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RECOLLECTIONS OF MY LIFE

BY

MAXIMILIAN I.

EMPEROR OF MEXICO.

NEW EDITION, WITH A PREFACE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



LONDON:

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty.

1868



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OF
THE SECOND VOLUME.

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III.
MESSINA.



MESSINA.

For the second time in the course of one year, and in high spirits, I entered Messina; again, as on a former occasion, a charming voyage was in store for me again, as before, a golden morning shone in Sicilian splendour. But man is a strange and inconceivable creature, longing for new impressions, and these were not new, so I was not enthusiastic, for I had seen Spain. I was glad, however, to be able to run into Messina this time, and was pleasantly surprised to find in the middle of a well-secured and closed harbour the celebrated 'Charlemagne,' the first screw line-of-battle ship of France, which was a matter of great interest to us sailors.

The harbour is not large, but is secured by piers and chiefly filled by coasters. The marine and commercial life is concentrated on the shore, and is so busy and loud that it is heard on entering the harbour as the noise of a waterfall; it annoyed our German phlegm by that unmeaning and wild contention and roaring which is a part of these perpetually noisy southerners. It was the fish-market, and a colossal swordfish, caught in the Faro, was exhibited for sale in a booth. Here was opportunity enough for quarrels, furious curses, ear-piercing cries, each trying to outcry the other, the favourite mode of wrestling amongst the Italians of to-day. Before suspecting any harm, one of our friends had his pocket picked of his handkerchief which gave occasion to much annoyance and amusement and was a caution for the future.

From the left of the Marine, at the end of the pier,

opens a place called Piazza d' Austria, from which the Strada d' Austria leads into the interior of the city. But how comes the name of Austria in Sicily? It comes from a man of iron, who stands with his commander's staff in a very determined position on a marble pedestal; the bronze tables at the foot record the splendid naval deeds of the brave victor of Lepanto, John of Austria, the natural son of Charles V. This romantic and heroic youth started from Messina for that victory which was a turning-point in history, and which first humbled with the sword of the Cross that terrible Crescent, before the arrogance of which all trembled.

The bastard of the great emperor was poorly rewarded for his immortal deed, and his brilliant youth soon perished in an early and glorious death. By birth, though not by law, the brother of the king, the free unchequered course of his genius was closed to him; cold suspicion feared lest he might appropriate by force what was denied to him by law.

To the right of the monument, at the commencement of the sickle formed by the port, and after which the city was called by the Greeks Zante, stands the arsenal, marked all over by balls; on the walls of this building, as on many others in the neighbourhood, are to be found the marks of the bullets of 1848. Italian negligence has not yet effaced these sad traces. As in Italy splendour and misery are always close together, and Naples, except its Via Toledo and its Chiaja, is a dirty disgusting city, Messina has also only two fine large streets: the Corso and the Ferdinanda, which, however, have the stamp of southern magnificence. Everything is of solid stone, at each window there is the Spanish balcony, everywhere life and noise, though not in the same wonderful extent as in Naples; but notwithstanding all this, the city is nothing but a palace-ruin exuberantly surrounded with dirt and

plants. Luxuriant May winds its blossoms round this ruin, and with such abundance as can scarcely be imagined; but the dirt is the beloved guest of the whole year. At one end of the long Ferdinanda lies the mean-looking palace of the king; before it are some fine trees and extremely fragrant blooming tea-shrubs—a kind of botanical garden.

The cathedral of Messina has an odd façade of white and red marble in the Byzantine-Gothic style. Fine marble ornaments surround the gate; and statuettes of saints in the old manner lead one to expect a fine interior; but instead of that its ornament is unfortunate and characterless, and the cupola of the high altar only is distinguished by Byzantine mosaic in the style of the church of St. Mark. The arches of the middle nave are supported by twenty-six monolith columns of old Egyptian granite, which formerly belonged to a temple on the salt-water lakes of the Faro. In their heathenish application they may have produced that grand impression of the overpowering simplicity of ancient times, those times when the huge masses were scarcely hewn, masses which are more full of effect the nearer they are to their cradle. In this Christian temple they are too simple, and appear like the naked statue of an Apollo in comparison with the limbs of a Spanish saint decked out with gold and diamonds. The high altar is of a clumsy magnificence; it is a pity that the wonderful mosaic work of the glittering half-precious stones is framed in the unecclesiastical and flourishing forms of the rococo, its material, consisting of lapis-lazuli and other fine stones, is rarely seen in such perfection and freshness of colour.

In the midst of this splendour is preserved the celebrated '*Lettera della Santissima Vergine ai Messinesi*,' in itself a harmless object, which however like so many other things insignificant in themselves has given rise to

many controversies. My maxim in things which do not particularly trench upon dogma is, that every one may believe in them who finds pleasure in doing so, and that I am much too insignificant to attempt to mete out the faith of other souls. Behind and at the side of the altar we find the coffins of Alphonso Libitinus king of Naples, ornamented with pall and crown; of the emperor Conrad IV. and the queen Antonia, the consort of Frederick III. of Aragon. A white marble pulpit in the Cinque-cento style is also of interest, both for its artistic execution and for the heads of Mohamed, Luther, Calvin, and Zwinglius, which support it. Whether these latter are indeed historical portraits, I cannot vouch, but if it is an idea of the cicerone so to dub them, he must be an original. A dumb collection of heterodox characters is this, respecting whom the clergy still debate; but whether the Italian clergy possess learning enough, or even sufficient education, to understand thoroughly the men they debate about, I should not like to say. It may appear strange and paradoxical if I say that to me Mohamed appears the most important of them all. The Prophet of Mecca has with a southern fire and enthusiasm created his creed, a great and popular religion not based on the spiritual, but appealing to the senses and to the heart. Luther, Calvin, and Zwinglius have dissolved by the spirit of Protestantism, a religion in which man was able to obtain peace on earth. To construct is more difficult than to destroy, to unite than to dissolve. A scientific joke which in former times made a great deal of noise, is a meridian drawn on the floor of the church, which by its curve is so arranged that a ray of the sun entering indicates the hour of noon every day in the year. In Italy, where science is still wrapped in mystery, a great deal is made of these simple things, and people rejoice exceedingly at this attention and obedience of the sun.

The place before the cathedral is irregular. According

to the sketches of travellers, there should be some statues of sovereigns here ; but probably they have been removed in the revolutionary fever, as we could not anywhere find them. The place is now only ornamented by the celebrated fountain of Gegini. I cannot understand why this work, representing, and in parts very absurdly, the Nile, the Ganges, and other rivers, should be so curious and so celebrated. Through a steep filthy lane, disgusting beyond everything, we panted on to the cloister San Gregorio, belonging to the female Benedictines. A staircase leads to the sun-baked terrace on which the cloister with its odd tower stands. I disliked this tower for its burlesque form when I passed the Faro last year ; it is half a snail, half an Upper Austrian tree-cake, a tasteless architectural caricature of the days of wigs. The interior of the church is of an overpowering richness, *pietra-dura* covering everything, from the flooring to the highest cupola. Millions of little coloured half-precious stones, discovering wonderfully minute designs, excellent for elegant little tables or paper weights, are out of keeping here in these wide halls. A single Sicilian family was wealthy enough to order this monster work of lapidarian luxury to be constructed by workmen brought expressly from Florence.

To the chagrin of the sexton we were far less interested with the miniature details of the *pietra-dura* works, than with the peep through a fine lattice into the choir of the devout Benedictines, whose pretty young pupils also preferred to look through the lattice than into their hymn-books. We seemed whilst in this convent to be the unconscious tools of the devil, for a confession, whispered through the coloured ornaments of the stone wall to a priest on our side of the church, seemed interrupted on our appearance. We therefore, as devout Christians, left the convent which our presence disturbed, and stepped out

upon the terrace, where the Sicilian sun poured down with its whole blood-boiling power. This view is of great poetical interest for us Germans. Our eyes falls upon historical Messina with its towers and cupolas, the rocky coast of Etna's dented country, and the pure blue surface of the sea, contracted to a blue ribbon and closed in with the coast of classical Calabria, rich in its vineyards. On this terrace stood Goethe, and here he wrote, with the warmth and enthusiasm of youth, the song of Mignon.

I never lose sight of the contrasts in this unhappy Italy ; one moment we were in heaven and the next we had to make our way through filth and dust, through the greatest confusion and the greatest misery, and again came, in the Villa Scartella, upon the ruins of a paradise. To the right of Messina, on an eminence rising from the sea-shore, lie the villas of the rich inhabitants of Messina, amongst which that just named is the most beautifully situated. From terrace to terrace, behind and by the side of the simple house, the garden ascends, with disorderly negligence and southern grace. A sea of fragrance, a world of blossoms, a magnificent bridal-bed of beautiful May! Was May jealous that I had entered her sanctuary? I do not know ; but at any rate I got a pretty severe cold from the intoxicating fragrance of the orange blossoms ; I was not yet used to such powerful enjoyments of nature, so that I had to banish the splendid bouquet, which the gardener gathered for us, to the coach-box. It is a pity that the beautiful Villa Scartella, from which one enjoys so splendid a view of the strait, was so much damaged by the Swiss in 1848.

Although the lighthouse in itself cannot be called an interesting building, yet the drive to it repays one. You drive along the coast over the mountain, grown over with picturesque cacti and aloes, through the salt lakes once so celebrated, from which arose so many fine temples, to

the tower of Charybdis, which is only a common-built lighthouse on the sand. From the plateau of the tower a wide view is obtained of the sea ; one sees Stromboli, the grey fairy castle of Scylla, and the splendid strait from a new point of view. My enjoyment of the scene already impaired by my cold was rendered still more difficult during this excursion by a most impudent army of half-naked, ragged beggar-boys, who in spite of our driving fast, and threatening, would not desist from their shrieking cries. On the way home I was struck by the immense fabrication of chairs in Messina ; the produce of this manufacture is piled up before every house in numerous burlesque rows ; here also are to be found those real gigantic ox-horns the like of which are not to be found in all the world.

Next day we examined the *Charlemagne*, a beautiful ship of the line of eighty guns, distinguished by its excellent arrangements and great cleanliness, which are not always to be found amongst the French. In addition to being a fast sailer, she has a very compact steam-engine, which the commander told me propelled this colossus excellently with 400-horse power even against the wind. The *Charlemagne* is the first large ship built by the French government in which experiments in sailing and steering are made on a large scale ; Rigaud, the commander, is quite delighted with the success attending the experiments. The crew of the ship number 865. The sailors look healthy and hearty, they are in general fine men, and have a useful and very neat dress ; but after all they are not English sailors. The officers and the twelve midshipmen have something of a student air. We wandered through all parts of the ship, and were especially pleased with an excellently arranged powder magazine, which looked like a library, and where there was a machine worked by steam-power intended to make sea-water drinkable : unfortu-

nately this has not yet met with success, but it is worth notice. The visit to this sea-castle ended, as usual, with agreeable refreshments in the fine spacious cabin of the commander. Amidst splendid weather and a magical illumination we left the picturesque Faro.

IV.

PALERMO.



PALERMO.

A DREAM dreamt by a fairy ; a basket of flowers full of fragrance poured out into a splendid large shell, is delightful, sunny Palermo. Fantastically-formed mountains, which project picturesquely over the surface of the sea, in the shape of prongs and pyramids, like monuments of a destroyed world, surround the plain in which Palermo stands washed by the sea, with its interesting rows of palaces and its fresh green gardens, the glory and ornament of the Sicilian capital. On the left branch of the mountain which surrounds the plain and the roadstead, reposes the much praised Bagheria, once a country seat of Sicilian nobility of great splendour ; on the right branch rises the lofty and bare Monte Pellegrino, the centre of Sicilian piety, glorified by the legend of the saint Rosalia, and at its foot like an emerald in a grey quartz, is the green park and the magnificent villa, the temporary residence of the celebrated Lord Shrewsbury and Talbot. The city of Palermo itself is seen at once, full of character in its peculiar, self-created forms, which is to me always a principal charm of a city. Soon after we cast anchor we were visited by Filangieri Duke of Satriano, an honest man, as is well known. Notwithstanding his sixty-four years he looks fresh and vigorous. Bright, kind blue eyes distinguish him from other Italians ; his firm, vigorous ideas he expresses very cleverly in the best French. His head has a striking resemblance to that of Louis-Philippe. He is descended from the celebrated race of the Filangieri, and his ancestor was the first who used the dagger in the

Sicilian vespers. My acquaintance with him was without doubt one of the most interesting recollections of my voyage.

Proceeding from the quay you enter the interior of the city through two stone pillars forming part of a triumphal gate. The city is halved by two interminable streets which cross one another. The Via Toledo runs from the sea-shore to the plain bounded by the mountain, and is infinitely finer than its namesake at Naples. Through this entrance one sees afar off the grand row of palaces with their thousands of balconies, and looks over the Royal Palace on to the larger arch leading again into the country.

The central part of the city is formed by the so-called Cassero, to which four districts of the city converge in four corner houses. Each corner has its fountain embellished with statues. From the centre of this most interesting place one has an extensive and matchless view. There is the same confusion, the same mixture of forms and colours, of all ages and all classes, in this Via Toledo as in that of Naples, but there is something of the seriousness of the Arab in the dark faces here. Here also one sees with pleasure really grand, imposing houses, bearing the stamp of ancient magnificence, and calling to mind the East, in the latticed passages formed by the balconies which run under the roofs, and in the richly-painted overhanging cornices. These high latticed passages form a means of communication from house to house, and along them come unseen to the Via Toledo the nuns, that they may see their relatives in the celebrated Holy Processions of Palermo. So numerous are the ecclesiastics, male and female, that they form a ruling element, and following the natural bent of the mind they yearn, even after their renunciation of the world, for the magnificence of these southern festivals. These latticed passages give a mysterious appearance to the rich palaces of the Via Toledo. In other parts the windows

full of flowers and women's faces look cheerful. In the eyes of a simple German, these southern cities with their noisy, restless crowds, appear always in holiday attire, and more than ever to-day, which is Ascension Day. We made haste, that we might hear a mass. A small inviting-looking church at the very commencement of the Toledo, in that lovely Byzantine-Norman style, was unfortunately closed, and so we hurried to the cathedral.

The cathedral of Palermo, seen from the exterior, is a triumph of art, a godly castle, a Zion of Christianity. It is in the Byzantine style, and a mass of ornaments, arches, cupolas, turrets, statues and bas-reliefs. Over the serious Gothic, blooms the sensuous magnificence of the Moorish, and in every part of it, history, tradition, and religion mingle in the most exquisite manner. Sicily of the past speaks to us in this golden-yellow, sun-baked mass of stone. The terrace-like roof, and the division of the building into parts, give to the whole the character of a castle, which is relieved by a large open vestibule ornamented with a rich balustrade and statues. The corner towers reminded me of my beloved Giralda of Seville. Words cannot convey how inharmonious with this fine building is a cupola in the new Roman style. It projects clumsily and awkwardly from the middle of the cathedral, reminding one unpleasantly that nothing human is perfect. The wide interior of the church in the new Roman style is really horrible, like a paper lining to a case of jewels. One stands speechless and discouraged, and is as one who awakes after a beautiful dream, in presence of a contrast rarely found in architecture. Mass was read in the cathedral, and I believe that we were the only persons who behaved properly; for the people rattled their stools and wandered from altar to altar, so that there was a continual restlessness and movement. But that which pleased the people most was yet to come. During the mass I saw people leaving their places and

hurrying towards the centre of the church ; a meridian was drawn here, round which a laughing assembly crowded. Watches were taken out, and all waited for the grand moment, as in the theatre one looks for the appearance of the prima donna. The crowd became still noisier ; the priest at the altar turned round ; in a minute the sun glittered on the marble, and indicated noon-time. Amidst pleasant jokes the watches were set ; *il colpo di scena* was ended ; people returned to the altar and finished mass comfortably with the assistance of the priest. Such a scene strikes a German with astonishment, as he does not make so free with our Lord.

There are some tombstones of beautiful and simple porphyry, and others again of white marble, with mosaic bands, which are of great interest. They contain the ashes of the Emperor Henry VI., who died in Messina in 1097 ; of the Emperor Frederick II., who died in Florentina in 1250 ; of the wife of the Emperor Henry Constantine, the last of the race of the Normans, who died in 1098 ; and of Roger king of Sicily, who died in 1154. Over one of the large entrance gates, the portrait of the king, painted in oil, has a curious appearance. We passed the palace, a mixture of all imaginable kinds of architecture, through a gigantic arch, built in Charles V.'s time, in Cinque-cento style, out of the city, and came upon blooming orange gardens, to the Frati Secchi.

Whoever wishes to become acquainted with the character of the Southern Italian ; whoever wishes to see how an enervated people expend their ribald fun upon everything, even upon death itself, should follow with me that Capuchin rattling his bunch of keys. A creaking door, surmounted by death's heads, and some verses which gave one a shudder, led the way to the world below. Descending a broad, cold, dark staircase, we came upon grey, wide halls illuminated by the light of day ; the cold staircase resembles

the first leaden hour of sleep in a night of fever; fancy, during the paroxysm of fever, is placed under the confused dominion of dreams; a heap of rough, dust-covered coffins is piled up against the dark walls; caricature-like corpse-figures, wrapped in brown cowls, grin from the wooden shelves and niches, with shaking heads, faded tufts of hair, and parchment-like skin; whilst under the vault a cornice of children's figures runs round with kid gloves, neat little blouses, caps, hoods and nosegays, but with hollow eyes and earth-coloured skin. Long halls vanish in a perspective of unsteady light and shade, and cold colourless tints. The dead Palermitans stand like the books in a library. Festoons of cobwebs, depending from the skulls and hair, form a fantastic ornament. A dismal army of cats jump over coffins and corpses, like witches at play. All classes and every age are here brought together in a horrid dream.

We find here the bodies and bones of Philip of Austria, king of Tunis, who died September 20, 1622, down to the venerable Capuchins, who, but a short year ago, merrily dined in the refectory with our guide. Every Palermitan has the right to be buried here, on condition that his relatives pay the convent a certain annual tribute of wax, otherwise the most lofty ancestors will be turned out without more ado. The rich are preserved in glass cases, and every year, on All Souls' Day, have a grand reception, for which they make a fine toilet.

In the chapel of these halls mass is sometimes read. On All Souls' Day a *corso* takes place, at which it is the fashion to come and see one's dear relations and acquaintances, and to amuse oneself with shuddering before their sad remains. In the eyes of a foreigner all is stiff and hollow, and such a horrid mockery, that one does not so much experience fear, as indignation, disgust, and at last complete indifference. In glaring contrast to these galleries

of distorted corpses, was the delicious fragrance of orange blossoms in the garden of the Capuchins. The Duchesse de Berri told me once that when a girl, *tempora mutantur*, she had intended to join as a sister the female Capuchins at Palermo; King Francis, a practical man of the world, directed that she should first try for a few years without vows: she prayed and sang industriously in the choir, took her meals with the sisters in the refectory, washed the dead, and frequently visited the Sorelle Secche; all went on very well, and the virgin, dedicated to God, longed for her real entrance into the convent. There came a day when it was her turn to watch at the Sorelle Secche; she opened the door of the catacombs, and suddenly saw standing before her the grinning figure of one of her friends, whom she believed to be alive, a duchess, celebrated for her tall, fine figure, and whose death she had never heard of during her pious exercises; and now she found her grimacing and shrivelled up to a little corpse. This cured her of her passion for the convent, and this distinguished lady recovered her liberty, of which she has since made so good a use. On our return to the upper world, we found the Capuchins just distributing the convent soup, amidst noise and even some fighting.

Charming as Palermo is, with its wide fragrant gardens, I never should like to live there. The Frati Secchi have disgusted me with the Conca d' Oro; I should always carry about with me the disagreeable thought, that if I were to die suddenly, I should form a caricature exciting an agreeable shudder amongst the Palermitans. Whoever has seen this lower world, feels that the noisy rushing one above it has neither depth nor dignity.

Besides the cathedral in Palermo, there are other celebrated churches there; that of San Giuseppe and that of the Gesuiti. Both are quite overloaded with *pietra dura*, which causes the tasteless forms of the pigtail period, when

these churches were built, to look still more clumsy. San Giuseppe really consists of two churches, one above and one underground ; I cannot see the use of the latter, which is a wide vaulted hall. It is more an architectural trick, a mere luxury in building. In one of the side altars on the right wall of the upper church is an extremely lovely Madonna, so sweet and so simple that it made the most agreeable impression upon me ; yet it is neither the production of a celebrated master, nor has it otherwise any historical value. In the church of the Jesuits I saw for the first time the *pietra dura* worked in high relief upon the pillars and arches, which, though extremely rich, has a too luxurious appearance.

At the commencement of the Via Toledo along the shore stands a row of stately palaces, on high terraces, ornamented with flowers, and only separated from the sea by a promenade, the trees of which were just in blossom. The chief of these palaces is that of the Prince Butera ; a wide staircase, an excellent subject for a decoration of Gropius, leads to the rampart-like terrace, which is open to the public. The out-look upon the open sea and on the curious and beautiful coast is splendid, and makes one only regret that this aristocratic palace is not inhabited. The Flora, a public garden entered by the avenue before mentioned, is one of those spots which are at once the ornament and the glory of blooming Palermo. What is so beautiful in Italy, and which we Northerners cannot understand, is the art of combining architecture with nature. In Munich, the German Athens, we see much that is beautiful and great in architecture, but from this cold beauty warmth and grace are absent, for real nature is nowhere united to the massive blocks of stone. Every little garden here has its architectural ornament, its stone balustrades, its statues and vases ; and every building has its bouquets of flowers and its green place of rest. With

us everything is either country or town ; one prince alone in Germany understood this Southern union, where mind and heart are both agreeably pleased, and he executed his ideas as well as the climate and the sand permitted. Frederick William of Prussia changed the desert of Berlin by means of flowers and shrubs. King Francis, when residing in Sicily as a crown prince, established the Flora. The adjacent botanical garden exhibits majestic specimens of palms and other fine and rare plants, which grow well here in this free rich soil. The most precious jewel of this garden was in my eyes a new creeper, the *Bougainvillea spectabilis*, which overran the iron netting of a glasshouse with myriads of its pink-violet flowers. It is one of those wonderful tropical blossoms which not only absorb the light of the sun, but, like the carbuncle of the fairy tales, seems to shine by its own splendour of colours. The entrance to the botanical garden is through a kind of Egyptian temple, passing the broad staircase of which one comes upon a sanctuary, where, instead of the worship of Osiris, botanical lectures are given. On the side of the Palazzo Butera and on the same terrace is the Trinacria, the most elegant hotel of Palermo ; we had a most excellent breakfast here, and the most delicious spring fruit, but the principal charm is the delightful view of the sea from the neat rooms overlooking the blooming terrace.

Outside Palermo, by the side of the Monte Pellegrino, is the Olivuzza, another paradise of the Sicilians. Whoever desires to enjoy in the most perfect degree all that is most charming in nature—the perfection of gardening, the quintessence of floral loveliness, which the luxuriant richness of this most happy country alone can bestow on man—must visit the Villa Butera. Close to Butera is the wonderful garden of the Duke Serra di Falko. It is less orderly, and old-fashioned fooleries, as mazes and hermitages, show that the proprietor is a genuine Southerner.

A strikingly beautiful feature in this garden is a long melancholy avenue of cypresses, at the end of which is a very good artificial ruin and a pond. How much of all this splendour of his fairy residence, does the duke of Serra di Falko enjoy? nothing but the bitter pain of possessing a jewel that, in the evening of life—for he is a very aged man—he cannot enjoy, for he lives in exile. For many years a servant of the king, he, on the verge of the grave, instead of enjoying peacefully the last rays of his declining sun, suffered himself in the year of evil 1848 to be deluded by the revolutionary party, and accepted the Presidency of the Provisional Government of rebellious Sicily.

In the neighbourhood of the Olivuzza, Filangieri has laid out a new promenade—the Favorita. Though not yet finished, you see already what it will be. It is a very praiseworthy idea of the chief governor to give away building lots along the promenade, on the flower-covered hill, on the condition that every proprietor shall build his house in the Moorish style. On this fine festive evening the promenade was very much frequented, and very elegant equipages rolled to and fro; amongst them my eye saw for the first time a cab, that insecure machine, which on my return to Vienna—the city of the fiacres *par excellence*—I was destined to find in general use. The introduction of cabs is an event of historical importance, and one of those deadly thrusts which the progress of enlightenment has given to comfortable Vienna. As soon as it commenced to get dark we returned to the city; the people were still walking up and down the Toledo, and now the acquajuoli booths, fantastically illuminated with numberless vases containing glittering gold fishes, and fragrant garlands of flowers, ornamented the streets.

Next day we paid a visit to Monreale and San Martino. This drive is down the long road, into which the Toledo

enters by the side of the palace gate, and over a plain covered with orange groves, to the mountain. Then the road, which is full of fountains and seats, the useful gift of a cardinal, brought us to the romantically and well situated little town of Monreale. The view from the mountain is most beautiful; one looks right over the peaceful richness of Sicilian scenery, sees the splendid valley as it stretches along with its dark green orange wood from the foot of the noble mountain to the shore of the blue roadstead, before which lies the beautiful city with its towers and cupolas, which seem from this point to rise out of the green wood and the blue sea. The convent lies with one side in the city; the other hangs with little terraces of flowers down the mountain wall; it is large and spacious, has a broad staircase with fine pictures, and fresh airy passages. Its splendid high mosaic dome is of gold and rich colours; it is St. Mark's on a larger scale, which increased size, however, detracts from the delicious home-like loveliness of the Venetian church. Monreale is a hall, St. Mark's is a holy chamber. By the really successful restoration of this convent church King Ferdinand has acquired great merit. In this church also are two old Norman sarcophagi, one of which contains the ashes of William II., the founder of Monreale 1174. The cross-walk in the great convent court contains 200 columns in pairs, of which each has a different shape, and the white marble of which is encircled with bands of coloured mosaic. There also we again found the cruel custom of the Frati Secchi, which, however, remembering Palermo, we left unvisited. Under a glowing African heat we remounted, amidst the noise and clamour of the mercenary population, to proceed through a desolate country towards San Martino. This convent, an imposing building in the new Roman style, is affiliated to Monreale and therefore belongs, like the mother house, to the order of the Bene-

dictines; by the rule of the order, it is situated in a bare lonely mountain country. The palace-like building looks an enchanted house in a desert, and only a limited view of the wide sea is allowed, that fancy may have some scope.

From a fine hall, in which the Russian court dined when it visited this convent, opens out a really splendid staircase, leading to the apartments of the abbot, and on the walls of which are portraits of a number of the popes who belonged to the order of the Benedictines. The two principal walks intersect each other in the middle of the building, which for this reason is called the Cassero. One of them leads to the church, which has nothing worthy of notice; but now in the heat of the afternoon its coolness was agreeable and its peaceful solitude sublime. A friendly and well educated monk was our cicerone. I like to converse with monks or with any persons who have a distinct, sharply-defined path in life; one knows the relations in which one stands to them, and how to speak with them. Almost all the other Benedictines were making holiday, during the summer vacations, with their relatives, which is permitted for a month each year. In the convent of San Martino, as in that of Monreale, noblemen only are admitted; an arrangement very judiciously omitted in our excellent institutions of St. Florian, Goetterweih and others. The visitor is here shown a collection containing something of everything, and amongst them many interesting objects. The clay poison-cup of Socrates in this scientific medley might be apocryphal. Amongst all kinds of monstrous curiosities our good monk showed us a little pig that, in cyclop fashion, had only one eye in its forehead, and said, quite seriously, '*ma non è nato da una donna.*' In the rooms of the abbot a picture of Raphael is shown which I did not much admire.

On donkey's back we returned after a hot but not uninteresting day through a desolate valley to a romantical

situated village, where our carriage awaited us, and brought us safely to Palermo.

As a gastronomer, nay, even I own as a Sybarite, I was much pleased with a most excellent dinner in the comfortable rooms of the Trinacria. United to the enjoyment of the dinner, was an extensive and charming view, and a delightfully cool evening, bringing the fragrance from the flower baskets of Palermo over the terrace and through the open doors. The end of the evening was not so amusing, for I had to go at the invitation of Filangieri to the theatre, where I heard a farce incomprehensible to me. The third day we inspected a Neapolitan steam frigate in the inmost part of the harbour. This gave the pomp-loving prince an excellent opportunity for a rich breakfast, in which the excellency of Southern materials was effectually shown by the aid of French cookery. In the frigate itself indeed there was not much to see; and it was kept up in the Italian style. The differences between the Northern and Southern methods of arranging a vessel could scarcely be credited; amongst the Northerners I count the English, Danish, Swedish, and partly ours; among the Southerners prevail the tasteless, unclean, tawdry-coloured manner of the Italians, Spaniards, and of the French more than any other. The North exhibits quiet, etiquette, strict discipline, nay almost stiffness; the South, noise, joviality, and comedy; the Northern sailor is, notwithstanding the discipline just alluded to, open and free, of a cool courage, and has a fresh and clean exterior; the Southern sailor has a momentary courage, an enthusiasm of vanity, but he is also slavish and mean, and keeps his unshaven face neglected and unclean.

Leaving the ship, we drove in a fine carriage, with four fine black horses, coachmen and lackeys wearing the royal colours, to Bagheria, which lies on a neck of land consisting of an agglomeration of the finest villas, often built in

the oddest taste. The palaces are all built of a peculiar fine glowing yellow Sicilian stone, and adorned with the richest and most luxuriant ornaments; arched walks and colonnades *à la Versailles*. About the middle of Bagheria rises in one of the gardens a hill from which one enjoys the most comprehensive view of the roadstead of Palermo, the city, the Conca d' Oro, and of the opposite romantic shore, the sand and the rocks of which are washed by the high sea. This hill was a torture to us from the excessive heat, so that I begged Filangieri for a cooling drink just as we passed the Cassero. The prince stopped before an acquajuolo, the people crowded round the royal equipage, and I saw with astonishment, that even with the bravest the instinct of their native land cannot be overcome altogether, for Filangieri got alarmed at the sight of a crowd, still more and more increasing, fearing probably some attempt, and when I offered him some of the deliciously refreshing draught of the acquajuolo, he refused with marked determination. To us, artless, and perhaps too good-natured Germans, such a thing appears strange; but here in Sicily the words murder and poison may still have their meaning. We rambled through the king's Favorita, a wide park, of which a part is used as a preserve for pheasants and rabbits. The Chinese palace stands on the slope of the Monte Pellegrino, on a bad, poor soil, and therefore everything thrives ill, and stunted shrubs form the only pleasure ground. The circumstance that rabbits thrive best here caused King Ferdinand I., who is a passionate sportsman, to choose this barren place; but the Favorita became his favourite residence from the circumstance, Filangieri told me, that digestion is exceedingly accelerated by the situation of this desert, a point of importance with the king, who is a great eater. The Chinese kiosk is an angular work of little rooms and staircases, and has only one really pretty *salon*. The view from the pointed roof

and turrets of this mandarin dwelling is novel and charming, as one sees the sea from two entirely different sides, to the right and the left of the Monte Pellegrino; we discovered on the far horizon the French fleet, which had been for some time expected in Palermo.

The day wound up with a truly royal dinner, given by the duke. He had invited all the distinguished persons in Palermo, so that the banquet was not only agreeable on account of its magnificent arrangements, but also for its intellectual entertainment. Amongst the guests were the witty Sauzet, president of the chamber of deputies under Louis-Philippe, a man of fine, but rather too sugary manners, who has seen much in the course of years, and knows how to tell it in an agreeable manner; the Prince Colonna, one of the princes of Rome, and Lord Shrewsbury and Talbot, the father-in-law of the former, a respectable and interesting personage. In his great religious zeal he imagines that he is elected by God to convert his country to Catholicism, and in conversation with me he did not do justice to the course pursued by Cardinal Wiseman. I must not forget to mention the bouquets of flowers on the table, which for their extreme beauty hold a memorable place in our travelling recollections; they were of the finest and most beautiful centifolious roses, not bound together, but flowing on to the table, like the fragrant foam of the champagne, in festoons and garlands, from rich golden baskets.

On the following day we visited the palace of the Marquis F——. It is a splendid mixture of styles, worked out with the greatest industry, for the erection of which the Marquis, with unceasing patience, trained his own workmen; but notwithstanding this he has not yet finished his house. The materials are most excellent, the detail wonderful, but the whole lacks character and grace; all periods and every taste are represented in

motley confusion. The vestibule is masterly in its detail; one part of it is ornamented with a skilful mosaic of gold-ground in the Norman style, whilst the hall itself is divided by fine Greek columns, half in Greek and half in old Christian. From the hall we entered a large high Moorish saloon, ornamented with the splendour of colour of the thousands of little arabesque cupolas and drops of Andalusian palaces. F—— obtained the pattern from the Alhambra by means of Queen Christina, but unfortunately the work is not fine enough; the colours and the gold are put on too glaringly; in a word the airiness of the Alhambra is wanting; the marble floor in this room is very fine, from which rises a fresh bubbling fountain. Through a horse-shoe arch, the finest room in the house is entered, namely, a gallery in Norman-Sicilian style; the walls and the ceiling are composed of the finest mosaic of half-precious stones, on the richest kinds of marble; between the marble is porphyry and red granite; nay, even the floor is a perfect work of art of the finest and freshest colours inlaid in white marble. It is all so beautifully polished that it really might serve as a looking-glass. That the Grand Duke of Tuscany should desire to possess a little piece of this work of art as a paper weight for his writing table is easily to be understood. The Emperor of Russia knelt down and kissed this wonderful work of stone. Were the same style continued throughout the whole house this hall would be a rare jewel of art, but because of this mixture, its beauty more offends the eye than pleases it. To the right and left we find Pompeian and Etrurian rooms, and a ball saloon of the imperial time, which are in very bad taste, and out of harmony with the rest of the building. The key to the whole house is the master himself, who has seen much of art and possesses a certain kind of regard for it, as well as an iron industry and great perseverance; but his taste is not perfect, and he has not the slightest

trace of common sense. He would be a good labourer at mosaic work, but he is certainly an unskilful director of such a building as this. When we were in the Norman hall, my eye was attracted to the sea by a spectacle interesting to the sailor: the whole French fleet, under the command of Admiral La Susse, cast anchor in the roadstead; the view of these colossal vessels was a grand sight.

Once again we visited the Villa Butera to examine the interior of the dwelling houses; many small rooms are furnished with a truly Russo-Asiatic luxury, and are filled with many interesting nick-nacks. More curious than this is the so-called Zisa, a tower-like Moorish castle of the time of the Caliphs. A fountain with small channels, cascades, and many ornaments recalled dear Spain to our remembrance. From the roof, crowned with turrets, one enjoys a wide and splendid view. Standing there one scarcely dares to contradict the pretentious inscription in the castle which says in Spanish: 'The finest part of the world is Europe, of Europe Italy, of Italy Sicily, of Sicily Palermo, and the finest place in Palermo is the Zisa, therefore Zisa is of course the finest place in the world.'

If Palermo were not Italy I should have an unbounded enthusiasm for it, but I so much prefer Spain, which has more character, and which I am rejoiced to know I shall soon see again. As a farewell to Palermo we paid a visit to the Monte Pellegrino; it is a very disagreeable, rough mountain; the ascent passes partly over an aqueduct upon arcades and then runs along the hills, reminding me of Acrocorinth. Not quite on the top, but yet at a great height, is the church of Sta. Rosalia, used partly as an inn. The church, or whatever this holy place may be called, is odd and romantic. The place where the saint usually slept is shown, and where by a miracle her body was found at a later period. The rough, damp grotto, in com-

bination with the magnificence of the church, has a peculiarly romantic appearance.

Until the great plague in Palermo, nothing certain was known about the holy Rosalia, but during that time of terror a soldier had a dream and a vision urging him to search for the body of the saint in a grotto in the mountain, and then to carry it in procession through the city, for the removal of the plague. To confirm the authenticity of the holy order, the pious virgin told the soldier that he would die within three days; the soldier really died, and the body of the saint was found at the spot indicated, and was carried with great pomp through the streets of Palermo, after which the pestilence ceased. Since then great church festivals are annually held in the city at stated times. Previous to this 'festa,' the Santa, as the Palermitans call her, regularly washes the streets with a beneficial rain, the truth of which is confirmed by many visitors. Whether this is a miracle or not I leave to theologians. The pious belief of the population is every year confirmed, to their great pleasure.



v.

SYRACUSE.



SYRACUSE.

AFTER one of those dreadfully hot nights, like those experienced on the bare rocks of Malta, we entered, on a clear morning, the enormously wide and secure harbour of Syracuse, which, were it not in these later times stopped up with so much sand, could harbour all the fleets of the world. The name of Syracuse sounds like a sweet melody, the fragrance of the South floats over it and fills the heart with expectation. But these expectations were not fulfilled and I there passed some disagreeable moments; bare hills and hot dusty olive-fields surround the two extensive water basins, whilst on an island connected with the continent by bridges, stands the dirty and abominable little town. Syracuse is now a neglected ragged beggar girl, yet she was once the mistress of the seas, when nearly 1,200,000 inhabitants lived in the combined cities Ortygia, Akradina, Epipolæ, Tyche and Neapolis. Then Syracuse was full of riches; numberless churches and theatres vied with each other in art; sciences flourished, and produced Archimedes, whose discoveries have outlived so many years; commerce brought the treasures of far countries into the port, whilst the surrounding country produced the most luxuriant fruit. All is now ruin and dust, the bloom of art has faded, and with it, as usual, the bloom of nature. The town, which in the Greek times was the first in Sicily, has now only 1,500 inhabitants; and what sort of inhabitants? Poor ragged people, and amongst them a few starving noblemen. Commerce has disappeared, and nothing remains but an uncertain hope that Filangieri will suffer this celebrated port to be cleaned out.

There may be a wide field here for an antiquarian who can get excited about a stone, and fall into ecstasies over a few effaced letters of an unknown inscription. With Strabo and Diodorus in his hand all this rubbish would be a paradise to him. I went to see in the town the temple of Minerva, the present cathedral, where a few Doric columns still give some idea of the former state. In its immediate neighbourhood I saw a museum, or rather a confusion, in which the statue of the Venus Callipyge, found in 1804 in the ruins of a temple, is the only work which has real artistical value; but to say that it is more beautiful than that of the Venus dei Medici, as says a learned man here, is in my opinion almost sacrilege.

Outside the city are the former quarries of Latomia, without doubt most interesting and most picturesque; amongst them, the most celebrated is that belonging to the Capuchin convent. They all differ from ours, where the stones are broken and blown up by gunpowder from the side of the rock, for here they work into the bosom of the earth, through wide ramified passages. One side of the Capuchin convent looks over a plain, whilst the other, exuberantly overgrown with ivy and brushwood, hangs over the steep rock of the Latomia. Descending the rugged path behind the convent, we find ourselves suddenly transplanted into another world. Between high fantastic walls of rocks grey with age, between arcades, arches and grottoes, from which smile out upon us luxuriant festoons of wild creepers, and in the wildest and most curious stone-frame, and amidst the smiling blue sky of Sicily, we find a little paradise of orange and lemon trees, the myrtle, and the grape, blooming and bearing fruit. The Latomians are very melancholy, and yet there is a pleasant repose here from the storms of life. Life thrown back upon itself benefits from the consciousness of being in intercourse with the eternal. But other thoughts sprang up from the sight

of this picturesque rock. I thought of 'the letters of a deceased,' and I wished the Latomians could be for a few years in the possession of Puckler-Muskau. What could not be effected in such a climate as this in the art of gardening?

There are things which stamp themselves on our memory with melancholy impression. This I found here; for, far from the world, and quite forgotten, is the grave of an American cadet, eighteen years old, who, separated by the wide, wide ocean from his own continent, from his fatherland and his relatives, from all that was dear to him, lies in strange ground, amongst foreign people, and people of a different religion. This young man, in the bloom of youth, was killed by a bullet in a duel. They have granted to him in the Latomia a narrow little place in the rocky wall, quiet as death; and the wide ocean flows between him and his family. I cannot express how sad I felt when I saw this grave, and I still think frequently with sorrow of the poor young American in the Latomia of hot Syracuse.

The celebrated ear of Dionysius is a wide cleft artificially cut in the rock. At the narrow end of it is a little stone chamber, accessible from the surface of the hill; here the over-curious and suspicious tyrant is said to have been concealed, that he might listen to the unconstrained speeches of his Athenian prisoners; he may have heard many amusing stories, if he ever really was there, about which, however, the learned dispute hotly. The people tried to prove to me how one could, even now, from above hear everything which was whispered below; it is true I heard a buzzing, but I could understand nothing, which makes me think that the tyrant Dionysius must have had an ear trained by suspicion, of much greater power of hearing than we confiding people; I did not

succeed in doing more than to hear the thunder of a gun rolling along.

In a third Latomia, a Marquis possesses a fine garden, in which was a great curiosity, the papyrus plant, which, except in Syracuse, is only to be found in Egypt and Madagascar. The plant consists of a high three-edged stem, ending in a crown of horizontally-lying fine pointed grass; it requires water and a warm climate: writing paper of papyrus is still manufactured in Syracuse as a curiosity. I could not, unfortunately, get any, but brought home a plant in good condition. We were shown also the great Arena, which is not, however, to be compared with that of Verona or Pola. What German comes to Syracuse without visiting the grave of Platen! Our carriage stopped at the poor, badly-kept house; we stumbled through a kind of orchard, through branches and thorns, along the garden wall, up the steep narrow path, and suddenly stood before the grave of the great poet, who has exhibited to an astonished world the power of adaptation of the German language to the antique metres. The tombstone has a Latin inscription, in which the Count is called the German Horace, and the arms of Platen, already mutilated, are inserted in mosaic in the garden wall. Thin, miserable cypresses stand on the right and left of the grave.

Weary and tired by a hot drive in a dried-up country, I returned to the steamer, and left this desolate shore the same evening.

VI.

THE BALEARIC ISLANDS.



THE BALEARIC ISLANDS.

Mahon, May 26, 1852.

AFTER a rapid passage our steamer brought us from luxuriant Sicily to the naked, low, and bare coast of Minorca. No tree was to be seen, no green refreshed the eye, no building announced that Mahon, the capital of the island, was close at hand. The whole island resembled a large petrified wave, and yet I was glad and felt happier than in seducingly beautiful Sicily, for we again approached beloved Spain, whilst Sicily, fine as it is, entirely belongs to South Italy. Where the blood is volcanic the German cannot feel at home, even if everything else were a paradise. It is the degenerate descendants of Rome, who, the farther south I go, render less bearable to me all the beautiful things offered by Italy, through their intolerable vivacity and their utter want of dignity. On the other hand, the proud Spaniards ennoble their country, and make even the most ugly parts of it interesting by their individuality. Spain deserves to be seen and admired, even on account of her people alone.

We approached the low, rocky coast at a point where an entrance opened, and our steam frigate rushed between naked desolate shores into the canal harbour of Mahon, the most celebrated in the Mediterranean Sea, but which with its islands looks more like a river than a seaport, and which reaches far into the interior of the island. At its extremity lies the little town of Mahon with its hundreds of windmills, a picture of boundless melancholy. The whole country appears wretched, without the least trace of poetry, and the large and celebrated hospital stretching

half along the harbour increases still further this impression of sadness and desolation. But we found something in this harbour that richly rewarded us sailors for the absence of all other matters of interest. It was the English fleet, the most perfect model and study of our interesting profession. It anchored here for a season during its summer cruise, and as the windings of the harbour concealed the surface of the water, the masts of the vessels protruded in a curious manner, like steeples, over the island. Six line-of-battle ships, amongst them two three-deckers, the frigate 'Phaëton,' according to report the finest in the English navy, and a large steamer, formed the fleet. We had had good luck indeed: scarcely had we left the French fleet at Palermo, when we found in the next harbour these floating fortresses, so dreaded everywhere, of the wave-ruling England.

Our entry was difficult, as the English steamer stood in our way, but we passed her closely, and notwithstanding the sharp scrutinising English eyes, and thanks to the skill of our commander, we easily overcame all difficulties. We cast anchor in the neighbourhood of the hospital.

Landing at a horrible breakneck pier, we entered the little town by a most horrid road, to walk over which was an excellent penance after a heavy confession, which I did with a feeling of resignation, considering it as a kind of atonement for some sin or other. Mahon, the capital of Minorca, has only 4,000 inhabitants, who are poor but industrious. The town has no monuments nor anything else worth seeing, with the single exception of the largest organ in Spain, which stands in the choir of the insignificant cathedral. The town is very clean, but, like all the other towns of the country, it has a most disagreeable pavement, a regular institution for the benefit of shoemakers. There are here, owing to the English occupation and the frequent visits of the American fleet, a number of English inscrip-

tions with English or American emblems. Numerous signboards attest the enormous thirst of the Anglo-Saxon race, for the whole town is, as it were, a grog-house for sailors.

A great feature in Mahon are the windmills, which are to be heard whizzing and groaning all around ; like dead trees, they start up out of the bare country, and add to its tediousness. A foaming rattling watermill is beautiful and cheering ; but ugly and without interest is a long-armed gray windmill. The former indicates fresh-water life, the other is a warning telegraph of a deserted dry country, as this is in the fullest sense of the word.

Leipsic and Berlin have also windmills, and I would advise every traveller, when he sees them, not to couch his lance and charge against them like Don Quixote, but on the contrary to turn tail at once before the monsters. There are certain universal signs to guide a traveller ; if he sees from afar a city with black lofty steeples and shining cupolas, he may go there, for he will find historical splendour and fine monuments ; if he sees a city without any lofty buildings, but with regular houses and streets, he may go there if he has anything to do with sugar, coffee, or cotton ; if he sees high chimneys, he may fly as before the windmills, for a manufacturing city is of all others the most tiresome, killing mind and heart, and reducing men to mere machines. As Mahon is separated from the country by no walls, it stretches itself over fields and gardens, all enclosed with stone walls to the disagreeable surprise of the promenader. We sauntered towards the country, which is extremely flat and with only a few ravines. During a hot walk we came upon one of these ravines formed by sloping rocky walls, and as in the poetical fiction of the 'Hohle Gasse' of Tell, it runs along, always getting wilder and more romantic as it draws closer ; it was a fine picture, which would have

done credit to the finest English park, and created a *furor* as a scene in a robber drama. To complete the effect, we found the openings of dark caves, to which I climbed up; they were excellently suited for robbers, so that they could either fire from them on travellers passing the ravine, or use them as secure hiding-places, from which they might also defend themselves. They resembled vaulted chambers, and were connected here and there by passages, and provided with one or more doors. Soot and ashes showed that they were used, at least, as temporary dwellings, and names cut in them showed also that I was not the only person fond of caves. We visited almost all the grottoes to the right and the left of the ravine, and, to my surprise, encountered a large snake. We then proceeded to the end of this interesting ravine, where an industrious washerwoman beside some weeping willows, and a quiet chapel, offered an agreeably peaceable contrast to the previous picture.

The ravine opens out upon a slightly descending and rather large plain, which is well cultivated, and through which a good road runs. A few palm trees attest the excellence of the climate in the Balearic Islands. The road brought us back to the town, where we took our rest in a posada full of English. Several tipsy sailors rambled through the town; which everywhere teemed with the sons of Albion, one of whom we found like a beast rolling in the mud. On the subject of leave of absence for shore, a great dispute exists amongst naval officers. One party desires to extend to the land the discipline enforced in the vessel, and either to act as police on foreign ground to their own people or to disallow these visits altogether. The other party only exercise their iron discipline on board, where they maintain the severe regulations of the service with all its strictness; but when the poor devils, who have to undergo on board so many deprivations, are once on shore they give them full

liberty. If they themselves land at the same time, they do not then consider the sailors as belonging to them, but leave them entirely undisturbed, during the short period of their not too common leave. They indeed buy this leave with the sweat of their brow; and if even the commander himself meets one of his men drunk, he feigns not to see him. I rank myself with those of the latter opinion, for I know how hard the life of these people is; that they are not really free for a moment, always contending with the elements. Strict as one must be on board, as the absolute master of men crowded together in a narrow space, it is right to be lenient during their time of furlough. Drunkenness is certainly a terrible vice, and is severely punished in the army, but a soldier can enter a public-house every day, whilst the sailor may perhaps only be able to do so five times a year, and yet he is flesh and blood, like the rest of us.

In the evening we again went on shore to visit the theatre, and what a theatre it is! We sat in the first tier of boxes upon unpainted seats of soft wood without any back. The play, which was in Spanish, was utterly unintelligible to us; and we waited, seated on our hard seats, with some impatience for a national dance, which had been announced, as well as a song. These at last commenced, but were so badly and clumsily executed, that the recollections of the delightful evening in Seville last year were spoilt. We left the theatre dissatisfied; but what can be expected in a town of 4,000 inhabitants? Old England's navy presided in the principal box, behaving with serious decorum, and in the pit below sat wondering, drunken sailors.

May 27, 1852.

Admiral Dundas, an old but still vigorous man, and the commander of the fleet, visited me this morning; he is a tall, portly, fine man with an extremely pleasant face,

that makes one like him ; and, besides, he is a sailor with all his soul. He succeeded Parker in the command, and this was his first trip from the winter station, Malta. He was formerly a member of the Council of the Admiralty, and also a member of Parliament. He is now an admiral, in the full sense of the word, exercising his fleet most assiduously, as I had an opportunity of observing later in Malaga. The conversation was carried on in the English language, and therefore, as far as I was concerned, was rather unsatisfactory ; but it sufficed to show me that the admiral was a very genial, good, amiable man, who loves his sailors, as his children, and is heartily glad to be on board again after a long rest. The sailors in the Admiral's gig wore fustanelles of linen ; why they did so, remains a puzzle to me, especially as they look very ugly, worn with the sailor's dress. There was also a negro amongst the boat's crew.

After the Admiral had left us, we visited the hospital, which stands on a bare sunbaked rock, and which I believe is the largest in the world. We were led through the hospital by the inspector, who was an interesting old sea-captain. We walked through the wide, bare, desolate rooms, and, notwithstanding their gigantic dimensions, it was clear at once that they were not permanent dwellings, but only transitory quarters, leading either back to the world or to the grave. Not a breath of life stirs in these buildings ; they are like a cold stone bed, lying on which one waits longingly for the hour of liberty, or even for the time when one may exchange it for a rough coffin. They are horrible abodes, surrounded by the strongest walls, guarded by Argus-eyes, and without any view from them. They are, moreover, situated on a glowingly hot rock ; and here, between four bare walls, people pass endless days and weeks, like the greatest criminals, only without occupation. The whole establishment is just now perfectly empty ; it is

kept with extreme cleanliness, and abounds in immensely large rooms; especially for goods. The yards between the high walls are grown over with grass, and are intended for exercise; but how sad is such an exercise ground, so shut out from the world. In consequence of the cholera, the hospital was very much crowded last year. There is a small separate harbour behind the hospital, for the ships in quarantine. To get an idea of the whole extent, and of the manner in which the hospital is divided, it is best to mount the tower over the cistern, which forms the centre of these large weary buildings.

Of far higher interest, and far more curious in my eyes, was the 'Britannia,' to which we made a visit. She is a three-decker of 120 guns, and the flag-ship of Admiral Dundas, who received me very kindly, surrounded by all the captains of his fleet. He led me into his fine, comfortable, spacious cabin, in the first battery, the principal charm of which is a long balcony, and he there presented me to the Lady Amelia, his wife. She had accompanied her husband from Malta, in order to spend the summer season at Gibraltar, where I met her again. After a few compliments, we examined the ship in all its parts. The men sat in the batteries at their tables; some slept, many were reading papers, no one seemed to care particularly about our presence, and all seemed strong and healthy. The batteries were kept exceedingly clean and nice, and the guns, as well as their carriages, were both usefully constructed and handsome. At the foot of the bowsprit in the first battery, shone in gold letters, the magnificent words of Nelson, 'England expects that every man will do his duty.'

