful spectacle which war in its fiercest form presents, to triumph in the success of their country's arms, and exult over the destruction of the bold intruders who had so long maintained their footing on Spanish ground. The artilleryman gazed on this awful scene as unmoved as the gun beside him—the soldier paced his measured round as calmly as if he bore a charmed life, proof against ball and bomb. The more thoughtful officer gazed in silence, and anxiously but “fearlessly thought of the morrow;” and the unyielding governor turned from the terrible display of hostile force, with a glance of confidence and pride, to the little band of tried and dauntless men who were now, in such trying circumstances, to support the honour of the British name.

Meanwhile the confidence of the enemy amounted to enthusiasm. The enormous force assembled, seemed to make assurance doubly sure. The fleet amounted to forty-eight sail of the line, besides a

countless host of frigates and smaller vessels: ten battering ships, carrying in all one hundred and twelve guns of large calibre, though untried and of novel construction, were considered absolutely invincible. On the land side, two hundred pieces of heavy ordnance frowned from batteries of the most stupendous and impregnable construction, manned by gunners of practised and unerring skill. Behind these lay a brave and disciplined army, animated by the presence of two princes of the blood-royal of France, and under the command of a general fresh from victory, and flushed with conquest. The numbers employed against the fortress amounted to the enormous force of one hundred thousand men.\*

To oppose this prodigious armament, the garrison numbered scarce seven thousand effective men; but these were effective indeed—men brave by nature, and, by years of exposure to danger, rendered absolutely indifferent to the effects of the most destructive engines—who, from long habit, had been taught to regard the roar of artillery, the crash of cannon-balls, and the bursting of shells, as things of too common occurrence to attract a thought—men, in fact, hardened into perfect callosity, and as insensible of danger as the impregnable walls from which the balls of the foe rebounded harmless into the sea.†

\* Barlow.

† Many most singular and almost ludicrous instances of the indifference of the garrison to the most deadly missiles of the enemy, are recorded during this siege.

Experience had proved the vast strength of the fortifications, and the tremendous cannonades to which they had been exposed, instead of impairing the works of the Rock, had only served to point out the weakest parts; and these being repaired and strengthened, the works were on the whole more impregnable than at the beginning of the siege. From long practice also, every soldier had become an experienced artilleryman, and handled his massy gun with the readiness and deadly precision with which the most accomplished sportsman levels his light fowling-piece on the moors. If, therefore, there were ardent enthusiasm and triumphant assurance on the one side, there were no less, on the other, a cheerful confidence which nothing could shake, and an intrepid spirit which nothing could daunt.

Scarcely had the combined fleet entered the bay, when an eagle was seen to perch on the flag-staff on the summit of the Rock; it rested but a few moments, and then sailed away towards the east. It was a trifling circumstance, but it was hailed as a happy omen. No doubt this was more than half in jest, yet superstition has some hold on the minds of most men; and on the solemn eve which precedes the battle-day, the stoutest heart is liable to be affected with feelings akin to superstition; and it is not unlikely that many a bold soldier might regard the eagle on the flag-staff as the standard of victory. In ancient days such an omen would have been decisive of the fortunes of the battle.

About a quarter before seven o'clock on the morning of the eventful 13th of September, the terrible battering ships were seen to be in motion. Instantly gunner and matross hastened to the ramparts, the furnaces were lighted, and the destructive red-hot shot prepared. "The ten battering ships, after leaving the men-of-war, wore to the north, and a little past nine o'clock bore down in admirable order to their several stations; the admiral, in a two-decker, mooring about nine hundred yards off the King's Bastion; the others successively taking their places to the right and left of the flag-ship in a masterly manner; the most distant being about eleven or twelve hundred yards from the garrison."\* A death-like stillness reigned over the fortress. Not a solitary shot disturbed the manœuvres of the foe. The vast floating citadels approached, chose their distance, and took up their position unmolested. A quarter before ten the first ship dropped her anchors. Then woke the British lion and shook his mane. In an instant the whole sea-line was enveloped in fire and smoke, and a torrent of balls was poured upon the enemy. Coolly and steadily, notwithstanding this tremendous fire, the gigantic batteries were moored; this effected, then began a cannonade perhaps unparalleled in the whole history of war. The redoubtable battering ships, the objects of such mighty expectations, were seen vomiting fire and death from

\* Drinkwater.

two hundred iron throats, the land batteries sending showers of shot and shell upon the garrison, and the garrison replying sternly and well from every gun that bore upon the sea. Four hundred pieces of the heaviest artillery thundered incessantly from land and sea, filling heaven and earth with smoke and flame. The stern grey Rock, the sierras of Spain, the distant mountains of Africa, re-echoed the tremendous roar. The Spanish hills were covered with multitudes praying to the Virgin and all the saints in heaven to crown their arms with victory; the Moors repaired in crowds to their mosques, and there offered up, after a far more rational fashion, their prayers to God himself to fight for Britain, their ancient ally. Three hundred pieces of ordnance were thundering on the Rock—with one hundred only the Rock replied; but these were wholly directed against the floating batteries—the land batteries of the enemy were totally disregarded. But such was the strength of the fortress that three hundred cannons poured out their vengeance in vain; and such was the strength of the battering ships that the British artillery plied them hard in vain. The heaviest shells rebounded from their tops, and thirty-two pound shot recoiled from their hulls like peas from a stone wall. Enraged at their fruitless efforts, the gunners loudly demanded the red-hot shot. The furnaces were blazing beside every gun, the shot was heated, and by twelve o'clock a storm of fire was hurled from the walls. Still the wonderful construction of their ships seemed to bid defiance to shot, and

shell, and red-hot ball. Wherever the burning metal took effect, the ever active pumps poured torrents of water on the spot, and the danger was over. Exposed in front to these tremendous and apparently invulnerable sea castles, and galled in flank by the batteries from the shore, still the British stood stoutly to their guns, and ever and anon, as a mast was shot away, the gallant cheer—

“ with which Britain hails  
The wine-cup or the fight ”—

rang from wall to bastion, and from battery to battery. Balls, burning metal, carcasses,\* and shells of every description, were showered incessantly and with prodigious activity from every embrasure, as if the British were resolved to make up for their deficiency in number of guns by working their guns twice as often. For hours the attack and defence were so equally supported, that none could tell to which side victory appeared to lean. The ships seemed as invulnerable as the walls, and the walls as the ships. At last one tremendous shout, beginning from the King's Bastion, and taken up and re-echoed from every part of the fortification, announced the flag-ship to be on fire. The red-hot balls had begun to do their work. A close column of smoke was seen to rise, thick and curling, from the hull. In vain the pumps were plied. The fire increased. More vigorously than ever the batteries poured forth

\* A carcasse is an iron case filled with combustible materials, and is discharged from a mortar like a bomb. I believe it is no longer used.

their torrents of burning metal. Another joyous shout from the garrison! The admiral's second was on fire. Louder and more joyous rang out the British cheers! Faster and more furious roared the British thunder. Faint and more faint the enemy replied. Confusion was apparent on board their boasted invincibles. Still the fire from the Rock knew no cessation; and though the wearied matross could hardly raise the spunging-rod, and the gunner, black with smoke and stiff with fatigue, leaned on his gun for support, still the work of death went on. Night fell—a night of horror for the poor Spaniard! Signals of distress were seen, shrieks and groans and lamentable cries were heard from the burning ships. Still the merciless artillery blazed from the Rock, while every fresh discharge was answered only by shrieks and cries. Ship after ship now proclaimed the terrible power of the red-hot missiles, and the fearful conflagration enabled the artillery to point the guns with the same unerring precision as by the light of the sun. The bay shone like a vast sheet of molten gold; the dark face of the Rock gleamed in the fitful blaze. Boats were seen struggling to approach the ships; but the sailors, though anxious to save their perishing comrades, were deterred by the destructive fire of the garrison. Cries for help were heard which none could answer; signals of distress were seen which none could heed. About midnight a wreck floated to the shore, and twelve poor creatures were saved alone out of a powerful crew. By two o'clock

the admiral's ship was one vast blaze from stem to stern. The admiral's second was also blazing fiercely. Between three and four, six others were on fire. Then the British artillery relaxed. Day dawned, and seldom has the rising sun shone on a more terrible scene. Many miserable wretches were seen in the flames shrieking for aid; others rushing madly from death in one element to find it in another; numbers were clinging for life to pieces of wreck, and floating hither and thither in the bay. At five o'clock, one of the battering ships, opposite the King's Bastion, blew up with a tremendous explosion; a few minutes afterwards another shared the same fate; and showers of wood and iron, and scorched and mangled shreds of human bodies, fell into the smoking sea.

Then was the humanity of the conquerors as conspicuous in the hour of victory as their valour had been during the engagement. At the imminent risk of their own lives, Captain Curtis and the marine brigade exerted themselves to the utmost to save their perishing enemies; and by their generous exertions, about four hundred men were rescued from the flames and the waves. In one instance, while in the act of removing some unfortunate sailors from a burning wreck, the vessel exploded—two English sailors were killed by falling timber, and it was with the utmost difficulty that the boat and its crew were preserved. But notwithstanding all that humanity could prompt, or courage and skill perform, great numbers perished on board the battering ships. During the progress

of the flames, the decks of these vessels exhibited the most heart-rending scenes; and the blood curdles to think of the horrible fate of many of their brave crews, which neither friends nor friendly foes could avert. Before eleven o'clock, three of them blew up—three more burned to the water's edge, the magazines of powder having been wetted—hopes were entertained that the two remaining might be preserved as trophies of victory; but in this the garrison were disappointed—one blew up, the other was burned.

Thus ended this famous attack, and thus perished these redoubtable floating batteries, whose singular construction and enormous strength had kept Europe on the tiptoe of expectation. During the hottest of the fire, Governor Elliott and Lieutenant-General Boyd were themselves present on the bastions, encouraging the men by their presence, and stimulating them to exertion by their example. To the skill and energy of the governor and his officers—to the unshaken firmness and perseverance of the men—to the amazing rapidity and steadiness of the British fire, which seldom has been equaled and never surpassed, Britain is indebted for the triumphant result of the engagement. Upwards of eight thousand three hundred rounds, (more than half of which were hot shot,) and seven hundred and sixteen barrels of powder, were expended by our artillery. The works of the fortress were not materially injured, and the casualties of the garrison were so trifling, that it

appears almost incredible that such a tremendous cannonade should not have produced more effect with respect to the loss of men.\* The returns of killed and wounded mention only one officer, two sergeants, and thirteen rank and file, killed; five officers and sixty-three rank and file wounded. The loss sustained by the enemy could never be exactly ascertained; but was estimated at about two thousand men. For several days afterwards the sea continued to cast up sad evidences of the terrible effect of the garrison artillery; and blackened wrecks, and disfigured corpses, and shattered remnants of what had once been men, were driven by the wind on the shore of the Rock.

It might have been expected that such a signal defeat should have induced the besiegers to abandon their hopeless enterprise against Gibraltar; but it is probable that shame, rather than any expectation of success, constrained them to persevere. The combined fleet, accordingly, remained in the bay—the gun and mortar boats renewed from time to time their waspish attacks—and the cannonade from the isthmus continued, at the rate of about one thousand rounds per day. The attacks of the gun and mortar boats were indeed frequently very severe and galling, and conducted in a manner which harassed the garrison to the utmost. The blockade was also still preserved. Effectual relief, however, was at hand; and

\* Drinkwater.

about the middle of October Lord Howe, with thirty-five ships, brought to the garrison an ample supply of every thing wanted either for their support or their defence. All was safely landed, in defiance of the greatly superior naval force of the enemy.

From this period the enemy's force gradually melted away. All hopes of reducing Gibraltar, either by force or want, appeared to be abandoned; and the operations still maintained by batteries and gun-boats, were apparently intended merely to annoy the garrison, which they could not subdue; but were not entirely discontinued until the announcement of the general peace, signed at Versailles in January 1783.

Thus terminated this famous siege, unquestionably the most remarkable in the history of British war, and which requires only adequate powers of narration to take its place in the foremost rank among the most renowned military events of ancient or of modern times. Thenceforth Gibraltar became the inalienable property of the British crown. Whether its possession is productive of any advantages to Britain, commensurate with the expense required for maintaining it, is a question I shall not attempt to settle. Wherein consists its great value I acknowledge myself at a loss to comprehend, and equally am I at a loss to comprehend why it is not made of greater use than it is, by the construction of docks for the refitting and repairing of our men-of-war.

The following returns are copied from Drinkwater's Appendix :—

## TOTAL LOSS OF THE GARRISON.

	Officers.	Privates.	Total.
Killed, and dead of wounds, . . . . .	6	327	333
Disabled by wounds, . . . . .	34	104	138
Dead of sickness, exclusive of those who died of the scurvy in 1779 and 1780, } . . . . .	7	529	536
Discharged from incurable complaints, } . . . . .	0	181	181
Deserted, . . . . .	0	43	43
Total,			<u>1231</u>

Expenditure of ammunition from the garrison from 12th September 1779 to 3d July 1783 :—

	Rounds of shot.
From the garrison, . . . . .	200,600
From the British gun-boats. . . . .	4,728
Total,	<u>205,328</u> *

By the enemy, from 12th April 1781 to 2d September 1783 :—

	Rounds of shot and shell.
From the Spanish batteries, . . . . .	244,104
From the Spanish gun-boats, . . . . .	14,283
	<u>258,387</u>

Prices of a few articles in Gibraltar during the siege :—

	£	s.	d.
Calf's head and feet, . . . . .	1	14	1½
Hind-quarter of mutton, . . . . .	7	10	0
A live pig, . . . . .	9	14	9
Sow in pig, . . . . .	29	0	0
Goat with a young kid, . . . . .	12	0	0
An English milch cow, . . . . .	52	10	0

Reserving to the seller a pint of milk each day  
whilst she gave milk.

Another cow was sold for . . . . . 63 0 0

This last was in so wretched a condition, that she dropped  
down dead before she could be removed many hundred yards.

\* The garrison expended very near 8000 barrels of powder; and the number of ordnance destroyed during the siege amounted to fifty-three. The quantity of powder expended by the enemy could never be ascertained, nor what ordnance was destroyed.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Voyage to Malaga—Situation and appearance of Malaga—Spanish and Italian bandits—A veteran—Departure from Malaga—Journey to Velez—Velez Malaga—Early ride—Caution—Scenery betwixt Velez and Alhama—Alhama—Capture of Alhama, and lamentation of the Moors—Spanish posada—Ride to Granada—First appearance of Granada.

