CHAPTER X.

EXCURSION TO GRANADA.—THE ALHAMBRA.—RETURN TO GIBRALTAR.—VOYAGE TO ENGLAND.

We have now brought before the reader's notice every point of prominent interest within the limits of the Rock itself. But, in addition to its own remarkable peculiarities, it is also an excellent centre from which to make agreeable excursions.

The first thing every body does is to gallop off to San Roque, about five miles inland, conspicuous afar with its white buildings, crowning the summit of a green hill. There is a hermitage to the saint of that name, around which, after the taking of Gibraltar by the English in 1704, arose the present town, as a habitation for the Spanish refugees, the ruins of Carteia being used up for the purpose. Here were the head quarters of the Duke de Crillon and the French princes, during the siege. Numerous English families retire here, tempted by the coolness of the climate in summer, and the cheapness of provisions. Then there is the Cork Forest, the convent of Almoraima, and the castle of Castellar. The mountain Sierra of Ronda, with that most romantic stronghold of the Moors, afford ample materials for an excursion of several days. There is, besides, the opposite coast of Morocco, with Tangier, once belonging to the English, and Tetuan; which, however, although so near, are difficult and uncertain of access, owing to the want of steamers, the strength of the current through the straits, and the general prevalence of westerly winds. Awaiting the return

trip of one of the boats in which bullocks are brought over from Tangier, often causes a sad loss of time, and a sore trial of one's patience. Our own trunks were all packed and ready, our bill paid, and the captain assured us we should sail on the morrow. Next morning, his hands in his pockets, he appeared with a pathetic shrug—the wind was obstinate from the westward, but, please God, he hoped it would soon veer about—"domani—doppo, domani," a favourable change might be expected; but the day passed, and the day after that, and still the same wind and the same shrug; till we turned to another excursion, incomparably more interesting, as well as practicable, namely, that to Granada and the Alhambra.

Our party consisted of myself and son, a clergyman and his lady, and a young friend. Before we could quit Gibraltar a little unpleasantness awaited us; it was necessary to obtain a passport. Perhaps the reader may be surprised that I had not already got one with me, but the fact is, I had performed, perhaps for the first time, the extraordinary feat of working my way through France to Malta and Gibraltar without one. It was not in the very pleasantest of moods then that, almost at the end of my tour, I set off with my friend, on a very hot morning, to obtain this indispensable document. As it was at the instance of the Spanish Government that travellers are obliged to take passports for Spain, we called on the Spanish consul, in whom we supposed the *privilege* of granting them to be vested; but soon discovered that the English Government knew a little better than that. In fact, we were told to repair to an office at the other end of the town, where, when we arrived, we were already pretty well blown. We entered, and as my friend was well known at Gibraltar, were welcomed by the politest of all possible clerks, who desired us to sit down, while, producing some blank passports, and calmly gazing at us, he proceeded to describe our eyes, our noses, and the colour of our hair, with the most matter-of-fact precision, and a total

absence of any thing in the shape of flattery. "You will now, he said, in his blandest manner, please to step across the street to such another office, (naming it,) and paying for the passport, get an order, and return hither, by which time it shall be completed for you." This little intermediate process occupied some time, as though it was in office hours, somehow or other the worthy official was not there. What he was doing the meanwhile it is not for me to presume to inquire; but after waiting some ten minutes our impatience was just attaining its climax, when he sauntered in, cigar in mouth, and, with the most gentlemanly nonchalance, eased us of about *five shillings a-piece*, handing us over the required permit. Furnished with this, we returned to the other office, presented our papers, received our passports, and retraversing the town under a broiling sun obtained the *visa* of the Spanish consul, which was graciously afforded us for about *half* the amount of our own government fee. One of our friends was even less fortunate; for when he repaired to the office, the clerk, not knowing him, refused him a passport altogether, without the attestation of some "'sponsible person," which he was about an extra hour in obtaining. Armed with it at length, he returned to the office, and gave his name. "What," said the clerk, "you are the brother of Captain ——, are you, after all? what a pity I had not known this at first; I could have passed you at once." "Considering the heat of the weather, I wish to G—d you had!" exclaimed the perspiring and irritated sufferer. Though we smarted under the infliction, it was consoling to our national pride to find, when the English borrow a good thing from their neighbours, how much they *improve* upon it, and know how to turn it to a more profitable account than the original inventors.

Our passport tribulations being over, we took a boat at the Devil's Tongue landing, and sailed across the bay to Algesiras. Here we found every thing thoroughly Spanish, and vastly amusing; streets, costumes, and manners presenting a complete

contrast to those we had left behind. After refreshing ourselves at the comfortable posada, we walked out of the town to look at a large aqueduct of Moorish construction—a favourite point of view for the Rock. Algesiras was founded by the Moors at a spot called "Jezirata-l-Khadrá," or the "Green Island," shortly after their conquest of these regions, and rendered by them a place of prodigious strength.

In strolling about the open streets of the insignificant modern town, undefended by walls or lines, one would little imagine that it could ever have been the scene of stirring events. But here and there the massive fragments of some enormous Moorish towers remind us that there once existed here a walled city of great strength, before which the gallant Alonzo I. sat down with some of the first chivalry of Europe, for the space of twenty months. It was, as Ford remarks, "the siege of the age; and forty years after, Chaucer describing a true knight mentions his having been at 'Algecir,'—a Waterloo—a Trafalgar man." It is also remarkable as having been the first siege in which cannon were employed in Spain; too small, indeed, to be used successfully against the walls, but dreadfully terrifying and harassing to the besiegers. The signal victory of Alonzo over the Moors (alluded to in our historical sketch of Gibraltar) had so raised his reputation, that all Europe took part with him in this siege; the king of France and the pope furnishing money; the kings of Arragon and Portugal, and the State of Genoa, their fleets; while several German princes, with the king of Navarre, and the Count de Foix, repaired to the place to perish before its walls. Edward the Third, it is said, intended to have gone over himself, but being unable, the Duke of Lancaster, then commanding the English forces in Guienne, and who had studied in the school of the Black Prince, obtained leave to sustain the honour of the English chivalry on so conspicuous an occasion. Repairing to the spot with several companies of horse, he soon signalized himself in

numerous encounters with the Moors; and under his banner the English knights had obtained so great a renown, that when two of them in repulsing an attack had rashly penetrated within the gate of the city, and had fallen into the hands of the Moors,—than whom no people were ever more possessed with the refined spirit of chivalry, or more admired the bravery of an assailant,—they sought only to take them prisoners, and not to put them to death. The city, garrisoned by 30,000 Moors, held out so valiantly that the distress in the Christian camp was extreme, the mortality frightful, and the want of money so great, that Alonzo was forced to give up all his plate to the Genoese, who had threatened to leave him. The alcalde would not surrender until the king of Granada produced an order from his master, the emperor of Fez, and was then allowed to march out of the town with his baggage. The walls were shortly after destroyed, and Alonzo next made that abortive attempt upon Gibraltar which has been already described, and in which his life fell a sacrifice to disease. The Moors, as Carter tells us, "had such a veneration for this prince, that when they heard of his death, and saw the camp of the Christians break up and move off, they would not suffer their own troops to incommode them, out of reverence to the royal corpse, but came unarmed before the town in crowds to see the procession, declaring 'that death had taken away a most noble king, who was not only an honour to the Christians, but the fountain and means of their acquiring honour themselves.'"

Modern Algesiras sprung up as a post of observation and annoyance to the English after their capture of Gibraltar. Here were constructed the battering ships to which the Spaniards fondly trusted for its recovery; and here they maintain numerous *guarda costas*, to protect the coast against the smugglers who nestle under the guns of the Rock, sometimes even cutting them out, though one or two are now and then sunk, *pour encourager les autres*, and vindicate our very equivocal

right to the jurisdiction of a fortress which, if the truth must be confessed, we obtained in a very equivocal manner, and make use of for purposes more equivocal still. To bring the case home to our own business and bosoms, it is just as if the French had possession of Dover Castle, and were to sink *our* revenue cutters, for endeavouring to cut out *their* smugglers. We cannot wonder that the Spaniards should regard our possession of Gibraltar with an evil eye.

At six in the evening, we embarked on board one of a line of Spanish steamers, famous for their high fares and intolerable want of punctuality, and with the earliest dawn had safely arrived in the harbour of Malaga, awaiting the visit of the health officer, which functionary was not to be forthcoming till eight. A cup of chocolate *à l'Espagnol* helped us to digest our impatience, and to study the objects before us. A Moorish castle traced its jagged battlements against the sky; below was a white modern custom-house, the ponderous mass of the cathedral, and the buildings of the modern city. It was in this castle that the stern old Moorish chief, Hamet el Zegri, so long held out against the power of Ferdinand, after the town below had capitulated. The details of this struggle are too long for these pages; and besides, "are they not written in the Chronicles of the Conquest of Granada," by the romantic pen of Washington Irving? Other matters, to confess the truth, occupied us on our landing; and finding the principal hotel quite full, we adjourned to the "Fonda la Danza," honourably mentioned by Ford. The inn was not bad—the host much better—as good-natured and serviceable a fellow as ever welcomed a wayfarer. A smoking *déjeûner à la fourchette*, speedily served under his auspices, put us in the best of humours with our host; and having by his assistance engaged horses to carry us to Granada the following morning, we set off in a body to perambulate the city.

I should be inclined to set down Malaga as one of the least

interesting places in Spain. The "Alameda," or public walk, gives a stranger a favourable idea—*too* favourable, in truth, as a resident observed to us—of the rest of the city. It is a long promenade, bordered by trees, behind which are rows of aristocratic mansions. At one end stands a beautiful fountain, presented by Charles V. The place is well enough, but it is chiefly interesting as the resort of the beaux and belles of Malaga, the latter being considered "muy finas," or very exquisite, with their elegant mantilla of lace drawn over the top of the head, so as to heighten the glances of a somewhat roving eye, and the restless coquettish fan, which seems a part of the fair creature herself, and to share in and give expression to every shade of her emotions — an instrument of marvellous potency when wielded by a Spanish lady, but harmless enough in other hands. Working our way through narrow streets, and over most excruciating pavement, we entered the ponderous cathedral, considered one of the finest in Spain, first noticing by its side the splendid palace of the Archbishop, whose revenues are princely. It is a stupendous, but most unlucky edifice, this cathedral—in a barbarous style, vast expense and labour being thrown away, only to realize elaborate ugliness; nor does it possess a single good painting to relieve its architectural dreariness. This seen, we began already to weary of this emporium of wine and fruit.

The climate of Malaga is Elysian in spring. It was enough to sit at a window and look up into the soft blue sky, and inhale the lucid atmosphere—the mere sense of existence seemed sufficient. A luxurious languor steals over the senses—the sunny air seems to permeate our frame, producing a sort of intoxication, which, by the way, is not over favourable to virtue. Owing to this mildness of climate, Malaga is one of the chosen spots where the poor consumptive patient may linger out the remains of life, and go softly and peacefully to his final resting-place.