In the second battery are the saloons and dwellings of the officers; which are also very spacious and comfortable, for the English are clever, and very well know that the more agreeable things are made to the officers and mid-

shipmen on board, the more they love their ship, and the easier they find it to bear their absence from the land. The Englishman is at home in his ship, and asks nothing better, for indeed it would be difficult to find anything better anywhere. Other nations resort to a Spartan simplicity on board, but anyone accustomed to elegance is not thereby attached to his ship; for what compensating pleasures are there on board? There need not be luxury, which indeed is not fit for a sailor, but good solid comfort. In an English man-of-war all the tables in the cabins are of solid mahogany, the silver and china plate is rich and useful, all objects are indeed both useful and exquisite in taste; the papers, brought on board by a special war-steamer, are always new; the kitchen and cellar substantial. When the fleet is at sea, two large steamers alternately carry to it whole cargoes of live oxen. The Admiral went perhaps rather too far; for he had on board, besides two cows, a couple of horses, in order to be able to make excursions, as he was a passionate horseman. The interior of the vessel was arranged agreeably, whilst the practical was studiously regarded. In the saloon of the commander, every object was of the best kind, and conveniently at hand. The 'Britannia' is a picture of the strength and greatness of the English navy, and although not constructed on the latest principles, may still serve as a useful model. It was a heart-stirring moment when the Admiral passed in review before us his whole crew, 1,000 cheerful men. First came the thirty-five midshipmen, that excellent nursery for officers, future commanders and admirals. They are young, between thirteen and twenty, who in the largest ship of the line would be able, as well as any old captain, to preside over a manœuvre; with the self-reliance of children they defy danger, and become the bravest and most intrepid men. Four feet high, they already handle a whole troop of old sailors like

machines, and know how to make themselves obeyed absolutely.

They grow up upon the sea, and learn, practically, rather than theoretically behind a writing desk in an academy without even seeing the sea except upon some little excursion. Theoretical sailors enter practical life awkwardly, and grope about like blind men, and in the first instance are quite useless. The youths and the sailors defiled before us as an undrilled crowd, neither in step nor in a stiff position, but freely and easily, as becomes sailors, who, amidst the storm and the rocking of the vessel, must mount the rigging to save the ship from destruction, and are not called upon to wheel about or to deploy on a parade ground.

To everyone that which is fit for him, thinks the Englishman; and stiffly and in military fashion came on, in rear of the sailors, the marines, perhaps more regularly than even many continental regiments of the line. The heart of a looker-on leapt within him at the aspect of these sailors, every one of whom might have served as a model. Their free open look, their fair noble faces, their decided, resolute, proud, self-conscious expression, their powerful figures, their practical dress, all charmed the heart of a sailor. A true sailor has a right to be proud, for to him belongs the world. The ocean is his country; his mind knows no other boundaries than the globe, he is a citizen of every country, he is everywhere received kindly and with pleasure. In a continuous battle with danger, his mind acquires earnestness and simplicity. Trained to deprivations he remains childlike, and enjoys the most trifling pleasure with fresh love. Therefore he must be pardoned that sarcastic trait which his wide view of the world gives him, and which makes him regard in a ridiculous light the littlenesses of the land rats at home. From the Admiral's balcony we looked out on a regatta, a race between two

boats of two ships of the line. What delighted me most in this was the interest which every looker-on took in it, from the Admiral downwards. This was most apparent in the commanders of the two ships of the line to which the boats belonged; the loser could so little conceal his annoyance, that he left us. I like these emulations; they are the true spur to urge forth the sailor. When we returned to our frigate, one of the commanders had the politeness to send us his Turkish music-band, which he praised as something very particular.

We invited the Admiral to dinner with us, and he showed himself in all his joviality, as a true Englishman of the old stamp.

May 28, 1852.

To-day I visited two other ships of the fleet, the line-of-battle ship 'Albion,' and the frigate 'Phaëton,' celebrated for her beauty. The Symond system, on which principle the 'Albion' was built, was for a time very popular in England, and upon that system the newer vessels have been built. It gives to the ship that proper degree of stiffness without ballast which can only be produced by unusual width and great rounding of the sides towards the keel. This manner of building has many advantages, but with them it has also the disadvantage, that in the least sea the ship is always rolling. In consequence of this unsteady motion many of these ships lost their masts; and besides, this constant movement is scarcely endurable, and all commanders try to get off these quicksilver islands. They do not look beautiful either, and must render the using of the batteries in battle very inconvenient, as the vessels are in such constant motion. The visit of foreigners was clearly not expected on board the 'Albion,' which was proved by the guns being all run in, that the interior of the ship might have a fresh coat of paint. I was glad of it, for when everything

is prepared you do not see things in their true light. But notwithstanding this, we found the mighty 'Albion' in the most perfect order. The commander was not on board, for, in company with all his officers, he had gone on horse-back with the Admiral and Lady Dundas to a high pointed mountain called Nuestra Señora del Toro, which was said to be in the centre of the island, but which was not visible to us, owing to the misty weather. The Admiral had invited us also to this excursion, but we had politely requested to be excused. In the English ships of the line there exists a kind of vice-commander, and the one on board the 'Albion' showed me over the ship. He was a stout pleasant man, who seemed to be an able sailor, and, to judge by his red nose, he was a good companion also. Though my visit to-day had not been at all expected, he did not in the least lose his composure, to lose which, however, never happens to an Englishman, for this he has to thank his enviably phlegmatic constitution and his self-reliant education. We examined the ship in all its parts. In smaller navies, especially in such as are still in the process of creation, one gets quite a wrong idea of the commander as he is to be found in the great navies. The English commander is the ruler of the ship; he brings it out and carries it into the harbour; he leads it into battle and commands his subject with the eye and grandeur of a sovereign. But for all inferior affairs he has his subordinates, who manage according to their position. Sometimes for days he does not appear on deck, and by long practice he has acquired the proud certainty that the service is carried on exactly, strictly, and agreeably to orders. He appears almost exclusively in the more important moments when, for the fame of the ship, a special manœuvre is required, or to secure victory, or to spread fear and awe by his appearance as a Jupiter Tonans.

With less important duties others are occupied. But in

the navies now only in process of formation the commander is all in all, a universal genius, a helper in need, a much-tried factotum; he must command and he must execute, and though he has many officers he must be himself on guard, or otherwise he and his whole crew would be in danger of their lives. He must be the schoolmaster for youth, and the judge for the disobedient; he must go the rounds and convince himself that his orders are really executed; in order to execute a manœuvre he must drive together the crew from all corners; he must look out and give with his own hands, instead of with those of the cadets, the signals. The worst of this state of things is, that commander and officers both become used to it. The commander never places any confidence in his officers, and the latter naturally never acquire the self-reliance so necessary to a sailor, and with the laziness natural to man they get careless, and glad to throw all the responsibility on the shoulders of the commander. He, on his part, finds by degrees a pleasure in trifles, and in complaining about his officers and cadets he praises himself. But how can his officers learn when they have no scope for development of their talent, and their duties are not enlarged in accordance with their progress? But with the little, unfortunately everything is little.

The 'Phaëton' is perfectly charming, the ideal of a slender frigate, the finest kind of ship the world has seen to this day. She was built by the builder of the celebrated English yachts, and is a combination of the solid and warlike with the beautiful and elegant. The commander is Captain Elliot, still a young man, very well educated, and one of the most amiable Englishmen I am acquainted with. He keeps his frigate in a state of exemplary cleanliness and neatness. One might imagine it a pleasure yacht on a larger scale, and enjoy with pleasure the luxury with which she is fitted up. The deck is swept as clean as if it

were the floor of a saloon; the metal is as bright as if it belonged to a Dutch kitchen. The arrangements might serve as a model, and I should like to serve for a time under the skilful command of the kindly Elliot to improve myself in all the different branches of the service. Amongst the interesting details, by the side of the ship, and under the waterline, are water-pipes very ingeniously fitted so as to carry the water by its own pressure in any desired quantity in any direction and to any distance. It may therefore serve to quench every fire in its commencement, and to supply the less accessible parts of the lower hold. Another arrangement for clearing the deck more quickly seemed to me also a very good one. Mahogany boxes stand in the stern of the vessel, in which the more necessary arms are kept. When the command to clear the deck is given, the crew coming on deck lift the covers of the boxes, and are armed in a moment. But usually the low chests are used as steps to look out over the gunwales. The gun-room of the commander is only separated from the battery by a canvas wall. This is a convenience in manœuvring the battery and cannot incommode the commander in the least, as the gun-room is only used for dinners, and is rendered more airy by this arrangement. Elliot's spacious cabin was sociable and pleasant. The sun shone brightly on a beautiful fuchsia in a bouquet given to the captain some months ago in Lisbon, the small stems of which had quickly grown into a large plant. One sees that tender things may also thrive at sea. On leaving I was presented with a picture of the beautiful 'Phaëton.' I parted, taking with me many interesting recollections of the frigate and her kind commander.

According to the fashion of sailors we made an excursion with hired horses, and tore along laughing and joking over the Carten Island. We found nothing worth mentioning except a small charming grove of sweet-chestnuts, *quercus*

semper virens, and grape-vines in which the nightingale fluted its love-song. It was a lovely oasis, on a soft slope, with fresh bubbling water.

Palma, May 29, 1852.

Yesterday, at 9 o'clock P.M., whilst I kept watch, we left Mahon at moonlight. The sky was covered with stars. To-day, at 9 o'clock A.M., beneath a beautiful southern sunlight, we cast anchor in the port of Palma, the capital of Majorca. In Palma again we find the romantic Spain, and the splendid, matchless scenery of a southern country. Close upon the fine wide roadstead, and washed by the sea, lies the rather large old town. From amidst many Gothic ruins, and a confused mass of houses, rises loftily the old Gothic cathedral. The town is surrounded by a plain of corn-fields and olive-groves, again enclosed by a distant and picturesque chain of rocky mountains. To the left of the city, on a high hill, stands an oddly-shaped Gothic castle, a strong watch-tower of the middle ages. With its battlements and its *donjon*, which latter is connected with the mountain residence by an arched bridge, it is a characteristic silhouette on the deep blue Spanish sky. From it one has a fine view of the old town, and of the boundless Mediterranean Sea.

Palma is the capital of all the Balearic Islands, the seat of a governor, has 34,000 inhabitants, and is therefore a place of importance. It is especially rich in Gothic buildings, which makes it very interesting. Almost every house has a curiously-pointed arched door or a finely-drawn window, or an open richly-ornamented red marble staircase, of which one here sees extremely beautiful specimens, recalling the rich architecture of Venice. The two most curious and really fine buildings of the city are the Cathedral and the Lonja. We visited the former first; it is of yellow stone, and has on the side towards the

sea a wonderfully rich gate, the principal arch of which is ornamented with many saints, with their fine socles and canopies. The interior of the church is solemn and grave, like all Gothic buildings which have been conceived and executed in the old days of faith. The arrangement of the church is after the usual Spanish manner, with a closed choir in the middle of the church. The Lonja, or Exchange, is a building such as is peculiar to the eastern part of Spain, consisting of one single large, venerable, Gothic hall, in which the merchants transact their business. Simple as a church, the grand hall is arched over with bold pointed arches, springing from slender columns, and the light falls on the grey solid stone walls through wide high windows. This building reminds one of the Loggia dei Lanzi in Florence, which was also formerly an exchange, only that the latter is open. It is extremely well suited for great banquets and festivities, and if skilfully illuminated, an indescribable effect might be produced. The building is altogether noble and imposing in its simplicity, and is not tainted with the tawdry finery of the eighteenth century, great in decoration, but impotent in creation.

As a great admirer of *châteaux en Espagne*, the building of which is one of the most agreeable but only too captivating amusements, I allowed myself to imagine that I was giving a festival in this hall, when my flight of fancy was interrupted by the appearance of the only inmates now of the forsaken forgotten Lonja, a very amiable young family of cats, who were amusing themselves in one of the fine large windows with their graceful play. From the exterior, the Lonja looks particularly well, with its flat roof, odd battlements and corner turrets; it looks at once elegant and solid, like a courtly brave knight. Now-a-days, if they want to make anything solid they build it as clumsy as a barrack; but if something elegant be intended they erect pasteboard houses.

The Ayuntamiento, the boxlike balcony of which was draped to-day with damask on account of a lottery that was to take place, is a building in the Cinque-cento style, reminding one by its richly-carved buttresses of the fine palaces of beloved Florence. Palma possesses also an interesting collection of treasures of art belonging to the Marquis of Montenegro, left by a cardinal who lived for a long time in Rome. The palace in which the collection is preserved still exhibits the old splendour of the last century, and notwithstanding its decay is a fine object. The collection is one of those better appreciated in the last century, and contained something of everything and sometimes very beautiful specimens. A fine collection of pictures and mosaics is to be seen here. I found my friend Vandyck, who painted not pictures but men. Especially to be noted as a fine portrait and true to nature is a thick-set gentleman in a black Spanish dress, of whom Vandyck has given us not only the portly body but his very mind and heart. Murillo brings to us a St. Francis, executed with a grand simplicity. It is one of those fine pictures of this Spanish master in which he contrives to show us, in an emaciated body, a suffering soul, nourished with heavenly visions. A small picture of Christ on the Cross, with Mary and John, is ascribed to Raphael, and appears to me more pretty than important; it is too small to be effective.

Spain is one of those happy countries where the people still adhere to a national costume, and to this circumstance is owing in a great part its romance. Palma also has its costume, which, in the case of the women, is very handsome. The hair is combed back in the Chinese fashion; nun-like white veils tied under the chin encircle the fresh face; spencers with short sleeves and short petticoats give the women a more Swiss than Spanish appearance. The men look clumsy with their blue wide trousers reaching only to

the knees, looking like women's frocks ; they wrap a handkerchief round the head, generally of some glaring colour. The *élite* here wear black, as everywhere in Spain ; the lovely mantilla or the charming veil with the rose and fan, and they have also their parade ground, on a very fine alameda dedicated to Queen Isabella II. and her handsome sister the Infanta Maria Louise. It is in the middle of the city, between fine houses and fine trees.

The commerce of the island consists of its natural productions, mostly fruit, which is perfect here ; and oil, which the inhabitants ship in the zebecqs, a peculiar kind of little vessel built in Palma of the wood of the island, and in which they go to Cadiz. Minorca, the second island in rank, is poor, but Iviça possesses salt, which is bought by foreigners.

The Balearic Islands are now on the decline, and nothing now serves to recall those times of splendour and power when they were called the kingdom of Majorca, and flourishing under their own valiant sovereigns, namely in the fourteenth century, under the wise king Don Jayme II. Who would now believe that these islands were formerly able to arm within three days twenty-five galleys against the Genoese ; to beat them, though they had an equal number of ships ; to pursue them to their ports and take from them seven galleys, which were presented to the excellent Don Jayme.

The history of the Balearic Islands reaches back to the greatest antiquity, and Polybius and Diodorus make mention of them. Strabo asserts they had their name from the Phœnicians, who termed them—from the exercise of the sling, in which the inhabitants had a great dexterity—Balearides. The most important event of their early history is the birth of Hannibal, on a small island called by the ancients Tignadra, but later Conciera, the rabbit island ; for in celebration of the birth of Hannibal

a great many of these little animals are said to have been let loose and so to have increased very much. For a time the Balearic Islands became alternately the prize of the Carthaginian and the Roman, according to the luck of war, and during this period they seem to have understood very well how to trim their sails to the wind. By the Romans they were not entirely conquered until the time of the consul Quintus Cæcilius Metellus, to whom was given for his prowess by land and water the surname Balearicus. After the fall of Rome the islands belonged to the Gothic-Spanish empire, were then conquered by the Moors, after this for a short time they were incorporated with the empire of Charlemagne, they then passed once more into the hands of the infidels, from whom they were taken by Don Jayme I. king of Aragon, on December 31, 1229, who restored Christianity, after which they rose to great prosperity under his son Jayme II. Then the Balearic Islands remained attached to the rapidly-extending Spanish monarchy which took place after the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella. It is only in quite modern times that they passed under the sceptre of Napoleon and at a later period for a short time under that of England.

May 30, 1852.

We heard mass to-day in the cathedral in celebration of the birthday of the great king St. Ernando. When I attended matins at the tomb of the holy king in the cathedral of Seville last year I did not imagine that before another year had passed I should again be in beautiful Spain, to celebrate the festival of my patron in his golden country. Yes, I am once more in glorious Spain, and my soul feels edified and devout in its ancient cathedrals. In the Gothic churches one can pray so purely and with such Christian strength and faith, overshadowed by the eternal Spirit of God. In the Byzantine churches one does not feel this, but

one looks around instead of praying. In the new Roman churches one feels so satiated with ornament that one is wickedly reminded of the saying: *plenus venter non studet libenter*, only that it should read *non orat libenter*.

It was my birthday, and I wished to escape the usual homages, so we got into two two-wheeled shaky carriages to go into the country. Outside the walls of the fortress we passed through fields till we came to an olive-wood a mile long, leading to the foot of the mountain. At some picturesque rocks, surrounded as in Greece with vines, we made our first halt, at a place called Racha, and left our singular vehicles in a villa overshadowed by a gigantic tree, which I did not yet know. The villa is the property of the Marquis Montenegro, and contains a very rich collection of antiquities, excavated in Rome by the cardinal before-mentioned. But the best part of this property is the garden, with its terraces and orange trees and the perfect paradise all round.

Here on a seat underneath a dense luxuriant roof of leaves, amid the song of the nightingale, which we saw almost tame and carelessly jumping about among the bushes, we took a frugal breakfast. It was unfortunately only too frugal, for it consisted, in consequence of the exemplary frugality of the Spaniards, only of black bread, old Paprika sausages, bad cheese, and oranges; the latter it is true were delicious, and the more agreeable to me as they were the first I ever ate fresh from the tree, and the difference between them and those exported was remarkable.

A very acceptable dessert for our unsatisfied stomachs, and a splendid treat for the eyes, was furnished by the orchard before the house. In it bloomed roses and jasmine, and magnificent carnations, with thousands of shining golden fruits and over-ripe medlars. Whilst refreshing myself with the fruit, I gathered at the same time, amidst a quiet happiness, some delicious flowers for a

fragrant bouquet. We reluctantly left this little paradise, and remounted our vehicles to ascend the mountain. We soon reached Alphabia, the fairest point in our excursion, which lies amidst rich vegetation between picturesque rocks covered with pines. Alphabia is one of those seats of Spanish grandees which sprang up in the rococo time. Its principal charm is a long vine arbour paved with stone, which opens on to a terrace with a fountain. Behind the latter rise to the blue sky two elegantly lofty palms, just now in blossom, whilst a picturesque group of rocks lighted up and coloured by the sun closes the charming perspective. This leafy walk is charming and becomes still more so by the many fresh fountains of strange constructions which enliven it, and give it a fairy-like air.

May 31, 1852.

To-day we again visited the cathedral, where we were shown the rich treasures of this fine old church, and Don Jayme II. the great king in person. His majesty reposes in a rather miserable marble coffin which Charles III. has erected to him in the centre of the cathedral. He is shown to visitors of distinction in his glass case. Latterly the royal robes, which decay so much sooner than the body of their truly horrible-looking possessor, became so old and so rotten and so unworthy of the body buried there six hundred years ago, that they were renewed this spring on the occasion of the visit of the Duchess of Montpensier. They gave him, like a stage king, a red velvet coat with sham ermine, and sham gold lace. What horrible fooleries are enacted in this world! and the remains of a king are even sacrificed to its vain curiosity. *Sic transit gloria mundi.* The mule equipage of the kind governor quickly carried us out of the city. I pictured to myself an elegant and fashionable equipage, with liveried servants in green and gold, the long-eared animals in

tasteful harness, and the carriage rolling along almost faster than with horses. We made our solemn entrance on the height of the picturesque Belver over the drawbridge where we were received by a guard of honour and with the Spanish hymn, which sounded solemn in the royal old castle of my forefathers—for Belver belonged to King Jayme II. My antiquarian mania and love of arrangement were excited by what I saw. The castle, with its colonnades and arched doors, with its immense window-recesses, its splendid view, its terraces, turrets, and gloomy *donjon*, is both strong and beautiful.

This ancient Belver might be made a residence unusually charming. Now the bare royal castle is only used as a country residence by the kind governor, who gave us a delicious breakfast in one of the rooms, where we refreshed ourselves, especially with the fruits of these happy islands, and with the merry enrapturing sounds of Spanish dancing and of music excellently executed by a Spanish military band. The well-known sounds touched my heart and refreshed my fancy, reminding me of my cherished Seville, which I was about to revisit. How happy I felt again in the thought of beautiful Spain!

It is a pity that Goethe was never in Spain: his ‘Mignon’ ought to have come from the golden peninsula, and all who know that happy land would then have sung that immortal song with a fuller and more earnest fervour. The view of the plain and its girdle of mountains, of the city and its port, of the wide expanse of sea, and of the cloudless blue sky, all this seen from this historically romantic castle is splendid. It has a good right to its name, and is an evidence of the taste of the kings of Aragon. The hunt on the castle hill after the numberless rabbits with small greyhounds is said to be very amusing. The pace of the mules soon brought us back to the city, and we sailed in our frigate at three o’clock to steer towards Valencia.



VII.

VALENCIA AND MURCIA.

1852.



VALENCIA AND MURCIA.

It was a beautiful morning when we first saw, shining amidst the green huerta and the battlements, towers and coloured cupolas of the rich city, the city of poetry and history. This beautiful city floating on the green waves, was like a fata-morgana, and to steer towards the coast bathed in the rays of the golden morning sun, was like a charming dream with the agreeable expectation of finding in that paradise friends from our dear distant home. With highly raised feelings, which one has on travelling when approaching something wonderful, we went to the Grao, the anchorage of Valencia, which, according to maritime ideas, could not even be called a roadstead, but a mere down, an open coast, where a row of houses, as at the Piraeus, forms the commercial advanced-guard of the city, which lies about an hour's distance inward. The anchorage is of course very bad and during an easterly gale even dangerous, which is a great impediment to trade. I went directly on shore, looked out for a vehicle, and selected one of those monstrosities peculiar to the country called a tartana. It is a long arched box, covered with leather, balanced on, or rather between, two giant wheels. You mount from behind and take your place on narrow seats running along the sides. Immediately over the tail of the horse, or mule, is a window, from which the passenger may touch the horse, so close is it to the carriage. Shut out on either side, with doors only at the back and in front, the tartana company, which may be increased to six or eight persons, only looks into the future and on the past, which makes the present feel the more horrible. Of the

bumping and the shaking movements, which crush both mind and body, one cannot easily give a rational idea. Surely this vehicle must have been an invention of the Inquisition, which by this process of shaking endeavoured to bring criminals to confession; no secret could resist such gymnastics, as they bump the soul almost out of the body. One groans, and sighs, the bowels tremble to their foundations, bone rattles against bone, and the brain dances in the skull. It took me some time to recover from this drive and to get back my equilibrium. I fancy that there must be in Valencia a great many seven-months' children. The driver of the tartana, a vehicle so popular here that even the highest nobility use it, balances himself by the side of the horse on the shaft or any other narrow piece of wood, so that he is scarcely to be seen from the coach window, if one is not leaning out.

Through a wide, high avenue of elms, we rattled towards the city. Beyond the Guadalaviar, and over the ancient city walls, we soon saw, glittering in the fresh morning, the picturesque and imposing Valencia. Besides its many projecting buildings, Valencia has a very peculiar festive appearance, on account of the coloured glazed tiles with which its cupolas and towers are roofed. As most of them are blue and yellow, and illuminated by a Spanish sun, the imagination pictures a fairy city with cupolas of lapis lazuli seamed with gold. As at Seville and Granada, we see immediately that we do not enter an every-day city, such as is produced in the nineteenth century.

Our tartana martyrdom, which in the days of poetic antiquity might have been mentioned by the side of that of Tantalus and the Danaïdes, ended before the Hôtel du Cid. Here unfortunately all was so crowded, and the reception from the people in the house so ungracious, that we resolved to try our luck somewhere else. But I vowed never to set my foot again in that vehicle, so we walked to the

Hôtel de Madrid, a very elegant, almost luxurious hotel, opened only this week and situated in a very fine place, where we were excellently accommodated in its large, airy rooms, which had perhaps never yet been occupied. My first visit in the city of the Cid was devoted to the kind friend of my youth and her respected family. I walked with that anxious hurried step with which we usually walk when we go to see dear friends from whom we have been separated for years by fate and the wide sea, asking myself whether I should be recognised, and what reception I should meet with. I came to the door of a large but unpretending house. I knocked; a servant opened the door, and I gave him my name, adding that I had had the happiness to know the marchioness in Vienna. I was led into a small, neat room, furnished in the German style, where I found an elderly lady in a Spanish veil. It was the mother-in-law, who at first was somewhat embarrassed, not exactly knowing what to make of me. In the course of conversation she recognised me, and at once became very cordial and kind. She asked a thousand questions about Vienna, which had become dear to her, of which the walls of the rooms afforded abundant evidence.

During our conversation, the rest of the family were called in. The doors of the saloon opened, and Elise came in, still so light, so graceful, and as lovely as in the dear old days at the balls in merry Vienna. I cannot describe my feelings at this meeting in distant Spain; I only felt that at that moment I stood really nearer to her than her whole Spanish surroundings, for I was her countryman; and a mixed feeling of pleasure and of longing for home stirred her kind heart when she tremblingly gave me her white hand and greeted me in German. She thought that I should be shocked at her German, as she had already forgotten so much of it. This sounded sadly, but it was only her too great modesty. I was much astonished to see

her brothers-in-law, who left Vienna as little children, and whom a few years had transformed into giants. Touchingly cordial was the good father ; his true heart is still thankfully attached to the country where he fared so well, and found such a peaceable asylum. The Spanish air seemed to agree excellently with all of them ; father and mother had become young again in their native land ; Elise only was pale, and beneath her charming smile suffering seemed to lie concealed.

The father invited us to see the curiosities of his city, and was kind enough to propose himself as the guide. As usual, we commenced with the cathedral, the centre of attraction in every place. It is large, but not in good taste. The lantern in the middle emits a softened light, through alabaster Gothic-Moorish tablets. It is a very fine and interesting lantern, both as to architecture and for its ornamentation. This alabaster cupola-lantern crowned the Mosque which the victorious Christians turned into the cathedral. It is the only fine and grand point of the church, and it gives light to the celebrated large high altar which, as in all Spanish churches, is in the middle of a closed choir, connected with the altar by a passage between two iron railings.

The rest of the building is remarkably oppressive and clumsy ; appearing at once too low and too broad. The chief altar is in a richly-carved cinque-cento style. On its different sides, always kept closed, and which are only shown to-day on account of Pentecost, are the most splendid sacred paintings on gold ground, rare works of art, full of holy freshness and sacred harmony. There are still some other curiosities in the cathedral, which we reserved for a later visit. We now ascended the Miguetilla, as the tower is called here—just as the tower in Seville is called the Giralda—to look around us. The Miguetilla is Gothic as well as the fine entrance of the rebuilt and spoiled

cathedral. Whoever may be desirous of seeing a picture of golden peace, a rich city abounding in beautiful architecture, and the heart-stirring sight of a plain full of the bounties of nature, bounded by a blue sea covered with swelling silver sails, must mount the Miguetilla. Valencia is the favourite of the sun; on this plain he has pressed his all-creating, enrapturing kiss—a kiss which has warmed but not destroyed with its fiery love. From the tower all the details of the city can be seen admirably; the splendid walk with the Gloriette, rich in flowers, the favourite promenade of the fashionable world, lighted up by gas; and close to it a tobacco factory, built in the extravagant style of Charles III.

Further on, in the heart of the city, can be seen the flower and fruit market with the Gothic Lonja, one of the chief ornaments of Valencia; then, amidst the crowd of houses, the palace of the Audiencia and the celebrated Ayuntamiento; the museum with its palm-yard, and all the other numberless buildings with their little yards and terraces and their hundred little details and mysteries. Outside the city walls we find on the opposite shore of the now dry Guadalaviar, spanned by magnificent stone bridges, the fine broad Alameda, with its shady trees and Plantio, a lovely avenue which leads to Grao on the sea-coast, and the building being constructed as an Arena for the bull-fight. Towards the North lies, amidst rich corn-fields surrounded by palm-trees, the monastery of the Hieronymitans; in the same direction, on the horizon on the sea, is Murviedro with the ruins of the old Saguntum. Towards the west the golden plain is cut in two by distant blue mountains, and the lovely picture is picturesquely closed in that direction. In the plain itself, which is called Huerta, and which is of considerable extent, are many houses and whole villages, which afford a pleasant variety and prevent the rich fields from becoming monoto-

nous, as is too frequently the case. This view from the Miguetilla is without doubt one of the finest in the world; especially, if seen as I saw it at the end of May, when all the fields are full of fruit ripe for the sickle; and at such a period as this and on so sunny a morning, it surpasses even the view from the Giralda of Seville.

From the cathedral we went to the Ayuntamiento, where the rich ceilings, magnificent products of the *renaissance*, remind one of Venice and the Palace of the Doges, and which are worthy of being the ceilings of more beautiful halls than that of the Ayuntamiento. In a lovely Gothic chapel belonging to the Hall are shown the sword and banner of the Cids, the crown of the kings of Valencia, from the golden ring of which rises a bat with outspread wings. This curious ornament was adopted in olden time from a real bat having made its nest in this holy ornament, and there brought forth her young ones. It became a token of the fertility of Valencia.

The Audiencia, in which the Cortes assemble, is also a palace of the time of the Moors. We find in it one of those splendid ceilings, replete with gold, which exhibit a genuine splendour and luxury, beside which ours is but flimsy. The most curious parts of this fine building are, however, the walls of the session-hall, with their life-size frescoes; amongst them the Cortes of Charles V., as natural as life, sitting in solemn dignity according to their rank and birth; nobility, clergy and citizens, all in that old picturesque Spanish black costume which is so becoming and so noble—perhaps on account of its dark colour—and the little pointed velvet hat. We see here the flower of the Spanish nobility in their zenith. In this most interesting spectacle one may study physiognomy and Spanish history; it is a kind of coloured *Almanac de Gotha*. The clergy alone are in bright colours, and amongst them I discovered the dogs of the Lord, the *Domini-cani*, as

they called themselves in Florence. This hall, with its portraits of the grandees, is one of those rare antiquities which transport us at once several centuries back, not into the company of the men who presided over the decline of Spain, but into the wise and earnest time of the golden days of the Empire. By the excellent manner in which it has been preserved this work of art recalls with fidelity a past history.

Valencia possesses, also, one of those splendid Lonjas which we so much admired in Palma; but though, like that, this also is Gothic, it is not equally perfect or light. It remains, however, a monument of a time when harmony was a necessity to the human eye, which cannot unfortunately be said of our inartistic century. It has one decided advantage over the Lonja of Palma; the silk market keeps it alive, silk being one of the chief trades of Valencia. In addition to the hall which opens out upon a large place, the Lonja has buildings at the back, with a pretty poetical little orange-garden. In one of the state rooms in which the heads of commerce assemble, hangs the life-size portrait of Isabella II. commenced by the celebrated court painter, Lopez, and finished by his son who now occupies his place. I cannot express how much I was interested, nay captivated, by that picture. Painted but recently, it exhibits the queen as she now is, and enables us to understand the different opinions we had heard about Isabella. In a blue satin dress, richly ornamented with lace and sparkling with diamonds, she appears here as a queen. There is something majestic in her appearance. She is tall, and though she is beginning to grow stout, she has an extremely fine and beautiful waist. She is also a perfectly elegant lady, which is shown by her carefully selected and tasteful dress. That she loves the dance is seen at once by her suppleness. Her face, surrounded by luxuriant hair, is not handsome but is

extremely interesting. On state occasions Isabella can look no doubt very imposing, proud, and magnificent; and in the Prado, rolling along in the elegant quick phaeton, winning and charming all hearts, she is well fitted to acquire popularity. Since I saw this picture I regret more than ever that I have not been in Madrid to which I am now so near.

The museum, which was formerly a monastery, contains an exceedingly great quantity of insignificant things crowded together in long passages. Most of the scenes of martyrdom and obscure miracles might very well suit its former cloisterly seclusion, but are now utterly out of place. In one of the chapels are fine pictures of Juan de Juanes, the Titian of the Spaniards; amongst them an Assunta, a masterpiece of Christian art, full of life and colour.

We took a pleasant dinner at my friend's, in Elise's apartments. Many recollections of the father-land were gone over, and many questions asked about the new home. The old couple feel very well, they were born in this climate, and though they gave up for a time their sojourn here to their principles, they are still Spaniards and again at home; what can they wish for better? The young couple are not of the same opinion, and still long for the imperial city on the far-off banks of the Danube. Both have been educated there, and wherever one has passed a joyous youth, if fate does not then treat one too hardly, one would prefer still to live. In elegant Vienna, Elise, by her grace and amiability, won admiration, whilst in Spain she is always looked on with jealousy as a naturalised foreigner.

In Pedro's room, which he has arranged with much taste, I found all the heroes of the late wars, and in the centre of them our chivalrous Emperor. In Valencia this gives a double pleasure, and every token of remembrance of Vienna, and of him, gave me a sensation of home.

After dinner our dear hosts went with us to a charming garden, belonging to a rich porcelain manufacturer, in which was an abundance of the most splendid flowers; and whilst the fragrance of the flower-beds delighted us we also found matter of interest from a scientific point of view in the tropical plants in the glasshouses. In the middle of the garden stand two splendid Magnolias, unfolding giant flowers. One of them was much taller than the other, and Elise told me of the curious manner in which the people explain this circumstance. The larger one is planted in that part of the garden which was formerly the cemetery of a suppressed Capuchin monastery, and the popular opinion is that the poor Capuchins afford a most excellent manure. This is certainly an original idea in natural history, but derives some support from the fact that in that cemetery the most tender asparagus grows. *Probatum est!* *Bon appetit* to those who innocently enjoy these vegetables nourished by the atoms of a former generation. I only wonder that it has not yet occurred to the wicked French gourmands to place on their perfumed *cartes*: ‘Asperges du Père la Chaise à la sauce piquante.’

As a lover of the animal world I was delighted to find an aviary full of the finest and rarest American birds. There is nothing more graceful than these small inhabitants of the tropical woods, with their golden, red and black plumage, and with their beautiful and curious shape. I shall only now speak of the so-called ‘widow,’ with the feathers of its tail arched, and ten times as long as the body; with its lovely chirping and its elegant coquetry. We saw an artificial grotto with all sorts of amusing mysteries, following the taste of the last century, when people liked to place each other in all kinds of little difficulties. Now, when hair-powder, the most delicious absurdity ever invented, has disappeared, the natural

comes into vogue once more and perhaps with too violent a reaction.

On the fine Alameda on the other side of the Guadalaviar to which we now rode, we already found the fashionable world. Most of them drove finely varnished tartanas, which proceeded in a row as in our Prater; but as these vehicles have only openings before and behind, the people inside can neither see nor be seen, and the whole procession resembles in its originality the newly-erected Britannia bridge. Whenever I succeeded in casting a look into the back window of a tartana I distinguished some faces of extreme beauty and had the greater reason to dislike this manner of driving. We dismounted in order to walk in the splendid evening air in the Plantio, a fragrant flower-garden running along the Alameda.

As soon as darkness set in everybody hurried home, as murders take place every week in the Alameda after dark. But Elise driving up to us in a very elegant little pony equipage, invited me to take a place by her side. She took the reins, and drove several times up and down the avenue, between the returning crowds of tartanas with much dexterity and courage. At last she turned towards the city and put me down at the before-mentioned promenade, the Gloriette. Elise drove home and I walked for some time with her father-in-law, under the gas-lit oleander and orange shrubs, in these fragrant alleys filled with statues. This is the place where the *élite* of Valencia usually enjoy the evening, frightened from the Alameda by the dagger of the bandits.

When I returned in the evening to the Hôtel de Madrid, reflecting on the occurrences of the day, I felt very sad. Valencia had already won my heart and I loved the glorious place, where I should like to stay for months instead of hours.

Next morning we went out to finish our inspection of

the curiosities of Valencia, and commenced with the Hieronymitan convent situated outside the city, in the Huerta. To judge from the large buildings it must have been a very considerable and rich convent. The decaying cloister of this order, once so powerful, which harboured for a season the ruler of the world, is now a kind of hospital. The church, which has a great resemblance to the Carthusian one in Granada, is built in that bad and over-rich taste of the last century. But unfortunately, like all terrestrial things, it is decaying. Those bright halls, once enlivened by the festivals of the Spanish monks *par excellence*—for the Hieronymitans were in Spain what the Benedictines are in Austria—are now visited only from time to time by a priest, who reads mass in the hospital. The remains of her former greatness are those only which belong to nature. Close to the monastery is a grove of high slender palm-trees hundreds of years old, which have outlived the vast splendour, and now mournfully shake their heads over the ruins of the house of those who planted them. To one who almost worships palm-trees, as I do, this group is the only interesting thing in the cloister.

Leaving the dead past we come upon the active present, a silk manufactory in the highest prosperity, and where the newest inventions are made use of. There, beneath the whirring of wheels, we see how the golden-haired silk is drawn from the cocoons, brought in by country people; and how, by the power of steam, it is worked up to the finest damask. In the whole world there is nothing more tedious to me than a factory. Everything goes on with such a mathematical regularity, calculated to the very second; and human genius shows the working-people by its wonderful inventions how useless is their little bit of common sense. They are in fact mere machines. We are living in the unhappy time of a change. The new

idea, the necessity for instituting factories, has not yet become popular; the equilibrium is not yet restored; the old state of things is still contesting with the new, and the latter lacks a necessary basis, which only time can give, when factories shall have acquired a history and experiences, from which the coming generations will recognise their regulated utility. I can never accommodate myself, or at least I cannot at present, to see the rich possessor of a factory producing in quantities articles which satisfy the extravagant luxury of the rich, whilst his workmen are serfs by the mere power of his money; pale shadows of men, who in a state of stupor and for the needs of their stomach, sacrifice their body to his money-bag. I cannot forget my fellow-men, even for the most beautiful new machines; my valuation of the so-called genius of our century does not reach to that height. In a factory I feel always uncomfortable. I do not speak of those factories where men are still self-acting, as human beings should be. In the very middle of these results of genius I fall into a kind of stupor and feel immensely bored. Everything appears to me as if only made for the moment; we live in the century of haste, and with this the factories seem to harmonise.

After a short visit to the Botanical Gardens, we went to the cigar manufactory, where several hundreds of girls are at work. It is in the same style as the manufactory in Seville, formerly described, only on a somewhat smaller scale, and does not produce their celebrated snuff. The numerous factory girls, though here just as young, are not so pretty as their sisters on the Guadalaviar; their type here, in Valencia, is too Moorish; but here Spanish eyes are also to be found more black and more fiery than in any other country of the world.

The most interesting object to us was the director, a severe, tyrannical-looking, proud, and learned mannikin,

before whom the whole establishment, with its regiment of women, seemed to tremble. The señor spoke French, and had a delicious custom of affixing to all and everything he said, and with emphasis, the important little word *erreur*. So he said of the climate here, against which he had an especial spite: 'On dit que le climat de Valence est doux : *erreur* ! les médecins disent qu'il *soit excellent* pour la poitrine : *erreur* ! les malades s'en vont en chaise de poste au grand galop.'

A drive round the city walls enabled us to see many fine views of the surrounding scenery and interesting buildings. Amongst other things our cicerone pointed out to us a building which he said was the arena for cock-fighting. Could we leave this unseen? No! we stopped and rushed into the interior, where we were at once received by a chorus of the blood-thirsty fighters. They were all waiting for their day of honour, in small clean cages, built one over the other, where the curious world might examine them at leisure, before the fight. All can hear each other, and each can see from his prison the lovely hens coquetting in the yard, which is the only imaginable reason I can find for their comical and otherwise inconceivable combativeness. But let us enter the arena, and see some of these fighting scenes which the director shows us privately. The arena is a fine building, which has room on its steps for 800 persons, and which is one of the principal places of amusement of the Valencians. The fashionables of the *haute volée* bet large sums on the different Campcadores. Two of the cocks which went through a few evolutions to-day, were to decide on the next holiday, by their victory or their death, the fate of several hundreds of guilders.

We sat down to look at some fights. Two cocks were let in, their combs cropped so as not to furnish any hold to the enemy, trimmed for the fight, and provided with

a sharp spur. Scarcely had they seen one another than without being in any way urged on, they rushed against each other. They made the most odd jumps, now charging against the enemy like tigers, and now coming down upon him like an eagle. They clawed hold of one another, and pulled each other about until the blood flowed from their wounds. Then for a moment they quitted the hot contest, slowly pacing up and down in warlike majesty, and with proud bearing, measuring the enemy with undoubted courage, and certain of victory. Then, a new advantage offering, they rushed against each other with redoubled effort. Eyes were pecked out, combs pulled out of the head, and they did not leave off the furious fight until one of them lay conquered, weltering in his blood. Then the victorious cock, amidst the applause of the audience, crows over the body of his antagonist, his celebrated hymn of victory. Memorable moments in the life of a rooster!

That those who have been wounded in former fights return to the battle with renewed vigour, was clearly proved to us by a one-eyed cock who appeared to have become only more agile and skilful by his very wounds. A cock totally blind gave us a touching and elevating example of manly energy; brought into the arena, and before he had scarcely felt the sand of the field of honour, he rushed about in every direction till he came upon his adversary, at whom he pecked furiously, without any distinct aim. In the moment of the greatest danger he was withdrawn from battle by the manager in order to fight again another day for the honour of the arena. One thinks at once of John of Bohemia, rushing blind as he was, to the battle of Crécy to die there fighting like a lion! Such a cock must have an immensely developed organ of combativeness, or how else can these heroic deeds be explained, as he is really fighting without an object, except it be the mere rage of fighting?

We paid one more visit to the cathedral with our friends, and enjoyed its beauties in detail. The sacristy contains splendid pictures of Juanes, pictures full of southern warmth; an abundance of interesting and beautifully mounted relics, vieing with those of St. Mark's. A canon in his surplice had the kindness to show these to us. It is a portion of history full of the most curious recollections, and the deeds done in the East and the West for the Cross are recalled to our memory by these venerable antiquities.

The palladium of this rich collection, nay, the palladium of faithful Valencia, is the holy Gral, a vessel of agate, in which Christ in that night of suffering transformed the wine into his blood. It is not for me to decide whether Christ really used this stone cup; it is a pious tradition, everyone may believe what his heart dictates, but Valencia gave, and will again give, her blood for it. The knights of the South of France wished to obtain this precious treasure, which originally came from Constantinople, and fitted out a fleet from Marseilles for that purpose; but the brave people of Valencia drove it off and chased it back to the entrance of the port of Marseilles. As a trophy, they took back with them the long chain with which the people of Marseilles closed their port, and suspended it in a Gothic side chapel of the cathedral, where it can be seen to this day. This latter chapel contains a collection of portraits of all the bishops of Valencia; amongst them, the most remarkable are the two bishops Borgia, those notorious popes whose family comes from Valencia. Alexander VI., Lucretia's shameless father, has a cold, noble, dignified face; and those proud, pale features enable us to conceive how the same person could be the imposing pope and the ambitious lover. He must have been magnificent as Pope, terrible in his vices, and under all circumstances a Spanish grandee.

In this cathedral I have still to mention the Shield and the Spurs of the Cid, and a Head of Christ by Juanes. The hero himself hung these arms on the left of the high altar. The picture is praised beyond measure by the Valencians; but to me the broad features of our Lord are too regular, too full of repose, and too beautiful, with an absence of manliness, and without anything like what we may imagine to be our Redeemer's expression. This face of our Saviour will not stand any comparison with the 'Tribute Penny' of Titian.

My heart prompted me to mount once more the Miguetilla and to refresh myself with the view of the God-blessed Huerta; one can never get tired of that view, it does so much good to one's heart. In the neighbourhood of the cathedral is a little church with a celebrated Madonna and child, I believe the third in rank according to the valuation of the Spanish people. She is the Madonna to whom all sufferers have recourse, the protector of the beautiful city and of its golden plain. This wonder-working image is in possession of a collection of jewels, such as usually belong only to Emperors or Kings. It was covered, and the clergy led us from the vestry to a narrow staircase in the little temple where it is placed, in order that we might examine these treasures closely. Both figures sparkled with diamonds and pearls; the most precious jewels ornamented the heavy silver dress, and rich crowns surmounted the heads both of the Mother and the Child. All these precious things are presents of devout Spaniards, and offerings from far countries; and amongst these latter is a fine large pearl of Marie Antoinette. Whatever reminds one of this lady is interesting and touching; and so is this pearl, which is like a prescient tear shed in her happy, prosperous days, as it hangs on the glittering mantle of the Eternal Mother. Where can another woman be found so unhappy as Maria Theresa's

lovely daughter ; and the people that destroyed this flower is called chivalrous ! How can this be ?

When we had finished our expedition, Elise, a picture of the most perfect loveliness, wearing the Andalusian lace veil and with a rose in her golden hair, came to meet us at the gate of the R—— Palace. Jumping into the small pony equipage, she invited me to take a place by her side, took the reins and drove towards Grao, as I had invited the amiable family to a small dinner on board our steam-frigate. Who would have believed it, if any one had whispered it to us five years ago, when, in the brilliantly illuminated saloons of the Vienna palaces we danced to Strauss' lovely music : ' You will meet some day in far-off Spain in Valencia's beautiful Huerta.' How strange is the fate of men ! The globe is so small and yet how one may be thrown about in it. Happy those who meet again !

We quite forgot in the morning to ask how the sea was, and now it was rough, very rough. I rather urged the company not to go on board, but Elise would not hear of it, and showed much courage. We had to combat with the waves in such a manner that landsmen might have been excused had they been frightened, and it was only after much trouble that we reached the ship. At dinner we all felt somewhat depressed, for leave-taking was before us. My neighbour was quite saddened by the *mal du pays* ; for whilst with us she was in Austria again, among her countrymen, and spoke their language. She had to return alone, and uncomprehended, a stranger amongst strangers. But how happy she was when our band played Strauss' melodies, recalling by their sounds the merry past, never to return. Whoever has had his heart gnawed by home sickness will enter into the sorrows of these hours. With a low and trembling voice she proposed a toast to the Emperor, which touched me more than any mere use-

less torrent of words. The sad hour of parting came. One shake of the hand to each of the beloved ones, and away they danced over the rough waves towards the beautiful city. The sun had set, and Valencia's cupolas were sharply defined on the evening sky; then the steamer commenced paddling the waves, and we too went away seeking the path of the coming night. So the dream ended, and only a soft sadness clung to our hearts.

We soon arrived in Cartagena, the deserted and dreary harbour which we already knew sufficiently well; we availed ourselves, however, of this sojourn to make an excursion to Murcia, which was close by. In a hired omnibus and four we drove to the long and uninteresting plain of Cartagena, which is only enlivened by a few palms. And so we proceeded to the Sierra de Fuente-Santa, a bare but picturesquely formed mountain-range which closes the horizon from Cartagena with its grey background. The pass wound through desolate rocks, over and through the Sierra, a wild romantic part, reminding me strongly of the Sierra Nevada, through which we passed last year when going to Granada. After having crossed this rocky barrier, a splendid landscape lay before us, the Huerta of Murcia, in all the richness and splendour of summer, surrounded with a diadem of mountains which, though unclothed, were yet of noble form, and were illuminated by those wonderful southern tints. As Canaan formerly, at the feet of the Hebrew, so now lay before us this luxuriant plain, and with a joyful and refreshed heart we descended to the great city, which lies on the left bank of the Segura. Spain has many barren districts, both mountains and wide, uncultivated plains, but on the other hand it has detached parts, sufficient to make up for all the barrenness. Sometimes these bright districts are but small gardens, which combine in them so much that is beautiful and charming, that in their shady laurel and orange walks or on their

marble balustrades, and by the side of their fountains, surrounded with the roses and the jasmine, the barren country is forgotten, and one only enjoys the calm delicious rest of the present. Oftentimes one comes across whole God-blessed plains like the huertas of Valencia and Murcia. To me these isolated paradises are worth more than a whole country always fruit-bearing and covered with productive fields. Moreover, the number of interesting old cities and the people itself are two great charms of Spain. As in their buildings, so also in the character of the Spaniards, there is a mixture of the Arabian and the Gothic, the romantic element of the Moorish-Arabesque blended with the Christian loftiness and the sublime dignity of the Gothic arch.

Murcia has 40,000 inhabitants ; it has a few fine palaces, amongst them that of the Bishop of Cartagena, who resides here ; a fine bridge, and a magnificent Gothic cathedral. In the choir of the latter are some wonderful Murillos, which, unfortunately, are hung too high for the lover of art ; they represent the principal saints of the city. On the right and the left of the high altar are preserved in rich coffins precious relics of Saint Ildefonso and other Spanish saints. A chapel belonging to a family of one of the grandees is remarkable from the circumstance that a combination of the Gothic with the Moorish style is attempted in it, by which strange union a transition to the Cinquecento, nay, I might almost say to the style of the last century, is brought about. The result is a confusion, in which, nevertheless, many fine details are preserved. The view from the lofty tower is very fine. One looks upon a wide soft carpet in which the clever, industrious, and persevering Orientals have interwoven liquid silvery threads. By their wonderful application of water, the Moors have raised the fertile huerta from the barren ground. As a sort of border to the golden crops, the Moors have left to

the country as a precious heritage, numerous palm, apple, orange, elm, mulberry, apricot, and fig trees, and hundreds of other plants of different climates. Besides its fruit, flowers, and handsome women, Murcia has not much that is either attractive or curious, but what there is, is sufficient to make the excursion desirable. Everything in Spain has unquestionable nobleness, and so it is with this city, especially when seen from the tower.

The costume of the country people here is very picturesque and exceedingly becoming to the proud, well-built men. After the manner of the Greek fustanella, they wear dazzlingly white wide linen trousers, fastening over the knee; from the knee downwards, the leg is either quite bare, or is encased in embroidered leather gaiters and stockings. The foot is protected by sandals, in the points of which the three foremost toes are thrust. Round the waist they wear a red sash, and over the clean white shirt, a red, blue, or white waistcoat, with silver buttons. Over their shoulder hangs the manta, a kind of Scottish plaid, in which they picturesquely wrap themselves on cool mornings. Round the head they wind a handkerchief, and place over it a knowing, pointed, velvet head-cover, half hat, half cap—half fool's cap, half Satan's cap, worn in dandy-like fashion. They have, in addition, sticks of a ridiculously immense thickness. The peasants of Valencia dress in the same manner, only they wear instead of a velvet head-cover a red lazzaroni cap.