ON the day of our departure from Gibraltar, Mr P——, my future travelling companion, and I dined on board the Lizard. All day I had been anxiously looking out for the arrival of the steam-packet from England, in hopes of having the satisfaction of seeing Mr Strauchan. In this I was disappointed. The Braganza was signalized in the evening, about twelve hours later than is usual in good weather, and did not come to an anchor in the bay until after gun-fire—so that it was impossible for me to go on shore, either to make enquiries regarding Mr Strauchan, or to receive my letters.

Mr E—— conducted us on board the Rubis, and about ten o'clock at night the paddles were in motion. Perceiving little to attract me in the company of the passengers, I retired immediately to my berth, where I spent a sleepless night, and landed at Malaga

betwixt six and seven o'clock next morning, in no fit condition to begin a fatiguing journey.

Much has been said of the beauty of the situation of Malaga; but the tourist who trusts to the highly coloured descriptions of others is sure to be disappointed. The bold mountains behind, the blue Mediterranean in front, the extensive vega on either side, the orange groves and boundless vineyards!—all this may be worked up into a very fine picture; but when truth steps in and adds, that the mountains are naked and barren crags, the vega a sandy strip of land betwixt the mountains and the sea, destitute of trees, and the orange groves and vineyards incapable of giving any appearance of verdure to the country, the picture immediately loses its charms. The mountains extend along the coast as far as the eye can reach from east to west, leaving only a narrow strip of land betwixt their bases and the sea. On this strip of land Malaga is situated, and close behind rises the bare precipitous front of the sierra. Above it frown the extensive remains of an ancient Moorish fortress; on one side the dry bed of a torrent, wide and stony, descends to the sea; to the right and left are scattered along the vega, country-houses with their groves of orange, lemon, and almond; and in front lies the port, well filled with shipping, defended sea-ward by a well-constructed mole, and lined with quays and warehouses. The harbour is spacious and safe, and with sufficient depth of water for vessels of any burden. The appearance of the town

itself from the port is striking and pleasing—domes, spires, and *miradors*, the stately cathedral and the vast tobacco manufactory, produce an imposing effect. The interior by no means corresponds with the outward appearance. The streets on the contrary are narrow, ill-paved, tortuous, and dirty. The alameda seems the only habitable part of the town. This is a beautiful spot; the houses are lofty, regular, and handsome without, spacious and sumptuously furnished within. The walk is broad and airy, beautifully planted, and plentifully furnished with stone benches.

But we had little time either to admire or criticize, as we proposed to set off the same day for Granada. According to the advice of Mr Mack, the British consul, we carry no more money than is absolutely necessary to bribe the *ladrones* to polite behaviour. Five pounds a-head seems to be considered the regulation price of civil treatment from these gentlemen; for what we may require beyond this, Mr Mack kindly supplied us with an order on Granada. My gold watch I took the precaution to leave behind me at Gibraltar, and our wardrobe is comprehended in a couple of small travelling-bags; so, if we encounter any Free Companions, our loss will not be great. This we have every reason to expect. The wild and mountainous country which lies betwixt Malaga and Granada is infested by a numerous and daring banditti, and is reckoned at present the most dangerous to the wayfarer of any part of Spain. The population of Malaga itself is, perhaps, the worst in Europe.

Murder in the open streets is a thing of everyday occurrence; and robbery is as frequent as opportunity permits. One is inclined to hope, for the honour of human nature, that the stories of robberies and assassinations current in Malaga are most violently exaggerated; otherwise we must believe the state of this part of Spain to be infinitely worse than that of the most barbarous lands, where the very name or pretence of law is unknown. I have heard it asserted that Malaga alone averages two murders every day throughout the year; one per day seems to be an average universally acknowledged. This enormous amount of crime seems also to pass with entire impunity. To prosecute the robber or the murderer would serve only to bring down the most merciless vengeance on the prosecutor's own head. The assassin openly braves the laws, and hardly thinks it worth his while to conceal or disavow his crime. There is no place in Europe where life and property are so insecure. Hence the quiet evening walk, the solitary ride among the fields or mountains, the soothing ramble alone with nature in nature's loveliest scenes, are pleasures unknown in Spain, or full of deadly peril. Here "the minstrel's" joys in lone sequestered haunts are not to be thought of; and

" To roam at large the lonely mountain's head,  
Or where the maze of some bewilder'd stream  
To deep untrodden groves the footsteps led,"

is a pleasure which must be enjoyed with a watchful

eye and a cocked pistol. The progress of civilization and the gospel seems to do nothing for Spain. It is still, as ever, the land of blood and crime. In almost every other country of Europe, the lonely traveller is as secure as in a fortified castle. On foot or on horseback, sometimes entirely alone, or with a single servant or companion, I have wandered from east to west, and from north to south, without apprehension as without danger; but no sooner had I crossed the Spanish frontier, than every thing reminded me that I had entered a lawless land. The most peaceful peasant hides the long knife under his cloak; the poor wayfarer has often a sword girt round his waist; the muleteer plods on his way with a long musket slung at his saddle-bow; and the traveller is fain to arm his holsters with pistols, and sometimes a small pocket companion of the same description is seen protruding from the breast of his surtout. The mountains of Arragon and Catalonia are, I believe, as secure as any part of Spain; yet even there my servant Pierre, a stout fellow and an old soldier, remonstrated with me on the imprudence of our rambles. "I am no coward," he said; "but it is unpleasant to hold one's life always on the point of one's fingers." This was many years ago; but matters are no better now. On the contrary, in some parts of the country they are worse. The Spanish bandit, it is true, seldom murders or even maltreats a stranger, provided he makes no resistance, and carries a certain sum of money in his purse. But though he will not shed

blood absolutely without cause, yet the most trifling cause is cause sufficient. He has not the faintest scruple about it; and, if he spares the unresisting foreigner, it is not from any principle of humanity, but simply because he has no imaginable reason for murdering him. His Spanish guide or muleteer dies without mercy; for he might possibly be the means of bringing the ruffian to justice. The military are the objects of their greatest hatred; and stories are told of robber vengeance upon unfortunate soldiers who happened to fall into their hands, which make the blood run cold with horror. The Italian bandit appears in general to be a much more noble-minded and chivalrous character than the Spanish. In Italy we hear of many traits of singular generosity, and evengentleness, among these lawless and usually ruthless men. Our consul at Messina related to me a singular example of this which occurred to himself. He had begun to recover from a severe and dangerous fever, and was ordered by the physician to remove into the interior for change of air. As his convalescence advanced, he sometimes walked to a considerable distance, under the shade of an extensive forest. One day, finding himself fatigued, he lay down under a tree, and from exhaustion fell fast asleep. Some hours afterwards he awoke, and, to his great astonishment, found he was lying under a canopy formed of cloaks supported by carabines; while around him lay on the grass a number of men, whose dress and arms, and lawless looks, left no doubt

as to their profession. Four of the band were sitting beside him, and fanning off the flies from his face. I doubt if he would have met such treatment in Spain.

Before leaving Malaga for Velez, I paid a visit to Lieutenant G——, formerly of the —— regiment, at present stationed at Gibraltar. He is an old soldier, and has seen a great deal of service in all parts of the world—in America, India, the Peninsula, &c.; but having neither interest nor money, and nothing but good conduct and long service to boast of, he is obliged in his declining years to content himself with expatriation and a subaltern's commission in the Royal Canadian corps. I found him with his wife and family on board the *Empress*—an American vessel—waiting patiently until her cargo of fruit is completed, to sail for New York, on his way to Canada, and bid adieu for ever to the shores of Europe.

We have arranged every thing for our journey with Manuel, the well-known provider of horses and guides for travellers. The bargain is nine dollars for each horse\* from Malaga to Granada, and seven dollars for each horse from Granada to Malaga, if we employ his horses to return. He bears the whole expense of guide and horses on the road, and also for two days after the day of our arrival at Granada. If we detain the horses beyond two days, one dollar

\* In 1787, Mr Townsend paid four dollars for a mule from Malaga to Granada.

per day is to be charged additional for each horse—the guide is included in the above.

As the distance from Malaga to Velez is only five leagues, we did not set out until the afternoon, in order to have the full benefit of the cool evening. Having dined at a tolerably comfortable hotel, we mounted and commenced our march for Velez Malaga. Our horses are stout and good—our travelling bags, cloaks, and umbrellas, are packed on the back of an active little mule—our guide springs upon the top of all: “ Arrhé,” cries the guide, and *mula* sets off at a rapid amble. This pace is most fatiguing to those that follow on horseback; no horse can walk equal to the mule’s shuffling amble, so that we were kept at a miserable jog-trot. This I endeavoured to remedy as best I could, by trotting smartly a-head, and then walking until the mule came up. We had hardly proceeded half the distance to Velez in this manner, when, exhausted by previous illness, want of sleep, a scorching sun, and the fatiguing pace, I felt that I could with difficulty sustain myself in the saddle. I therefore called a halt, with the intention of removing my travelling-bag from the mule to my own horse, and plodding my way back alone to Malaga; but, upon consultation with Manuel, this did not appear advisable. The evening was already far advanced—it would be night long before I could arrive at Malaga; and Malaga is no place for a weary and exhausted stranger, destitute of strength either to fight or flee, to arrive at after nightfall. Consi-

dering also that I was now as near Velez as Malaga—that the heat of the day had passed—and that a quiet sleep at Velez might restore me sufficiently to enable me to proceed on my journey, I resolved to persevere, and proceed or return next day according to my strength.

The road for nearly the whole distance betwixt Malaga and Velez skirts the shore of the Mediterranean, traversing a narrow strip of land betwixt the base of the mountains and the sea. The hills are covered with an apparently boundless extent of vineyard; they are peaked and conical, and, forming no connected range, they resemble an assemblage of enormous tumuli. They are low in the neighbourhood of the sea, but attain a considerable elevation as they recede from it. These are the vineyards which produce the famous Malaga raisins; but fruitful though they are, as the vines do not clothe or cover the ground like other crops, they are hardly sufficient to redeem the teeming soil on which they grow from the appearance of utter barrenness. The crops are long since removed from the narrow plain; there are few trees to relieve the eye, and the hills, in spite of the rich vineyards, look naked, brown, and withered. The country is thickly peopled; the houses of the vine-farmers are liberally scattered among the hills; there are some small villages by the way, and innumerable booths supplied with fruit and wine, and *agua ardente*, for the refreshment of travellers. It is the season of the raisin vintage, which gives the

country all the lively and bustling appearance of the wine vintage on the Rhine. Innumerable trains of mules and donkeys loaded with boxes of raisins were passing towards Malaga, to freight the numerous foreign vessels waiting in the port to complete their cargoes ; and on the hills we observed the peasants spreading out the fruit to dry on platforms paved with flat stones for the purpose. Interested by the liveliness of the scene and the singularity of the landscape, and amused with the monotonous song of the muleteer, as the long trains of loaded mules shuffled past in single file, and cooled and refreshed by the pleasant evening breeze, I continued to toil forward, supporting myself on my cloak, which I had formed into a pillow, and fastened on the high pommel of my saddle. About sunset the country became more broken, and the hills closed upon the sea, so as to leave hardly room for the mule-track betwixt their base and the little waves which broke upon our path. As the darkness advanced, the scenery became singularly picturesque ; and, as the road soon after quitted the strand, we found ourselves winding among low, vine-covered hills, sometimes skirted with plantations of sugar-cane, until we entered the town of Velez Malaga.

Velez Malaga is represented as pleasantly situated on a declivity, containing eight or ten thousand inhabitants, with a ruined castle, the usual complement of churches and deserted convents, a considerable trade in lemons, raisins, figs, almonds, and other productions of

the sunny south. It was two hours after sunset when we entered, and more before dawn when we left ; so that my personal acquaintance with Velez is confined to its posada, in which, as we expected neither elegance nor luxury, we were not disappointed. A cup of excellent chocolate, before retiring to rest, was all we required in the way of food. A naked, empty apartment, whose only furniture consisted in a flock-bed, a deal table, and a chair lame of one leg, was our accommodation. Weary and worn, I betook myself to bed, resolved in the morning to travel slowly back to Malaga. Two hours' sound refreshing sleep, however, brought with it a change of plans ; and, having fortified ourselves with another cup of chocolate, I found myself, renewed and refreshed, once more in the saddle, at half-past two o'clock in the morning, with our faces towards the mountains. The sweet breath of the morning cooled my feverish blood and refreshed my wearied body ; and I rode forth from Velez Malaga in good hope that my strength should prove sufficient for a journey which is represented as one of no ordinary fatigue.

On leaving Velez, we turn our backs on the Mediterranean and our faces to the north, and plunge directly among the mountains. The stars alone enlightened our journey, shedding their dim, mysterious, and uncertain light upon our broken and craggy path ; not a sound broke the stillness of the scene, save the dull tread of our horses' feet, and the loud yet drowsy chirping of myriads of grasshoppers.

For a while we rode on in silence; but the first attempt at conversation was immediately interrupted by Manuel, who, pulling up his mule until we were alongside of him, said in a low, earnest whisper—“Señores, we are in a dangerous neighbourhood, full of *mala-gente*. You must not attract attention by speaking a foreign language. Speak Spanish; or, better still, do not speak at all.” With this admonition, he put his mule again to its rapid amble, humming a low monotonous air; and, thus cautioned, we followed in single file, communing in silence with our own hearts. For a time we travelled on what appeared to be a road; this soon ended in a bridle-path; and this again in the dry, stony bed of a winter torrent. The lights scattered on the hillsides, and the booths with their lamps burning by the way, showed that the country was well peopled; while the stillness and silence, and the darkness together, brought a pleasing feeling of peace and tranquillity over the mind, which a sense of danger only rendered more deep and solemn. Gradually the stars paled their faces; and, as the day began slowly to dawn upon us, we found ourselves surrounded on all sides by bare, treeless hills, following a wild, rocky path, now ascending some naked and barren eminence, and now descending into some green luxuriant dell. The transition is often sudden and unexpected from the stern desolation of the sterile mountains to the luxuriant fertility of some little secluded nook, where a few cottages may be seen nestled in the hollow,

embowered among orange and almond, fig and pomegranate trees, in hedge-rows, enclosing little green meadows, watered by tiny streamlets. The effect of the sudden transition is exceedingly pleasing, and would be still more so could we but exclude the recollection that these secluded and lovely hamlets, which look like the abodes of innocence and peace, are nevertheless the haunts of men reckless of crime, inured to cruelty, and whose "feet are swift to shed blood." Alas, for human nature! In the mountain solitude as well as in the crowded city, in the quiet and peaceful valley as in the busy haunts of men, it is still the same fruitful source of sin and crime!