At the table d'hôte we met with some agreeable countrymen, who had recently penetrated the fastnesses of the surrounding

mountains; and our conversation naturally fell on robbers—a subject, to confess the truth, of some little uneasiness to us at that moment. It was agreed on all hands that there was but little risk, though one of our friends had just fallen in with a parcel of merchants who had been thoroughly stripped between Granada and Ronda, and another had seen the robbers on the look out, who, however, were overawed by the appearance of his party. This gentleman well remembered the celebrated Jose Maria, the captain of a widely ramified band, who had his agents and spies scattered all over Spain—a fellow ferocious as Fra Diavolo, and generous as Robin Hood—his generosity being, like that of the English outlaw, exercised at another's expense. I was myself informed, by a person who rode post from Cadiz to Gibraltar, that on reaching at noon a small venta, the landlord came forth to help him down from horseback, welcomed him in-doors, and set before him bread and wine, at which he was no sooner comfortably seated than—presto!—the said landlord was suddenly transformed into a Captain Rolando, accompanied by a body of his confederates, who, pointing their carbines at his breast, demanded his purse, which unfortunately happened just then to be particularly well lined, he having drawn largely on his banker on quitting Cadiz. It was his opinion that some of the banker's underlings had played the informant, and would share in the cash. The practice of carrying people off in order to extort a ransom is not altogether extinct, an individual of great wealth having, as we observed in the journals, been thus treated while we were in Spain. It is said that their ferocious captors would sometimes send home an ear or a nose of their victim, just by way of stimulating the lagging zeal of the relatives; and many an unhappy wretch has never returned at all. Our having a lad with us was a matter of some uneasiness, as the abduction of children is rather a favourite speculation. A lady of Gibraltar informed me that several attempts had been made to carry off the child of a

wealthy officer of the garrison, and that the robbers had tried to bribe the servants to get him outside the lines. The same lady also described a hair-breadth 'scape of a gentleman in the environs of Malaga, who only got off by the fleetness of his horse. These brigands, too, are fastidious, and to be found with an empty pocket, or *without a watch*, is pretty sure to entail a severe beating, if no worse, upon the shabby delinquent, who, by leaving his money behind him, has cheated them out of their lawful perquisites; while, on the other hand, a caballero who does the handsome thing, will probably escape with the loss of his purse alone. On the whole, we found there was just sufficient risk to give a little spice of excitement to our projected excursion, without putting us to any very serious alarm.

There was a great stir next morning at the door of the fonda, where our six horses were neighing and kicking; filling the whole Plaza with their clamour. Together with ourselves, they were consigned to the charge of a muleteer, who, from his diminutive stature, rejoiced in the name of "Chico," or "the little,"—since, when standing on tiptoe, with the calves of his legs all in a quiver, it was just as much as he could do to touch the top of the horse's back. Such was the valiant squire who was to escort us to Granada, and defend us from all perils—robbers inclusive. The beasts looked much like lineal descendants of Rosinante; the saddles and girths were equally antiquated, and the bridles consisted of a long rope, the end of which was to serve the office of a whip. The youngest member of the party, being unused to the saddle, was elevated aloft in a "silla," or chair. Our turn-out was truly ignominious, but we were in that happy humour which converts everything into a source of merriment; and of the laughter which our appearance occasioned, none resounded so heartily as our own.

Our way to Velez lay along the level sea-shore; the blue Mediterranean on our right; on our left were the brown mountains veiled with green vines, which produce the famous Malaga

wine. The road was dusty, the sun was powerful, and had risen to his zenith when we entered the little city of Velez Malaga, with its white buildings grouped round a Moorish castle. A Spanish town at noon is fast asleep—people all taking their siesta in-doors, the beggar lies wrapped up in his brown cloak in some shady corner, and the streets are as deserted as those of Pompeii. Leaving our beasts with Chico at a stable, we walked to the Posada, which stood on one side of an oblong Alameda, planted with lemon trees. The host, yawning, jumped up at our summons, and gravely led the way up-stairs into some large and shady corridors, in which we prepared to refresh. It should be observed that the poverty of the larder in Spain being proverbial, we had taken the advice so often and emphatically repeated by Ford, "Attend to the provant;" and before starting had stuffed our "alforgas," or saddle-bags, with an excellent Spanish ham, and other cold provisions, which, with bread, eggs, and wine, found on the spot itself, furnished a very respectable repast. Dinner being over, we summoned Chico. It is usual to go on to Alhama the same day, but the roads were rough, ourselves tired, the posada clean, while the host muttered something ominous as to the risk of encountering "ladrones" after dark. It was decided, therefore, that we should remain at Velez that night, and start for Alhama before sunrise on the following morning.

This being settled, and while the more active of our party determined to brave the hot sun in quest of unprofitable adventures, I, more weary, planted two chairs in the shade of the balcony, and prepared to taste the blessedness of the Spanish "siesta." The balcony looked out on the forsaken Alameda, the drip of a small fountain added to the delicious drowsiness that stole over me, my eyelids gradually closed, and in a few moments I added another to the noonday sleepers of Velez.

No one could well reside in the burning south without falling into the habit of the "siesta." The mid-day heat is too oppres-

sive for endurance, while the nights are equally cool, and the air is soft and balmy. The Spaniards then turn night into day—prompted not by fashion, but by the nature of their climate. After sunset, the Alameda becomes as gay as it is deserted at noon. Then steal forth, rising from their couches, and putting on their mantillas, the pretty senoritas, and amidst the odours of citrons and roses, and by the light of the moon, but little softer than that of day, do great execution among the beaux. On all sides is heard the rustling of fans, or the sound of the guitar, twanging to the chant of some old romance or passionate love tale; and these flirtations and revels are often protracted until night gives place to dawn.

On awaking, I found that my companion had picked up as his guide a singular-looking ecclesiastic, who, dressed in the usual costume of his order, might have passed for Sancho himself in canonicals. His intellectual regions were rather pinched,

the top of his head being narrow, and gradually widening into a broad round face, terminating in an immense amplitude of jaw and chin. The same type reigned also in his corporeal framework, which, sloping outwards from the chest, attained its utmost development in the regions devoted to good living. It

seems that upon our arrival a lad had run to the convent, and awakened one of the snoring monks from his siesta by the news, at which he only yawned and turned him round on his pallet; but the urchin having mendaciously added, that the last traveller of our generous nation had given five dollars to his conductor, he eagerly jumped up, but was forestalled by our fat friend, who laughed as he recounted to us the vexation of his brother monk. Whether he himself expected to obtain that sum, we never were very clear; at all events, he exerted himself to the utmost to show us over the place. We first repaired with him to the neighbouring convent at Sta Teresa, over which he had been wisely appointed as confessor, neither his face nor figure being calculated to raise any dangerous emotions in the susceptible breasts of the sisterhood. We watched intently the grated orifice for the appearance of the nuns, but our highly-wrought expectations received a sad shock, as it disclosed the face of one or two comfortable old women, of dimensions akin to those of their spiritual director, and whose hearty laughter and childish garrulity satisfied us that they were entirely reconciled to that conventual seclusion, which, as we understood, they were at liberty to quit if they thought proper. Leaving these interesting recluses, we toiled after our fat conductor to the top of a hill, surmounted with a church sacred to the Virgin, famous for the cures said to have been wrought upon the faithful. The walls were decorated by votive images of legs, arms, and other portions of the human frame, which had been cured by the intercession of the Virgin. At one picture it was difficult to maintain our gravity. It represented the amputation of the leg of a deceased blackamoor, for the purpose of being attached to the body of a living Christian who had lost his limb, the colour being, as we were informed, miraculously changed to suit its new position. From the outside of the edifice we enjoyed a lovely panorama of Velez and its Moorish castle, little less famed in story than that of Malaga itself, set in its little green

plain, opening on the one hand to the sea, and on the other receding into the rugged mountains which we were to traverse on the morrow. Descending hence, we took leave for a while of our reverend conductor, and repaired to our Posada.

The first sight that saluted us was a "Scorpion"—I mean, "a 'nabitant" of Gibraltar, so called—a keen-eyed fellow, of mongrel breed, who accosted us in tolerable English. He had been selected, perhaps for his superior business sharpness, by the Spanish Government, as collector of revenue for the surrounding district, which comprised a few proprietors of moderate wealth, living around the Alameda, the great body being labourers. If we were to believe his statements, the rate of taxation was almost insupportably severe; nevertheless the people submitted to it quietly. Our friend the monk looked in upon us, having, in honour to the lady who accompanied us, put on his evening costume, consisting of a round-about and tights, which set off his goodly proportions to still greater advantage than his canonicals. The difficulty was to get decently rid of him. Perhaps we might have been mistaken, but it struck us that at times he looked rather chopfallen, and glanced at the head of our party with a significant, uneasy expression. No dollars were, however, forthcoming, and at length, after a profusion of reciprocal compliments had been exchanged, he arose and returned to his convent.

The valley up which we now advanced next morning, with our faces towards the mountains, is one of the most luxuriant in Andalusia, producing corn, wine, and oil, oranges, lemons, pomegranates, and I know not how many varieties of fruits. It is bordered by romantic mountains, perched upon which appear old Moorish towns and castles, each with its wild story of assault or surprise, during the wars which ended in the re-conquest of Granada by the Spaniards; nor could we wonder at the valour with which the Moors defended to the last gasp so beautiful a possession. The sun rose gloriously in flaming

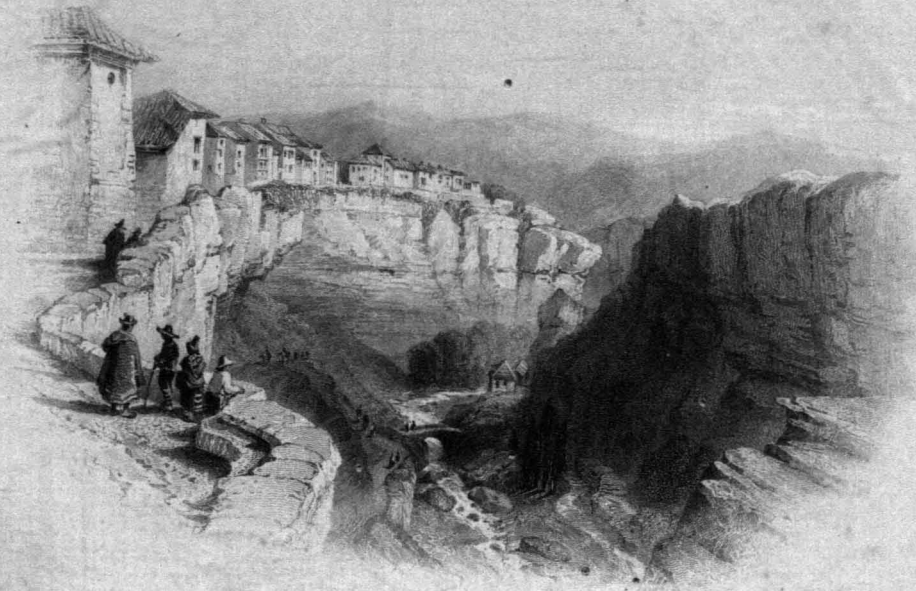
gold and purple, investing the tops of the mountains, and lighting up their ancient strongholds with an intensity of lustre and of colour unknown in our northern clime. The valley became narrower and more romantic; the stream murmured through dense thickets of orange groves, which dropped at once their golden fruit and white blossoms into its waters, exhaling the most intoxicating odours, and resounding on all sides with the plaintive music of the nightingale.