We alighted in Murcia at an hotel which was the very opposite of comfortable and neat; it seemed to be very rarely visited by travellers, and was probably only the inn of the rambling Quixotes. Notwithstanding this, it soon became the theatre of Spanish etiquette and grandeur. The authorities of Murcia had found us out, and not a little to my horror, thought themselves obliged to

give me an opportunity of holding a solemn levée, and of presenting their ceremonious homage in the venta. After a monstrous *olla podrida*, we threw off the fetters of the court of Madrid, and passed the splendid afternoon in making a beautiful trip into the country. In one of those notorious tartanas, drawn by a mule, we rolled out of the city. For the greater part of the way I took the reins from the spirited runner, and drove from the interior. After an hour's drive through a luxuriant and well-cultivated country, we came to a small place lying at the foot of a rock overgrown with aloes, which is topped by a proud Moorish castle, a romantic ruin, rendered still further romantic by the mysterious circumstance that there is neither a path up the rock nor a door to the never-visited castle; and that was of course quite sufficient to excite our desire to storm it. Between the hostile lances of the aloes and the terrible arrows of the nettles we wound ourselves up the difficult way with an energy worthy of Germans. The absence of a road we had gloriously overcome, but there still remained for us to achieve an entrance. But here our boldest hopes were disappointed; our fancy, excited by the mystery of the unknown interior, had to yield with regret to the reasons of prudent discretion. Yet our endeavours were rewarded by the most splendid view of the landscape suffused in the glow of the setting sun.

In the evening, we visited the two alamedas of Murcia, of which one is on a fine terrace on the banks of the Segura, and is covered with flowers and shrubs. This was the evening reunion of the beautiful ladies, full of loveliness as they play both with fans and eyes. The fine stone bridge close by leads to the second alameda in the suburb. This is the proper city garden, a kind of botanical garden, full of blooming flowers and splendid, rare trees. In the middle of it a bronze statue has been recently erected. We

promenaded for a time with the governor, and then retired early to our venta, seeking rest in the rather over-populated beds, to be ready for the voyage to-morrow to Cartagena.

From Cartagena we steamed for the third time in the course of a single year towards Calpe, to find fresh marvels under the Southern splendour, but the charming view of which did not efface in my thankful heart the golden picture of Spain.

LISBON.



LISBON.

Fog brooded over the ocean, and our steamer worked her way through a heavy swell to the mouth of the Tagus. Strange-looking fishing boats, like the junks painted on Chinese screens, and carrying an endless number of ragged little sails, were passing to and fro over the waves all along the dull yellow coast, which we approached rapidly so soon as we had taken our pilot on board. Our entrance to this celebrated and much-lauded river lay between hideous sand-banks. A row of country houses scattered amid fields upon the level coast form the village of Celuch and the first outpost of the city, which is built on seven hills. As the houses become more numerous, the shore on the right rises to the height of a hill; passing a small creek, we come to a tongue of land on which stands the only really striking monument of Lisbon, the Torre de Belem, with its galleries and balconies, its batteries and its embrasures; when within the range of its guns, we quit the sea and enter upon the Tagus proper.

And now the panorama of the city first unrolls itself along the hilly shore. The houses are built in large groups; cultivation ceases to be confined merely to what is useful: in the gardens one sees turf, from which rise clumps of trees; an almost unbroken belt of houses extends along the bank. We saw the palace and convent of Belem, neither of which is grand, but the latter, when viewed closely, is seen to be replete with architectural

beauty. We then sped past the celebrated and extensive Corderia, memorial of maritime grandeur long since passed away. Beyond the Corderia, the buildings begin to ascend the range of hills, which form an amphitheatre whose crest is crowned by the massive, but alas! unfinished palace of Ajuda. It is one of the few buildings which might give some character to the long, long city. Next we fly past a small, cultivated gap on the height, above which is a dreary circle of windmills; then we reach the actual, closely encircled city. In its centre rise the palaces of Necessidades and Pombal, the domed churches of Caraçao de Jesus and San Vincent.

Together with the view of the fortified portion of the city we also have that of the marine portion, which extends along the shore of the broad Tagus. As before the massive stonework of the Tower of Belem, so also here in front of the houses which run down to the water's edge, lies a line of old, decayed, dismantled ships.

The pride of Lisbon is the Praça do Commercio, a large and really handsome square, the exact centre of the new town. It is bounded on three sides by extensive government buildings and offices, and on the fourth side lies open to the Tagus. Wide marble steps lead from the water to the square, in the centre of which stands the heavy equestrian statue of King José; in its rear, a triumphal arch is in course of erection. Straight, handsome streets intersect the town from this point; and, looking across the ship-covered floods of the Tagus, set, as it were, in a framework of magnificent buildings, we enjoy the view of the Otrabanda, as the hill-coast opposite is called. Honour to whom honour is due! The Praça do Commercio may in vain seek its peer throughout the world. Here, opposite to the gayest portion of the town, our frigate anchored.

The proverb says, 'Quien no ha visto Lisboa, no ha visto cosa boa.' (He who has not seen Lisbon has not seen a

good thing.) All travellers tell us, and in all books of geography this stands inscribed, that the capital of Lusitania belongs, together with Constantinople, Naples, Stockholm, and Rio, to the number of capitals which are reckoned the most beautiful in the world. What then am I to say of the impression that it made upon me? It appeared to me merely like an endless crowd of houses on the bank of a river, not possessing any picturesque features, or anything characteristically its own. It lacks the prominent original buildings needful to give it character; it lacks also the scenery needful to make it picturesque. The town extends up the hill and terminates on the summit without any background, so necessary to please the eye; all is so open, so wide-spread; all breaks off so abruptly in the air that involuntarily one seeks for some mountain, some wooded ground whereon the eye may rest. Instead of these, one sees a flat, dull country extending beyond the city; and Lisbon gives one no impression whatever of a Southern clime.

Along the whole Portuguese coast the sky is almost always foggy and overspread with clouds; neither the atmosphere nor the water has the glowing tints which are so enchanting; no palm trees wave, no cypress groves delight the eye; all is dull and cold, as in certain parts of Germany; as a city, Prague is decidedly much more picturesque: the Otrabanda is the only real beauty, and it possesses too little grandeur of character to impart an impress to the whole scene.

On the very day of our arrival we visited the city. Within the small level space which it covers, and along the shore, are long streets and handsome squares, such as few capitals in Europe can boast. The buildings on the Praça do Commercio are all in the same Italian style, and are of dazzling whiteness. On the left stands the spacious custom-house; on the right, all the ministerial offices.

The monument in the centre of the square is in the heavy rococo style. King José, a stout, worthy gentleman, sits on his hard-trotting horse, in a Roman costume, with a richly plumed helmet. Beside him is a figure of Victory, with an elephant-pony, which although representative of the colonies, has in no degree the desired effect of presenting His Royal Majesty as gigantic and world-conquering; but, on the contrary, stamps the monument with something of the ludicrous. Not without deep significance is the likeness of the Marquis de Pombal, placed on the white pedestal of the bronze statue. José possessed the title of sovereign, but Pombal the power. He regenerated Portugal in a short space of time; and by a despotic removal of the old city he created the modern and healthy portion of Lisbon. He was a tyrant, who gave the spur to every energy with a view to the public good; and this degenerate people needed such a man. Yet in his time he was hated; and the bays that he twined for himself are 'd'outre tombe,' for now his name is in every mouth.

In a direct line from the square, several streets run parallel to each other, of which the finest are Rua Augusta and Rua Aurea; the latter has received its name from the numerous goldsmiths, who almost exclusively occupy its shops. Both streets are of considerable length, and terminate in the Praça do Don Pedro, which is beautifully paved with black and white marble, and in which stands the pretty, though small, theatre of Donna Maria II. At a little distance behind the theatre lies the handsome, spacious Passeo Publico, adorned with an architectural fountain, shady trees, and lovely parterres of flowers. Another very fine promenade is that of Pietro d'Alcantara; it hangs from one of the seven hills with its two terraces, and it pleased me particularly on account of its high wall of most luxuriant tree-heliotrope, and of its view over the greater portion of the city.

Parallel with the bank of the Tagus runs the Rua de Buona Vista, which leads to the palace Necessidades, in which the queen and her family are now residing. In the above-mentioned streets one finds lofty, handsome, and really imposing buildings, and richly appointed shops; near Necessidades, the houses become more and more irregular; and, in accordance with Portuguese taste, are glaringly coloured with green or blue oil paint. On the chain of hills lies the old city, which forms a complete contrast to the new; it is ugly and ill-arranged, up-hill and down-hill, and is full of all that is disgusting, together with rats and carrion; it requires some effort to pass through it, much more to live in it. But the Portuguese would not have it swept for the world; they find themselves quite comfortable and happy among these hills and gutters of uncleanness; which seem to be their natural element.

In passing through the streets of Lisbon one comes to the conclusion that it must possess as many parrots as inhabitants; and by closing one's eyes one might imagine oneself in a primeval forest of Brazil. On each storey, at every window, sits one of these gaily-plumaged birds, and the conversation which these American natives carry on from the first floor to the garret, from mansion to mansion, from house to house, pierces one's ears through and through. In the Praça do Pablo I saw the balustrade of a balcony completely garnished with these green birds: the large number of them induced me to inquire whether they were for sale; by no means, they formed the domestic enjoyment of the master of the house. Also as inseparables, one sees dispersed everywhere apes of all sizes and species, together with lovely fancy-birds of most beautiful plumage, natives of the African colonies of Portugal. Lisbon is equally wealthy in negroes and negresses, who form a colony of their own, on whom the strange privilege

of a monopoly of white-washing has been bestowed, perhaps in ancient times by the humorous wit of their rulers.

Shops for the sale of antiquities, unfortunately very characteristic of this poor country, are likewise to be seen in great abundance. Their number is legion, and yet all are amply provided with the most beautiful objects of ancient times, from which one might draw up a course of Portuguese history. We learn from them what was once the wealth of the country, inferring grand relations with Africa, India, and China; and, with melancholy feelings one views the proud adornments of the ancient aristocracy passing into the hands of brokers to find their way into proud England, that patroness of the province Portugal. To me it was a real pleasure to turn over these mountains of Chinese vases, of furniture, and of rich stuffs. I discovered many magnificent objects, and most of them were moderate in price compared with those in Venice and Dresden.

Very characteristic of, and appropriate to the country, is the vehicle of Lisbon called *sege*. It is a little calèche on two very high wheels, and drawn by two horses, one of which goes in the shafts, the other is ridden by the driver. They have a very clumsy appearance, and look as if meant to break one's neck; but may have their advantages for going long distances in the town, and for travelling over the uneven ground.

The wealthy portion of the community in Lisbon dress in the French style; the women of the lower classes wear white handkerchiefs around their heads, and large heavy cloaks without sleeves; the latter on account of the bad climate; for in the midst of the hottest summer in Lisbon the air will suddenly become icily cold, and the breeze from the Tagus will rush sharply through the streets of the city. During the days that we spent here we often

wished much for our summer overcoats. In fact, I soon perceived that quite a fallacious notion is entertained in our country of the capital of Portugal. We imagine a city rich in historical monuments, standing in the midst of a luxuriant and magnificent country replete with every charm of colouring and every beauty of profuse vegetation, together with the most genial of climates. We imagine the Tagus rolling past the marble walls of venerable palaces beneath an azure sky; bearing upon its silver waves, fanned by light breezes, hundreds of gondolas and galloons, and on the banks the light-hearted Portuguese singing melodious strains to the tones of the guitar.

But all is really quite unlike this. The city is large, it is true, but is scattered irregularly; one often comes upon fields in its very midst. Its style of architecture is plain and uninteresting; the houses are adorned with no Southern terraces, and have the steep German roof. The city is almost entirely destitute of monuments, consequently it does not possess any historical character. The country lacks even the grander forms of picturesque scenery; the far-extending hills are cultivated in the German manner, but not with German industry. There are scarcely any trees to be seen, and the numerous wind-mills remind one of Leipzig; the quintas only, the country houses of the wealthy, which skirt the roads in numbers, recall to the traveller by their cultivated vegetation the remembrance that he is in the South. But should he burst forth into a fit of enthusiasm over a grove of oranges or of oleanders, forthwith comes a rough wind or a gloomy overcast sky to cool his ardour. The days of gondolas are past for the Tagus; for the wealth of Portugal vanished beneath the scourge of the revolution and the protecting hand of England; and the people, who evince a great similarity to the race of monkeys, are grave and suspicious. If Heaven be merciful to human ears their language

will never be used in poetry ; for it is the harshest, the most discordant, the most deficient in distinctive character, of any that I have ever heard : it is related to Spanish as a pug is to a greyhound, which doglike comparison reminds me of the fact that I never anywhere beheld such numbers of dogs without masters, or dogs of which travellers can tell such fearful tales.

I remained in Lisbon for a fortnight, which I devoted to intercourse with my friends and relatives. Therefore my leisure only sufficed me to note down in fragments and in hurried confusion that which made the most impression upon me of what I saw and experienced during my stay. The day after our arrival I paid a visit at court. A royal galloon with a red canopy, a comically clumsy, richly-gilded vessel of grand days gone by, conveyed us. It was rowed by old men, who had bare feet and wore shabby trousers, but the upper portion of whose persons was clad in velvet ornamented with gold lace, whilst their heads were covered with handsome jockey caps. With each stroke of the oar they rose from their seats, keeping regular time : and, amid the thunder from the Portuguese frigate, they brought us to the shore.

Instead of landing us at the Praça do Commercio, the pride of Lisbon, as a love of display towards foreigners would have prompted, they brought up at a row of dirty houses ; and we were obliged to toil over dusty rubbish, by a steep road, which was very injurious to one's toilette, up to the street on the height ; there, by the sweat of our brow, to find the state equipage of the queen. Drawn by six handsome, heavy greys, and escorted by outriders dressed in red and in gold lace, we now rolled slowly along to the terraced space on which stands the palace of Necessidades. It is a small but well-kept building, in that pretty style which is between the Cinque-cento and the periwig-time. From its windows and balconies one enjoys a pretty

view over a portion of the town, over the broad Tagus, and the Otrabanda. Passing through a yard covered with fine red sand, an arrangement which I may remark in passing pleased me much, we reached the handsome staircase, where we were received, according to ancient ceremonial, by sundry rococo court-attendants, with staves and halberds.

In the first room, on the principal floor, stood the sun of Portugal of the present day, the universal genius, the *Deus ex machina*—in a word, the Duke of S——. He is now the virtual sovereign; he unites within himself the offices of prime minister, of commander-in-chief, and minister of war; in fine, he is all in all. He is a stout man, covered with stars, has curly snow-white hair, moustache, and beard, a dark-brown Portuguese complexion, and wears spectacles mounted in steel: to the queen and the young princes he is the most odious of flatterers.

Traversing a suite of state rooms, we at length reached the presence of the royal family. I cannot express the eagerness with which I met the sovereign of Portugal; for she had ever, in every way, inspired me with interest—as a near relative, as a female sovereign, more especially as a woman whose destiny has been so exciting, as the mother of her family, and also for her outward appearance. She was now standing before me in a graceful morning dress, surrounded by her husband and their three eldest sons. Maria da Gloria is tall, has a well-set head, noble expressive features, fair bright hair, the blue eyes of the house of Hapsburg, and delicate hands; but, unfortunately, the corpulence of a Portuguese to such a frightful degree as I had never witnessed before: how much therefore does it not speak for her natural grace that she is easy and agile in all her movements, and that in spite of her portliness she is attractive in her well-selected attire; indeed one may say that at times she even looks handsome. I saw her

move through her suite of apartments like a young girl, and I heard from others that she dances very gracefully and springs lightly and quickly into her carriage.

During the first moments, indeed days, of intercourse, the queen evinces embarrassment, and speaks little, but that little in the prettiest French imaginable. On more intimate acquaintance this embarrassment vanishes; the royal lady becomes more lively and sparkling, her keen intellect breaks forth; still there remains considerable reserve, I might say tardiness of speech, and a certain abruptness of manner. She possesses personal courage of which many brilliant instances are related, but she lacks persevering energy and unwearied zeal; her enormous corpulence may be physically the cause of these deficiencies. As a woman and as a mother, she sets a rare example of domestic virtues in vitiated Portugal; and with pleasure I observed that in her dress, in her manners, and in the way in which Necessidades is ruled, she follows much of the German style. She is very popular, and respect is paid to her by every one, of whatever party. That she has retained her popularity during the troubled times, the terrible days that Portugal has seen, may be explained by the fact of her being a woman; such an one even finds aid in misfortune, her weaknesses are forgiven, and her every proof of courage calls forth admiration.

The king, who is tall, looks rather lank by the side of his portly consort; in external appearance he unmistakeably bears a strong resemblance to Francis I. of France. He is only thirty-seven years of age, but looks older, to which his stoop very much contributes; as regards his intellect and general character, I was too short a time in Lisbon to be able to form a decided opinion; but I do not imagine that he rises to the level of his uncle King Leopold of the Belgians. He is tenacious of the marks of respect which are his due, and which are carried

even further than is the case in our own country; since upon the occasion of one journey into the provinces, he was vociferously entreated by the people to bestow his blessing upon them, which accordingly he did. He is entitled '*Majesté très-fidèle*,' one of the five titles which the pope bestowed on the five principal supporters of the Church; though, as consort to the queen, it is hardly his right.

The consort of a queen-regnant only receives the title of king upon the birth of a crown prince. Since S—— became dictator, the position of the King has been a painful one. Unfortunately, he was compelled at the time of the Revolution to resign the command of the army. Great praise is due to him for having introduced the simplicity of German manners into his family, and a taste for refinement into his court. German domestic life prevails in *Necessidades*: the parents make occupation for themselves with their children, who are trained after the German mode; for they study assiduously, speak foreign languages admirably, and are encouraged to employ themselves usefully even in their amusements; as, for instance, with interesting collections of specimens of natural history, to which the colonies afford splendid contributions; they also practise athletic exercises, which impart courage and an easy carriage.

As has been previously observed, the three eldest sons were present to-day, and each in his appropriate uniform: the crown prince as general, Don Luis as my comrade in naval life, and Don Pedro as an infantry officer. The crown prince bears a striking resemblance to the house of Austria, so that he reminded me of home at our first meeting. He possesses a large amount of talent; unfortunately, however, it is not developed enough for present emergencies: for, notwithstanding the pains which his parents have taken, he does not appear yet to be suffi-

ciently moulded to that firm, perfectly-trained character, which a prince so much needs in the present day, and more especially in unsettled Portugal. He is educated with the liberal ideas of his father, but is not kept sufficiently removed from the flatteries of S—— and of the court. But, indeed, how rarely is that foundation of self-reliance to be found, upon which alone a ruler can maintain his position so as to bring a blessing; how rare that quick, penetrating eye which is of more service to a monarch than the wisest of counsellors, and with which alone he can discern good advice from bad, and integrity from deceit. It is needful for Don Pedro to travel in foreign countries apart from Portuguese influence, and thus to learn to distinguish between good and bad.*

Don Luis is a bright, lively boy, full of merry, roguish pranks; he talks much and well; the gay blood of Vienna dances in his veins. Don João is quiet and grave; quite a contrast to his brothers. He has the sallow Portuguese complexion, brown hair, and mournful dark-brown eyes, without a trace of the German element; he is the proud Braganza of ancient days.

During my stay in Lisbon, I dined twice at court. In spite of the homely appearance of the household in other respects, the table was superbly and richly spread; both the cookery and the attendance were admirable and most excellent, only there were too many dishes for my taste. Much of what is grand and beautiful that is displayed at the court of Lisbon is a remnant of the olden times of wealthy colonies; as, for instance, a magnificent vase of massive silver and of true artistic workmanship. It represents the trophies of a hunt. Its companion is an ornament for the dinner-table on fast-days, and displays every treasure of the sea; but this is in Rio, as all gems were

* He did this in the following year; and as king, justified my assertion to the benefit of Portugal.

divided between the brother and sister in their respective hemispheres.

When King João fled in stormy haste to America, before the French invaders, the treasures (which had been thrown from the palace into the street, where gold, silver, and diamonds lay rolling together in confusion) were brought to America by men-of-war; so that at the time of the Napoleonic scourge, King John was quietly enjoying his wealth on the opposite side of the ocean. When he returned to Portugal he divided the riches of his court into two equal shares, as I said before. Pretty figures of vermeil, dressed in different national costumes, also adorned the table; and on a large buffet placed against the wall of the dining saloon was arranged a perfect array of the most splendid gold and silver plate, exquisitely embossed, which reached to the ceiling. I was gratified by this display of ancient historical treasures of art, which have been handed down in the family from generation to generation.

I thought it strange that the Queen allowed herself to be received at the entrance of the dining saloon by the band playing the Portuguese national hymn: since on the occasion of a visit from a foreign prince, one is usually careful not to allow one's own national hymn to be played. A foreigner is struck by the appearance of the servants in attendance, who wear the red cross of the Portuguese order.

At the royal table I became acquainted with the Cardinal-patriarch of Lisbon, with Field-Marshal the Duke de Terceira, the Queen's Master of the Horse, a noble personage, and one deserving of esteem, with the various ministers, and with the Duke and Duchess de P——. The cardinal, an excellent man, and zealous in all matters of religion, is at present President of the Chamber of Peers; may it be permitted to him also to elevate his order; for through the lukewarmness of the rulers, religion has

become a subject of secondary consideration, one never meets a priest, and the royal household presents quite a Protestant appearance.

The Duke de P—— has, through sickness, sunk quite to the level of a poor man; a circumstance which excites one's compassion the more, because from his enormous wealth he would appear to have been destined to enjoy life in its most splendid and costly form. The Duchess vies in rotundity with her Majesty, and is therefore, as it seems, always invited to the first state-dinner given to foreigners, by way of a foil. Scarce twenty-four years of age, she already has a daughter who is nearly twelve years old. She is the daughter of a banker; and at nine years of age she allowed the elder P—— (the noted Portuguese envoy to England, the powerful minister, the man of luxury and splendour who caused all England to talk of him as it did of Esterhazy), after he had dissipated his money, to steal her from her parents, who were enormously rich. With all haste she was married to his sickly son, and was then sent to a *pension* in Switzerland. The unfortunate parents, who had refused this distinguished marriage for their only child on account of the great sickliness of the boy, cried murder; but the young people were married, P—— was an influential man, and the country in which this happened, Portugal! The Duchess now sails about in portliness and gold, and seems to have viewed the question in a practical and a Christian light. She nurses her husband with true devotion, and during the leisure time that remains to her enjoys herself with the pleasures of her title and her wealth. For a day the story made an immense sensation, and the world was full of the abduction; then it became forgotten.

Among the ministers, I only noticed particularly the Minister for Foreign Affairs, who is said to be the most renowned author in Portugal, and who, as I believe, writes

more poetry than he does business ; besides which, he speaks French rather well. Field-Marshal the Duke de Terceira, on the contrary, is the most finished cavalier of ancient times, full of noble and original ideas ; and to a foreigner, an agreeable and dignified personage.

The old equipages of the Portuguese court are very handsome, and the collection of beautiful, gilded, rococo carriages surpasses even that of Vienna, especially when one remembers that one-half of these richly-wrought state carriages are left in Rio Janeiro for the use of the Emperor. From these, one may form an idea of the splendour of the entry of the ancient Portuguese kings into the city. The court now drives out *à l'anglaise*, and the few remaining mule-carriages were placed at my disposal.

I spent two evenings with the Queen : the first at the large theatre San Carlo, a spacious house, become rather dingy from age, which, however, notwithstanding its large proportions, cannot venture to compare with that of San Carlo at Naples. In presence of a full house the panorama of the Mississippi, which goes wandering all about the world, was displayed. In the course of its unfolding, the Queen's lively observations upon the giant land of her birth interested me much. This august lady recalled the scenes of her lovely, native home, glowing Brazil, with ardour and interest. Be one born where one may, the love of home is ever the same. We also conversed about Lisbon, and about Portugal in general. At this juncture, the King remarked that he considered Lichnowsky's work on the subject to be the only fair one, and he appeared to be very indignant at that which the Countess Hahn-Hahn has written upon it. The Queen was annoyed with the latter for having expressed her surprise at finding an embroidery frame in the apartments of a queen-regnant. As the Queen is a very domestic lady, she replied satirically to the suggestion of the Countess that a queen-regnant ought

indeed not to occupy herself with such things—‘Elle voudrait probablement que j’écrivisse des livres.’

In addition to the wearisome, never-ending Mississippi, a Portuguese comedy was also performed. To listen to such in a language that one does not understand, and moreover in Portuguese, is too much for Christian ears. Whoever has not heard Portuguese does not know how the ‘black gentleman’ talks to his grandmother; such a husky, mumbling, nasal voice, such a conglomeration of all low, vulgar, disagreeable sounds could only have been invented by him when in a passion. In its tones, or rather in its discords, it bears a strong resemblance to Russian, although the latter is a beautiful language in comparison with it.

The second evening was passed at the house of Count F——, an immensely wealthy parvenu, who spends the whole of his time and money in hunting and theatres; wherever he may be staying, whether here or in the Otrabanda, he passes the day in hunting on his fine property; whilst in the evening he has either an opera or a play acted at his own house. In these theatrical representations the Count performs, together with his numerous sons and daughters; he takes the buffo parts, his daughters sing, and his sons play in the orchestra. This passion of the Count, who also superintends the royal theatre, is said to be emptying his coffers by degrees; however, the festivities of this day were the prettiest that I have seen for a long time, and gave me a very good idea of the friendly manner in which the higher classes in Portugal associate together.

* In Bemfico which, like Olivuzza in Palermo, is a sort of suburb composed of villas, the Count has a large quinta with park-like pleasure-grounds, which I had already visited one day with my friend Almeda. The quinta would be handsome if one did not detect in it too much of the parvenu origin of its master; it is too overloaded, and

there is in it a want of real taste and of good arrangement ; thus, *horribile dictu* for a German, grass is even growing in the sanded paths. Spacious pleasure-grounds extend from the clumsy entrance-gate up to the house, and are bordered by walls of foliage. In front of the house, are all sorts of flowers, placed ready, as it were, to dance a quadrille ; an idea which very formally laid-out flower-beds always suggest to my mind : and among these, gleamed the most costly ornamental drums made of delicate Chinese porcelain.

In the English garden on the right, are large conservatories in the Moorish style ; a small pool which is crossed by an expensive but useless drawbridge ; and also a menagerie, in which a pair of handsome lions are especially to be noticed. On the occasion on which I visited this scene of ostentatious caprice by daylight, my amiable cousin Almeda was also present, and her husband cautioned his wife not to go too near to the lions' cages lest the queen of beasts, so soon as she should see a lady within her domain, should be seized with jealousy and should dash herself against the bars of her cage, filling the whole garden with her terrific roars ; these evidences of jealousy shake the nervous system of my friend in a most unpleasant manner. Towards gentlemen the lioness is very gracious. I have indeed often observed such strange fancies in beasts that, in these respects, they seem scarcely inferior to human beings.

On the left side of the garden in a thick shrubbery, stands an unpicturesque gardener's cottage. When Almeda asked the wife whether the cottage were open, the woman began a string of protestations. She would by no means allow us to enter.

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In Count F——'s quinta there is a charming theatre with foyers, large saloons, and even a private entrance and private rooms for the court. The theatre is lighted

with gas, made in a gasometer in the park ; it is capable of containing a large audience ; and is the only theatre except that of San Carlo in Naples, which really pleases me thoroughly in all its details. Just as the latter theatre is spacious, gorgeous, and imposing, so that of the Count is homelike, graceful, exquisite ; it is a real gem, and does more honour to the taste of him who erected it than does the cottage alluded to. Balfe's 'Haimanskinder' was very well performed by dilettanti in the presence of the court and nobility. The Count shone in the buffo parts. Among the numerous and very fashionable assemblage, one had unfortunately opportunity to observe that beauty has not fallen to the share of all the inhabitants of the Iberian peninsula ; but only to those of beloved Spain. The statuesque complexion of the Spanish ladies is just as lovely and ethereal as that of the Portuguese ladies is sallow and leathern coloured. Amid the crowd one Spaniard stood alone, the niece of the envoy from Isabella, my cousin Almeda, a lovely lady.

On Sunday afternoon I went to the bull-fight with Maria da Gloria. The young princes think the amusement too cruel, and therefore never appear ; whereas the little princesses, two lovely little girls, come enthusiastically to the field of battle. But why do I term it a field of battle ? In chivalrous Spain only, is it a battle ; here, on the contrary, it is a vulgar, disgusting sport. To the shame of the Portuguese, the beast appears with knobs of wood upon his horns ; he is teased, excited, and provoked with tormenting mummeries. It is true that there are picadors as in Spain ; but their bold, swift horses and their personal cowardice protect them from all danger. The combatants also are there with their cloaks and banderilleros ; but the hero of the day, the grand matador, who excites all one's enthusiasm, is wanting ; and the beast, after he has been meanly tormented for some time,

is secured by the well-padded attendants of the arena, and is taken back to his prison. Vulgar jokes, in bad taste, are added for the benefit of the mob. Thus negroes appear in rococo costume, and are obliged to cringe before him like dogs and to allow themselves to be mauled. Others partake of refreshments beneath a paper tent in the centre of the arena, and the point of the joke consists in the overturning of the whole company in a heap by the annoyed beast. Others, again, roll down a slippery slope into the arena on a small car, when again the bull dashes at the little vehicle. In a word, the whole thing is a tomfoolery without any definite character, and affording no opportunity for any display of courage. The crowd laugh and shout in a vulgar, brutal manner; but the wild, spirit-stirring enthusiasm, the delight in danger, of the Spaniard is wanting.

This scene of degrading torture of both man and beast can but be injurious to the people, since it fosters their more savage propensities; whilst in Spain the severe conflict calls forth the whole energies of the man. The bull must collect his full strength, the man summon up his full courage; body is opposed to body—blood flows: in these games there is a vigour that is indescribably exciting. The man is not degraded to the level of a beast, nor the beast to that of an inanimate object. In Spain, where it is a real combat, the practice does not for a moment appear cruel; but here, where it is a mere low amusement, the smallest accident becomes revolting.

In Seville I saw horses fall, but not one single man hurt; here two bull-dogs were grievously maltreated; they attacked the bull between the horns, he pressed them down against the ground and gave them numerous thrusts in the ribs and body so that they dragged themselves from the arena bleeding and half-crushed. It is true that I was assured that a glass of water mixed with sand from the

arena would restore them in some incomprehensible way, and that they would be able to appear again on the ground on the following Sunday. But I was disgusted with the whole scene; whereas in Spain I ever experienced a delightful excitement. Some few moments here indeed were exciting, as when the bull in his uncontrolled might twice sprang over the hoardings; also on another occasion when a sort of attendant, or rather some buffoon, riding about, rolled over head foremost with his Rosinante, so that horse and rider turned a complete summersault, such as I never saw before, without a hair on them being hurt, and without the champion losing his saddle; but in the shock, the buffoon (to the great mirth of the populace) lost all his hair, which was a fascinating wig. With this adventure my Spanish ardour was aroused; and with involuntary bravos, which were not perhaps quite seemly by the side of the Queen, I wished the animal better and more decided success.

The King-consort took me one day to far-famed Cintra, the much-lauded El Dorado of Portugal. A mountain spur, a rocky hill, rather higher and larger than our Brühl, rises picturesquely from the level country about five or six miles beyond Lisbon, and extends to the sea-coast. Around and within this rocky crown stands Cintra, a village containing numerous country-houses and some few mansions, in the midst of which reposes the ancient, Gothic, royal castle of Emmanuel. It is not large, but has fine bay windows with carved mullions; various bare yet imposing halls, relics of the venerable middle ages, and two giant chimneys, real historic landmarks.

Unfortunately, we did but hastily examine this castle, which I am told is very interesting, and devoted most of our time to a building erected by the present King, the little castle of Penna, with its extensive gardens. Every man loves his own child best, and thus I was compelled to

relinquish the closer inspection of Cintra, and also the journey to giant Mafra, the Portuguese Escorial. I was obliged to resign myself to my fate and, at least, admired that which I was permitted to see. Penna is, in its way, really very pretty, though rather quaint. It was formerly a small monastery; and it also had its foundation in the glorious times of Emmanuel, a name to be heard everywhere in Portugal, and which has stamped itself on the few grand works of this country.

Penna stands on a high peak of rock, and is transformed into a Moorish castle with turrets, battlements, pinnacles, and fantastic, terraced balconies, ornaments, and carved foliage. Enveloped, by reason of its height, in the eternal fog of Portugal, and rendered thereby very damp, it is already beginning to moulder whilst yet in course of building; and notwithstanding the application of every hydraulic cement, it is impossible to inhabit it: it is therefore merely a pretty toy, a valueless property. In addition, the situation of the little castle renders it useless to people who desire to live in comfort; it occupies the highest point of the pyramid of rock, and one can only ascend to its encircling walls with considerable fatigue, by a precipitous path which leads through shrubberies of evergreens, among numerous flowers, and over sharp stones. He who does not desire to make trial of an attack of rheumatism in the sublime exclusiveness of exalted regions, will not choose his home in the cloud-castle of Penna which stands like a desert island in the fog.

The prettiest possible groups of young firs bordered our path almost to the summit. A Moorish gateway, surrounded by umbrageous trees, by ivy and shrubs, leads to a picturesque courtyard, in the centre of which, on the verdure-covered rock, stands a weather-beaten, Gothic cross, a memorial of the ancient monastic times. The little castle is on the right, and on the left are the stables, which

are turreted and crenelled, and within which a spacious hall is now in course of making. Over the gateway at the principal entrance, the King has caused a distorted figure to be carved in stone, extending itself in various branches and ramifications. From ancient days, the Portuguese have ever been especially famed as carvers in stone, and this rather horrible specimen of art, in which the birds of the air might build their nests, affords confirmation of the justice of this fame. The stucco ornaments of the Alhambra are repeated in an equally artistic manner in stone on the walls and roof of the gate-tower.

The interior of the castle consists of plain, homelike little rooms, but neither are these completed. Expense and labour appear to have been bestowed only upon the exterior; this arrangement, however, is quite judicious, since Penna may serve as an ornament to the landscape, but can never be of any use. The greatest beauty of this castle of the clouds is unquestionably its monastic court, around which light, and prettily ornamented, cloisters run on the ground floor and first floor, and its copings are adorned by the Spanish azulejos; there is also in the chapel a very handsome altar in the Cinque-cento style, carved in the finest alabaster.

Whilst in the elevated region of Penna, we were enveloped in floating fog, which wetted us through with its drizzling, mountain rain; and which only permitted us to take one hasty look below at a beautiful, melancholy lake, with dark green rim, on whose breast floated swans of dazzling, snowy white.

The extensive pleasure-grounds in the dales and on the rocky heights around are tastefully laid out, but still quite new. Large masses of pine, with their mysterious and humid depths and their strong Alpine perfume, transport a German to the cooler regions of his native home. Boulders of rock, overgrown with ivy and flowers, of which

a happy use has been made, gladden the eye, and afford proof to foreigners of the fertility of a southern soil and of a winterless climate. Beautifully laid down paths, with countless resting-places by their side, and points from which one may view the prospect, testify to the love of the owner for his bold creation, while the deep, dark volumes of water rolling down amid the green copsewood scarcely give an idea of the latitude of Lisbon. A mass of rock on which stands the ruin of an old Moorish castle is especially to be admired; whilst the weather-beaten walls of the picturesque edifice are supported and tapestried with ivy, and perfect cascades of geranium, through which one is literally obliged to force one's way, fall over the rock in a stream of the most glowing colours.

The view from this lower point, which is not shrouded in fog, is characteristic and indeed grand. Standing on a rocky height covered with fir, we have immediately at our feet the small, bright, verdure-clad Eden of Cintra, with its pretty villas and gardens, its gigantic, shade-giving chestnuts, and the pointed, monumental chimneys of its grey, royal castle. On the right, the broad cultivated plain extends to Lisbon and the Tagus. On the left is seen the vast wilderness in which the giant Mafra stands like a Thebaïd, a broad yellow expanse full of the melancholy of loneliness, over which the roaring ocean rushes stormily in weird white masses of foam illumined by the doubtful light of the half-gloomy, half-sunshiny day. It was a grand, a striking picture; and a vessel which, sailing solitarily on the watery waste of the dark stormy sea, was shortening sail, completed the impressiveness of the scene.

On our return from Cintra we visited the Infanta Isabella, the former Regent of Portugal, at her quinta. She was once famed on account of her beauty, and is still wonderfully well preserved for her fifty-one years. At twenty-five

years of age, and after the death of her father, she undertook the regency, which she held for two years. She is now planting her orange and lemon trees and leads a very retired life. She wears her hair, which is still of a rich brown, *à la Titus*, takes snuff and bows like a man.

Arrived in Necessidades, the King was good enough to show me his private apartments, a suite of bright, cheerful rooms, filled with every description of treasures of art from the middle ages, which the King collects with eagerness, and arranges with much taste. The young princes also have a very interesting collection of most magnificent parrots, African fancy-birds, sky-blue, purple, orange-besprinkled, and scarlet birds; monsignôres, cardinals, viduas with their long sharply-curved tails, becco-platas, rice-ortolans, and pretiosas were flying about at liberty in a lofty room, in gay confusion and exquisite splendour of colour. I was struck by one very rare and beautiful specimen of a dazzling, golden-coloured parrot with a slender rim of dark green at the tip of his wings, and of about the size of the ordinary green parrot; it was very tame and talkative, but seemed to me to be in reality rather an anomaly in nature than a type of a species.

The garden of Necessidades is remarkable for its profusion of flowers, and for its wealth in tropical plants. One terrace, in front of the Queen's windows, is filled with the most lovely bananas, a luxuriant, verdant, and true exotic plant, which bears fruit throughout the entire year. Its taste is something like that of our ripe pears, it is much prized, and is thought more refreshing than sherbet. Before we quit Necessidades, I must explain the peculiar names of the royal palaces. Necessidades, means need; Ajuda, help; Penna, grief; they have their origin from churches and convents joined with the name of the Blessed Virgin, thus: Nostra Señora de Ajuda, Our Lady of Aid; Nostra Señora de Penna, Our Lady of Woe.

I had also an opportunity of attending a Church festival at court; it was on the occasion of the Feast of the most Sacred Heart of Jesus. The host, which had been exhibited for a long time, was brought back in solemn procession to the Tabernacle, on which occasion High Mass was celebrated. The Queen appeared between the King and the *Deus ex machina*, both of whom, as Grand Crosses, wore lace mantles over their uniforms, the peculiar badge of the Grand Cross. The Queen, with her attendants, placed herself beneath the canopy, and remained standing during the celebration of Holy Mass. Duke de S——, who, in addition to his many other appointments at court, appears to hold that of court fool, made jokes to their Majesties. What an impression must not this unworthy example have made on the people! How can obedience and respect towards earthly majesty exist if that earthly majesty does not know how to bow with reverence before the Majesty of Heaven?

The church in which the ceremony took place is a spacious domed building, in the hideous, clumsy style of the wig-time. Its interior is disfigured by two frightful altarpieces which were painted by two pious Infantas. It was built by the unfortunate Queen Maria II., who ended her life as a lunatic.

The most amiable, and indisputably also the most intellectual person at the Portuguese court is the widowed Empress Amalie, the second wife of Don Pedro, a lady of rare character and of the most kindly disposition. Harsh fate has persecuted this princess with its blind strokes from her earliest youth. At this time she was living with her amiable and distinguished daughter, a perfect princess such as one rarely meets (who, alas! was soon afterwards torn from her), at Bemfico, a lovely quintas where I had, as a relative, the pleasure of a most cordial reception.

During the pleasant hours that we spent together, we visited Lumiera, the celebrated and beautiful property of the Duke de P——, mentioned before. The castle itself contains little worthy of note except some interesting portraits. But the shady, luxuriant garden is truly splendid; the choicest flowers from all zones render it a permanent exhibition; while over and around the terraces which slant prettily and cheerfully towards the castle, is a perfect sea of fragrant flowers and luxuriant creepers. Here I passed a summer evening which filled me with sensations of deep emotion and melancholy calm. At such moments the soul, anxious and weary, loses itself in the contemplation of nature; penetrated by undefined and painful yet delightful presentiments, it pants dreamily for solitude, but also, as a thirsty man at the sight of a broad, deep lake, longs for the proximity of a trusted friend. On this evening, the mysterious shadows of the rich green vaults of foliage appeared to me to be doubly enchanting; the mute, innocent blossoms of the many-coloured flowers doubly lovely; over the countenance of him who gazes upon such a wealth of beauty, a sad smile spreads itself to which the hot, hot tears are akin.

A grand ball at the house of the Marquis of B—— (who, be it said in passing, is a vain coxcomb, and who, destitute of either wit or talent, would fain play the part of the magnificent aristocrat—the seigneur of the rococo period) displayed again a home view of the lively society of Lisbon. There were elegant and rich dresses to be seen, a profusion of black hair and of olive complexions, but very little—indeed nothing—of beauty. The house was decorated with extraordinary magnificence, but without taste, and quite in the parvenu style. Hebes moulded in plaster of Paris were standing between vases of the most exquisite old china. As I approached, the Marquis did me the honour of ordering our national hymn to be played in the

street; and I had hardly entered the hall when the orchestra above took up the strain: before dancing began, it swelled forth anew, and in the street below it was continued all night, until five o'clock the next morning. This at once characterised the taste of the kind-hearted Marquis.

Of sights (so called) there are, as has been already said, very few to be seen in Lisbon. The solitary object of importance, having regard to ancient art, is the monastery of the order of S. Jerome at Belem, an edifice of the time of Emmanuel, which bears his honoured stamp. The King ordered this building to be erected when his great Vasco da Gama made the discovery of the new way to the East Indies round Africa. The great voyager first planted his foot on his native shores, after his triumphant discovery, on the very spot on which the church stands. The exterior of the extensive monastery, with its pointed buttresses, reminds one of the old English castles of the time of the Edwards. The church, which is built of reddish-yellow freestone, that, especially in the interior, gleams with a mysterious rosy-tinted glow, is a marvel of graceful carving, and is adorned with leaves, ornaments, niches, and images of saints. The style is that of the time of King Emmanuel, whose body reposes within it. From complex and single pointed arches, from Gothic lines intersecting each other, springs a rounded but flattened arch, a bold specimen of art, which is cleverly and well executed, as it unites in itself the dignity and severity of the Gothic arch and the almost voluptuous loveliness of the Corinthian style. Over the interior is shed that peculiar enchantment of subdued light, which changes the gloomy chill of an ordinary church into grateful warmth. The side-entrance contains a whole world full of religious histories and mysterious legends. But the gem of Belem is the airy cloister—court of fabulous loveliness, with its fountains, its pool enclosed

within a basin of freestone, and its half-Gothic, half-Moorish cloisters intersecting each other. The flattened arches, bold as is their introduction, appear here to especial advantage: indeed this style of King Emmanuel (limited to Portugal) is, in my opinion, deserving of imitation. One recognises all the buildings erected by this talented monarch by his emblem, the globe surmounting the cross, which has been adopted as the Imperial arms in Brazil. I have already in my account of our entrance to the Tagus made mention of the venerable Tower of Belem: therefore I will now merely observe, as a suggestion worthy of attention in architectural designs, that coats of arms executed in massive blocks of stone form the battlements. There is also a castle of Belem, a building entirely on the ground floor, with a formal garden which reminded me of our Augarten; there is a terrace by the Tagus, which is covered with flowers, and really poetic in appearance; also a fine view.

Another palace already spoken of is that of Ajuda: this vast edifice never could be completed on account of its size. The various floors are of such enormous extent, that the apartments on them form complete squares. On both right and left, the principal façade, which is the only one that is finished, is shut in by large corner towers with heavy entablatures commanding the town, which give to the whole a colossal effect. These enormous, but unfinished buildings give one a feeling like putting one's horse at a large fence. He rushes at it, develops his noble form in his course, snorts with his nostrils, and plunges beneath his rider, conscious of success, to the foolhardy leap; then suddenly, when half-way in his spring, is seized with terror; and swerving, turns quickly round, throwing his master and rider into the mire. The façade of the Palace of Ajuda is lofty, and faced with marble; the spacious vestibule, with its roof supported by pillars, excites great expectations, but its inner portion fails to fulfil them, and what appearance does the interior of the palace make!

Ajuda affords a symbolical history of unhappy Portugal, that kingdom replete with glowing reminiscences of the past; in the present, filled with all that is foul and abominable. The earthquake, when it gave Lisbon such a fearful shock, played well into the hands of the Marquis de Pombal; it gave him the opportunity of enforcing the erection of the handsome new town: the old palace of Belem also was thrown down, and the all-powerful minister decreed the building of Ajuda. This bold proceeding was well suited to the enervated government of Portugal, serving to conceal its poverty and to aid its credit. Then King José died, and Pombal ceased to be all-powerful. Ajuda remained at a standstill, and remains so yet; the credit of Lusitania fell with him; and Portugal, become a province, went to decay, to supply, by the convulsions which followed, raw material for the commerce of triumphant Albion.

The interior of Ajuda is indeed terrible; empty, desolate rooms with frescoes contrary alike to the regulations of the police and to propriety. It is incomprehensible how in Europe, as existing in the present day, such frightful pictures, such malicious, unmeaning caricatures could here have found a place. The *opus coronatum* of these monstrous representations is a gigantic, allegorical picture which has for its subject the return of King João from Brazil. Portugal, represented in the allegory by actresses, stands on the shore waving a theatrical welcome to the approaching procession. On the water, which one must imagine to be the vast Atlantic Ocean, His Majesty, bringing with him happiness, is speeding along, accompanied by the whole royal family, each member in a shell drawn by mermaids and Tritons. The King, who is so large and stout that his shell ought to have capsized long before, is sitting in his regal *habit habillé*, looking so monstrous and so impassive that he makes one feel quite anxious and uneasy.

King João, as a multitude of dusty portraits cast on one side in a passage at Ajuda show us, had very ugly features, which, as depicted in this scene on the waves of ocean, appear really fearful. The meagre form of the bad Queen Carlotta is conveyed in another shell; the tribe of Infantas are following with looks of astonishment. How much more interesting would not a representation of the real historical moment have been than this objectionable allegory! And certainly the be-powdered King would have found a better footing on board a richly-ornamented man-of-war than he has in this rocking shell.

The prospect from the side towers of Ajuda is extensive, and rewards one; but the foreground is gloomy and desolate. In the centre, stands an isolated church tower, which has an almost absurd effect, as it apparently springs up from the earth: neither church nor chapel is attached to it.

All the churches of Lisbon (with the exception of Belem already noticed) have their origin in the period of bad taste. Most of them are so bare of ornament as to be unseemly. The immense church of San Vincent, with its lofty arched roof, is only visited on account of the royal tomb; and what a tomb it is! In a sacristy draped with black, the coffins are piled one upon another like old worn out trunks; standing there covered with faded moth-eaten velvet, one has been crowded upon another just as was most convenient. Indeed we are obliged to wind in and out about this wilderness of antiquity to be able to find any special one of these boxes; no sarcophagus marks the solemnity of the place. How much space did not the inhabitants of this tomb require whilst they were alive! The halls of Cintra were too small for them; giant Mafra must needs be built; they strove to erect the edifice of a Titan, the palace of Ajuda. Their retinue and circle of courtiers must needs have room to perform their evolutions

before the throne; and now these proud scions of the house of Braganza are lying huddled carelessly together in one chamber, neglected and desolate. To Don Pedro alone has more space been given, and his coffin is ornamented with the Imperial crown. Some wreaths of immortelles and a coronet of bay testify to the affection of those whom he left behind: for even a flower offered when life and strength have fled is a token of love. There is no more room left in this unseemly chamber of coffins. The whole church was really intended for a mausoleum, and the coffins ought to have been arranged in the extensive vault in its centre, which would undeniably have presented a grand and imposing effect.

The church of San Roque is the handsomest in Lisbon; or rather not the church itself, but a side chapel, which abounds with semi-precious stones, marble, pietra dura, and mosaics. If the whole were in unison with this gorgeous chapel, it would indeed be a splendid building. Three choice mosaics after celebrated Italian masters are exquisitely finished: they represent the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary; the Baptism of Christ; and the Descent of the Holy Spirit upon the Day of Pentecost. In addition, no spot on the walls is left unemployed or unadorned; they gleam on all sides with semi-precious stones, among which the amethyst and lapis lazuli produce an effect especially pleasing to the eye. The three lamps, which are kept always burning, and the two large candelabra, are also very fine, and are beautifully wrought. Lisbon is so jealous of its treasures that a thick, heavy curtain conceals this chapel from the vulgar gaze, which appears to me to be an injudicious measure, since the beauties are placed there to be seen. Thus, in Malta, to my horror I perceived that the magnificent floor of the Church of the Knights of St. John, with all the escutcheons of the Knights, and rich ornaments of most delicate pietra

dura, was covered all over with rush matting. A protection which deprives one of the sight of a work of art is absurd. It were better that an object should fall sooner into decay than that no one should be able to enjoy it. I am an enemy to all jealous care, and therefore a sworn foe to curiosities in glass cases. Everything has its day; and when that day is past, let it moulder and make way for something else; otherwise where is the use of energy and exertion?

Lisbon has two arsenals; one military, the other naval. The naval arsenal is near the Praça do Commercio; and that which is most worthy of note in it is the splendid dry dock, which I envy for Austria. The extent of the arsenal is much too large for the decayed navy of Portugal: therefore it is empty. In the centre of this arsenal, which no longer possesses any interest, a pavilion is erected, with a saloon in it, from which the Queen looks on, on the rare occasion of a launch. What would Vasco da Gama say if he could see the navy of Portugal in this industrious and enlightened nineteenth century? In really large fleets, if an insignificant vessel be launched no great importance is attached to it: but when the navy is in a bad condition, its poverty is on such occasions only brought more prominently to view.

In the military arsenal there are some very beautifully gilded apartments; but only miserable weapons, and nothing that is at all old or interesting; so that it in no way repays one for the trouble of visiting it.

The Corderia is chiefly attractive by reason of two of the largest rope-walks that I have ever seen: in it the walks run close to each other. The single rope-walk in Venice, which is so famed, is nothing in comparison with this. We strolled separately to the two extremes, and vanished into two scarcely distinguishable specks. Nothing in Lisbon struck me so much. Such an enormous space would be splendid for festivities; but for the object

of its present use a place occupying less extent would be preferable.

The Custom-house is a building which no one should omit to visit. It occupies one side of the Praça do Commercio. Even the court-yard has its attractions: it is a large, sunny square, in the centre of which is a huge pool overshadowed by pepper-trees. In the broad, cool expanse of this boundless emporium, one sees the treasures of foreign countries piled up in large masses and in rich profusion, grand in their rough simplicity; a picture of colonial trade. Such I now beheld for the first time in so tangible a form. There lay countless packages of delicate tea from China; aromatic bales of tobacco from the plantations of America; numerous, costly materials for dyeing from primeval forests which are in gradual course of clearing under the axe of the colonist; giant elephant-tusks by the hundredweight, brought by golden sand-dusted caravans from the western coasts of Africa; rhinoceros horns, obtained with difficulty by the sharp arrow of the bronze-coloured Malay; and all the innumerable raw products from which, by means of his steam machinery, the European, with eager haste, draws and presses the countless necessities and luxuries of his daily life. Rough as all these raw materials are, they still possess a peculiar, poetic charm, and at sight of them one recalls all one's old geographical knowledge, and ancient history with its tales and fables.

The custom-house is a land-mark, showing what this little country must have been in the days of her power. Now, Portugal is even obliged in honour of England to discard the ancient, original, patron saint of her army: until of late days S. Michael was the commander-in-chief of the whole Portuguese force, and on the feast of Corpus Christi he marched forth, in the form of a large wooden figure, to assume the command in person, and to conduct

the manœuvres. 'But now, as regards being exclusively Portuguese, he is *persona ingrata*; and St. George, as the old English gentleman *de prédilection*, has been nominated to the command of the army, in which office he appeared on the joyful festival before named, a few days prior to my arrival.

The cemetery, which is an imitation of Père la Chaise, is also shown to strangers as a great sight. The innovators in Lisbon have forbidden the higher ranks, with the exception of the royal family, to bury in the vaults in the churches; and now every one must be taken to the cemetery, by which means differences of rank and the ostentation of display have been made much more striking to the eye of the Christian: for within the same precincts wherein the poor man lies buried like a dog, the rich man erects for himself a handsome, luxurious, heathen-like temple, very repulsive to one's taste.