Altogether the first part of this day's ride was most interesting, and seemed hourly to increase in interest as we approached the lofty rocky barrier of the sierra. The last part of the ascent was long and fatiguing, the path being little better than a succession of masses of broken rock, over which none but a horse accustomed to such expeditions could have trod with any degree of safety. Nor, indeed, were even our practised steeds entirely to be depended on; many a dangerous stumble was made in places where a fall must have been destruction, and once Mr P——'s horse actually did fall in a very perilous spot. The rider was speedily extricated without any injury, and the horse also fortunately escaped with some trifling scratches. On approaching the *puerta*, or summit of the ascent, the wind became cold and cutting; but even there we were

not above the cultivation of the vine, and in sheltered positions we observed considerable tracts of vineyard on the slope of the mountain on very elevated ground. Having attained the summit of the craggy and shattered ridge, over which lies our path, a steep rocky descent conducts to an extensive grassy plain, grazed by herds of goats, and adorned with considerable plantations of olives of great size, aged and gnarled like the oaks of Blenheim, and imparting to the solitude the appearance of an ancient and deserted park. Thence, by another rugged and craggy path, we surmount another rugged and craggy ridge, brown, treeless, and barren; then another steep, rugged, and dangerous descent, and so on until, betwixt Velez and Alhama, we had crossed five lofty parallel ridges of bare stony hills.

A very steep rugged descent leads to Alhama—once in Moorish days a famous stronghold, still a large but thinly peopled and most desolate-looking town. Alhama has altogether a singularly withered look; the houses appear old and crumbling, the very rock on which it is built has a shattered and ruinous aspect. It stands high on the brink of a deep rocky ravine, through which flows a trifling stream, and in the centre of an undulating plain which produces great and abundant crops; but harvest being long since over, the crops removed, and every green thing scorched and burned up by the fierce rays of the summer sun, the whole district presents the very emblem of desolation. The naked desolate town, with its decaying

houses and broken walls, standing on the bare, herbless, and treeless precipice, looking down on the ravine of shattered rocks and the stony channel of a dried-up river, and commanding an extensive hilly plain, bare, brown, treeless, and leafless, without a green blade to relieve its arid monotony, and this again encompassed by hills as brown, and bare, and leafless as itself! Truly, at this season of the year, Alhama and its surrounding country appears as if smitten with fire from heaven.

A poor town is Alhama, inhabited by as poor a population; but in the romantic history of the wars of Granada, it figures as the scene of many a fierce contest and many a gallant deed. In the days of Moorish power it was not only a fortress of vast strength, and valued as the key of the kingdom of Granada; but it was the most opulent and flourishing place in the south of Spain, the great storehouse of a luxuriantly fertile province, and the deposit of the royal rents and tributes. The siege and capture of Alhama by the Christians, under the gallant Rodrigo Ponce de Leon, Marquis of Cadiz, was one of the most memorable events in the last war of Granada. Under cloud of night they approached the place unobserved, and three hundred picked men scaled the rock and the wall, surprised and massacred the guard, and, throwing open the gates, admitted a reinforcement of their countrymen, and secured the citadel. The town, however, was still in possession of the Moors, and it was only after a fierce and bloody

struggle that the Christians became masters of Alhama.

The loss of this famous stronghold made a deep impression on the Moors of Granada; and when the sad news reached the capital, a fearful gloom immediately pervaded the whole city, and the most melancholy forebodings seized upon the minds of all classes. Nothing was heard in the streets but weeping and lamentations: "Alhama is fallen!" was the cry which burst from every lip. "Wo is me, Alhama!" was the melancholy and foreboding response. A beautiful and plaintive ballad was composed on the occasion; but such was the agony of grief which its sad notes excited among this sensitive people, that it was at last forbidden to be sung in Granada. The well-known Castillian ballad, with the plaintive burden—

"Ay de mi, Alhama!"

is probably derived from, if it is not an actual translation of, this melancholy romance. "It is supposed," says Washington Irving, "to be of Moorish origin, and to embody the grief of the people of Granada on this occasion."

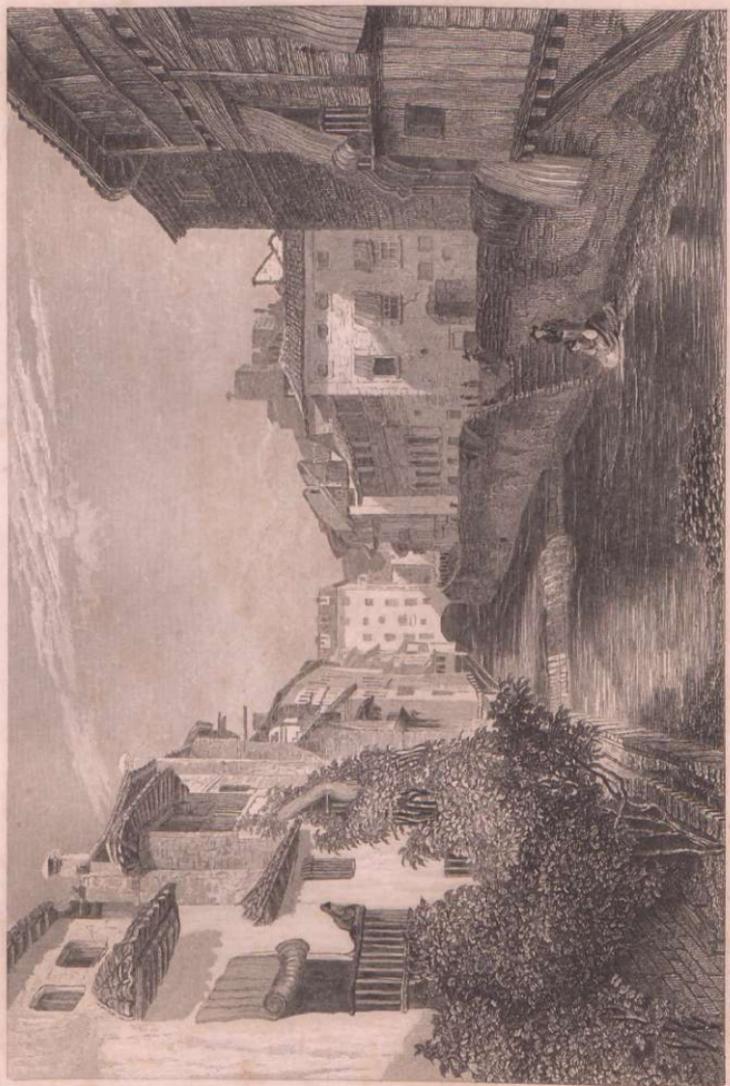
At nine o'clock in the morning we rode up to the gate of the posada of Alhama—a hostelry of no very promising appearance, inwardly or outwardly. Nothing can be imagined more cheerless than the appearance of a Spanish inn. No courteous landlord waits to receive the guests with cordial welcome; no smiling landlady enquiring what apartments may be

required; no active waiters ushering the tired travellers with officious politeness; no elegant *salle-à-manger*, redolent of good cheer, and furnished with inviting sofas and luxurious *fauteuils*. The Spanish landlord is seated on a stone bench at his gate, gravely smoking his cigar, conversing in monosyllables with some lounging muleteers, and apparently perfectly indifferent whether the travellers dismount at his posada or wend on their way. Dismounted from their mules, the taciturn hostess conducts them through a large apartment which serves the various purposes of stable and kitchen, sleeping-chamber and parlour; up a narrow stair to another large room above, which looks as if it were intended to serve no purpose at all. It is white-washed, walls, roof, and rafters—and not unfrequently the walls are ornamented with innumerable dark-red spots, in memorial of the vengeance inflicted by some indignant tourist on his nightly tormentors. A rickety table and chair compose the furniture; a flock mattress is dragged in, if the traveller wishes to repose—a steaming *puchero*, redolent of oil and garlic, is introduced if he wishes to eat. We were much in need of both rest and food; so we stretched our weary limbs on our mattresses while the *puchero* was preparing, and having swallowed as much of the unsavoury mess as was requisite to stay the cravings of nature, we again betook ourselves to our pallets.

After a vain attempt to sleep, but still a good deal refreshed, we remounted our nags, and at half-past

eleven o'clock sallied forth from Alhama. The remainder of our journey was just a continuation of the same endless ascending and descending, scrambling down one steep inhospitable ridge only to scramble up another. I have been much disappointed in the scenery of this part of Spain. The romance attached to the history of Spain seems to have extended to the descriptions of its scenery, and to have invested the barren mountains, scorched valleys, and treeless plains, with a beauty and grandeur which exist only in the imagination. Certainly a more barren, naked, uninteresting mass of rocks I have never traversed, than those lying betwixt the Mediterranean and the vega of Granada. The sun, too, was scorchingly hot; an intolerable thirst oppressed us, and not a drop of water was to be had for gold. We were "in a dry and thirsty land, wherein no water is."

A poor village or two, a solitary mill, a few miserable houses, a few trains of loaded mules, a distant thunder-storm spending its wrath on the Sierra Nevada, and a short but heavy fall of rain, were all we heard or saw to enliven the tediousness of the ride; and weary and worn were we when, from the summit of the last ridge, we looked down upon the lovely and luxuriant plain of Granada, and gazed with delighted eyes on this far-famed city, reclining gracefully on the slope of its vine-clad hills, with the bold and majestic Sierra Nevada towering to the heavens behind. It is a glorious prospect; and I felt at the moment, that



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there was some excuse for the Moorish king as he looked back, perhaps from this very spot, and gazed for the last time on his loved and lovely, but now lost Granada; I say, I could feel there was some excuse for the burst of lamentation which called forth the bitter rebuke of his more manly mother.

The sun was setting as we rode over the rich vega. Beautiful! beautiful! The plain with its woods and vineyards; the mountains with their gigantic rocks and snowy crest; the city with its lofty spires; and above all, Alhambra's ancient towers! But all this, though it made me for a while forget, could not cure my aching bones; and never have I stretched myself on my bed in more absolute need of repose, than that night in the Fonda de Comercio at Granada.

## CHAPTER XIV.

Granada—Bibarrambra—Cathedral—Church of San Domingo—The Alhambra—Gate of Judgment—Plaza de los Algibes—The fonda—"Terrors of the night"—The Moorish palace—The Morisco-Spaniards—Court of the Myrtles—Court of the Lions—The Fountain of the Lions, and Solomon's molten sea—Sala de Justicia—Sala de las Dos Hermanas—Sala de los Abencerrages—Palace of Charles V.—The Generalife—Sunset—Spanish society—The alameda—The Albaycin—Gardens of the Generalife—Robber exploits.

NOTWITHSTANDING the everlasting ringing of bells, the chattering without, and the clattering within this most noisy Fonda de Comercio, I contrived to sleep well and soundly, but awoke with an all-overish sensation, such as I could suppose might have been produced by an hour's hard kicking by a coal-porter the previous evening. My first request was to be conducted to the baths. Truly Granada has some considerable progress yet to make in this branch of refinement. The bath consisted of a large earthen jar, such as we might suppose to be used for pickling pork; this is filled by a man carrying a pitcher of hot and a pitcher of cold water, until the mixture is at the proper temperature.

Who requires to be told of Granada? of its ancient glory, its desperate wars, its miserable fall, and its

present decay? Who has not heard of the magnificence of the city, the gorgeous beauty of the Alhambra, the unrivaled fertility of the vega, and the snowy grandeur of the Sierra Nevada? Who is not aware that the sky of Granada is the most brilliant, the atmosphere of Granada the most salubrious, the air of Granada the most luxurious, to be found within the circumference of the globe? Who does not know that the paradise of Mahomet is situated in that precise portion of the heavens which overhangs Granada and its glorious vega? As all the world (thanks to Geoffry Crayon!) is fully acquainted with these things, I shall refrain from saying any thing about them. The city of Granada in its present state is hardly worth describing, and the Moorish palace of the Alhambra it is utterly impossible to describe. The gorgeous city of the Moors, in their fond and partial eyes the gem and glory of the whole earth, whose wealth and splendour were the astonishment of surrounding nations, whose warriors were the terror of Christendom, and whose walls and towers were considered impregnable, has now dwindled away into a very dirty, decayed, and still decaying town, with narrow streets, gloomy houses, and few public buildings of any kind to attract the traveller's attention. The Bibarrambla, once the gay resort of the Moorish chivalry, and which so often displayed the sumptuous and gorgeous pageantry of Saracenic war, is now a desolate and dirty square, still used as a market-place, but destitute of a single

attraction save what it derives from its ancient glory. The cathedral has been much bepraised; to me it appears a cumbrous pile, built I believe at different dates, and the separate edifices joined together without harmony or taste. The church of San Domingo is a well-proportioned building, rich in rare and valuable marbles. The adjoining convent is now converted into a museum and picture gallery.

