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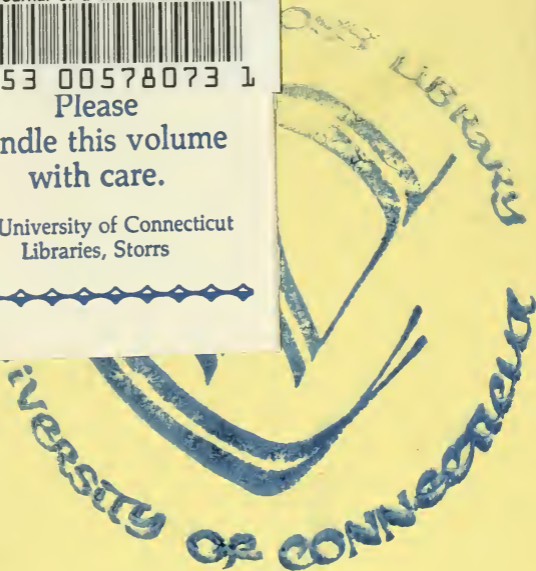
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Alma Lombardy

A JOURNAL

OF

A THREE MONTHS' TOUR

IN

PORTUGAL, SPAIN, AFRICA,

&c.

BY THE

MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY, *Frances Anne Emily*

*With a Portrait of the Authoress, from a Miniature by Sir W. Ross, R.A. &c.  
View of Mafra Palace, &c.*

DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION, TO

**Her Majesty the Queen Dowager.**

—◆—  
The object of publishing this Volume is to contribute the Profits towards the projected  
erection of an Infirmary, on a small scale, at Seaham Harbour, in the County of Durham.

—◆—  
MDCCLXIII.

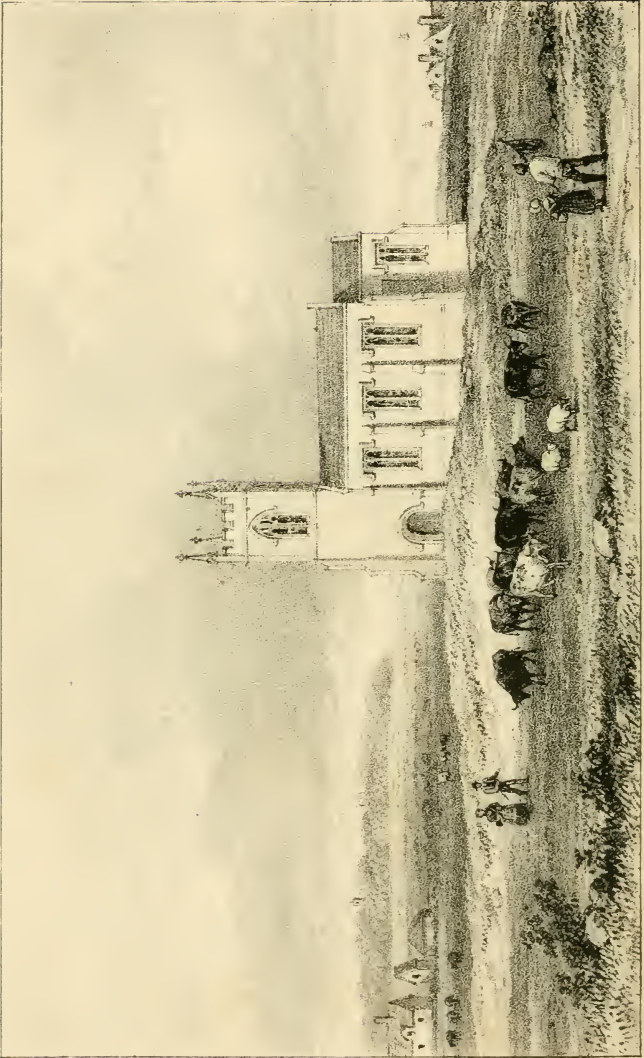
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Printed and Published by the Author

SEAHAM HARBOUR CHURCH.

J. B. New Ltd., Carmichael del.

## DEDICATION

TO

HER MAJESTY QUEEN ADELAIDE.

---

MADAM,

Your Majesty's great kindness in patronizing the Bazaar last year for the Church at Seaham, which, under your protection, succeeded far beyond my hopes, induced me to solicit the same advantage for the projected Infirmary at that place.

Your Majesty, ever ready to respond to an appeal made for a charitable object, was pleased to interest yourself in the undertaking; and your approval encouraged me to persevere in what otherwise would indeed have been a hopeless effort;—*viz.*—the raising a sum of money by any thing I could write. Your Majesty's gracious permission to use your royal name, and Her Royal Highness the Duchess of KENT's mediation with our beloved and illustrious QUEEN, who, like Your Majesty, fosters and assists every chari-

table purpose, have produced a success, which I otherwise should have despaired of.

To apologize for the faults and errors of the Work would seem presuming, and as if I imagined it had any merit of its own, when I am well aware nothing but the object could excuse its being laid at Your Majesty's feet by,

MADAM,

Your Majesty's

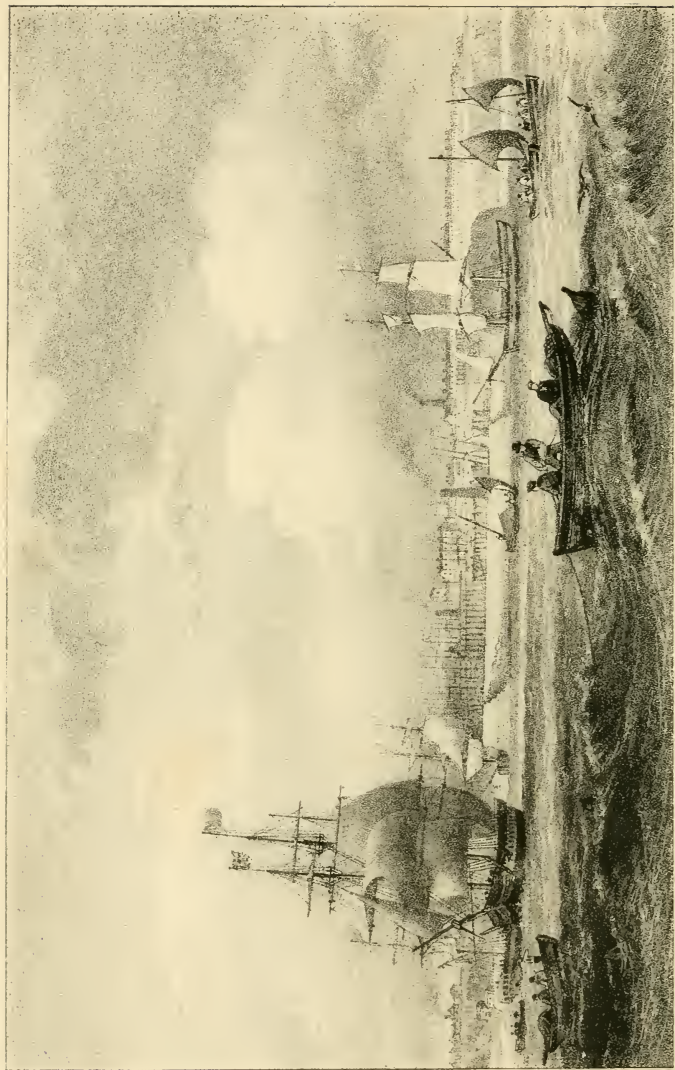
Most devoted Servant,

FRANCES ANNE VANE LONDONDERRY.

*Wynyard Park,*

*January, 1843.*





T. Peckers Lith. — Garnier del. et sculp.

СЕВЕРНЫЙ ПОРТ

Действительный рисунок.

## P R E F A C E.

---

I FEEL it incumbent on me to offer some explanation for my presumption in venturing to print my private notes during a short tour; and also to apologize, if I have been importunate and troublesome in urging my friends to become subscribers to this little volume. Nothing could justify me but the deep interest I take in the welfare and prosperity of Seaham Harbour—a feeling difficult, perhaps, to be understood except by persons who have been similarly situated.

Fourteen years ago, there was not a house, or a path, on these rugged cliffs, and the project to create a port was treated as visionary and absurd. Lord Londonderry, however, risked the enterprise, which has been crowned with success; and, as years have rolled on, we have watched the gradual progress of this rising town and harbour.

From the erection, in the commencement, of a wooden hut for the first work-people to the fine stone

church finished and ornamented last year by means of a bazaar, (where, thanks to the patronage of Her Majesty Queen Adelaide, the assistance of my friends generally, and especially my kind neighbours, a sum of £1,200 was raised,) every step and increase in this place has been fraught with interest and pleasure.

The want of a dispensary, or infirmary, among a population of above three thousand people, surrounded by railways, pits, &c., leading a life of risk and danger, where accidents are of constant recurrence, is evident; and it was suggested to me to try this mode of raising a fund towards the erection of a small building for the purpose of receiving unfortunate sufferers.

For the insignificance of the volume I sincerely apologize. My consolation must be, that criticism cannot go beyond my own conviction of its worthlessness; and I must comfort myself with the hope that some kind persons will enter into, and understand the feeling that has prompted me to do what may, to the generality, appear bold and presuming.

*Wyonyard Park,*

*January, 1843.*

A Statement of the Accounts of the Seaham Bazaar having been published in the Northern Papers, I thought it might be well to add them here.

---

CASH ACCOUNT of the SEAHAM HARBOUR CHURCH  
BAZAAR, held at the Athenæum, Bishop-Wearmouth, in  
September, 1841.

DR.

THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY.

	£.	s.	d.
To Cash received at the Bazaar . . . . .	1,190	0	0
„ Bankers' Interest . . . . .	14	14	4
	<hr/>		
	£.1,204	14	4
	<hr/> <hr/>		

CR.

By Cash paid for Bills contracted for building the Church, previous to the Bazaar . . . . .	418	8	0
„ Balance Payments made by the Rev. J. H. BROWN, beyond the amount of Drawback Duty on the Wood and Glass, and his other Receipts	14	16	4
„ For Bazaar Expenses . . . . .	161	0	0
„ For Bills contracted since the Bazaar, including erecting Gallery, Clock, Organ, Stained Glass Windows, Communion Plate, &c. . . . .	568	0	0
„ Balance at the Bankers, to be applied towards the Erection of a Parsonage House, or other- wise for the Benefit or Improvement of the Church, as may hereafter be thought advisable	42	10	0
	<hr/>		
	£.1,204	14	4
	<hr/> <hr/>		

---

The delay in publishing the Accounts has been in consequence of the Drawback Duty on the Wood and Glass not having been received until this time.

It is due to Mr. WAILES, of Newcastle, to say, that he completed his Contract for the Stained Glass Windows very reasonably, with promptitude, and in a manner which gave the highest satisfaction to all concerned.

Audited and approved by

J. H. BROWN, Vicar of Dalton-le-Dale.

J. CARR, Incumbent of South Shields.

JOSEPH JOHN WRIGHT, Sunderland.

Sunderland, 17th Jan<sup>y</sup>, 1843.



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# A JOURNAL, &c.



## CHAPTER I.

On, on the vessel flies; the land is gone,  
And winds are rude in Biscay's sleepless bay.  
Four days are sped, but with the fifth anon  
New shores descried make every bosom glad;  
And Cintra's mountain greets them on their way,  
And Tagus dashing onward to the deep,  
His fabled golden tribute bent to pay.

CHILDE HAROLD.

ON Friday, September 13, 1839, we left London for Falmouth; the confusion and worry attendant on a long foreign journey may be easier imagined than described; and while the younger branches of the family, with the servants and baggage, made the best of their way to Blackwall, we proceeded in our little britska, by the Southampton railway, to Basingstoke, on our way to the Deptford Inn; I saw, for the first time, Stonehenge. The next day, we were to

have reached Bodmin, a distance of one hundred and thirty miles; but finding this impossible, we passed the night at Launceston, a wretched place, and on Sunday arrived at Falmouth. This journey is peculiarly tedious. The long stages of eighteen and twenty miles, the scarcity of fine places, the hilly roads,—all contribute to render the scene dreary. The difference between the picturesque scenery of Devonshire, its shady lanes, rustic cottages, and pretty villages, and the barren plains of Cornwall, is strongly marked. I must not, however, forget to observe the beautiful place of Mr. Vivian, near Truro; as well as Tregothlin Castle, belonging to Lord Falmouth.