From this beautiful valley we ascended into an elevated tract, climbing higher and higher, until over the tops of the rugged mountains we could see the blue Mediterranean, some thousands of feet below. The landscape around was dreary, resembling so many other parts of Spain, where the savage and the beautiful appear in juxtaposition. In the bottom of some deep hollow, at the angle of some desolate ravine, or beneath an aged olive-tree, lurked those small rude *crosses*, sustained by piles of stones, which tell of some dark deed of murder, or some brawl decided with the ready knife. One which we afterwards observed, however, presented a remarkable contrast to the rest. The neat stone cross had evidently been watched and kept in repair, and upon it was inscribed, in characters but recently renewed and painted, the name of an unfortunate, who, *twenty years before*, had been assassinated upon the spot. We all were at a loss to conceive the object of this perpetuation of the memory of a crime, unless to remind the surviving relatives that a debt of vengeance yet remained unpaid.

We made our noontide halt by a miserable venta, or way-side tavern, in the midst of a little corn-covered oval plain,—an oasis in this wild country. Here our Spanish ham was stripped to the bone, and our bread and wine exhausted by the repeated assaults of the company. With renovated vigour, though with empty alforgas, we next plunged into deep defiles, and scrambled up barren ridges, until we suddenly beheld Alhama at our feet. We were now in the centre of the mountainous region of the

Moorish kingdom of Granada, of which this city was one of the principal defences. In the time of its former masters, it was noted for its wealth—it is now one of the most miserable and poverty-stricken places under heaven. Our spirits absolutely sunk as we descended its rugged and dangerous pavement, overhung by ruinous houses, the fitting abode of its brigand-like population, into a small plaza, where we drew up at the doorway of a mean dwelling, called the "Casa de los Caballeros," or the "Gentleman's House," in which we were to put up for the night. Within, however, everything was clean, though rude. The floor of the best room was of brick; its furniture consisted of six ricketty cane chairs, and a fractured wooden table—the sleeping accommodations of but one *four*-bedded room and a single-bedded cabinet, though these deficiencies were amply atoned for by a variety of crosses and pictures of saints. But the woman of the house was most active and obliging, and prepared for us an excellent pilaff of rice and fowl—a dish, doubtless, of Moorish origin—with fish from the river; better fare than we had expected to get in a poverty stricken Spanish posada.

Our arrival had created quite a sensation in this remote place, and the doors were besieged by a posse of boys, anxious above all to obtain a sight of the lady who had accompanied us, whose bonnet and riding-dress were objects of especial curiosity and immense amusement. In no part of the world can I remember to have seen a more extraordinary population. Rows of meagre sinewy men sat on the ground in the shady side of the plaza, their countenances overshadowed by broad sombreros, their legs covered with rolls of cord, and their feet with tattered sandals; their persons were buried in capacious brown cloaks, which, from their ragged and antiquated appearance, must have descended from generation to generation. Wild as was their garb, their looks were still wilder; they seemed either sunk in mental vacancy, or brooding over some scheme of plunder and assas-



Alhama.

sination. The boys, with keen flashing black eyes, and precocious ferocity of countenance, swaddled in the same costume as the elders, were absolutely hideous to look upon. Closely followed by a mob of these lads, whom we sought in vain to drive off, we crossed the Plaza, and were startled at coming suddenly upon the edge of a tremendous chasm, the celebrated "Tajo" of Alhama, which almost encircles this mountain stronghold, and renders it nearly inaccessible. Leaning upon the parapet wall, which actually overhangs the deep abyss beneath, we looked down upon the waters of the Marchan, raving among huge blocks fallen from the precipices above, among which were niched some very picturesque old Moorish mills. It was a wild and extraordinary scene, and vividly recalled every incident of that surprise of the place by the Spaniards, and their defence of it against the Moors, which formed the first act of the memorable recovery of Granada.

At the commencement of the final struggle between the Moors and Christians, the impetuous Muley Aben Hassan, the father of Boabdil, and ruler of Granada, rashly struck the first blow at his more powerful enemy, by surprising the mountain fort of Zahara; upon which the Marquis of Cadiz, one of the chief of Ferdinand's captains, determined to retaliate by the capture of Alhama. Accordingly he sent a spy, who, clambering the rocks by night, noted the spots most easily accessible, while he reported the negligence of the Moorish sentinels, lulled into security by the all but impregnable position of the town. Assembling a considerable force, but keeping its destination profoundly secret, and directing his march by unfrequented by-ways, the Marquis, two hours before daybreak, arrived in the vicinity of Alhama, and sent forward a chosen body of men to surprise the garrison. Creeping cautiously to the base of the walls, they applied their scaling ladders, cut down the guard, and rushing into the castle, succeeded, after a fierce struggle with the awakened Moors, in throwing open

the gates to their impatient countrymen. The stronghold was taken, but the town was fiercely disputed for the space of an entire day by the valiant Moorish mountaineers, who took refuge in a mosque, which being set on fire, they were at length compelled to surrender. An immense booty fell into the hands of the Spaniards; but this was a trifle in comparison with the seizure of the place itself, which from its position was justly considered to be one of the keys of Granada. The sensation created in that city by its downfall is powerfully expressed in the well-known and plaintive Spanish ballad, a translation from the Moorish—

> "Letters to the monarch tell,
> How Alhama's city fell;
> In the fire the scroll he threw,
> And the messenger he slew;
> Woe is me, Alhama!"

Muley Hassan immediately collected a powerful force, and hurried from Granada to recover the captured city, endeavouring to overwhelm its Christian defenders by the fury of a sudden assault; but his scaling ladders, applied to the most perilous as well as practicable spots, were hurled back into the ravine by the besieged, who showered down stones and other missiles upon the heads of the exposed assailants, and compelled them to retire from their rashly-concerted enterprise with a heavy loss. Muley Hassan then tried to divert the course of the river, upon which the very life of the inhabitants depended; the place, from its almost entire destitution of fountains, being called "Alhama *la seca*," or, "the dry." In this attempt they were so far successful as to put the Christians to the greatest distress. Urgent messages were sent to the Spanish king, who despatched a force under the Duke of Medina Sidonia to relieve the city. Hearing of its approach, the Moorish commander made another desperate attempt to storm the walls. Masking his real purpose by a feigned

attack elsewhere, he directed a party of the most active escaladors to scale the rocks at a spot supposed to be inaccessible, who, after much difficulty, actually succeeded in getting into the town, but were overwhelmed after a gallant struggle in endeavouring to open the gates to the Moors. Soon after the Christian standards were seen emerging from the defiles of the mountains, and Muley Hassan was compelled to retreat to Granada, where the unsuccessful attempt to rescue a stronghold, the loss of which his own folly had provoked, increased his unpopularity to the utmost, and led to an insurrection, by which his son, Boabdil el Chico, was elevated to the Moorish throne, only to fulfil the prediction that under his rule Granada was destined to fall into the hands of the Christians.

On our return from perambulating this wild town, we were so much annoyed by the rabble that the lady was compelled to hasten to the shelter of our Posada. The mob of boys formed three deep round the windows, and as no one interfered to disperse them, the landlady issued forth upon the balcony, and denounced their brutality in such spirited terms that at length they were ashamed to remain. Nor was this a solitary instance, since there was hardly a village we passed through where the same curiosity was not manifested in a way equally annoying. What with this, and the murder crosses to boot, our highly raised notions about the chivalrous peasantry of Spain were destined to suffer no little abatement.

After passing a night without disturbance from *pulgas*, early on the following morning we descended the rugged heights of Alhama with an ominous cloud upon our spirits. There was something worse than this persecution of the boys, and which, not without reason, filled us with a train of uncomfortable apprehensions. As the lady member of our party, who happened to be ahead, was riding slowly into a deep hollow, just before reaching Alhama on the day before, a body of men,

armed with guns, started up from under the shadow of a rock and placed themselves along the roadside, regarding her with flashing glances, and looking upwards to see if anybody else were approaching. At that moment the rest of the party made their appearance at the head of the ravine, and in less than a minute galloped up to the lady's side. Wilder looking fellows certainly one would hardly wish to see than this gang, who saluted us, as we thought at the time, rather unpleasantly, and followed us with their eager eyes until we had attained the suburbs of the town. There was such a brigand physiognomy about everything and everybody in Alhama, that this incident acquired a painful significance; these men, we could not now venture to doubt, *must* be robbers, who, startled by our sudden apparition, and being too near to the town, had not ventured then to attack us, but were quite sure to waylay us in some convenient corner on the following morning. But what rendered this intended attack a matter of downright certainty, was that the lady not only had an unaccountable presentiment that it would take place, but actually dreamed that she had fallen into the clutches of these fellows, and was screaming for some one to come to the rescue, when she suddenly awoke. This presentiment and dream really seemed almost a sort of providential warning; the difficulty was how to avert the dilemma before us. It was with no little uneasiness that we set forth this morning from Alhama, since we were absolutely unprovided with weapons, excepting always our razors, a dexterous use of which, in default of anything better, we thought might be available in case of our coming to close quarters with the enemy. We looked out nervously at every thicket, a fellow too running alongside of us and evidently dogging our steps. At last, on suddenly turning the corner of a rock, the smoke of a fire was seen rising from the heath, no doubt the bivouac of the bandits, a spectacle which induced us to put spurs, or what served as spurs, to our horses, and gallop

past the spot with almost frantic precipitation. And to cut short the story, in smoke our apprehensions terminated; for, shortly after, we emerged from the mountain passes and came into a broad and open valley, while our sinister looking companion turned out to be an honest peasant going from Alhama to his native village, and who, for security or company, had chosen to keep pace with our cavalcade. Our faith in dreams and our fears of robbers were considerably shaken by this humiliating incident.