I detest these grand cemeteries, which always appear to me like dull, artificial, theatrical displays, with their hundred monuments which have no harmony with each other, and which disturb—nay, destroy—all one's solemn impressions. If poetic feeling pervade not a resting-place for the dead, it becomes an object of horror; and instead of devotion and elevation of soul, one can only feel disgust. Spots such as this should neither be called church-yards nor resting-places (*Friedhöfe*),* for solemnity and every trace of repose are alike wanting. Thus these would be more befitting names: 'Warehouse for the dead;' or, 'Death's arena;' 'The course for corpses;' or, 'Boulevard des morts.' The places of burial of the ancients stand as patterns: the magnificent Campo Santo at Pisa, and the incomparable place of sepulture of the Turks, where every one, rich and poor alike, finds a grave beneath sighing cypresses and plane-trees in whose branches

* Literally, 'Peace-yard.'—T.

hundreds of turtle-doves pour forth their lament, and beneath whose shade those who are left to mourn may give themselves over to unmolested grief. In Lisbon's Boulevard des morts, the P. . . . family have, by their matchless wealth, taken the first rank, and they own a temple in which to lay their princely dust.

One day on which the fog and clouds cleared off and the sun shed a genial southern warmth, its light and glow lending a charm to the Tagus and to its banks, we dashed across the broad stream in our lively little steamer to pay a visit to the Otrabanda. We landed at a hamlet opposite to the city ; then we took donkeys and roved about in the confused country, to which I give this epithet because it is half wild, half cultivated, half civilised, half in its natural state—hilly and level, pretty and ugly—just as chance has made or left it. We had no plan and no special object in view, and therefore rode up and down, here and there, in the hollowed-out roads among ever-green shrubs, among fields and through villages. We were in very high spirits on this occasion ; and amid wild shouts of laughter, we practised the legerdemain of English horsemen. We took leaps when at full gallop ; we performed graceful, mimic pantomimes standing on the saddle, then stood on two animals at the same time, and were rolled over in the dust. Imagine all these antics carried on with those noble animals, the quadrupeds of the long ears !

We availed ourselves of our English appearance to indulge, beneath its garb, in all these absurdities on Lusitanian soil. However, when we were at lunch beneath the fragrant pine-trees, we were nearly faring badly in spite of our English looks. It seemed that we had established ourselves on ground by no means neutral ; for scarcely had we settled ourselves on the turf when a swearing shrew, who was not to be appeased by any sort of

peace-offering, made her appearance, raging and foaming like an unloosed dragon, and threatened (so far as we could understand her) to stir up the country people with their cudgels to attack our inoffensive party. The situation was critical; for on our side we had only our small numbers against the whole population of the district, and moreover not one amongst us was acquainted with the Portuguese jargon. Neither had any of us a weapon of defence, not even a stick amongst us; therefore nothing remained for us but to adopt the policy of old England, that of cold, imposing inflexibility—diplomatic deafness. There we sat like the deities of Memphis; and before our stony composure, the Lusitanian wrath and ire subsided into nothingness; we finished our lunch in peace; remounted our rather overtired animals, and with frigid looks of triumph, quitted the scene of excited passion.

From the semaphore which stands on the lofty shore of the Otrabanda, there is a beautiful view of the long, extensive, one might almost say never-ending capital: bright houses gleam from the verge of the silver flood, far up on the verdant range of hills; glittering domes are outlined against the sky; but that which really gives the charm to the picture is that the extensive city, with its fortress of Belem, emerges on the left from amid the fog on the sea, whilst on the right it is lost in a large bend of the Tagus, which is so wide that, like the sea, it meets the horizon; and imagination ever thinks that doubly large of which the limits are invisible. The vessels on the Tagus enliven and animate the scene; and from this point Lisbon makes a favourable, I might even say a grand impression. Its deficiencies vanish, and its details unite to form a great whole. With a fresh and pleasant breeze, which raised a gentle swell on the Tagus, we steamed back to the city, and landed at the beautiful steps at the Praça do Commercio, truly the handsomest, proudest landing-place in all the wide world.

One of the marvels of Lisbon is that immense aqueduct which was erected during the reign of José for the benefit of the city, and which leaves far behind it all that the Romans made of a similar kind. It brings the clear water from the distant mountains into a deep, cool reservoir, built of colossal masses of freestone, at the entrance of the city. A wide, vaulted passage with double pathway, in whose cool solitudes one may walk, supports the aqueduct for a distance of miles; windows and doors are pierced in various parts of this passage, and all has been arranged at lavish expense, and with real, practical skill. If the aqueduct be here an object of admiration by reason of its length and breadth, it becomes truly one that is bold and grand in the valley of Bemfico, where it has to convey the water from height to height across a valley of considerable depth. Block has been piled upon block, stones joined by the hand of a Titan, and arches thrown across which would span over church towers, and standing on which men look like mere specks, whilst in looking through them one sees the landscape like a picture in a Gothic frame. Here, the vaulted passage formed of freestone conducts us over the gigantic bridge; on the right and left there is space left for two roads, which are guarded by heavy balustrades. When standing on this stone arcade, it is easy to understand that the road is closed to the public in general, to prevent suicides; for if self-murder ever could be rendered interesting, it would become so by a leap taken from this lofty erection into the green valley beneath. I was delighted and filled with enthusiasm by the sight of this work, as by everything whereby man proves, through enduring monuments, that he is the lord of all the earth, and can achieve what he wills.

Notwithstanding this magnificent aqueduct, water is purchased throughout the greater portion of Lisbon. A peculiar race of water-carriers, Gallicians, privileged to hold

this office, have left their native country to supply drinking water for sale in this city, which they bring in small kegs. The indolent Portuguese are too lazy for this occupation. In order to attract customers, these Gallicians utter a peculiarly disagreeable cry, which they shout forth so as to be heard at a distance; it is '*agua aú!*' and these words, half screeched, half bawled, resound through the broad streets like a robber-signal. That other beverages are more grateful to the Portuguese than water is proved by the ever recurring notice, '*agua ardente.*' This fiery sign of enervating intoxication is unhappily to be found everywhere, wherever one's glance may fall; as are also the more innocent characters B. P. V., a Mene, Tekel, Upharsin, whose enigmatical letters are soon explained to the astonished traveller to be the initials of the delicious *buen pan vin*.

Peculiarly great also is the love of the Portuguese for tea; its strange name, 'Cha,' one likewise finds frequently written up, just as coffee is with us. The disgusting gluttony of the Neapolitans, thank Heaven! is not found here: the Portuguese is decent, except in his propensity for dirty streets. Lisbon, notwithstanding some southern characteristics, has generally the civilised aspect of a city of central Europe; as the houses with their steep roofs approach the German character, and the liveliness of their streets is quiet and seemly: one meets well-appointed equipages; sees the fashionable world, attired in exquisite Parisian costume, making purchases in the handsome shops, which have marble fittings and plate-glass windows; and one sees the common people, unhappily likewise in French costume, going quietly about their business. It is true that on the freestone quays of the richly-freighted Tagus one beholds the stirring life of the marine portion of the city, but nowhere does one perceive the accustomed love of dress and of finery, the idle restlessness, the wearying, theatrical movement of many southern cities; one could

almost imagine it possible already to trace something of enforced English education, or of mourning for individuality lost.

Lisbon is almost too quiet for so large a city in the golden Peninsula: perhaps the damp fogs and the draughts of wind blowing suddenly so cold, and the heavy dress which is thereby rendered necessary (to which the before-named round cloaks of the citizen's wives belong), are to be blamed for this state of things. Every country, every people, has its day; and the day of Lusitania is past: though it is painful to see the national brilliance of the people extinguished, yet happily the remembrance of it remains; and the gods themselves bowed to fate. Portugal was a splendid, a luxuriant, tropical plant which grew to perfection rapidly, was profuse in its blossom, full of rich sap, but short-lived. It was one of those creepers which, springing from small seeds, hang upon trees, spread themselves with the trees, suck from them the strength of life; which bloom, bear fruit, and then die in the too widely-spread arms of their protector. Her colonies formed the strength of Portugal: so long as she could draw nutriment from them she was rich and luxurious; now the day of the *Lianā* is past; its outstretched tendrils became parched by the hot wind, and only some few sickly leaves are now hanging around the pining stem of the plant.

Lisbon makes an uncomfortable impression upon a foreigner who does not look merely at the surface. The decay is too plain, the ignorance and venality of the political actors too apparent; one sees too clearly how every source of help is sealed up, and how no fresh springs are created—how the country only continues to exist as a country because we have once become accustomed to read the name of Portugal on the map. I personified the country and its inhabitants in my own mind as one dying of the dropsy. That which was formerly flesh and solid substance

is now only a lymphatic enlargement, bringing death ; and when once decay steps in, vitality flies, just as the rats quit a house before it falls.

Beneath a gorgeous sunset, which painted the horizon with purple and gold, fanned by a fresh sea-breeze, and filled with melancholy sensations, I quitted Lisbon and her Tagus. Our course lay towards Cadiz, whither our swift steamer speedily brought us, and where, as in former years, I passed some bright and happy days, and once again found our aged consul of eighty-six years old, well and cheerful. From hence I hastened through the robber-districts in a little vetturino to my beloved Seville for the second time, there to feel with my whole heart how magnificent is Spain, how indescribably lovely her glowing Andalusia. Those were days in which fancy gathered food to last for a long time, and in which I revelled in that happiness only available to us when travelling, and more especially in a second and un hoped-for visit to a spot that has become endeared to us, in which we enjoy doubly all that we learned at our first visit to prize, and no longer waste our precious time upon objects that are not worthy of our attention.

One evening in particular will ever remain unforgotten—that which I passed with one friend in the fairy-like Alcazar, so fondly loved by me. The moon stood full in the deep blue sky, in which the stars were shining like diamonds. Heavenly, calm, clear, and peaceful was the holy night. Doubly soft and delicate were the outlines of the arcades and rows of columns in the sweet, grave moonlight, which shed its beams, now glittering on the marble courts, now elf-like on the fountains. A blissful, awe-inspiring repose reigned in the broad, open halls of the Moorish palace, so clearly bright, yet so witchingly veiled with shadow. The eye glided from the silent, deserted, yet magnificent halls to the sleeping town, to the venerable

cathedral bathed in the rays of the moon. On pools and terraces lay the calm spell of Andalusian night ; softly fragrant were the roses, lightly sighed the orange trees, and from the ivory cup of the jasmine the silent greeting of night pressed forth a delicious perfume in response. The watery jets leaped like myriads of playful fairies along the flower-beds in sparkling succession, only to dive again blithely into the bedewed blossoms, and anon to sparkle forth anew in the moonlight, as if coquetting beneath their silvery veil in gay jest with the lovely moonbeams.

Shakespeare dreamed the *Midsummer Night's Dream* ; Mendelssohn heard the echoes of its music and song ; I have seen it realized.



MADEIRA.

1852.



MADEIRA.

July 4, 1852.

UNWILLINGLY did we quit fair Cadiz, which rises so brightly from the waters of the Mediterranean. We had spent a very pleasant time there; had on the feast of St. Peter and St. Paul been present at one of those bull-fights which I enjoy so enthusiastically, and at which the amphitheatre had been filled with lovely women; and had, at the alameda, in the airy saloon of Christina, joined the grand promenade, where there were so many charming ladies and young girls with sparkling black eyes, with mantilla, red rose, and fan, that in the most literal sense of the word we could not see the foliage of the trees; and, excited, and indeed with hearts set on fire, did not know how to give utterance to our admiration.

Still fresh in memory was poetic Seville, my favourite city in Spain, which I had again visited for a second time, and now we must traverse the ocean in our dirty, wearisome steamer for the sake of a small island, little spoken of in our country. But fate must needs be obeyed; and with heavy hearts, still intoxicated with the attractions of Spain, still filled with yearnings for Spain, we weighed anchor on June 30, and steamed out to sea in a depressed mood. For four days and nights we rolled about on the waves of the Atlantic, a prey to spleen, owing to the heat, steam, and coal-dust: at last, on July 4, when I went on deck at daybreak, a spell was thrown over me. Before me, beneath the glorious splendour of the tropical sun, on

the blue of the gleaming waves, surrounded by pure and balmy breezes, lay a large island with deep purple-tinted basalt-cliffs, and possessing the bright verdure of spring—a picture of enrapturing power, which filled the excited soul with ecstasy. There was a heavenly purity in the scene, and the air was saturated with perfume, the atmosphere was supernaturally clear, as though the soul were gazing with the eyes of an unfettered spirit; the air played gratefully upon one's uncovered breast, one felt the near approach of a Paradise, of a new world. The Germans and French have each a word in their language which seems to have been created for Madeira, 'Schmelz' and 'éclat;' one feels the full signification of these words for the first time when lying at anchor in the roads of Funchal, the capital of this island. Up to the bold, proud, basalt rocks, all is green as in May; and upon this verdure are houses and countless villas surrounded by flowers strewn exquisitely like pearls: up to the imposing height on which the church of Nostra Señora de Monte is enthroned, the friendly houses smile upon us, peeping forth from amid their oaks or rich Italian chestnuts: whilst the shore, glistening with the pearly drops of spray, is covered with fantastic rocks, with masses of picturesque-coloured stone, with magnificent oleanders, with geraniums and a thousand unknown flowering shrubs, and also with broad-leaved bananas and slender architecturally-beautiful palms. The small but clean town is commanded by a fort; a second fort on the right wing of the arena-shaped picture crowns a rock of black basalt, which rises from the sea; at this point, where we landed from our boat, we were suddenly transported into the Elysium of flowers, which greeted us on all sides with the joyous smiles of Nature. I have travelled a great deal about the world, but have never beheld anything like this. I have plucked the Alpine rose on the glowing glacier, I have sped on my

bold Arab through the cypress groves of Smyrna, have gathered the blooming oleander on the blue, foaming gulf of Lepanto, have rocked myself on the azure waves of the grotto of Capri, have stolen the rose from the magic garden of the Alhambra; but here I found all these treasures of Nature united, and also a something more, inexplicable even to myself, which rendered Madeira an earthly paradise to me; whether it were the pure crystal air in which every breath became a sip of bliss, or the thousand magic perfections of the flowers and their all-pervading fragrance, amid the freshness of eternal spring, which even in July surpasses that of our May, or the equable climate, which is ever, day and night, bright and exhilarating, ever mild and witching, I know not; but this I do know, that here existence was doubly a delight, that here I revelled in unceasing enjoyment, and should deem it a tranquil happiness like that of heaven to possess a property in this island. The vegetation of the whole wide world has made its home in Madeira in rich profusion; the bright oak forests of the north, its waving ferns and its fragrant woodbine; the chestnuts and oranges of Italy; the gorgeous camelias of China, the coffee of Arabia, which I for the first time saw gathered in large quantities; the delicious pine-apple of America, likewise the first which I had seen growing in the open air; her bananas, always laden with fruit; together with a hundred other rare, bright and blooming plants, which with us are only to be seen in a pining condition in the hothouses of palaces, but which are here indigenous; and in addition, what delicious grapes! And therefore I maintain that when nature saw how men wearied themselves to bring together the vegetation of the whole earth into gardens which they called botanic, she created Madeira, to show to the world who wished to interfere with the works of her hands that the Great Creator was wiser than they; wherefore Madeira has

been truly found to be the garden of the Lord, immeasurably above all other Edens.

Our first visit was paid to the Austrian Consul, Herr von Bianchi, cousin of Field-Marshal Bianchi, Duke of Casablanca; an amiable old gentleman who, in the society of his admirable wife and surrounded by a circle of blooming children now grown up, presents the very ideal of patriarchal life. In his garden, which lies immediately on the basalt rock like a terrace, stand his two villas looking as if they were half buried in a natural basket of flowers. Oleanders, coffee-plants, palms, orange-trees, bananas, vines, roses, carnations, aromatic-scented creepers, and all else that is rich in colour and fragrance, mingled in luxuriant profusion, and, broken in upon by leafy bowers, surround the cheerful dwellings and their airy terraces. From the midst of this exuberant tropical vegetation, the white and red banner waved to us a calm yet proud welcome. The little house, brilliant in its pure white and in its cleanliness, plain but comfortable, as befitting a prosperous merchant, was prepared for our use; and lunch, with tropical fruits, new dainties in a great measure to me, was awaiting us. We then hastened to the town to seek some church where we might attend mass, this being Sunday. Clean, pretty Funchal possesses one-storied houses adorned with green jalousies and balconies: it reminds me partly of a watering place, partly of the towns of South America, and gives one the simple home-like impression of a calm, unexcitable company taking their pleasure on the young May grass. It has undeniably assumed something of the type of an English colony, especially in regard to cleanliness and comfort. Indeed, numbers of English frequent Funchal, especially in the winter season, that they may gain strength for their threatened lungs in that mild climate. Owing to the quiet mode of life of the invalids the town has taken a tranquil, peaceful character. But healthy English-

men also would like to open a rich fountain for their purses ; and who would not desire to see this country, which moreover, like Lucca in Italy, is the pleasure-ground of the earth, improved in every way under the wise sceptre of England ? England, that has transformed the Ionian Isles into a paradise, whilst under the Portuguese administration, which is bad in every respect, nothing here yields any profit, notwithstanding the natural wealth of the island, itself become a nonentity. In considering the peculiarities of Madeira, I must give the first place among my remarks to that which is of secondary importance, namely to the covering worn upon the head, because it is the most remarkable thing I ever beheld in the way of dress. It is a cap of the size of the inner part of the hand, scarlet inside, dark blue on the outside, which runs up to a long sharp point like a lightning conductor, and sits on the middle of the head like a funnel turned over : it might pass as a creation of Southern caprice at the carnival time, but certainly not as a portion of national dress. It is particularly unmeaning in a country in which the sun possesses such power. Old and young appear alike with the blue horn of cloth, a foot long, upon their heads, walking and running in sunshine and rain ; and strangers can but be astonished that the people do not laugh in each other's faces. Never does one of these little caps lose its balance, though the peasants wear them while at their labour ; they seem as if they were born with the natives of Madeira, and give them a Chinese appearance which is rendered quite complete by their broad, yellow, ugly faces. The people maintain that the sharp peak concentrates the rays of the sun and prevents them from being injurious, after the plan of a lightning conductor. Why should the natives of Madeira be so hideous ? Amid so many beauties of nature these wide mulatto faces really disturb one. How different would all be if Spaniards were domesticated here !

The means of locomotion also form another wonder of the island: they consist of palanquins, hammocks, and sledges. Later on, I shall have occasion to speak of these again, and to describe them from my own tested experience. However, the best mode of travelling in this hilly country is to ride the English horses which one can hire, and which are generally as sure-footed as they are capable of endurance.

We took advantage of them, when mass was finished, to make an excursion into the mountains with the sons of our kind-hearted consul. Passing between pretty garden walks overhung with clusters of grapes and with flowers, we soon reached a rather steep road, bordered by fresh, clear water, which led up to a considerable height, and into a cool, dark, oak wood, through which a cascade, fringed with rich, luxuriant vegetation, was foaming, and in which, near to the church of *Nostra Señora de Monte*, the villa of Mrs. Gordon is situated. Surrounded by oaks which give a pleasant shade, and by a lovely garden, stands the cheerful house, which is built on one floor, at a height of 800 feet above the level of the sea, and which is redolent with the cool, still repose of northern life; both vegetation and climate generally improve according to the height, yet are nowhere marred either by cold or by excessive heat. In this shady grove of oaks one might fancy oneself in England, but a camelia tree which in July is still in bloom, a real tree, with a thick stem and luxuriant crown, shows us that this is a tropical England. The house in which cordial Mrs. Gordon, with her pretty daughter and very pretty niece, received us, is arranged with all that comfort and that costly simplicity which is peculiar to this practical nation above all others; it must indeed be a very lovely retreat, and soothing to the spirit, since Mrs. Gordon would have lived here for more than twenty years in unalloyed happiness but for the loss of

her husband. She came hither with him on account of an affection of his chest. Mr. Gordon built this charming villa, and was the first person in this country to plant the oak, that has thriven so well in the beautiful park which his family have never quitted. Like almost all of his nation whom we meet when travelling, he was an original; and the objects of his constant care and of his pride were two monstrous pigs, which he fed up to an unnatural size. These animals were kept at the villa like idols, and two cows were kept on purpose to provide them with milk. I, as I am especially in pursuit of such originalities, commissioned the son of the consul to search diplomatically for one of these favoured members of the porcine tribe, for it would have delighted me to have seen one. But the young man was no shrewd diplomatist; he asked young Gordon point-blank for the object of my curiosity. The amiable Englishman was perhaps wounded at seeing the eccentricity of his father turned into ridicule: he coloured, gave evasive replies; and at last, driven into a corner, declared that the last of the animals had died a short time ago, which I naturally, and especially when enlightened by what occurred afterwards, did not believe. In its stead, we enjoyed the magnificent view over the side of the mountain, dotted with villas and gardens, over the cheerful town half veiled in green, over the lively roadstead and the blue ocean. The panoramic picture which, illumined by the sun, we beheld from these heights overshadowed with oaks and raised nearly 1000 feet above the sea, is printed ineffaceably on my memory. Happy are they to whom it is appointed daily to enjoy such beauties, and to enjoy them in calm repose; they ought to be rich in poetic emotions, and their minds ought to be refined by a life spent with nature in her splendour. But how does this accord with the owner's mania for pigs, animals which are certainly not quite in their place here,

however jovial and charming they may be! Cavaliere de Camera, a genial young man, who has travelled much, whose ancestor was Captain and Donatario of Funchal in the year 1566, who is one of the most considerable landed proprietors in the island, here joined our company, in order, with the courtesy belonging to the south, to show us his villa and large park. Our path lay at first through a steep road, from which the church mentioned before looked forth cheeringly. In its luxuriant freshness, the wood reminded me of Heimbach and Dornbach; further on, the road loses itself in the declivity of a romantic and richly overgrown rocky ravine, in whose depths rests the stony bed of a mountain torrent; the path then becomes narrower and narrower, and in many places is even dangerous, but also highly picturesque.

As the country which we traversed had at the outset resembled my loved native land, so here it assumed more of the mountainous character of Greece; yet in a greener and more cheerful garb; and it recalled to my mind a day likewise never to be forgotten in my Ahasuerus-like life, namely, that of an interesting excursion to the border-fortress of Phile in company with the amiable and intellectual Queen Regent. A little fir wood at the entrance to the park again marked the transition to the vegetation of a northern spring, which within we found in complete masses and in its richest splendour. The park is so large that it serves as a chase for deer; its foliage varies between that of pine woods and woods of broad-leaved trees: in the centre stands the modest cottage, built on one floor, with a pleasure ground filled with flowers and rare plants. In front of the airy windows, which look upon a verandah, richly plumaged fancy-birds from the African colonies of Portugal hang in pretty cages. In this little aviary I saw a small bird, which surpassed by far all the fancy-birds on Chinese and Indian fans and carpets.

It gleamed with soft colours of apple-green, rosy-red, and yellow; was neither parrot, nor dove, nor lapwing; but had something in common with each of them: its head in particular was remarkable, with its tuft and beak; and it reminded one of a chameleon. It was only when the bird spread its wings, and extended its beak, that one could perceive the full radiance of its hues. I had never seen its equal, and no one could tell me the name and species of the little creature. On our return, we refreshed ourselves with a bath, and partook of a cheerful repast, at which the excellent wine of the country was merrily broached in true sailor fashion.

July 5, 1852.

Morning found us at the villa of the amiable Herr Bianchi: the sun shone with the golden light of the tropics. Two large oleanders, whose wide-spreading branches were completely covered with blossom and hung over the white garden walls like immense bouquets, filled the air with their fragrance. For a long time we supposed that the delicious perfume came from the homely lime-trees; but we were informed that the blossom of the oleander when in masses, in this climate, strikingly resembles the lime-blossom in scent. Thus at every step in this lovely island one becomes acquainted with new riches of nature, and enraptured with the wondrous charms of this sea-girt paradise. We again devoted the day to an excursion on horseback: our road conducted us by the sea-shore, among villas, on the basalt walls of which, innumerable iron-grey lizards were sunning themselves; and through rich vineyards, to the picturesque bed of the Soccoridos, which has cleft the lofty masses of basalt, and has hollowed out for itself a deep channel to the ocean. But these basalt walls are clad luxuriantly with the fresh green of the vine, and with the proud rich leaves of the

banana which here makes its chief abode, and which forms, together with the intermingling vines over the dark violet ground of the rock, the most delightful bowers and shady nooks as one ascends step by step, from point to point. These walls of rock, fantastic in their shape, lovely in their living verdure, impart to this wondrous land a peculiar charm, uniting the bold scenery of Switzerland with the loveliness of Italy and with the exuberant growth of nature in South America. An Alpine, but as here there are no carriages, a narrow bridge is thrown across the valley, which reminds one of the grass-covered blocks of lava below the hermitage on Vesuvius: the bowers of vines, beneath whose rich shade we were now climbing towards the opposite side of the mountain, transported me in thought to the districts of Meran, that jewel of the Tyrol.

At the door of a parsonage the kind proprietor was standing, and he invited us to dismount and to partake of some refreshments in his clean abode. We rested for a little while with the benevolent man, but declined the lunch with thanks. We were soon riding among the shades of a splendid wood of chestnuts, beneath which was an undergrowth of German honeysuckles and ferns. From the declivity of another mountain, we looked down amid the dark sea of rustling leaves into a real German, wooded valley which reminded me of Heimbach; to an Austrian heart its green foliage whispered reviving words of home and of love. In the midst of this lonely solitude stands the villa of the former English Consul, the solitary house in this extensive scene of repose. At the entrance to the garden a cool stream wells forth from between the blocks of rock beneath the high leafy arches, over which leads a rustic bridge. Such a quinta, secluded from all the world and yet containing a whole world of tranquil happiness within itself, standing on an island amid a sea of foliage,

and that again on an island in the midst of the ocean, to possess such an one is that for which my heart yearns; and even if in this forest Elysium perfect happiness could not be found (since that does not make its home on earth) yet such an Eden could not fail to soothe suffering. It was the lot of the fortunate Englishman to find it and to beautify it: such persons as he, who wander throughout the world and pitch their tent in the east or west, north or south, as they please, and who are independent and free of the country in which they were born, create for themselves a world in accordance with their own tastes and means, place themselves therein as its centre, and yet never forget their fatherland: on the contrary they enlarge it by their new conquest, in which Old England exists just as truly as in the island-kingdom herself. A longer residence in Madeira is now one of my dreams, and then I may select my house, and there sing my lays and rejoice with all my heart in the green woods.

On this occasion we could not obtain admittance here, as the entrance to the garden is not open to strangers. We proceeded on our way, which brought us ere long, at the end of the wood, to a steep meadow which formed the ascent to the lofty ridge of hills. Cows were grazing on the short mountain grass, watched by shepherds and shepherdesses; and again I thought of home and its high Alpine pastures, and it seemed to me as though I were joyously ascending to the mountain summits of Upper Austria; but the sight of the men with their peaked caps, white spencers, and trowsers, quickly dispelled the dream. A new marvel was visible upon the crest of the mountain bare of trees; I stood as though on a tribune, free in the pure ether; on my right the lofty cones of basalt reared themselves to the clouds, among them the proud Pic di Riccio, as king of the island. Like pointed blue pyramids, like portions of a stupendous unravelled mystery

of nature, unfettered and bold in their majesty, more fully developed than our heavy mountains, they pressed their way up to the glowing zenith: these peaks of dark volcanic basalt are among mountains as the palm among trees, while our mighty Alps are like the oaks and firs. Before us, at a dizzy depth and almost entirely surrounded by lofty perpendicular walls of some 4000 feet in height, lay at the foot of the gigantic basalt fortress the smiling valley of Curraldas with its attractive charms, like a distant and beautiful world. Filled with blissful yearnings, one wished for wings wherewith to fly down to the fresh, green depths of the sunlit valley.

The scarp with its steep precipices resembles the crater of Vesuvius, except that at its foot one sees bright smiling life, instead of the fields of sulphur which breathe death; golden sunshine instead of flames; instead of clouds of smoke the play of balmy air dancing in the blue ether. On the right the ocean and the fertile shores of Funchal meet the eye. Many will think it absurd that I ordered a block of basalt, destined to be the foundation of my long-meditated Tusculum, to be brought to the town by some of the numerous guides who pressed themselves upon us, and wished to assist us over the slippery Alpine grass: the scene of this retreat I had a short time ago fixed upon in my mind at home: the laying of its foundation stone had been appointed for to-morrow as the day on which I should attain my majority: but the ocean now separated me from my fatherland, and thus I selected my stone from this heaven-blessed earthly paradise as the foundation of my own little individual Elysium.

At the foot of a green hill, beneath the shade of an old oak, we took up our quarters on the grass; and, thanks to the foresight of the amiable consul, and of his youngest son, who had accompanied us, we partook of an invigorating repast, at which the wine of the island played a principal

part and made amends for water. During our meal, to the most amusingly-expressed horror of my friends, I enticed some shepherd-boys to me, handsome children, but dressed in nothing besides their shirts, who revelled in the utmost profusion of dirt, and I gave them scraps from our refreshments, caressing them in spite of the exclamations of my companions. The handsomest of these boys returned several times, and always carried his treasures to a very pretty young mother or sister who wore a red Capuchin cloak like the women of Gibraltar, with a yellow and blue dress, and whose large black eyes and tangled, raven hair made her resemble a genuine, wild child of the mountains. She was the first and the only really handsome native of Madeira that I met.

Elated by the delicious juice of the grape, and by all the beauties that we had beheld on this day, we galloped our excellent horses through the cool woods and groves back to Funchal; and throughout my whole life, I shall remember with gratitude this delightful day, which proved the prelude to the festivities of the morrow.

6th July, 1852.

I had scarce opened my eyes, when the sweet tones of our national hymn sounded in my ears, and suggested solemn thoughts to my mind on my entrance into my twenty-first year. This was a kind surprise on the part of our courteous consul, who inaugurated the day with this grandest hymn of noble Austria. I was twenty years of age, and had arrived at an important period of my life; notwithstanding my youth, many grave and solemn thoughts dwelt in my mind on that morning. Externally, the attainment of my majority would cause but little change in my life; as before it, I was already, so far as my position would allow, my own master; and even in material points had not been fettered by the usual restrictions upon minors. If there be any prophetic

warning in the manner in which one's birthday is spent, then the year to come will indeed be gay, bright, and free from care; for never did I pass this anniversary in so joyous and so enchanting a manner. Quite early in the morning I escaped with a circle of friends from the ship, so as to avoid all ceremonies and to spend the day as travellers in country fashion. Our destination on this day was the eastern side of the island; first we went through the town, then up the heights to the villa district, where we dismounted for a few moments at the villa belonging to the brother of our consul, a wealthy wine-merchant. It is a simple, but very comfortable and clean house in the Anglo-American style, bearing the impress of sailor life, as Marryat describes it; luxuriantly covered with flowers and creepers; it has secluded, cool, and shady rooms and a splendid view of Funchal and its roadstead. In a vineyard with numberless bowers, I already on this day tasted grapes that were almost ripe. This villa is, like most in this country, delightfully quiet. We quickly reached the heights, and passed by the shaded park of De Camera along the higher slope of the mountain. Here the country wore a very northern aspect: extensive declivities covered with short herbage, hardly any trees, or only fir trees, low bushes, and a tone of colour on the hills, which were for the most part round, that vividly recalled Scotland, with which the grey day and cool air accorded well: yet some few flowers, which with us will only flourish in a conservatory, reminded us that we were in the tropics. However, on these melancholy but interesting slopes, the inhabitants of which one imagines to be the lordly deer, and through which in our lively mood we rode almost *train de chasse*, Bianchi's brother owns a villa surrounded by young plantations of fir, in the English style, with good fire-places and sporting pictures, in which he gave us a genuine English lunch, very acceptable after our long ride.

This dwelling, with its view of the heath-clad hill, over which the sea-breeze sighs among the low shrubs, seems as if created for a melancholy spirit wandering with the harp of Ossian, or for a pair of lovers. On moon-light nights, when the wind blows the silvery side of the leaves upmost so that they float in the air and gleam like elves in white, and when the waves of ocean raise their foaming crests like phantoms to vanish again in the dark infinite space below, then in the lonely villa, all may be either awful or blissful, according as one may wander out in the keen, ocean wind sighing in *Æolian* strains, or press closely to the side of the loved one by the bright, crackling fire.

Here I first made acquaintance with the very delicious coffee grown in the island, which I prefer to that of Mocha, and sipped with feelings of genuine satisfaction. At the same time I thought of my dear friend Countess S—— who deems coffee to have been the nectar of the gods, and I brought away a pound of it for her. Alas ! my delicate attention was lost ; since my servant, or perhaps some sailor, also discovered the excellence of this nectar, in the course of the voyage.

Invigorated, we proceeded on our expedition at a brisk canter, and sped through low brushwood of evergreens up a hill where our road suddenly terminated at a semi-circular parapet : far below us lay the valley of Majico extending to the sea, a most exquisite spot of earth, such as one might suppose Satan to have selected to show to our Lord and Master from the top of the mountain in the Temptation.

The point on which we stood was so isolated that it was as though we were looking down from a balloon, the country was green and golden as in Austria. Favoured island, that can produce a sample of all that is beautiful in every quarter of the world, as in a much-prized album ! And still more favoured, they to whom it is granted to turn over the leaves of this album !

From the mountain balcony, shaped like a horse-shoe, on which we were standing, we could see on the ocean to the left, the Desertas, barren islands of rock, picturesque in form, which bear so deceptive a resemblance to a ship in full sail, that for a long time I could not understand why it remained motionless whilst the other ships were carried on by the breeze.

In a small church in the valley at our feet, the bones of Robert Machin and of his bride, the first European inhabitants of this island, are said to repose. In the fourteenth century, in the reign of Edward III. of England, a nobleman named Robert Machin, became enamoured^d of the high-born and beautiful Lady Anna d'Arfet. After some time, the relatives of Anna, who were offended that one so much her inferior should have aspired to the hand of the Lady Anna, succeeded in causing Robert to be imprisoned, whilst Anna was compelled to give her hand to a man of equal rank with herself, whom she accompanied to his castle at Bristol. Robert escaped from prison and induced the lady of his love to fly with him to France. But after a long period of danger, a storm cast them on a distant shore.

They ascended inland, and found that it was an enchanting paradise; but when they returned to the shore, a storm had driven the ship out to sea. Anna d'Arfet died in Madeira of a broken heart, and her faithful Robert soon followed her, requesting that he might be laid in the same grave with her whom he loved. It is said that the survivors on board the ship contrived afterwards to reach home in some way, and reported the discovery of the new island. Such is the tradition; but it is quite incomprehensible why Anna should have died of a broken heart after she had reached this Elysium with her lover. History, however, says that Madeira was discovered in the palmy days of Portugal, in the year 1419, by Juan Gon-salves de Camara, surnamed Zargo on account of a defect

in his eyes, and by Tristan Vaz Taxeira, under the auspices of Henry the Conqueror, son of King John I.; but Porto Santo, a bleak island near Madeira, had been already discovered a year before by Bartolomeo Perestrello, an Italian, who assumed the government of the island, and whose daughter Philippa married Christopher Columbus.

Columbus lived for some time in Porto Santo and is said to have visited Madeira frequently on trading business. Madeira was divided by King John between its two discoverers: but in the year 1540, these hereditary tenures from the State lapsed again to the crown, owing to a want of heirs. The island is said to have been uninhabited at the time of its discovery, and to have been covered with a primeval forest: whence its name Madeira—wood. The Portuguese burned down the old forests, and thereby obtained, as it is said, the splendid and fertile soil for their cultivation of the vine of ancient fame, which long formed the only considerable trade of the island: but since the English have taken such a fancy for sherry, and more especially since the terribly prevalent disease among the grapes during the last few years, this source of wealth has been on the decline. The basalt rocks, and the numerous conical hills and craters, betoken a volcanic origin. On October 3, 1566, one thousand Huguenots from Rochelle made an invasion into this then flourishing island, which they devastated and plundered during a period of sixteen days. They then sailed away in eight galloons, laden with treasures. In 1801 and 1807, during the wars with France, Madeira was occupied by the English, but was given back to the Portuguese in 1814. England has, however, always kept an eye upon this blooming island, which is now completely neglected by its own government, as are all the colonies of Portugal, herself a prey to such continual revolutions. Notwithstanding the luxuriance of nature, the people are poor and

wretched, since no one cares for them, and they are rapidly hurrying to destruction ; it is also said, that it is not uncommon for children to be stolen and sent to America, which certainly throws a strong light on the state of the administration. The island numbers 114,000 souls on twenty-five square miles : but the population is on the decrease. Funchal was elevated to the rank of a city in 1500, and contains 28,653 inhabitants. This was almost all the historical and statistical information that I could collect regarding the island. Now, therefore, we return to our excursion.

Over a rough stony slope, we rode beside a stream, down to the sea, and then along the shore to Santa Cruz (pronounced in guttural Portuguese 'Krosch'), our mid-day halting-place : we hailed it with great satisfaction, for we were tired and heated after a ride of between five and six hours' duration. Here we rested in a small, comfortable, country inn, shaded and surrounded by creepers and lofty walnut-trees, whilst from a broad terrace we looked down upon the foaming surf of the ocean. I reclined in an easy chair, with the 'Illustrated London News' in my hand, and enjoyed the refreshing sensations of Sybaritic repose. I rank this *dolce far niente* mood in the warm, sunny south, when consequent upon the full conviction of having spent the morning well, and of having seen what but few are allowed to see, to be indisputably one of the greatest enjoyments of life. To-day I revelled in it to the full ; it is like taking a siesta, enlivened by pleasant dreams, after a rich, intellectual feast. There is great wisdom, unfortunately only too little practised, in interspersing these periods of rest in some beautiful spot, among the rambles and journeys of a tour : if neglected, the result is often a severe attack of indigestion, which produces most unpleasant consequences. When I was rested, an admirable pastime was suggested for the merry company (whose leader only on this day numbered his twentieth year), in a sort of

exercise ground in which were a swing and other arrangements for athletic amusements. As we had still to wait for our commander, and for the doctor, who were not to leave Funchal until noon, we occupied the time in practising exercises amid shouts of laughter and merry jokes at the little mischances inevitable in such experiments in gymnastics. We gave ourselves up to the amusement with the wildness of children who celebrate a holiday in their playground. Time went on, and still our commander did not show himself. True, he had often told us of his equestrian exploits in England, but none of us had ever seen him on horseback, and we began seriously to fear that some accident had happened to him: moreover we were longing for our dinner. At last we descried the doctor, in a state of extreme heat, galloping towards Santa Cruz, and now believed it certain that some misfortune had happened. Red as a poppy, and chuckling to himself, he however announced to us that the commander was quite well, or rather that he was not at all well, and could not stir from the place where he was, on account of extreme fatigue from the unwonted exercise of riding. Alarm was now changed into unbounded hilarity, and we waited with merry eagerness for the martyr of the day, who, on account of this being my birth-day, had made up his mind to be present at this dinner of July 6. At last the cry resounded from the ramparts, 'the commander! the commander!' And assuredly he it was, who (unsuspicious of the treachery of the doctor), presenting himself before us for the first time in the character of an equestrian, was advancing at an uneasy gallop, and making wry smiles. On dismounting, all flexibility of limb had left him, and the worthy man stood like an immoveable figure, with his legs apart as though still on horseback, and unable to move either knee or muscle; he might still be standing there at Santa Cruz if we had not taken pity upon him, and placed

him in an armchair. We seated ourselves at the table in a gay, mirthful mood. There are certain objects which are to be found in every part of the globe, and here on this island, in the midst of the ocean, we perceived that our dining hall was adorned with the familiar plaster figures which the Lucchese boys at the castle-gate carry about on their heads, and from which a boy reading, and one writing, are never absent. I should never have imagined that these light and fragile goods could have been brought to Madeira. After dinner, champagne, the key of wit and the source of humour, which had already played a principal part at our repast, incited us to many extravagant amusements, which occasioned positions more comic to those who looked on than to those who took part in them.

Only with the approach of evening did we begin to think of returning: as we mounted our refreshed horses, an old woman who looked dismal beyond description stood before us; her complexion was dark, she was dressed in rags, and a pair of keen, penetrating, black eyes gleamed forth from beneath her dishevelled, grey hair. The remembrance of the evil-eye came over us with a cold shudder, and I quickly made my salutation to the black beggar-woman; whilst the commander, with rash generosity, gave her a bright dollar, with the object of inducing her to quit our path; she laughed jeeringly and suddenly vanished behind a wall. But the eye of the witch took effect, and on our way home all manner of misfortunes occurred. Fate was particularly harsh towards the commander. As he protested that he was altogether unable to ride any further, and was really in a pitiable plight, a hammock was procured, in which, it being suspended from a bamboo pole, those suffering from lung complaints are, according to the custom of the country, carried out to take the air: in this the commander was

placed, and was carried by four men up hill and down dale, along the fearful road towards Funchal.

It was no easy task to transport the stout gentleman over such ground on a pitch-dark night. After two hours of severe toil, the bearers at length declared that on no terms could they carry their load any further. The situation was critical, and the good man who had been travelling so comfortably, and had been so gently rocked, was obliged again to mount his horse. After falling off five times, he decided that riding was quite out of the question. His position was almost desperate; in the midst of these island people who refused their assistance, half beside himself with the miseries of the day, enveloped in the darkness of night, in an unknown and rocky country. A new ray of light at length appeared for him in the form of a hammock belonging to the clergyman of the village. Once more lifted in mid-air, he reached Funchal again about one o'clock, at which hour we had long been peacefully dreaming of the past day, which will afford us food for mirth for a long time to come.

But we also, who rashly rode in the dark, were obliged to pay toll to the witch; for my horse fell on a bridge paved with stone. That we did not break our necks on this really frightful mountain road is a miracle, and may certainly be ascribed to that good fortune which never deserts the brave.

July 7, 1852.

To-day we again ascended the heights of Nostra Señora de Monte, by paths gaily adorned; for in the course of the morning, a procession was to march through the country to implore Heaven to avert the new national calamity, the disease in the vines, so detrimental to Madeira. Branches of green, and flowers, enhanced the attractions of lovely nature; while groups of people dressed

in their Sunday clothes gazed down from among the bowers of vine leaves on the garden walls, full of expectation. The morning was splendid, the sun shone, and our ride was particularly delightful. Madeira, fair daughter of the ocean, caused ever-increasing aspirations to fill our bosoms, twining herself around them with growing warmth of affection: thus a secret melancholy was already beginning to steal over our souls because our acquaintance with this beauteous island could but be a fleeting, and not a lasting, intercourse.

I thought silently to myself that if I had known Madeira before 1848, I should have known where to find for myself *in extremis* a peaceful retreat from all the world. We did not enter the church, which is surrounded by woods and was now gaily dressed, because I avoid crowds; but spent the time until the procession should pass, in visiting a little villa likewise the property of our consul, which was near by; and in its immediate vicinity I found an opportunity of seeing the house, hut, or stable, whichever I may call it, of a peasant of this country: low walls composed of rough stones, piled up confusedly, are covered with decaying straw twisted into the shape of cones; the interior is a black, smoke-filled space, for the hole which forms the entrance serves also as the window and as the outlet for the smoke: on the bare earth, man and beast live together in harmony; one might fancy oneself transported to the South Sea islands, and could never imagine oneself in the neighbourhood of civilised villas. I have never beheld such dwellings, except among the rocky hills of Dalmatia or on the borders of Turkey and Montenegro.

When the procession began, we hastened to the proximity of the church. Amid the long train of torch-bearers, gentry, musicians, and all that belong to such ceremonials, the penitents were to us the most novel and interesting, a party of men, attired in garments of brown or bluish

grey (in cut like those of the Italian brotherhoods) with long robes and covered face, unrecognised, but objects of public admiration, were making a pilgrimage of from five to six hours' duration, in the burning heat of the sun, in atonement for their own sins, and also for the public weal; whilst they increased the fatigues of the way by various tortures to which they subjected themselves. Thus we saw one couple who were fastened together by iron rings forged round one foot of each; others walked in fetters; another wore a crown of thorns; another carried a heavy bar of iron which lay across his back and passed under his arms; another bore a cross; another a heavy ring round his body, whilst the most devout penitent scourged himself on the naked shoulders, which swelled beneath the stripes. When this last appeared, a woman near me uttered a cry of woe; amid her sobbings, she told the bystanders with grief and pride that this was a relation of her own. This scene, together with the sounds of the music and the clinking of the chains, caused a peculiar and striking impression of horror, and carried one back to the commencement of the middle ages. Every shrouded figure became the more impressive as it subjected itself to its self-inflicted tortures; and whilst admitting the world to the secret of its repentance, concealed itself closely.

These silent forms appeared to be wandering amid the gay stir of life like repentant spirits, like suffering ghosts; and at the sight of them, a cold shudder necessarily passed over the spectator. Following them, enveloped in a cloud of incense, surrounded by the clergy and chief dignitaries, came the celebrant who carried the figure of Nostra Señora de Monte, richly embroidered in vellum; she who has established her verdure and flower-encircled throne in such magnificence on the heights of Funchal. The glittering banners vanished in the depths of the woods, the smoke of the incense ascended through the leafy vaults into the sun-

light, more distant became the clang of the chains and irons of the penitents, and the holy sound of the little bell mingled with the rushing of the cascade.

I can see those who deem themselves very enlightened smile that people in Madeira should imagine that they could exorcise the disease among the grapes by a procession; but I openly confess that, although I am a son of the nineteenth century and do not reckon myself among the benighted ones, this belief appears to me to be very beautiful and very edifying, since it well befits those who are sore afflicted to turn to their God, Who is never deaf to those who believe firmly and unwaveringly in His almighty power. A prayer offered in a child-like spirit ever removes the burden from the soul; and therefore we find it offered up in all centuries and among all nations; yes, even by the wise Greeks, whose philosophy we so much admire. The proud spirit of the free-thinker does but delay to humble itself, until death draws near; death, that taught even a Voltaire to stammer forth a prayer and to sue for comfort.

In sledges, such as are used in our own mountain districts for carrying hay and wood, but furnished with wooden seats, we shot over the roads paved with basalt from the eminences down into the town.

The sledge flies down the hill by its own weight, and is guided, and its speed checked, by means of ropes held by men who run behind it and on each side. The fun is very amusing, as is everything which conveys cumbrous man at a speed that exceeds the usual limits; but there is some danger in it, as a chance stone is sufficient to give the sledge a wrong direction and to dash it against any object near. Neither is a vehicle that descends at such lightning speed from the heights unobjectionable to foot passengers who are not very nimble. It has a droll appearance to see these sledges drawn up hill by two or four

oxen, and conveying the most elegant company seated on their wooden benches, through the middle of the capital.

In the town, we found some still unfamiliar, and likewise original, modes of conveyance in the form of hammocks and palanquins, in which we were for some hours carried about through the enchanting country. I have already had occasion to speak of the hammock in the commander's unfortunate expedition. The palanquins are long baskets which are carried on a bamboo cane by two bearers; the traveller sits with his back leaning against a soft support, but must stretch out his feet as if he were in bed; over his head there is a Chinese roof with movable curtains which permit the most open view, while they protect him from the sun and rain. In no way can one so thoroughly enjoy the beauties of this most magnificent country as in the gently rocking, luxurious palanquin; the body reclines on a floating couch of rest, whilst the mind is lulled into a state of dreamy delight. One is not jolted as in a carriage, but enjoys quietly and thoughtfully all that the country offers. One ought always to travel either on horseback or in a palanquin; on horseback, one spends hours that may be compared to the rushing, roaring storm: in the palanquin, one is gently borne along, and forgets all the hurry of ever-changing life, like the bird of paradise when he floats in the ether of his Eden.

All other modes of conveyance in this mortal world have their disadvantages. Walking, for example, is decidedly mean, and fatigues both the feet and chest; therefore I have quite abolished it for myself, as not to be employed except in cases of necessity when travelling. Driving can only be commended for the stage-conveyances of the Hungarian peasantry; sledges always involve, as their chief requirement, a cold that freezes one's very heart; railroads are the ruin of all poetry, and the triumph of the most matter-of-fact communism, for men, cattle, and bales of cotton all

stand on the same footing, and all expression of individual wishes becomes annihilated : even to be carried in a hammock, which I tried for a little while, is unpleasant ; for one feels as if caught in a net, sinking down into it completely, has neither view nor air, and can only feel comfortable when asleep ; besides, that to any looker-on, one offers a most ridiculous spectacle, slung there like game on a pole. I still augur something wonderful from attempts at flying ; and if ever the balloon theory should become a reality, I shall devote myself to travelling in the air, and am certain that I shall find in it the perfect concentration of enjoyment. In this discourse on locomotion, I altogether except travelling by sea, which, as an enthusiastic sailor, I naturally rank before everything else, and I confine myself only to conveyances on land or through the air.

I was very glad that we were on this excursion favoured by most splendid weather.

‘*Quien no ha visto Sevilla, no ha visto maravilla,*’ (he who has not seen Seville, has not seen a marvel,) and with pride I can say that I have seen this marvel. ‘*Quien no ha visto Lisboa no ha visto cosa boa,*’ (he who has not seen Lisbon has not seen a good thing,) and I have seen this good thing. ‘*Quien no ha visto Granada no ha visto cosa nada,*’ (he who has not seen Granada has seen nothing.) And with satisfaction I can say that I have not this reproach to make to myself ; for well do I know Granada and its Alhambra. But I have also seen Madeira, and I exclaim with enthusiasm, ‘*Quien ha visto Madeira otra cosa no chiera,*’ (he who has seen Madeira desires nothing more.)

The cemetery at Funchal stands in its principal street exactly opposite to an hospital, not a very cheerful prospect for the poor sick people. As we passed that way, and as I like to walk among graves, we visited it. As we came to one of the new white tombs I saw my companion, young Bianchi,

turn pale, and heard him sob. It was the fresh grave in which had been laid one month ago his eldest brother, a promising young man, for whom the numerous members of the patriarchal family were still in the deepest mourning. The handsome old lady with her venerable silver hair, seems to be quite heart-broken by this loss: for since that time, an expression of deep melancholy has never left her dark expressive eyes, and this touching look of sorrow breaks painfully even through a momentary smile.

Her poor son certainly lost his life in a very sad manner. His parents had sent him on affairs of trade to the plantations in America, where a bright future would soon have opened before the active, vigorous young man; but so it was not to be. Either in a fit of rage or out of revenge, a negro gave young Bianchi one of those butts with his head for which the negroes are notorious, and from which no one recovers. Bianchi began to fall ill; everything was tried, but he died a year after, in the arms of his afflicted parents.

My young companion gathered a beautifully blooming rose for me from one of the graves; and with this melancholy remembrance, we quitted the cypress-shadowed cemetery, to return, in the bright, clear, evening air, to the villa of our kind host. The parting with these amiable, true-hearted people, their lovely world of flowers, their exquisite and peaceful Eden, was very painful to me.

With my fragrant rose, plucked from the peaceful grave, I bade adieu to this island which never can be forgotten, and on which, seven months after, closed a life, once destined to establish for ever the calm, sure happiness of mine.



ALGIERS.



ALGIERS.

July 18, 1852.

ALGIERS has become a watchword for France; so that in these days, it is placed at the head of every proclamation, whether by the Napoleon, the Orleans, or the Bourbon party; and alike whether the intention be to perplex, or to benefit, those who are addressed.