We found the Braganza steamer anchored in Falmouth bay, having had a very rough passage, and encountered a severe gale on the Friday night. The weather still looked wild and stormy; but on the morning of the 16th, hopes were held out of an improvement, in consequence of the glass rising, and the change of the moon. We therefore took courage, and embarked. The steamer was a fine vessel; but as an inferior one had sailed for Lisbon the week before, and a slow one was expected to make the next voyage, every body had made a point of securing

their passage by the Braganza, and sixty cabin passengers were too many for comfort, were such a state of existence compatible with a steamer. In a few hours she was ploughing the great ocean, and almost every person prostrate in utter helplessness. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, all were passed in that dreadful suffering and misery attendant on sea sickness. The horror of nights of rolling, pitching, tossing, is indescribable; the smell, the heat, the suffocation, every annoyance was at its worst. The wind dead against us, a heavy sea, constant squalls, and torrents of rain.

At four o'clock Thursday morning, off Cape Finisterre, a violent crash struck consternation into every bosom on board. Sleepers awoke, the sick forgot their woes, and all ears with terror heard the Lieutenant on the watch, call down the companion, "She's ashore, we are all lost!" This resounded on every side, "rocks, breakers, lost!" were all I could catch. For a moment the suspense was awful: however, the vessel, though injured, went ahead, and it was discovered that one of the paddles had been damaged by the shock she had sustained. What she had struck against, must ever remain a mystery. It was pitch

dark, and not a sound was heard ; the Captain seemed of opinion, that it could not be a small vessel, and declared positively, it was not a rock ; and that he thought it must have been a large piece of floating wreck, or some water-logged craft.

Next morning we reached Vigo, where we anchored to repair the damage, and some of the party went ashore to bring fruit, fresh water, &c. About a dozen Spanish boats, filled with dirty, squalid looking beings, gathered round the vessel. After remaining a couple of hours, we again started, and on Saturday morning found the Burlings in sight. These rocks are sixty miles from Lisbon, and the news gave universal satisfaction. One by one, the wretched sufferers appeared, crawling on deck, to rejoice in the lovely weather and the southern sky. Vimiera, Mafra, Cintra, were passed, and we entered the Tagus between Fort St. Julien, and the Bugie lighthouse. Belem Castle, another fort close to Lisbon, is like an old Moorish building, and is very striking. The approach to Lisbon by water is picturesque. On the one side the Alentejo mountains, and on the other the City, which, seen from a distance, is clean and white. There is some resemblance to Stockholm, but I think the

latter infinitely more beautiful, and the scenery finer and wilder. We anchored opposite the Black Horse Square, which, by the light of a lovely moon, reminded me of the Place St. Mark at Venice. The Hercules and Donegal, two line-of-battle ships, and the Benbow were here; and the Admiral having kindly sent his barge, after some difficulty, and much arguing with the police and custom-house officers, we were at last allowed to land, and seek apartments in an hotel kept by an English woman, Madame Belem. Here we ultimately settled, after some fruitless attempts to procure a private lodging, or find a better hotel. Sunday and Monday were passed in rest and repose, after the fatigue of the passage. I had always heard of Lisbon as a detestable residence, but the reality far surpassed my expectations; the smell, the noises, and discomforts of all sorts, the impossibility of walking, driving, moving, breathing, without having every sense offended, becomes very tiresome; and the noise day and night, precludes all rest and sleep. The Black Horse Square is the principal great place of parade, and has a fine equestrian statue. From this place branch three streets, the Gold, the Silver, and the Cloth streets. Certainly

the two first ill deserve their names, for the shops that are dignified by the title of jewellers, would be unworthy of the booths at a fair.

The filth and poverty of the people is very striking; they are a miserable, decayed looking population; the soldiers here and there seen, give an indifferent idea of what the troops must be at present: while ruins, heaps of rubbish and unfinished buildings, shew the want of energy, and slothful nature of the people. Nothing is finished—nothing is cleared away. On one side, you see the mischief done by the earthquake; on the other, the consequences of the great fire; and though years have rolled over the scene of destruction, the confusion remains the same. In some places, fine trottoirs have been made. The carriages are the worst I ever saw. Wretched high cabriolets, drawn by two mules, which are as difficult to scramble into, as they are to remain in without being thrown forward; while the descent from them in safety, seems nearly impossible. The carts are equally uncouth, and drawn by oxen. The mules here are beautiful, and appear very gentle.

Tuesday the 24th, being the anniversary of Don Pedro's death, high mass was performed at the great

Cathedral, and we were anxious to assist at the ceremony. We brought letters for several people, and among others, for the Duke de Terceira, who kindly came to us, and offered his carriage, for which we were most grateful. It was an English chariot drawn by two mules; and on arriving at the church, we found that places were provided for us near the altar. The Archbishop took us into a vault adjoining, and shewed us the coffin of Don Pedro, covered with black and gold, having on it the crowns of Portugal and the Brazils; also the *catfalque* of the ill-fated Prince of Leuchtenburg, who was, for three months only, the husband of the young Queen.

The body of the church was full of troops, officers, and ministers, in uniform. Soon after the Queen arrived, and was led into her *tribune*, which was more like a box at a theatre than a pew in a church. She was dressed in black, and is very large notwithstanding her youth. Her present husband, the Prince of Coburg, is good looking, fair, and so young that he appears quite boyish. The patriarch, a venerable old man, who, I was told, was the head of the church, was carried by the priests in an arm-chair, and placed opposite the Queen.

The service commenced; the music was very good,

about twenty voices accompanied by an orchestra of violins. This latter instrument is so connected with the idea of a theatre, that it appears to me particularly ill suited for a cathedral, where I think none but an organ admissible; I prefer the music of the Greek church, where multitudes of voices address their Creator unaided by any instrument.

I saw several dogs literally on the steps of the altar, where they ran about unreprieved, nor did their appearance create any surprise. After the service, the King and Queen, and all the great officers and ministers entered the vault, where they remained about a quarter of an hour. We then went to call on the Duchess de Terceira, and had a hot drive of four miles to a nice house on the banks of the Tagus. It was fitted up in the English fashion, and looked deliciously cool, with its fresh chintzes and nice mats. This residence is attached to the Duke's situation as Governor of Belem Castle. He is, besides, Master of the Horse to the Queen, and was very kind, constantly placing his equipages at our disposal. It was arranged that we should dine there the following Saturday.

For two days the heat was so oppressive, I remained at home, and on the Friday Sir John Ommanney invited us to go on board the Donegal, a large man-of-

war, anchored in the Tagus. We accepted the invitation, and were much gratified with the inspection. She is, however, a very old vessel, and is not to be compared with the *Britannia*, of 120 guns, which had been shewn me at Plymouth.

The party at the Duke of Terceira's was small, and the dinner long; the conversation generally carried on in Portuguese, though they addressed me in French. Nothing could be more amusing than the collection of different servants that waited at dinner, including, among other extraordinary specimens, a Moor, and a small boy dressed like an English tiger, in boots and leathers. After a week's residence at Lisbon, the arrival of the English packet without letters for us, and the return of the *Braganza* from Gibraltar, we determined on making an excursion to Cintra, and accordingly set out on Sunday afternoon. The baggage was sent on before in a cart, the two servants in a vehicle something like a cabriolet, high, hung very forward, and extremely difficult to mount, descend from, or remain in. Lord L. and I followed in a chariot and four, which sounded very grand, and I had promised myself a comfortable drive. We were informed it would require three hours to accomplish the sixteen

miles. My expectations vanished on seeing our machine, which certainly was ill fitted even to contain two persons, much less make them comfortable. I know not what to compare it to; a small, hard, ill-made, old arm-chair, covered over, pitched forward, and placed very high; and into this we scrambled. The pavement and the jolting are, beyond all description dreadful. It was impossible to converse, the noise blunted every sense; one could neither speak, hear, nor see; and found plenty of employment in the vain endeavour to steady oneself, so as to resist the jolts and jerks. Half way we stopped to feed the mules, who seemed to enjoy their bread and wine extremely, and we proceeded with renewed speed.

The face of the country strikes a stranger very much; as does also the mixture of barren and waste land with the luxuriance of vegetation. The aloe hedges form a good fence, but their beauty was destroyed by the heat and drought of summer, and they looked curled up like sea weed. We passed several quintas, or villas, that seemed in a falling, ruinous state; but it appeared to me as if very little exertion was requisite to make them once more habitable and enjoyable. As we approached Cintra, the great range of craggy mountains became visible, and we could distinctly discover the

convent on the top of the highest, called "Il Col di Pena." We found our rooms and dinner ready in a small cottage, belonging to the same English person in whose hotel we lodged at Lisbon.

I do not remember any description of Cintra, except Lord Byron's, that at all does justice to its singular beauty. The immense rocks, stones, and barren crags thrown about in wild confusion, the orange groves, the cork forests, the extent of view, the mountains that appear inaccessible, and the little retreats, to which people are glad to fly for refuge from the noise and poisonous air of Lisbon,—all are grouped in beauty and harmony.

"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 awestruck world, unlocked Elysium's gates ?

The horrid crags, by toppling convent crown'd ;  
 The cork trees hoar, that clothe the craggy steep ;  
 The mountain-moss, by scorching skies imbrown'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 ;  
 Mixed in one mighty scene, with varied beauty glow."

Next morning, the rain came down in such torrents, that I began to fear we should remain prisoners ; however, after a severe contest, the sun regained his empire, the blue sky re-appeared, and the weather clearing, the donkies came to the door, and we set out on our pilgrimage to the two convents, and in the first instance to the cork one, two leagues distant. For about a mile, we followed a bad road through a lovely country, stopping every moment to contemplate the beautiful views. We passed an immense orangerie belonging to the Marialva Palace. We saw the loveliest shrubs and evergreens, and were under the shade of the most beautiful cork trees, when suddenly our guide turned off to a wild craggy moor, which we crossed ; and after much toiling, ascending, descending, and winding, arrived at the convent.

It is curious, being entirely constructed in the rock, and fitted up with cork ; walls, ceilings, chairs, are all of the same material. Here St. Honorius dug his grave ; and, as Lord Byron truly says, seems to have thought

“ To merit Heaven by making earth a hell.”

A poor, lame old Portuguese, covered with rags and dirt, was our cicerone ; and as none of the party spoke

his language, we were deprived of any information he might have given us. We sat on some rocks, and ate our luncheon ; the clear spring beside us afforded delicious water, and a heavy shower having fallen while we were under shelter, we set out again to reach the *Col di Pena* convent. I own that when I saw it at a distance, it appeared to me wholly inaccessible, perched like an eagle's nest, on the highest pinnacle of a craggy mountain overlooking the sea ; and even when, after much winding and climbing, we approached, I still doubted the powers of my donkey to carry me there, and the skill of the guide to conduct us. However, at last we reached it, and were rewarded by one of the most magnificent views imaginable.