We pursued our way over the same rolling, mountainous country, until, arriving at the crest of an eminence, the snowy summit of the same Sierra Nevada, which we had beheld on our voyage from Tunis to Gibraltar, rose before us in all its majesty, a sign that the object of our pilgrimage could not be very far distant. From the top of a range of dreary sandhills blazing in the sun, the dark green carpet of the Vega of Granada suddenly expanded at our feet. It is a vast inland plain, everywhere surrounded by mountains, elevated some thousand feet above the level of the sea, with a climate comparatively cool and bracing, and a soil of the most exuberant fertility, watered by the melting snows of the Sierra, which towers above it like a defensive wall. On the slope of one of the inferior heights appeared the white city buried in groves, and on a hill above it the red towers of the Moorish fortress of the Alhambra. At this sight, we all felt like pilgrims in sight of a long-desired bourne; and heedless of the burning sun, galloped across the green Vega until we had attained the suburbs of Granada. We cannot easily describe the feelings with which we found ourselves close to this capital of the Arabians in Spain, and actually within sight of the most elegant monument of their architecture. What manner of men these Moors were, how surprising their civilization, and how melancholy their fate, must be described by abler pens than mine, and the reader will thank me for placing before him one of the most beautiful

passages of Washington Irving, which sums up in a few eloquent words the prominent points in the history of this gallant but ill-fated race.

"I fell into a course of musing upon the singular fortunes of the Arabian or Moresco-Spaniards, whose whole existence is as a tale that is told, and certainly forms one of the most anomalous, yet splendid episodes in history. Potent and durable as was their dominion, we scarcely know how to call them. They were a nation without a legitimate country or a name. A remote wave of the great Arabian inundation cast upon the shores of Europe, they seemed to have all the impetus of the first rush of the torrent. Their career of conquest, from the Rock of Gibraltar to the cliffs of the Pyrenees, was as rapid and brilliant as the Moslem victories of Syria and Egypt; nay, had they not been checked on the plains of Tours, all France, all Europe, might have been overrun with the same facility as the empires of the East, and the crescent might at this day have glittered on the fanes of Paris and of London.

"Repelled within the limits of the Pyrenees, the mixed hordes of Asia and Africa that formed this great eruption gave up the Moslem principle of conquest, and sought to establish in Spain a peaceful and permanent dominion. As conquerors, their heroism was only equalled by their moderation; and in both, for a time, they excelled the nations with whom they contended. Severed from their native homes, they loved the land given them, as they supposed, by Allah, and strove to embellish it with everything that could administer to the happiness of man. Laying the foundations of their power in a system of wise and equitable laws, diligently cultivating the arts and sciences, and promoting agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, they gradually formed an empire unrivalled for its prosperity by any of the empires of Christendom; and diligently drawing round them the graces and refinements that marked the Arabian empire in the East, at the time of its greatest civilization, they

diffused the light of oriental knowledge through the western regions of benighted Europe."

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"If the Moslem monuments in Spain, if the Mosque of Cordova, the Alcazar of Seville, and the Alhambra of Granada still bear inscriptions fondly boasting of the power and permanency of their dominion, can the boast be derided as arrogant and vain? Generation after generation, century after century had passed away, and still they maintained possession of the land. A period had elapsed, longer than that which has passed since England was subjugated by the Norman Conqueror, and the descendants of Musa and Taric might as little anticipate being driven into exile across the same straits traversed by their triumphant ancestors, as the descendants of Rollo and William and their veteran peers may dream of being driven to the shores of Normandy.

"With all this, however, the Moslem empire in Spain was but a brilliant exotic, that took no permanent root in the soil it embellished. Severed from all their neighbours in the west by impassable barriers of faith and manners, and separated by seas and deserts from their kindred of the East, they were an isolated people. Their whole existence was a prolonged, though gallant and chivalric struggle for a foothold in an usurped land.

"They were the frontiers and outposts of Islamism. The peninsula was the great battle-ground where the Gothic conquerers of the North and the Moslem conquerors of the East met and strove for mastery, and the fiery courage of the Arab was at length subdued by the obstinate and persevering valour of the Goth.

"Never was the annihilation of a people more complete than that of the Moresco-Spaniards. Where are they? Ask the shores of Barbary and its desert places. The exiled remnant of their once powerful empire disappeared among the barbarians of Africa, and ceased to be a nation. They have not even left

a distinct name behind them, though for nearly eight centuries they were a distinct people. The home of their adoption and of their occupation for ages refuses to acknowledge them, except as invaders and usurpers. A few broken monuments are all that remain to bear witness to their power and dominion, as solitary rocks, left far in the interior, bear testimony to the extent of some vast inundation. Such is the Alhambra, a Moslem pile in the midst of a Christian land; an oriental palace amidst the gothic edifices of the West; an elegant memento of a brave, intelligent, and graceful people, who conquered, ruled, and passed away."

It was noon when we entered Granada, and dismounted at the door of its principal hotel, the "Fonda de Minerva;" but no master nor waiter came forth to receive a body of exhausted travellers, and it was not for some time that we could attract the attention of the household, and when we had, at length, succeeded in doing so, our wants were attended to with inconceivable apathy and tardiness; it being beneath the dignity of a Spanish "caballero," whether master or servant, ever to put himself into an unseemly hurry. The rooms at length allotted to us were comfortable enough, and our dinner excellent, but as the vilest odours everywhere prevailed, and the continual ascent to the Alhambra, which is elevated above the town, would have proved excessively fatiguing, it was resolved to establish ourselves, if possible, within the fortress itself. One thing alone deterred us, the little Fonda of the Alhambra had been reported by a preceding traveller as being so haunted by bugs, that they had not even the decency to await the cover of night to commence their operations, but crawled in myriads over the walls by open daylight in quest of their victims. These alarming apprehensions were dissipated by an interview with the guide, who now presented himself, to conduct us over the Alhambra, and who proved to be no other than the identical Mateo Ximenes, immortalized by Washington Irving. When

Granada was visited by that accomplished traveller, whose descriptions of it still remain unequalled, honest Mat was "a tall meagre varlet, whose rusty-brown cloak, was evidently intended to conceal the ragged state of his nether garments." He is still as tall and as meagre as Don Quixote himself, but the plight of

his raiment is somewhat altered for the better, mainly through the request in which his services as a guide have been, since the publication of Irving's work. He is now a little advanced in years, his tall figure somewhat bent; his features are high and intelligent; his countenance, deeply furrowed, beams with a bland benevolent expression; his manner is gentle and obliging, and his enunciation of Spanish so distinct and sonorous, that in a few weeks, I doubt not, we should have been qualified to understand the endless legendary and historical gossip which he was never tired of pouring forth.

Under his conduct we set off to employ the evening in obtaining a first impression of the Alhambra. Leaving our inn, we passed through the rugged, tumble-down streets of Spanish Granada, until we came to one spanned by a Moorish gateway, called the "Puerta de la Bivarambla," alluded to in the ballad of Alhama, from which we have already quoted:—

"The Moorish king rides up and down
Through Granada's royal town,
From Elvira's gates to those
Of Bivarambla on he goes.
Woe is me, Alhama!"

This gate gave access to the extensive oblong square of the Bivarambla, celebrated in Moorish days for jousts and tourneys held by its gallant chivalry. Hence the long and narrow street of the Zacatin, of Moorish foundation, and resembling the oriental bazaars, conducts to a second plaza, whence by the steep street of Los Gomeles, we clambered half-way up the hill surmounted by the towers of the Alhambra. At the top of this street is a gateway, where a surprise awaited us, for which we were prepared by no previous description. We looked suddenly into an avenue of lofty elms meeting over head, and entirely excluding the fervent rays of the sun; and what was more singular, these elms, which resembled those of an English park, and which cover the whole side of the hill and render it a most delicious summer retreat, are actually of English origin, and liberally supplied with water, maintain, even in this thirsty climate, all the freshness of their original home. Advancing under this verdant canopy nearly to the top of the hill, the great gate of the Alhambra, the "Puerta de la Justicia," burst upon us, at the extremity of an ascending avenue, a most noble and majestic specimen of Moorish architecture. Passing under its deep portal, we were at once within the walls of the fortress, which stands out above the City and Vega of Granada on the almost isolated spur of a mountain, and was surrounded by a host of towers, many of which are now in ruins, and capable of containing above 40,000 men. Another slight ascent led us under a second Moorish archway, into the level area at the summit, where a glance at the surrounding objects spoke eloquently of the mutations and disfigurements which the place has undergone. On our left were some of the massive towers of the Moors

in a state of dilapidation, on the right, a ruinous palace built by Charles V. in the Italian style, while the towers of a convent, and a number of miserable modern edifices, combined to produce a painful sense of incongruity and degradation, which did not escape the notice of our guide. Conducting us across the court, and leading us round an angle of the palace to a dead wall in which there was a closed doorway, he rung the bell, which after a moment's delay flew suddenly open. As we stepped across the threshold a general exclamation of surprise burst forth from our party—we seemed transported, as by magic, some centuries back into the midst of the reign of the Moors. We were in an open, oblong court, called the Patio de la Alberca, or fish-pond, its centre nearly occupied with a tank of water edged with marble, and bordered by fragrant hedges of myrtle, reflecting in its lucid basin the elegant arabesque pillars, horse-shoe arches, and latticed casements which surround the court; a scene which thus suddenly beheld was absolutely magical. We stepped from the open sunlight under the shady colonnade, which communicated by a broad doorway with a cool inner corridor, and beyond, with a lofty square hall with few windows, sunk in gorgeous and impressive gloom, and denominated "the Hall of the Ambassadors." Peeping from the windows of this apartment, we were astonished to find that it was perched on the brink of an almost perpendicular precipice, overlooking the City and Vega, forming, in fact, one story of the famous tower denominated the "Torre de Comares."

We knew not which to admire most, the inimitable elegance and gorgeous decoration of the edifice, every cranny of which was covered with the most exquisite ornament, or its romantic and unparalleled situation. From the court of the Alberca a passage led into the celebrated Court of the Lions, in which and in the halls opening into it, the genius of Moorish architecture has attained the *ne plus ultra* of perfection. It was, however, with a feeling of vexation that we first set eyes on this

marvellous *chef d'œuvre* of human artifice. The tesselated pavement of the court was gone, some of its delicate pillars propped up with wooden beams, the fountains dry, and the elegant corridors covered over with a vulgar red tiling. But when this first feeling of chagrin, produced by the ravages of barbarism rather than of time, had abated—when we advanced from the open court into the halls that surround it on three sides, the Sala de los Abencerrages, the Sala de Justicia, and, above all, the Sala de las dos Hermanas, or, "the two sisters," terminated by its exquisite alcove—when we looked upon the incomparable and infinitely varied arabesques that covered the walls, the gorgeous pendants and intricate honey-comb tracery of the lofty ceilings tapering to a point above our heads, and every portion of which had formerly been gilt and painted—when we realized the fairy-like elegance, the fantastic intricacy of this style of architecture, and revelled in the exquisite effects of light and shade that it presented at every turn, we were forced to admit that all that imagination had pictured fell far short of the actual reality. But great as was our satisfaction at beholding it even thus, it was not unaccompanied by a feeling of melancholy that its glory has departed, that we cannot see it as it once was, and as its builders designed it to be, that imagination must supply many a gap, and overlook many a hideous barbarism perpetrated by its subsequent occupants, which show like disfiguring scars and blotches upon the pure symmetry of a lovely countenance.