The first impression given by the exterior of the city, has been compared to that given by a new quarry; but with its white houses, which ascend even to the top of the mountain, it may rather be said to resemble the worn-out and cobweb-covered decorations appropriate to a corsair-ballet at a theatre. From the sea, as we first beheld it on a beautiful summer morning, it is neither a handsome nor even a pretty city, but bare and dusty, yet very unusual in appearance; and the effect, so soon as one enters the harbour, is almost perplexing. It seems to me rather to resemble an aged Moor in his second childhood, with his white turban and burnous, venerable countenance, and flowing silver beard, upon whom some mischievous young people have put checked trowsers and polished boots whilst they teach him to dance the polka, and make fun of his mistakes and fatigue, although terribly frightened in their inmost hearts at the wild looks of the antique dancer.

The higher portion of the city, which runs up into a pyramidal form, is Moorish in its every feature; whilst near the coast, a miniature Paris has sprung up with fabulous rapidity, although on all sides it comes to a check, proving thereby that everything in this world must

have its time. Large, broad streets are to be seen with immense houses, that are for hire, built upon arcades ; but then, as compared with the narrow, shaded streets of a Mohammedan city, one has to encounter intolerable heat, annoying dust, and staircases that try, and destroy one's lungs ; one sees the most exquisite fancy shops, with all their elegance of luxury, but finds close beside them dirty booths occupied by the dusky sons of Africa. One sees the carriages and omnibuses of the Champs Élysées, only that instead of Boulevard des Italiens is written Albahr, instead of Bois de Boulogne, Marabuh. One also finds the heavy, dust-covered camel in streets which begin with grand pretensions, and terminate all up hill and down dale ; or one sees large caravans of asses which are pressing forward beneath the tropical sun to bring the ripe fruits of the Atlas mountains to the fashionable Parisian world. One meets the delicate ladies of the Champs Élysées in lace and perfumed pink gloves, flirting *lorettes* and *grisettes*, the *dame de la halle* with her dazzlingly white high cap *à la mère Gozo*, as also the Moorish lady in her loose slippers, enveloped like a mummy ; or the richly gold-bedizened, gaudily painted Jewess with her cornopean shaped head-dress set far back on her head, and her veil depending from it ; or again the Morisco dancing-girl with her wan features fading all too soon ; one finds the *gamin* in his blue blouse in boon companionship with dirty negro boys from Timbuctoo.

The centre of modern Algiers is formed, and its future developement is foreshadowed, by the rather elaborate equestrian statue of the Duke of Orleans in bronze, which stands on the square not yet completed ; near it, in a smaller square, are situated the governor's palace, the cathedral-mosque, and the bazar d'Orléans. In order to reach the harbour from hence, one must go over a break-neck road, of which any fishing village would be ashamed.

The dirt of the desert and the gaudiness of the salon,

Nature in her most primitive form and ultra-civilization, perfumes and disgusting odours, here meet in full force.

The entrance to the harbour is not very wide. It is only completely protected from the sea on one side ; but it may be termed a real Roman piece of workmanship. It is altogether artificial, and yet large enough to be able to shelter twenty-five ships of the line within its santorin arms. Blocks of santorin were poured into wooden cases ; and by means of peculiar steam machinery, these were lowered to the bottom of the sea, to form the foundation of a wall of protection, which in a wonderfully short time became high enough for the waves to break against. The sea swallowed many millions of money, but France obtained a secure harbour on the coast of Africa. Having been used this year for the first time by the French fleet as an experiment, there lay in it several very fine steamers which perform the rapid service to Marseilles in forty-eight hours. A crowd of merchant vessels bore evidence to the flourishing trade of Algiers, and a small corvette lying in the harbour as the guard-ship saluted us on our arrival. We immediately visited the town, which was especially interesting to me in two points of view ; first, as a portion of that French Empire which I unfortunately only know by description ; and secondly, because of its situation in Africa, a continent to which I was a stranger ; for my short visit at Tangiers can scarcely be reckoned for anything. I quickly perceived the superficial luxury of France in the tasteful shops which extend in long and pretty rows beneath the arcades of the houses, and offer to the eye a hundred tempting trifles in pleasing variety. Everything is to be found here from the most delicate and exquisite working in gold, in which has been adopted something of the Moorish style of ornamentation, to the choicest dainties for the table. Articles for the toilette, tobacconists' and print-sellers' shops ; warehouses for fancy goods, furriers' and saddlers' shops, hair-

dressers', booksellers' and shops of curiosities—all that can be required by modern life, is here displayed in a brilliant dazzling row, along the lower stories of this city of Barbary. One admires the gigantic painted placards which are everywhere to be seen on the walls—that art of advertising, so peculiarly French, for making the mouth of the inexperienced to water by high-sounding words and imposing phrases, and exciting in him the desire to make purchases.

Amid genuine African heat, we toiled laboriously over the road mentioned before, passed a mosque, and so up to the square on which the monument stands. This equestrian statue of the Duke of Orleans is refined and graceful; but in no way either imposing or grand. With his cocked hat placed sideways on his curly head, the handsome young man of modern times sits, sword in hand, on a richly-dressed Arab, while on the pedestal two bas-reliefs represent the deeds of the Duke in the hideous uniform of the French army of the nineteenth century. The well-shaped, active horse is the handsomest part of the whole. As a statuette in a boudoir the monument would be very pretty.

We went to the cathedral to hear mass, this being Sunday. The principal mosque is changed into a cathedral, which naturally strikes one as being in rather bad taste. Minarets and bells, horse-shoe arches and the organ and choir, the cross and Moorish ornaments, are altogether out of keeping with each other. Moreover, the building is in itself not handsome, as the ancient Moorish architecture appears to have been simple and devoid of ornament; whilst upon it have been grafted decorations which do not belong to any style. The cathedral-mosque, so I shall call it, has in it therefore nothing to excite or elevate the pious soul, and this deficiency is still further increased by the hiring of chairs, and the moving of them hither and thither, also by the police who (dressed in green uniform with monster hats, unkempt

beards and clubs) act the part of gigantic porters; as also by the whole theatrical mode of conducting divine service. It was a high mass. I hired a seat for a sou; and looked on, I grieve to confess, without any feeling of devotion, at the novel scene. The priests appeared in the solemn procession with large beards and flowing trains: before them a herald, resembling one belonging to the Middle Ages, dressed in coloured silk, with a cap on his head; during the whole time of the service, a number of boys dressed like cardinals in surplices went through all kinds of prescribed evolutions, at signals, given by clapping of hands, with laughable regularity and precision, as though they were a company of soldiers. Mass began; and with it the true music of the spheres, the instruments consisting of a harmonium, violoncello and bass-viol, a really successful concert. During mass, a procession of boys appeared, carrying loaves of bread on a tray, an idea taken from the tabernacle of the Israelites: the bread was blessed, and then divided into small portions among the congregation, who behaved on the occasion in a rather unseemly and greedy manner. Well-dressed gentlemen in kid gloves also carried round boxes to make a collection for the poor. All was done with an air of ostentation, not pleasant to those who were unused to it; the music alone was elevating in its effect and was worthy of imitation. Inside the church, there are confessionals with inscriptions which announce the name and nation of the father confessor; among them I found a German. There is generally in Algiers much of the Alsatian, and therefore of the German element; and we frequently heard our native tongue spoken in the streets. Where are not Germans to be found? They sever themselves so easily from their fatherland, and one has reason to rejoice if they at least talk German in their distant homes. Like Kotzebue's young squire, I was very much struck by hearing

the children and commonest people talk French: we only know this language as the language of the salons; therefore in Vienna at least, thank Heaven! it will disappear by degrees, for the Court speaks German as much as possible, as the Emperor with a true sense of what is due to himself does not like the French language; and yet how easily do French expressions flow from one's lips and pen!

In the immediate vicinity of the still unfinished cathedral-mosque (which is endangered by a great rent in it) lies the bazar d'Orléans, one of those oriental streets of covered booths of which Smyrna possesses a whole town. The street in this city presents in its few shops a rich and interesting collection of oriental goods. Choice Damascus blades; handsome white and brown burnous—poetical and picturesque dress of Africa; silver scent-bottles, from which the Moor showers rose-water; gold-embroidered silk stuffs and dainty slippers for the harem; cabinets and chairs inlaid with mother of pearl; turban kerchiefs; the house furniture of the wild Kabyles; utensils of clay and brass from Tangiers; splendid carpets and downy cushions brodered with silk for the luxurious divan; bracelets and necklaces of gold, silver, and coral; pastilles du sérail for the voluptuous Pacha; Bedouin fans of fine straw; ostrich feathers and ostrich eggs with a rich netting around them, and verses from the Koran painted on them; in a word, all the hundreds and hundreds of objects which gratify the truly epicurean love of display prevalent in cities, or which owe their mysterious, poetic origin to the weird desert or to the unknown interior of this sultry continent.

We laugh at savages who are enchanted with our beads and looking-glasses; yet, full of avidity for whatever is foreign, we adorn our saloons with Chinese mannikins, and our libraries with toys from the wild desert, urged thereto by the powerful, yet often unconscious, propensity for barter which pervades the human race, ever greedy for

increased knowledge. I passed many pleasant hours among these objects, and carried a great number of them back to my ship, that I might decorate my villa in Trieste with them.

The ancient portion of the city, which is built on the hill, is, with its Moorish tone of colour, very interesting and very original. So long as the tremendous July heat would permit, we walked about; and were rewarded for our trouble and uncomfortable warmth by many striking and characteristic scenes.

The streets (if one may give that name to the small hilly paths which intersect one another) are often so narrow that two people can scarcely walk side by side in comfort: they are very dirty, and are pervaded by the peculiar oriental or Mohammedan odour which the traveller recognises with calm submission in Dalmatia, Greece, Asia Minor, and Africa, wherever the palm-tree waves and the myrtle blooms. Many of these streets, owing to their narrowness and to the overhanging first-floors of the houses built upon buttresses, are enveloped in eternal shadow; and in their darkness they at least afford some coolness. At the same time, one sees the most picturesque house-decorations, surpassing all that fancy could imagine, in their confusion, in which decayed beams, ruinous walls, dilapidated roofs, combine to form a picture of the dirty, lazy, yet picturesque, imperturbable, easy-going life of the fatalist in the shattered East. According to Mohammedan custom, established through jealousy, scarcely any windows, and only the doors of the court-yards, open on these narrow lanes. It is through these mysterious doors alone that the women emerge from their inner life of concealment behind wall and veil, to walk to the bazaar on business, or to go to the coffee-house in the 'Keff.'

Three sorts of figures may be seen in these dusky lanes of houses. One set, shrouded in long white sheets,

and showing only one eye, glide rapidly and unsteadily as phantoms round the angles of the cross-roads, and vanish immediately within some of the ruined gate-ways or round the corner of one of the houses, leaving not a trace behind. A stranger remains lost in uncertainty as to who these masked figures may be: these are the Moorish ladies. The second, in turban, well dressed beard, bright fair complexion, graceful burnous, richly embroidered spenser, wide trousers hanging down over the knee, and pretty leather slippers, walk proudly and slowly with the calm dignity of aristocracy: these are the noble Moors, the former lords of Granada and Palermo, the handsome descendants of the poetical, chivalrous people who in the fourteenth century held in their hands the flowers of art and science. The third class of figures belongs to the lower orders, and is composed of the busy working people, with sunburnt limbs, dressed in dirty, oriental garments. Among these I count the negro slaves, who were now all making holiday, for it was the close of the strict fast of Ramazan; and they were to be seen expressing their festive joy like Bacchantes, in wild dances to which cymbals and tambourines formed an accompaniment. The loud shouts of the dancers echoed far through the streets. Madness seemed to have seized on these people, who had become excited by the fast, for the clapping noise made by the metal instruments never ceased. The black women have a peculiar and original appearance, from their dreadful ugliness. Almost all of them are immensely tall, they wear a bluish-grey dress, bangles on their arms and feet, and for the most part their broad, frightful, camel-like faces are tattooed. The large pendent bosom also contributes to make their appearance quite repulsive.

Another sight in the narrow lanes of this Moorish city is the enormous number of children, who in their many-coloured oriental dresses run about in the mire before the

doors of their houses. Conspicuous among these are the Jewish children, whose nails and hair are dyed with henna as soon as they are born, and who are generally very richly dressed. The Jewesses, with their pointed caps set far back on their heads, their glossy silk attire of various colours and gold chains, have a great reputation for beauty. I discovered that they rendered their high Semitic features (which, however, are too sharp for my taste) rather too piquant by the deep painting of their eye-brows and eye-lashes, by which means they acquire a keen expression which is repulsive. Closely-veiled Moorish women with gaudy kerchiefs bound flauntily around their heads, and with very transparent dresses on the upper part of the figure, seek to vie with their light-minded Parisian sisters.

The heat which poured down upon the city, and exhausted all energy and power of reflection, drove us back on board with its fiery scourge; there the Governor-general Randon with his staff and the Préfet-civil M. de Mercy visited me.

July 19, 1852.

The Governor-general resides in the palace that belonged to the family of the former Bey. It is not large, and is built outside in the Morisco-Venetian, and inside completely in the Moorish style, windows with pointed arches and little balconies form the façade, and remind one of the light graceful architecture of the incomparable Canal grande. A court with airy colonnades upon which all the apartments open, recalls, without equalling it, the enchanting Alcázar of Seville. French luxury has painted and gilded the pillars of the court; and as in this place Europe and Africa meet everywhere in strange contrast, numerous jets of gas illumine this centre of the Moorish palace. On the occasion of entertainments, as they were given at the time when my cousin d'Aumale was viceroy,

these brilliantly lighted halls, through which the graceful Parisian and the picturesque Algerian floated to the strains of sweet music, must have presented a very grand appearance.

The reception-hall unites the two heterogeneous elements in an ingenious manner. From the richly carved and gaily painted wooden ceiling of the Caliphs' palace, hang the bronze candelabra of the Parisian saloons with their glittering crystals: on the walls, one sees side by side the fine stucco-work of the Alhambra, with its hundred arabesques, and the large, clear mirrors of Lyons manufacture, whilst comfortable and luxurious furniture invites the company to be seated after the European fashion.

The Governor is now in the country at Marabuh, the *villeggiatura* of the wealthy Algerians, and we drove thither to pay him our return visit. A very good road (on which one meets omnibuses filled with men in blouses, Moors, Jews, and veiled women, as also the slow caravans of camels from the desert) leads to Marabuh which lies amid fresh green trees and shrubs on the mountain spur which runs down to the sea to the left of Algiers. The Governor's house is whitewashed on the outside; and is, like all genuine Moorish houses, without windows and like a prison. It stands in the centre of a beautifully kept garden filled with the rarest plants and choicest flowers; and has an extensive and lovely view over the garden-covered slope to the sea, from which, at regular intervals, the cool and invigorating breeze blows upon this Algerian Trianon. One enjoys the prospect from an airy hall supported by columns, with green transparent lattices, in front of which plays a fountain. Into this hall a charming and richly ornamented little room opens, which is, according to oriental custom, raised one step, and contains softly swelling divans with beautiful tapestry-work, while delicately-painted ostrich eggs (the Eastern charm against the evil eye) depend from

the dome ornamented with arabesques, where the light streams in through coloured glass. This apartment, with its wealth of colour, of carving, and of panelling, is called by the Moors Marabuh ; it is the state-room of the house, the throne of its possessor, the gem of his treasures. Here, fanned by the sea-breeze, listening to the splashing of the fountains, surrounded by the perfumes of roses and jasmine, the Moor enjoys his small cup of black coffee and his narghili.

The good-natured Governor received us in a bower at the door of his house, and conducted us to this Marabuh of poesy, where during our friendly conversation he offered us various Southern fruits and some excellent, well-cooled champagne, whilst a military band, stationed in the garden, delighted our ears with music. In this lovely garden, which is filled with every kind of Southern plant, and which was still fresh-looking and green, notwithstanding the July heat, the owner feeds a little herd of gentle gazelles (whose native home is just behind the Atlas mountains) with flowers, a very appetising and poetical diet. From Marabuh, we drove to the Kasba, the citadel or capital of Algiers, where the rapacious Beys used to reside, and which is now used as a barrack or fort : it is a large collection of fortified buildings on the top of the hill in the city.

The palatial apartments of the sovereigns, in which only some few relics of former splendour linger on the painted panels, a mosque, baths, cisterns, and terraces, join each other in oriental confusion around the Kasba, and form a world for a poet ; every corner is now occupied by troops, and indeed by Zouaves ; French soldiers in Eastern costume, in light blue turbans, dark blue jackets, a sash, wide red trowsers, and laced shoes ; all of which look very pretty, but are not in harmony with Frenchmen and their refined language.

This terribly hot climate is adverse to a regular military

uniform, and it would perhaps be advisable if all bodies of troops were to adopt this useful oriental costume as the result of circumstances.

The infantry, who are in French uniform, are chiefly small men, wear blue coats, red trowsers which hang in folds, and white leather accoutrements, and have, in common with the whole African force, light-blue neckties and embroidered caps, which are provided with large leather peaks, that are turned a little upwards. The regular cavalry wear the same dress, but with the added pleasure of having trowsers with leather mountings; and they walk through the streets dragging along their clanking sabres. The foreign legion is distinguished by a dark green robe and black accoutrements; they serve as food for the bad climate, and are thrown to the Bedouins as the first morsel, from which these latter frequently get an attack of indigestion that ends mortally.

The finest troops are the Spahis horse, who with the exception of the officers, commissioned and non-commissioned, are all natives. They wear the white dress of the Bedouins, the turban with the camel's-hair cord wound round it, a loose red and white burnous, high boots of undressed leather, with sharp, immense spurs, a sabre, and long carbine, like their untamed brethren. Their officers, however, wear the European dress; red trowsers, light-blue spencers with black hussar lace, a sword and dagger, and the everlasting red cap.

Great disorder and want of cleanliness prevail within the precincts of the Kasba. The Marabuh of the unfortunate Bey is an interesting spot: there, in a fit of despotic rage, he struck the French Consul with a fan; to which blow, France owes her possession of Algiers, but owes also the loss of many thousand human lives, and many millions of francs. Algiers is a sort of safety-valve to France; it carries off her bad blood, but takes also some

of the good with it ; up to the present time, it has been an uncertain possession, yet a field of action for French bravery and for untried theories.

The prospect from the Kasba is rather curious than pretty ; one sees the toy-like houses at one's feet, and the eye darts from terrace to terrace : here, at sunset, one has a complete view of Moorish life, throughout the whole distance down to the harbour and the blue ocean ; could one raise those terrace roofs one might find materials for a whole volume.

In the city we visited the mosque, which stands on the break-neck road leading from the harbour to the principal square. There is nothing remarkable in it ; in its simple, unadorned arrangements it is like the mosques of Asia Minor. Before we entered, we were obliged to take off our shoes at the fountain for ablutions. Some Moors were occupied at the moment in offering their evening prayers, during which they prostrated themselves in all sorts of postures, touched the ground with their foreheads several times, and then sprang up again. This ceremony they repeated in three different parts of the church, and in so doing approached the spot where the representation of Mecca is placed in the direction of that city, in a niche covered with tapestry. Beside this niche, is a little wooden pulpit painted in gay colours and with a high pointed top ; an open staircase leads up to it ; from it the Dervish reads the Koran.

Behind the mosque is a terrace where one may rest very pleasantly after prayers, and the faithful were reclining on the parapet and gazing out into the distance, over the sunlit, golden sea. It tends to devotion that one should, from the house of God, have a view of the beauties of creation ; these illustrate the scarce-concluded prayer, and the soul, attuned to what is pure, becomes susceptible of consolatory and hope-giving impressions.

In the evening, we drove in the Jardin de Marengo, a very pretty, well-kept pleasure-ground on the hilly spur of Algiers, just outside the city. This is the resort of the fashionable world who, in graceful Parisian dress, promenade among palms and oleanders, to the sound of a military band, or sit amid the shade of exotic plants on chairs which are for hire. But that which stands prominent in this peaceful garden, as the token of French vanity, and which, like everything else Algerian, was taken by the Bourbons from the Bey, is the Marengo column surmounted by the imperial eagle, and with the entire list of the great Emperor's battles enumerated on it; perhaps for this reason, that he was the uncle of a nephew, who it is true, for the welfare of France, is not endowed with the martial genius of that uncle, but who evinces on every occasion the mighty spirit of the ruling statesman of his age.

July 20, 1852.

We started this morning at four o'clock, to make an excursion into the interior of the country. We drove in two small, light carriages, which, since the institution of roads, have been used as means of locomotion instead of the ship of the desert, or the homely and phlegmatic ass. Algiers still lay in deep sleep: at the entrance of the principal street, the heaven-deserted camel was still reposing beside the little tent which the sons of the desert had pitched next to the Parisian houses; it was not yet light; a fresh breeze from the sea heightened the peaceful and reviving effect of the morning twilight, and in gay spirits we drove past Marabuh over the hilly range on which Algiers with its villas and gardens is situated; bade adieu to the city with its picturesque environs, and rolled down into the broad extensive plain of Blidah, which, with its low myrtle shrubs (cover for the wild boar and even for some few lions and leopards, but more frequently for the

cowardly hyena) and with its isolated village colonies (surrounded by the industrious hands of the settlers with cultivation), extends to the foot of the smaller mountains of the Atlas chain. In traversing this vast burning plain, the security of which is the first successful step of the French regiments (since ten years ago, on account of the savage Bedouins, no one could venture to Blidah, except with a strong escort), the grandly-conceived pictures of Horace Vernet present themselves before one on all sides. On the level, yellow, sun-scorched earth, surrounded by confused brushwood, beneath the blue vault of the sky literally saturated with heat, one beholds the dusky Bedouin shrouded in his light white raiment, walking carefully beside his laden camel; the slender Arab girl with her clay pitcher on her shoulder, moving along proudly yet lightly, and expects to see the roaring, terrible king of the desert suddenly bound with one tremendous spring from the thicket into the midst of this primitive picture of nature.

Scarcely has one quitted the streets of Algiers, before, with a strange feeling of delight, one finds oneself in the midst of glowing, romantic Africa; where dull, wearisome civilisation only appears in the form of a *gamin*, clad in rags, who runs bragging along the road singing the Marseillaise. Some few half-fallen wooden and stone houses, with inscriptions in large letters inviting the passer-by to enjoy some brandy, and in which poor colonists live with their families in great disorder; which promise something of all the necessaries of life, and afford really nothing of any; some few batches of houses in comparison with which a Hungarian village is like a royal borough (but which boast a coffee-house and a billiard table, names of streets and squares, and proclamations issued by the mayor pasted on the walls of the houses, in which the citizens are courteously invited to peace and brotherly harmony with

the most recently imported or exported Decembrists), form on this high road the pillars of civilisation. A peculiar, sadly-dubious tincture of haste rests on this French civilisation, and the heart of the spectator longs for the wild, poetic tribe of Bedouins. Everything has been erected hurriedly and temporarily; the shell has no kernel, and everywhere one perceives that experiments are being tried; the only well-executed works are the good roads, which may indeed, if judiciously employed, become the very arteries of life. But how much do not the French boast of these roads, in regard to which they place themselves by the side of the colonising Romans? Yet the Romans were an iron race, and had not, like the French, champagne in their veins.

In this respect, the English possess more of the Roman character; they colonize their acquired territories on fixed principles and build on a firm foundation. The Frenchman shows himself here as a brave conqueror; may he also prove himself one who preserves and improves! The German likewise is a good colonist; but only as one who earns a settlement by the sweat of his brow, not as a ruler, like the self-sufficing Briton.

A large number of storks standing on one leg, who were enjoying their peaceful morning nap on the green plain with the gravity of old pedants, were the first objects of interest that we saw. As genuine tourists, we thought it worth our while to quit our carriage and to steal up as closely as possible to the phlegmatic birds; who knows how many old acquaintances might not have been among them? Once, as I was travelling to Prague, several storks flew close over our railway train whilst we were in the dull country in Moravia; perhaps they were these same birds, that now, in the plains of Blidah, we were disturbing in their sleep. Unfortunately, the sight of any four-footed beasts of prey did not fall to our share during our journey, although the French gaillards talk a great deal of the lions

and leopards which they, like modern Hercules, have captured, either to give as presents to the Jardin des Plantes, or to set on the dinner-table before the officers, from whose lips we afterwards heard the same thing in Blidah: even the flesh of the hyæna and other vermin was eaten and praised; good appetites, truly!

Half-way to Blidah, we stopped at a rather larger village; but it was also, whilst still in its infancy, falling into decay, owing to the hurry and haste with which it had been built: its modern town-houses, in the midst of all their Bedouin surroundings, have an unpleasing effect. These ruinous buildings are not suited to this burning climate, of the effect of which we began to feel conscious.

Our horses were watered before the doors of an attractive restaurant, the saloon of which was ornamented by the deeds of the First Napoleon. An escort, which was here waiting to accompany us to Blidah, we left behind with many thanks. We arrived at that little town at eleven o'clock in the morning; it is situated quite near the mountains, and is built half in the Moorish, and half in the French style: the French contributed a large barrack to Blidah—the Moors the grave of a holy Marabuh (as the successors of the Prophet are called), placed beneath a splendid group of trees.

General C——, commanding the division—a man of colossal stature, yet of unpretending exterior, and possessed of much sound common-sense—with the officers of his staff, received us in his low, whitewashed, Moorish house, and gave us an invitation to breakfast, which we gratefully accepted. C——'s house is furnished camp-fashion, or rather not at all; his real saloon is a cool arbour beneath the shade of green trees, washed by the ripples of a merry, babbling stream. The breakfast, composed of a large number of dishes (unfortunately by no means very good), and of several sorts of fruit, belonged to the rough camp

life; it did not say much for the civilised customs of the French. Blustering was in the ascendancy. While the officers told their tales of wonder, C—— thundered at his servants, who were attending upon us in their shirt-sleeves; meanwhile the champagne corks flew merrily around. The company was as motley as in Wallenstein's camp; among other striking figures we discovered a Colonel von L——, who was talking German, a relation to our Master of the Ordnance: as commander of the Spahis of this division, he wore the black-laced blue spencer, and the red plaited trowsers, which became his dyed beard and rouged cheeks admirably. He was a hoary would-be youth, full of military pretension—a sort of graceful adventurer, making his livelihood by fighting. I do not like these soldiers of fortune, who sell their frivolous lives, and merely exist from day to day. For honour, a man should give his property, and his blood, at the required moment; but to wander about the world with arms, without any noble aim in view, is contrary to all my feelings. In such society, which speaks scorn of straightforward, simple life, I always feel very uncomfortable, and this oppressive state of mind took possession of me to-day.

A Fénelon, who is an officer on the staff of the Spahis, and great-nephew of the celebrated Prince of the Church, also spoke our language with tolerable fluency: this fashion of learning German, formerly unheard-of in France, began in the time of Louis-Philippe. He told us that he had tamed an Algerian lion like a dog, and kept him for a long while about his person, but afterwards sent him to the Jardin des Plantes: after a considerable time had elapsed, he came to Paris and visited his nursling there, when, behold! the lion recognised him, and, to the astonishment and shuddering delight of the fine ladies of Paris, the bold descendant of the Prince of the Church

entered the cage and played, like another Van Acken, with the overjoyed child of the desert. I did not witness the scene, but the gentlemen assured me, that here it was not uncommon to tame these beasts completely; and that only two or three days ago a Marabuh had passed through Blidah with his lions walking around him at perfect liberty. It is not known what means the Marabuh employs for taming these wild beasts and rendering them harmless; but it is said that during the process their eyes become weak, and they move about as if they were drunk.

I must notice one more figure at C——'s round table, the officer in command of the foreign legion, a pale red-haired Corsiote, the perfect image of a Condottiere, who makes himself talked of, by his daring courage and bravery. He inherited the hot soldier's blood of his father, one of the Palikari of the Greek War of Independence; and when the profession of arms became dull at home, he came forth into the wide world to take service under the tricolor of France against the free tribes of Africa. He has the shrewd, restless, fiery Greek eye, but his tongue has already learnt to sing the lays of his own fame after the French fashion. King Otho, who could no longer reward the valiant father, ornamented the breast of the son with the Cross of the Redeemer.

After a long breakfast, cigars were smoked in the cool harbour by the side of the murmuring brook: and I heard from the lips of the gigantic French trooper, an eulogium on the cloisters in Algiers; how they are of such service for education, nursing of the sick, and spread of civilisation; and, indeed, he even spoke well of the Jesuits.

Religion does not celebrate its triumphs in saloons: but there, where higher sacrifices are needful—there, where the force of arms may not extend—there is its reality to be proved; and one looks with admiration on the men who cast their lives from them for the diffusion of Christianity

and for the sake of those virtues which follow in its train. The sun stood at its zenith when we quitted Blidah, to press forward with our Spahis' escort into the Atlas Mountains. The heat was scorching; the officer in command of the escort was seized with cramps; the Maréchal de Cogis, a Frenchman who had become a naturalised Bedouin, with a fine red beard, received a hurt from the pommel of his high oriental saddle, and became ill; I myself felt very uncomfortable: in a word, either the beams of the African July sun, or the breakfast, appeared to have a bad effect. Our watchword was 'Medeah,' our parole 'Yusuf'—the renowned Yusuf whom the witty Pückler has described so well in his glowing tales of love and war, and who is now general in Medeah. We left our disabled Frenchman in the care of a colony of villagers, and proceeded on our way, the Bedouin government servants accompanying us. These dusky men, with their tiger-like appearance, looking as if cast in bronze, with their long oval faces, sparkling eyes, sharp, receding foreheads, aristocratic noses, and long teeth of dazzling whiteness, bore the heat in an incredible manner. On their small, thin, light-footed Arabs, they never failed to surround our carriage, which travelled at a trot, and their burnous floated picturesquely over their brown sinewy arms and glittering weapons.

At the foot of the Atlas Mountains we saw, quite close to us, a flock of African lammergeyers, sitting in the broad bed of a stream which was enlivened by oleander-bushes in blossom: these enormous birds appeared to be taking their mid-day repose, and it was not until our close proximity might have become dangerous to them that they rose majestically in the air. For a long time we saw them hovering in the deep blue atmosphere above our heads. The monkeys, which live on the heights of the narrow pass of Schiffa, into which we now turned, are less sociable, and not one allowed himself to be seen.

One imagines the Pass of Schiffa, by which the excellent and scientifically-constructed road winds through the Lesser Atlas, to be, like the whole of Africa, rough, barren, and desert-like. But this is no broad expanse of sand, with here and there an isolated palm rising up with parched looks into the glowing ether, beneath whose scanty shade the Bedouin lies in wait with his long gun: no! Atlas is green and luxuriant as the Alps; noble oaks and a hundred varied shrubs adorn its romantic rocks, whilst countless waterfalls, fringed with ferns, shed their delightful and refreshing influence over the picturesque defile. Africa is a richly-endowed continent: the latest travellers ever find on all sides treasures of nature, promising a bright future; almost everywhere, water and a rich and fruitful soil are found; and the immense desert, the so-called Great Sahara, does not exist to such an extent as geographers have represented. On the contrary, one is aware of large cities such as Timbuctoo; and only of various tracts of desert (which, however, do not cover the whole large expanse), that present a difficulty to those who make maps, and throw a convenient mantle over ignorance. Africa is an uncultivated country, which wants hands but not capabilities. This defile, with its clear rushing streams, with its rich green woods, is so beautiful that one might fancy oneself transported into Styria, if a Bedouin did not suddenly appear to dispel the illusion. After winding for a long while around the rocks, and crossing the river several times, we came to a lofty, open mountain-district, which reminded us of our Alps.

Here some artillery horses were given to us; and numerous horsemen (among them the Sheiks, with their scarlet cloaks, their gold ornaments, and rich weapons, were conspicuous) rushed to meet us, and rendered our train numerous and splendid. On the heights, tribes of Bedouins appeared on foot with yellow or yellow-and-green

banners; and, as in the guerilla warfare, fired their long muskets to the sound of the peculiarly shrill, guttural tones, which they produce by striking their hands quickly on their mouths as they emit a monotonous sound. Yusuf, a true son of the East, had aroused the whole of the country subject to him, to receive us in a friendly manner; and the warlike troops on the sunny heights crowned with shrubs of green, the trains of glittering horsemen, the brilliance of the nomadic Bedouins, presented, in truth, a scene of incomparable beauty. But as pride and a fall are always very near each other, so the salvos of the mountain tribes and the waving of their banners were near frightening our sturdy artillery-horses, and we should have preferred admiring the people in a less excited state of mind.

After passing a little encampment of Bedouins, we reached the summit of the road: here, mounted on an Arab of the purest breed, enveloped in a cloud of dust upon which the sun shone brightly, a general, with a plume and star, came riding quickly towards us, at the head of a large and brilliant staff: it was Yusuf, the one really chivalrous being in Algeria. The troops halted; a beautifully-accoutred, magnificent white horse was brought for me, and away we went towards Medeah. I turned to Yusuf, and assured him that his renowned name and his brilliant fame in warfare were familiar to me. I ventured to mention Pückler: 'On n'écrit pas tout ce qu'on vous raconte,' replied the son of the South; 'le prince Pückler,' added he, with a self-satisfied smile, 'm'a fait bien du tort par son ouvrage.' He confirmed the story of Pückler, and therefore I recommend Semilasso's 'Vorletzten Weltgang' to all those who wish to learn more of the General's life; and am certain that everyone will envy me for having been personally acquainted with the hero of those noble adventures of love and war. I will but permit myself to add some few brief particulars.

When Pückler first became acquainted with Yusuf, he was still Bey of Bona, commander of the Spahis (at that time composed entirely of Arabs), and above all, still a Mussulman, for which reason he wore the picturesque, flowing, oriental dress, covered with jewels. In order to make himself popular in the city confided to his care, he had married the daughter of a wealthy and respectable Mohammedan, proprietor of a coffeehouse, and was a brave and faithful Mussulman holding service under France. He served zealously that country which, after his flight from Tunis, had received him into the ranks of her soldiery, where the ardent adorer of the unhappy daughter of the ruler of Tunis acquired fame and honour. But, as a Mussulman, he still remained the serf of France: to open a free course for himself, it was necessary for him to become a Frenchman. His wife died at the opportune moment; and his warm heart became enchained by the charming daughter of the commissary-general of the army in Algiers, a perfect Parisian, full of grace and amiability. That he might win her, the handsome Yusuf, who had been advanced to the rank of general, allowed himself to be baptized in his uniform as a French commander. His new religion procured for him a wife, and the citizenship of France: Pückler's enchanting hero of romance was transformed into a red-trousered general of brigade; his flowing beard was clipped, the hair of his head allowed to grow, the oriental mode of sitting abolished, and the free child of war and adventure was obliged to go to the schoolroom of refined manners, so-called. 'C'est un tigre dompté par Madame Yusuf, qui ne se montre terrible que dans la jalousie,' was the remark made to me by M. Mercy, the courteous prefect of Algiers. But how did Yusuf reconcile himself to all this? Such things break the spirit of ordinary people, but he is a being richly endowed by nature. He became French in his speech, in all the

courtesies of life, in scientific education, in his impassive (I might say diplomatic) bearing; he remained still the noble-hearted fiery oriental in his bravery, in his keen penetrating intellect, in his fascinating natural simplicity, in his lavish hospitality, which he exercises in a princely manner, with a real love for splendour and festivity; and combining all this with a striking and brilliant exterior, in the eyes of a foreigner he surpasses and throws into the shade all his companions of civilised birth, whose love and esteem, however, he knows how to retain: for he is brave as a lion, and wise as a serpent, both of which qualities the French adore. He never appears like a parvenu, for he himself talks of his past life; he rather gives me the impression that the French are receiving a favour in his services, and that he stands free and independent on his own self-created foundation. I regret not having seen him in the splendid Moorish dress; he must have been wonderfully handsome, and the turban must have added advantageously to his stature, which is rather short. He has only retained from the Mohammedans an aversion to wine and a great love of smoking, and if he can but sit cross-legged, he does not scruple to show that he enjoys it. The only thing that still often reminds one of the tiger, is the deep, dark, fiery look in his eyes: when these eyes kindle beneath the black beetling brows, and the row of dazzlingly white teeth gleam in the coal-black beard, a shudder might run through one's veins; but one is reassured by thoughts of the soothing influence and teaching of Madame Yusuf.

We galloped on to Medeah, and here made our grand entry (I can, indeed, call it nothing less), for which Yusuf had prepared with all the tokens of honour that he had at command. Two guns fired a salute from the town: the troops formed in line, and the feminine portion of the Bedouin population uttered the guttural shouts that I

have described before, like the yells of a horde of savages. The tribe of the Moabicks, assembled by the General to do honour to the day (who do not breed horses, and who carry on their peculiar trade between the desert and the French settlement on foot), made a great noise with their drums and pipes; and at the moment in which, surrounded by the venerable chiefs of the other tribes who had been summoned, we entered the General's house, which is situated in the grand square, they began a 'fantasia,' a sham fight, with dancing, under the constant fire of long muskets, some of which were loaded with bullets, with an infernal-sounding war-cry as an accompaniment to the drums and pipes, and the hoarse shouts of their veiled spouses.

These fantasias, performed on foot, consist in a series of tiger-like bounds made by the opposing parties at each other, together with firing aimed at the feet of the adversary. Performed in the large square by a great number of Bedouins in white garments, and amid the confusing smoke of the fire from the muskets (the peculiar and principal charm of the performance to the Arab taste), and the shrill noise of the excited populace, the whole scene has a wild, almost awful effect. 'Ce sont leurs jeux qui caractérisent les peuples;' what better then can one expect from the children of the desert than a fantastic, exciting game at battle amid thunder of fire-arms and cries of war?

At the door of her large and handsome reception-room stood Madame Yusuf in the most graceful of Parisian dresses: a small, slight lady, fragile and delicate, but with keen, merry, dark eyes, and endowed with that charming elasticity of figure, that art of ruling—half capricious, half betokening consciousness of her own powers—which is peculiar to delicate and nervous women. It is a strange mystery how this woman, who is by no means pretty, can thus enchain, thus soften, the warrior possessed

of strong passions, and accustomed to victory. She sank down on a rich divan covered with tapestry-work, her feet resting on an enormous lion's skin of wondrous beauty; and very becoming it all was to the gentle little wife of the Mameluke general. After some questions of courtesy, and the usual presentation of my travelling companions, we were permitted to arrange our toilette.

Yusuf had prepared for me a delightful apartment replete with every convenience, and of the most chaste style of beauty. The walls were painted in soft, subdued colours, nearly the same as those of the convent at Gibraltar: the floor, covered with handsome skins and exquisite carpets, reminded one of the East; whilst the comfortable furniture, notwithstanding its partially Moorish form, betrayed its Paris manufacture: some few *étagères* and tables, adorned with choice and interesting nicknacks, completed the cheerful home-like effect.

But the quintessence of all that was delicious was a flask of excellent champagne cooled with ice. Our host, who sent it to me, knew what refreshment would be most desirable in this climate, and after such an excursion; for which I applaud him highly, and will make a note of this custom for future occasions.

The dinner hour approached, the folding-doors were thrown open, and I advanced with the amiable lady of the house on my arm, from the drawing-room into the well-appointed dining-room, where, in the gayest of moods, and in a numerous and agreeable society, we partook of an excellent repast in the French style; and that, in the heart of the Atlas, in an almost desert country, where only a short time ago no one durst venture except under escort of numerous bayonets; in a house which, erected by Moors, concealed only a short time since the deep secrets of the harem.

Such changes can only be wrought out by a Yusuf who

has grown up in these countries and who acknowledges no difficulties: in everything in which taste and comfort were concerned, doubtless Madame assisted him.

Of the original Moorish house, the court with its arcades, a fountain, and some green shrubs, still remain undisturbed. Handsome but strange-looking herons walk about them with proud and sage looks, whilst a gentle large-eyed gazelle, with silver tips on its horns, bounds gracefully about the galleries.

Of the excellent dishes at dinner, at which we were still sitting, I will only mention a delicious roast gazelle, delicate, and pleasant in smell, white as snow, which excelled both roe and buck in flavour, and which, by its excellence, made one forget all sentimentalities regarding the flowery diet of the slaughtered animal. The savoury dishes were served by a handsome negro in a rich gold-embroidered dress. It pleases my fancy to see these extravagances of nature around me—Moors, dwarfs, Haiducks, and court-fools. Certainly they are not adapted to our present utilitarian age; for the negro, according to our refined ideas, would cost a great deal, and bring very little in return, and only, like a peacock in a poultry-yard, prove the wealth of the establishment. At the Prussian Court alone have I ever seen similar favourites; amongst them a charming little Chinese, and a still more extraordinary literary favourite of the King.

After dinner a numerous company assembled in Yusuf's cheerful and brilliantly-lighted drawing-room. All who had the slightest pretensions to be in office appeared, and some even brought their wives. But the most remarkable ornament of the drawing-room were the Sheiks of the tribes who had been summoned to Medeah. They were seated on two large divans, the grim lion's skins at their feet, and were dressed in their scarlet mantles, the graceful white burnous folded round the grave figure, immoveable, not uttering a

single word—like the Roman senators, when, seated like statues in their curule chairs, they received the hordes of Gauls. Whether this arose from apathy, pride, or scorn, or perhaps even from humility, is only known to the Bedouin princes themselves, the proud patriarchs of this land, once so free, who still live and do as Abraham lived and did. They were chiefly grave full-grown men, also some of them old men with silvery beards, with the cast of features peculiar to the warlike Bedouins, which unite the noble Semitic lineaments of the Arab with the fearful countenance of the tiger; and in which the thin aristocratic nose is combined with the wide-projecting mouth, garnished with rows of pearly teeth surrounded by the coal-black pointed beard and the very receding forehead, whilst the dark shrewd eye gleams like fire in the dusky countenance.

The Bedouins ate ice-cream—this was all they did, and it was done without noise—whilst opposite to them the Parisian ladies were chattering over their tea-cups.

No country abounds so much in contrast as this—herein lies one of its principal charms; but almost all redounds to the advantage of the natives. Among these, two interesting figures were especially prominent—a Sheik in gleaming purple, with only one foot; he had himself amputated the other with a blunt knife when he was wounded in battle. Yusuf carefully preserves the knife in a small collection of arms, as a memorial of the power of the human will. The other prominent personage was a young Marabuh of nineteen years of age—a perfect, handsome, and interesting picture of an Arabian enthusiast. Though a descendant of the Prophet, and consequently belonging to a priestly family, and himself a sort of priest, he nevertheless already has two wives; he shows his high rank by the noble appearance of his princely figure, by the deep, grave melancholy of his oval face and refined features, and his simple, picturesque, snow-white dress,

like that of a nun, entirely surrounding his pallid, beardless countenance. But from time to time glances, which betray the burning, consuming fire of the soul, break forth from these suffering, languishing features. I have never seen a young man of nineteen years of age, who was possessed of so much dignity and grace, so much repose, as this Marabuh, who is also much revered by his people. He is now in Medeah for the purpose of learning French, and is said to make astonishing progress: his elder brother speaks it fluently. Yusuf turned to the Marabuh and said, 'N'est-ce pas que tu aimes bien les Français?' The Marabuh laid his hand on his breast, and bowed low. Yusuf then turned to us with a smile, and said: 'Ils nous détestent, ces br . . . , mais ils nous craignent; voilà tout ce qu'il nous faut;' and the Marabuh, confiding in the young foreigner, cast a look of such heartfelt, burning pain on me that I felt quite sad and uneasy. In that look lay the whole history of these Bedouin tribes, once so free, so noble, so much to be envied.

Just as the party was becoming a little dull, the amiable master of the house came to our rescue, by proposing to us that we should see a dance of the Moorish women. This was a delicate affair, for I knew, through the rogue Semilasso, that these celebrated dances are not always quite seemly; yet with a view to acquiring information, I thought to myself, 'One may for once, as a traveller, sacrifice propriety, as this is a necessary portion of the complete picture.' Madame Yusuf did not seem to take the thing so quietly: perhaps she was more especially shocked at the idea that we were to admire these performances in a private coffeehouse. Pale with anger, she darted a not very kindly glance at her husband, and assured us that she would with pleasure lend her drawing-room for these Phrynic arts, and would withdraw with the ladies to her boudoir: she hoped, by these

means, at least to keep the enemy in her power. 'C'est inconvenable, ma fille,' said Yusuf, gently; and, leaving the ladies to their meditations, the whole party of men withdrew, amid the darkness of night, to the coffeehouse.

We entered a lofty hall vaulted with a Moorish dome. Single lamps which were suspended from the ceiling, as in the mosques, shed a dim, romantic light; a jet of water played with refreshing coolness in a marble basin; on a wooden balcony running round the hall, some spectators had found a clandestine entrance, whilst our party and a large number of venerable Moors filled the hall below. The doors were locked; for, in fact, these dances are prohibited, and the ruling powers ought never to be caught treading in forbidden paths. We seated ourselves in a circle, in the midst of which a carpet was spread, and some candles were placed so as to throw their light upon the dancers. These dancers were conducted into the hall two and two by their chief, to dance alternately, whilst the company were comfortably smoking their pipes. They were chiefly slight girls of from fourteen to twenty years of age, having a brazen expression of face, coarsely-painted eyebrows and patches; dark, cunning, bold eyes, whose lids nothing would cause to droop. Their dress was fantastic. From the waist to the ankles they were enveloped in some heavy, bright-coloured, silken material; above the waist, they wore nothing but a gauze chemisette ornamented with gold lace and ribbon; on the head, which was flauntingly adorned with all manner of glittering baubles, a gaudy silk handkerchief, twisted up to a point, was set on one side. They wore trousers, and on their arms and legs golden bangles.

The most conspicuous figures were,—a tall girl of nineteen years of age, bold and defiant as a grenadier, a girl of fourteen years of age, and a quiet damsel (whose corpulence gave her a droll appearance) who had outgrown the bloom

of youth. The music consisted of the primitive Moorish violin, monotonous pipes, and tambourines played by girls who were also gaily dressed. A pan was, according to Moorish custom, employed as a sort of resounding tambourine-like instrument; and it was played upon by the handsomest girl in the room, who had a melancholy Greek face with a wonderfully-chiselled profile.

The much-celebrated dance consists in this,—that these girls place themselves on the carpet, and rock, bend, twist, and work with the upper portion of the body, as though it were made of indiarubber, and as if they were trying to separate it from their lower limbs, or to extend themselves beyond their natural length.

Whilst doing this, they hold a silk handkerchief in each hand, which they flourish about towards the ground with an assumed air of indifference, as if to shake out the dust, and then pass it sideways before their eyes, as though to say, ‘What a timid, bashful, young maiden I am!’ But the whole scene gives an impression very much the contrary. The feet are only occasionally moved, as the performers push themselves along in a trailing uncertain manner; in doing this, the bold grenadier advanced very near to General Yusuf, but without actually touching him. It is the practice of the dancers to stick pieces of gold on their foreheads with their saliva. I found the same thing, only done in a more refined manner, in Spain, where many remains of Moorish customs are still to be met with. The mournful, nasal song, which generally accompanies the dancers here, is also to be found there; but the dance is different. There enjoyment finds expression, rising and bending in exquisite and inspiring cadence to the lively clang of the castanets; no people in the world dance like the Spaniards.

July 21, 1852.

Mounted on noble Arab steeds, we rode out this morn-

ing with Yusuf to a spot where, on a barren and gently undulating plain, a desert in miniature, we might for the first time transport ourselves to real, free, primitive, Bedouin life. Large tents of a dark-brown colour, made of camel's-hair, were pitched on the high portion of the plain; in the centre of this village of tents, droves of camels and flocks of sheep, horses, and mules were standing, tethered by the feet. The tribes summoned by Yusuf from a distance of eighteen miles had here passed the night in tents; but these were now only occupied by invisible women and children; for the men, old and young, had marched out on their little fiery Arabs, and were now waiting for the fantasia, of which they are so passionately fond. There might have been present from two to three hundred horsemen, who by their varied and picturesque costume, and by their open, vigorous bearing (peculiarly Bedouin), displayed a most impressive appearance.

Most of them wore only the white linen shirt, fluttering burnous, and turban-caps twined round with camel's-hair cord, and carried pistols and knives and the long slender carbine, the faithful companion of their unceasing perils: their legs were bare to the knee, and their arms to the elbow. Warriors of higher rank, like the Sheiks, wore a scarlet burnous over the usual white ones: their bridles and broad stirrups were of chased silver-gilt, and glittered magnificently in the sunlight; they were seated on richly-embroidered green shabracks, and wore spurs a span in length (the rowels of which were set in coral and precious stones), sticking straight out from their high, untanned leathern boots; whilst costly weapons gleamed and sparkled in their magnificent belts. Some of the chiefs wore, over the customary covering for the head, broad-brimmed high straw hats, which ran up to a point, and were ornamented with innumerable little silk tassels and a complete forest of ostrich-feathers. When we rode

up, we were received with the sounds of the warlike pipes, and the clash of drums, which they even carried with them on their horses. These instruments remind one in their wild monotony of the fanfare of the Russians, as I heard it in the campaign in Hungary. Yusuf conducted us into a large tent where we seated ourselves on carpets and cushions in the Oriental fashion. The fantasia began, the extended line broke itself up into little parties whirling about and chasing each other, which, quick as lightning, either singly or in groups and companies just as the moment suggested, defiled past our tent on the broad yellow field. During this rushing, hurried chase, the wild, noble sons of the desert fired their long carbines, sometimes standing on their high saddles, sometimes throwing themselves sideways towards the ground; then swung them around their heads, or flung them up in the air like balls; and during this strange, romantic game of war, the plain resounded with their cries of joy and of battle. It was an exciting, spirit-stirring scene; in a moment one comprehends the delight and happiness of the free life of the desert. This racing and chasing in the full outburst of liberty, this eager ardour for fighting, this life of perpetual excitement combined with the greatest simplicity of manners exercise a spell that is alike indescribable and irresistible. That the bullets whistled over our heads was quite *en règle* at one of these Bedouin festivals: but it was astonishing that in this wild game of war only two Bedouins fell, and they twisted themselves back again into their saddles like cats, unhurt; that there were, as a general rule, no accidents can only be explained in this way, that the Bedouin's horse belongs to himself and is a part of himself; that the man is accustomed from his cradle to these warlike games and is also educated in real warfare.