We waited some time, and when we gained admittance, entered a chapel, where the fine altar-piece, of carved white marble, formed a strong contrast to the dirty leaden candlesticks placed before it. The walls were of green and white tiles ; the monks have long been banished ; and the building is now filled with workmen, as the King has bought it, is repairing the whole, and means to render it a delightful residence. The suite of rooms command beautiful views, and might be fitted up with the greatest luxury and com-

fort. In the middle of the building is a little Moorish court, paved in blue and white china, and surrounded by small open arches. We climbed up a little winding stone staircase to the prison. Here again we gazed on the sea, and the surrounding mountains and plains. I did not add my name to the many I saw scrawled on the wall, and we descended, re-mounted our donkies, and returned to Cintra. The descent is long, but the road much better than the one from the Cork convent ; and a magnificent winding approach is in progress, making under the King's direction, who shews the best possible taste in reviving this old building, and has the additional merit of giving employment to a number of people. Next day, the rain fell heavily, but we found a moment of fine weather, to go and see the Queen's Palace ; a most uncouth looking building, when contemplated from the exterior ; part of it being Moorish, and most of it any style of architecture the gazer may choose to call it. We had some trouble to gain admittance, and, after ascending a great flight of steps, waited a little time at the door, till a dirty guide presented himself to do the honours. The palace is as miserable inside as it is ugly outside. The suite of rooms occupied by the Queen, is wretched, uncomfort-

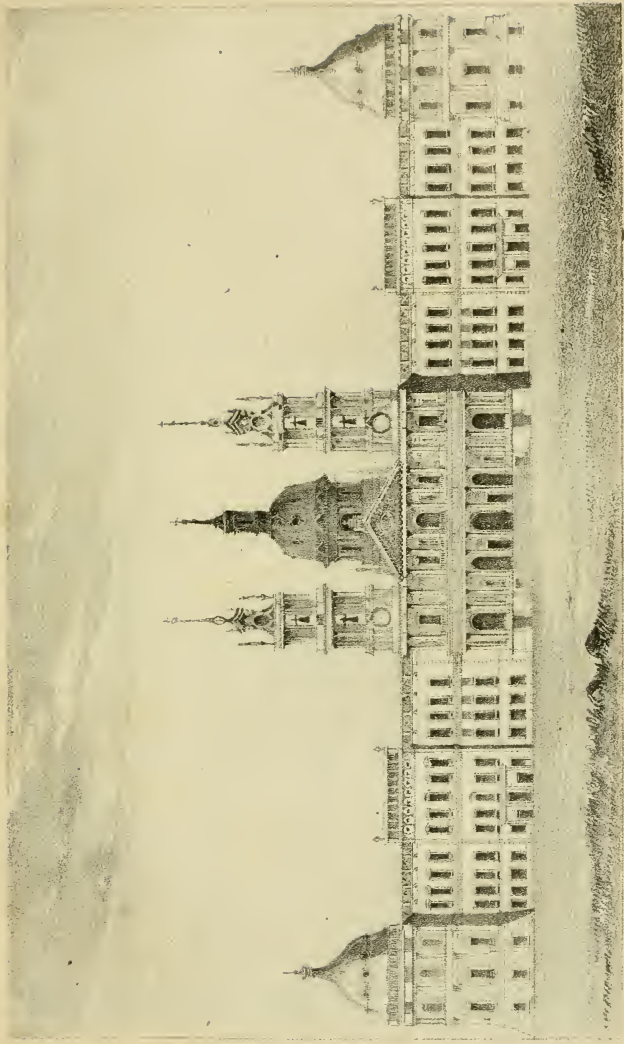
able, and badly furnished. Here and there, the dados and pavements being made of old china, recall the Moors, and present that peculiarity that all their works possess. At the top of the building is a billiard room, and this is really pretty and original. The room is square, or nearly so, with windows on three sides, and the arms of Portugal painted in compartments; while the walls are entirely lined with tiles of old blue and white china, that form pictures and panels. A small bath room was arranged in a similar manner, and while we were gazing, the cicerone touched some unseen spring, and the freshest and purest water streamed forth on every side. We made a rapid escape into the little court into which this cool retreat opened, and here again the small Moorish fountain began to play.

We then went to the Marialva Palace, where the convention of Cintra was signed, and where Lord L. had resided during the war. We found the old lady to whom it now belongs, the Marquise de Laurisal, and she kindly conducted us through the rooms, till she opened a door, and desired us to look out: we saw a most beautiful view of hill and dale; on one side the Cintra mountains, on the other Mafra; while magnificent groves of orange and citron trees lay at

our feet. From hence we proceeded to Montserrat, a place created by Mr. Beckford, and said to have been perfectly beautiful, but now is in a sad state of decay and ruin. It is difficult to conceive how such havoc and desolation could have happened in so short a space of time.

Next day being allotted for our pilgrimage to Mafra, the packing commenced at an early hour, and at eleven o'clock, we set out ; the carriages, baggage cart, &c. ; some of the party walking, some on donkies ; and as there was hardly the appearance of a road, and every thing went at a foot's pace, we were above five hours accomplishing the three leagues. We passed over hills and through valleys that seemed highly cultivated, and where the dark green of the olive, and the light shade of the vineyard, made a striking contrast. Arriving at Mafra, we found rooms prepared for us in a corner of this old palace, but neither fire, furniture, nor provisions ; still, as it was impossible to get on that night to Lisbon, we bivouacked as we best could, and the servants cooked the provisions we had brought with us.

This enormous pile of building, called the Escorial of Portugal, is said to be of marble ; it certainly is of



Central lith. to ...

H. Arcken, Lith.

# PALACIO DE MAFRA.

J. Mitchell, Publisher to Her Majesty, 33, Old Bond St



surprising size, and has above 5000 windows ; in the centre, is the great cathedral, with a cupola, the whole interior of which is lined with marble of various colours, grey, white, black, and yellow, highly polished, though not perhaps of the finest sort. This palace was built seven hundred years ago, by Don John V., for the accomplishment of a vow for the succession, the Queen not having children. Being very tired after our jolting, broiling day, we postponed seeing more till the morrow, and, after a frugal repast, retired to rest.

This immense edifice is completely stripped of furniture; nor are there any remains of carving and gilding. There is a great deal of rough marble, but the rooms generally are of the rudest and coarsest decoration, if such high sounding title may be given to the white washed walls and raftered ceilings of the suites we passed through. The corridors, galleries, and rooms seemed innumerable and endless, and we were told by the intendant, who accompanied us, that a person might walk here for two days, without retracing his steps. There is a great convent within the walls, and a fine library, 226 feet long, with a floor of variegated marble, and dome, and galleries. Here are 29,000 volumes ; and though the palace is utterly

deserted and uninhabited (for I saw but two old men while there), the books seem in the best state of preservation, and not a vestige of dust or damp was to be seen. It is only by walking over the roofs, that the colossal size of this vast building can be appreciated. These are almost flat, and tiled for the purpose of promenading, with steps and balustrades; and are more like terraces or ramparts than housetops. It is however, very sad to see this fine palace, which must have cost so much money, time, and labour, now neglected, deserted, tenantless, and falling into decay. The Duke of Wellington gave a ball to the army here, and since that it has hardly been used. Our journey back to Lisbon was very fatiguing; the distance is about five leagues, the heat oppressive, and the road, as usual, extremely bad. The next day, Friday, October 4, the English packet, the *Tagus*, came in, and being the finest and largest on the station, we did not like to miss the opportunity of going on in her to Cadiz: we therefore prepared to start the next morning. A more unpleasant and disagreeable residence than Lisbon can hardly be found. The very air is poisoned by pestilential odours; the noises never cease by day or by night, and all that belong to town or country are

blended together in dreadful harmony, or rather discord.

I am aware this is strong and dark colouring ; but I hardly think any person who thas been there will think it exaggerated.

There are few places that one takes leave of for ever without some feeling of regret, on reflecting that the objects are seen for the last time. I confess, however, that I left Lisbon with sensations of joy, and I rejoiced at my escape from so odious a residence, and looked forward with hope and eagerness to any change that must be for the better.

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## CHAPTER II.

Blest power of sunshine, genial day,  
What balm, what life is in thy ray,  
To feel thee in such real bliss,  
That had the world no joy but this,  
To sit in sunshine calm and sweet  
It were a world too exquisite,  
For men to leave it for the gloom,  
The deep, cold shadow of the tomb.

MOORE.

AFTER taking leave of the Duke of Terceira, we embarked on board the *Tagus*, on the morning of the 5th. The vessel was filled with passengers, having eighty on board, when there was only accommodation for thirty; and it was with very great difficulty that a small cabin could be procured for me, and even that, had little light and air: here I spent a miserable night, though the sea was not very rough, and after passing Cape St. Vincent became quite calm. About two o'clock next day, the fair city of Cadiz appeared in sight, lovely as it is always described and painted, the reality equalled one's *beau idéal*. The houses are of dazzling whiteness, and built with extreme regu-

city, and the sky and sea of that beautiful blue, so often dreamed and read of, but so rarely seen.

“ When Cadiz, daughter of unclouded skies,  
Bids sea-girt hall and snowy turret rise.”

There is no harbour, and there being a great many rocks, which are called the Hogs and the Pigs, we anchored two miles from the town, among several other vessels, some Americans under quarantine, on account of fever, some French ; also an English brig-of-war, the *Trinculo*, commanded by Captain Coffin, who instantly sent off her boat, to offer to land us, after the usual ceremony of being boarded and examined by the health and police boats. A very pretty schooner yacht, the *Merlin*, lay near, and her boat with Captain Lyon came on board. The consul likewise sent his son to assist us ; but the prettiest sight of all, was a most picturesque Spanish pilot boat, gaily painted and ornamented, and with a sail placed across it. On landing and walking up to our lodging, we were instantly struck with the great contrast to Lisbon, the last being, without exception, the dirtiest and most disgusting town ever seen, while this appears as if just built and painted. Outside the walls, we passed stalls filled with the whitest bread, in all shapes and forms, and piles

of the finest fruit. On entering the town, being Sunday, we found the shops shut, but it is impossible to describe the brightness and cleanliness of this lovely place. The narrow streets, the tidy trottoirs, the white houses with green verandas, and with shutters and balconies painted in the gayest colours, are very striking. Here we found our letters, and we settled ourselves in a clean comfortable lodging kept by an Englishman.

The shops in Cadiz are good, particularly for gloves, which are said to surpass the French, and are often richly embroidered in gold, silver, or colours. With the assistance of the Misses Brackenbury, daughters of the consul, I succeeded in making some purchases of silk, &c., and leaving a large order for gloves. I also bought a mantilla, a costume perfectly necessary while residing in Spain, where a bonnet is never seen, and where the ladies promenade with nothing else to defend their heads from the sun. The effect is very picturesque, the black lace falling over their glossy raven hair, which is arranged with bunches of natural flowers, while the large fan replaces the parasol, and a Spanish woman may be known anywhere, by her dexterity in using it.

The house of the English consul is full of curious and pretty things, collected during a residence of thirteen years in Cadiz ; pictures, cabinets, fans, fillagree, &c. The young ladies speak Spanish and play the guitar : the whole family were most kind, attentive, and hospitable. We dined there, and found an excellent dinner ; but no sooner had the ladies left the room, than, as I was informed, the cigars appeared.

There are no carriages at Cadiz ; the distances are short, the streets narrow, and the trottoirs good. I had an opportunity of seeing that walking was perfectly practicable in an hour after a torrent of rain. Our lodging looked into the Alaméda, or public walk ; and so lovely is this climate, that, at eleven o'clock at night, not a vestige of cold or damp was to be felt ; and I was told that the moon made it nearly as light as day, and that it was possible to read small print by it.

The cathedral is a very fine building of great size ; the exterior is freestone, and the interior principally marble. In one of the chapels, we were shewn a small Murillo ; but it was hung too high, and there was not sufficient light to judge of it. Having heard

that fêtes, illuminations, balls, and a bull-fight were announced at Seville, in celebration of rejoicing at the termination of the war, by Don Carlos's betrayal, we determined on hurrying to that interesting city: and on Wednesday, at eight o'clock in the morning, Mr. Brackenbury drove me down to the water's edge, where we found the Trinculo's boats, which took us on board a steamer called the Peninsula, that professed to make her passage to Seville in ten hours. Here we discovered a large party already in possession, clouds of smoke from the different cigars, and the usual smell of oil so universally used for cooking.

The morning was lovely, wind and tide favoured us, and we glided on almost imperceptibly. The country was not pretty, and the banks of the Guadalquivir flat and marshy, and I should think unhealthy. The waters looked dirty and troubled, very different from the azure sea near Cadiz. Within two hours of Seville, we met with a small steamer, into which the passengers and luggage were transferred, without the inconvenience that sometimes occurs, and which occasions much delay, namely, sticking in the mud. The plains on each side were covered with large droves of oxen. As we approached the city, now and

then, the windings of the river permitted us to catch a glimpse of the fine old Gothic cathedral; the country improved, groves of orange and lemon trees appeared, mixed with pomegranates, aloes, and, here and there, a graceful palm tree.

At length, we landed at a curious old tower, and the usual delay and worry took place, as to the examination of the baggage. Nothing can be more tiresome, or worse managed than this ceremony in Spain. One would have supposed that, as every thing had been searched at Cadiz, the same operation might have been dispensed with at Seville; but, on the contrary, it was more rigorous, and repeated again at the gates of the town, as well as on the pier; and they actually opened my pillow, to see if I had filled it with tobacco, the great object of jealousy.