Such was our first impression of the Alhambra, and it determined us the next day to transfer our residence to the spot. To our great satisfaction and surprise, after what we had heard, we found the Fonda perfectly clean, and had every reason to be satisfied with our treatment while remaining there. Mateo was established as our body guard and cicerone, and fulfilled his functions both ably and agreeably. We found that the air of the Alhambra was exquisitely pure and bracing,

and were never tired of the romantic prospects it commanded. We passed there a charmed week, which will certainly never be forgotten by any of the party, for few such occur within the compass of our everyday existence.

I can, perhaps, give the reader no better idea of the range of objects that occupied our attention during these precious days, than by asking him to ascend the hill of St. Nicholas, whence Granada and its Vega are exhibited with map-like minuteness, as well as surpassing magnificence. The view (*depicted upon the frontispiece*) will in some degree bear out this remark. The fortress palace of the Moors occupies, it will be seen, an oblong and almost isolated hill. On one side it looks over the extensive Vega, watered by the silver windings of the Xenil, which descends from the Alpine snows of the Sierra Nevada. On the other, its towers range along the edge of the deep and romantic glen of the Darro, which falls into the Xenil after traversing the city. This glen separates the hill of the Alhambra from that of the Albaycin, formerly very strongly fortified, but now fallen to ruins. These opposite fortresses were the strongholds of the rival factions of Boabdil and his uncle during the last siege of Granada; while a third quarter, called the Alcazaba, only the edge of which can be shown within the limits of our picture, is still more ancient than either. Occupying the valley of the Darro, between the two hills and part of the plain at their feet, is the city of Granada, with its ponderous gothic cathedral and the grave of Ferdinand and Isabella, the conquerors of Granada and the patrons of Columbus. This vast extent was in the time of the Moors entirely surrounded by walls; and the Albaycin, and the more impregnable Alhambra, stood up as separate fortresses within this immense enclosure.

The Alhambra itself still retains a large proportion of its towers; the two most conspicuous being that on the extreme point, called the "Torre de la Vela," or Standard, and

the massive "Torre de Comares," already mentioned, suspended on the hill side, to the left of which is the slender one surmounted by the "Tocador de la Sultana," an open gallery, commanding a most romantic prospect. Here, quite unmarked by any signs of external splendour, are the low roofs that cover the magic courts of the Moorish palace, which have been well described as like a spar, externally rough, but within full of glittering crystals. The square mass of Charles the Fifth's palace is also conspicuous. A deep ravine separates the Alhambra from the summer palace of the Generalife, hung romantically on the side of a wooded hill, above which tower the fragments of some early fortress, called the "Silla del Moro," or the "Moor's Chair," from a tradition that Boabdil, the last King of Granada, one day sat there, and overlooked his rebellious city beneath.

The luxuriant Vega, or plain, extends from the base of the Sierra Nevada far beyond the limits of our view. Every inch of that beautiful area is memorable in the annals of the conquest of Granada. Its surface then glittered with the tents and squadrons of the Spaniards, and was the scene of many a gallant encounter between their chivalry and that of the Moors. The town of Santá Fe was built in its midst by Ferdinand and Isabella, as a permanent camp, from which they vowed never to depart until the infidel city was taken; and here it was that Columbus, who had left the court after a long and abortive attendance, was overtaken at the bridge of Pinos, and brought back again to conclude that treaty which issued in the discovery of a new world. Just where the road enters the mountains are the "Cuesta de las Lagrimas," or the "Hill of Tears," and the spot called "El ultimo Suspiro del Moro," or "The Moor's last Sigh," where the unfortunate Boabdil wept as he lost sight of his conquered kingdom, and was reproached by his mother with the unfeeling words, "You do well to weep like a woman over that which you could not defend like a

man;" while, nearer the city, the white tower marks the site of Zubia, where Queen Isabella, who had repaired thither with an escort to obtain a view of Granada, was nearly surprised by a sudden sally of the Moorish cavalry.

The lofty Sierra Nevada, of which the whole could not be included in the view, is 12,700 feet in height, being only a few hundred less than Mont Blanc. Its summit is covered with eternal snows, and its flanks broken into deep and rugged ravines, through which its fertilizing waters pour down into the Vega below, and being carefully conducted over its surface by means of irrigation, form the great source of its exuberant fertility, which was far greater in the time of the Moors than it is at the present day.

With this glance at the city of Granada and its environs it may well be imagined how rapidly flew by the days in the enjoyment of such a circle of objects. Our manner of life was this:—after an early morning ramble along the battlements, and breakfasting, we usually repaired to the Alhambra, one to copy Arabic inscriptions, some to draw, others to idle, to clamber the towers of Comares, and peep down into the courts below, to seek the deep shade of the Hall of the Ambassadors, or feed the gold-fish in the tank of the Alberca. Often would we wander into the little airy Tocador, the favourite haunt of Charles V., and look down from its slender colonnade several hundred feet into the deep and romantic vale of the Darro. But it was by haunting it on the moonlight nights that we fully realized all that is magical in this fairy palace, when its unsightly scars and patches are softened down, when imagination might most freely revel, recalling the turbaned Moors and their antique state—when the play of the light and shade among these avenues of Arabesque pillars was most fantastic and startling, the shadows of the halls more vast and sombre—when the sleeping Albaycin, with its Moorish houses and courts below, was bathed in pale white light, and the out-

stretched Vega and its mountain barrier dimly descried through the silvery haze of night.

Persuaded that the mere descriptions of the Alhambra, without the aid of numerous careful engravings, which cannot here be introduced, would fail to convey any correct idea of its peculiarities, we must be content with a few general remarks. This palace, in which Arabian architecture has reached its acme of grace and elegance, was begun by Ibnu-l-ahmar, in 1248, and finished about 1314, not very long before the downfal of the kingdom of Granada. It was formerly far more extensive than at present, the whole winter quarter having been pulled down by Charles V. to build up his unfinished palace, while other apartments were *Italianised*, and fitted with fire-places for his reception. Under the Spanish rule the beautiful structure was sadly degraded and pillaged of all its fittings, and was in a fair way to be entirely destroyed, until roofed by order of Mr. Wall, the English Minister at the Spanish court. The French did much injury, and blew up several towers of the fortress, in order to render it no longer available in war. Latterly a better feeling has been manifested; some portions have been restored, others repaired, and enough yet remains to give a perfect idea of what the structure must have been when it excited the enthusiastic admiration of Peter Martyr, who entered it in the train of its Spanish conquerors: "The Alhambra! Oh, immortal gods, what a palace is it! unique, I believe, upon the face of the whole earth!"

We cannot but observe here, that the celebrated work of Owen Jones, which we inspected at Gibraltar immediately after our return, would almost suffice to rebuild the Alhambra, were it destroyed, so astonishingly minute and accurate is it in every particular.

At Granada one seems to think but little of the Spaniards, or rather to regard them with an unfavourable eye, everything recalling the superior refinement of their predecessors, the Moors.

To show what was the state of Moorish civilisation at the period when this masterpiece of invention was erected, we will quote a page or two from that very lively book of the American Schrœder, called "Shores of the Mediterranean," in which he gives a summary, drawn from the history of his fellow-countryman, Prescott; and we must admit the justice of his boast, that "the Americans have burnished up the faded splendours of the Alhambra, aroused the interest of its fame, and gilded every tower and castle with revived glory."

"For summer luxury, and adaptation to the climate," he remarks, "nothing could be more admirable. I have seen all the comfortable splendours of the royal private apartments in Windsor Castle, and remembering the date and the present difference of race, certainly the Moor of 1400 A.D. could match the British princes in all luxury: and when we recall the rich equipage and furniture of the Alhambra as it was four hundred years ago, the precious woods of citron, sandal, aloes, and olive wood, ivory and Mosaic of pearl; the gold and enamel work; the rich divans, the costly hangings, the curious works of art, and ingenious toys which abounded; the baths and plentiful luxuries; and the inhabitants of this sumptuous abode arrayed in fine linens and embroidered native silks, plumes, velvets, glittering with gems and wrought gold; and compare them with the British monarchs of that day, we shall have a striking contrast. At a still earlier period, when the palace floors of Windsor were strewed with rushes and straw, the richest carpets and ottomans were laid upon the superb marbles of the Alhambra.

"But there were other and far more interesting superiorities in the Moor; learning, literature, art, science, and accomplishments of every sort. Their national greatness attained its highest importance in the tenth century, when one of their kings accumulated a library of six hundred thousand volumes. Eighty free schools were established in Cordova, and the best

scholars of Christian Europe flocked to the Moorish colleges. Nothing in all antiquity surpassed the means of accomplishments and learning; and philosophers, poets, historians of the Arabs, grew great in numbers and in fame. At this period the last Saxon king was on the throne of England, and ruled over a people described by Hume as 'uncultivated, ignorant of letters, unskilled in the mechanical arts, untamed to submission to law and government,' &c.

"While such was the state of England and of Europe, the single city of Cordova possessed six hundred public temples, and the palace of the king was a great academy, to which students of all nations flocked, and the king himself partook of their learned conferences.

"At a later age, when Edward the First was on the throne of England, there were fifty colleges on the Plain of Granada; and in Moorish Spain no less than seventy public libraries. The state of learning and literature at the same period in Christian Europe was yet in its dark period.

"The revenue of the Arab sovereigns in the tenth century, derived from commerce, husbandry, mines, and herds, &c., amounted to nearly thirty millions of dollars; and a hundred years later, William the Conqueror was unable to obtain two millions from his new kingdom by every means of oppression. In short, all Christian Europe was in its dark age, and from the Spanish Moors came one principal impulse for their enlightenment and regeneration. In agriculture, nautical science, and the arts of war, the most important lessons were derived from them. The Arabs were devoted to natural and mathematical sciences; algebra was their gift to all other Europe; they were the first to manufacture paper; and the application of gunpowder to the military science was due to the ingenuity of this extraordinary people. So great was the thirst for knowledge among all classes of Moors, that we are told blind men were eminent scholars among them five hundred years ago, when at the

enlightened period of this present day, we look with astonishment at ingenious methods by which the blind can obtain the most common-place information. Astronomy made vast strides in improvement, and their instruments and observatories were brought to great perfection. Their historians number thirteen hundred writers; and their treatises upon logic and metaphysics, we are told by Mr. Prescott, amount to one-ninth of the surviving treasures of the Spanish royal library. The writings of their philosophers, historians, and poets, were translated and diffused throughout Europe. In everything they appear to have quickened the dormant energies of the Christians. They even taught them lessons in gallantry and chivalry; and it is not the least interesting item of their great examples, that the famed knightly orders of the Templars, Hospitallers, Knights of St. John, were imitations of Moorish Crusaders against Christian Infidels. The existence of such an order among the Arabs was a century earlier than the first Christian brotherhood of knights. They were distinguished for their austere and frugal habits; and, being stationed on the borders, were bound by a vow against the Christian Infidels.