But, exhausted with illness and fatigue, I had neither strength nor patience to drag myself through the narrow ill-paved streets to examine the few objects of curiosity to be found in Granada. The heat in the lower part of the town was intense, and I joyfully abandoned the airless streets, and betook myself to the lofty and breezy region of the Alhambra, the attraction of all attractions, the pride of Granada, and one of the most singular spots in Europe. Ascending the steep, narrow, and ill-paved street called *La Calle de los Gomeles*,\* we enter by the massive gate of Charles V. within the "Jurisdiction of the Alhambra," and find ourselves in the beautiful gardens and alameda which adorn the outer enclosure, while the walls of the fortress and the *Torres Bermejas*, the far-famed Red Towers, crown the steep above. The broad walk of the alameda conducts us through a magnificent grove of elms and

\* The Gomeles, from whom this street derives its name, were a powerful family among the Moors, by whose intrigues and treachery the famous massacre of the Abencerrages was accomplished, in the days of the last Moorish King of Granada.

other lofty forest trees, mingled with odoriferous shrubs and plants, to a platform with a large fountain, constructed by Charles V., immediately under the wall of the fortress. Here the path turns suddenly to the left, and we find ourselves in front of the famous Gate of Judgment, the grand entrance of the Alhambra. This gate passes by several arches through a massy square tower; the arches, as usual in Moorish buildings, are of the horseshoe form, and richly ornamented with arabesques. On the keystone of the outer arch is sculptured the figure of an open hand, on that of the second a key—both symbols doubtless of something, but of what seems matter of dispute. It is generally supposed that this entrance derives its name, “the gate of judgment or of justice,” from the custom, prevalent in early times among eastern nations, of holding courts of justice in the chief gate of the city. This practice is frequently alluded to in Scripture, as every one acquainted with the sacred writings knows. It was, in fact, the method employed in ancient times to bring the tribunals under the healthful influence of public opinion, as well as to give the greater publicity to their decisions. There is no evidence, however, that such a custom ever prevailed among the Moors of Spain, but rather the contrary; and therefore it is probable that this gate derives the appellation of the gate of justice from the simple fact that it was the entrance to the royal palace, where justice was regularly administered. The gate, indeed, is so narrow and

winding as to be most unsuited for any such purpose as the hearing of causes or pronouncing decisions. At present the entrance is encumbered with lazy ill-dressed sentinels, snoring on the stone benches under the cool shade of the massy archés, and sundry hideous figures of the Virgin and other holy saints. Issuing from the winding gateway, and ascending a narrow lane betwixt lofty houses on one hand, and a lofty ancient wall on the other, we attain the summit level of the hill, and find ourselves in an open square, partly enclosed by the palace of Charles V. and the far-famed Moorish House. This is the Plaza de los Algibes, or "square of the cisterns;" and we were immediately reminded of the celebrity of its fountain, by the tinkling of glasses, and the importunate cry heard through all Granada, "Agua, señores—agua!" Never have I quaffed a more delicious draught than the cool pure water from the deep cisterns of the Alhambra. Since leaving England cold water has been utterly unknown to us. The tank water of Gibraltar tastes as if it had been boiled several times, and suffered to remain in the kettle until half cold. All the water we have obtained hitherto has been tepid, or rather warm. The water from the cisterns of the Alhambra has all the coldness and freshness of a mountain spring. These cisterns are of great extent, and supplied by running streams at a great depth below ground. A shed is erected over the mouth of the shaft by which the water is drawn; and under it are always to be seen crowds of water-carriers, with

their portable fountains, jars, casks, mules, and donkeys, ready to convey the cooling crystal to the city below, where they make the streets resound with the cry, "Agua, agua fria! quien bibe, quien bibe?"

On entering this far-famed fortress, our first object of curiosity was not the gorgeous palace of its ancient Moorish lords, but the humble fonda of modern days. There has been one established of late within the precincts of the Alhambra; it stands at the extremity of a miserable street, inhabited by a squalid population. The little inn itself, however, is tolerably clean—swarming, it is true, with bugs, but in the cleanest Spanish inn it is quite hopeless to look for exemption from these "terrors of the night."\* They abound in Italy—in Spain they swarm. Here, too, they seem to lose their natural modesty, which in other countries induces them to court the obscurity and retirement of chinks in the paneling, or the joinings of the bedsteads, by day, and which they leave only under cloud of night in search of prey. Here, on the contrary, they are to be seen under the broad light of the sun, sticking in numbers to the walls, and forming a spotted line of evil omen round the cornice of each room. Hence, during night, they

\* It is probable that the term *bug* was originally applied to this terrible little creature in a figurative sense. It is of Celtic derivation, and signifies a goblin, or imaginary object of terror, which especially haunts the imagination in the night season. Hence it came to be applied to these real "terrors by night." In Matthew's Bible, we find, Psalm xci. 5, "Thou shalt not be afraid for *the terror by night*," rendered "Thou shalt not nede be afraid of any *bugs* by night"—*i. e.* of any objects of terror which might disturb thy repose.

crawl over the roof, until, guided by their wonderful instinct, they find themselves directly above the bed of some unhappy stranger, on whom they drop with admirable precision of aim, and soon "murder sleep." My poor friend Mr P—— suffers miserably from their attacks, and regards these nightly tormentors with as great terror as any nervous child the bugbears of his own imagination. As usual, they shun me; and the only annoyance I experience from them is owing to their disgusting presence by day. In other respects, our inn is exceedingly comfortable.

Having secured apartments, we proceeded to the Moorish palace. We were prepared to be disappointed; for we had been often told, that having seen the Alcazar of Seville and the castle of Tangier, we should find nothing new, or particularly striking, in the Alhambra of Granada. Truly a most absurd idea! for though it may be that the arrangement and decorations of all Moorish palaces are substantially the same, yet is there as much difference between the Alcazar and the Alhambra as between Holyrood and Versailles. In place of disappointment, my feeling on visiting the Moorish palace of the Alhambra was one of unmingled delight. The gracefulness of its proportions in its different compartments, the singular richness and beauty of its ornaments, the fairy-land lightness and elegance of its courts and halls, and even the state of its preservation—all surpassed my utmost expectation.

The external appearance of this renowned palace

is as remarkable for meanness and deformity as its internal structure is for richness and grace. It is precisely what Swinburne describes, "a heap of as ugly buildings as can well be seen, all huddled together, seemingly without the least intention of forming one habitation out of them." The roof is covered with deeply-channeled tile.\* The walls are built in a slovenly manner, and coarsely plastered. There is not the slightest attempt at external ornament—no symptom of regularity of design; so that the whole mass looks like a confused heap of coarsely-finished barns or granaries. I know not whether the external ugliness of Moorish palaces is the result of design, and in order to increase the effect by contrast of the taste, beauty, richness, and symmetry within. Certainly, the effect thus produced is absolutely startling, and the surprise one experiences on entering literally bewildering. The suddenness of the change appears like enchantment. By an obscure and rudely finished door, and through a dead wall, the construction of which would discredit a farm-yard, we are ushered into a palace which might rival the most brilliant descriptions of Eastern romance. I shall not attempt to describe this singular edifice. No description, indeed, can convey the slightest idea of the building, either in the arrangement of its apartments or in its decorations.† They are altogether unlike any thing

\* This roof is modern. Anciently, the palace was covered with the beautiful glazed tile in which the Moors still delight.

† The dry detail and laboured description of Swinburne, together

with which the eye is familiarized in European architecture; and the very names by which we should be forced to distinguish the different compartments, would necessarily convey a false impression of their appearance. To describe the ornaments and decorations of this fairy palace would especially be a hopeless task. The exquisite symmetry of the various courts and halls, the singular lightness and elegance of the slender marble pillars, with their fanciful capitals and richly ornamented arches, the gorgeous colouring on roof and cupola, the tasteful minuteness of the stucco lace-work on walls and ceilings, the pleasing variety of mosaic patterns, the singular airy loveliness and most graceful richness of the whole, are things of which neither pen nor pencil can convey any correct idea. And what shall convey any impression of the solemn, half-religious, half-romantic feelings which fill the mind whilst the solitary wanderer roams through the silent halls and empty courts of this gorgeous vestige of departed glory? The strange, romantic history of the chivalrous and generous Moor; the sudden sweep of his rapid conquests; the wisdom and beneficence of his sway; the eight hundred years of his empire; the long, fierce, and gallant struggle betwixt the Crescent and the Cross; the fall of the Moslem power; and the utter extirpation and disappearance of the Morisco-Spanish race and name, are

with the accompanying engravings, perhaps afford the best chance of obtaining some faint conception of the singular style and decorations of the Alhambra.

events and circumstances, the recollection of which seems to cling to this gorgeous monument of Moorish taste and splendour, this last fortress of Moorish empire and power. Full of deep romantic interest are these recollections, and the desolate halls of this gallant and graceful people which call them forth. The desolate loveliness of the Alhambra speaks more impressively of the frail and uncertain nature of human glory than the most gigantic ruins. The mouldering mass of the Colosseum, and the half-buried, grass-covered halls and arcades of Adrian's Villa or Nero's *Aurea Domus*, seem in their ruin to sympathize with the broken power of the mighty people to whom they belonged, to have shared in their fate, and to have refused to survive their fall. While here, a strange and saddening contrast is forced on the mind. The fresh loveliness of the brilliant decorations of the Alhambra seems to mock the faded glories of its ancient lords; and the too boastful inscriptions which adorn the walls, and predict the boundless duration of the Moorish empire, seem painted there in ridicule of human greatness. There the too confident prophecy of enduring power—here the evidence of its decay! There, written by the hand of man, the proud boast like that of Babylon—“I shall be a lady for ever. I am, and none else besides me; I shall not sit as a widow, neither shall I know the loss of children.” Here the emphatic reply, written by the finger of God's providence—“Yea, they shall not be planted; yea, they shall not

be sown ; yea, their stock shall not take root in the earth : and he shall also blow upon them, and they shall wither, and the whirlwind shall take them away as stubble."

To no people are these words of the prophet more literally applicable than to the Morisco-Spaniards. "Never," says the author of *The Alhambra*—"never was the annihilation of a people more complete. Where are they? Ask the shores of Barbary and its desert places. The exiled remnant of their once powerful empire disappeared among the barbarians of Africa, and ceased to be a nation. They have not even left a distinct name behind them, though for nearly eight centuries they were a distinct people. The home of their adoption and of their occupation for ages refuses to acknowledge them except as usurpers and invaders. A few broken monuments are all that remain to bear witness to their power and dominion—as solitary rocks left far in the interior bear testimony to the extent of some vast inundation. Such is the Alhambra—a Moslem pile in the midst of a Christian land ; an Oriental palace amidst the Gothic edifices of the West ; an elegant memento of a brave, intelligent, and graceful people, who conquered, ruled, and passed away."

The perfect symmetry of the apartments of the Alhambra, and the exquisite harmony of their decorations, detract much from their apparent size. But though actually of larger dimensions than they appear, they are by no means of great size. Beauty, and not

grandeur, is the object aimed at by the Moorish architect; and the dimensions of the various apartments are admirably proportioned to the peculiar style of decoration. The light and elegant pillars, with their endless variety of capital; the finical yet most graceful minuteness of the fretwork which adorns the walls; the beautiful, rich, but fanciful ornaments of the arches and ceilings; the carving and inlaying, and brilliant vermilion and azure colouring of the alcoves—would, in apartments of great size, be regarded as frippery and gingerbread. Here they are in perfect harmony, and accord so exquisitely with the style, dimensions, and proportions of each apartment, as to produce a whole of unrivaled grace and beauty.

The Court of the Myrtles, by which we enter the palace, is the plainest, and has suffered much in its ornaments; but were it not for its proximity to the celebrated Court of the Lions, would be exceedingly admired. This last is a most exquisite specimen of that peculiarity in Moorish architecture—the open court, from which doubtless the Spaniards have derived their patio. The elegant and oft-described Fountain of the Lions still shoots up its crystal jet in the centre of this splendid court. It consists of a double marble basin, one rising on a pedestal from the centre of the other; and from the centre of this upper basin the water is projected through a marble tube or pillar. The jet falls into the upper basin, from whence the water overflows into the lower, and is discharged

from the mouths of the twelve lions which support it. The lions are grotesque, misshapen, ugly brutes. The basins are of very elegant shape and workmanship, ornamented with sculptured festoons and Arabic inscriptions. It is said to have been constructed professedly in imitation of Solomon's molten sea, to the description of which, in 1st Kings, it bears no small resemblance. "It stood upon twelve oxen, three looking toward the north, and three looking toward the west, and three looking toward the south, and three looking toward the east: and the sea was set above them, and all their hinder parts were inward. And it was an hand-breadth thick, and the brim thereof was wrought like the brim of a cup, *with flowers of lilies.*" The oxen of the molten sea supported the basin in the same manner as the lions in the fountain of the Alhambra. According to some Jewish writers, the water was continually flowing, being supplied from the well Etam; and though there is no mention of a double basin, the discrepancy betwixt the account given in the book of Chronicles and that in the book of Kings, (the one representing the sea as containing three thousand, and the other two thousand baths,) gives an air of probability to the conjecture that there were actually two basins; and that the three thousand baths mentioned in the book of Chronicles comprehended the whole water contained in both basins; while the two thousand baths related only to the water in the upper basin.

The Court of the Lions probably presents the

most finished specimen of architectural beauty and elegance in the world. According to Swinburne's measurement, it is one hundred feet in length and fifty in breadth. It is surrounded by an open corridor of indescribable lightness and elegance, the roof of which rests on richly ornamented arches, supported by one hundred and sixty-four slender marble columns, curiously sculptured, and with such a variety of capitals that no two appear to be alike. The ceiling of the corridors is of carved wood, originally gorgeously painted in azure, vermilion, and gold, and inlaid with ivory;\* but only enough remains of these rich decorations to prove their ancient magnificence. Three noble and gorgeously ornamented halls open from this corridor—viz. the Sala de los Abencerrages,

\* The use of ivory, as well as of valuable woods and metals, in adorning the walls and ceilings of Eastern palaces, is frequently alluded to in the sacred writings; and it is probable that the "ivory houses" and "ivory palaces" of which mention is made, derived their name from the profusion of that valuable material in their decorations. Ivory, indeed, seems to have been very extensively used in ancient times for this purpose. Lucan mentions it in describing the banqueting-hall of Cleopatra; Homer adorns with it the splendid palace of Menelaus; and, in the Scriptures, we read of ivory palaces, ivory houses, thrones of ivory, benches of ivory, vessels of ivory, and beds of ivory. It appears that this Eastern style of decorating houses became also very prevalent among the Romans. Horace says of his own humble dwelling—

"Non ebur necque aureum  
Mea renidet in domo lacunar:  
Non trabes Hymettias  
Premunt columnas ultimâ recisæ  
Africâ."—*Ode xviii.*, B. ii.

"No walls with ivory inlaid  
Adorn my house; no colonnade  
Proudly supports my citron beams,  
Nor rich with gold my ceiling flames."—FRANCIS.

or "hall of the Abencerrages," on the south; the Sala de las Dos Hermanas, or "hall of the two sisters," on the north; and the Sala de Justicia, or "hall of justice," on the east. The largest of these is the Hall of Justice, being eighty-eight feet long by fifteen broad. It is the plainest of the three, more sober in the character of its decorations, and has also suffered the most from time and earthquakes. The Hall of the Two Sisters—so named, it is said, from two large slabs of beautiful white marble, forming part of the pavement—is the most richly ornamented. It is impossible to convey any idea of the splendour of this noble hall, nor is it easy to conceive, without seeing it, how such a dazzling profusion of brilliant colours could be employed, so as not only to escape the slightest imputation of being gaudy, but to present at once the most brilliant, yet most chaste—most gorgeous, yet most elegant—most dazzling, yet most graceful and pleasing assemblage, to be met with perhaps in the world. The eye is never weary of admiring it; and the general effect is so enchanting, that it is with difficulty we constrain ourselves to examine it in detail. But the most minute examination only augments the admiration. The most unimportant details are finished with the most surprising minuteness, care, and skill. The materials and workmanship, from the beautiful marble pavement to the fretted and delicately, yet brilliantly coloured ceiling, are all of the most exquisite description. The shining mosaic tiles on the lower part of

the walls are disposed in the most elegant figures; the arabesques above the mosaic tiling are exquisitely beautiful; and all the various ornaments and decorations (to great part of which I can attach no designation) are rich, tasteful, and brilliant beyond imagination. The hall forms a square of twenty-six feet. In the centre is a fountain as usual, but it has ceased to play.