A boy of nine years of age, the son of a sheik of con-

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sideration, sat on his white horse loaded with ornaments in the very midst of the tumult, with an air of dignity and with admirable composure. The elders of the tribe evinced the most unqualified respect towards the proud boy; they would rather die than allow a hair of this beloved head belonging to the ruling family of their tribe to be injured in any real encounter, at all of which the Bedouin boy is present as at these which are merely for sport. Such traits bear witness to the true pride and genuine nobility of the people. The pale, interesting boy, who charmed me by his warlike dress and princely bearing, is already established in all his rights, and has two wives; one of whom is eight years old and has been presented to Madame Yusuf. Two episodes of special note occurred in the course of the fantasia; an ostrich hunt, and a camel ride. Two ostriches, the property of the general, were let loose on the field, around which the agile Bedouins hovered. These presented an interesting scene, as the horses are terribly afraid of the flapping of the wings, and of the angular, irregular movement of the immense bird which, uncertain as is its gait, runs along with the speed of an arrow. The brave Bedouins presented to us an original spectacle with their camels. When these warlike tribes take the field against an enemy, they send their camels on in front, without bridles, carrying large, covered panniers, in which the Bedouin wives are rocked. These martial women shout forth their exciting, guttural tones, and challenge the enemy as a hidden decoy; much courage is required for this strategical manœuvre, and the brave women are likely to hear many a bullet whistle around them, if even they should not be captured. It is a strange sight to see the hideous animals staggering towards the enemy at a trot with their swinging burdens of curtained panniers, whilst the warlike tones of the choir of women peal forth from their mysterious place of

concealment, resembling the song of the Eumenides rather than that of the Sirens. Some of these war-camels were detained with their furniture: and, amid much angry snorting, were compelled to lie down and to admit us gentlemen into the rocking-bowers of the ladies. When the curtain was lifted for Yusuf and myself (for we were to mount the same camel) a veiled female suddenly darted forth like a weasel from amid the soft, warm cushions. The Bedouins, who had forgotten to remove her, now packed her up like a bundle of clothes; and half pushed, half threw her into another of these camel panniers; all of which was only the work of a moment, and was effected with as much consternation and hurry as though she had been the wife of the Prophet himself. In these panniers, which are lined with a soft, fine covering, one has space to half sit, half lie down; and beneath the shelter of the arched wooden top, finds oneself rather rudely swung against the side of the camel's hump. Yusuf was suspended on the left, and I on the right side in our joint panniers; and we laughed heartily at our feminine position. Madame Yusuf, who, accompanied by several ladies, had arrived during the fantasia, in a well-appointed equipage, amused herself not a little from the tent at our expense. However, we very soon resumed our knightly seats, and rode to one of the tent-villages which, the fantasia having concluded, was now filled with inhabitants. The tent of the sheik, ornamented with the banner of the tribe, stood in the centre. In the open portion of the tent, the venerable Bedouins were seated, like the patriarchs of the Old Testament, with grave composure and proud self-consciousness, separated only by a camel's-hair partition from the mysteries of their female world. Around these airy dwellings were grouped the horses that we had just seen darting hither like flashes of lightning. This breed of horses is small, thin and delicate, but sinewy, and, at the first

glance, not very handsome in appearance. Yet, when one sees the animal in its rushing flight, fleet as a roe, light as a sea-gull, one is astonished, and learns to love it. Its form, giving an idea as if the animal were entirely composed of steel springs which bend and bound back and never break, is much to be admired.

In order to show the ladies that we Europeans, yes, and even sailors, could accomplish something approaching to the fantasia, we put spurs to our Arab steeds and chased at full speed across the plain to the foot of the tent; it is true, though, that one French officer had a fall.

Preparations were made for an Arabian meal from which the ladies fled, as it was not Parisian. We extended ourselves on the soft carpets in merry groups; and kuss-kuss, the favourite dish of the Bedouins, opened the performance: it is a heap of grains of wheat fried in mutton fat, mixed with small pieces of meat which are served up dry. That one only uses one's hands at these meals, is to be understood. The second and principal dish consisted of a whole sheep, minus the fleece only, which was prepared for the table on a simple wooden spit, with horns, eyes, feet, and interior untouched. The hot, tender, and well-flavoured meal was torn off with our fingers. Beside this, very excellent, strongly-spiced pastry in the form of a ball was handed round; and the whole concluded with a pillau, never absent in Mohammedan countries. In richly-chased silver cups, water drawn from buckskin bags was presented, in which some hairs of the slaughtered buck were floating, a very unpleasant addition; but this also must needs be endured as part of an Arabian repast; more especially as we were enabled to console ourselves with a draught of cool champagne which Yusuf procured for us by stealth.

We were now unfortunately obliged to think of returning home. We rode as far as Medeah, took a cordial

farewell of the amiable general, and then quitted the spot which had become so interesting to us. The fascinating Yusuf accompanied us for a while. On the same heights on which we had first met, he took leave of us, amid our most sincere and heartfelt thanks for all the kindness which, with such princely grace, he had evinced towards us. With him romance also departed.

Another expedition to which he had invited us, into the little desert only fourteen miles distant, was frustrated by our departure.

In my enthusiasm for the free life of the Bedouins, an indescribable melancholy, an uneasy desire to penetrate further, seized upon me. I call it desert-sickness; and know not what I would not have given, when so near the mysterious interior of Africa, to have cast one glance within. My imagination was filled with scenes of wild nomad life, with fantasias, with ostrich and antelope hunts, with the vast, boundless, yet simple pictures of primitive life in the desert; and yet I was forced to return to the portals of civilization. That Pückler's 'Ausweh' exists, I now feel by experience.

We returned by the same road by which we had come, were again accompanied by the Spahis to Blidah, stopped for a moment with C——, met on the heights the omnibus from Algiers intended to hold thirteen, crammed with a disreputable rabble who had been shipped off from France amid the sounds of the 'Marseillaise,' and were now to be placed in cloister life under the charge of the Jesuits; and at half-past nine o'clock in the evening, we reached the town.

We refreshed ourselves in a very pretty French bath-room, with a bath; and revived by excellent strawberry ice-creams, returned on board in good spirits.

July 22, 1852.

We breakfasted to-day with the governor at his villa at Marabuh. The repast was served in a gorgeous and beautiful tent composed of banners, in the garden, among shrubs and flowers. Two bands, and some admirable champagne exhilarated the numerous company who, amid lively and intellectual conversation, enjoyed the pleasures of the table, which might have challenged comparison with those from a Parisian kitchen of the highest pretensions.

Later on we visited Yusuf's villa, which stands on a slope close to the governor's house. It bears, in a pleasing manner, the impress of the brilliant and romantic character of the owner. Without ornament, and of dazzling whiteness according to Moorish custom, on the exterior, in the interior it displays, for this reason, so much the more of taste and luxury. The apartments, adorned with objects of interest and of art, surround a handsomely-ornamented court, with which they are connected by lofty Morisco arches. This court is supported by pillars gilded and painted in bright colours, and is covered by a glass roof. In the sleeping apartment stands a splendid state bed, which Yusuf caused to be made for himself whilst he was Bey of Constantina. In a little gallery we saw costly Arabian étagères; two portraits of the master of the house, one of which represents him as a Christian and a general, the other as a Mohammedan in the rich graceful robe, and with the long flowing beard, of the East; and a hundred other things in which are evinced the luxurious, Oriental imagination of the owner of the villa and the graceful good taste of his wife. Among them was an engraving representing the 'nocturnal review,' together with a translation of the affecting stanzas of our beloved and revered Zedlitz, below which stands his name with the appellation, 'poète allemand.' Such a tribute would certainly please the poet, for it is flattering to find oneself

in another clime, surrounded by all that is most worthy of note.

I likewise became acquainted to-day with Yusuf's intimate friend, now General Arnaud; the romantic history of whose life Semilasso has also narrated in a most pleasing manner. I talked to him of Pückler-Muskau, whom he still holds in honoured remembrance.

Adjoining the house, is a charming and shady garden of bananas, which, clustering in American profusion round a little waterfall, are said to produce excellent fruit. The garden is surrounded by lofty and thickly-foliaged trees, whose rapid growth affords proof of the richness of this fertile soil; for they were all planted by the General. But the prettiest, and a really romantic little spot, is immediately in front of the villa on the side towards the sea. At the foot of a tall palm lies a clear, stone-encircled pool, in which the cool water ripples over shells and blocks of coral. This pool is overshadowed by the loveliest shrubs, and by magnificent green chestnuts, while a peaceful swan sails majestically, like an enchanted prince, over its pure, calm bosom. The creation of this spot shows both talent and feeling.

We now drove with General Randon and some of his guests to Stanli, the Trappist monastery; one of the most interesting institutions in the environs of Algiers. Next to prayer, the cultivation of the soil forms the lifelong occupation of the Trappist monk. Where, therefore, could he be better placed, than in an infant colony, where industry and manual labour are needed equally with encouragement and good example? Stanli lies at two miles' distance from Algiers, on the sea coast; here the French troops first landed. The Bey was seated under a splendid fan-palm, looking on at the ships of war, and at the landing of the Christian dogs. The more of them that appeared, the more he rejoiced; for, to use his own

expression, so many the more would he sacrifice to the Prophet, and to his own plans. But the event proved otherwise. The French defeated the Moors ; and in sacred commemoration of the day, the sacrifice of the mass was solemnised by the victorious troops, under the shadow of the selfsame palm beneath which the Bey had been seated. On this spot, so important in the present history of Algiers, the Trappists founded their monastery in a truly Christian manner. They began their work with discretion and amid the most terrible self-sacrifice in a country, which, on the coast, is among the most barren in the whole world, and where at that time nothing grew but the low, weedy, prickly palm. Many of the brothers died in consequence of the fearful and unwonted heat, and were buried in the newly-made churchyard. The survivors collected all their energies ; and with their abbot at their head, worked assiduously with pickaxe and spade, in the sweat of their brow. God rewarded their earnest labour, which called forth universal astonishment and amazement. The monastery grew into a regularly-shaped square building of considerable size ; a farm, containing some fine cattle, was also established, and the cultivation thus attained, spread far and wide, by reason of the wonder excited by this disciplined, heaven-sent industry. The abbot, who is like a true apostle of ancient Christendom, bore all the difficulties of the first founding ; and has, with a cheerful heart, survived to the present time all the fatigues and sorrows which such a climate brings in its train. This sublime man with his flowing white and black dress, and venerable grey beard, shows every plant and every animal in this spot of his creation to strangers, with the greatest kindness, and with real, childlike pleasure. He only who knows the country round Stanli, and the burning heat of Africa, and who sees the young fruit-trees brought from France already

covered with splendid produce, who tastes the milk and butter procured from the excellent cows, can adequately admire these brave and holy colonists, these landowners, models to the whole of the new country, and with grateful emotion, appreciate this wise institution of our Church.

The governor, and all who are connected with the administration, esteem this monastery highly and take every opportunity of treating its pious inmates with distinction; for wherever the advantages accruing are evident, and the sacrifices made are brought prominently to view, there the men of our enlightened age hold still with the ancient, endowed religious orders.

In a kiosk outside the monastery, erected half in the Moorish and half in the church architectural style, for the reception of the governor's wife and of other distinguished ladies who are not allowed to enter the monastery, a breakfast composed of the delicious products of the Carthusian establishment at Stanli was served for us, after which we took a cordial leave of these friendly monks who, according to their stringent rule of life, work throughout the whole day, and are obliged to hold their services at night, and may not even speak but by permission of their abbot; and we bade adieu to this spot, so interesting in the history of the development of cultivation.

On our way home we passed another admirable institution, the convent 'du bon Pasteur,' a place of refuge for girls who have fallen from virtue; where, upon their voluntary entrance, time is given them, under a strict discipline, for repentance and amendment. A short time ago, a very graceful and pretty young lady made her appearance at this convent; no one knew whence; in genuine Christian humility she is now doing penance in the grey robe.

We devoted our last evening in Algiers to all sorts of Oriental purchases; among other objects we found some beautiful weapons and some interesting utensils used by the

Bedouins and Kabyles. To stroll about these bazaars admiring, and searching for various curiosities, is as instructive as it is pleasant.

About eleven o'clock the column of smoke from the funnel of our steamer waved a last farewell to this Gallo-Moorish city.

ALBANIA.

1853.



ALBANIA.

July, 1853.

ON the boundaries of civilisation is a wilderness which bears the euphonious name of Albania. In its woody districts, Turks, boars, and many Catholic Christians, live in contention and strife, chasing each other in wild pursuit. As in the time of Diocletian, mass is celebrated in anxious fear, and the candles of the altar serve, as then, to illuminate the dark meeting-places of the faithful. It was to give these poor Catholics moral support, and to investigate their sad state, that the corvette 'Minerva' was sent to these waters under my command.

This mission would have been an effective one had the means and circumstances of that time permitted us to act energetically; but it was not an agreeable one, for, the bloody episode of Smyrna having just taken place, every little part of Turkey was in a most fearful state of ferment, and we were looked upon with suspicious jealousy, as foreigners from whom humiliations were to be apprehended. Under these circumstances the visit to Albania required circumspection, energy and moderation, and promised to be followed by vexations and deprivations, which were the more keenly felt, as this year we were to have made a voyage to Constantinople, Asia Minor, the Holy Land and Egypt, but those vexatious politics prevented us.

On July 28, 1853, we approached Antivari. The sun shone brightly and warmly, the sky was a deep blue; the genial warm air blew refreshingly over the shining sea. It was one of those evenings which are to be met with

only in the East, and which continue here for months to the delight of those who sail in these remarkable seas.

Our corvette floated calmly and lightly in the wide roadstead of Antivari, where the gradually rising ground affords a good anchorage for a large number of all kinds of ships. It is only during the prevalence of the north-westerly winds that this soft ground is an unsafe anchorage, when the vessels are liable to be driven ashore upon the level sandy coast. With the exception of two small merchant vessels we were alone in our anchorage in a depth of nine and a half fathoms. It appeared to me as if I were in a far distant land, a wild and recently discovered country; and in truth it was almost so. Although near as to distance, Albania is separated from our country by a chasm, as wide as an ocean; for it is situated within the territory of the decaying Crescent, where civilisation has not yet found an entrance, and where all is abandoned to the despotism of the pashas and their hordes; in fact the existence of Albania is scarcely noticed in Constantinople, and even Europe has only vague ideas about it.

Who knows Albania? who has travelled there? The world only hears of well-made, handsome Albanians who in the southern seaports of Europe saunter from coffee-house to coffee-house, clad in their fustanella and fez, and whose picturesque dress in masquerades gives a certain distinction even to the most insignificant dandy.

Our anchorage was surrounded by the finest panorama. Before us smiled a plain richly planted with olive trees and bounded by the bold rocks of Scutari, on a projection of which stood the minaret of the stronghold of Antivari. On our right a rocky, bare neck of land, protected the roadstead against storms from the south-east; on our left were the gigantic bare mountains of Montenegro, which are only here and there covered with pine wood; and on the level sandy beach of the roadstead nothing is seen but

the toll-house ; a silence reigns all around, a silence which at evening becomes quite insupportable.

The manœuvres of casting anchor had been well executed and the officers asked for leave to go on shore to refresh themselves with a bath in the sea after the hot mid-day hours ; I gave permission, but at the same time recommended caution. They had scarcely landed when armed Albanians appeared observing them suspiciously and dodging them. Twilight had set in and I approached the custom-house, intending to take my wonted invigorating sea-bath, when a shot was fired from the windows of the building, and a troop of wild fellows, richly armed and in the Albanian dress, approached the beach. They perhaps only intended to frighten us, but I thought it best not to take any notice of them, and so quietly undressed to take my bath *in conspectu barbarorum*. 'Take it coolly' is my principle and it is certainly a good one. The wild people looked at us quite puzzled, and after the bath we rowed back very comfortably to our dear 'Minerva,' not very much edified by our first reception in this wild country.

Our consular agent appeared next day on board and assured us that in Antivari, which is an hour's distance from here, we had been taken at first for a Turkish vessel ; not very flattering to my pretty corvette ; but the opinion of a landsman in such matters is of no consequence. The good man returned to the town to report us to the so-called authorities, and then brought on board the vicar of the archiepiscopate of Antivari and the Aga. The vicar, Monsignor Poten, is a fine tall man, quite apostolic in his exterior appearance, mild, and commanding respect ; a prince of the Church, whose holy mission may be read in his face ; and what most agreeably surprised me, he is a German, with the benevolent blue eye, the sky-coloured mirror of a pure German soul. That he is a man of whom we, his countrymen, use the expression, 'There is no harm

in him,' exemplifies in unruly Albania his only fault. He belongs to those natures who, like lambs, suffer for their Lord and Master, without defending themselves; who look upon Christ always as the Good Shepherd, and not as the Avenger in the temple; who cannot understand the words of the Bible, 'Be as wise as serpents;' so that he is unable to cope with the false, cunning Mohammedans, although a man who should combine the Christian virtues of this German with prudence and energy, would in the end be victorious even against these barbarians.

Born in the beautiful city of Cologne this pious man many years ago went to the Propaganda in Rome, and was afterwards sent as a priest to Albania, where he was promoted to his present position and probably will soon become a bishop. He has been living for twenty years in that forgotten Antivari, and for more than that time he has neither seen his country, nor scarcely had any connection with it. Considering this his mission, he has renounced his fatherland and is only now seeking another in the next world.

With a kind intent I endeavoured to draw him into conversation about Cologne, but it scarcely had any interest for him now, and even his mother-tongue was a difficulty to him. It is a melancholy fact that we Germans so quickly forget our nationality, hatred and love alone remain impressed upon our minds. The idea of Germany has become indefinite, and this is the sad cause of this great evil.

The vicar complained bitterly about the unhappy condition of the Catholics. Forsaken, without support, ay, even without money and comfort, they are the ready playthings of intrigue. Before a Turkish court, Christians have no rights, how then can it be expected that they will be treated with justice? It is true, that in later years the sultan has granted many liberties and rights; but what does that avail here, where the sultan's will is not obeyed

even within the walls of Stamboul. Here, where the reigning pasha has no responsibility, he has only to pay the sultan a certain stipend, and can, in the fullest meaning of the word, do just as he pleases. If the pasha be an unusually bad one, or if he have powerful enemies, he is suddenly dismissed, but generally, he only makes room for one still worse, who, with fresh energy, further impoverishes the country placed under his care; so that the poor and oppressed people prefer not to complain at all. Christian merchants are especially driven to despair by ever-repeated extortions. The pasha easily finds reasons for new demands, and unfortunately has full power to enforce them; whilst the Christians have nothing left to them but to pay and pay again.

The building of churches is prohibited in Albania, and it is with difficulty that the celebration of the mass is tolerated in huts even; and even if it were otherwise, there are no funds. Rome is so reduced, that it cannot grant sufficient subsidies to any, for as the mother of all Catholic Christianity, she cannot take especial care of Albania; so that Austria is the only Catholic country which actually supports it—pays its bishops and many of its pastors; but her exhausted finances do not permit this to any great extent.

The promoter of this ill-feeling and bad treatment at Antivari is the pasha of Scutari; a very powerful man and full of intense and bitter hatred towards the Christians. He had formerly placed here one of his creatures as a commander, who gave considerable trouble both to the vicar and the consular agent, and who, after he had enriched himself, was removed. It was as his successor that the present Aga came, with whom they are satisfied as he is placable and does not place any impediments in their way.

The worthy prince of the Church had scarcely left me,

when the Mohammedan above-mentioned entered my cabin. He is a thoroughly vulgar fellow, but with a good-natured, common face; he is clothed in the picturesque Albanian dress, the rich red spencer trimmed with fur, the gold-embroidered waistcoat, the belt full of arms, the bright many-coloured sash round the body, the fustanella, the richly-embroidered gaiters, and the red fez. But in spite of the beauty of his dress, he might have been the servant of some Oriental prince.

Our conversation by means of an interpreter reminded me of a passage over a bridge, which is always attended with some dizziness and inconvenience, yet the fellow seemed flattered when I praised him for his good behaviour towards the Christians. He had begun to feel at ease, and we were conversing *en diplomate*, when he was suddenly startled by the thunder of the guns fired in honour of the departing vicar. At the first moment he may have been startled with the thought of treason; but he soon recovered and was agreeably flattered when the same thundering honours were paid to him as he departed.

The consular agent intimated however to the good man that on my visit to the little town he would have to salute me with twenty-one guns, and to receive me at the entrance of his miserable hole, for in these uncivilised countries, where form is of such importance, one must dictate such things and imitate in this the wise example of the English, for it is only in this manner that respect is inspired among such people.

In the afternoon we prepared for this visit. A troop of horses waited for us on the sand, but unfortunately only a few were saddled, and that poorly, whilst on the rest were laid wooden frames, which are used for the transportation of the products of the soil. But it was of no use to complain. Notwithstanding their fine toilet and glittering epaulettes, the young men mounted the lean Rosinantes, and so the merry troop trotted away into the green country.

We proceeded across the plain, with armed men on horseback and on foot hovering around us, according to Oriental custom. Olive plantations and luxuriant bushes surrounded the fields, marking the roads, which sometimes forded the bed of a river flowing from the high rock of Scutari to the sea, or crossed it with the characteristic high-bridge arches of Turkey. The banks of the river were very picturesque; thick, heavy branches bending gracefully, touch the clear, calm, greenish stream, whilst over it rise wide plantains and ancient fig-trees. Only here and again the deep blue evening sky was seen through the luxuriant foliage and reflected in the water, whilst behind the trees high mountains rise, at the foot of which are scattered houses. In this country there is a calm poetry, and I was vividly reminded by the broad, plain valleys, of those beautiful and never-to-be forgotten surroundings of Barnaba.

Single houses and large trees announced the town, which was situated on a steep rock, out of which arose slender and light minarets. At the foot of the rock lay the bazaars and the dwellings of the gipsies, higher up the Mohammedan cemetery with the turbaned grave-stones, scattered pell-mell, on some of which the bright gilding glistened in the rays of the evening sun.

We were received at the bazaar by all kinds of ragged people, amongst whom were some very pretty brown gipsy girls, wrapped in white veils, genuine pictures of Indian Bajaderes with their sparkling black eyes, and luxuriant black hair. As they are not Mohammedans, but Heaven knows of what religion, they are permitted to appear publicly with uncovered faces.

The bazaar, as in all countries of the Crescent, consisted of wooden booths standing closely together, open in front, with projecting roofs, and separated from the highway by a box, on which the vendor and the manufacturer sit together indolently with their legs crossed. At the mention of

bazaar one must not imagine Smyrna; for here there is only a miserable lane, filled with goods scarcely once a week, with only a few old labouring Turks with white beards and spectacles, and some shop-boys with flabby yellow, stupid astonished faces, whilst the bazaar in Smyrna is a whole city with an ever-moving multitude clad in rich costumes scattered amongst dreamy camels and caravans. The large and small bazaar have the same character, for they are picturesquely dirty, and pervaded with an oily, garlicky smell, peculiar to the whole of the East, in villages, cities, huts, and palaces.

At the gate of the half-decayed wall I was received by the Aga, surrounded by his crowd, and whilst I dismounted to make my entrance to the stronghold on foot, the ordered salute commenced, which made us really afraid lest the shock, unheard for so many years, might bring down the walls upon us. The thunder came from a few old rusted Venetian guns, which were lying about on a fast-crumbling tower, and were fired by a curious-looking and perspiring gunner.

He was the only regular soldier of the garrison of Antivari, and gave evidence of this by a blue coat with red cuffs, which, without a necktie, enveloped his stout body, shoes without stockings, and the slouching fez.

The interior of the town was a confusion of dirty, hilly, narrow and thoroughly miserable lanes in which one stumbles over rubbish. The style of architecture in the houses was partly Venetian, originating from the former rulers, and partly Turkish, with its projecting, jealously-latticed, wooden balconies.

We were first led to a mosque, which rather resembled a forsaken empty *magasin* or an ancient village theatre, than a house of God. We then went to a small spot on a wall projecting high on a rock, from which we had a view over the quiet and most luxuriantly green plain, embraced

by rocky, majestic mountains, and overarched by the pure evening sky. Viewing this tract of land we became aware of the fact, still more obvious in our further voyage, that at the farthest point of Austrian Albania the rocky rivers and treeless country extending to the sea, cease and become in Turkish Albania a rich plain with broad rivers and dense forests. How worthy these countries would be of another population and another ruler! * These treasures of Nature now lie idle; the Turk is too lazy to use them, and to the Christian the work is made difficult. How this fertile soil might be cultivated, its trees used for ship-building, and the rivers made navigable, the more so as there are in the population many Christian and especially Catholic elements.

In the plain we were shown a fine large farm of considerable extent, surrounded by strong walls; it belonged to the commander, patronised by the pasha of Scutari, but is now the Aga's; the property was acquired by unjust oppression and robbery and was doubtless the price of the sighs and tears of many Christians.

After having looked at the so-called fortification, we visited the Aga in his own den outside the town. On our way there, during which we suffered much from the July heat, we noticed some of the members of the Mohammedan clergy drinking coffee and smoking on the airy balcony of a coffee-house in the shade of plantains. They wore yellow, blue and red kaftans with dark overgarments, and their wearied, long handsome faces with their well cared-for beards bore the expression of wishing us at the devil, for the appearance of foreigners excites the curiosity and disapproval of the old Turkish orthodox party. During the French rule in Dalmatia some French officers of that volatile nation came to Antivari, and paying

* How fair the land; how made for joy!

How cursed the tyrants who destroy!—*Byron*.

too much attention to the Turkish ladies were without any further preliminaries stoned to death by the enraged Mussulmans.

In the house of the Aga a wooden staircase led to a kind of salon ornamented with Oriental scroll-work. Pipes and coffee were offered with customary politeness and were thought good enough for us. Amongst the servants were two gigantic negroes, whom the Aga had yesterday brought on board armed *cap à pié*, and who now commenced smoking pipes for the whole company, a not very agreeable custom of the East.

By a shady road we then came to the residence of the grand-vicar, who met us, surrounded by his clergy, on the threshold of his territory. Branches and flowers were strewn on the ground and ornamented the gate; devout Christians thronged to see our arrival; Oriental dresses mingled with the clerical, and we were greeted with merry, pleasant faces. With its simple but picturesque surroundings it formed one of those Christian scenes of Oriental missions, which have their chief seat in the Holy Land. It was a foretaste of those peaceable religious receptions in Jerusalem which are so beautifully described to us and which we experienced five years later in the Holy City in a more edifying and ever-memorable manner. We were in the midst of a primitive Christian life, where persecution still purifies, and even invigorates, where one is a Christian and nothing else, where this single idea comprises everything, and where the true inward peace of religion is, in spite of all the rough storms of the world, alone recognised as the highest good.

The reverend vicar is the sublime centre of this life, the true shepherd of his flock. It was affecting to witness his coming to meet us under God's blue sky in his purple silk gown, with golden cross and broad hat, and perhaps was more significant than a more pompous reception in a

civilised country. Beaming eyes showed that it was a welcome of Catholics to their brethren.

The residence of the prince of the Church corresponded with his history, and was a small mean-looking house surrounded by a strong high wall, able to resist the sudden attacks of a bloody Mohammedan caprice. The clean white rooms were poor and contained only the most necessary things for an ascetic life; its only ornaments were a few sacred pictures, the portraits of the holy father and our youthful sovereign. We remained some time in friendly conversation, and then proceeded to visit the hut of God, for it could not be called a house, still less a church. It is situated amidst the shade of dark trees, is small and mean-looking, reminding one by its form of a shed or stable. Through a door, so low that it can only be entered by stooping, one comes to a dark, narrow room with white walls; on one side stands an altar which the parishioners have ornamented for the visit of to-day to the best of their ability; and on which, by the side of a simple image of the Madonna, candles were burning as an absolute necessity. I was peculiarly struck at the sight of such confinement and poverty, evincing so much oppression. Accustomed to see the Church standing on an elevated position, and to consider such as a fundamental principle, one feels ashamed to be only tolerated; ashamed and yet strengthened, for it is beautiful to see religion shorn of all priestly pomp. One feels how the bitterness of oppression invigorates the mind, and learns how unwise it is to oppress such as have another creed, and whom one would wish to see weak but yet not exterminated. A silent prayer in the hut united in God the hearts from the North and the South.

We wound up our excursion with a visit to the Austrian consular agent, who had also ornamented his house with rustic trophies, and from whose yard waved the white and red banner. Secluded from the world the proprietor led

a quiet life in the midst of his little family, and kept company only with the vicar and the few clergymen of the diocese. One may imagine how sad and dreary such an existence must be. He had only business to transact when the Lloyd steamers stopped once a week in the roadstead, and when the olive and wine harvest brought a few coast traders there for a short time. The few educated men and the merchants of this country look on the Lloyd vessels as the only messengers from the civilised world, as the only support for those, who try to elevate their life above the almost animal state of the wild inhabitants. Formerly these poor people were utterly neglected, and were without any news, and led in Europe the life of missionaries. How happy must they feel to have at least the sure means of returning to their dear home from this wilderness in case of need.

I have passed some lonely winters at the farthest end of our monarchy in the still and sequestered bay of Topla. During the fall of the tropical rain, and when I had finished my duties, I sat by the fireside of my cabin, as a hermit, reading or writing, and only at supper did I daily meet the same ever-amiable company. This solitary life had its charms, but it was very monotonous, and then I learned what it is to expect the weekly steamer. On Thursday and Friday the whole conversation at table is nothing but expectation and conjecture; on Saturday morning the glasses are in constant use; each quarter of an hour is calculated, the weather scientifically discussed, the possible contrary wind regretted, till at last the longed-for column of smoke appears. Then the mind is agitated with various feelings, the anxious soul asks questions as to whether the expected letters of the beloved ones will come. At last the hull of the vessel rises above the waves, rival boats rush to Porto Roso, each desiring to be the first to receive news from dear home! Now the

longed-for packet arrives, one disappears into a secluded cabin to devour undisturbed what is sent by the beloved ones from afar. During the next two or three meals the newly-enlivened circle exchange the news received, discussing and enjoying its smallest details. That which we experienced in past winter nights in Dalmatia, these poor people have endured for decades in Mohammedan Albania.

The evening began to cast its long shadows when we descended into the valley. The sky was full of delicate tints, and we galloped home to the coast in good spirits through the brushwood of the plain of Antivari.

July 27.

Next morning the wind was very changeable. It was pleasant for my sun-boiled blood, but intolerable for the sailors. We raised and lowered the sails, but were obliged to wait for the good-will of Æolus.

The cool air at last blew in a more regular manner; and at about 8 o'clock A.M. we could lift anchor and leave the roadstead. The horizon was foggy, the air moist, the wind weak, it was one of those many mornings when air and water, light and temperature are undecided, like a wavering soul which after many days is still in a painful undecided state, whether it shall turn towards good or evil. An uncertain metallic colour covered the sea, the waves were long and slow, indecision brooded over them. But after mid-day the wind changed to the north-west and we enjoyed much better sailing. We passed the town of Dulcigno, which stands on a steep promontory and boldly projects into the sea. It has probably in times of yore been violently separated from the land. Dulcigno looks picturesque, as does everything seen in the Mohammedan states from a distance. The warm, yellow, broken-down wall rises from out the blue sea, on its shore appear minarets and various houses all pell-mell and in that rickety condition which is a feature of the negligent

Moslem. Such pictures viewed hastily in passing by, especially through a fog now and then pierced by the rays of the sun, are exceedingly agreeable to the fancy, for the slender minarets, those cypresses of architecture, awaken recollections of the time of golden fairy tales.

Southward of the promontory of Dulcigno, the coast becomes wide, flat, and marshy, and the vegetation luxuriant. Woods cover the plain through which the Bojana river, coming from the lake of Scutari, flows into the sea. One seems to look upon an American prairie through which a river rolls leisurely and majestically. One thinks of the fine descriptions of Gerstaecker,* and feels a mysterious longing for those wide tracts which, void of mankind, are only enlivened by the evening wind, whispering through the rigging of the ship. You long to ramble for hours in the long grass, to watch nature in her grand repose and with a sweet pain to feel yourself isolated. But such thoughts are not quite suitable to the commander of a corvette. We anchored at about 6 P.M., as the breeze became more violent, before the Foca della Bojana near the open coast in ten fathoms of water. I could not leave my ship and circumstances did not permit excursions.

In the most perfect sense of the word we were in a *terra incognita*; nobody on board knew anything about the country, and we therefore had to proceed with great circumspection. A few masts projecting from the brushwood on shore, was all that we could perceive indicating life on the coast, and proved to us that the river was navigable up to a certain point for smaller sea-going vessels like trabaccoli. By express messengers from Antivari I had

* Frederick Gerstaecker, a very popular German author, who lived for many years in America, and wrote many valuable works upon it. At present he is travelling in the far West, and his letters are published in the 'Cologne Gazette.'

ordered our consul from Scutari to meet me here, but no signal from the inhospitable shore indicated his arrival. I therefore sent out a boat with some brave well-armed sailors on an expedition under the command of the most resolute cadet, with instructions to remember the unfriendly reception of Antivari and to act judiciously in his search for the consul. As usual on such occasions the cooks wanted to give all kinds of private orders for the benefit of our larder. The boat danced on the waves toward the mysterious coast, and I must say that pacing the quarter-deck I very much envied the cadet the adventures he might perhaps meet with. I am still very young, and youth always loves the adventurous. After some time the boat disappeared in the bushes.

We had to wait a long time for its return. It became dark, and I began to fear that difficulties might have arisen with the half-wild Albanians, who coming down from the mountains ramble sometimes in hordes through these plains. Our people returned at last late in the evening. They had waited for a long time in the river, made inquiries here and there on the small trade-vessels, and at last heard that the consul had not come in person, but had sent a despatch by a messenger, who was found after a great deal of trouble. Beside much interesting intelligence in reference to religious and political matters, his despatch informed us that a violent fit of ague prevented the good man from appearing personally.

July 28.

In the morning we again weighed anchor and sailed with a varying breeze along the level coast, taking our course towards Cape Rodoni. It was a fine warm southern day. The high mountains in the background, in which the princes of Miriditi, a Christian warrior family, rule in almost absolute independence of their liege lord,

the sultan, and the long cape of Rodoni, already appeared in the distance through the golden haze of the rays of the sun as through a veil. We met some coast traders and also one of our Lloyd steamers, which gave me a kind of home feeling on this uninhabited shore of a foreign country. At sea it is always pleasant to meet even the most insignificant boat, one is interested in it, and would like to know its history. Ships make their way in silent industry, and the wind, though changeable, at last brought us to our destination. We cast anchor in good ground at one o'clock p. m. in eleven and a half fathoms, on the shore of the cape, which by its wide curve makes a good natural roadstead.

There is a strangeness at the first arrival on an uninhabited coast. No boat, with the officers of quarantine, receive those who arrive; no lighthouse makes its unintelligible signals, no curious crowd of venders throng around, no sailor's eye scrutinises the manœuvres of anchoring from the neighbouring vessels, no consul in gigantic flagged boat dances over the dirty, heavy waves of the harbour, to meet his countrymen or to greet him. All is dead and still; you only hear your own word of command, see no living being but yourself and your own vessel. Alone on the water, you are almost startled by the rushing, rattling fall of the anchor, and when the sails are reefed, and the rigging arranged according to port fashion, are astonished at the unwonted and undisturbed stillness. In the wide ocean one has so much space, such an extent of view, that it almost creates a feeling of uneasiness. On the shore we only saw a few woods and meadows, and after a time we discovered a herd of cattle near the beach, indicating dwellings. At last, after a long and careful examination with the glass, we perceived some roofs in the bushy green, and a large extensive building towards the point of the cape. In the course of the afternoon some few wild

figures appeared, who sat down on the top of the beach to stare wonderingly at the big ship. This was the only demonstration on the part of the unknown population, and it was now our business to break the ice, in order to communicate with these figures, as Captain Cook did with the South Sea Islanders.

The old pilot was selected for this diplomatic expedition. He was the only one who spoke a little Albanian, and was capable of making himself understood by such a wild rabble. He was the man for such an undertaking, having a very peculiar figure, perhaps the most interesting one on board the ship. Born on the Greek islands, in his earliest youth he was mixed up with contests for the liberty and plunder of Greece, and his strong youthful right hand had spilt floods of Turkish blood with fanatical delight, whilst with his left one he had put many a round sum into his pocket. He liked nothing better than to recall this part of his life, and to tell of his really horrible exploits. If asked jokingly whether he had dispatched two hundred Turks to a better world, he laughed slightly, declared the number much too small, and added contemptuously in his bad Italian, 'Ho amazza un Ebreo che non cunta.' Murdering a Turk was to him a step towards heaven. His old father, a kind of Tunisian admiral, was murdered by the rapacious Mohammedans on the African coast, and he, his son, considered himself appointed by God to revenge him. He fulfilled this duty faithfully, and especially rejoiced in a brilliant episode of his eventful youth, which he frequently related. During the war for independence, his principal activity consisted either in boarding or leading the victorious fire-ships, which decided that bloody war. On one occasion a Turkish frigate was taken, on which hundreds of Mohammedans had found a refuge with their families. According to the Greek custom, all were thrown overboard, and

those who were not at once drowned, were dispatched with the dagger by people in boats. In one of these murderous crews was our Wassili, as he was called on board, though his proper name was Basilius Merica. Another incident of his life, which he recalled with pleasure, was the roasting of one black and two white prisoners. They were tied together, and surrounded with fire till the heat killed them, whilst the Greeks calmly looked on. Wassili remembered with contempt one of the unhappy men, who died of fear before the execution of the experiment. By these several and various experiences, his mind became steeled against all events; but at the same time with his iron-hardness he possessed that deep cunning of the Greek, together with a certain *bonhommie*, which so frequently goes hand in hand with that fanatical cruelty which stamps bloody crime as courageous virtue. He was after his manner a kind of philosopher who had broken himself of his conscience, whom nothing whatever could astonish, who knew the changing ways of fate and understood how to get through anything. With his practical experience of life and his cunning, he was such a complete character that we all liked him, and listened with pleasure to his original and clever views. He was a natural diplomatist, and his political views and conjectures in reference to the floating Oriental question were exceedingly amusing. Standing at the mainmast with his blue coat, the sailor-cap pressed on his high Greek forehead, his eyes sparkling under his bushy brows, his hands crossed over his well-rounded stomach, which like his entire little figure, contrasted singularly with his exploits, he frequently answered our inquiries in reference to the feelings of the Greeks, 'Macedonia alza, Epiro alza, Thessalia alza, paese di Re Otton no alza!' and the future showed that he was not wrong.

From the few statements I have given about this inter-

esting and amusing man, who besides knew the bays and straits of the Archipelago as did no other man, and was therefore invaluable as a pilot in these waters, he seemed to be especially fit for the present Turkish expedition. The 'dingel,' the smallest boat on board, took him to the mysterious shore, and now a very amusing scene commenced. A curious anxiety prevailed with the patrons of Wassili on board, lest something might happen to him amongst the savages. The glasses were all directed towards him, and we could see that, surrounded by wild figures, he was making the most lively gestures, and then disappeared within the wood. Anxiety in regard to him increased on board in a ridiculous manner, and, as I was fully convinced that the cunning man who had so frequently defied danger would not get into any trouble, I increased this fear as much as possible, by relating tales of horror from sea novels and South Sea Island adventures, laughing at them with all my might, and so enraging the protectors of Wassili.

Some time passed before he made his appearance; perhaps his noble head had already fallen in the awful darkness of the wood under the voracious yatagans of the Albanian hordes; perhaps he had been captured for the purpose of extorting money, and was pining in chains. Anxiety increased with every minute. At last a confused crowd appeared on the white sand of the beach; and by means of a glass, the unfortunate Wassili was discovered, surrounded by armed Albanians, making what appeared to be desperate signals to the corvette, by the aid of a handkerchief tied to a pole. I now ordered a boat to be instantly manned to bring the endangered pilot to his floating castle. But it soon became apparent that the cunning Greek only required means of transportation for a variety of provisions which he had hurriedly collected. This diplomatic report was very reassuring. On the hill he had found a village

inhabited by Christians, and from there had brought some turkeys and some most heart-refreshing and delicious melons; he had made acquaintance with a *pater patræ* of the Rodoni Christian community, and to his delight had discovered that he talked a little Italian, so that in future he became the honoured chief and factotum of our expeditions. And he raved so fiercely about an icy fresh fountain in the greenwood, that I resolved to pay it a visit as soon as possible, to satisfy my longing for a fresh draught, doubly desirable at an average temperature of 30° (Réaumur) which did not subside even during the night.

July 29.

In the morning Wassili, accompanied by the steward, went ashore to procure fresh meat for the crew. We soon followed and found him on the slope of a hill in a pasture of short yellow grass, dotted with single trees. Vis-à-vis with some horned cattle he was negotiating with a few herdsmen of wild and dirty mien, and had purchased some red oxen. We hastened the dispatch of the bargain and watched the execution of the unfortunate beast. It was shot at, then caught in a kind of lasso, its feet were then bound, and the yatagan used for killing was plunged into its neck, its blood gushed forth, falling on the heated ground; and as the animal ceased to struggle, the earth, as if angry, shook so as almost to alarm us. It was one of those earthquakes so frequent in these parts, which shake Turkish and Austrian Albania as far as Stagno, entirely destroying them, and causing great havoc in the beautiful Ragusa. That of to-day was very distinctly felt at various places even as far as the port of Durazzo.

Here we made acquaintance with the head of this small population. He styled himself Michele di Nicolo, and in his exterior appearance resembled at the same time a camel and a turtle. His long thin neck, nose and mouth,

with his flat-footed noiseless walk, reminded you of the former, while his indescribably leathern wrinkled skin and small head, with its peculiarly quick jerk, appertained to the latter. The disposition of this creature, as we afterwards discovered, was a happily organised mixture of fox, snake, and dog. He had the cunning intellect of the fox, the winding faculty of the snake, with the barking and fawning of the dog. In spite, or rather on account, of these qualities he became a very prominent figure in my travelling reminiscences, and we have often spoken and speak still of Michele as one of the most peculiar specimens of his kind. There are certain personages who rise like milestones in the past, but with me they are either thoroughly good or most arrant rogues. No one who has had the pleasure of acquaintance with Michele, will deny that he belonged to the latter. He should have lived in the middle ages, when Italy was the theatre of 'dagger-dramas,' and I am sure that, like the Moor in 'Fiesco' and Mephisto in 'Faust,' he was capable of doing anything. He possessed a figure which harmonised with these diabolical deeds, and, when hunting with him in the dense forests of these parts, I must acknowledge that I sometimes felt uneasy, and was seized with a peculiar shuddering fear. He had once thoughtlessly confessed that he had already despatched two to the next world, and fearing vengeance he had fled to these woods, where he had lived for three years: here this is a daily occurrence, and may throw a light on the state of Albania. Heedlessly, and indeed somewhat undeservingly, I dubbed him with the pompous title of Scanderbeg the Second, for though it is 400 years ago, yet the name of that great and ever-victorious hero is still often mentioned, and lives amongst the people. He accepted the title with a sinister and Satanic smile, though I could see that he felt highly flattered. Indeed, a year after this he had the impudence to write to me at Vienna, signing himself with

this renowned name. He at once so obtruded himself upon us as the only existing celebrity that we were forced to accept him as superintendent of excursions, manager of festivities, *grand veneur*, and even political adviser and historical authority ; and beginning with to-day he at once led me to the fountain, so much spoken of and praised.

The country through which we travelled was exceedingly fertile. Vast, undulating land, of rich moist soil, covered with tracts of timber, forms the ridge of the cape, extending far into the sea. Wherever agriculture has been employed, it produces with the exuberance and richness of southern soils ; olive trees expand their fruit-laden branches to considerable distances, but unfortunately this is the case only with a few spots, and the symbols of Minerva are rare. This wide tract is scarcely inhabited in spite of its undeveloped productiveness. Its possession is now divided between the inmates of a few Christian houses, or rather hovels, a few scattered Turkish farms, with the rapacious wolf and wild boar, whereas in the hands of an industrious and well-organised people, unthreatened by any pasha, vendetta, or robbers, it might become a most prosperous and flourishing country ; at least as far as I was able to judge from my short stay I am sure that such would be the case with the whole of Albania from Antivari to Avlona. Its plains and hills are rich with excellent soil, with splendid dense woodlands of fine ship timber, which gives the requisite humidity, whilst it abounds with brooks and navigable rivers of considerable extent, such as the Bojana, which I have before mentioned ; all this moistened by the sea, with a warm genial sun to develop its productiveness ; what gifts of nature ! But, alas ! what nature bestows the paling crescent destroys.

It is more especially to be regretted that Dalmatia, under the rule of a well-wishing and assisting government, is stony and comfortless. The Austrian banner scarcely disappears

before the eye of the coast trader when he finds the unused riches of the earth scattered lavishly in the country of barbarians. The conclusions which one might draw from this I must leave to visitors themselves.

As Antivari with its minarets and hills, tinged with southern hues, has the solemn sensual air of all Turkish countries, so, excepting only the African heat, Rodoni has that blue glow and still bluer sky so characteristic of Germany, I mean, of course, in an uninhabited tract, as it was before factories smoked and steam-cars snorted.

The first trait of this was the wide pasture ground covered with thyme, blackberry hedges, and single oaks, through which we toiled, thinking of the German dog-days: but the sun soon recalled us to the east, and compelled us to take refuge under the gay foliage of some centenary olive trees. Blankets were spread on the ground for carpets, and I put on my old Algerian bernouse instead of the stifling dress enjoined by etiquette, and imitating Sir William Napier, who, by the way, knew well how to use his sword, I took from my bag the Chinese fan I obtained at Cadiz, and fanned myself, to the exceeding astonishment of my new Mephisto. I sat with crossed legs, my fan rattling, the cicades furiously buzzing their mid-day song, and so reposed in the East as if in the very heart of Barbary.

I have sometimes passed the whole night on deck in a storm with the rain pouring down heavily, and have envied the life of the young subaltern, who, after his watch, could return into his cabin, leave work and shouting to the commander, and, heedless of the rain and cold, could give himself up to sweet sleep; but to-day, in spite of its hardships and responsibility, I was rejoiced at being commander, for whilst I rested under the shade of the olive-trees, the officers, according to my directions, had the pleasant task of surveying the bay.

Refreshed under the cooling shade of the symbol of peace, we directed our steps towards the Christian village, to the princely residence of Scanderbeg II., who himself did the honours in his state chamber with an air of royalty ; although, in justice to historical truth, I must state that all the halls, state-rooms, sitting-rooms, outbuildings for beasts as well as men, even the throne-room of the king of the woods, consisted of one single room, with hard-trodden earth for a floor, and stones piled up a few feet high for a wall, covered by a roof of rotten straw barely distinguishable through the mass of soot which hung from it. ‘As the country, so the prince,’ is an old and wise saying, and here was a most brilliant or rather disgusting proof of it.

In this black hovel, without a window or a chimney, Mephisto lived, with his witch of a wife and promising progeny, with an advanced flock of turkeys for companions. Madame Scanderbeg was wrapped in white sheep’s-wool, with a misty veil to cover the faded charms of her thin countenance, whilst with antique dignity her dry rattling hands were occupied with the treasure-preparing distaff, that Homeric sceptre of kingly women. The furniture of this residence, corresponding with the budget of the empire, which was probably endowed with a constitution in 1848, was limited to a wooden chest, painted most glaringly, which one can fancy contains the crown and sceptre of Scanderbeg, the bridal veil of his loving consort, and the charter of the prospering empire. Besides this, this princely family boasted of nothing but the bare floor, and yet this man possessed lands and cattle ! But the inhabitants of Albania have not the slightest desire for improvement or refinement ; whatever pleased their forefathers pleases them, will please their grandsons, and their great-grandsons.

Later on I purchased as a joke, the whole of this princely residence for two silver zwanzigers (two shillings), which was the value the possessor put upon the property.

I still have in my secret house archives the contract for this, with the three crosses Michele put to it in lieu of his signature, as he could not write. Were I a Briton, this document might give my government claims to blockade and occupation, and that strip of paper would be paid for with gold and governmental distinctions.

It happened thus: during an excursion, for my private information, I inquired of the experienced Michele at what he valued his estate? He named the two zwanzigers for his palace; I thought it a good bargain, and immediately made the purchase; 'for double the sum,' he added, 'he would throw in son and wife,' and solicited a place for his crown prince on board my corvette, but when I declined, he told me that he was thinking of buying a consort for his son, who was eighteen years old. He seemed amused at my objecting that the youth should have his own choice, and thought it extremely ridiculous: so that we may conclude that paternal authority flourishes in these countries.

Across some beautiful green fresh wood, over some sloping hills, we reached the fountains, and I almost fancied that I was transferred to our Heimbach, or to our magnificent deer garden. All was so cool and airy, the bright sun glistened through the trees, plants lay scattered thickly in picturesque confusion, branches stretching afar reposed gently in the light atmosphere, and the soul felt invigorated while you exulted in the woody shade so like that of mother-country..

On the borders of the wood we perceived the marshy land marked out by the wet track of the heavy wild boar, and recalled the pleasant surprises one often has in the deer garden at home, in suddenly startling a troop of these black inmates of the forest. The clear spring lay under a canopy of large, spreading trees, and was surrounded by some water-cresses growing most richly and plentifully,

whilst the sunlit tops of the young oaks covering the slopes on all sides, seemed quite to span the sky. On earth it is very rarely that one meets places so seductively inviting repose as this little nook in the far East, which naturally, and unconscious of its charms, doubtless harbours many a wanderer within its quiet and peaceful precincts. To-day I had nothing of any importance to require my presence on board, so that my mind was quite at ease and I could thoroughly enjoy myself. Comfort does not spoil any enjoyment; I therefore had my travelling bags opened by the side of the spring, and a picturesque tent of rustling purple silk soon hung from the branches. Plaids were spread as carpets, and air cushions were thrown on them. I wrapped myself in my African bernouse and reclined on this inviting couch, with a silver goblet by my side. The water in it was covered with a slight sparkle, caused by the freshness of the spring, while the goblet itself rather attracted the eager looks of Scanderbeg. The wind blew gently through the trees, rocking the purple roof above my head. I love nature even if bare and barren, but reposing in her arms, I especially love her holy peace, and gratefully thank the Creator of life for a luxury such as no entertainments of the great world, the so-called high life, can compare with; and it is then that one can understand how indescribable are the delights of those who court nature as their only companion, and live a life of solitude. Only two other things can give similar or equal pleasure; they are, the love of art and productive science.

Scanderbeg, and two Turks with shorn heads, who came to fetch water, looked at us with astonishment. What they imagined us to be under our purple tent I cannot conceive; they carefully examined our surroundings as do the savages of the South Sea islands, according to the descriptions of M. Dumont d'Urville. But, alas! this delicious rest by the spring came to an end, and we returned to the

beach, passing a brook from which we picked up turtles, and going through fields and shrubberies.

On our way, the king of the woods received information, as in the time of the patriarchs, that a wolf had in the morning frightened a herd of cattle, and had helped himself to a lamb. This led to a conversation upon hunting, and we resolved to lay in ambush on the beach for the wolf, and so obtain praises from the population of Rodoni for our Nimrodian sports.

I returned on board to occupy myself with the duties of my command till sunset. The sun disappeared beneath the horizon with wonderful splendour, as is usual during summer in these pleasurable countries, and it had scarcely done so when we prepared for our nightly enterprise. All kinds of poles, leesails, carpets, hammocks, blankets, tea-things, fuel and provisions, drinking vessels, lamps, hooks, and everything that civilised travellers consider requisite for such a venturesome undertaking were collected together, and amidst laughing and joking were carried ashore in a boat. Enumerating these things I had almost forgotten guns and ammunition, which in such an expedition are the principal things; but why I omitted them will be shown in the sequel.

On shore I found that part of our officers were about to take a sea bath, and I followed their example, for after such a glowingly hot day, an evening bath on the soft sand of the Albanian coast is deliciously invigorating, and I often recall it with delight. Whilst we dabbled in the water, fanned by the cool evening air, my sailors pitched a most stately tent, with every appurtenance of comfort: a fire flickered by the crumbling beach wall, and part of our company, forming a circle around it, sent forth a loud choral song over the sea, as the evening twilight slowly faded into night. We now took tea in excellent spirits, and then the sounds died away; the greater part of the

company returned home in boats, whilst we retired to our tent to rock ourselves to sleep in our hammocks. The moon shed forth her pale mild light; the rigging of the corvette seemed to rise out of the grey mist of the calm sea, and waves rolled on the glittering beach softly and melodiously, as the stars sprinkling the clear blue sky peeped in upon me friendly through a chink in the tent, and the evening breeze stirred it gently and softly. All was sublimely and peacefully subdued in still undisturbed repose. I looked up at the distant stars, and my thoughts wandered far away. The soft melody of the rolling waves came still softer, encircling one's soul as in a cloak. Who could have dreamt of wolves or hunting? It was too enchanting in the tent to think of such, and by the morning the monster might be killed! My friends agreed with me, and this night was the most agreeable and most enjoyable time we had during our whole stay in Albania.