"Such are some of the interesting facts for which we have to thank the industry and research of the historian of Ferdinand and Isabella; and to have enjoyed the benefit of his information on the spot most associated with the glories of the Spanish Moors, was no common gratification."

But we had also at hand other objects than the Alhambra. On one of the brightest of mornings we crossed over to the palace and gardens of the Generalife. This is indeed a scene of gay summer luxury, of freshness and coolness,—of bubbling streams and dashing fountains, some fifty of which were set playing for us,—of odoriferous avenues of myrtle, and cypress, and bay, and light fairy halls, of the most delicate arabesque, commanding prospects the most incomparable over Granada and the environs. At other times we would descend into the

deep glen of the Darro, which was a little paradise of the Moors, and full of their most elegant villas, or clamber the thyme-covered hills, and look over the boundless landscape. One day we devoted to the exploration of the city and cathedral of Granada. As the delicate halls of the Alhambra may be called a miracle of art, so may this ponderous cathedral be considered as the triumph of barbarism, though imposing from its mere vastness. There are a few objects, however, of no common interest in this otherwise barren edifice. In the Royal Chapel are the tombs of Ferdinand the Catholic and his queen Isabella, who wrested Granada from the Moors, and by their side those of Philip the Handsome and the mad Princess Jane, mother of the Emperor Charles V. The effigies of these illustrious personages are beautifully sculptured, that of the good and pious queen being remarkable for its characteristic and benevolent expression. Their mortal remains, enclosed in leaden coffins, repose in the vault beneath. Nor must we omit to notice the gratification we derived, in the dearth of any other good works of art, from some of the exquisite productions of Alonzo Cano. One is a carved image of the Virgin, in size not much larger than a doll, but with a world of exquisite art in that narrow compass; so sadly sweet, so seriously graceful, that one could gaze on it for ever, and grow yet more and more enamoured of its marvellous beauty. Cano is a master little known in England, but his works are remarkable for refinement and tenderness of expression.

It was also pleasant to trace the vestiges of the Moorish city of Granada, its old bazaars, the restored Alcaiceria, an exquisite little nook, and mouldering horseshoe arches and lofty towers; to perambulate the ruinous towers of the Albaycin, and to peep into the Gypsey quarter, a series of caverns burrowed in the rock, and filled with black-eyed "Gitanos," overhanging the Darro, said to run over a bed of golden sands, a sort of miniature "Sacramento." And if wearied of these multifarious

but exciting objects, it was refreshing to idle at noon amidst the dense arcades of "branching elm, star proof," as green and leafy as those of an English park; and no less delightful to sit and watch, from these lofty battlements, the solemn sunset diffusing crimson hues over the outspread Vega, and its mountain ramparts crested with eternal snow.

In all these rambles we were accompanied by our faithful and pleasant squire, Mateo, that "Son of the Alhambra," as he may well call himself, who familiarized us with every nook and corner of the place. We enjoyed the pleasure of reading the inimitable descriptions of Irving on the spot itself, of visiting every point of historical interest in his "Chronicles;" and as they are now to be acquired for a couple of shillings, can only counsel our readers to do the next best thing, which is to buy them, and read them at home.

At length we were compelled to turn our faces again towards Gibraltar, our week having fled like a dream. We summoned little Chico, mounted our horses, filled our alforgas, and taking this time the carriage road to Loja, drew, Boabdil-like, our *ultimo suspiro* as the now familiar towers of the Alhambra faded for ever from our sight. Refreshing ourselves at a wayside "venta," shortly after sunset we beheld the romantic town, with its old Moorish castle blocking up the narrow pass of the Xenil, and, like Alhama, forming one of the mountain keys of Granada; and at the siege of which by Ferdinand, the English knights, led on by Lord Rivers, were distinguished for their bravery. We dismounted at a large posada, the lower story of which consisted of an extensive range of stabling, with a portion cut off at one end as a sitting place for the host and the muleteers. Passing through this stable department we ascended into a dreary corridor, where however we found clean beds and a good supper. Next evening, after a hot ride through a dreary mountain tract, relieved with a few pleasant passages of landscape, we came in view of the sea, near the

little town of El Colmenar, where we reposed for a few hours, and starting again before sunrise the following morning, descended for some hours by interminable corkscrew windings to Malaga, and a little before noon returned to a late breakfast at honest Balcon's. "And so," as Mr. Pips would say, "home to Algesiras and the old Rock."

After returning from Malaga we remained but a short time at Gibraltar. Our object being rather to give a picture of its remarkable situation, than to dwell upon its geology or natural history, it will suffice to observe that it presents very much that is interesting to the scientific observer, especially to the botanist; more than three hundred plants adorning the surface of a rock which is usually considered to be destitute of verdure. The crags, at a distance apparently naked, are found, on a near approach, to be overgrown with palmettos and shrubs, intermingled with flowering plants; while in the lower grounds the date-palm, olive, almond, orange, carob, and other trees, with figs, pomegranates, apples, plums, apricots, and almost all our northern vegetables, flourish abundantly. The botanical student should provide himself with a little manual on the subject called "Flora Calpensis," published by Van Voorst in Paternoster Row, as a companion in his rambles about the Rock. The fossil bones are among the most remarkable curiosities of the place. Eagles and monkeys have been already mentioned, besides which, hares and rabbits, wild cats, partridges, larks, starlings, thrushes, blackbirds, pigeons, and poultry also abound. The climate, in general salutary, is often disagreeable from the prevalence of a sea fog which overhangs the rock, and inspires a train of disagreeble sensations. There is an epidemic fever which visits the place about once in every twelve years.

The motley character of the inhabitants has been already noticed. Gibraltar, having been made a free port by Queen

Anne, and the most complete religious toleration being established, has become perfectly cosmopolitan; and thus emigrants from all quarters, many of them of damaged reputations, have been drawn to the shelter of the Rock. Jews, native or from Bombay, Brazilians, Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Germans, Genoese, Greeks, Ionians, Maltese, Moors, Italians, Prussians, Portuguese, Spaniards, South Americans, Swedes, Swiss, Turks, and Yankees, meet together within the narrow confines of the town. There are some merchants of the highest respectability, but smuggling is one great occupation of the place. The civil and military authorities form a society apart from this mixed multitude, into which they admit only a few favoured exceptions.

Whether this stronghold is, or ever will be, after all, worthy of the immense expenditure that it has occasioned, has often been called in question. A recent writer has observed that Gibraltar lives on her former credit; and that as it has cost us an enormous sum, we conclude it must be of corresponding value. Yet, destitute as it is of a harbour, like that of Malta, it cannot be a fortified stronghold for our fleet in the Mediterranean; it can hardly, as will already have appeared, be said to close the Mediterranean against a hostile squadron. It is not, to say truth, very clear what it commands, or what it protects. A conjunction of circumstances might, however, arise in which it would prove of importance. Since the establishment of the overland route it has acquired a new value, as one of a chain of posts connecting England with her Indian possessions. One thing is certain, that having expended millions upon it, and covered it with the prestige of a glorious defence, it is not very likely to be given up, especially as it is understood that, by improved management, it is made to pay its own expenses. Yet, unless international morality be indeed a fiction, every one who knows how it fell into our possession, and that when it was reluctantly ceded to us by Spain it was

on the condition that it should not be made a nest for smuggling, must desire to see the end of a system which, though we defend by *might*, we cannot justify by *right*; and which is as discreditable to our national good faith, as it is justly provocative of the hatred of the Spanish nation.

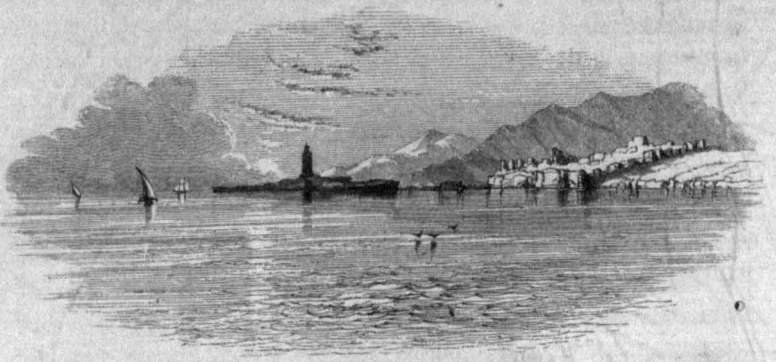
Our time being more than expired, we embarked somewhat hurriedly on board a small paddle-wheel steamer, and soon Gibraltar, with its walls and bastions, and the dwelling on the mountain side, which we had come to regard almost as a home, began to lessen upon our vision. Quitting the shelter of the bay, we opened the straits, and pointing our prow to the westward, advanced into the midst of that magnificent current, which, running at the rate of two and a half miles per hour, pours continually in from the Atlantic ocean; a mysterious phenomenon, which has given rise to a great variety of theories, and is not yet decisively explained. Dr. Halley considered that the loss of the Mediterranean by evaporation is quite equal to this continual indraught, inclusive of the waters of all the great rivers that pour into its basin. Others prefer to explain the mystery by the supposition of a counter current underneath, less powerful than the principal one, in proof of which the fact is advanced, that a vessel sunk in the Bay of Gibraltar was cast on shore near Tangier, full thirty miles to the westward. Urquhart, expressing his dissatisfaction with the theory of evaporation, inquires, "What becomes of the salt, which, if this idea is true, must for ages have been accumulating and filling up the bed of the Mediterranean?" and he proposes, as a more probable solution, "an under-current, produced by a difference of specific gravity between the waters of the Mediterranean and the ocean." There is a constant counter-stream to the westward running along both shores, and the ocean tides rise within the strait to the height of four feet; circumstances of which small boats, which creep along the coast,

avail themselves to work outwards; but it requires a powerful east wind to enable larger ships to stem the central current; and as the westerly winds moreover prevail, vessels are often detained for a great length of time in the Bay of Gibraltar, several hundreds being in fact wind-bound at the period of our departure.