The Hall of the Abencerrages is hardly inferior in beauty. It is of smaller dimensions, (twenty feet broad by thirty-eight long,) and somewhat less richly ornamented; but in elegance of design it cannot be surpassed. The cupola, especially, is singularly graceful in form, and exquisitely fretted and coloured. The fountain in the centre still cools the air with its silvery shower, and sheds a delicious freshness through the hall.

But to what purpose enumerate halls and corridors, porches, cabinets, altars, baths, &c. &c.? Or to what purpose attempt to describe, without the hope of conveying any accurate idea of the object described? Let the reader take, in any imaginable quantity, marble pillars with fantastic capitals, horse-shoe arches great and small, marble pavement to any extent, fretwork of the most delicate description, carved work painted and gilded to suit the taste, arabesques of every pattern, and glazed tiles of various colours, *à discretion*; let him add to these a few marble fountains, as much stucco grotto-work and stalactites as he can conveniently dispose of; let

him shake them all well together in his imagination, and therewith adorn an indefinite number of courts, halls, corridors, porticoes, and great and small apartments; and then he will be possessed of as distinct a conception of the Moorish palace of the Alhambra as the most laboured description will convey.

Adjoining to the Moorish palace stands the palace of Charles V. One might imagine that it was placed there for the sake of contrast. Unlike the coarse and homely exterior of the Casa Arabe, no art or labour has been spared to adorn the outside of the intended abode of Spanish royalty; while, equally unlike the fairy loveliness of the interior of the former, the latter presents nothing within but bare unfinished walls. It is a large massy building of yellow or reddish sandstone, and of a quadrangular form. It has been most extravagantly lauded as a model of elegance and good taste; and it is unquestionably a fine building, though somewhat heavy; the details are beautifully executed, and the sculptured ornaments must rank high as works of art. Still it is impossible to regard it with any degree of complacency. It had certainly no business there; and in its present situation, nothing could be more out of place, out of keeping, and out of all good taste. The Alhambra should have been left in the possession of the Moorish architect; and the Grecian pilasters and Italian decorations of the palace of Charles, jar with the feelings, and disturb the dreams, excited by the palace of the Moor. It is unfinished, and has never been even roofed;

but is quite uninjured, and in perfect preservation. What was the projected plan of its internal arrangements it is difficult to conceive; for nearly the whole interior is occupied by an immense circular court, one hundred and forty-four feet in diameter, round which runs a double colonnade, supported by pillars of red marble. This court has a very noble appearance; but it more resembles a magnificent amphitheatre for fighting wild beasts, than a royal lodging. How and where the various apartments were to be disposed, it is not easy to divine. This singularity in the building has given rise to as singular a conjecture—that this noble edifice was not intended for a palace, but for a *stable*, the colonnade for the stalls, and the court for a hippodrome; that the great Charles might have the empty satisfaction of boasting that his horses were more royally lodged than his Moorish predecessors in royalty. In support of this strange theory it is further urged, that a great number of massy bronze rings, riveted in the external wall at intervals all round the building, but which were removed during the French invasion, could be intended for nothing else but to fasten horses; while the circular windows or openings, placed at regular intervals round its whole extent, could be of use for nothing but ventilators.

Hardly less interesting than the Alhambra itself is the Generalife, a summer palace of the ancient Moorish sovereigns. It stands on a hill considerably higher than that of the Alhambra, and separated from it by

a narrow wooded valley. From this valley we ascend the hill of the Generalife by a steep paved path, formerly vaulted with stone, but now overarched only by the luxuriant foliage of the fig, the orange, and the vine. The palace itself is little better than a ruin; its halls are sadly decayed; its rich decorations almost entirely demolished; its *jets-d'eau* and fountains have ceased to play; and its gardens have grown into tangled thickets. Still, enough remains to prove what an elegant and luxurious retreat it must have been in former times. The situation is truly magnificent; and the long open gallery looking down on the Alhambra commands a noble prospect, comprehending Granada itself, the mountains, and the vega. The courts and gardens are adorned with many fine trees, and beautiful shrubs and flowering plants; among which are chiefly to be remarked four lofty and venerable cypresses, decayed and hollow in the trunk, but which have raised their towering heads above the Generalife for six hundred years. There are also two oleanders of great size and beauty, heavily loaded with flowers, and a myrtle hedge fifteen feet in height. Like the Alhambra, the courts and halls of the Generalife are abundantly supplied with water, in pools, cisterns, and canals, and formerly also in *jets-d'eau*. Some of the apartments are ornamented with stiff old portraits of the early kings of Spain, and their Moorish antagonists. Whether these are faithful likenesses it is hard to say; but in general they harmonize very well with our preconceived ideas of the worthies they represent.

There is Boabdil, the last Moorish monarch of Granada, looking exceedingly like a ninny; and there his fiery uncle, old El Zagal, like a tiger ready to spring on his prey. There is El Zagal's brother-in-law, Cidi Yahye Alnazar Aben Zelim, alcaide of Almeria, and the brave defender of Baza; there, too, the gallant Garcilasso de la Vega, who, though a youth, avenged so well the insult offered to the Holy Virgin, and slew in single combat the fierce Moorish warrior Tarfe. "It was a singular and miraculous victory," says Fray Antonio Agapeda; "but the Christian knight was armed by the sacred nature of his cause, and the Holy Virgin gave him strength, like another David, to slay this gigantic champion of the Gentiles."\* There also are Ferdinand and Isabella, who, according to Fray Antonio Agapeda, on so many great occasions looked more than human; but who, if the canvass is to be trusted, were no great ornaments in their personal appearance of humanity.

Having roamed through the decaying halls and desolate courts of the once splendid Generalife, and reposed awhile under the shade of its still beautiful and luxuriant garden, and refreshed ourselves with the singularly rich and high-flavoured grape which grows in the midst of the garden, of a species I have seen nowhere else, we repaired to a modern summer-house at the extremity of the palace grounds, from the flat roof of which we obtained a still more

\* *Conquest of Granada.*

extensive and charming view of Granada and its environs. The sun was fast sinking towards the horizon; and wishing to enjoy this splendid scene, by the softened light of sunset, from a higher elevation, we left the summer-house, and passing through a postern in the garden wall of the Generalife, we ascended the hill behind, and there, reclining on a bank of wild thyme, we enjoyed the prospect of the sun sinking, in all his unclouded glory, behind the distant mountains of Malaga. Long we remained gazing enraptured on this truly glorious and lovely scene, and luxuriating in the refreshing evening breeze; and longer we should have remained, in spite of approaching night, had not our cicerone, after several ineffectual hints as to the propriety of finding some more secure resting-place than the open mountain afforded, at last plainly warned us that a longer delay would expose us to the risk of falling in with very naughty company. Persuaded that there are few things worse than bad company, we prepared to obey; when, observing some individuals ascending towards us from the side of the city, he begged us with great earnestness to quicken our pace until we should regain the shelter of the Generalife. Still unconvinced that there was any danger, we sauntered leisurely along, stopping again and again to feed our eyes with the glorious scene before us, when our cicerone, obviously becoming more uneasy at the nearer approach of the objects of his suspicion, again urged us to proceed. "I am in greater danger here

than you are, señores," said he. "You they will only rob—me they will murder." And such is too often the practice with the *mala-gente* of this happy country. The stranger they merely plunder, as they have nothing to fear from him; but they cut the throat of his guide or muleteer to escape the risk of detection.

To escape the danger which thus threatened our cicerone's throat and our own purses, we made good speed until we found ourselves within the wall of the Generalife, whence we returned at greater leisure, through the perfumed shade of the gardens, to our temporary home in the Alhambra.

We spent the evening with Captain H——, who has been fortunate enough to obtain permission to lodge in the Moorish palace. He has resided for some months in this delightful and romantic retreat; but seems to feel solitude not a little irksome, even in the luxurious, splendid halls of ancient royalty. The account he gives of the Spanish society of Granada is by no means inviting, but quite corresponds with what I have heard of Spanish society in other places. He describes the best classes as *ennuyeux* beyond endurance, ignorant to a miracle, and utterly unable to converse on any subject of general interest. They seem to have hardly an idea beyond gallantry and the bull-ring; and on the former, and most favourite topic, their conversation is often indecorous in the extreme. This evening, however, we found a young Spanish gentleman with Captain H——, who

was by no means deficient in information, and abundantly talkative upon every subject. We conversed in French, which he spoke with perfect fluency, but with a most singular pronunciation, which often rendered him quite unintelligible. The conversation turned chiefly on Spanish history; and it was exceedingly amusing to observe with what zeal and ingenuity he endeavoured to white-wash the royal monsters who have at different periods disgraced the Spanish throne.

Under the walls of the Moorish fortress lies the alameda of the Alhambra, presenting most attractive walks, beautiful in themselves from the luxuriance and variety of their foliage, and the odoriferous plants and flowers in which they abound, and doubly beautiful from the magnificent views of the surrounding country which they afford. Here I spend the early hours of morning, enjoying the cool shade of the lofty trees, and drinking in the fresh, bracing breeze from the Sierra Nevada. How delicious is the breath of morning in the sultry regions of the south! How sweetly the gentle air, rustling through the thick shade, bears on its wings the coolness of the snowy mountains, and the perfume of the gardens of spice! Had I those whom I love around me, I should regard this as a very earthly paradise—*barring* the cookery, the *ladrones*, the bugs, and the musquittoes.

The heat during the day is great, and I delight to spend the sultry hours in the gorgeous solitude of the palace. One evening we descended to the

valley which lies betwixt the Alhambra and the Generalife—turning to the left, we followed it out until it opens on the valley of the Darro. Here, leaving my companion to sketch a romantic little mill, I pursued my walk by a beautiful footpath which winds round the base of the hill on which stands the Generalife. I followed this path up the course of the Darro, delighted with the varied views of the town and the Alhambra; while the luxuriant gardens and vineyards, and groves of walnut and hazel, on the banks of the river, surmounted by the woody steep of the Generalife, contrast singularly with the brown and barren mountain of the Albaycin on the opposite side. The Albaycin, so famous in the romantic history of Granada, and once the seat of royalty, when Granada held two rival monarchs within her walls, is now little better than a heap of miserable ruins. There the weak and vacillating Boabdil held his court, while the Alhambra and the rest of the city owned the more vigorous sway of the bold and fiery El Zagal. The lower part of the mountain of the Albaycin is covered with a thicket of prickly pears, and hollowed out, or rather burrowed, into a vast number of subterranean dwellings. These catacombs are said to have been the work of the Moors, and now give shelter to as vile a population as are to be found in all Spain. The population of the Albaycin was never, even in the palmy days of Moorish power, very aristocratic in its character, being mostly composed of artisans and tradesmen; now it is inhabited

only by the lowest of the people, and the subterranean dens teem with a motley multitude of gipsies, robbers, and blackguards of all denominations.

My path along the steep banks of the Darro (which at this season of the year is dwindled to a trifling brook) terminates opposite the church and college of Monte Santo, and at a little mineral fountain called the Fountain of Avellanos. On returning I found Mr P—— in the act of finishing his sketch, and we proceeded together to the Generalife, once more to regale ourselves with the splendid prospect from its gallery, and the delicious grapes from its garden. Long we remained enjoying the fresh mountain breeze, one of the greatest luxuries which the luxurious Granada in her best days ever had to boast of, and gazing with delighted, untiring eyes on the glorious moonlit landscape, unchanged in its loveliness under Moslem or Christian sway, mocking with the undecaying beauty of nature the decaying works of man. Slowly, and full of sweet and solemn thoughts, we returned through the gardens. The moon was shining brightly through the long row of lofty cypresses, which cast their giant shadows across the whole extent of the mountain; while the thick, impenetrable groves of fig, and orange, and peach, and pomegranate, seemed reposing in the deepest shade of night. Surely nothing on earth can surpass this spot in soft luxurious beauty! If ever, like Sam Weller, I contemplate turning misanthrope and become disgusted with the world, instead of keeping

“a 'pike” I shall retire to the Generalife, and bury myself and my disappointed hopes among its luxuriant perfume-breathing groves.

It was our last night in Granada, and we sat in the bright moonlight on the Alhambra's ancient wall, reluctant to tear ourselves from a scene of such surpassing beauty, and listening to our cicerone's wild and romantic robber tales. They are a brave and enterprising race, these *ladrones* of Granada; and the stories of their exploits, daring, and cruelty, fill one at once with admiration and terror. The road by Loja to Malaga, by which we propose to return, has been for a considerable time infested by a band, whose deeds of daring are the theme of every tongue. At present the band is entirely broken up and scattered, in consequence of an exploit of singular audacity; but it still remains to be proved whether its shivered members, dispersed over the country, may not render travelling even more dangerous than before.

The following is the account we have received of the exploit which led to the dispersion of the band.—Emboldened by success and impunity, the leader of these worthies—who is represented as a man singularly gifted for his hazardous profession, equally skilful in planning, and bold in executing, his predatory schemes—formed the daring resolution to attempt the capture and abduction of some man of rank and wealth, whose ransom might enrich himself and his comrades at one stroke. The Marquis

de los Torres was the person fixed upon for this purpose.

De los Torres, a nobleman of great wealth, had just arrived at his estates in the vega of Granada. His chateau is situated on the skirts of a populous village, about eight or nine miles from Granada, and to seize and carry him off from his own castle was the daring scheme of the robber chief. For several days some of the robbers were stationed in the neighbourhood as spies, to watch his motions, and to report when and where he could be most successfully met with. The marquis, however, seldom stirred from the immediate vicinity of his castle—and the number of his servants, as well as the neighbourhood of the village, rendered any attempt to carry him off during his short walks or rides all but hopeless; and whenever he visited Granada, he was well armed and well attended. Despairing of any more favourable opportunity occurring, and impatient of delay, the bandit resolved to surprise him in his chateau itself.