The boarding house, kept by a sick Englishman, was prepared for ; and here we found a bad dinner, and most uncomfortable rooms: the good humour and attentions of our companions cheered us a little; and having put all our stores and provisions together, we endeavoured to do justice to them, and to laugh at the heavy disappointment of finding

blackening, or French polish, in Captain Lyon's mustard pot. Next morning we went to high mass, and to hear the Te Deum in the cathedral, and were not disappointed in our expectations of the beauty of this ancient edifice. The music was very inferior, but the architecture, the carvings, the marbles, and the old stained glass, are beyond all praise. We walked round after the service, and wished much to see the famous Murillos; but the chapels were closed, and being a fête, we could not get them opened. We walked over the tomb of Fernando Columbus. On his coat of arms, two vessels are engraved, with the touching motto, that "to Castile and Leon, Columbus gave another world."

At night the city was illuminated. A singular custom is observed here; in the large piazza or square, in the balcony of the palace, the full length portraits of the two Queens are put under a crimson velvet canopy, and sentinels are placed; the same is done at the theatre.

The pavement here is very inferior to Cadiz, and the distances greater; we procured a carriage, however, to drive about. The theatre is small, and the music bad, the smell of the cigars most oppressive,

and the general view spoiled by the ladies having very unwisely abandoned their own beautiful costume, to imitate French fashions. The gallery here is entirely set apart for ladies, and it seemed crowded. Men are forbidden to approach this sanctuary; and while we were at Seville, much scandal was caused by the appearance of two Englishmen, who, in all innocence and ignorance, wandered up, and, unchecked by the usual sentinel, who happened to be absent, transgressed the rule, and were accordingly shewn up in the papers next day.

The balls were so late that I was not equal to the fatigue of sitting up for them: one was given in the open air, and one in the town hall; for admission, only two shillings were paid. We dined one day at a Swiss café, the *Rocher de Cancale* of Seville, kept by a man who seemed to be a character. He professed to speak every language a little, and none well, and declared himself a Welshman, and that his native tongue was perhaps his best. Returning, we passed the dome of the cathedral, which, being illuminated to the top, had a beautiful effect.

Friday 11th, being the day of the bull-fight, we

secured two balconies, and at three o'clock proceeded there; unfortunately we were rather late, and the ceremony had commenced; one bull was already struggling in the agonies of death, and it was with some difficulty we succeeded in getting our places. The amphitheatre is large, and I was told, had held thirteen or fourteen thousand persons, at four o'clock in the morning, when the mob was admitted without payment to see the bulls, which were driven in from the neighbouring plains. One man had been killed that morning, or, as the American called it, a human had been used up. The governor's box, with several persons in uniform, was situated in the middle of the building. The bulls were not as savage or as strong as I expected, and the horses were most miserable. The dresses of the Piccadors and the Matador are variegated and tasteful; the latter is the person who kills the animal, and is the only one privileged to have a scarlet flag.

There is much interest and excitement in this exhibition; and however great the disgust and horror one may feel at the cruelty and brutality exhibited, it is almost impossible to withdraw one's

eyes from the scene before them. One of the bulls killed three horses in a very short time. There is great dexterity in the way the Banderilleros rush in, and stick ornamented darts into the sides or head of the animal, for the purpose of enraging him. Sometimes these are made so as to explode with rockets. On one occasion, the bull not being sufficiently savage, the people cried out for dogs, but the cry was disregarded. On the whole, after the death of the sixth bull, I was glad to come away, rejoicing that I had had an opportunity of seeing this national amusement, but not at all desirous of ever witnessing it a second time: yet this "ungentle sport" has the power of exciting and rivetting the feelings and attention of a whole nation; the Spanish maid as well as the Spanish swain:

"Nurtured in blood, betimes his heart delights  
In vengeance, gloating o'er another's pain."

Next morning we set out at twelve, under the care of Mr. Williams, the vice-consul, to visit the Alcazar, or old palace of the Moorish kings. This is so totally different from any building one has ever seen, that it is particularly interesting. The open

arches and marble pillars, the lovely ceilings, many of which have been entirely renovated by fresh colours and new gildings, enchant the traveller with their varied hues. We heard that the Queen had resolved on repairing the whole; and though her intentions had been frustrated by the want of funds during the war, yet that this would eventually be accomplished. The Hall of the Ambassadors is the finest apartment in the palace, and, if ever restored to its original beauty, would be almost worth returning to look at.

The gardens are very large, and filled with orange groves. In one of the little courts was a lovely jessamine, that flowered with wild luxuriance, and perfumed the air. The taste and proportions of these apartments strike the beholder so much, that he forgets their want of size, and imagination loses itself in trying to picture what these lovely retreats must have been, when furnished and inhabited by the refined, elegant, and luxurious Moors.

From this palace we went to a very different scene—a great manufactory for snuff and tobacco. In an enormous room, 500 feet long, we saw, seated at little tables, 2,900 women and girls, all employed

in making and tying up cigars. It was the most curious and novel sight I ever beheld ; the noise was deafening, and the smell poisonous, but the scene was one for a painter : all ages were here, though but few pretty faces ; one poor girl, exhausted by fatigue, lay sleeping with her head on the table her companions worked round. We were told they came from the neighbouring country, and were paid by the 100 cigars they twisted.

We next went to the great hospital in the church, where are the three *chef d'œuvres* of Murillo ; two are hung so high, and in so bad a light, that it is hardly possible to see their beauty. One represents Our Saviour blessing the bread before the miracle of the loaves and fishes : the other is called Moses striking the rock, being, in reality, the moment after the prophet has done so, when joy is on every countenance, and when each person rushes forward to the water which is gushing forth. The third picture is of St. Thomas, the founder of the hospital. The saint is supposed to be carrying a sick man, when, looking round, he finds himself assisted by an angel. This is beautiful, and is fortunate in having some light, though it is

much disfigured by dirt and want of varnish. Seville was the birth-place of Murillo. Many of the pictures in the chapels of the cathedral have been painted by him; among others, the vision of St. Geronimo, which is said to be his best production; and an altar-piece, the vision of St. Anthony.

We were shewn all the treasure; and there is a surprising quantity of plate, and great riches in jewels and old gold and silver; large candlesticks, vases, cups, chalices, &c. of the finest work, very ancient, and extremely costly. A small and curiously worked ornament is to be seen there, made of the first gold from the New World, encrusted with unpolished emeralds and sapphires. The great altar is made to open, and is all silver gilt, and filled with curious things. We saw very magnificent vestments for the priests, made of embroidered velvets, and cloth of gold and silver; but the most extraordinary and precious thing here, is a temple, of eleven feet in length, curiously worked, formed out of solid silver; it was made about three hundred years ago, and is worth between two and three thousand pounds. On St. John's day it is taken out and

placed on the altar, and the priests dance before it, as David is described in the Scriptures to have done before the ark. It is kept in good order by a silversmith, who has a pension for that purpose. On one day in the year, it is paraded with great pomp and ceremony through the town by men in magnificent dresses.

We had projected an expedition to Cordova, but this was discovered to be impracticable, even for gentlemen, and of course utterly impossible for a lady to undertake. The want of inns and all accommodation added discomfort to the danger and difficulty. We therefore gave this up with regret, though we were assured we lost nothing in foregoing it, as the old Mosque there, was the only thing worth seeing. It is described as being in a bad state; as a Moorish remain, it ranks after the Alhambra, and next to the Alcazar at Seville. During the occupation of Cordova by the Moors, it is stated to have contained two hundred thousand houses, nine hundred public baths, and six hundred mosques.

As a great favour, we were allowed to inspect a convent, and the one selected was the poorest,

but very interesting and extremely ancient one, of St. Agnese de Coronella. St. Agnese was a very beautiful lady, beloved by Pedro the Cruel, who, to escape his persecution, disfigured herself by pouring boiling oil over her face. She founded this convent, which was originally her palace, and being very rich, she endowed it with all her wealth. In the chapel, her body is shewn, most curiously preserved and embalmed, and on the face are distinctly seen the marks of the burning oil. We were first conducted to the grating, which was double, but allowed us to distinguish a small room, in which the Lady Abbess sat and received us. She was a diminutive and very old woman; she inquired why we had selected her convent for inspection, when there were so many richer and finer; we told her we had been attracted by its antiquity and interest. She informed us there were twenty-eight nuns, all of whom were very poor, the government having taken their revenues under promise of paying them so much per day, but for twenty months, this had been neglected, and consequently they were in great distress, and lived on charity and the bounty of strangers. The priest then came and con-

ducted us into the usual Patio, or open Moorish court, with a garden in the middle, surrounded by marble rocks. The birds sang sweetly, and the flowers were most fragrant. These appeared to be all the amusement and recreation of these poor recluses, who however declared themselves perfectly happy. They were all very old, but we were told there were a few young ones: on this occasion, however, they were locked up. We saw the dormitory, a long gallery fitted up with little white beds; their refectory, with a pulpit, from which one of the sisterhood reads during the repast. They seemed delighted with our visit, asked the most foolish and childish questions, and repeated the same words a dozen times over. Every thing was in a state of extreme and careful cleanliness, not an atom of dust or dirt visible, and their dress, though of the coarsest materials, equally neat; a purple stuff gown, and thick black veil. A scourge and rosary hung from the girdle, and a medallion of their saint was suspended by a ribbon round the neck. One old nun, with some secret negociation, and the aid of an interpreter, consented to part with her's for

four dollars, and thus I was enabled to carry away an interesting remembrance of my visit.

Mr. Standish, a rich English gentleman settled in Seville, was so good as to give me a concert; and I was also present at another at the "Lonja," a great public room. The music was loud and bad: the president read a speech or oration; in answer to which, not a word was said; and being very tired, and finding the whole thing extremely dull, I retired early. They have in Spain a curious word to indicate any great fête, they call it "a function;" and they apply the same word to any personage of consideration. The day arrived to bid adieu to Seville, where we had been much pleased, during the week we spent there; so much is to be seen that is new, curious, and strange, that we forgot the inconvenience and the privations we endured in being uncomfortably accommodated and indifferently provided. The flowers here are beautiful, and in summer must be delicious. Even in this advanced month, I had every day large bouquets of the finest roses, myrtle, and a profusion of the sweetest jessamine. The streets are narrow and ill

paved, and the houses do not appear to advantage; the best part of them, namely the Patio, or court, being at the back. There, during summer, the ladies hold their tertulia, or evening reception, and, till the month of October, live entirely on the ground floor. We found a great difference in the climate, Seville being much warmer than Cadiz.

On Tuesday the 15th, we returned by the Guadalquiver in a small steam boat, and fortunately escaped sticking in the mud, a very common occurrence in this shallow river. We heard of one vessel which had remained there ten days, and we saw one that seemed to have little chance of moving. Arriving late at Cadiz, we went to dine on board Mr. Bentinck's yacht, the Antelope; and as the governor was kind enough to allow the gates of the city to be opened, we landed late and returned to our inn. Next day being devoted to rest, after my fatigues, I went on Thursday on board Captain Lyon's schooner yacht, the Merlin, and saw a race between his boat, and that of the Trinculo, commanded by Captain Coffin; the latter was victorious. Friday, the 18th, we started very early

on an expedition to Xeres. We arrived at the pier in time to see the steamer depart without us. We therefore hired a Spanish felucca, or small sailing boat, which, as the wind was favourable, took us over to Port St. Mary's in an hour and a half. The sand and shoals make the entrance appear long and difficult to strangers, who do not know its dangers. It is a large town. We found here a very extraordinary vehicle, a sort of open carriage, with four places, to which six mules are attached.

This had been sent for us by Mr. Gordon, the great Scotch wine merchant. His two sons, in a painted cabriolet, accompanied by an armed outrider, escorted us. Unfortunately the rain fell in torrents, and deprived us of seeing the country and the vineyards, from which the famous sherry is made. It was too wet to visit the convent in the neighbourhood, but we were most kindly and hospitably received by Mr. Gordon. The cellars, where his wine is kept, are built on the dimensions of the cathedral at Seville, and in them are placed between four and five thousand butts of sherry, varying in price, from £.30 to £.200 each. Here I was fortunate enough to meet with a very curious fan,

which I selected from several old ones brought me to look at. After dinner, we were escorted back to Port St. Mary's by Mr. Gordon's sons, and being driven at a wonderful pace, we accomplished the ten miles, much under the hour. Xeres is a large rich town, with 45,000 inhabitants. I learned from Mr. Gordon that my father had spent a year here. Land is of immense value, an acre highly cultivated, may produce £.250 a year; and each olive tree is calculated at about 12s. annually.