The scenery around was grand but solitary: Gibraltar was behind; and Mons Abyla, or Apes' Hill, now reared above us its tremendous range of precipices, interspersed with fruitful valleys, which were formerly inhabited by the valiant Moorish clan of "Gomeles," a body-guard of whom, consisting of five hundred men, were quartered in the street of the same name, already described as forming the ascent to the Alhambra. Further to the westward, crouching at the foot of the mountains, is the little white-walled town of Alcasar el Ceguer, or the "Little Palace," built by Jacob Almanzor as a post from which to send over troops into Spain, and which became such a nest of corsairs that the Portuguese seized it in 1458, but were constrained to retire, after holding it with difficulty for two years. Thus has Morocco shaken off the yoke of her invaders, remaining what she has been for ages—intact in habits and ideas, without the slightest infusion of occidentalism; less known and less visited than many of the remotest regions upon the earth.

On the opposite side were the green hills of Spain, swelling into lofty mountains, with here and there a white village or watch-tower. The Moors and Spaniards have no intercourse whatever, regarding one another with fixed immemorial aversion. As we approached the mouth of the strait on the Spanish side, the setting sun shone upon the mouldering and forlorn ramparts of Tarifa, which look, to use the words of Ford, "as if they could be battered down with its own oranges,"—a memento of the fiery struggles that once took place between the inhabitants of these hostile shores.

Hence, in 417, the Vandals were driven across into Africa by Wallia, the Gothic king. Here, in A.D. 711, Taric crossed



over from Africa with a Moorish army, to conquer Spain from Roderick, the last of the Goths, with whom, months after, he commenced, in the sandy plains expanding to the westward of the town, that struggle, which terminated in the decisive overthrow of the Goths on the shores of the Guadalete. Here Alonzo XI. overthrew the Moors in the famous action followed up by the siege of Algesiras. The "Tower of Guzman" marks the spot where occurred one of those horrible deeds which darken the page of ancient warfare, and which we shall give in the words of Ford. "Alonzo Percy de Guzman, when others declined, offered to hold this post of danger for a year. The Moors beleaguered it, aided by the Infante Juan, a traitor brother of Sancho's, to whom Alonzo's eldest son, aged nine, had been entrusted previously as a page. Juan now brought the boy under the walls, and threatened to kill him if his father would not surrender. Alonzo drew his dagger, and threw it down, exclaiming, 'I prefer honour without a son, to a son with dishonour!' He retired; and the prince caused the child to be put to death. A cry of horror ran through the Spanish battlements; Alonzo rushed forth, beheld his son's body, and

returning to his childless mother, calmly observed, 'I feared that the infidel had gained the city.'"

Abreast were the white buildings of Tangier, rising to the westward of which the lonely promontory of Cape Spartel projected into the boundless waters of the Atlantic. Tangier is another city of Phœnician origin, of note in the time of the Romans, and giving its name to the province of Mauritania Tingitana. Under the Mohammedans it was of great wealth and importance. The Portuguese seized it in 1457, and it was ceded to England as part of the dower of the Portuguese princess, Catherine, who became the queen of Charles II. It proved so useless and expensive a possession, owing to the constant attacks of the Moors, that it was at length abandoned, and the works, which had cost an enormous sum, dismantled, though the Moors have partly repaired them. In our own recollection the place was bombarded by the French squadron, under the Prince de Joinville. Here are numerous consuls from Europe and America, with a considerable traffic in supplying Gibraltar and the coasts of Spain with live stock. The extremity of Cape Spartel bears traces of the adventurous Phœnicians, and is perforated by some remarkable caverns. In this neighbourhood, once the favourite seat of romantic fable, were the gardens of the Hesperides, to which some travellers have found an imagined counterpart in the beautiful vegetation of Morocco.

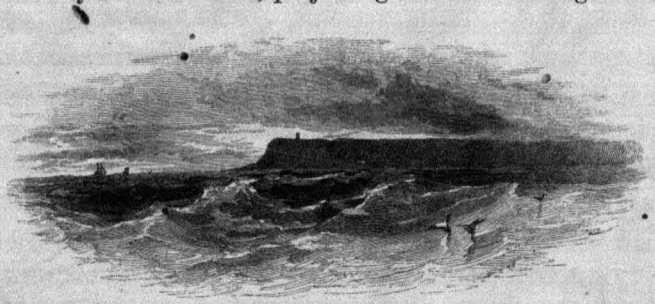
And so we sailed forth through those straits which were approached by the ancients with awe as the remote boundaries of their world, beyond which all was mystery and fable. The Phœnicians, who possessed, as some believe, the knowledge of the compass, which they kept carefully concealed from others, were the first to plough, with daring keel, the unexplored solitude of the Atlantic. Forming settlements at Carteia, Tangier, and Cadiz, they visited the shores of Britain for tin, exploring the western islands; and in the reign of

Pharaoh Necho adventured on their famous circumnavigation of Africa, which anticipated by several hundred years the exploit of Vasco de Gama. It was at Cadiz that either they or their mythical demigod, Hercules, set up those pillars, which by poetical fiction were afterwards supposed to be the twin rocks of Calpe and Abyla, which sentinel the entrance of the straits. Then followed from the eastward, the Carthaginian and the Roman, the Goth and the Moor, and sat them down in the surrounding kingdoms, till, reversing this order of march, the fair-haired sea kings of the north of Europe, who are supposed to have discovered America, steered their roving barks through these narrow straits, intent, not upon commerce, but on pillage. At last came Columbus, who, starting from near this boundary of the old world, disclosed the vast oceanic spaces, and opened to us the boundless realms of another continent.

As our vessel rose upon the long rolling swell of the Atlantic, and the shores of the strait lessened behind us in the deepening twilight, I cast a lingering and perhaps a final glance towards that beloved and beautiful sea, on the shores of which had been spent, not without many a vicissitude of sickness and peril, so many of the most interesting hours of a troubled existence, and which have furnished to the memory a stock of priceless recollections. If the object of all travel be, as Dr. Johnson thought, to visit the shores of the Mediterranean, I had been more than ordinarily favoured. What a list of memorable cities! — Carthage and Alexandria — Jerusalem and Tyre — Damascus and Antioch—Constantinople and Athens—Venice, Rome, and Naples—Palermo and Granada—and a host of others, had it been my privilege to visit. What scenes of monumental grandeur! memorials of race upon race—the massive solidity of the Egyptian pyramid—the intellectual harmony of the Grecian temple—the colossal magnificence of the Roman amphitheatre—the solemn gloom of the Gothic cathedral, and the fairy elegance of the Arabian palace. How

many battle-fields, from the plains of Issus to the waters of Trafalgar—but above all, what spots hallowed by the presence of genius or of goodness—of sages, and poets, and apostles, and martyrs, had not my feet pressed during the course of many a repeated pilgrimage. It was something, if the gifts of fortune were wanting, to have enjoyed these intellectual luxuries which nothing but death can take away—something to have trodden those shores which were the cradle of the human race—where arose the religion, the arts, the sciences, the poetry, the navigation, which have served as the heritage of posterity, and to which, as long as the world lasts, the footsteps of the human race must ever be directed with a veneration which no other place can inspire.

With the last streaks of day we could discern the long promontory of TRAFALGAR, projecting into the heaving Atlantic,



hallowed by the most memorable, to the feelings of an Englishman, of the many events of ancient and modern story which crowd upon one another at this corner of Europe and Africa. Familiar as is every child with the general outline of the battle, the reader may not perhaps object to have his recollection refreshed by a few notices from James's Naval History, and Pettigrew's Life. Nelson was anxiously watching off Cadiz to intercept the Spanish and French fleets, commanded by Admiral Villeneuve, when an order from Napoleon required the latter to put to sea. The last letter written by the

conqueror of the Nile lay unfinished on his desk, and ended with, "May God Almighty give us success over these fellows, and enable us to get a peace." Yet there is no doubt that his presentiment of death was strong; and he took leave of one of his officers with the prophetic words, "God bless you, Blackwood; I shall never see you again."

On this occasion Nelson resolved to attack the enemy's line in two columns, and if possible, to cut off a portion; but in the confusion of so extensive a scene of conflict, it was understood that "that captain would not be far wrong who laid his ship alongside one of the enemy." On board the Victory, in which Nelson resolved to lead one of the columns to the attack, he was to be seen in his usual thread-bare naval frock, with its four weather-beaten and lack-lustre stars, charging his men to reserve their fire, and see that every gun told. As the admiral's ship would necessarily be exposed to the hottest of the enemy's fire, Captain Blackwood, as delicately as possible, besought Nelson to allow the Téméraire, the next ship behind, to go ahead. "Oh yes — let her go ahead!" ironically replied Nelson. When about to engage the enemy, he remarked, "We must give a fillip to the fleet—suppose we say, Nelson expects every man to do his duty;" an officer suggested the substitution of the word "England." "Certainly, certainly!" exclaimed the admiral, and, thus altered, the memorable signal was received by a glorious shout of three cheers from the entire fleet.

The two English columns bore down upon the Franco-Spanish line after the fashion represented in the diagram. Admiral Collingwood heading one in the Royal Sovereign, and Nelson the other in the Victory. The morning was fine, the sun shone splendidly out upon the long and majestic line of the enemy, towards which, the wind being light, the English advanced but slowly. As Collingwood approached in the Royal Sovereign, the Fougueux discharged the first shot at her, but the

latter reserved her fire till she could give it with due effect, when, at ten minutes past ten, she fired one tremendous broad-

side of double-shotted guns into the ship nearest her, killing or wounding 400 men, and disabling fourteen guns. "What would Nelson give to be here?" proudly demanded Collingwood; while at the same moment Nelson exclaimed, as he witnessed the onset, "See how that gallant fellow Collingwood leads his ship into action!" Several of the enemy's line now almost encircled the Royal Sovereign, which, for a quarter of an hour, sustained the whole brunt of the action, firing into her from so many opposite directions, that the hissing balls were frequently seen to encounter each other in the air.

Meanwhile the Victory was coming up to the scene of action, Nelson being earnestly desirous of engaging the French admiral's ship, which, however, could not be discovered. As the Victory majestically advanced, one of the enemy's ships fired a single shot to ascertain the range, then succeeded a few moments of solemn silence, when seven or eight French ships poured their broadsides into her at the same moment. Scott, Nelson's secretary, fell dead while conversing with Hardy, and as the tremendous volleys swept on unslackened, Nelson

exclaimed to the latter, "This is too warm work, Hardy, to last long." The latter now observing to Nelson that they could not break the enemy's line without falling on board one of their ships, the Victory prepared to grapple. As she passed the Bucentaur she fired a sixty-eight pound carronade into the stern windows of that vessel, and discharged the whole of her guns, sweeping down 400 of the crew of her antagonist, and dismantling twenty of her guns. The crippled vessel sheered off, and the Victory, steering alongside the Redoutable, was soon locked with her in a deadly struggle of gun to gun, and man to man. It was while this terrific conflict was at the highest, that Hardy observed Nelson suddenly stagger, and fall upon the very spot stained with the blood of poor Scott, struck in the spine by a musket-ball from the enemy's tops. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," he exclaimed. "I hope not," replied the latter. "Yes," returned Nelson, "my back is shot through." At half-past one, the wounded hero was carried into the cockpit, while the conflict with the Redoutable, which ship was most gallantly fought, was raging with the utmost fury. As, in the confusion occasioned by this unhappy incident, the upper deck of the Victory was almost cleared, the crew of the Redoutable made an attempt to board, but were bravely repulsed, and the Téméraire shortly after falling on board the Redoutable on the opposite side, the latter ship hauled down her colours, and enabled the Victory to swing off with her dying commander.