July 30.

We were awakened from our delicious sleep early in the morning. Hunting was not mentioned again, for nothing had been prepared for the wild boar hunt which we intended to have had to-day, so that we had brought our murderous instruments to no purpose. Breakfast was prepared, and whilst we partook of it, and ran after a splendid eagle which had been allured by the intestines of the slain oxen, some small Turkish horses were brought from the neighbourhood by the order of Scanderbeg, with wood frames covered with blankets for saddles, and ropes for bridles.

We had resolved to have a ride round the cape, so as to become somewhat acquainted with its position and character. We left Wassili in charge of the tent, with instructions to prepare a symposium of Homeric wit and mutton fat after the fashion of the Hellenic shepherds. The crew of my gig remained as military guard to protect the Smala, so

invitingly rich and promising booty, against any chance transgressions of the Rodoni chiefs.

Our way again led us by my newly purchased palace, the residence of Scanderbeg II., and we soon dived into the green-wood, leaping across bushes and brushwood, to reach a more open and more elevated position, where there were some half decayed buildings surrounded by a few scattered oaks. Far below us we could see the glittering bay, and on its wide waters the pretty corvette, on the yards of which my commander-eye, with satisfaction, saw some sailors busily engaged. Neat boats glided along the coast singly, in which were figures in white dresses, our officers, charged with the enviable duty of surveying the bay. The building before us was called a Christian church; it consisted of stone walls with a rotten roof, containing within its desolate space only a few solitary intimations of its august purpose, and these almost effaced and destroyed. And yet the Spirit of the Almighty still dwelt within this little church, for we were almost involuntarily drawn into it, and amidst dust and decay the men from the north and the south uncovered their heads and made the sign of the cross, that symbol of peace by which we brethren may recognise each other in all parts of this enormous globe, whatever be our language, whatever our station of life. In such moments, whether far away from one's paternal roof in the backwoods of Albania, or under the splendid dome of St. Peter's, one is not only happy in being a Christian but even proud, and it is gladdening to think that after hundreds and hundreds of years, and in spite of Turkish persecution and vengeance, the flock of Christ is still preserved, and though trembling, still exists in these barbarous and uncivilised countries; the greater the distance the community is from every protection the more devoted one feels towards them, and on this account I experienced some grand, heart-consoling moments whilst in Albania.

I began to understand that it was easy to remain a pious and persevering missionary, and that a strong mind was much more requisite to die a saint in these parts than throughout all old Catholic Europe. I heard that two priests had only recently been killed in Rodoni, and that since then the Christian community has been destitute of priestly comfort. It is a curious fact that here at the cape in Turkey, Christian feeling is still as in the time of the Venetians, for even now they come to the Catholic church on St. Mark's festival and make offerings of lambs and poultry as a kind of oblation.

The real persecution of Christians proceeds from the pashas, beys, agas, and whatever title you like to confer on that rabble, for even the Turks themselves have to suffer a great deal from them. There is some tolerance amongst the lower classes of the old settlers. It is true that people kill each other, but more for private revenge than for any religious antipathies. The country people, both Christians and Turks, are said equally to long for deliverance from their present oppression. The word Turk as a distinguishing name is invariably erroneous, for the population is Albanian, and religion is the only difference. Turkomanish, the so-called aristocracy of the country, consists of some merchants, and the officials with their creatures. The word Turk here expresses the same idea as Jew with us. The latter are too frequently confounded with the religion, for a Jew who is baptised does not cease to be a Jew: he no longer belongs to the Mosaic religion, but he is still of that almost distinct and individual tribe of Judah.

From the little church we pushed on through some stony roads, passing some more wild romantic bushes, till we reached the highest point of the promontory, from which we enjoyed the splendid view of country spread map-like before us. Whether travelling in an unknown country or

visiting an unknown city, such views give clearness to the confused pictures which the traveller has enjoyed separately. As soon as one has taken such a view the outlines of the country or city are impressed upon your mind, and you understand its principal traits.

The picture here was not merely beautiful but richly beautiful. It was one of those antique landscapes of the glowing East with the open glistening expanse of sea, green woody shores, rich in meadows and reed patches, huge capes, and blue mountain ranges such as artists paint for Theseus hunting a boar, for a nymph flying before a snake, or for Abraham entertaining an Angel : one of those pictures which, formerly, Poussin, and latterly, Mario, painted so admirably and enchantingly.

To the south Cape Pati was to be seen, and behind it Durazzo, so celebrated in the Byzantine period : the coast extended between these in delicate lines covered with green fields and meadows, and thickets of magnificent timber. Behind us, sloping to the south, rose a picturesque mountain chain ; to the north was the bay, and in the distance the plain of Bojana, bounded by the height of Dulcigno, falling abruptly into the sea. Before us was the cape, with its soft German hills and uncultivated valleys. On the wide sea ships sailed singly, and awakened that desire so inexplicable when looking on sailing vessels of transferring yourself into their confined world. There is something strange about these scenes on the sea-shore. Although one may feel happy and contented ashore, yet a voice calls, ' Away, away, over the broad sea, to the opposite and more beautiful shores ! ' This calling away, this unsatisfied desire of the heart is pleasing although painful, for the happiness of this earth is only to be found in such a mingling. The soul does not want contentment, for in contentment lies the death of happiness. Lasting satisfaction is only to be found after death. But the charm of the sea lies in longing, it exercises

the same charm as the endless blue sky with its stars calling upon you, as the mountains with their boundless height that make you ache to pass them.

To me it was rather interesting to see a Turkish household, the farm of the most wealthy landowner of the country. We fancy the Mohammedan as he is in Stamboul, Smyrna, or any other city, or as a free Bedouin in the wide desert. It had never occurred to me that a husbandman might be a peasant, but here I was convinced of it.

The proprietor of the farm, who had furnished us with some of the horses for to-day's excursion, was a tall spare man, with stern, almost awful features; he wore a moustachio as a warlike ornament, and was clad in a dark, dirty Albanian dress, with rifle and yatagan. As long as he walked by the side of the horse on which the Eastern Mephisto rode he looked like a tamed robber, threatening, but so insignificant that he was hardly noticeable in the crowd. But we no sooner entered his farm than he became the easy, affable, and, for an Albanian, polite host, though he did not seem the less earnest. He felt at home, and moved freely and unrestrainedly, with that good grace peculiar to most of the people of warm climates. The farmyard stood in a wide open pasture, with old trees scattered about, and was a conglomeration of stone and wood buildings like our 'Sennhütten,' excepting that here and there something of Eastern architecture might be seen, if the disorderly manner in which beams and stones lay scattered about might be called such; but even the cut of the wood recalled our farms. Some excellent red-brown cattle, with white foreheads, and a very large number of fine calves were kept in a kind of paddock. The farm also possessed a very good well and trough, but instead of the pleasant bustling housewife and her smart daughters of our country, as we entered we rather suddenly perceived some ghost-like figures wrapped in white veils and linen, who on a hint from their lord and master

disappeared in the interior rooms of the rustic harem. No hemp or potatoes grew near the house, but tobacco and melons; rabbits did not hop about the neighbouring fields, but beetles crawled lazily; no milk and curds were offered us, but as the master of the house became more friendly he presented us with coffee and the indispensable tschibuk.

We seated ourselves under a shady tree, as in spite of his obliging manners the master of the house seemed to dislike our entering, probably because of the white figures. Whilst we swallowed the exceedingly hot coffee as well as we could, some of them tried to exhibit their dexterity with the gun by firing on harmless swallows, in which to my great pleasure they succeeded most miserably. The chuckling Albanian must have thought that they were more successful in hitting human game. From the farm we rode on the southern slope of the promontory through some splendid brushwood, and proceeded over the green on our little Turkish horses at a brisk pace. Fresh nature easily excites merriment and daring in susceptible minds, so laughing at the danger, we dashed into the bushes, and frequently became invisible to each other, as the branches closed upon us after we had passed through them. It was like diving into the sea. Every now and then we were gliding over spaces on the slope, and enjoying a momentary glimpse of the valley and sea. At last, having passed the promontory by many windings and turnings, we reached our nightly encampment on the opposite shore. The tent was still on the beach, and busy sailors were preparing a meal. We found our old Wassili as *cuisinier-en-chef*, in shirt sleeves, a blue tobacco cloth round his lofty forehead, and on his head a protecting straw hat; he was bathed in perspiration, turning mutton and turkey, which were roasting together on a spit made from the branch of a tree. The heat of the fire tortured the poor fellow considerably, but our culinary preparations sa-

voured deliciously. It was not quite dinner time, so I retired to my tent to plunge from thence into the sea.

I would advise all who travel along the coast that there is nothing more delightful after bodily exercise than an invigorating sea bath, and after that to satisfy well-acquired hunger at your ease and with every comfort. To such as have dined thus, an entirely new and philosophical system of gastronomy is revealed, that of natural gastronomy. We gave ourselves up to it *sans réserve*, and came to the conclusion that in certain cases, turkey roasted with *thyme à la sauvage*, an invention to which I myself lay claim, is preferable to Strasburg pie with *truffles du Périgore*. I say only in certain cases, for I am also a great admirer of excellent cookery, and generally find that everything must be eaten in season and at the right moment. One must not be too exclusive or partial in cookery, nor in anything in the world. The German word 'ausschliesslich' is admirable, for it 'schliesst' really the not belonging to the thing 'aus,' and yet everything has its good side, only it is necessary to understand how to find it out.

After dinner, we consulted with Michele as to preparations for a boar hunt for the next day; then the tent was struck and we returned on board. I am of the severe but wise opinion of the English, that either the commander or the first lieutenant must always remain on board, be the weather ever so calm, the vessel ever so secure; and if you require strict observance of duty, you must set a good example yourself. Besides, I strove as much as possible to make life agreeable to my subordinates; and for that reason I gave up the pleasure of the hunt of to-morrow, which seemed very promising, and to which young and old looked forward with pleasure, to my first lieutenant, a good sailor, who did not generally care much for land, as is proper for a sailor, but loved his ship beyond anything: however, he seemed to expect much pleasure from the expedition.

July 31.

The joyously merry company started before sunrise. The face of my first lieutenant was perfectly radiant, and his lively eyes sparkled; in a word the whole man was full of eagerness and in anticipation of a glorious day's sport. What sailors do they do thoroughly; they do not care for obstacles, and they always know how to overcome difficulties. Even on land we maintain our position, on horseback we are not behind, and on sea our supremacy is unquestionable, for there we have the monopoly.

I devoted the day to an examination of my ship, made the men go through different exercises, and, as commander, was thoroughly satisfied; a feeling by no means to be despised, and worth earning at the cost of many hard hours' labour.

I saw our caravans return along the beach late in the afternoon, and as I turned my glass towards them, our ill-fated purser lost his equilibrium on his Arabian, and fell into a puddle of sea-water. This accident, as I heard later, was only one of a whole string of tragi-comical occurrences that happened to the poor fellow in the course of the day. I was the only one on board acquainted with the wild boar, from the promenades and hunts of our deer gardens, and drew a most glaring picture for our sportsmen of the horrible dangers one may expect in meddling with these ferocious beasts. These warnings had a wonderful effect on the more gentle natures. Some of them took boarding-pikes with them and servants as a safe-guard, others, as the dangerous monster grunted and revealed its tusks, resolved to take refuge in a tree. Our purser, who is no sportsman, only intended to attend the hunt as a spectator, but armed himself notwithstanding with pistols as well as his gun.

As frequently happens in hunting, a large troop of wild boars was started, but they did not come to the practised passionate sportsmen, to whom such a visit would have

been the height of good luck, but to the bush, where our purser anxiously watched the progress of events. He heard the rushing and grunting of the animals as they broke through the brushwood. All the dark bloody pictures I had invented at once came to his mind; his beating heart confessed in help-seeking humility that it was not that of a sportsman; he took his pistol only charged with powder, and with this harmless fire fortunately succeeded in keeping the danger away from his peaceful person and place. The wild boars fled, broke through the line safely and securely, and the real sportsmen were enraged; the 'hunt' was a farce, and the purser saved. I heard all this before the return of the company, from a gentleman who came on board to ask permission, in the name of the company, to make another trial during the evening. I granted it with pleasure, sent a good supply of provisions and wine to the gentlemen, as I knew my sailors in reference to the latter article, and I sent orders to the first lieutenant, as commander, to attend the second part of the hunt, as in his zeal for duty and in consideration of me he intended to return on board. The evening hunt was still less fortunate, in so far as no game was to be seen at all. But from that day the poor purser became the butt of the sportsmen, although he took it stoically, glad at having got off with his life.

August 1.

To-day it was my turn to go hunting, and again for boars. I took the officers with me who had stayed on board yesterday. We found Scanderbeg awaiting us on the beach, with the horses in their horrible saddles. Wassili, who was our cook yesterday, had discovered in the neighbourhood of our former encampment a snug spot, thoroughly shady, and as cool as is possible in these parts, and it was unanimously decided that we should make it our kitchen and dining-hall. We left the pilot to prepare

dinner for us and mounted our horses. It was a fresh, and, for Albania, a cold morning. It was just dawn; the outlines of the trees were distinctly visible above us, and the sky was gradually growing lighter, and an invigorating breeze ushered in the morning. For a time we trotted along the stony coast, then crossed a clear sparkling rivulet, turned into a valley, passing fields and cattle on either side, and at last reached a slope like an amphitheatre, covered with myrtles in blossom, evergreens, and shrubs. We here dismounted, and formed ourselves across the slope in the shape of a wide crescent. I stood, or rather sat, on a height on the right, from which I could observe my companions. I had given directions to all, and especially to the young and excitable officers, as to how they should use their fire-arms. I am not a Nimrod: if anything comes in my way I like to shoot it, but I very much dislike standing quietly in a stationary position awaiting something to aim at. I therefore sat down at my ease, and watched the young people lower down, who, in their passion for hunting, were scarcely masters of their own actions.

After a considerable time, as the sun was rising high in the sky, I heard an exciting skirmishing fire with the cries of people beating up game, together with that noise so peculiar to boars breaking through brushwood. But as the noise proceeded from the other wing I had no alternative but to listen as to whether it was successful or not. The beaters-up at last made their appearance, followed by the doctor, who was the only real sportsman amongst us, and who snorted up the hill joyously; after him came broad-shouldered Albanians panting under the weight of the monster slain by our expert Hippocrates. The boar was an unfortunate mother in the prime of life, a 'Bache,' at least a proof of our skill for the Albanians, who would otherwise have never forgotten the unsuccessful swallow

shooting, and besides, it somewhat justified our constant running about the wild promontory of Rodoni.

We then proceeded to the southern slope of the cape, to make a second trial, passing thorny bushes and groups of trees. A little nook in the fresh brushwood, very much frequented by hunters, was apportioned to me; it was a kind of nest formed by branches and roots drooping from some slender trees on the steep slope. A very comfortable seat of blankets and bernouse was prepared, from which the eye rested on branches and creepers or on a cool brook which flowed into the sea. This shaded water was a favourite resort of boars, and to all appearances success was certain; at least Mephisto, who on this occasion had seated himself by me, declared so. Michele appeared to perfection in his lurking position, and had we not been hunting I could have laughed so loudly that the woods would have resounded with it. During one's lifetime we frequently meet with people whom for some unaccountable reason you would either rejoice at seeing thrashed or whom you wish to overwhelm with gifts, just as one encourages a spoilt child in its naughtiness. I have found many such at courts, amongst eminent men, and especially amongst the cicerone class, waiters and *commis-voyageurs*. Voltaire's monkey of Ferney must have been such a one, even as was Michele de Nicolo. I must not forget to say that, though I should not bear the least malice towards the victim, yet I should entirely give myself up to the enjoyment of the sport; and I suppose it was as a punishment for such unchristian sentiments that after being made almost dizzy by the song of the cicadas I only heard the noise of the boars breaking through the brushwood, and did not even see them. However, it was an unsuccessful beat-up, as no boar had been touched, and I became aware that boar-hunting is by no means so well regulated in Albania as it is in our deer gardens.

We returned to our woody nook, very much shaken by the jolting on our wooden saddles, or rather bars. Sailors have a strange taste in arranging, and had constructed a very pretty canopy of flags: carpets and cushions were scattered about, and completed the Oriental and princely encampment of the nomade chief.

We had scarcely divested ourselves of our hunting traps, when some of our crew, rather excitedly, reported a cloud of dust visible in the distance as coming along the coast from the plain of Bojana to our encampment. Arms soon glittered through the dust, and horses became distinguishable. The whole matter seemed suspicious, and yet promised to be interesting. Confident of our greater strength we indignantly watched the small troop from our elevated position, and laughed at the chance danger. The dust cleared away slowly, and discovered a troop of men on horseback, who were recognised as delegates of the Aga of Ishmi as they approached nearer to us, and at most seemed to be some police sent to reconnoitre us and our free and easy doings in the freer woods of Rodoni.

While they dismounted on the beach close to our camp, I prepared to receive them with Eastern dignity and condescension, causing considerable laughter among our younger officers. I wrapped the bernouse round my shoulders, placed my sabre by my side, and taking the pipe of peace in my right hand, I seated myself on the most elevated point under the canopy, and ordered the others to form a circle round me suitable to my dignity. Wassili was appointed dragoman, and was sent to bring them into our presence. They were tschibuktschi and police sergeants, dressed partly in Albanian and partly in Turkish costume, with turban and kaftar trimmed with fur. They had heard of a large ship bearing a number of people, and they came to make inquiries as to our intentions, and in fact see what we were doing on an uninhabited

coast. It is unusual to give rise to any suspicions in Turkey, but the late state of Eastern affairs doubtless causes caution. In their own minds they may have thought us pirates, but they certainly concluded that we were enemies. I bade them be seated. At the commencement they appeared scared, but they soon acquired their Oriental composure, and very complacently took their pipes from the boys. I then told them to what country we belonged, showed them our flag, which unfortunately, *nostrâ culpâ*, they did not seem to know; assured them that we were on the best of terms with their Padishah, and that our occupation here was hunting, producing the dead sow as evidence. After a time we perceived to our discomfort that they were making themselves at home, and did not seem to intend leaving us at once. They knew our position, but we were little acquainted with them. Civilisation and its customs did not bind us, and as they did not seem inclined to go, we had to employ some diplomacy to oblige them to go, in fact we had to kick them out.

With dignity, and of course as much politeness as I could at once assume, I turned to our counterfeit dragoman and told him to signify to the Turks that it was the time of day when we made our ablutions in the sea. It had its effect on the orthodox Turks, for as followers of Mohammed they respect the prescribed ablutions, and only desired to visit the corvette in one way or another. I gave them a letter of recommendation, requesting that plenty of wine as well as coffee be offered to them. When they were fairly crammed they were taken ashore in a boat, whilst we, who had but just entered the sea, turned in all directions making salam aleiks, as if zealously performing our religious duties. The Moslems were much edified at our devoutness, and waved a friendly farewell.

Our rustic meal to-day was not quite so primitive. Our cook, an Italian artist, who had brought our taste to per-

fection with very much trouble, was enraged lest we should become accustomed to common food and so learn to do without his knowledge of the art of cooking, and moreover his Sicilian blood was boiling with jealousy at the praise we had given the pilot for yesterday's meal. It behoved us to treat such noble feelings with tender consideration, so that the artist was permitted to take part in the preparations. Both stood near the fire, the stout saucy Greek with a silk kerchief round his head, the lean emaciated Messinese in his official garb, while they darted looks at one another as though they were concocting poisons to kill each other. It was a contest of physical force with intellectual refinement.

After dinner we made another excursion; the heat was almost unbearable and there was not a breath of air stirring, so that one can easily conceive how dreary it was. I seated myself on the grass on the border of a thicket; insects were buzzing around me, the atmosphere seemed leaden, and I was bathed in perspiration. I sat there with my eyes longingly turned towards the sea, which might have possibly refreshed me, and anxiously waiting the appearance of a boar; but in vain. My only solace was Michele, who in a low tone, for he was not allowed to talk loudly, spoke of his country and countrymen, interspersed with extracts from his own memoirs and the traditions of the victorious Scanderbeg. But even Mephisto could become tedious under such circumstances. It was on this occasion that I placed a slender stem of grass like a plume of heron feathers in his little red cap and dubbed him Scanderbeg II., and it was during these few weary hours that his Albanian majesty informed me of a tower without entrance or opening, which stood on the promontory, and had been erected by his predecessor and namesake. This historical and traditional discovery was the more interesting to us from the fact that the treasure of the great

Scanderbeg was buried within its vaults, which had hitherto been unexplored.

Scanderbeg II. assured me that attempts had been made to bring it to light, but that nobody had as yet penetrated far into the building. It was visible to our ship in the distance, and I had no sooner heard this explanation than I resolved to collect all possible information in regard to it.

The afternoon was of course so intensely hot that our *battue* was useless, and at twilight we returned to our landing place. All our joints seemed dislocated by the dreadful jolting on the wooden bars, and although we behaved as bravely as we could, and mischievously chaffed each other when we reached home, we were thoroughly bruised and done up. But a bathe in the sea with the cool evening air soon restored us, and we sat in our wood salon drinking wine and smoking far into the night.

August 2.

I passed all day on board my ship. Scanderbeg visited the ship, and unable to resist the desire of availing myself of my slight talent for drawing, I took a portrait of his interesting and ridiculous countenance. The sketch was tolerably successful, and frequently amused me afterwards.

August 3.

I had ordered horses for to-day to examine the tower, and I already thought of the excavations and historical discoveries which would result from the adventure, and was planning as to how I should secure them in the night. We rode along the coast, which at first was soft and sandy, and passing hills, which rose and fell very abruptly, we forded many a bright brook ; but the space between the sea and shore, which was becoming very rocky, began gradually to decrease, so as to be almost too narrow for our horses, and at some places being even dangerous, on account of

the scattered blocks of rock. Then we passed long tracts bordered by sea-weed, which was so piled up as almost to resemble a wall, and in which we could plainly see the transition from the salty moist plant to the stone-like moss of the ground. Here was a bank of sea-weed thrown ashore by the sea, from which water squirted as the horses ran over it, whilst far above it lay the strata thrown up years ago, not differing in the least from the shape of the former, but being thoroughly compact and hard on account of the absence of any moisture. The salty parts had crystallised and the sea-weed itself had become earth. It was exceedingly interesting to notice the gradual transition, whilst the dead vegetation also showed how high the sea rose during a north-west gale, during which it is indispensable that you have a good firm anchor, otherwise there is no chance of safety. A white tombstone above afforded striking evidence of this. It was the salty grave of a rich Turk who had perished in these waters. The tomb was quite dazzling and even inspired awe; it was topped by a turban, and seemed covered with Arabesque letters. There is a legend in these parts about this tombstone and its contents; the Turk was a stubborn Mohammedan who had either robbed the neighbouring church of a treasure or tried his skill in Scanderbeg's tower, I am not quite sure which, but at any rate, in the dead of night, he with some companions had stolen some Christian property on which a Christian blessing had been bestowed, and according to the legend he could not depart, as a higher power detained him. There was a gentle breeze, the sea was calm, the moon shone brightly and the stars brilliantly; all seemed inviting, and the Turk set his sails. The blocks creaked, you could hear the unfurling of the sails, and the groaning of the capstan, the clinking of the chains on deck, and the dripping of the water from the anchor, when the gentle wind suddenly rose, catching the moon-

lit sails, and the vessel ploughed the sea. The Moslem looked back at the Christian building on the coast, and the sky became overcast with dark clouds with terrible rapidity, as is usual in these warm countries. The sea, but recently so calm, began to shudder. White foam covered its surface, and shrieking storm birds flew around the rocking ship, as if to warn the Turk of the coming storm. Suddenly, a contrary wind caught the sails and dashed them against the masts. It was that anxious moment when the peaceful land wind clashes with the rushing gale, as when the snake charms the dove with its fascinating eye. Suddenly a north-west wind came in all its force, turned it round as with a powerful arm, then laying itself behind it, the waves came rushing on and dashed it against the rocky coast. One shock and all was over.

The tombstone of the Turk, with the turban so admirably carved upon it, was erected by the ruling power, and is, in fact, a triumphal column for the Christian part of the population. This tomb, with all its attendant horrors, brought to my mind an excursion I made last spring at the Lido. A four-oared gondola soon carried me from St. Mark's Square, the heart of Venetian life, and all its brilliant illuminations, to the fresh green shore opposite. The moon shone with that transparent glow so much admired in ghost stories, and the sea rolled in lengthy waves, sending forth a sustained melody. I proceeded along the shore over grass and sand hills, when something brilliant in the earth suddenly attracted my attention. It was a little marble cross in the dry sand, which stood like a solitary flower, hardly noticeable, almost forgotten. On the marble I could read, 'Pregate per un infelice che implora pace e misericordia!' The words sounded sweetly, and yet sent a pang through my heart. There is something peculiar about the Italian language; it has a low and vulgar tone about it when spluttered out uncouthly, but in

the mouths of genuine Italians it is like the childish squeaking of the squeaking Polichinello; but sometimes it vibrates and seems to penetrate your very heart. So did this slight epitaph, and I have honestly and thoroughly fulfilled its request, praying with all my soul for the poor forsaken one who reposes there in the sand of the downs. There, as at Rodoni, everything around the tomb seemed devoured by the sea; and as you look down upon it in calm purity, and over its vast expanse, you can hardly understand how its kiss should be death to all vegetation. It is easier to imagine that anything touched by it should sprout forth and bloom afresh; but yet the blue sea, like a great eye with its salt tears, marks the earth with the furrows of death, as the tears of the human eye line the countenance with wrinkles.

Beside the sea-weed the beach again extends, and further on we discovered a church with its cloisters. According to tradition it was founded by a sister of the great Scanderbeg, who retired here with some virgins and became a nun. It was later on inhabited by some Franciscans, of whom there are a large number in the Albanian mission, so as even to include several bishops. But the pious friars were driven away by a terrible earthquake, the marks of which are still observable. Everything is now desolate and forsaken, the doors are rotting on their hinges, the shutters hang down tossed about by the wind, and the only inhabitant is the owl, who sings its nightly 'De Profundis.' This palace is considered a haunted house, as are all places forsaken by mankind. We visited the church. Some altars are still standing, pictures still hang on the wall, though almost in pièces, and the whole could easily be rearranged for service. I was informed that Rome had promised to send assistance to restore both the church and cloister, and if they do so, it will then become the religious meeting place of the Christians of

Rodoni, and will enable these poor people to again enjoy the comforts of religion.

Our ride soon brought us to the foot of the mysterious tower, surrounded by creepers and fig-trees, and gradually sinking into the sea with decay. We dismounted, and leaping from stone to stone we stormed this enormous building. There certainly was no entrance, and it would have been a useless and hazardous enterprise to have climbed to the upper part of the wall.

We took a cold meal on this picturesque ruin, and then rode to the farthest point of the cape, very much to our gratification and pleasure. At this point the walls or rather cliffs vary very much in form and colour, abounding in grottoes and little dark nooks where sea birds build their nests. There is also a little marble-like vein, which everywhere glows like petrified rays of the sun, projecting in points and turrets. The artists who have chiselled and carved all these so admirably are the sun and the sea; the sun with its scorching rays has wrought the frescoes, and the sea has completed the carving.

The shore was now a moist sand, and it was strewn with pieces of wood which the sea had thrown on its soft surface. In the sand itself we found several fresh tracks of wolves. On this occasion Michele told us that the only certain course for catching these cunning animals was to throw some carrion on the moonlit coast near their usual track, and to lie in ambush. On the first night the wolf only looks at the bait shyly, on the second it approaches it more confidently, and on the third he may be killed. Hunting in that manner is too tedious for me for I should fall asleep at least a hundred times during such an expedition, and even if I could lie awake it would be impossible for me to lie quiet for many hours. I should prefer being on the edge of a rock during a storm and witnessing the waves as they leap at the noisy riot in the clouds, and

should even find pleasure in the dashing of the waves. A storm with all its wild horrors seen from a projecting rock must be a splendid sight. Whoever has seen the sea thus, and has admired its mysteries, can understand Ossian as with his harp he sat on the moonlit chalk cliffs singing his songs so as even to compete with the warring of the clouds. There is poetry in all the elements when acting freely and unrestrainedly; and what element shows itself grander or more unbounded than the sea?

We proceeded round the farthest point of the cape and turned into the bushy hill-country, and going through some wild and romantic paths we eventually reached our landing place under a heat which was becoming intense. The temperature in Albania during the day was usually about 30° (Réaumur) frequently increasing to 34°, and unfortunately during the night but little less. I here learnt what is the signification of 'vor Hitze vergehen.' I frequently sat at my writing-desk and could neither read, write, draw, dictate or do anything except perspire. Nothing was left for me but to sit in my white bernouse in the leathern arm-chair in my cabin, and fan myself furiously. No longer condemn the planters and fair creoles for rocking themselves in their basket hammocks, ornamented with parrot feathers, or for passing the hot hours of the day with a fine cigarette in *dolce far niente*. In hot sunny climates man is born to vegetate, in the cold ones to work. What exorbitant amounts would we not have given for ice or snow in Rodoni. When at home I was told that the Emperor Joseph II. during the war with the Turks had the water of Schoenbrunn conveyed to Belgrade for him by couriers. I laughed then at the notion and considered it Sybaritic. But my time came later.

In July, 1849, a few days previous to the battle between Raab and Comorn, I was quartered outside the gate of the

latter town; the well had been so exhausted by Cossacks and our troops, that red-cloaked Seressanes had to be placed there with drawn yatagan in order to guard the brown and dirty water for the table of the emperor. I then saw that the Emperor Joseph was not in the wrong, especially when he had the means.

On board our ship we had nothing which could be called cooling; everything was insipid, and thirst could only be quenched by strong wine, and the country afforded us nothing beyond a quantity of water-melons, which were eaten to excess for breakfast, dinner, and supper.

August 4.

To-day I again stayed on board and allowed the rest to try their good luck at hunting. They again went after boars, but again they were unsuccessful. About noon the hunters, who were now resting in the salon in the wood, sent the Aga of Ishmi with his servants and pipe bearers to us on board. I let him come up with his dirty rabble and received them in my cabin. They at once squatted down like a swarm of vermin. The children of the Aga, who had accompanied him, took off their slippers and rolled on the floor. The tschibuktschi of the Aga, a fat pale boy who will perhaps some day shine as a high dignitary in Stamboul, examined every thing in my cabin with a satisfactory smile, while the Aga himself seemed to feel somewhat uncomfortable as he tried to answer my questions.

The father-in-law of the Aga, a tall old man, who seemed to have a parental influence, was more sensible. He took the visit as one of pleasure, made jokes, very much enjoyed the sponge cake and champagne, and, in a word, was quite an amiable fellow of the good old stamp. The Aga was rather suspicious as to the sparkling wine of the Franks, and had first to be assured that the beverage was

a kind of cider until he at last had sufficient courage to drink it.

In the cabin he was greatly pleased with the chairs which were novel to him. He thought them very comfortable, and forgetful of his dignity he inquired through the interpreter whether he might be allowed to take a specimen home with him to his paternal house in Ishmi. I was about to consent, when the wise father-in-law interfered and blamed him for his childish fancy. The Aga comforted himself with tobacco, which was handed to him by his tschibuktschi, and with which he filled his pipe.

When the nicotiana-clouds had become dense, and the Mahommedan's cordiality sufficiently broad, I gave the signal to rise, and led the Osmanlic authority on deck. Here I let our most agile sailor, a brave fellow from the island of Lissa, run up the mizen-mast before the astonished Turk with a rapidity which would have done honour to a cat, and then invited the Aga to follow the sailor to the scuttle, to take a sailor's survey of the ship; but considering this too kind on my part he politely declined the honour. I was glad when I saw the whole rabble in the boat again, and I had my cabin aired and swept, especially as I learnt that the Aga suffered from a most disgusting skin disease. Such are the pleasures of a diplomatic voyage to the patriarchal coast of Albania.

But the day was still to end most sadly for myself and for the whole crew. A commander who understands his position, and considers himself a true sailor, loves his subordinates, and only feels at home among the sailors trained by himself. After a time there is a bond that unites the whole crew. Dangers are experienced together, pleasures enjoyed together, seas are crossed in pleasant company, and everyone feels that on the wide ocean he belongs to a little world linked together by the common occurrences of daily life. If only one of that large family becomes endangered one must be

devoid of feeling not to feel anxious. Some days ago one of our sailors had said that he was unwell, in consequence of the dreadful heat and the want of everything at all cooling ; he was now hovering between life and death. He had been carried on deck in his hammock and placed below the forecastle so as to enjoy the fresh air. The doctors did all that their unfortunately too precarious art advised, but to no avail. The lamp of life slowly burnt to its end, and the vital spark flickered more and more faintly. I frequently asked the dying man how he was. But his glassy eyes could recognise me no more, and his lips only stammered unintelligible words. When the rest of the company returned joyously from the hunt, though without spoil, Murko Rugger had breathed his last. What a sad contrast ! When the doctor reported to us that death would certainly soon take place, I ordered Michele de Nicolo, as my factotum, to send for a priest as speedily as was possible. Messengers were sent out in all directions and telegraphic signs agreed on from the coast in order to announce his arrival, but hours passed and spiritual consolation could not be found. However, I could not allow an Austrian sailor to end his life like a soulless piece of flesh and blood. I requested those of the crew who crowded sympathisingly and wonderingly round the dying man to recite some pious prayers for the departing, but none of them had the courage to do it. Now-a-days, in times when religion is really needed, one is seized with an incomprehensible embarrassment ; religion becomes an object of uneasiness ; its fire is burning, but it no longer excites enthusiasm. The crowd stood around mute and awe-stricken, whilst the all-important moment might easily be lost. I did not hesitate for a second, but hurried to my cabin, whence I returned with a splinter of the Holy Cross and my prayer-book. I attached the former to the hammock, and knelt on the deck near the dying man. That seemed to break the spell, and all joined in devout

prayers for the salvation of this poor soul. When the sun shed his last beams on the anxious group the poor young man had breathed his last. The ship's bell was tolling tremulously, and the coming night soon spread its pall over the departed.

I had never before witnessed a death, and it required a great effort for me to remain till the last. It was especially moving to witness the dying man in his last moments as he strove to spring from his hammock, while his companions had to restrain him by holding him. At last he suddenly dropped his head and died. It was horrible for me to witness all this, although after it dying appeared much easier than I imagined. The moment was solemn, and, I thank God, devoted to prayer. I saw many a tear in the eyes of our young officers who otherwise would perhaps have thought of anything but death. It was altogether a bitter but very beneficial lesson for me and for all.

In the course of the evening the sailors asked permission to pray together aloud, and to recite a rosary by the side of the deceased, at which I was heartily glad. The coffin was finished before midnight, the corpse placed in it, and it was slowly lowered into the boat. The moon shone coldly, and for a long while in the stillness of the night we could hear the sound of the oars as they rowed towards the cloister. The body was deposited in the church, guarded by the Catholic population of the coast. The whole tragedy had passed with awful swiftness; the poor sailor, scarcely ill, was now lying amongst strangers in the little church in the distance. Everybody sought his couch to-day in a very earnest frame of mind.

August 5.

The morning was passed in work and drill on board. At two o'clock P.M. the flag was hoisted at half mast, and all who could proceeded to the cloister. We were received

in the yard of the ruin by the whole of the Catholic population of the cape, and followed to the church. The coffin was open, a handkerchief covered the face of the corpse, and a small wooden cross, hurriedly made by the ship's joiner, was placed in his hands. The crew was marched up in rank and file; our doctor stepped out and made a short and appropriate address, which was followed by the 'De Profundis.' The coffin was closed, and was slowly carried by the comrades of the deceased, followed by a procession, in which we joined, to the cloister yard, where it was buried under the shade of an old fig-tree. The volleys of the marines resounded, and we all threw earth into the grave, which was closed up and a cross with a short epitaph placed upon it. The ceremony was short, void of all pomp, but paid by sailors to a sailor, and rendered especially melancholy by the thought that the deceased had found his last resting-place in a distant, foreign land. It made a deep impression on the Catholic population. We distributed bread and wine among the different families, took leave of Michele and returned with hoisted flag to the corvette.

We intended to sail to Durazzo at once, in order to efface the sad impression of these events; but a calm detained us. Evening was slowly advancing, when the coast was suddenly enlivened by a crowd of people, making signals, and calling upon us most clamorously. We immediately concluded that a priest had arrived, and wished to come on board, and so sent a boat to the shore, which returned quickly, bringing Scanderbeg II., who rushed on board, and, to my great astonishment, threw himself at my feet howling and crying. Overwhelmed with grief, he told me that the pasha of Tirana had arrived with 200 men, had ordered his son to be bound, and threatened to have him beheaded, if the corvette should depart before he had visited it. This seemed possible, and in accordance with the present state of affairs in the East. Now Michele de

Nicolo and his family were Christians, and as long as an Austrian flag floated on the coast of Albania, not a hair of their heads could be touched, for Austria had but just accepted the protectorship of all Christianity in the East. I was enraged at the supposed insult, and fully resolved to act in a most decided manner. I ordered a boat to be manned, and sent it ashore, under the command of the calmest and most prudent of my officers, in order to demand satisfaction. We watched it depart with considerable excitement, and had almost a secret pleasure in feeling that we were setting an example to the Moslems as to how to protect one of our brethren. I was waiting to give the signal of attack, thoroughly determined if things should take a serious turn either to compel the pasha to come on board, or clear the coast of him and his followers. We waited for some time very anxiously, and as it got dark, the boat returned, and brought us a clue to the whole affair.

The pasha had really arrived; his troops were encamped in the wood, and he had expressed a desire to visit the corvette in an exceedingly authoritative tone. But Scanderbeg II., as was now certain, had dived rather too deeply into the tankard at the funeral repast; his brain became over-heated, and the whole story of the execution of his much-beloved heir apparent was an Albanian hoax. It was not an instance of *in vino veritas*. The pasha might not be altogether free from blame, but the firm language of our *envoyé* had restored his diplomatic equilibrium, and he humbly asked for an audience on board. The calm continued, and as we could not entertain the idea of sailing, we granted his request, and fixed it for the next day. We sent Scanderbeg II., the primitive and fanciful disciple of Bacchus, back to the bosom of his princely family.

August 6.

As is my habit on board, at four o'clock A. M. I was walking on deck while it was being cleaned, and was indulging in a good wash when the arrival of the so much longed-for priest was reported, alas ! only too late. The Rev. Padre Negri, missionary of that enlightened and dreaded order of the Jesuits, appeared on board before us with the mustachios of a hussar, in a student's cap, with ruby nose and spectacles, wearing Pandoor mud shoes and black gown, and carrying a huge cudgel in his hand. He seemed a thorough man, resolute and merry, with a perfect knowledge as to what he was about. Thoroughly hungry, and obliged to be a recluse among these barbarians, he very much enjoyed a well prepared substantial breakfast in my cabin. His presence made the morning most agreeable to me. Not being sufficiently enlightened to tremble before a Jesuit, I was very much amazed with his report of the state of affairs in Albania, and at the account of his own life, which he narrated in a few precise words. He had a clear head, free from illusions, and did not in the least degree conceal the dangers and difficulties attending Christianity in Albania. He had come over from Italy, to work with as much energy as he was capable of. He also explained the peculiarity of his outward appearance. His mustachios were necessary in the East, in order that he might not be mistaken for an old woman ; the black gown served as the kaftar usual in the country ; the student's cap was indispensable on account of the dense woods of Albania ; the Pandoor shoes helped him over stones and through marshes, and the cudgel in his strong hand defended his body against heretics. We soon recognised and understood each other, and had so pleasant a conversation, that when he departed, I looked forward with pleasure to meeting him again in Durazzo, where he was pastor.

At half past nine A.M., a boat of the corvette brought the formidable but now tamed Bimbashi on board. The lion of Tirana, like all Osmanlic aristocrats, was a fat, delicate little mannikin with bandy legs, a quivering paunch, and a thin pagoda-like countenance. He wore the fez on his round shaven head, a dressing-gown about his panting body, and dirty pantaloons covered his shanks. A lazy nod from me told him that he might be seated, and we offered him water-melons and champagne to refresh his soul, if by chance the infidel had one. Some meaningless hollow phrases, and a somewhat stern admonition from me in regard to Christians, formed the subjects of our diplomatic conversation, while his unintelligible roaring or rather grunting nearly caused me to laugh openly in the face of this bloodthirsty tyrant. When his Highness had refreshed himself, he was dismissed with a few bottles of stale champagne, and was honoured with a salute from our thirty-two pounders, which rather shook his nerves. At last we set our sails and made for Durazzo, the Eastern capital of the Byzantine empire.

Let us at parting cast a retrospective look at Rodoni. We had lived the exciting life of wanderers, encamping in the woods as our homes, enjoying the pleasures of hunting, with moonlit nights to enchant us, and all that wild wood-life on the borders of the sea can suggest. The cape of Rodoni, with its wide hilly country, its springs and rivulets, its rich soil, well colonised, industriously worked and wisely husbanded, would be a splendid possession, and, indeed, so would the whole of the Albanian coast. All which makes me conclude with the remark, ‘What a pity it is that Albania wears the horns of the crescent!’

Towards evening a favouring breeze sprang up, and in the twilight the ship sailed lightly southward. We passed the cape, where, the day before, we had laid our poor

sailor-comrade in his silent grave. Waves and wind are rushing about him, and his floating home, the ship which had carried him, is sailing away, leaving him behind. Many a wave will roll over his resting-place, many a ship, with her flag, will be hurried past Cape Rodoni by the same November storm that is now rushing through the grass on his grave.

We sailed all night and all the next day, passed Cape Peli, and in the afternoon rounded the projecting sand-bank of St. Lucia, which encircles the roadstead of Durazzo. We then made for the Pietra Blanca, a dazzling rock in the coast-line, and carefully ran into the port of Durazzo.

The large bay of Durazzo is formed by two arms projecting into the sea; that to the north is beautifully covered with timber, and slopes towards the plain. Durazzo lies at the foot of the slope between the plain and the cape, and at present is no more than a mass of tottering buildings. A mutilated but entire minaret rises from it. The height is a confusion of palaces and barracks, in a state of ruin and decay. One of the two town gates opens towards the port and its Dogana, which of course consists of a wooden shed, also in a state of decay. If a father of a family should intend to visit this venerable place, and step out at the quay, I advise him first to insure his life in London, if the speculating English would insure the life of anyone travelling to Durazzo, for landing on the loose and rickety boards is an exceedingly hazardous undertaking.

Close to the quay, between the sea and the Dogana, there is a splendid plantain, a tree, like the minaret, genuinely characteristic of Osmanlic cities. To the right of the town is a large brackish lake, bounded by mountains. These picturesque mountain chains, which are rich in rocks and woods, are bounded at their base by fields and meadows, and extend to the end of the southern arm of the cape, where in the

misty distance we could distinguish the tower of Guerrin Meschino, that favourite hero of our sailors, whose adventures are read on board all our ships. The bay is too large, the town too small, to call the picture lovely or even interesting, but in spite of this it has a certain character.

The lake of which I have spoken was once joined to the cape, thus making the town an island, so that the Greek and Roman galleys could enter the port from the northern bay behind the town. Even now the sea is only separated from the two opposite points of the lake by a few yards of sand.

We despatched a cadet to inform the consular agent of our arrival. He soon returned and put the whole ship into a state of excitement by his account of his visit to the consular agent. It must be remembered that the poor boy had been staying at Rodoni. He enthralled us with his statement of the enormous salons, gorgeous divans, all the opulent smoking conveniences of the East, and a description of the consul's charming daughter, adorned with jewels, 'einem Weibe sonderer Art, eine Perle seltener Zier.' This sounded, after the dreadful appearance of the ruined town, like an hosanna. We again took courage and looked forward to the approaching barge with pleasure. It brought us the Padre Negri, with the happy father of the rare maid, rich in honour, indeed, but unfortunately weak from old age, for he is the Nestor of consuls, being eighty-six years old; he is also the richest merchant in Durazzo, an amiable, patriarchal man, fulfilling his duties towards both religion and government, and who, during our stay here, besides being very serviceable, overwhelmed us with kindness. The consular agent, during his long residence here, has become thoroughly acquainted with the customs and advantages of this country. At the same time he has a witty vein, so that his conversation is both agreeable and instructive. He came on board in a consular

hunting-dress, similar to that which an 'Oberforstmeister' wears on the stage. A long black coat, with green and gold huntsman's lappets, hung loosely about his aged loins; his clever head, to which one involuntarily looked for the pigtail, was shaded by a clumsy hunting cap, with a gigantic visor, which answered at once for sunshade and umbrella.

I went ashore the same evening, in company with the consular agent and his brother, who, by-the-bye, had accompanied him in his visit to me. We had scarcely passed the quay when we were surrounded by a fearful rabble. The commander of the fortress showed himself in his ragged, threadbare official dress, surrounded by his staff, who appeared still more ragged and crazy: with these all kinds of naked youths, townspeople and peasants, who, in spite of their filth, were clad in picturesque dresses; porters and gipsy people, as black as pitch, of every age, and scantily clad in rags; in fact, veritable figures of the lower regions.

We walked to the gate of the town under the shade of some plaintains, where a quantity of turtle doves, introduced here by our Nestor, cooed and fluttered amiably and pleasantly, enlivening us with their gabble. At the gate, around which are the granite columns of the proud Durazzo of old, stood the astonished guards of the fortress.

To prove the strength of this gate, and how well it is guarded, I may relate that our consul at Scutari arrived here once in the night, and not being admitted burst it in with his head, thus forcing an entrance to the capital of Albania. 'Des Pudels Kern,' the interior of the town, looks almost worse. It is almost impossible to describe the dirty houses, almost roofless, and the offensive odours of this Eastern town.

The town may be compared to the decorations of a

Turkish fairy-ballet, which, placed in the loft of some theatre, is forgotten and left to the spiders for several years, then, by some mistake, brought again before the lamps of the stage, covered with dust, cobwebs, and full of holes. To this add a few pensioned choristers and antiquated fairies, who are about to sell their costumes at the rag fair, the smell of resin and extinguished oil lamps, and then you can imagine Durazzo as it is.

At the first enrapturing view of all this, I experienced that disagreeable embarrassment which frequently possesses a traveller when he finds himself not only disappointed, but, as it were, fooled and insulted.

All Eastern cities are like this, even Cairo and Smyrna; only that these are large and lively, and their rags are gold stuff and Indian shawls. But nature has assisted them, and woven poesy and romance into the picture, for a mosque with its minaret, even though small and decrepit like that of Durazzo, seizes the fancy. If the roof of the bazaar falls to pieces, vines with their golden fruit are entwined about it and with their living chains keep the falling beams together. No matter how small the population, you are sure to find some of the old Turkish figures, with large shady turban and waving beard, silently and imperturbably seated at pipe and coffee in the bazaar-booths, waiting with Mahomedan fatalism for customers, without inviting them either by a friendly gesture or even a display of their goods.

The peculiarly pungent smell, everywhere pervading the Eastern houses and palaces, as well as the streets and places, prevailed here. Stumbling and tripping over dust and sand, I reached the second gate of Durazzo, where there were two or three Krähwinklians; and immediately outside we passed an irregular and disorderly cemetery, with its antique columns and lumps of granite. There are some gipsy dwellings in the last garden of the town,

and close under the walls, towards the sea, there is a swamp proceeding from a neighbouring pond in which are some silver herons. Towards evening I took a bath in the sea, and then returned home, little pleased with the wonders of this Eastern metropolis. During the first night I was suddenly awakened from the sweetest sleep by the rushing, roaring, and howling of one of those thunderstorms so frequent here, so destructive to vessels, and rather alarming for anyone who has just anchored in the port. We at once attended to our rigging, through which the wind rushed madly. Lightnings ploughed the sky, and for a short time rain fell heavily. It was the first that had fallen for months, and I usually hate it, but this was delightfully refreshing. Towards morning the weather again became clear, and the blue hot Albanian sky soon spanned itself over our heads.

I stayed twelve days in the port of Durazzo. There was a great deal to do on board the corvette, for the commands had to be introduced in the German language. The officers had to learn it first, then the cadets, and then the crew. The morning was always devoted to exercise on the sails, and as the men displayed a very good will, I soon noticed considerable progress.

We made shooting our amusement, and were sometimes all day at it. The first excursion of this kind was on the pond, after mass, which I had ordered to be said on shore at the parsonage. What a sad humiliating parsonage! A house built by Turks in Turkish style, which could only be entered by stooping very low, then passing through a dirty sooty kitchen, up a rickety wooden staircase, and into a little low room, where the church of Durazzo was situated, fitted up with some old linen rags, worn-out imitation gold lace in shreds, some horrible sculptures, and faded bouquets. And yet this quiet mass will ever be memorable to me from its intrinsic dignity.

Padre Negri, with whom we had already become acquainted, accompanied us outside the gate. We were soon carried to the shore of the smoky lake by some spirited Turkish nags in fantastical harness. Some buffaloes had wallowed in the puddle. A buffalo is the prototype of the primitive, the melancholic 'Staffage' of the uncultivated swamp country, the indigenous citizen of once blooming but now wasted tracts of land, or of such as will hereafter be developed, where nature reigns supreme. The bright plumage of myriads of water-fowl glittered in the sun over the water; herds of horses and mules browsed on the wide level verdant shores. It was midday when we dismounted, and, gun in hand, waded through mire and reeds. Air and water were all brightness, all in a scorching glow, all in silent repose. In the oppressive stillness of a southern noon air, too faint to stir, the lake is too drowsy to flow. Solitary pelicans alone returned from their morning trip with their well filled crops to the shade of the reeds, the breeding-place of their family. When a shot was fired swarms of silver herons, swans, storks, and other denizens of the water, rose for a moment from their moist repose and sought a new resting-place. Restless gulls of all kinds alone encircled the sportsman like lightnings, and could not tire of satisfying their curiosity; and if a bird fell with a heavy splash into the flood, you could hear the shrill cry of the gull and the plaintive note of the plover for a long while afterwards.

I was much delighted with this peculiar picture of nature so thoroughly different from any I had ever seen. My passion for swamps and wide plains, which the prairies and the lakes of North America had familiarised with my fancy, was brilliantly satisfied here. There is a peculiar inexplicable charm in all life where man does not interfere disturbingly. It may be found in the mysterious primitive wood with its unknown world of animals and plants, in the

Amazon river with its crocodiles, in the still, lifeless förds of Norway, in Scotland's waste land only inhabited by grouse and deer, in the desert covered with ostriches and gazelles, and then in our country in the snow-capped peaks of the Alps where the chamois and the eagles dwell. I continued shooting until the evening, and could not sufficiently enjoy the lake and its surroundings.

The second hunt was devoted to the boar. It was a fresh fine morning: we proceeded to the green forest which extends on the promontory behind the town, surrounded by the nobles of Durazzo and a large crowd of the Christian population, who had obtained permission to carry arms during my stay here.

On our way, as we passed the lake, I shot at a white sacred stork, which, like hermits in the time of our forefathers, stood in holy contemplation under an aged oak tree. The bullet whistled, the Albanian hermit shook his modest head, looked with quiet contempt on the disturber of his peace, and retired to the more secluded and private life of his woods.

Drops of the nightly rain were still hanging from the branches of the trees in the forest like sparkling diamonds; the young sun glittered through the refreshed green of the trees, and the waves were heard like distant music breaking against the shore. It was a delightful ramble through the wood, and I felt fresh and light-hearted.