It was late when we reached the point of embarkation, but we fortunately found the steamer which we had missed in the morning, and in this we returned safely to Cadiz.

### CHAPTER III.

As slow our ship her foamy track  
Against the wind was cleaving,  
Her trembling pennant still looked back  
To that dear isle 'twas leaving.

So loath we part from all we love—  
From all the links that bind us:  
So turn our hearts where'er we rove  
To those we've left behind us.

MOORE.

ON the morning of the 19th, we prepared to take our departure from Cadiz for Tangiers. The sea was rough, the yachts lay far out, and the little boat danced on the water till I became extremely nervous. At last, I was deposited safely on board the *Antelope*, and the *Xarifa*, with Lord and Lady Wilton, came into the bay, and paid me a visit. They advised delay, and wanted us to remain till they returned from Seville. We were, however, unwilling to lose time, and our friends, Mr. Bentinck and Captain Lyon, deciding for us, hove up their anchors, and away we went.

We had hardly left the bay, when the weather changed ; rain, fog, and haze, with tremendous sea and swell, came on ; and the gay party that was to meet at dinner at six o'clock was completely broken up. Blue lights were burnt to keep near the Merlin, but, at last, we lost her in the dark.

The pitching and tossing increased, Lord L. proposed returning to Cadiz, but this Mr. Bentinck decidedly negatived ; and, after a dreadful night of suffering and misery, we made the African coast ; and, after twenty-four hours from Cadiz, anchored in Tangiers bay.

The Merlin soon followed ; and as there was a great deal of rolling, notwithstanding the fine weather, it was settled that I should land, the English consul, Mr. Drummond Hay, having kindly offered to give me a room in his house. The boat shot on the sand, and two old, barelegged, turbanned Arabs, having waded through the water, and carried me out on a chair, deposited me on a donkey, and we set off. Arriving first at the consul's house, which, in the Eastern fashion, he assured me was mine, we proceeded to see the fair on a hill outside the town. The scene was most curious and interesting. The

complete novelty and utter change that this most barbarous part of Barbary presents, though hardly fifteen miles from Europe, are very striking, while the degradation and decadence of these people once so talented and refined, and now almost reduced to savages, give rise to melancholy reflections. There was a funeral by the water's edge, and they were burying the dead with the greatest speed, hardly taking time to cover the body with sufficient earth to secure its safety; but they replied that the angel of death was expecting, and, if made to wait long, would go to Heaven without him.

Not a Christian was to be seen; on all sides, Jews and Moors, the latter having always the long lock of hair by which they are to be drawn or pulled into paradise. Some unfortunate, half-naked, miserable beings that I saw huddled up together, I was told, were considered saints, because they were out of their mind. We passed a beautiful old Moorish mosque, which was open, and we peeped in; some tall forms wrapped in their haicks were visible, but it is death for a Christian to enter therein. We also passed a bazaar for tobacco and other merchandise. It is not safe for strangers to go about without a guard, as

these Moors believe that the murder of a Christian is a step towards Heaven. They never do harm to a cat, as they consider them evil spirits, and they are, consequently, to be seen in great numbers. The Consul's son killed fifty in one day, and looking over the tops of the houses, which are quite flat and without chimneys, I saw an innumerable quantity. At length we arrived at the top of the hill, on the side of which several tents were pitched, and a more curious scene can hardly be conceived. We were much struck with the wildness and novelty of beholding these strange beings—some of whom were huddled up in groupes—some, marching about in solitary state. Here were crowds of Jews, oxen, asses, camels; some of them were kneeling; others heavily laden with fruit, and most vicious brutes they seemed: not a female was to be seen, except, now and then, some frightful old woman, very closely and most unnecessarily veiled. The arms of the people are beautiful; we stopped one man to examine his gun; it was very long, and curiously worked. They do not allow them to be taken out of the country. The climate is perfectly delicious. We found ourselves near the end of October, with a bluer sky, a warmer air, a hotter sun,

than we had known during even the dog-days in England, surrounded by the richest vegetation, and almost all the finest tropical plants. We saw everywhere growing in wild luxuriance the flowers and shrubs we had hitherto known only as nurselings of a hot-house.

At the top of the hill is a small religious building used for the great feast or sacrifice of the Lamb, which is, in some degree, similar to the Jewish Pass-over; and from hence, we were conducted into what is called the Dutch Garden, from the fact of its belonging to the consul of that country; the geranium hedges, the beds of tuberoses, the pepper-tree—a most beautiful and graceful plant—the tobacco, the palm-tree, were all here, with many others; while, in the open country, the aloes and the cactus, or prickly pear, astonished us by their wonderful size. The grapes are the finest in the world, being the size of small eggs, and of excellent flavour. We returned by another road, passing a manufactory of the famous morocco leather, and re-entered the walls of the town; the gates are closed at sun-set, and during the hours of prayer. The Consul was extremely hospitable in receiving all the party at dinner, and we found his

family most amiable and agreeable. The house was very comfortable, with a large wooden balcony overhanging the garden, and looking over the beautiful bay, without taking in any of the horrors of the town. I was told that the vegetation had suffered terribly, and they were only just beginning to recover from a tremendous visitation of locusts that had blighted and destroyed every thing; and they had been obliged to keep an immense number of men employed in sweeping the walls and gardens to prevent their coming into the house. It was said the poor people ate them, and that they were like shrimps; I also heard, that a lion had come down upon them some years ago, which the natives considered as a fore-runner of the cholera.

Being very much fatigued, and the Consul kindly pressing our stay, we determined on remaining another day and sailing early next morning. Some Moorish merchants brought their stores of haicks\*, embroidered cushions, slippers, purses, and pocket-books. By giving them six dollars of pure gold, you may have a ring made and curiously worked with any name in Arabic required; of these I ordered several, as re-

\* I believe these are correctly written *Alhaickes*.

membrances for friends at home—and directed some should be engraved with Tangiers. In the evening, four Moorish musicians came, and squatted in a half-circle at the farthest end of the room. The first had some indescribable old instrument with two strings; the second, a sort of guitar; the third, who was a Jew, played the fiddle; and the fourth jingled an ancient tambourine. All sung, or rather howled, and only united in one point, namely, in producing a climax of noise and discord, so barbarous and wild, that such an exhibition I never before witnessed. Dr. Forbes, an English physician who accompanied us, was much consulted here, and especially by a beautiful Jewess with whom he lodged; and, on holding out hopes to her of a family after five years expectation, the husband embraced him; and all the town flocked to see the Hakim.

We were very desirous for an audience of the Bashaw, who fixed ten o'clock on the Tuesday morning to receive us, thereby compelling us to delay for some hours our departure. At the appointed time the whole party started. The gentlemen proceeded on foot, having made themselves as smart as circumstances would permit of. I was mounted

on a small white horse, and felt myself a most extraordinary figure; the Consul having desired that I should put on jewels (as a mark of respect to the Bashaw), which certainly were ill-suited to my travelling gown and old poke straw bonnet. We were accompanied by an aged fat interpreter and a beautiful Jewish woman in the rich costume of her nation: her black eyes were deeply dyed; she wore double ear-rings, and one pair were as thick and as large as Indian bangles or bracelets. Her little feet were bare, with the exception of red velvet and gold slippers, and even these she was obliged to take off in Moorish presence. Passing the mosque with them on, and hearing herself cursed, she darted forward, turned very pale, and then informed us, this malediction was in consequence of her not being bare-footed while on holy ground.

We ascended a very steep hill, on the top of which stands the old Moorish castle. The courts were filled with Arabs and extraordinary-looking beings. After waiting a few minutes, we were ushered into the marble *patio*, where, without attendants, the Bashaw received us. Three carpets, each smaller than the lower one, and a folded blanket, formed the seat on

which he was seated, or rather squatted, holding his feet, and apparently counting his toes; wrapped in white muslin and haicks. His turban was white as driven snow. His eye, fine; his countenance, intelligent; and his skin, sallow. A small semicircle of chairs was placed, of which he signed to us to take possession, and we were introduced by the Consul, assisted by the interpreter. According to the Eastern fashion of bringing a gift in the hand as a mark of respect and honour to the person, we had understood an offering to the amount of forty dollars was to be made in the shape of a robe, a turban, or tea and sugar: but this the Bashaw declined with some little pique, saying, that as the English, in consequence of orders from their government, had declined his presents, he could not receive any from that nation. Some conversation on Eastern politics arose; he did not express flattering opinions as to France. After a little time, a black boy conducted Miss Hay, myself, and the beautiful Jewess, to a garden, where, in a small summer-house, we found the Bashaw's three wives and two children squatting on the ground. The Jewess kissed them, and seated herself beside them, and two chairs were placed for us, the black

boy, Hadjee, standing by. Any thing so monstrous, or so hideous as these ladies, I never beheld.

We were told that the Bashaw was very proud, and had chosen his wives more with regard to high birth than for their good looks. The first was a most frightful old woman, with a sallow skin, half-closed eyes, and a figure that could be compared to nothing but a feather-bed; the second was painted like a savage, and equally shapeless; the third was black, and covered with silver anklets and bracelets. The children were positively hideous. All were dressed in coarse muslin, and wore coloured glass-beads. Their manners were bold and vulgar; their questions, childish and absurd. There was a feeling of humiliation at witnessing such utter degradation of one's own species. The Jewess translated what they said into Spanish, and Miss Hay explained it to me. They inquired our Christian names, and whether we were married; they asked her whether she did not wish for this event, and were told it was likely to take place soon. They inquired how many children I had, how many boys, and said it was very wrong for a married woman to shew her hair.

After many mutual civil speeches, we rose to go;

but were invited to remain that they might have the pleasure of looking at us, and the old lady, tuning her guitar, began to sing, what they told us was a beautiful love-romance, but what appeared to us most horrible discord. They said they had expected that we should remain till sunset. I replied they could see the ships in the bay waiting to carry us away, and that if I delayed, we should be out all night, and, perhaps, shipwrecked; besides, my husband would be very angry with me for making him wait. The black boy then conducted us through some strange old corridors and stairs to the top of the house to see the view; and here we met the Bashaw, who cursed the poor Jewess for having dared to put on her slippers in his house. We then took our leave, and descended to the waterside, where, after seeing some cavalry exercised, and bidding adieu to our kind and hospitable friends, we embarked, and after less than four hours' sail, anchored at Gibraltar. The Merlin and the Antelope were moored by the New Mole, and we landed, and were most kindly received by the Governor, Sir Alexander Woodford, who had sent his carriage for us.

We found our rooms prepared for us at the English

club house, and our children all well. The Braganza steamer came in soon after us, and we had the pleasure of receiving a large packet of letters. On the following day, we called on Lady Woodford, and found Prince Henry of Orange; a review was settled for ten o'clock the following day, and a great dinner at the Governor's afterwards. We then went on board the Merlin, where we had a very merry party to dinner.

The garrison consists of 2,500 men; the population of the town is said to be about 14,000. The weather was fine, the ground chosen beautiful, and the scene gay and pretty; although an infantry review of a small number of men is rather a dull ceremony. The blue Mediterranean lay before us, and the miraculous rock towered above us. We had a large dinner-party in the evening at the Governor's, whose delightful house was unfortunately under repair. It is called the Convent, having originally been one, and has a fine and extensive garden, in which all the tropical plants grow in the greatest luxuriance. A long covered walk is entirely shaded by the pepper-tree, and a parallel stone terrace to the sea commands a beautiful view.

Friday and Saturday were devoted to visiting the rock, which is, if possible, more wonderful when the interior is examined. We admired the long galleries cut through it, the immense twenty-four and thirty-two pounders, eight hundred of which have been dragged up its rugged heights, the magnificent view from the top; and here we are struck with the apparent insignificance of the town, as seen from the heights, the houses, shops, &c. below, all looking like child's toys, so diminutive and Lilliputian. At the signal post we rested, and purchased some specimens of the rock, which have been manufactured into ink-stands, candlesticks, chess-boards, &c. Sir Alexander having kindly lent me a very quiet little pony belonging to one of his boys, I was not much fatigued. We were fortunate enough to see a great many monkeys; they are generally very shy; they seem particularly ugly, being without tails.