It was about half an hour after midnight, when the porter of the chateau was disturbed by a summons to the gate. His enquiries were answered by a man who, in the pale light of the moonless sky, appeared dressed like a courier, and who stated that he had just arrived from Cadiz with despatches of consequence for the marquis's own hand. The unsuspecting porter immediately undid the strong fastenings of the gate, and admitted the pretended courier. The stranger on entering proceeded to dis-

encumber himself of his cloak; when, suddenly wheeling round on the porter, who was busy securing the gate, he cast the cloak over his head, and having fairly enveloped him in its ample folds, so as to prevent the slightest outcry, he deliberately gagged and bound him. This done, the gate was again gently opened, and a score of robbers glided noiselessly into the hall. Under the direction of some who must have been intimately acquainted with the chateau, the band then divided—the greater number proceeding to the servants' apartments, lest any of them should escape and alarm the village; while the captain himself advanced directly to the sleeping-chamber of the marquis. All this was not managed so quietly as not to disturb the lord of the mansion, who, on hearing some unusual noise, hastily arose, and appeared at the door of his bed-chamber with a lighted lamp in his hand. This was all the robbers required to guide them to their prey; and, after an ineffectual attempt to escape, he was secured without resistance. Meantime, the rest of the band having gagged and bound all they could find in the chateau, they made haste to depart with their prize. A number of valuables which lay readily to hand were carried off; but they refrained from ransacking the house, having suspicions that one or more of the domestics had escaped unperceived, and fearing that the village might be alarmed, and their retreat cut off. Their suspicions were not groundless; the villagers were aroused; the alarm spread from house to house, and, seizing their

firelocks, a band of half-naked peasants rushed to the castle—but too late to rescue the captive nobleman; and all they heard of the robbers was the rapid clang of their horses' hoofs as they galloped at full speed in an opposite direction. Intelligence of this daring exploit was immediately dispatched to Granada, and no little stir and commotion it excited. Large bodies of soldiers were sent to scour the mountains; the most noted thief-catchers were set upon the trail, and every exertion made to trace the robbers to their lair, and rescue their captive. Meanwhile the bandits, having secured their prisoner, coolly sent information to his family that he was in perfect safety, and should want for nothing; but should not be set at liberty until a sum equal to £30,000 sterling should be paid down for his ransom. This only roused the authorities to still greater exertions. Again the soldiers scoured the mountains and searched the valleys; but neither bandit nor marquis was to be heard of. By what means his hiding-place was ultimately discovered, I could not learn; but he was found at last, neither among the inhospitable rocks of the barren mountains, nor in the recesses of their secluded valleys, but in a quiet village not many miles from the city of Granada. Once at liberty, the rage of the marquis against his captors knew no bounds; and through his information and exertions six of the robbers were seized, and his emissaries are still on the watch for the rest. But what is most singular in the whole affair is, that



several of the robbers are known to be at this moment in Granada; nay, they have actually put themselves in communication with their late captive, offering to restore the articles carried off from the chateau, provided their comrades be liberated and the pursuit after the rest of the band given up; and yet no exertions of the police can discover where these bold negotiators are concealed. Meanwhile, the marquis has rejected all proposals of accommodation, and thirsts for nothing but vengeance. This is regarded as a piece of perfect infatuation; and it is universally expected that he will ultimately fall a sacrifice to his own revenge, and be murdered by those for whose blood he thirsts.

Another case of abduction has lately occurred here, which has created comparatively little sensation, as the sufferers are of less exalted rank, and the exploit one of less desperate daring. The story is this.—A few weeks ago, a well-dressed and gentlemanly person called at one of the principal schools of Granada, and represented himself to the teacher as a near relative of two of his young pupils. The boys were sons of a wealthy merchant of the city. The teacher, entertaining no suspicions of the purpose of his visitor, suffered him to take the boys along with him, under pretence of purchasing some little present for them. Though they did not return so soon as was expected, little uneasiness was felt on their account, until the parents received a note informing them that their children were safe and well, and that they need

entertain no apprehensions regarding them, but demanding a considerable sum of money as the condition of their being restored. The money has not yet been paid, all search has proved ineffectual, and the children are still in the hands of the thieves.\*

\* Borrow mentions a similar instance of abduction as having occurred in some place in the interior of Spain.

## CHAPTER XV.

Departure from Granada—The Vega—Sabbath thoughts—The posada—Duke of Wellington's estates—Spanish peasants—Situation of Loja—The posada of Loja—The fair—Leave Loja—Colmenar—Extensive vineyards—"Defeat of the mountains of Malaga"—Journey to Malaga—Malaga—Cathedral—Moorish castles—Siege of Malaga—Trade—Leave Malaga—Arrival at Gibraltar.

WE have no alternative but travel on Sunday, though both equally unwilling. We have been informed that the only steamer from Malaga to Gibraltar is to sail on Tuesday morning; and as I am anxious to spend another Sabbath in Gibraltar, we must spend this in the saddle.

Restored by the bracing air of the Alhambra, and the cooling breezes from the Sierra Nevada, to a measure of health and strength which I had not enjoyed for many weeks, I looked forward to a pleasant, though a long and fatiguing mountain ride. We mounted our horses about seven o'clock in the morning, and reluctantly turning our backs on the Alhambra, we rode down the steep descent which leads to the city, and passing through the uninteresting streets of Granada, entered on the dry and dusty Vega.

The Vega owes its famed fertility in great part to the system of irrigation introduced by the Moors, and in which that ingenious people remarkably excelled. This irrigation preserves a degree of verdure in the Vega rarely to be met with in the south of Spain at this season of the year; but, notwithstanding, a great proportion of this rich plain, being cultivated for corn, and the crops having been long since removed, presents as brown and arid an aspect as the summits of the barren mountains which encompass it. Large fields of melons are passed occasionally, offering their refreshing fruit to the parched lip of the traveller; and the flourishing groves of orange, pomegranate, and other fruit-trees gratify the eye, but offer no shade from the fierce rays of the sun.

How rich in recollections, in which history and romance are strangely blended, is the vega of Granada! And looking back on the proud city, the last stronghold of Moorish power, and treading this renowned plain, the scene of so many desperate combats—where the Christian and Moslem chivalry met for the last time in fierce contest—where so many brave deeds were done, and so many gallant knights died for the Crescent or the Cross—it would be natural, perhaps, to indulge such recollections, and dream into shadowy existence “the glories of old days.” But indeed, while I rode over this luxuriant and renowned plain, my mind was dreaming of other things, and my thoughts were far, far away. It was not the wide-spread camp of Arragon and Castile that was present to my mind’s

eye, nor the sumptuous pageantry of Moorish war. I thought not of the fierce warrior Muza Ben Abel Gazan, nor of the dethroned monarch Boabdil el Chico. The Sabbath brought with it thoughts and recollections of a far different kind. It was a little country church, whose humble spire rose above the dark foliage of the northern fir, which was pictured to my thoughts. I saw a long line of worshippers, with quiet and reverent demeanour drawing near to the house of God. Above them towered the everlasting hills, below was stretched out a rich plain, covered with corn white unto harvest. Many a familiar form was there, and many a well-known face. And—"What doest thou here, Elijah?" Lord! while by thy providence I am for a time withdrawn from the people committed to my charge, be thou with thy servant who now ministers among them; bless his labours, give him favour in their eyes, and hear my prayer that this day the grace of the Most High may accompany his words.

But the sun rides high in heaven, and the welcome posada is near to shelter us from his almost vertical rays. Truly a Spanish posada is a great leveller—there is no distinction of persons here. Not only peer and peasant, master and servant, but rider and horse, mules, asses, and pigs, all tenant the same free and spacious hall. It offers "good dry lodgings,"\* as the Irish have it; but beyond a wooden

\* Lodgings where *provisions* are not *provided*.

stool, a rickety table, and a bunch of straw, the traveller must expect nothing. If he has food, he may get it scorched; and if he has wine, he may chance to be provided with a jug, if the posada is tolerably well furnished. There was only one knife, and not one fork, to be found in the whole establishment; but we carried in our saddle-bags cold fowl, and bread and wine, and having the necessaries we gladly dispensed with the luxuries of life.

On our way thither we pass near the Duke of Wellington's estates. They are said to be about four leagues by two in extent, and to yield nearly £4000 per annum. Near this is the village where De los Torres was confined by the robbers. He was eighteen days in their hands, and it is said that two hundred soldiers are at this moment in pursuit of his daring captors.

Having remained at the posada sufficient time to refresh the horses, we proceeded on our route. On leaving the plain of Granada we enter the mountains, and, until we draw near Loja, bare, dreary, and uninteresting mountains they are. The road, however, bad as it is, being actually intended for wheel carriages, and actually travelled twice a-week by a lumbering diligence, is by no means so fatiguing as the rugged mountain-path by Alhama. We stopped a few minutes at another posada to refresh ourselves with a little wine and water. Here we found a great number of peasants assembled, discussing their simple meal of bread and melon. Tall, muscular fellows

they are, with swarthy countenances, dark flashing eyes, and brawny limbs. One fine athletic young man, whose striking figure and reckless bandit air particularly caught my attention, observing my eye fixed upon him, politely rose, and cutting a large slice of melon, presented it to me. I told him that I could not eat it, and that it would hurt me, which seemed to astonish him not a little.

On approaching Loja the country becomes very beautiful. The Xenil sweeps through a valley luxuriant in all the productions of the south, while the sides of the mountains are richly clothed with olives. Loja itself is beautifully situated on a hill in the middle of the valley, round which sweeps the Xenil in a deep narrow bed. Luxuriant gardens of orange, and lemon, and pomegranate, clothe the sides of this rising ground, and intersect the town itself. Loja was a famous stronghold during the old Moorish wars, and renowned for the exploits of its stern old alcaide, Ali Atar, who, in his ninetieth year, is described by the historian as "indomitable in spirit, fiery in his passions, sinewy and powerful in frame, deeply versed in warlike stratagem, and accounted the best lance in all Mauritania."\* Loja, under the government of this fierce old Moor, repelled the Christian army from its walls, and drove Ferdinand himself back with disgrace to the plains. But Ali Atar fell in the dreadful battle of Lucena; and Loja,

\* *Conquest of Granada.*

deprived of her veteran and redoubtable alcayde, soon saw Ferdinand again under her walls, at the head of an overwhelming force. After a desperate resistance, which made the Xenil run red with Moorish and Christian blood, Loja fell. At this siege the English Earl Rivers, who, with a gallant band of his retainers, contributed not a little to the success of the Christian arms, was severely wounded, and had some of his teeth dashed out by a stone. At present the town is chiefly celebrated as possessing as wretched a posada, and harbouring as many bugs, fleas, and ladrones, as any place of the same extent in Spain. The robbers of Loja are considered the most daring and formidable in the south of Spain; and hence the road which passes through it from Granada to Malaga is regarded by travellers with peculiar apprehension.

On nearing the town we encountered great numbers of the peasants from the neighbouring country, returning home on mules and donkeys from the fair which is at present held at Loja. Each animal generally carried a lad and his lass, and joyously the song and laugh broke the stillness of the evening, as the merry cavalcades swept by. We arrived about half-past six o'clock, having been upwards of nine hours and a half in the saddle: the journey is generally performed in eight hours; but my horse is a bad walker, and I could not submit to be kept at a continual jog-trot, which seems the favourite pace of these animals.

In consequence of the fair, which is held annually,

and continues for three days, Loja is crowded, and every corner of the posada occupied; a bundle of straw beside our horses was all that the gruff and grave landlord could offer us. We pleaded our cause, and urged our piteous case with all the eloquence of weary men; but answer made he none, shook his head, and puffed out a cloud of smoke from his cigar. Fortunately our broken Spanish attracted the attention of the lady of the mansion—a buxom dame, with a bright eye, brighter smile, and a stately step a queen might envy. Catching a glimmering lamp from the smoky wall on which it hung, she beckoned us to follow her; and conducting us through a double file of mules and muleteers, she ushered us into her own private quarto, where every thing looked astonishingly clean and comfortable, considering the filth and confusion without. “Every quarto in Loja is full to-night, señores,” said the kind-hearted, dark-eyed, smiling dame; “but you shall have beds though others should go without.” And she was as good as her word; for, when no other arrangement could be effected, she gave up to us her own apartment.

Having made our simple meal of eggs beat up with hot water and sugar, (milk is rarely to be had,) we walked out to the square or plaza where the fair is held. Here we were presented with a very animated scene. The plaza was crowded with booths, where goods of various descriptions were exhibited for sale, and the space between thronged with the finest-looking race of men and women I ever saw.

I have, in fact, seen more beauty during the half hour I spent in the fair at Loja, than during all the rest of my little tour in Spain. The proud beauties of Cadiz, renowned though they be, are not to be mentioned beside the peasant girls of Loja.

Returning to our posada we found beds prepared for us; but having little hope of sleep, on account of heat, noise, and vermin, we ordered the horses to be saddled at two o'clock in the morning, and then betook ourselves to our pallets.

Contrary to my expectations, I enjoyed a most refreshing sleep in spite of bugs and bustle. My companion was less fortunate, for, driven from his bed by the enemies of man's repose, he spent a miserable night in an arm-chair. Having roused our slumbering muleteer, whose laziness detained us an hour longer than we intended, and having swallowed a cup of excellent chocolate, we set out from Loja. Chocolate, eggs, and bread, are almost uniformly good in Spain; fowls, too, may be had tolerably eatable, when the cook can be persuaded to dispense with garlic in preparing them; but Spanish cookery in general is execrable beyond expression. The Spanish chocolate is excellent. During a former visit to Spain many years ago, I lived almost entirely on chocolate and bread. It is prepared in a different manner from what is usual in other parts of Europe, and is generally highly spiced.\*

\* " They mix six pounds of the nut with three pounds, or three and a half, of sugar, seven pods of vanillas, one pound and a half of Indian corn,

At three o'clock in the morning we rode forth from the posada of Loja, having picked our way to the gate, where our horses waited us, over the bodies of some dozen of slumbering muleteers. We passed through the plaza, where the booths were all shut up and silent; but occasionally we encountered some late revellers, seated on their thresholds, awakening the echoes of the morn and tuning the light guitar. We had the benefit of the moon, now nearly full, for a short time after starting; but she soon descended towards the mountains, and at last seemed to rest her chin on the top of a smooth round hill, like some ruddy-faced toper peering over a beer-barrel. She left us at last to the light of the stars, and to think over all the robber tales we had heard. And truly we had some little apprehension of hearing the dreaded *cri-de-guerre*—"Bocca a terra—Ladrones!" We encountered, however, nothing so terrible; but twice, by Manuel's advice, paid a trifle to two dashing, romantic, bandit-looking characters, whom we chanced to meet on the road with knife in sash and musket on shoulder, because, forsooth, they chose to call themselves for the time guards of the road. Heaven guard the poor traveller from such guards!