While these prominent incidents of the fight were occurring, the rest of the ships had closed, and the deadly encounter was going on at all points to the manifest advantage of the English. At half-past two, Hardy, during an interval of his duties on deck, descended into the cockpit of the Victory to the bedside of the dying Nelson, who for the last hour had been suffering intense agony. His thirst was excessive, and at times it was evident that his senses were wandering. On seeing his friend he faintly exclaimed, "Well, Hardy, how goes the battle?"

"Very well, my Lord; fourteen or fifteen of the enemy's ships are ours." "I had bargained for twenty," said Nelson. "I hope none of ours have struck, Hardy." He was assured that nothing of the sort had happened. Hardy, after again resuming his duties, returned to the cockpit, and assured the dying admiral of the glorious issue of the day. His energy survived to the last, and being told that Collingwood would probably assume the command, he exclaimed, "Not while I live. *Anchor*—Hardy—*anchor*." At half-past four he expired.

At the termination of the battle, Cape Trafalgar bore south-east by east, distant eight miles. Nineteen of the enemy's ships had been captured or destroyed, the French losing the half of their force, being nine, while the Spaniards, more unfortunate, out of fifteen ships saved but six, a blow from which their marine has never recovered. A gale came on after the battle, which seriously endangered the crippled vessels, both of the conquerors and the conquered. The Victory, towed by the Neptune, reached Gibraltar on the 28th of October, whence she shortly afterwards sailed for England with the body of the departed hero.

Four of the remaining French ships under Admiral Linois were captured on the 4th of November off Cape Finisterre. Bonaparte, when informed of this disaster, attributed it in part, like his Russian disasters, to "the elements," and partly to the imprudence of an engagement which his own instructions had in great measure occasioned.

On the next day, after passing Trafalgar, we were off Cadiz—passing at a distance the little town of Palos, whence Columbus set sail for the discovery of America, and to which he returned in triumph after his voyage. Our vessel being one of the slowest imaginable, it was not till late the second evening after clearing the straits that we came in sight of Cape St. Vincent; a lone romantic promontory with some fractured rocks at its foot, standing out into the ocean, having on its summit

a fine lighthouse, with a brilliant light revolving every two or three minutes, which shone out as we passed it like a star upon the dark heaving swell of the Atlantic. This spot was held sacred by the Romans, and on it was a druidical circle, in which, as Ford tells us, upon the authority of Strabo, the Iberians believed the gods assembled at night. The convent on its summit was called "the Church of the Crows," the mount still bearing the name of these birds, who watched, as tradition affirms, over the corpse of St. Vincent after his execution at Valencia, by Dacian. The body was removed to this spot, and the crows with it, until in 1147 it was removed to Portugal together with its sable sentinels. On being shewn to Beckford, he maliciously inquired whether the holy birds before him were the originals celebrated in the legend. "Not exactly the same," confidentially whispered the custode, "but their *immediate descendants*."

The waters of Cape St. Vincent are also memorable for another triumph of the English navy, under Sir John Jervis, who for this victory was created Earl St. Vincent, over that of Spain, on the 14th of February, 1797. The fleet of the latter counted twenty-five ships, who advanced to cut off what in the obscurity of the fog they supposed to be but nine of the English, when to their astonishment, the mist clearing off, disclosed fifteen bearing down in a single line into the midst of their ill-compacted squadron. Confused and disheartened, they endeavoured when too late to form a line of battle, but were outmanœuvred, several of their ships being captured, and totally beaten. It was on this occasion that Nelson, then bearing the rank of commodore, successfully entered through the cabin windows, and took one of the Spanish ships, the San Nicholas; on observing which, the neighbouring San Josef discharged a volley upon the captors. Hereupon Nelson, closing with the San Josef, boarded her also from the deck of the San Nicholas, thus capturing both the vessels; and on the deck of a Spanish first-

rate received the swords of the vanquished Spaniards, which, as they were handed to him, he gave to William Feary, one of his bargemen, who put them with the greatest *sang froid* under his arm. Here also Admiral Napier defeated the Portuguese fleet.

From Cape Finisterre we stood across the Bay of Biscay, of evil fame, as everybody knows, though I have heard sailors remark that it is "no worse than other places." Our own experience tended rather to confirm than contradict the popular notion, as we encountered a very heavy gale of wind with a prodigious swell, which made us rejoice when we got under the shelter of the Irish coast. We had a beautiful sunrise view of the long range of the Scilly rocks, upon which Admiral Sir Cloudesly Shovel was lost on October 22, 1707, when returning from the Mediterranean; and on the following evening we arrived at Liverpool.

There are, perhaps, few sensations more exhilarating than setting foot on one's native shore after a stormy voyage. It is something to stand again on *terra firma*, and to get rid of the nausea, and that tarry taste with which everything on board seems impregnated. Then how pleasant to think that we are but an hour or two from the familiar fireside, and that there are eyes that will look brighter at our coming. But there was one on board who landed with very different feelings. He was a man of good family, an exile from Palermo, a leader in the recent rebellion against the king of Naples. As he would have been shot if taken, he had remained in concealment until he could contrive to effect his escape on board the steamer. His property was confiscated, and he was on his way to London to seek the assistance of some of the more wealthy refugees. The miseries of his country, and the tyranny under which she groaned, seemed to absorb his every idea. To England, in common with many of his compatriots, he had looked for help, and though he uttered no complaint, I fear that it was not without

a feeling of bitterness that he set foot upon our soil, a homeless wanderer, ignorant of our very language, left to brood in the midst of the crowd, over the loneliness of his position, perhaps to suffer the stings of want, and to beg the reluctant charity of the stranger! How many such refugees are at this moment in the midst of us!

Here I must take leave of the patient reader, if, indeed, his patience has held out to the end of the chapter, referring him to the Appendix for some particulars concerning those portions of the Overland Route, which, having already been described by me in previous publications, do not fall within the scope of the present volume.

APPENDIX.

DIRECTIONS FOR PASSENGERS BY THE OVERLAND ROUTE.

N.B.—As dates of departure often vary, they should always be ascertained at the Post Office and steam packet offices before starting, which obviates all possibility of mistake.

THERE are two direct routes to Malta: the first through France; the second by sea. Those who contemplate any stay in France should provide themselves with Murray's Handbooks; *at Paris, Post Office—Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau—inquire the time of departure* of the packets *direct* from Marseilles to Malta, and arrange accordingly. Leave Paris direct by railway to Lyons—if completed—if not, to Chalons-sur-Saône, and then, by the steamer, down the Rhone. The Hotel de l'Univers at Lyons is an *excellent and comfortable establishment*. Steamers leave Lyons daily for Avignon, sometimes arriving in time for the trains to Marseilles, which leave two or three times a day. Avignon—where there is a good hotel—is, however, well worthy of a few hours' examination. Walk to platform above the Palace of the Popes: *the view is magnificent*. *If time*, also visit the palace, cathedral; look at the ancient walls—among the most perfect in Europe—and, crossing the bridge, glance at the ruined castles on the opposite side of the Rhone. Those who have time may make an excursion to Vaucluse. A short and pleasant detour to Marseilles is by Nismes,—with its temple, amphitheatre, and neighbouring "Pont du Gard,"—and Arles, also full of Roman antiquities (*rail all the way*). Obtain local guides. At Marseilles the Hotel d'Orient is, perhaps, the most comfortable; the Hotel des Ambassadeurs most convenient and best frequented; there are others a shade more economical. There is little of interest at Marseilles. Visit the churches; walk round to entrance of harbour, and inspect works of new dock; take omnibus to the Prado, on the sea-coast, if time hangs heavily on hand.

There are several lines of steamers from Marseilles to Malta. The English government packet, *once* a month—generally about the 9th or 10th, (for the day, see Galignani)—takes three days. There are *two* French lines, leaving several times in the month: one, *direct* to Malta, in three days; the other, by the coasts of Italy, taking several days.

At Malta are several good hotels—the Clarendon, Morell's, Dunsford's, the Clarence, &c.; and for lodging-houses, get Muir's Almanac.

1st day.—Visit St. John's, governor's palace; walk round walls, and to botanical gardens; take boat, and row round the harbour; look at St. Angelo, Senglea, &c.

2d.—Take caleche or horses, and visit Macluba and Hagiar Chem. (Take provisions.)

3d.—St. Paul's Bay, returning by Citta Vecchia. (Ditto.)

4th.—The Boschetto, St. Antonio, &c.

The mail to Alexandria is carried on by another government packet, *a few hours after its arrival from Marseilles.* Average voyage, four days.

This route to Malta is not recommended to those who have a considerable quantity of baggage, unless they ship it from England direct: expense about the *same* as by sea, or rather less, depending on delay, and on style of travel adopted.

Steamers direct from England to Gibraltar, Malta, Alexandria, Suez, Bombay, Calcutta, and China.

(For fuller details apply to the Peninsular and Oriental Company, St. Mary Axe, who will furnish a printed list of their packets, with the latest dates and prices.)

Line of Screw Steamers, from Liverpool to Constantinople, touching at Gibraltar and Malta.

This line, the fares being extremely moderate—about one-third less than the "Peninsular," may be particularly recommended to those with whom *economy is an object*, and a day or two's delay of no especial importance. These vessels are excellent, well found, and ably commanded. They leave Liverpool about the 25th of each month. Apply to the Screw Shipping Company, Exchange Buildings, Royal Exchange, and Balfour and Laming, Liverpool.

FARES (*exclusive of wines*).

	1st Class. £	s.
Gibraltar direct	12	0
Malta direct	17	10
Gibraltar to Malta	10	0
Constantinople	25	0

There are also other screw lines sailing from Liverpool into other parts of the Mediterranean, which touch at Malta and Gibraltar.

ALEXANDRIA.—On arrival the agent generally comes off, and assists in landing passengers, who go to the different hotels in the Great Square, which are tolerably good. *Secure beds directly*, if the mail stops a night; then take donkeys, and ride—*first* to "*Cleopatra's Needles*;" thence, *do not fail to ascend to Fort Cretin*, on a mound commanding the whole city—*vide* view; *afterwards*, ride on to Pompey's Pillar, and so back to hotel. This round need not occupy much more than an hour. Also visit—*if time*—Pasha's