Sunday, 27th, we attended church. The building is not large, but in good taste, without galleries, and in the Moorish style, after a design from the Alhambra. There is no organ, but a military band play remarkably well. The only fault I found was the echo, which made it extremely difficult to hear the

service. After church, we sailed over to Algesiras, a small town exactly opposite to Gibraltar, on the other side of the bay, where there were to be processions, illuminations, and rejoicings. It was a poor miserable place ; and after walking up to the piazza, we re-embarked, but a dead calm coming on, we advanced little, and were glad when Sir Alexander's barge came alongside the cutter and took us on shore. Next day was lovely, and we devoted the afternoon to climbing the rock, and inspecting that wonder of nature, St. Michael's cave. It is of great extent. The Governor had directed that it should be lighted up for us, which was most admirably managed. The effect was very picturesque. A band played. On descending the rock, we perceived the English packet coming in, and after reading our letters, we had a very agreeable dinner at the Governor's.

## CHAPTER IV.

Time rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore,  
Who danced our infancy upon their knee,  
And told our marvelling boyhood, legend's store,  
Of their strange ventures, happ'd by land or sea ;  
How are they blotted from the things that be !  
How few, all weak and withered of their force,  
Wait, on the verge of dark eternity,  
Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse,  
To sweep them from our sight ! Time rolls his ceaseless course.

*The Lady of the Lake.*

TUESDAY, 29th, was devoted to preparation for departure. We dined on board the Merlin, and next morning sailed for the African coast. We were becalmed for some hours, and only made Ceuta Bay after sunset, and anchored for the night. Next morning, Lord L. went on shore. The Spaniards hold Ceuta as we do Gibraltar. It is not near as strong or as important a place, though great pains have been taken to make it so. The Governor sent his barge for us. I was too ill to land, but Lord L. rode round the town and inspected the fortifications. The

Spaniards send their convicts here; and as they are employed in cleaning, paving, and beautifying the streets, they are very clean, and are kept in great order. The sea and heavy swell made the vessels roll and toss so terribly, that it was thought best to sail round the point into Great Ceuta Bay, where we lay much more quietly till Lord L. returned on board, when we shaped our course for Tetuan. An immense shoal of porpoises accompanied us, leaping on each side of the vessel, and we anchored at night off a wild open coast. Next day, the rough sea and continued torrents of rain prevented our landing, and we remained on board while the gentlemen went to shoot some partridges for our dinner.

Friday, November 1st. Weather much more tempestuous, and an unceasing deluge of rain. Much discussion arose as to our landing, some thinking it imprudent to run such a risk, on the chance of the vessels not being able to remain near the coast, while others maintained that waiting for fine weather was quite hopeless; on the other hand, it was so extremely provoking to be foiled and see nothing, that, at length, we unanimously determined to brave the weather, and make the attempt.

Milk for breakfast was procured by sending some sailors on shore to catch a cow, and after this, to us a great luxury, the four boats were filled with passengers and luggage, and we rowed to land. We found a disagreeable and dangerous bar; but the boat was dexterously steered between the breakers, and soon touched the beach, where a few savage-looking and half-naked Moors helped us out. A more desolate and wild scene can hardly be imagined; the rain fell in torrents; there was no sign of shelter or habitation near, save a ruined shed where our mules were waiting, and a square white building, without doors or windows, flanked by four towers, and having a rope-ladder as sole mode of ingress or egress. Out of this building came forth an old Moor, whose turban was as ragged as his slippers. He informed us his name was Captain Hash, and his business to guard the coast, for which purpose he had some guns posted at the top of his abode. The Vice-Consul, Mr. Butler, met us with mules and donkies, and we mounted some of the animals, while the luggage was placed on others. I had an excellent one, the property of a rich Jew merchant, who had obligingly lent it for the occasion, and I ascended it by mounting

the back of an old Moor, who knelt down for the purpose. We set off with the mackintoshes, cloaks, and umbrellas; and, after passing by the custom-house, rode nearly seven miles in a deluge of rain over a morass, and through a sheet of water, without a vestige of road or path. At last we arrived at the city of Tetuan. To describe the dirt, the odours of every kind, surpasses my ability. The Jewish and Moorish quarters seemed to me on a par, though I was informed the first was the worst.

We arrived at Mr. Butler's, drenched and literally half-dead. I was glad to remain in bed for many hours. My reticule was immediately stolen out of Lord Londonderry's great coat pocket, which had been hung up to dry, and a Jew purloined it; he was, however, discovered and sent to prison, and would have been bastinadoed but for my prayer and intercession. The Bashaw of the place, Hash Hash, sent us a present of two sheep, twenty-four fowls, and some eggs, which we made over to the Consul, and an audience was fixed for the next day at twelve o'clock.

It was still stormy, and a heavy gale during the night obliged the yachts to stand out to sea; our

departure was therefore impossible. At the appointed hour, the procession set out to wait on the Bashaw. I was mounted on the mule, the gentlemen riding donkies. The streets were knee deep in mud, and the smell perfectly insufferable. On arriving, we found the court filled with guards; some of them were fine-looking men. We were received at the foot of the stairs by one of the Bashaw's sons; another waited in the antichamber; both shewing the greatest respect of manner in standing in their father's presence:—

“ For son of Moslem must expire  
'Ere dare to sit before his sire.”

In an inner room, lighted from above and hung with shawls, the Bashaw squatted on cushions. In one corner stood his bed, with sheets and counterpane eautifully embroidered in coloured silks and gold threads. Some curious arms, French clocks, &c. were in other parts of the room. The Jew merchant, Mr. Levi, was the interpreter: little tables, a foot high, were brought in, and he and an old Moor sat down to make tea, one in the English, the other in the Moorish fashion. According to the latter, the sugar is put in the tea-pot, and I found it excellent, even

without milk. A large bowl of cream, piles of cakes, dates, and sugared almonds, were brought in on large brass waiters. The Bashaw is old and grey-headed; his appearance, venerable; and his manner, courteous. Inquiries were made after the Sultan; and, in return, offers of service, and the town placed at our disposal. After mutual civilities, we were shewn over the house, which is old and very curious, with china stairs, tiled walls, and elaborate ceilings, in the style of the Alcazar at Seville. In a recess of a marble patio, or court, sat the Bashaw's wife; and near her, the wife of his eldest son, a little creature of sixteen, who had been married five years. Her face was flat and like a Calmuck's; but her dark eyes and long lashes were beautiful, and she had taken some pains to deepen the colour by black dye. Round the court, we saw cages with singing birds suspended in every direction. The Bashaw's second son conducted us over the palace. Five or six black girls laughed immoderately at my appearance: one held in her arms a child, which I discovered to belong to the young bride above described; however, it appeared to be considered as general property, and, I thought, ran some risk of suffocation from kissing and kindness. From the

roof of the house, we overlooked the town and surrounding country, the view of which was very extensive. We then returned to take leave of the Bashaw, and were conducted over a large uninhabited house, or palace, of the Sultan's. In the garden, one of the young men picked some jessamine, and having dexterously placed inside it some of the bloom of the aroma, presented the bouquet to me. We also ate some excellent grapes of a peculiar form and long shape, called ladies' fingers. Lastly, we were conducted to the stables, where a few miserable horses stood tethered, without straw or manger, and one of these unfortunate animals had had his tail shaved, by way of adding to his beauty. We were informed that we ought to leave forty dollars with the black boy as a present to the Bashaw, to be distributed among his attendants. We afterwards heard he had only given them ten, and buried the remaining thirty.

Our next visit was to the family of Levi, where we were shewn some splendid Jewish dresses.

The sash worn by the women is particularly magnificent; it is above three yards long, and richly woven in gold. I bought some velvet-embroidered

pocket-books from some of the merchants, whom I found as anxious to cheat as their brethren at Tangiers; however, I succeeded in getting these things for exactly half the price asked at Gibraltar.

November 3rd. The weather having cleared, and the yachts having returned to their anchorage, we took our leave of our hospitable host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Butler. Their fate appeared to me very sad; both in bad health; exiled in this barbarous country, with a salary of £.100 a year, out of which they paid £.22 for house rent. They have a fine family of nine children. The daughters never stir out of the house; not a master is to be had, nor can they speak any language but Spanish.

We rode back, found the boats on the beach, and embarked. The wind was fair and the water smooth to the Almeira point. It became then rather rough crossing the straits. We arrived at Gibraltar in the evening, and after some little difficulty in getting pratique, landed at the New Mole.

The Club House Hotel was very full; however, we succeeded in getting rooms, and remained there for three days to receive and answer our letters.

We dined with the Governor, and on Thursday

7th, went on board the Antelope, which, with the Merlin, sailed for Malaga.

The day was lovely, and so calm that our progress was not rapid; but after a night that, in England, would have been thought warm and fine, even in July, we anchored close to the mole at Malaga. Soon after, the English Consul came on board, and announced that Lord and Lady Wilton not only had not started, but had delayed their journey that we might all travel to Granada together, as they had secured the escort, and we had ordered the carriages.

We doubted at the time the wisdom of the proposed scheme, as we suspected that the larger the party the worse the accommodation would be; however, we agreed to the proposal, and accordingly, every thing was arranged for setting out next day. We landed and walked about the town. They make here some very spirited figures in clay, representing the various national costumes. I desired that a whole bull-fight might be made for me and sent to England. The cathedral unfortunately was closed, and, to my regret, I did not see it, as it is very handsome, though modern.

We dined on board the Xarifa, and next morning,

Saturday, November 9th, our procession set out. We had a large English coach with six mules, an omnibus with the same number, a baggage-cart equally drawn, loaded mules, riding-horses, muleteers, servants, and an escort of lancers with a corporal; so that altogether, the long string of equipages and imposing number of people, between thirty and forty, made us hope to be tolerably secure from robbers. We were told rather an absurd story of the coach and horses of a plebeian meeting the carriage and mules of an aristocrat; much confusion arose as to precedence, the mules declining to yield the *pas* to the horses belonging to an inferior master; at last, the coachmen unharnessed the animals, and (as the story goes) the carriages remained in the street until time annihilated them.

The torrent of rain in which our journey commenced increased. The ascent of the mountains was severe, the roads bad, the baggage could not advance, and altogether, our progress was so unpropitious, that we were glad to stop at a hovel in the wretched village of El Col Menar. There were not two rooms, for one was a small loft, and the whole place was filled with people. The Alcalde or judge, however,

came, and soon cleared it. In this uncomfortable abode we passed the night, thankful for shelter from the wind and rain. Next morning early we set out, and after breakfasting at the Venta, two leagues on, (where we ought to have slept, if the mules had not by common accord been utterly demoralized by the weather of the preceding day,) we proceeded to Loja, a considerable town, about half-way to Granada. Here we found a very good posada, and spent the night; starting next morning at six o'clock, in the hope of reaching Granada the same day.

The scenery here was beautiful, but the tracks were almost impassable, and the rain continued unabated. We toiled on for many weary miles till, at seven o'clock in the evening, the mules declined proceeding when we had only accomplished half of our intended journey. We remonstrated, and much discussion arose; but the dreadful state of the roads, the complete exhaustion of the animals, and the warnings of robbery said to have been frequent in an olive wood which we had to pass, induced the party to submit to necessity, and we bivouacked at a farm of the Duke of Wellington's. It is hardly possible to describe how wearying and fatiguing a journey may be made

by accidental circumstances and very bad weather: eighty miles in England, the affair of an easy day, became hard work for four; and, on an average, we advanced little beyond one mile and a half in an hour, allowing for the various delays of muleteers and mules, the latter falling and waiting to be dragged up by the former; then there was the harness constantly breaking and to be repaired, besides innumerable other accidents. Two of our escort rode on to examine the country, and took one man prisoner, who was armed and skulking behind a hedge; he endeavoured to escape, but failed. The diligence passing soon after, explained what his plans had been. It appeared that the house we were in at Al Achat was not an inn. The people seemed on the look out for plunder, the gentlemen, therefore, took in turn to watch, well-armed, through the night.

We were afterwards told by our cook, that he had been there thirty years ago with Marshal Soult, and on that occasion, two of his fellow-servants had been stabbed. We left early on the morning of the 12th, and commenced the four leagues which still separated us from Granada. We passed the olive wood, which

appeared an excellent spot for robberies; armed scouts and suspicious-looking people were about, but our party was too large to be attacked, and we reached our journey's end in safety.

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## CHAPTER V.