The scenery by this road is much more interesting and romantic than on that by Alhama. The mountains are bold and rocky, and often much resemble

and half a pound of cinnamon, six cloves, one drachm of capsicum, some roucou nut, to improve the colour, and a small portion of musk or ambergris, to give it a pleasant scent. Some people, however, use only the nut with sugar and cinnamon."—*Townsend.*

some of the wilder districts of our own Highlands. Sometimes the road is singularly circuitous, winding and doubling along the craggy ridge, with deep narrow valleys or ravines below, the steep slopes of which are sometimes covered with rich pasture, and sometimes present only shattered rocks and frowning precipices. At last the town of Colmenar appears, perched on an apparently inaccessible rock, and encompassed by valleys of great depth, whose precipitous sides are covered with extensive vineyards. In order to arrive at this curious old town, the road doubles and winds in a most singular fashion, reminding us of the walls of Troy which, in the happy days of boyhood, we used to trace on the sands of the seashore. At one time we seem to have turned our backs upon it; at another, we appear to have passed it, and to be rapidly leaving it on the left; and again, by a sudden turn, we find ourselves travelling directly towards it. Actually, for hours, it seemed as if we were not getting a yard nearer this apparently inaccessible town. We arrived at last at ten o'clock, and reposed for two hours in the miserable posada. A piece of bread and a few delicious clusters of grapes, from the vast vineyards which clothe the hills for miles and miles around, furnished our breakfast; and at twelve o'clock we proceeded on our way. The good woman of the house urgently represented the impropriety of exposing ourselves to the fiery heat of noon; but we were too impatient to listen to her good advice.

From Colmenar, which itself stands in a very lofty situation, the road ascends, winding along the ridge of the hills, until it attains, apparently, the very summit. On either hand extends a vast, apparently interminable ocean of conical hills, covered with vineyards from their loftiest peaks down the lowest depths of their valleys. I am not acquainted, in any part of the world, with such a prodigious extent of vineyard. As far as the eye can reach, from east to west, nothing is to be seen but vines—endless, interminable vines. The hills themselves are of a singular formation, each separate hill being, as it were, the longitudinal section of a cone, and joined to the neighbouring cones at the vertex. The united vertices of the various cones form the long, continuous, and gradually ascending ridge along which the road is constructed. These vast vineyards produce excellent wine.

It was in the deep and labyrinth-like recesses of these mountains that a gallant Christian army was defeated, and almost annihilated, by a handful of Moorish peasants, in the month of March 1483. They sallied forth from Antequera in all the gorgeous pomp which distinguished the chivalry of Spain, full of high hopes, anticipating the plunder of Malaga as the reward of their exploits, and attended by numbers of peaceful traders with well-filled purses, to purchase from the victorious soldiers of the Cross the rich spoils of the devoted city. They were coolly suffered to advance without resistance until they were

completely entangled as in a net in this vast labyrinth of rocks and hills, shagged precipices, and frightful declivities. Then the fierce peasants of the mountains, assembling on the heights, fearfully avenged their ravaged valleys and burning villages. It was a massacre, not a battle; and the flower of Spanish chivalry fell under the stones and darts of a despised enemy, while many more were led away captive to the dungeons of Malaga. Such was "the defeat of the mountains of Malaga," as it is called in Spanish chronicles; and the hill where the greatest slaughter took place is pointed out to the present day, and is called *La Cuesta de la Matanza*, or "the hill of the massacre."\*

As we ascended the lofty ridge above Colmenar, the sun shot down his fiercest rays, scorching our already sunburnt faces until they were bronzed like an African's; but, on approaching the summit, we occasionally encountered a fine refreshing breeze, redolent of the ocean, towards which we were now advancing. Having attained the summit of the pass, a regular, uninterrupted descent of upwards of fifteen miles brings us to the vega of Malaga, and within a short distance of the city. The views from the summit of the sierra, and during the whole of the descent, are indescribably singular and magnificent, and varying with every turn of the road, as it winds down the precipitous slope of the mountain.

\* *Conquest of Granada.*

Shortly after beginning to descend, the Mediterranean opens on our view, with the fruitful vega on its shore ; while the spires of Malaga appear shooting up close under the mountain, as it were almost beneath our feet. It was a most welcome sight ; for we began to suffer severely from fatigue and the excessive heat of the sun. But though the end of our journey seemed so near, we had yet to learn that, like Colmenar, it was only to be approached by such incessant windings and doublings, that what promised to be the work of a few minutes occupied several most tiring hours. This long-continued descent, uninterrupted by a single yard of level or ascending ground, proved excessively fatiguing, beyond any thing I ever experienced. In addition to the scorching heat, we suffered severely from thirst, as not a drop of water was to be met with. Wine we had ; but wine, especially undiluted, does, in such circumstances, only add fever to thirst. When exposed to intense heat, I have always found pure water infinitely the most refreshing beverage ; nor do I believe there is the slightest risk incurred by drinking freely the coldest water, provided exercise is immediately resumed.

The latter part of our day's journey we travelled at a very slow pace, and arrived at Malaga after having been near thirteen hours in the saddle. Before entering the town, our baggage was subjected to a most minute examination at the custom-house.

Worn and weary were we both when we rode up

to the gates of the fonda in Malaga; but I feel as if a little more of such wandering would remove all my complaints, real or imaginary. What a sound refreshing slumber follows a hard day's work! No opiate in the world like downright fatigue.

There is little in Malaga, beyond its commercial importance, to attract the attention of the traveller. The cathedral is a building of great size, which presents a most imposing appearance from a distance, owing to its great bulk and lofty steeple; but has no great architectural merit to boast of. The tobacco manufactory, one of the five royal establishments of this description, is also a large building, but very inferior to that at Seville. The extensive and interesting ruins of the Moorish castles—the Gibralfaro and the Alcazaba—remain to attest the ancient strength and military importance of Malaga. Under the Moors it was the principal seaport in the kingdom of Granada, and carried on an extensive trade with Barbary. Owing to the communication thus kept up with Africa, it was regarded as absolutely essential to the very existence of Moorish power in Spain; and the labour bestowed to render it impregnable was in proportion to its estimated consequence. Accordingly, it was one of the last cities in the kingdom of Granada to submit to the Christians; and the obstinacy of its defence, and the stern courage of Hamet el Zegri, the Moorish governor, afford one of the most striking and exciting passages in the history of these romantic and bloody wars. It yielded to

Ferdinand and Isabella after a three months' siege, in the year 1487. Its population, previous to the siege, was estimated at one hundred thousand souls; its present inhabitants do not amount to more than sixty thousand. Still, however, Malaga is a flourishing and important city; the ships of all nations crowd her port, and she scatters the productions of her sunny clime and teeming soil over half the globe. The present is the busiest season in Malaga, and the whole population are employed in packing and shipping fruit; the town rings with the clatter of innumerable hammers at work, nailing boxes and barrels of grapes, raisins, almonds, and lemons. The export of dried fruits, and especially of raisins, is very great. It is calculated that a million and a half of boxes of raisins alone will be exported this year. Each box weighs twenty-five pounds, and the value at Malaga is about one dollar; but the very choice fruit, such as is reserved almost entirely for the English market, (and hence termed in Malaga "London raisins,") costs half a dollar more. The gross export of raisins this year will therefore amount in value to about £400,000 sterling. Mr Mark, the British consul—to whose kind attention we were much indebted during our short visit to Malaga—conducted me through his establishment, which presented a busy and animated scene. The raisins are brought in from the vineyards in boxes ready for exportation; but the other fruits are packed in the warehouse of the merchant. I found great numbers of women busily em-

ployed separating the good grapes from the bad, and carefully packing them with saw-dust in little casks. These grapes are thick and hard of the skin, and are cultivated entirely for exportation, as the finer sorts would neither pack so well nor keep so long.

The wines of Malaga are well known, and form probably the chief article of export; many of these are excellent, and less highly valued than they deserve.

But that which will one day form one of the chief sources of wealth in this country, is the iron ore with which the mountains abound. It is said there are districts near Malaga so rich in this ore, that the mountains seem to be composed of it; and it is found so near the surface that the work to obtain it can hardly be termed mining.

There is an English company established at Malaga for the purpose of smelting. Several of the workmen employed there applied to Mr P—— to have their children baptized, and they were accordingly christened at the consulate the morning before I sailed for Gibraltar. The wages of these men appear high. One of them, who is doubtless in a situation of some responsibility, told me that he has at present £300 a-year, which is to be increased immediately to £400.

The Peninsula steamer, which plies between Malaga, Gibraltar, and Cadiz, has been delayed in order to receive a cargo of raisins. This gave me one day more than I expected to spend in Malaga, and

we profited by it so as to visit the few objects of interest there. The evening we spent on the sea-beach, enjoying the splendid view of the town, crowned with the ruins of the Gibralfaro, and backed by the precipitous front of the mountains. The freshness of the evening in this climate is singularly delicious—it is a luxury unknown to the North, and one of the greatest luxuries I know of.

At six o'clock in the morning I bade farewell to my friend Mr P——, who proposes proceeding by the first steamer along the Spanish coast to Marseilles. In half an hour afterwards the Peninsula got under weigh. The whole of the cabin was occupied by the cargo, and piles of raisin-boxes covered great part of the deck, so that the few passengers had little enough room. We had a quick and delightful passage, enjoying, as we glided over the smooth and almost motionless sea, a close and distinct view of the mountainous coast, with its towns and vineyards. The lofty and isolated rock of Gibraltar was long distinctly visible before we reached the straits, standing out as it were into the ocean, and resembling a mountain cast into the depths of the sea.

We landed a little after three o'clock.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Farewell to Gibraltar—Cadiz—The Tagus steamer—Land at Lisbon—Journey to Cintra—Moonlight view of Cintra—Ride to Mafra—British soldier and Portuguese mule—Mafra—Military music—Cintra—Return to Lisbon, and re-embark—The maniac—The custom-house—Arrive in London—Prospect of another journey.

I WAS much disappointed, on my return to Gibraltar, to find that the Rev. Mr Strauchan had not yet arrived; while letters from home, with tidings of a very distressing and alarming nature, rendered it necessary for me to meet my family in London without delay, in order to conduct them to a more genial clime. The Tagus steamer was to sail the day after that on which I landed at Gibraltar, and a week must elapse before another opportunity should occur. While, on the other hand, I hate leaving a place where I have received so much kindness as if I were flying from the bailiffs or the plague, friends unvisited and farewells unspoken—above all, I desired most earnestly once more to meet with my military flock, solemnly to bid them farewell, and to commend them to God and to the Word of his grace. One more opportunity of pressing on our

brave fellows the urgent necessity of attending to the "one thing needful," one more effort to enlist them as soldiers of the Cross, one more anxious exhortation to fight the good fight of faith, to follow the Captain of their salvation, to quit them like men and be strong, and I should have felt comparatively satisfied. But to quit them thus, without bidding them farewell, without a sign of interest in their fate, without a parting expression of my deep, heartfelt anxiety for their spiritual prosperity! I felt the necessity imposed on me to be a painful one; and when at last I resolved on a hurried departure, it was not without extreme reluctance and regret. I could wish to have assured them of the lively interest I must ever take in their welfare, and to have joined with them once more in prayer, that the Great Spirit would follow with his rich blessing my short and humble labours among them, and bestow a double portion of his grace upon his servant who will, ere-long, take up those duties which I now relinquish. But it has been otherwise ordered. My farewell must be spoken in secret—my prayer breathed in secret; but He who heareth in secret may answer it openly. I shall probably never know what, or if any, fruit has sprung from the seed which I have sown; yet the Lord may grant an abundant increase unknown to me. Lord! I have endeavoured to preach thy word in truth and simplicity—let it not return unto thee void.

Farewell, Gibraltar! Notwithstanding thy vile

east wind and headachy clime, I have many a kind feeling, and many a pleasant, ay, and many a sacred recollection, connected with thy war-rock. Long may the banner of my country proudly wave from thy summit over two subject seas! Renowned hast thou long been in the annals of war; mayst thou become equally renowned in the annals of the gospel of peace; and may thy past fame won in "the battle of the warrior, with confused noise and garments rolled in blood," be altogether eclipsed by thy future glory as a depot of the word of salvation, and the basis of extensive and bloodless operations upon the wide realm of Mahomedan and Popish superstition around!

Before embarking, I had the honour of an interview with his excellency the governor, Sir Alexander Woodford, in reference to the establishment of the Scottish church at Gibraltar, which was quite as satisfactory as mere words and professions could be. I then paid a few hasty farewell visits, and sent many farewell messages to those whom the time would not permit me to visit; and on returning to my hotel, I found that the report of my arrival, and intended immediate departure, had brought many of my kind friends together to take leave of me; and on board the Tagus I found others waiting to receive me. But there was time only to say farewell, for the hour of closing the gates was near at hand; and hardly had the boats which conveyed them to the shore reached the mole, when the evening gun awoke the

echoes of the Rock, and immediately the stately Tagus cleft the waters of the bay.

I awoke in the bay of Cadiz, and, in company with Mr T——, an officer of the garrison of Gibraltar, landed, strolled round the fortifications and the alameda, admired the streets of dazzling white, visited the cathedral, devoured some bunches of grapes in the market-place, returned on board, and sailed at eleven o'clock with a contrary wind, but fortunately the sea tolerably calm. Next morning the wind was right a-head, and blowing hard. We had a great many passengers, and many a rueful face there was among them. The demon of sea-sickness was at his dirty work again.

The Tagus is a beautiful vessel—elegantly, or rather splendidly, fitted up; the paneling of beautiful rosewood; the mouldings richly gilt; the hangings of silk damask; and large and costly mirrors, with marble slabs and gilt brackets, tastefully disposed in the saloon. The expense lavished on the decorations of this saloon must have been very great, and, I cannot but think, very unnecessary and unprofitable. Extreme cleanliness is the grand requisite on board ship—and in this the Tagus is by no means deficient: but I suspect few people are tempted to go to sea by polished rosewood paneling and silk hangings; nor will it alleviate the horrors of sea-sickness to have one's pallid and wretched countenance reflected by costly mirrors from every side of the cabin.