Oh, fallen Granada! land of lost delight!  
City of song, the banquet, and the fight!  
Ye scenes beloved of Allah! never yet  
Shall Ismael's sons thy vanished joys forget.  
Land of exalted faith and courage high,  
Of stainless truth, and generous loyalty.  
Where beauty and where chivalry had birth,  
The proudest but the loveliest spot on earth!  
Around thy Zoraide's bowers they brightest shone,  
Now Beauty, Birth, and Chivalry are gone.

LORD PORCHESTER.

THE inn was large, noisy, and dirty, and, as usual, full of vermin. Next morning the Governor of the town, with General O'Lalor (who manages the Duke of Wellington's estate in this country) and Mr. Lopez, a Spanish gentleman married to an English lady, called, and conducted us to the far-famed Alhambra. We ascended the hill on which it stands, passed the beautiful gate of justice, and arrived at the somewhat ostentatious palace of Charles V.; of this only

the stable is completed, but from its magnificence some idea may be formed of what the rest would have been. The bas-reliefs on the columns are very fine. The building is circular inside; and the exterior is a solid square of great size.

Close adjoining is the low door of the Moorish palace, which we entered, and found ourselves in one of the little courts so often described, but so little imagined. I know not how other travellers are affected by what they see: I only know for myself, that I came with an eager imagination. From childhood the idea of the Alhambra had been to me (as Washington Irving so truly says) "what Mecca is to the Moslem." I had read and treasured its romances, gazed on its pictures, and dreamed and fancied the scene, until I almost believed myself one of the heroines of yore. I had seen in my mind's eye, the thickets of roses and the groves of myrtle, and though I came in November, and found the sear and yellow leaf, I almost expected to see the Lindoraxas and Zoraydas appear, so that I arrived in a breathless state of excitement, with my spirits and imagination so overwrought, that I almost felt that even the reality would be disappointment. The

weather was bright, clear, and sunny (as it ever is), even in winter, in this glorious southern clime.

We were fortunate in having the well-known guide, Mateo Ximenes, "a son of the Alhambra." He led my mule, and having helped me to dismount, watched my face to see the impression the first view would make upon me. I hope he was gratified, for if my countenance at all expressed my feelings, he could not mistake the admiration and surprise with which I gazed on the lovely Arabian scene. This was the court of the Alberca; it was paved with marble, and in the centre, an immense fish pond or reservoir, one hundred and thirty feet in length, by thirty in breadth, bordered by a trelliswork of roses. This opens through a Moorish arch, into the Court of Lions, which is opposite to the Hall of the Abencerrages. Lord Porchester admires Florian's description of this beautiful place, and perhaps he is most exact in the dimensions and proportions he gives. But Washington Irving conveys to my mind the poetic and touching idea of the enchanting scene. He lived in, and appears to me to have lived on, the loveliness of the Alhambra; at least no one seems to have felt

it in his inmost soul as he has done. He says, speaking of the renowned Court of Lions: “ There  
“ is no part of the edifice that gives a more complete  
“ idea of its original beauty and magnificence than  
“ this; for none has suffered so little from the  
“ ravages of time. In the centre stands the fountain  
“ famous in song and story. The alabaster basins  
“ still shed their diamond drops, and the twelve  
“ lions, which support them, cast forth their crystal  
“ streams, as in the days of Boabdil.

“ The court is laid out in flower beds, and sur-  
“ rounded by light Arabian arcades of open filagree  
“ work, supported by slender pillars of white marble.

“ The architecture, like that of all the other  
“ parts of the palace, is characterised by elegance  
“ rather than grandeur; bespeaking a delicate and  
“ graceful taste, and a disposition to indolent enjoy-  
“ ment. When one looks upon the fairy tracery  
“ of the peristyles, and the apparently fragile  
“ fretwork of the walls, it is difficult to believe that  
“ so much has survived the wear and tear of cen-  
“ turies, the shocks of earthquakes, the violence of  
“ war, and the quiet, though no less baneful

“ pilferings of the tasteful traveller. It is almost sufficient to excuse the popular tradition, that the whole is protected by a magic charm.”

Here I gathered a branch of myrtle, to bring away as a remembrance; and Mateo, observing this, brought me a beautiful carnation, saying “ *L' unico, Signora.*” The Governor presented me with a large tuberose, which was deliciously sweet. On one side of the Court of Lions, is the Hall of the Two Sisters, so called from two large slabs of marble in the pavement. The china tiles are in a perfect state. The ceilings are of surprising beauty; and the labour, taste, ingenuity, and patience of the Moors, are here displayed in every form. The state of preservation is surprising, and here and there remains of the brilliant colouring are seen, such as the lapis lazuli, or Tyrian blue, of which ancient secret these people alone possessed the knowledge, the bright scarlet, and occasionally patches of gold relieving the various tints.

On the other side of the Court of Lions, is the Hall of the Abencerrages. Mateo pointed out the place of the massacre, and the indelible stains of blood.

We proceeded to the Ambassador's hall, which is very fine. Here Columbus was received.

“ I said that dome of gold and azure knew  
Than Heaven's most glorious tints a brighter hue.”

The ceiling is of cedar inlaid with mother-o'-pearl, enriched with gilding, painting, and the brightest colours.

“ Oh! given to song, and revelry, and light,  
Alhambra's halls were beautiful that night;  
Her cedar roof, with precious pearl inlaid,  
Her walls transparent, seem'd of crystal made.”

Certainly the Alhambra is one of the few objects in the world which does not disappoint even high-flown and overwrought expectations, and yet one cannot describe its beauty or its charm. It is not large, not magnificent, but it is *unique*. The perfection of its proportions, the lightness of its architecture, the transparency of its fretwork, must be seen to be appreciated; and when among the small low Moorish arches you see such elaborate work and tracery, you marvel how anything so fragile has lived through centuries. It is true that some writers have felt and done partial justice to the beauty, the poetry, the romance of the whole; but I doubt whether any author or painter has

ever succeeded in placing the scene before the comprehension of any one who has not gazed on the reality; at least, I feel that no description can do it justice. One wanders through the courts and halls sighing that one cannot

“ From the long cheerless night of ages raise  
The festive image of those splendid days.”

\* \* \* \* \*

and

“ Bid Alhambra echo to the strain  
Her mould’ring walls shall never hear again.”

We proceeded to the Tocador, or Queen’s boudoir, which commands an enchanting view. Its frescoes, however, are grievously defaced by barbarous hands, who have registered in rude characters their names, unknown to fame.

It is impossible adequately to express one’s admiration of this fairy palace, graceful, lovely, singular in itself, and placed in so unrivalled a position.

It is sufficiently high to look down on Granada and Santa Fe, and over the whole of the Vega or plain, which is literally a garden of sixty miles long,

and in some places thirty wide, marked by the richest soil, the finest cultivation, and irrigated by numerous water courses.

This elegant and refined people never lost sight of their great object, and, to quote again from Washington Irving, "were indefatigable in their exertions to obtain that element in its crystal purity." I am told that the only view at all comparable to this, is one of Damascus, when, after toiling for days through the desert, you first perceive the city rising before you. But the magnificent background which renders the scenery of Granada so picturesque, must be wanting in the Eastern picture. The fine range of mountains, with the Sierra Nevada, is crowned even during the dog days with continual snow; and yet during the broiling heat of summer, this appears so near, that it seems only requisite to put out one's hand to reach the dazzling surface. We were all tired, worn, and harassed with our journey, and the hardships we had undergone; but so amply were we repaid by what we saw, that not one of the party regretted the past, but all agreed they were rewarded.

It must also be borne in mind, that we saw this

spot under every disadvantage of season, in the middle of November, with a clear frost, and clad in autumnal tints, instead of in the month of May with its thickets of roses and myrtle, and its groves of orange and citron, when it must indeed be an earthly paradise.

Cavities, or burrows in the hills, were shewn us as the dwellings which the gipsies inhabit. There are many at Granada, but they keep entirely to themselves, only coming down for their purchases, which they make in the Zacatin, a very narrow old Moorish street, composed entirely of small shops.

The great cathedral of Granada is very fine; it is modern, of Grecian architecture, adorned and decorated in white and gold. The dome is of peculiar richness, and the painted glass extremely ancient.

The chapels are curious; and here lie the remains of Ferdinand and Isabella; two marble tombs of the most elaborate and highly-wrought sculpture. The Alameda, or public walk, is cheerful and pretty, and in its shades one may forget the neighbourhood of a great town. The inn was as dirty as a Spanish *posada* can be; the corridors filled with the muleteers

and guides, who literally bivouacked in them, luddled over brasieros filled with charcoal.

The weather was seasonable, a fine clear frost ; but the want of fire-places in every room was severely felt. The Governor of the town, General Mier, was very civil to us, and called several times ; but, unfortunately, as he spoke nothing but Spanish, we were unable to have much conversation with him.

We went to an old Carthusian convent, about two miles from Granada, and were greatly struck with the magnificent chapel belonging to it. The fine Murillos, that once adorned the walls, were carried off by the French, who, however, went through the ceremony of placing copies in their room. The sacristy is beautiful. The marbles are of the country, and take the finest polish, having the appearance of agate. The drawers for the priests' vestments, and the doors, are of the most costly work, red tortoise-shell inlaid with ivory and silver, so far surpassing the most gorgeous cabinets and armories I had ever seen, that it was difficult to look without envying. There had been a splendid silver temple for the Host, equal if not superior to the one at Seville ; but this had

been taken away by the French, and was replaced by one made in painted wood.

The whole was in the highest state of preservation; the architecture Grecian, and it had probably been built above three hundred years. Nothing could be finer than the elaborate stucco work of the walls and ceilings. The Zacatin, an old street filled with shops, is curious; narrow as an alley, no carriages can enter, and all the wares are displayed outside. In Granada, as in all Spanish towns, the sweetmeats, preserved fruits, and *bon-bons* are excellent, and there is a great display of baskets of sugar-candy, temples of barley-sugar, and other confectionary.

We devoted a day to wandering over the hills and gardens of the Generaliffe. This sort of second Alhambra is situated higher than the first, and was the abode of the Moorish sovereigns, whenever the courts of the former failed to offer a cool retreat. Here they repaired during the broiling heats of summer to inhale the fresh breezes from the Sierra Nevada. Our friend Mateo guided us to the top of the building, from whence the view was magnificent. We saw the plain of the Vega, watered by the Xenil and the

Daro, and gazed on the fair city below. In the Daro are said to be found particles of gold; and in the Xenil, of silver:—

“ And now and ever from that lonely shore  
Comes Xenil's voice, and Daro's mighty roar.”

We wandered through the gardens and trelliced arcades: Mateo presented me with a large bouquet, and some bunches of delicious grapes. I explained to him that I wanted some more lasting memorial of the Generaliffe, and, as we passed through one of the courts where the most splendid large spreading cypresses grew, he drew his knife out of his pocket and cut off some pieces of scented wood, which I carried away.

On Sunday, 17th, we left Granada, and having agreed not to return to Malaga, we dismissed the carriages, carts, &c., and putting the luggage on mules, took the road to Motril, the nearest sea-point, where Lord Wilton's and Mr. Bentinck's yachts were to meet us.

We had been informed that a fine new *chaussée* had been made by the convicts, and we saw here and there

some of this work ; but after the first four leagues, nothing of the sort was visible. The day was lovely, the scenery magnificent, and the heat excessive, though we looked on the snowy top of the Sierra. When we came to the place, called " L' Ultimo Sospiro del Moro," we halted to admire the view where Boabdil is said to have shed tears, which his mother, the proud Ayxa, answered by the cruel speech, that he did well to weep like a woman over the fair territory which he could not defend as a man.

" His high-soul'd mother sternly bade him know,  
It well became him, with a woman's woe,  
To mourn o'er lost Granada's living grave,  
The throne he knew not like a king to save."

At four miles from Granada, we left the miserable vehicle, and mounted our horses. The ladies' maids were placed on donkies, and, having refreshed ourselves with luncheon and some grapes at a venta, we rode two leagues to a small village called Bazane, where we passed the night. Next morning, we mounted our horses and set off. The scenery now became wilder ; and, at last, we entered the mountain pass, and lost all sign of habitation. The ascent

and descent, over broken rocks without a vestige of a path, made me so nervous that I was glad to exchange my fine black horse, with a long flowing mane and tail, for a humble white donkey. We crossed the rocky bed of a river, and continued winding round our mountain track. We did not meet a creature; indeed, the path was so narrow that, excepting here and there, in some places there was not room for another animal to pass. The air was perfumed with rosemary, wild lavender, and thyme; the sun was scorching, and the heat excessive; but the scenery was magnificent, and nothing can be imagined more wild and picturesque than the whole expedition. Our escort of lancers accompanied us, two riding on in advance for fear of any ambuscade, while the others remained in the rear to bring up the baggage, which was divided among twelve or fourteen mules. The English Consul, Mr. Mark, our guide Manuel (so well known to all visitors to Malaga), and our muleteers, added to our already large party of servants, formed a long string, and it was curious to look back and mark it winding round, and up and down these mountainous and craggy paths. From Granada to

Motril is eleven leagues, or forty-four miles; at length, we reached a river with a rapid current. Here we found men prepared to protect us, should the stream prove too strong for our beasts, which they guided. Manuel having carefully packed me up with my feet on the donkey's neck, consigned me to two of these guides, who brought me in safety to the opposite shore.

At length, we caught a glimpse of the sea, and soon after the picturesque little town of Motril, with its pretty wild bay, appeared in sight. We had some difficulty in obtaining lodging; the posada was filled with officers; however, we found quarters in a private house. I should have mentioned that we had already discovered, that, in this liberal country, our best plan was to apply to the judge, or alcalde, who was all-powerful, and made no ceremony of clearing a venta or a private house by immediate and forcible ejection.

At one place, El Colmenar, he had come to our assistance unasked, and, in a few minutes, turned every body out of the kitchen, and every mule out of the stable; kicking and cuffing every person that

came in his way, and knocking down any individual who wore a hat in his presence; so much for the justice and equality of this well-governed country, where our escort loudly and constantly sung, “Viva la Constitucion !”

## CHAPTER VI.

Fair land ! of chivalry the old domain,  
Land of the vine and olive, lovely Spain !  
Though not for thee with classic stores to vie,  
In charms that fix th' enthusiast's pensive eye ;  
Yet hast thou scenes of beauty, richly fraught  
With all that wakes the glow of lofty thought ;  
Fountains, and vales, and rocks, whose ancient name  
High deeds have raised to mingle with their fame.  
These scenes are peaceful now, the citron blows,  
Wild spreads the myrtle, where the brave repose.  
No sound of battle swells on Douro's shore,  
And banners wave on Ebro's banks no more.  
But who, unmoved, unawed, shall coldly tread  
Thy fields that sepulchre the mighty dead ?

MRS. HEMANS.

NOTHING can better describe the delicious climate of Motril, than the fact of there not being a window in the town, shutters alone were to be found ; therefore light could not be enjoyed without air, and, though it was the middle of November, this was

unfelt, as even after sunset, there was not a breath of cold wind.

On arriving, we were rather disappointed that neither Lord Wilton's nor Mr. Bentinck's yachts had appeared. Next day, however, the latter was discovered in the distance; but there being no harbour, and only a wild exposed bay and open beach, it was not considered safe to allow her to anchor, and he requested us to hold ourselves in readiness for immediate embarkation.

The town is about two miles from the sea, and at twelve o'clock on the 19th, we rode down to the shore. The night was lovely, the moon rendering it almost as light as day; the air was soft and warm, and on either side, cotton-trees and sugar-canes were growing. We passed a beautiful orange-garden, ornamented with seats and walls of Valencia tiles.

Our baggage was already on board the *Antelope*, and we were soon in the boat. We took leave of Mr. Mark, the consul, and Manuel, our guide, and a few minutes' rowing brought us alongside the cutter, which was standing off and on waiting for our arrival. Once on board, it seemed folly to wait for the *Xarifa*,

and, by such delay, lose much valuable time; Mr. Bentinck, therefore, determined to make sail for Carthage, which we reached in forty hours. We were entering the harbour on the Thursday evening before sunset, and hoping we might get pratique and sleep on shore, when we were hailed, and desired to stop to take a pilot: this was at first resisted by Mr. Bentinck as being unnecessary, and an imposition which they have no right to force upon yachts. He, however, at last consented, and after about an hour's delay, the man guided us to the quarantine ground. We were, after all, too late to get pratique that night, and the pilot dared not come on board; but, as his boat shoved off after we had anchored, we took some pains to explain to him the name of the vessel as well as those of the passengers, and repeated the whole distinctly, begging that the Health Office would send early in the morning, as we wanted to go on shore. We had not much success, for he departed, saying, that he would let the Consul know the *Marquis d'Antelope* was arrived.

Next morning the schooner came in. We soon got pratique, and all came on shore. We immediately

took a house that had belonged to the English Consul (now absent), and here we made ourselves very comfortable for two nights, enjoying the fireplaces, and a good repose. The town is picturesque from the sea, to which it is quite close; it is deserted, however, and going to decay, without trade, commerce, or movement. The docks and arsenal are almost entirely empty. The Pluto and the Terrible lay in the Harbour, side by side, after their late encounter; the latter was a famous smuggler that had defied the whole Spanish fleet; but the Pluto, having shot away her mast, and the pirate captain being killed, the men lost all courage and surrendered.

The vice-consul here spoke only Spanish. He very kindly presented me with a temple of sugar, filled with bonbons, which we sent on board, and fragile as it was, hoped to carry to Marseilles. On Sunday, 24th, we embarked. The weather was fine, and the glass rising; but, unfortunately, the wind did not favour us. We knew we had three hundred miles to make to Barcelona, without any good harbour to run into. On Monday, we got round Cape Palos, without finding any improvement in the weather, and

we still continued to beat against a head wind. On Tuesday, we had continued baffling winds. In the evening, the schooner, who was now in company, ran into Morera Bay, and anchored. Mr. Bentinck, thinking the weather looked dirty, followed. A foraging party was sent out to try and procure provisions, and we had some excellent red mullet for dinner. In other respects, however, the foray was unsuccessful, for twelve loaves were all that could be procured, and this was divided between the two yachts. After rolling and pitching for five or six hours, we hove the anchor and made sail, having burnt a blue light to inform the schooner of our intentions. She did not, however, heed us, and there we separated. Next morning we got round Cape St. Martin, and were going to Denia for fresh provisions, but at twenty miles distance were becalmed. In the evening the wind freshened, and Valencia was thought of; but though we were anxious to see it, this plan was given up on account of the bad anchorage, open bay, and the distance of the town from the shore. Our course was then laid for Peniscola.

Thursday morning was lovely and calm, but before

twelve o'clock rain and squalls came on; these increased towards evening, when the mainsail was ordered down, and the trysail set. We ran our distance, and then lay to for some hours at about twenty miles from Barcelona. To people unused to sea, there is danger in every plunge of the vessel, fear in every sound, and their ignorance increases their terror. We were, however, assured that there was no cause for alarm. The noise, the swell, the pitching, the lurching, and tossing, however, prevented all sleep and comfort, and after a most disagreeable night, we were truly thankful when daylight came, and though the heavy sea still rolled, the wind moderated. Such, however, is the caprice of the tideless Mediterranean, and the uncertainty of the winds here, which appear to blow sometimes from every point of the compass in rapid succession, and then cease entirely, that we had the mortification and disappointment of passing the day becalmed, about twenty miles from Barcelona. The trysail was taken down and the mainsail set; in doing which the main boom got adrift, and was very nearly sprung, and a more disagreeable effect than this

produced in the motion of the vessel to those below cannot be imagined. The rolling was checked by tremendous jerks. Towards evening a breeze sprung up and took us on. We lay to that night close to Barcelona, and got into the harbour early on Saturday morning, the 30th. The Consul, Mr. Annesley, an Irish gentleman, married to a Prussian lady, Mademoiselle Brockhausen, came on board, and offered his services. He told us there had been a severe storm, that chimneys had been blown down, houses unroofed, much damage in the port; and that at Tarragona H. M. S. the Tribune, and thirty-two other vessels, had been blown on shore. Barcelona is a large city, with a large and spacious harbour, fine ramparts, and a beautiful Alameda. The great fortress of Montjuis, on the high hill on the north entrance to the bay, is extremely picturesque. Many handsome stone houses were building in what is called the new town, and there appeared more traffic and commerce than we had observed in any other place in Spain; it is indeed only second to Madrid. The Governor of the city, and the Governor of the fort, called on us; and after some difficulty, we were

allowed to land our things, without the usual ceremony of having them unpacked on the pier, for the edification of all the idlers usually collected. We had much trouble in procuring a lodging, and at last succeeded in getting some wretched rooms up three pair of stairs at the posada "des quatre Nations." The cold was now excessive, and there were no fireplaces or means of warming ourselves, but by brasieros, which are extremely oppressive and unwholesome. Two days after, the Xarifa came in. Lord and Lady Wilton had been on shore at Valencia during the gale, and escaped it. They described the town as attractive, and its manufacturies of tiles and damasks well worth seeing.

Provisions were scarce and dear at Barcelona; thirty thousand unfortunate people driven in from the mountains had increased the population; and although numbers were sent off daily to the army, the country was described as being in such a state, that the Governor dared not stir out of the gates into the interior, without a strong escort. We remained here a week, much interested and very well amused. The Consul, who has a fine house, better fitted for recep-

tion than for every day habitation, gave a great ball and supper, which afforded us an opportunity of seeing the society. The Spanish ladies have committed a great error in abandoning their own beautiful costume, for second-rate French and English fashions.

There is a long street here composed of jewellers' shops. I was greatly struck with the earrings made for the peasantry; they are heavy and showy, enriched with stones, and cost from twenty to fifty pounds. On my expressing my astonishment at their being able to purchase such expensive ornaments, I was told they were extremely rich on this Northern coast, and especially about the Bay of Rosas, which we regretted excessively that want of time, and the lateness of the season prevented our seeing. The black satin in this town is famous. There is also a great manufactory for thread stockings, and plate is cheap and prettily worked. The bad weather continuing, filled the harbour with ships, for none of the vessels could go to sea, and many came in, so that the situation of the yachts was by no means without anxiety: however, fortunately our fears were without cause, for no accident

occurred. Two French vessels were here, *La Surprise* and *La Flèche*, and their Captains visited and admired the yachts. On Saturday, 7th, we sailed; the *Xarifa* having taken her departure on Thursday. We were most fortunate in having fine weather and a fair wind. We soon got round the cape, and after twenty-six hours run from Barcelona, made the French land and the *Plania* lighthouse, but unfortunately too late to get into *Marseilles* harbour till daylight. Our usual ill luck however did not desert us. No sooner had it been decided that we must lay to till morning, than the weather, which had been thickening all around, got worse. Squalls with rain and a heavy sea made the night very disagreeable, and we were not sorry next day to find ourselves anchored among thirteen hundred vessels in this busy port. The *Xarifa* came up with us in the course of the night, having had constant bad weather, in which she had sprung her jib-boom. Lord and Lady *Wilton* had kindly taken charge of our medical friend *Dr. Forbes*, as there was not room for him on board the *Antelope*, of which we now took a grateful leave for our safe passage from *Gibraltar*,

and landing proceeded to settle ourselves in the Hôtel des Princes, where our children, who had preceded us in the steamer, had already arrived. Marseilles is by no means an agreeable residence; changeable climate, with cold winds and fogs. The inn was detestable, and neither society nor amusement to be found. There is a curious chapel here on a height near the town; it is dedicated to the Virgin, and is filled with various offerings from mariners. The walls are covered with pictures of all sorts and sizes, in every varied scene of danger and distress. There is a fine view from this spot of the harbour and surrounding hills.

During our stay at Marseilles, we went for two days to Toulon; we saw the magnificent harbour, the land-locked bay, and the dock-yard. The Prince de Joinville had just arrived in "La belle Poule," one of the finest French frigates; but unfortunately as he came from the East, the authorities had put him in quarantine for thirty days, and I heard "Qu'on ne lui ferait pas grace d'un jour." A large American frigate, the "Brandewein," was here, and we were conducted over her by the Captain.

We drove over to see Hyères, a lovely place, with a delicious climate. It is much recommended as a residence for invalids. We wandered about the orange groves and gardens, admired the beautiful view, and returned to Marseilles, enchanted with our expedition. Our intention had been to proceed to Naples, but we received intelligence that altered our plans, and obliged us to determine on returning to England. After three months' wandering, we set out to perform the long and tedious journey to Paris by Avignon, and we reached London in safety, early in January 1840.

FINIS.

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