The Tagus wrestles stoutly with the adverse elements ; and after much struggling, and pitching, and rolling, we found rest in the quiet waters of the noble river whose name she bears. About five o'clock we cast anchor off Lisbon ; and after the usual annoying obstructions from the health-office, custom-house, and police, Mr T—— and I landed, and deposited ourselves in a *sejé*, with the purpose of visiting Cintra and Mafra. It was about half-past six o'clock when we started ; of course we saw but little of the road to Cintra, but we felt a good deal of it, for three-fourths of it is paved—and most vilely paved—and the *sejé* pitched and rolled along with a violence which made us wish ourselves on board of the Tagus, and amid the heavings of the Atlantic. At Lisbon, the sun was as hot as in July ; so we landed, thinly clad in Gibraltar costume, which we had reason to repent of before we reached Cintra, for the wind was cold and sharp as an October breeze in England. After toiling and tumbling over this wretched *pavé* at a tiresome jog-trot for near four hours, a sudden turn of the road brought us full in sight of Cintra. Directly in front was the royal palace, brilliantly illuminated, and pouring from every window a flood of light ; while, clustered around it, appeared the houses of the town, reposing, as it were, on the slope of the valley, and embosomed in the thick close foliage of cork, chestnut, fig, orange, and what not ; and behind, the lofty rocks rose majestically against the clear blue sky, their naked scalps gleaming white in the moon-

shine. The sudden and unexpected change from the wild and lonely road, and bare, dark, and silent hills, to the brilliant light of the palace, the gay sounds of revelry and mirth, and the thick massy foliage of the valley, was most startling and delightful. We both with one impulse exclaimed that it was a peep into fairyland. If day realizes the promises of night, and if the sun does not prove this splendid moonlight picture to be a delusion, truly Cintra must be a paradise. Meantime there is no delusion with respect to Madame de Belem's hotel. It is a most excellent one, clean, comfortable, and airy; and Madame herself being English, every thing in her hotel has an air of English comfort, very unlike the miserable accommodation we have lately had to content ourselves with in Spain. The situation, too, is very beautiful. The window of my bedroom peeps through the rich close foliage which clusters round it, down into a wooded valley studded with villas, and terminating in a wide plain, beyond which the moonbeams are dancing on the sea.

At six o'clock next morning, two strangely caparisoned mules were at the door to carry us to Mafra. Instead of saddles they carried enormous pads, covering three-fourths of the animals, and offering a seat of such uncomfortable breadth, that I felt as if astride on a dwarf elephant. A smart active little boy accompanied us on foot as guide. My companion's mule proved active and willing, but mine as sluggish as any donkey, and neither hand nor heel could sti-

mulate him beyond a slow walk. In vain I whipped, and kicked, and chucked him with the bit. He disdained taking the slightest notice of my efforts, and the boy laughed joyously, secure of the indomitable spirit of the brute. The confidence of beast and boy were, however, doomed to be shaken; for Mr T——, arming himself with a tough and stout branch of an ash, assailed the hitherto unconquered quadruped vigorously in the rear. This sudden assault grievously discomposed his equanimity, but he still seemed disposed to act on the passive-resistance principle. Here was British energy fairly pitted against Portuguese obstinacy. At last the brute resolved to act more vigorously on the defensive, and sternly repaid blow with kick. But, alas! though he plied his hoofs stoutly and well, the kicks smote only the yielding air, while the blows rung heavy on his unyielding rump. For a time fate held the balance even, and victory seemed doubtful. At length British energy and perseverance prevailed—Portuguese obstinacy yielded—and the mule started at full gallop for Mafra. Away he clattered over the stony track, the enemy thundering on his rear; and any attempt at stop or stay, any indication of reluctance to advance at such unwonted speed, was as speedily subdued by a fresh attack of the ashen bough. Our little guide's shrill voice was for a short time heard in a deprecating tone; but it soon died away in the distance, and we saw no more of him until we were preparing to return to Cintra. The towers of



Engraved by W. H. Fisher.

M. A. T. B. A.

Drawn by D. Roberts from a Sketch by C. Landseer.

Mafra are distinctly seen from Cintra, and offer themselves to the eye during the whole of the distance, so we stood in no need of the services of the boy as a guide.

The ride from Cintra to Mafra is tiresome and uninteresting, and occupied about three hours and a half. The road for the most part is paved and hilly; the country is cultivated and divided into small fields, fenced with dry stone walls. The crops, with the exception of some small patches of Indian corn, have been long since removed; and the scenery is bare, parched, and desolate. A great extent of undulating country stretches to the Atlantic, but thinly peopled, bare and treeless; while behind, Cintra waves her verdant boughs, looking like a green oasis in the desert. For some considerable time before arriving, the stately dome and marble towers of Mafra appeared as if close at hand; but owing to the undulations of the country, and the deep dells which intersect it, we are obliged to approach by a very circuitous route. At last, after riding for some time under the wall which encloses the park, the superb and colossal convent-palace of Mafra stands suddenly before us. It is a noble building; and the first *coup-d'œil* of the façade is exceedingly imposing. The magnificent dome, swelling in graceful proportion over the centre of the vast quadrangle—the light and elegant towers which shoot into the air on either side of the grand portico—the stately columns which form the grand entrance of the church—and above all, the

vast extent of the whole range, have a singularly imposing effect. A magnificent flight of steps conducts to the grand entrance, and a wide space of level ground, lying between the building and the village, affords ample room to survey its vast extended front. The striking effect produced by the first *coup-d'œil* is, however, chiefly owing to the great size of the building, and the magnificence of some of its individual parts. As a whole, it is singularly deficient in grandeur of design, harmony in its different parts, and general elegance. The grand front is frittered away by the minuteness of its compartments and the number of small windows; and the full effect of the noble and graceful swell of the dome—which may vie with any in Europe in the elegance of its form and the beauty of its proportions—is impaired by the tall fanciful needles, however beautiful in themselves, which shoot up in front of it from either side of the portico. Nevertheless, it is a magnificent and imposing edifice. The interior of the church is very handsome, and adorned with a profusion of marbles. Many of the sculptures, and especially of the bassi-relievi, are beautifully executed. From the church we were conducted through the rest of the building, but with such rapidity, that only a confused impression remained of spacious staircases, vast arched corridors, halls, cells, and apartments of various descriptions. The library is a magnificent hall with a vaulted roof, and said to be upwards of three hundred feet in length. The roof of the whole building is flat, forming a magni-

ficient terrace, protected by an elegant stone balustrade, and commanding an extensive view over a very desolate and uninteresting country. The following details may help to give some notion of the vast size of this colossal building. It forms a quadrangle, measuring seven hundred and sixty feet in front, by six hundred and seventy feet. It contains eight hundred and seventy apartments, five thousand two hundred doors and windows, and three hundred cells, which are, in fact, large and airy apartments. The church contains six organs, each of immense size, and is adorned with sixty-eight statues of Carrara marble.

Mafra was obviously designed to be one of the wonders of the world; and though much has been effected, yet, with such lavish expenditure, such rich and costly materials, such valuable decorations, we feel disappointed that more has not been made of them. It has ceased to exist as a convent—the monks are scattered, and the cells are empty, or are tenanted by soldiers—for Mafra is now a barrack. Desecration and degradation, no doubt, the holy brethren of St Augustine consider this change to be; but though it is lamentable to see such a noble pile devoted to such a purpose, yet it is some consolation to reflect that it is now at least good for something.

Having satisfied our curiosity in church, palace, and convent or barrack, we repaired to a little venta in the front row of the village, in order to satisfy the cravings of hunger, which had become by far the most importunate of the two. Our fare was indif-

ferent enough; but to indemnify us, a full military band, stationed in the esplanade in front of the church, regaled our ears with the most magnificent music.

After dinner we remounted our mules, and rode back to Cintra.

What can be said of Cintra but what has been said far better before both in verse and prose? Lord Byron calls it "the most delightful village in Europe; it contains beauties of every description, natural and artificial,—palaces and gardens rising in the midst of rocks, cataracts, and precipices; convents on stupendous heights; a distant view of the sea and the Tagus," &c.

"Lo! Cintra's glorious Eden intervenes  
 In variegated maze of mount and glen.  
 Ah me! what hand can pencil guide, or pen,  
 To follow half on which the eye dilates,  
 Through views more dazzling unto mortal ken  
 Than those whereof such things the bard relates,  
 Who to the awe-struck world unlock'd Elyseum's gates?"

"The horrid crags, by toppling convent crown'd;  
 The cork-trees hoar, that clothe the shaggy steep;  
 The mountain-moss, by scorching skies embrown'd;  
 The sunken glen, whose sunless shrubs must weep;  
 The tender azure of the unruffled deep;  
 The orange tints that gild the greenest bough;  
 The torrents that from cliff to valley leap;  
 The vine on high; the willow-branch below;  
 Mix'd in one mighty scene, with varied beauty glow."

This is all very poetical, and, what is more, very true, even without making the usual allowances for

the exaggeration of the traveller and the imagination of the poet. It is indeed a lovely and most romantic glen ; but great part of its charm is doubtless owing to the bare, brown, barren, and uninteresting country in which it appears.

We spent the evening promenading in the palace court, where a great deal of gay company were assembled, listening to the music of a splendid military band. The Portuguese seem to excel in this particular ; and never have I heard more enchanting instrumental music than to-day at Mafra and Cintra.

Next day we returned to Lisbon. The road passes through a hilly, bare, and uninteresting country ; but on the outskirts of the city there are many delightful villas, whose luxurious gardens, glowing in all the most brilliant colours, and perfuming the air with innumerable plants, and fruits, and flowers, are seen through the large iron-grated gates which open on the highway. We embarked early in the day ; and bestowing a last admiring glance on the queenly appearance and outward loveliness of Lisbon, we paddled from the Tagus, and were speedily rolling on the long swell of the Atlantic.

We had a quick and pleasant passage to Falmouth and Southampton, meeting with nothing to break the monotony of the sea, save an amusing farce in which Lord —— played the part of a madman, in order to terrify a poor unsophisticated youth, apparently of the Cockney variety, from his berth, so that his lordship might be left in undisputed possession

of his state-room. I was sitting on deck reading, when I overheard the conversation betwixt the victim and one of the passengers, who had entered into the plot.

“A fine fellow that Lord ——, and wonderfully recovered; but there is a wildness about his eye yet which gives him a dangerous look.”

“Recovered! Wildness! Dangerous! What is the matter with him?”

“Matter with him! Why, don’t you know he was mad? Quite mad, raving, furious—nor is he to be trusted yet. Why, it is but the other day he tried to murder a gentleman in Malta.”

“Bless my soul! Why has he not a keeper with him? He must be very dangerous yet.”

“Dangerous! you may well say that. They refused to take him on board the steamer unless he engaged a whole state-room for himself. Night is the worst time with him; and it would be as much as a man’s life is worth to sleep in the same cabin with him.”

“But he has not a whole state-room to himself,” ejaculated Mr Bow-Bell, with a most rueful lack-a-daisical countenance. “I sleep in the same room with him, and there is nobody besides us two!”

“Well, well, perhaps he is not so bad now. Only I would not be in your berth to-night for a thousand pounds. A fine thing it would be to awake gurgling and choking, with such a fellow as that holding one by the throat! Why, he would make minced

meat of either of us before mortal help could be brought. He stands six feet two in his stockings, and has the strength of a steam-engine."

Off went the poor youth directly to seek the steward, and on descending to the saloon, he found the maniac seated on a pile of cushions, with a colossal wooden crown belonging to the figure-head of the ship settled uneasily on his head, and doing his best to look in King Cambyses' vein. That night he found what he supposed a safer berth. Before landing at Southampton he discovered the hoax, and, filled with an indignation worthy of Frost or O'Connor at this new instance of aristocratic insolence and oppression, he exclaimed, "I ought to have known that these aristocrats are always more rogues than fools!"

After a pleasant voyage of six days from Lisbon, and eight days and a night from the time we left Gibraltar, we landed at Southampton. Leaving my luggage in the fangs of the custom-house, I strolled leisurely through the town until the bustle should be over. Returning after an hour's walk, I found all the passengers' baggage had been examined except mine; but, on producing my keys, it was discovered that one of my portmanteaus was amissing, while another, to which I had no claim, was left in its place. After a little cross-questioning, I discovered that the Hon. Mr T——, my late companion to Cintra, had been unable to open his portmanteau; but, after pledging his word that it contained nothing but his clothes, had been permitted to carry it off unopened.

Suspecting the mistake, and knowing that Mr T—— was to start by the first train for London, I instantly drove with the rest of my baggage to the station, where, as I anticipated, I found my portmanteau; and without any scruple of conscience for the fraud thus forced upon me against her Majesty's customs, (as I carried various contraband articles from Tangier and Gibraltar,) placed myself and recovered goods in the train, and in due time arrived in London.

Thus terminates my short but personally most interesting visit to the Peninsula. And now—*cui bono?* What good end has this separation from my parochial duties effected? Alas! as is not unfrequently the case in human affairs, the good is doubtful and concealed, the evil certain and apparent. Whether my visit to Gibraltar has produced any good fruit to others, God only knows; while to my own health it has been decidedly detrimental. I do not know whether this is to be attributed to the climate of Gibraltar, or the improper diet which I had been recommended to follow, and to which I adhered too long; but I now find my health materially worse than when I left this country, and every bad symptom aggravated. The medical gentleman whom I have consulted in London urges the propriety of spending the winter in a warmer climate; and as the same course has been declared to be absolutely essential for another member of my family, I have no alternative but once more to resume my

wanderings. On the arrival of my family from Scotland, I found our invalid in a state of health much more alarming than I apprehended; and in these circumstances I look forward to a long overland journey with extreme dismay. The orders of her medical advisers, however, leave me no choice, and for the rest God will provide. Oh! that, in the midst of all the anxieties and distresses of this frail mortal life, we were at all times able to cast our burden on the Lord, and commit our way to God! None can conceive but from actual experience the lightness of heart, the cheerfulness and comfort, which spring up at once in the midst of trouble and dismay, when once the soul is brought to stay itself on the Most High. Light springing up in darkness, rest in a toilsome journey, the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, are but feeble images of the peace which comes from rest in God. Lord! grant that my soul may ever thus rest on thee!

THE END.