Every one took his post. Mine was under the slight protection of a cornelian tree, whose delicious purple fruit covered the ground. A rich Turkish merchant cowered at my side with his long gun, a swell of Durazzo, who had made a tour to Constantinople in order to educate himself. The forest was beaten here and there, with a noise as awful as though Zamiel was hunting. The whole population was in the wood. But we only once heard the boars break through, and nobody caught a glimpse of them, so that our morn-

ing battue was confined to enjoying the fresh wood and the view of a flock of pretty wood-nymphs.

We were just proceeding up a height when we suddenly perceived in a thorny bush, not of roses but of thistles, a laughing troop of female figures almost in the costume of Eve. How had this corps of huntresses of Diana got into the woods of Albania? But in truth, and with horror I remember it, they were no votaries of Diana, but a horde of godless gipsy girls, as black as the devil, and as ugly as his grandmother. Their leader, an old weather-beaten hag, stood in the midst of them, boldly and resolutely, with a slight sheet wrapped round her loins. She was a woman at whom hell itself would shudder, with a skin as coarse as that of an elephant, and as brown as ground coffee. She had the audacity to smirk at us with her camel face. She wore a handkerchief, turban-like, on her raven hair, which was twisted round her head like so many snakes; and to complete the monstrosity of her appearance, she puffed long clouds of smoke from a Turkish pipe. I have never seen the like in all my life, and had I been alone in the wood, I would rather have met any monster than this gipsy queen. They pretended to be here in search of berries, but I suspect it was rather to gather poison for their witchery.

The male gipsies were our principal beaters-up, and did their business with large Turkish drums, on which they made an infernal noise, so that they rather frightened the game away than directed it towards us. The best evidence of this was that in the evening, in another battue on the lower parts of the mountain, we saw nothing.

We dined as in Rodoni, *al fresco*, under the shade of a large oak, and our dinner also consisted of turkey and mutton. After dinner we all, high and low, fired at an old Albanian cap, which was productive of considerable merriment and rivalry between the East and West. To

my great pleasure, the best shot was made by one of the crew of my gig, a nimble young sailor of Trieste.

In spite of our empty bags, we returned home in good spirits, racing through the green plain, which by its dense wood reminded us of the North. My sailors also distinguished themselves in this by their mad courage and their really comical hussar-like endurance.

Our third hunt was devoted to the celebrated beccafichi, and led us across the buffalo-swamp to the opposite shore of the lake, where green hills alternate with woody plains, until you reach the high and distant mountain.

The higher class of Christians led us to one of those hills crowned by a small Turkish village, where, in a thorny bush, full of insects, we lay awaiting the unfortunate or rather, fortunate beccafichi, which we expected to kill in the trees above our heads. I sat very snugly in the bush with crickets and butterflies playing about me, and enjoyed that comfortable, invigorating repose—the Sunday afternoon's delight of a German professor—in which though on the point of sleeping, one observes the working of nature with harmless childlike feeling. But the beccafichi did not come, the cricket only chirped, and the bumblebee hummed, and we should have waited much longer in the green bush, had we not been tempted to the village, in the hope of finding some cool sweet water melons, such as are offered in abundance in this country. There was decidedly a 'Jagd-Pechvogel' among us;* or perhaps the old woman† who crossed our way was the cause of it. Our insatiable Albanians proposed a hare hunt in a little pine-wood in the plain. Full of courage, we proceeded to the plain. We again formed a line, Turkish drums beat and dogs barked, a super-

* Pech (pitch) is a student's expression for bad luck, and a Pech-vogel (bird) is one who always has bad luck and is the cause of it to others.—T.

† To meet an old woman on going out hunting is considered among the German sportsmen of the old stamp a very unlucky omen. I have known some, who, in such a case, have returned home at once.—T.

abundance of beaters of all religions and nations ran about, but no hare. This was a little too much for me; I decided that the company should make another battue, and galloped across the wide moor to the town, renouncing all hunting for a long time if Weidmanns Heil * should not be vouchsafed me.

In the harbour I received the visit of a Bey, the commander of Cavallo. He had a long, uncouth, but awkward and stupid figure, although he was said to be more good-natured than his predecessors. A few hollow phrases, very much alike, and the reception was over.

The birthday of our beloved sovereign approached, and I resolved to celebrate this highly venerated day not only in a patriotic, but, under the circumstances, in an especially Catholic manner. Padre Negri had informed me that the residence of Don Ambrosio, Archbishop of Durazzo, was at Belbinisti, about twelve hours' distance from here, where an old Turkish family had retained him as prisoner in the interior of his house for a whole year. I could but desire that this prince of the Church should glorify our celebration. I therefore sent fourteen armed Christians, on horseback, to Belbinisti, with orders to free the unhappy apostle from custody and conduct him to us and his diocese.

On the evening of the 17th, preparations commenced on board our corvette. A large tent was fixed on the quarter and main decks; flags of all kinds ornamented its roof and sides. The escutcheons of Austria, surrounded with oak wreaths, were placed in a symmetrical row. Boarding pikes were mounted on the cannons, wound round by garlands of leaves and pennons, which met in the centre of the tent. Young oaks, which the sailors had brought from the

* 'Weidmanns Heil,' a German hunting expression for hunters' good luck. If well-wishers meet a sportsman going out they greet him with 'Weidmanns Heil!'

promontory, were placed between the cannons. An altar, with brilliant silver and flower ornaments, an elegantly painted relic-box, and a cross radiant with diamonds, was erected on a broad step before the mizen mast. A canopy of purple silk was lightly and picturesquely spread over it in the middle. The flag of the Pope, with the tiara and keys of Peter, waved on the top of it. The wreathed portrait of our monarch, surrounded by a trophy formed of all the arms and emblems of sailors, hung from the main mast under the canopy of a standard.

All was tastefully and gracefully arranged, in a manner worthy of the occasion, uniting church and state, and produced by a few hours' industry, skill and good will.

August 18.

In the early clear morning the imperial salute ushered in the joyous festival day. Our thundering salute was answered, although feebly, yet as well as they were able, by the batteries of the fortress. Our gala flags ran up the masts, fluttering in the wind in all their brightness and colour. All belonging to the ship took care to appear in their best dress as the hour of service, the kernel of to-day's celebration, approached.

A large boat brought us Don Ambrosio, the rescued archbishop, with four or five priests as his suite. Numerous vessels brought us the whole Christian population, aged men and children, armed men and pregnant women, who had all responded to our invitation with very much pleasure.

The dignitaries and people grouped themselves between the guns and the green of the trees, under the many-coloured tent, through which the sun shed a mysterious purple light, forming an effective picture, in which the magnificent dresses of the Albanian women, who, according to Byron, are the most handsome in the world, appeared to great

effect. The belle of the guests was the daughter of Tedeschini, a stately young woman, with splendid regular antique Grecian features, with a complexion as fine and white as blossom, dark hazel eyes, and a dreamy expression of melancholy extremely becoming to her. She wore a scarlet tabard, reaching to the knee, covered by the most splendid gold embroidery, with loose sleeves of snow-white silk. Her bosom was covered with a richly-embroidered chemisette, from which a richly-embroidered apron pendant to a girdle fell over her wide trowsers of splendid silk stuff. Her head was covered with a nun-like veil, from which the golden tarbush and rich braids of her hair were just visible. The whole of her charming figure was sprinkled with sparkling diamonds. This glittering costume is most beautiful when she who wears it reclines on a couch, but it is not adapted to walking or moving about.

The archbishop had made his preparations, and soon appeared in the midst of the faithful, surrounded by his priests, with mitre and crozier, and commenced officiating at the richly covered altar, a spiritual comfort he had not enjoyed since his captivity. You could read happiness in the worthy man's beaming face at being able once again to perform his pastoral duties in peace, secure against ill-treatment. He seemed to feel at home, and I was very glad of it. The mass was followed by benediction, and the thundering of the guns; the *Te Déum* was very well sung by our German cabin-boys, whom our bread commissary, who was not unlearned in music, had taught.

After service, which had not for a long time been celebrated with such fervour, and which the Albanians were happy to attend with us, a slight movement of the sea obliged part of our company to go on shore. The archbishop retired with me to my cabin, where we had a very interesting conversation about the sad state of Albania and Christianity in it.

The church on deck, in which the service had been held with such splendour and solemnity, was transformed into a festival hall. A large table was set, in horseshoe shape, around the capstan, and richly covered with silver dishes and wine. Flowers in glittering vases ornamented it, and a number of servants in the dress of the time of Louis XIV. attended it. In the midst of the sea, between saltwater and air, I like to make arrangements contrasting with these simple elements, so that one may feel in the very heart of an opulent capital. At the banquet the archbishop took his place on my right. The cook, knowing my taste, very artistically arranged the material part in Parisian style. The poor ascetic archbishop, who suddenly saw himself transplanted from his anchorite prison into a world of security and mirth, was quite bewildered, and enjoyed the gifts of God with thankful heart. When the tumblers had been filled with some cooling champagne, I rose and drank the health of the emperor; a salute was fired, and the whole crew of the ship, from myself to the last ship's boy, sang a patriotic hymn. Only the day before I had put the words to music, and during the night our doctor had translated them into Italian, so that it was perhaps the first time that a patriotic hymn had ever been sung in two languages at the same time. The moment was full of dignity and emotion; and the song coming from so many vigorous throats, and rendered with such heart-felt emotion, made a grand impression, which did not fail in its effect on our guests.

How much greater still would have been my emotion could I have known that this day was perhaps the most important of the emperor's life; that to-day in the merry Alpine country, surrounded by our dear parents and sisters and brothers, and embraced by my love in the distance, he had selected, in the youth of his life, his lovely consort! Perhaps it was better that I should not know it,

for the thought of being absent from such happiness on this joyous day might have cut my heart too deeply.

Soon after dinner, the worthy archbishop, already venerated by us, left us. After a cordial farewell he was soon followed by the Albanian guests. But the younger people of the ship, exhilarated by the champagne, made merry for some time longer under the garlands of leaves and flags.

And so ended the day, a splendid one, and one I shall never forget.

August 19.

During the night the temple with its picturesque and fantastical ornaments disappeared, and the ship of war was again restored to its stern military order. It is these contrasts that make life so interesting and agreeable. At eight o'clock A.M. we set sail, with a fresh northern breeze, and left Durazzo, after a somewhat long sojourn. As we were about to depart we were informed that Michele de Nicolo, the prince of the woods, Scanderbeg II., had, *per pedes apostolorum*, brought his royal château from Rodoni, in all the splendour of his royal robes, to once more press his princely seafaring friend to his heart, and for the last time to express his feelings of love and friendship. I should have liked to have dropped anchor again, but that the ship was in motion, and so we could only bid each other a tender farewell in fancy; so that the prince of Rodoni must retire to his forest of boars and wolves with heavy heart and empty hand.

We sailed, with a stiff wind, faster than the Lloyd steamer into the wide picturesque roadstead of Avlona, and at four o'clock P.M. we cast anchor in twenty-one fathoms of water.

The roadstead of Avlona is a grand picture of nature. Towards the east a level green coast and plain extend around the Capo tre Porte. Beyond the plain a lofty

mountain rises in fine outline, and at its base is the town of Avlona. Behind it a ravine runs up into the mountains, and on its heights to the left is a little decayed mosque. Before the town, on the beach, and immediately behind the Dogana, there is a large fort in ruins, where a prince of the Hohenstaufen is said to have fled, have been besieged, and died. Southward of our anchorage some splendid dark mountains surround the bay, which is as smooth as a mirror, like one of those melancholy mountain lakes of Upper Austria. To the west is Cape Linguetta, which closes the bay, projecting far into the sea. Before it is the island of Sasseno, which is sharply delineated.

I was visited in the course of the evening by our consular agent, who endeavoured to be a *diplomate*, and imagined himself—as, by-the-way, may more or less be remarked of most men—to be the centre of the world, and so imagined that the well-being or otherwise of the entire earth depended on the political attitude of Avlona. But in his endeavour to blow himself out as did the frog of the fable he was outdone by a Prussian adventurer, who seemed to have more of the fox than he did. He was a Turkish doctor, who styled himself the personal friend of the Bey, and seemed to be the great man of Avlona. He invited us on the part of the pasha, ordered in the name of the pasha, announced himself in the name of the pasha; and our poor representative, who did not possess such volubility of language, fell in a heap like a London patent air cushion when the mysterious screw has been loosened. As usual in this terrestrial vale of sorrow the bold won the victory; the Prussian perfectly entrapped us by his bewildering talk, and conquered the consular agent. The latter, however, was of opinion that the Prussian was an intriguer, nay, a most dangerous individual; but this intriguer was the man of action, and, thanks to the state of things in Turkey, the director of affairs in Avlona. We arranged

everything with him, acquainted him with our wishes and desires, and his rival had nothing to do but to restrict himself to diplomatic etiquette.

August 20.

In the course of the morning the Bey came, a tractable young man, who had received his 'polish' in Constantinople. Our agent sat in the shady background during the presentation, but Reinecke, the fox, pliable and subtle, acted as interpreter, and carried the preliminary words from the mouth to the ear. I appointed the afternoon for a visit to the Bey. A large retinue accompanied me to the shore, where the Bey met us himself with a numerous suite. A fiery stallion of Arabian breed, with a shining bearskin saddle, was ready for me. We visited the above-mentioned fort, now a large empty space, surrounded by walls, which had served as a hospital a short time since. We then rode over a plain covered with fields and trees, to the genuine Eastern town. We passed mosques surrounded with plantains and decaying houses, and came to the palace of the Bey, whose family has for a long time ruled this country. The palace is an old wooden building in truly Turkish style, with its many lattices, staircases and windows. The points of the curved roof are painted with grotesque figures, landscapes, and arabesques, and the whole palace looks like one of those little houses in which leapfrogs are kept. It stands in a wide space surrounded by a wall with a towering gate. The Bey is not married, so that the second palace, intended for the harem, is empty and decaying. The Bey is said to have a European *liaison* with the wife of a Frenchman, who does not object, as by this means his position here is rendered more advantageous. We were led to the divan up a shaky staircase. The divan corresponds with the reception salon. We smoked and took coffee whilst we enjoyed the fine view as

we sat with crossed legs on luxuriant cushions. Though speaking a foreign language, the Bey did honours in a very agreeable manner. The Prussian, Reinecke, sat on his right, with his brother the worshipful consul of all-potent England; he was a thoroughly uneducated man, with far less cunning than his brother.

Whilst we were sitting exchanging commonplace phrases, a white-bearded turbaned Turk danced into the room, jumping as nimbly as a weasel, and, smiling cunningly and knowingly, he presented himself as a living centenarian, who, seventy years ago, had been a merchant in Trieste. He was therefore an Avlonian curiosity, the privileged Nestor of the town, who had seen Trieste when it was in the midst of woods, surrounded by swamps, and notorious as the nest of robbers and resort of pirates. The little man was still fresh and active, and seemed to be in very good spirits.

From his house the Bey accompanied us through the town, which has some picturesque places, surrounded by plantains, to the mosque, situated over the ravine. It lies at the end of the cemetery, and has a splendid view over the plain, sea, mountain, and the confused Oriental town. This little mosque with the Turks is celebrated for a legend. A holy Santon, I do not know why, was beheaded on the height opposite the ravine. His head remained on the place of execution, but his body was buried where the mosque stands. The Santon, eager to preserve his integrity, to the astonishment and terror of the Avlonians, ran across the ravine, seized his head, and carried it under his arm like a pumpkin. It was related to us by Reinecke, who was rejoiced at being able to converse with a German. He assured us with some emphasis that he had left 'the city of intelligence,' and had retired to primitive countries, because he felt himself too much of a man and too free to bend to every 'Geheimräthin' (wife of a privy-councillor).

Now it cannot be denied that the 'Geheimrätinnen' are as plentiful in Berlin as sparrows are with us. So that on the banks of the Spree, a well-educated person must be rather flexible; but from this I concluded that I had to do with one of those very enlightened gentlemen who prefer to wear the shining fez, to lead a pasha by the nose, and to have Turkish subjects at their disposal, rather than live in their own country within the old and customary pales of society. In order to please our Austrian hearts, he assured us that he was very sorry that his great king had not in 1850 marched victoriously against Austria. I calmly assured him, with a condescending smile, that it would be difficult for anyone to conquer who has lost his own stand-point, and that an old honest proverb teaches that 'Pride comes before a fall.' Reinecke was silenced, and our agent breathed freely.

On my way home through the disgusting nooks of the town, I visited the Greek disunited church, a rather large but dirty building, in the typical style of all Greek churches. We were escorted by a splendid Greek Pope, as handsome as an Apollo, with regular Grecian features, and splendid black eyes.

There is no Catholic church in Avlona, and Padre Negri, of Durazzo, provides the few Catholics living here with spiritual consolation. We dismissed the Bey, Reinecke, and all belonging to them *intra muros*, and then proceeded to the coast on horseback, whence we raced to our beloved corvette. Of course my fine English boat, the most valued legacy of my poor friend K——, came off victorious. It was rowed by the four best oarsmen, and darted over the waves like a swallow. However, I thought that though victorious, the men had not rowed well, or fast enough, and as a punishment they had to row about in the same boat from midnight to one o'clock.

It was one of those ghostlike midnights when the moon-

lit silver-bright sea is not stirred by a breath, and a mysterious mist hangs over the flood like a charmed veil; when the mountains appear doubly tall, the stars doubly luminous; when the softest stroke of the oars sounds far over the plain of water; and when one feels so pleasantly uneasy, so isolated, and yet so independent. To this day it is still a puzzle with the sailors why their commander ordered this excursion at this ghostly hour.

We had heard some whispers about a present of provisions which the Bey intended for us; this I desired to evade. To this intolerable custom of the East I had convinced myself that Avlona was of no use whatever, in a Catholic point of view. Early in the morning of the 21st I set sail to return home to the Dalmatian coast.

As the light breeze carried us from our anchorage, we heard the cattle of the Bey destined for the corvette low longingly from the shore. The mouths of many may have watered, but I was very glad to have nothing connected with Turkish Albania. It is a most promising country as to the future, but at present its riches consist of disappointments as to its towns, its people, and its boar-forests.

ACROSS THE LINE.



ACROSS THE LINE.

November 10, 1859.

AFTER a summer replete with anxiety, and a mild autumn, which rather resembled spring than the sorrowful season of decay (since roses, deliciously fragrant violets, and ravishing orange-blossoms sparkled in lovely, verdant, wave-encircled Miramar), the first melancholy warnings of winter suddenly appeared, borne rustling on the icy northern blast, and relentlessly destroying both flowers and illusions: the north wind raged around our little garden-home, and disturbed the dreams of our last home night by a 'memento mori,' which consigned us fugitives to winter. The morning was calm, at short intervals, up to the hour of our leave-taking; and one might truly say that my loved Miramar displayed itself for the last time in its full, heart-winning, Southern splendour. I hastened through the garden with the rising sun, plucked the last violet, then cast my glance on all around, and departed in the boat from the marble steps, not without a feeling of deep melancholy in my heart. Ere long the wheels of the brave little 'Phantasie' whirled round, the guns from the battery thundered their farewell salute, and we sped forth into my favourite element.

On all sides, shadows lay over shore and sea: Miramar alone gleamed in the clear autumn sun—wherein I saw a favourable omen of peace. Boldly we danced in our faithful and already oft-proved 'Phantasie' over the foaming

and storm-vexed sea towards Pola, whither some naval affairs summoned me. My visit at this time had regard to the beautiful floating dock, now nearly completed, and to the newly opened Arsenal. In Pola, the north wind raged so fiercely that it froze one into ice to one's very bones. I was vexed at this, although probably the solitary and last winter's day; for I had hoped to smuggle myself, unmolested by any such, into the life-giving tropics; and to have passed unscathed from genial autumn, rich with flowers, into smiling spring.

November 11.

The north wind increases over our heads, and compels us to yield to it. We had scarcely quitted the harbour this morning in the 'Phantasie' (which is not calculated for a stormy sea), and begun our delightful dance upon the waves, before the elements became so tumultuous that the fragile bark laboured hard in the trough of the sea, and quivered, groaning and sighing, beneath the icy storm. The Quarnero lay before us, covered with foam and in wild confusion: to have attempted to traverse it in so small a vessel would have been an impossibility. We were compelled to submit to circumstances, and to do that which is above all things disagreeable to seamen and travellers—namely, to put back.

We spent a wearisome day in our cabins, windbound off Pola. Reading, writing, discussions about the voyage, and music, helped us through it. We are purchasing dearly the genial climate that we seek: but then, so much the sweeter will be the relish.

November 12.

North wind! nothing but north wind! universal misery! Winter is young and strong; he will not quit us, he finds that by certificate of baptism we belong to his region, and makes good his rights. Good temper on board ship falls

with the thermometer: if this weather continue we shall soon be at zero. The sun smiles, and the sky is of a deeper blue than it can ever hope to appear in Germany.

November 13.

North wind, with howling and gnashing of teeth! The storm has claimed its victim: in the course of the forenoon the Lloyd's steamer 'Vulcan' ran into Pola, and brought the intelligence that the large mail steamer 'Bombay' had, on her voyage from Egypt, been driven on shore at Unie with her full steam on. This splendid ship now lies high and dry, and is looked on as lost. It was a lesson to us: what could our poor 'Phantasie,' light as a feather, have done under such circumstances? A friend also arrived with news from Trieste. There the storm had raged in its full fury. Chimneys flew about, one house was partially carried away, two iron candelabra were thrown down on the Corso, carriages were overturned, and one poor woman was killed. The steamers in the roadstead were forced to get up steam and to veer out more chain-cable. Nothing like it has been experienced for years.

H. M. S. 'Elizabeth,' November 14.

At last release came. In spite of wind and weather our powerful travelling palace, the 'Elizabeth,' well equipped, steamed proudly into the harbour. The last box was hastily secured, one last parting meal shared by those who were to remain and those who must go; and then, not without feelings of sadness, we quitted the 'Phantasie,' and our faithful friends. With a cold easterly wind but with a bright sun, we stood out into the open, blue, billowy sea, at about half past three o'clock in the afternoon. Every one now set to work with all speed to adjust and arrange the chaotic confusion in the cabins; and to make it give place to a pleasing and agreeable air

of comfort. The Quarnero made good his ancient rights; the 'Elizabeth' danced on the waves, and Neptune claimed his tribute from many a novice.

November 15.

This morning we touched at Spalatro in order to send off despatches for Trieste. When I came on deck, there lay before me in the warm sunshine the pretty town, rendered familiar to me by frequent visits. Extended above it was a clear pellucid sky, against which the giant mountains were boldly outlined in abrupt, noble forms, warmly painted in glowing, living tints by the Southern sun; whilst the sharply-cut, rocky projections of the cliffs were lost in the soft, calm ocean, which gleamed like a turquoise. In the midst of this Southern—indeed, I might say Oriental—scene, encircled by dazzling light, and close to the sea, lay the town, with its lofty, gleaming towers (which were constructed during the middle ages in airy arcades, from the costly fragments of the columns of the Roman villas), and with the magnificent Palace of Diocletian extending far along the shore, from whose ancient rows of grey pillars the modern houses built within peeped, like eyes of roguish children, from behind a large iron grating. To the left, on the headland, up which a portion of the town is spreading, stood a fine palm which greeted me, bowing its majestic crown in such a manner that my heart became softened, and I sang the words of one of my old songs:

'Tis only well with me where palm trees wave.

Lively barks, with coloured sails and gaily-dressed people, passed merrily across the smooth, blue sea. Over the whole scene was spread the warm silvery mist of Southern life, the first, fresh breath of a genial climate, which thrilled powerfully through the heart, like a glance from beauteous eyes, like a cheering welcome from loved lips. To him

who knows the South, there is heartfelt rapture in seeing it once again,—a calm and tranquil happiness pervades his soul.

When I once more beheld Spalatro, and drank in the delicious, sunny scene with eager eyes, I thought to myself that wise old Diocletian was right, (when in the midst of the repose of Spalatro, in his self-created corner of peace, in which he had succeeded in uniting art and nature in so imperial yet peaceful a Tusculum, they repeatedly offered him the alluring sway of the world), to say, ‘Rather would I plant my pretty cabbages in Salona’s unruffled tranquillity, than grasp again at the power whereby I was, for years long, lord of the wide world, and thereby the most complete slave of all the children of the world.’

He had the magnanimity to renounce fame, and he never repented it. He, the wise, the deep-thinking Prince, who had tasted to the dregs of all that human passion could give, preferred to lead in retirement the self-sufficing life of a philosopher, far removed from deceit, meanness, and fraud. He had tasted of all; to him there was nothing new under the sun; what, therefore, could be to him of greater value than abstraction from the odious throng of men,—a genial, serene climate, the study of the arts and sciences, those never-exhausted sources of consolation, and his plants, which grew and thrived under his hands?

Throughout the entire day we were passing along the beautiful shores of the islands of Dalmatia, so familiar to me. Evening, whose mellow hues lay warm on the rocky heights in ever-changing tints, presented us with gorgeous pictures, such as she never presents to the North, in spite of its Alpine glow. At half-past eleven o’clock, on a dark and rather raw night, we arrived in the harbour of Gravosa.

Gravosa, November 16.

Revelling in cheerfulness of heart, and amid playful

jokes, our gay, mingled, and confusedly checkered little party rounded the Peak of Lapat towards nine o'clock, and passed the Pettini, so dangerous in stormy weather (naked rocks, which have their name from their similarity to a large comb), and along the high hilly coast towards Lacroma, the ever-green, fairy isle, which my wife purchased a month ago. The scene which unfolds itself on this voyage is worthy of notice, on account of the gigantic and beautifully-traced mountain outlines; also on account of the profusion of ever-green olives and cypresses climbing up the hills, and of the sharp, cleft, rocky banks, with their tints of yellow ochre brightening into vermilion; and also on account of the mysterious grottoes, and of the dark-green sea-pines growing fearlessly from the fissures of the rocks, and of the deep-blue islands strewn around as by poetic fancy.

The country possesses a grandeur of character which unites within itself the proud mountain forms of Greece with the picturesque coast scenery of the south of Italy and the vegetation of Sicily. Thus the sea appears quite as deep and blue as at Palermo, and the sky is vaulted clear and pure in its diamond-like glitter as that of the Archipelago.

We passed the rock-supported walls of Ragusa with their embrasures and inlets, the old patrician town with its blue domes and its palm-trees, and rowed quickly to the eastern side of our island. Not without deep melancholy did we view the foremast and jibboom of the brig 'Triton,' which in last spring sank into the cold ocean, with so many of our brave men, standing forth from the mirror of the sea like a cross standing over a grave. In a still harbour, with strange, bold, seaworn, rocky figures, and shaggy from the luxuriant myrtles, pistachio plants, and ericas intertwined, we disembarked at a small Mole. A paved road lying between evergreen shrubs led us to the Abbazia, a large, grey, square, ancient building, our future seat, which is so

situated in the centre of this lovely island on a fruitful plain, that from it one has towards the south a view over the blue boundless ocean; towards the east, of the snow-covered giants of Cernagosa and of the olive-clad coasts of Bresso and Ragusa Vecchia; northwards, on the right, the island rises into a considerable elevation, thickly overgrown with shrubs, and picturesquely crowned by a small well-built fort; on the left, the eye discovers on the other half of the island, and lying close to the monastery, a magnificent dark-green forest of *Pinus pinea*, *Pinus maritima*, *Pinus halepensis*, and *Quercus sempervirens* with thick underwood of myrtles, pistachio plants, junipers, and arbutus bushes, high as trees. The building was erected in 1023 by some Benedictines from the island of Tremiti; the monastery (which conferred pontifical rights and important privileges upon its Abbot, and was endowed with large property, and held in high esteem) existed until the fall of the Republic of Ragusa in the last century. Richard Cœur de Lion had vowed a pilgrimage thither; and, in returning from Palestine, was wrecked in a violent storm on this island, where homage was paid to the rescued monarch by the Senate and its Rettore. In the sixteenth century the monastery was completely plundered by a pirate. The fearful earthquake in the year 1676 destroyed a portion of the building, which even at the present day lies in picturesque ruins.

Our first expedition was to the pine forest, at whose foot, amid the rocks of the shore, is situated the so-called Mar Morto, a small still lake, which peeps forth from the splendid group of rocks like a large dark eye, and has only a subterranean communication with the sea. Nature, in her utmost luxuriance, presses through the heart of the rifted rocks down to the very sea-coast; dark oaks centuries old, dark green pines, and peaceful myrtles, are mirrored in the crystal flood. Unbroken silence reigns on

these undesecrated shores of the Mar Morto, and only some few birds send forth their gentle warblings from the fragrant thickets. This little lake is one of the loveliest spots that I know upon earth. Here one might well devote oneself to reading Byron. Some few steps further on, we come to a natural bridge of rock, through which the blue sea is visible, and beneath whose arch the seawater collects in a large beautiful stone basin, forming the most delicious natural bath that can be imagined. Hard by, a deep cleft in the rock, in which one can hear the waters roaring as it were mysteriously, tells of the subterranean junction with the Mar Morto. The crags all around jut out into the frothing sea in wild jagged shapes, and in their principal feature are arranged in rocky ledges, torn asunder and piled on each other, by which one may ascend as by wide marble steps.

A cool sea-breeze followed us into the evergreen wood, the peculiar pride of this island, so enriched with the beauties of nature. As if in a primeval forest, we had to press forward through the tangled underwood and the fantastically twining parasites: a fresh perfume was exhaled from shrubs and trees, and the majestic repose of this world of pathless green was only broken by the roar of the sea, and by the flight and song of the birds. The ladies made their way bravely through the thicket: as a reward we plucked for them myrtle blossoms, which a complete little wood of myrtle bushes (through which we at last again arrived at the Abbey) furnished in profusion. At the monastery a strengthening breakfast awaited us. Whilst we were refreshing ourselves, our nimble sailors erected a high flagstaff on the old grey tower; and, amid three cheers, the white and red banner rose in the air. After our repast I explored the entire of the vast building, examined the large church (now turned into a storehouse for hay), the lordly cellars in the rock—a necessary foun-

dation for monastic solitude, wandered through cells and passages, discovered the beautiful Rubric of the whole ancient Roman church, inspected the oil-press at its accurate work, and our beautiful new oil-stores; and admired the dark green orange-trees of a century old in the monastery garden. I then took one more walk in the extensive plantations, where even the women, in their pretty morlakisch costume, with red boddice and white veil, were gathering the fruit. It was a scene which reminded me forcibly of Greece. Lofty evergreen oaks, with creepers growing around them, formed an exquisite boundary between the terraces of olives and the sea. Delighted with all that we had seen, and congratulating ourselves on the day on which we had purchased this lovely island, we returned homewards in our boat. The sea rolled in broad waves, and compelled us, out of consideration for the ladies, to run into the old historical Porto Cassone di Ragusa.

Rounding the towering walls of the city, against which the sea was breaking, and from which the holy Blasius with his crozier looked down blessing us, we came into the small harbour, picturesquely protected by the ancient Mole; then through the Porta Marina immediately upon the Square, which is surrounded by the beautiful Dogana with its richly ornamented bay windows, the half-destroyed Palace of the Doge with its rich colonnade, and the church of S. Blasius, built of marble in the modern Roman style. We went through the long, broad Strada dei Signori, bordered with palaces, and remarkably well paved with marble, past the splendid Franciscan monastery, with the lovely Ex voto-Capelle to the picturesque double gate called Porta Pile; out through this to the promenade, which is adorned by handsome trees and a charming fountain, and which is surrounded by attractive villas, with palms, mimosas, aloes, and oleanders: we took a carriage, and with the setting sun, we rolled over the magnificent

Bella Vista, with its extensive rock-framed prospect reaching to the sea, down into lovely Gravosa.

Gravosa, November 17.

Already with early dawn we departed for Lacroma. We took advantage of the fine day to walk in the morning air, refreshing alike to heart and mind, along the road so dear to me, over Bella Vista to Porto Cassone: from thence we caused ourselves to be conveyed in the boat over the fresh sea, and we landed this morning at the garrison jetty. We strolled to the elevated fort, from which one gazes down upon a wondrous panorama of islands and coasts. The day was very favourable; the air mild as in spring, the tints Sicilian. On coming down we saw a very extensive olive-garden, whose slope was terraced; and discovered to my great joy a considerable reservoir of sweet water. The road conducted us over fresh turf along the rocky shore to the Abbazia. At its termination we found a beautiful natural bower of myrtle and bryony, which the most skilful gardener could not have twined more exquisitely. In the Abbey all went on wildly and madly to-day. I ordered walled-up windows to be opened, doors to be broken through, pointed out walls which this winter would certainly destroy, and revelled in the rubbish of a century. We dived into a large cistern, into subterranean vaults, and into an arched tomb, in which we still found many bones. To the spirits of the departed monks it must have been very strange once more to hear all this life, this hammering, these blows, resounding in their forsaken halls. It was delightful to see how, with the progress of the work, the view of the warm blue sky, the golden sun penetrated through the reopened windows. We then walked leisurely down the wonderfully-formed ledges of rock to the shore, on which the surf raged wildly. We collected mussel-shells, seaweed and tufa, which last the

sea must have brought over from the Italian coast, and it danced merrily upon the billows. On the south side of the island, we to-day found two gigantic and picturesque sea-grottoes, one of which, framed by enormous ledges of rock, had an appearance resembling that of an Egyptian temple.

Laden with a magnificent melon, and some of the sweet wine of the island, we returned home, rather tired after our seven hours' excursion.

H. M. S. 'Elizabeth,' November 18.

After having, whilst it was still early morning, received the mail, the newspapers, and our luggage from home, we, at about nine o'clock, steamed away from our Fatherland. The thunder of the guns from Lacroma and Ragusa gave us a farewell salute. In the distance I beheld the hills of Bocche di Cattaro, which had become so endeared to me by frequent visits and lengthened residence. The sea ran high, the 'Elizabeth' pitched and rolled heavily, and very soon the ship became an earthly vale of woe. The number of the brave grew ever less and less: and at mealtime I was already obliged to keep guard over the plates and dishes with the small band still remaining faithful.

November 19.

Continued motion, ever-returning rain, horror alike in the elements and in existence; opportunity for practising philosophy under affliction for hours together. The sea was unfettered, the ship unmanageable, and, with the exception of the Princess A—— T—— and myself, all were ill and faint at heart. He who is a sailor knows the unfailing, never-deceiving, theory of the bird of ill omen; one such fortune-forsaken, storm-persecuted individual we unfortunately have on board; and, as is always the case with this bird, every one recognises him by instinct, though he himself never: thus it was that from over-great zeal, they had shipped a table service for us under the

ominous name of 'Storm Service.' A sailor has a horror of meeting with such individuals.

November 20.

Storm during the night; the ship rolled as in all my many sea voyages I had never felt one roll before; in the cabins all things flew about in confusion and medley against each other. Noise and motion scared away all sleep. Towards nine o'clock we fled, storm-tossed, into the Faro di Messina. The sky was leaden, there was rain every quarter of an hour, the sea raged now grey, now green; the coast, so magnificent before, was now in its winter sunless garb, bare, bleak, and colourless. Not a spark of poetry lay in the whole picture. One solitary advantage had we gained after days of heavy struggling,—that we were now decidedly within the zone of a milder climate. The damp wind was warm. About eleven o'clock we anchored off the oft-visited Messina, in order to allow our sick and sorrowful to regain their composure. The bad weather prevented us from visiting the land. We made use of the precious season of repose to arrange our cabins, which had been thrown into confusion, to repair the damages caused by the storm, and to make all fast for sea.

November 21.

The weather had cleared, the air was unusually mild and balmy. We took advantage of the morning, and made a little excursion through the town, visited the public gardens, where the trees were still thickly covered with foliage, and all things were in blossom and bud, wandered through the Cathedral and its handsome Square, and purchased fresh excellent figs. Meanwhile our artist, with his own peculiarly quick and skilful readiness in his art, drew a charming panorama of the city. The physician ordered scientific instruments for future observations, whilst another fished for molluscas and medusas for our collection.

About three o'clock we met at a cheerful meal, at which our Consul, a lively man of considerable conversational powers, assisted : and at half-past five o'clock we steamed out to the Faro. The sun shot forth some of his purple beams as a farewell, and the majestically formed hills of Calabria glowed in gratitude.

Strange country, Naples and Sicily ! Each time that I see these lands again, their climate and scenery enchant and intoxicate me ; and each time I shudder again at their condition. No people of Europe, except perhaps the Laplanders, stand in so low, demoralized, and sunken a position. No government of the nineteenth century troubles itself so little about the spirit of the age, and the rights of man, as this. For centuries governments, in part bad and treacherous, in part stupid, have succeeded each other, under which the notion has, little by little, established itself firmly that the ruler can do all things, and do all without check. Louis XIV. first broached the axiom that a prince is responsible to God only. The Almighty Lord our God is far distant, and does not speak with the words of men : and His fiats, even if one should be obliged to interpret them as punishments, would ever be in favour of the irresponsible. This despotic Prince had his axiom to thank for his severe losses of fortune. Those only who have not followed it, and who have adhered firmly to the honourable path of rectitude, stand unendangered. Here, nothing has taken place to raise the country or people ; they have no railways, indeed not even roads by which to convey the great natural wealth for the purposes of commerce. Justice, the inalienable right of the people, is administered in such a manner as that only the powerful can gain a lawsuit. The great are feared beyond measure ; enthusiasm is scouted, and the spirit of co-operation is nipped in the bud : and yet this is the one and true productive power of the nineteenth century ; without it a State must fall into

decay. Yet her last King, in carrying out a system which he knew how to conduct with consistency and energy, had his adherents; whilst his successor, the innocent heir of a fatal inheritance, will never probably be in a position to prove whether he had the intention of ruling according to these better principles. The people now sing:—

Vivan di Napoli i maccaroni,
Che han più credito de' suoi padroni!

And what might not wise and just hands make of this country! God has given it all things,—all the richest products of nature in abundance; but they must go forth in their rough and unwrought state, to be transformed in the factories of foreigners, and sent home again as the necessities of life. Money also is at hand, but the people send it as dead capital to the *cassa comunale*, in order to secure it from the frequent attacks of robbers. Eight millions lie in Messina, in an idle unemployed mass. The people of Messina asked for the boon of being allowed to establish a bank, but met with no attention from the government at Naples. Manual labour would also be cheap,—a favourable agent for the beginning of manufactures. This may serve as a proof; we, with ease, found men in Messina who conveyed coals on board for eleven kreutzers a ton, whilst in Gravosa we could obtain no porters for a gulden. In conclusion, one example of how things stand in this country with the civil officers, who are looked upon as thieves:—a Messinian servant of the state was lately made happy by the receipt of the following appointment by decree:

‘Visti i meriti distinti del di Lei signor padre, ed i lunghi servigi da Lei prestati gratuitamente, noi la nominiamo ad Aggiunto presso l’esazione delle imposte indirette in Messina provvisoriamente, fuori di numero e senza soldo, affine che possa provvedere onestamente ai bisogni della sua

famiglia.' (Having observed the distinguished merits of your father, and your long and gratuitously rendered services, we nominate you provisionally to the agency for the levying of indirect taxes in Messina, as a supernumerary, and without salary, in order that you may provide honestly for the wants of your family.)

November 22.

The golden sun shone brightly and genially into the cabins; the deep-blue sky smiled upon us on deck with life-giving warmth, as it also smiled down gaily on the matchless Mediterranean. It was a morning like one in delicious May, the air balmy and exhilarating. On our left lay magnificent Sicily, with its grand beautiful mountain-chains, with its bold precipices, and proud Alpine peaks, which Raphael depicted with so much affection. We beheld the extent of country stretching from the summit of Monte Pellegrino across flowery Palermo to Cape Trapani: in the centre was the broad lovely bay of Castellamare. Beyond Sicily, stretched far out into the blue distance, lay the picturesque islands of Levanzo and Maritimo; on the right of our vessel, the contour of the island of Ustica was visible. To-day's summer morn was an offering of reconciliation to all spirits that had been suffering at sea, and had been distressed by the storm. In the evening we had a heavy squall of wind and rain, which might, however, almost be deemed a beneficent refreshment. The night was bright with stars, and a mild breeze rustled from the African deserts.

November 23.

Bright, clear sky; calm, deep-blue sea; and a warm summer air. The sublime monotony of the solitude at sea was only broken in upon in the course of this day, by the appearance of a man-of-war bird (*Thalasandroma*), circling round the ship, and by a shoal of dolphins, which

gave chase to the high-bounding Palamiden. The temperature in the afternoon, with a cloudy sky, reached almost to 16° Reaumur; the water, 15° . In the evening the south wind freshened.

November 24.

It was true that the sun shone brightly and warmly; but the sea was getting up, and there were again many sufferers. The day passed according to the usual regular ship life.

November 25.

To-day a cold wind blew stormily from the West. Large masses of snow in Spain must have been the cause thereof. The ship plunged heavily, big waves broke over her forecastle and floated everything moveable—hencoops with their dying occupants, casks, brooms, kitchen-utensils, and so forth, in motley confusion; the spray splattered incessantly like thick, cold, salt rain; the rude wind whistled through the creaking rigging; and the mighty billows dashed against the wearied, quivering, and labouring ship. The elements raged in strife; and in the midst of all this wild confusion, a work of peace was solemnized on board—a betrothal. The mysterious ways of love are inscrutable; calmly and quietly, yes, slowly and phlegmatically, had love begun his work: two cool, composed hearts had found one another; and Cupid was slow in disturbing the fire concealed beneath the ashes. Still and surely, without youthful hurry, had it smouldered on. The power of habit had slowly ensnared the loving pair: all came so gradually, so prudently, so calmly, so naturally, that no one was astonished, no one talked, and the only surprise would have been if the good little people had not at some time settled down together. The whole affair was as though one's grandfather became engaged to one's grandmother. Suddenly the storm bursts forth, the waves

roar, the billows rise mountains high, the elements whistle and rave, the young lady becomes unwell, the bridegroom stares stupidly before him into the waves, and the placid pair, akin in spirit, united in heart—celebrate their betrothal in a storm in the Mediterranean Sea! Contrasts are productive of good: love sprang up shyly, like a still grass-covered brook; in the strife of the sea, he became a despot. May sunshine come after the storm! It was so in nature. We had a magnificent sunset: just as we had raised our glasses to wish the mature bridegroom long years of happiness, Helios sank in a glow of purple and gold behind the splendid mountain peak of Cape de Palos. Amid the parting beams of the sun, I joyfully hailed my beautiful Spain for the fourth time in the short space of eight years.

November 26.

A mild night calmed the sea and cleared the Southern sky. A happy instinct summoned me on deck while it was yet early morning. On the dark-blue sea of Cape de Gata, and still concealed in deep, almost nightlike, shadow, lay before me the mountainous coasts of Spain in their bold outline, and with their snow-capped Sierra Nevada reaching high as heaven. In the distant east, behind the highest peak of the mountains, the pure atmosphere melted into gold; that portion which glowed like molten metal swelled under the influence of the rising sun. Some few light, floating, and diamond-like, glistening clouds then appeared as harbingers; and suddenly the sun stood before us, triumphant in the plenitude of his regal might. The sea in its burnished silver danced for joy, and the Sierra Nevada blushed rosy red with a flush like that of glad delight. Slowly the colours of the hilly coast mellowed; the blue deepened into violet, from that into rose colour, and finally the warm glow of the rising sun gilded the coast also, and gave birth to those dark shadows

of clefts, ravines, and valleys, which at early morning and late evening lend so peculiar and mysterious a charm to the forms of the Southern mountains.

The day began fine and warm, as is the peculiar and enviable privilege of this country. We now steered along the beautiful and romantic coasts which I have already described. At our morning repast it was resolved, amid cheerful voices, to keep Sunday in gay warm Malaga, instead of spending it coldly in the Sabbatarian regions of England; and the more so because our ship needed to be dressed before she could present herself to the united fleet in Gibraltar. The sea of the previous day had struck us hard; indeed, in one heavy pitch we had even carried away one jibboom, which was quite fresh and new. Thanks to the power of steam, we could near the land during the day. It was a panorama rich in beauty and in colouring, which spread itself before us, and which presented to us one of the most magnificent collections of charms that I have ever beheld in all my many travels. The outlines and tones of colour of these hills resembled none other. Numerous dusky shadows fell within their deep bold chasms. In the centre we saw mountains of a rich brown hue, like tobacco, unmixed with any other tint: we noticed declivities of bright shades of green, amid which patches of level ground of a deep red beamed with ruddy glow; next glistened one solitary white rock, hard by a black boulder, set among stones of ochre and gold colour. In the background towered ponderous, rugged, giant masses of basalt, and above these gleamed the white crests of the Sierra Nevada. From time to time the mountains in the centre were broken by hollows extending to the plain, in which lay small friendly towns, with churches, towers, castles, and villas pillowed in turf that shone like emeralds. There are pictures of tranquil nature strewn about amidst this giant scenery, which, flung like slighted gems between

the sea and the bare walls of rock, surprise one doubly by their kindly and unexpected charm. Thus we saw lovely Almunecar, a little seaside town, of 2,100 inhabitants, freshly fringed with large trees and productive sugar and cotton plantations. Next came the little town of Torrox, with its Moorish shrine, near which a lofty palm-tree raises its broad stem ; and in front of which an old fort, perched on a black rock, juts out into the blue sea. After this, little Torre del Mar, and then the good-sized, finely-situated Velez Malaga, richly set in green. The picture which unfolded itself before us was so grand, so overpowering, so much heightened by the beauty of the day, that none of us would quit the deck or our telescope ; and with unmixed gratitude we rejoiced over the beauties which our eyes eagerly drank in. On this 26th of November we dined, about four o'clock, beneath a warm sun in the open air, never ceasing to gaze at and to enjoy the scene. The sunset surpassed all that we had hitherto beheld, in beauty and splendour of colour ; for here the Spanish sun sheds tints of the richest and most varied tones. The sky changes its colour with excessive rapidity, and displays, between the golden-yellow streaks, hues of actual green. The clouds also would seem to endeavour to surpass themselves in the strangeness of their forms : from the Sierra Nevada tufts of clouds disengage themselves (if one may so say), which, then floating in the air, assume the shape of fungi. It was so extraordinary a scene that our artist sketched it rapidly. The entire impression of the evening was one powerful and inextinguishable, imprinting itself indelibly upon the memory. Only too quickly did the wings of night draw a dark veil over one of the most magnificent coast-scenes of Europe.

The clear rays from the excellent lighthouse guided us through the darkness into the Roads of Malaga, where we dropped anchor at about nine o'clock.

Malaga, November 27.

A fine sunny morning greeted us; a fresh, mild breeze was blowing. In spite of some masses of cloud gathering in the west, we were able for the first time to leave our overcoats and waterproof cloaks on board. We are in happy Malaga, where the temperature never sinks below twelve degrees above zero (Réaumur) and where rain only falls eight days in the year, as was literally the case in the year 1850. This warm, well-protected corner of Europe boasts also of the tropical vegetation of America. As we rowed to the town, the bright morning light had a peculiar clearness and purity, rendering individual objects prominent; the golden-tinted Cathedral towered high above the white sea of houses; whilst the friendly row of houses on the elevated quay, with their airy green balconies, gleamed gaily; and the picturesque ruins of Gibraltar which crown the rock were sharply outlined. Passing as it were from the South Spanish to the Oriental, we beheld the lofty mountain crests lighted up by the young morning sun. We hastened to the Cathedral. As I once again traversed the broad beautiful Almeida, pressed through the narrow crowded streets with their countless balconies, and as the Spanish costume rose before my eyes, and the smell of the well-known olla podrida ascended to my nostrils, joy and gladness took possession of me; my heart became expanded and gay; and my idolizing love for Spain revived passionately.

At the Cathedral we had a long Mass, which caused us to be sensible of the want of kneeling stools and chairs. We then went again to the Almeida, where now, as at the time of happy memory eight years ago, I found our horses by the self-same fonda ready to gallop to Buen Retiro. The ladies and Monsignore mounted a calèche harnessed with three horses. Since my last visit a very pretty iron bridge has been built at the end of the Almeida, which

spans the bed of the river (here of a considerable width), and furnishes proof that the extensive and important iron foundries of Malaga have made great progress. We rode over the wide plain, which was covered with houses, at a rapid gallop, which was no easy piece of work, as we were obliged, like bold navigators, to steer between the numberless trains of mules. On this occasion we perceived the object of the woodlike masses of reeds, formerly described by me, which are placed so strangely bordering the roads, as though destined specially as lurking places for the robbers: the plantations are designed to protect the fields of lower-growing cactus from the cold mountain wind: these cactus plants are the scenes of action for the valuable cochineal, with which, in later times, Malaga has been driving an important trade.

But this trial of speed was not the only trial for our horses on this day. Suddenly we stood before the broad bed of the river which divides the plain in half: it was autumn, and the rains in the distant mountains had considerably swollen the usually quiet stream: it was necessary, therefore, to exercise great discretion in selecting a fording place. Moving slowly on, we passed through the river, not without bathing our feet in it: we congratulated ourselves that the giddiness occasioned by the rapid stream as it foamed around the horses did not cause us to take a complete bath. Scarcely had we reached the opposite bank when the light equipage, in which our doctor, the botanist, and the painter were seated, rolled in. The coachman (who according to our agreement should have brought the gentlemen to Buen Retiro long before us) had already on the road enquired of the passers-by in anxious tones whether he should be able to pass the river. Down went the venerable calèche into the flood unhesitatingly, with ease and self-confidence; the horses advanced slowly (like the ocean steeds which drew the shell-chariot of

Neptune) down to the roaring centre of the river; then, where the waves rushed the most swiftly and the carriage exactly resembled a punt, suddenly the trace broke; the horses amiably stood still, as though they had been led to watering, and drank of the cooling stream; the horse-taming Poseidon stormed and swore in every variety of tone and words, swung his powerful whip, and seemed to try to control the agitated elements; but the river concerned itself very little about him, and the calèche became like the enchanted island; our Homeric laughter thundered in rivalry with the waves from the bank across to the doleful-looking occupants of the carriage, whilst these Ariadnes were contemplating their helpless condition or the chances of a cold grave. Our painter, who proverbially exclaims 'a scandal!' on all occasions, now said in a sorrowful tone that it was 'a great, yes, a very great scandal!' We on the dry land awaited, not without some little malice, the moment when the enraged floods should rise, and overturn the vehicle, creating for our friends a brilliant opportunity for displaying their presence of mind and skill in swimming. At length help appeared in the person of a herculean muleteer; the gentlemen had to thank his broad shoulders for their lives. It was comical to see how this modern Christopher, with his Spanish grandeur, carried the cramped, tightly-clasped figures in their travelling costume through the roaring stream like little children. During this burlesque interlude the ladies came rolling up: for them a safer ford was sought, which they passed without delay.

We proceeded at a brisk gallop. In the distance we saw the beautiful Moorish aqueduct lighted up by the sun. We came to the village and to the familiar olive grove; the vines were still covered with leaves, and flowers shed perfume everywhere, whilst even the felled trees retained the green of their foliage. Was it a mild autumn or was spring already beginning her work? The sun was bright

and the weather warm, as with us in flowery summer: the larks soared in the blue sky, the swallows made their merry circles, and butterflies fluttered from blossom to blossom. Between the rocks in the village, I perceived an ass, good-temperedly seeking for thistles in the warm sun. I rode past him, and thought silently to myself, 'It is better to be an ass in Malaga, than to be a scholar in the cold damp North.' Hardly had the godless thought arisen, than the retributive reply followed on its steps. On the next aloe-bordered road we found in the middle of the way forsaken by the world, a poor ass in his last agonies, whose glassy eyes looked at us entreatingly, seeking for aid. Yet truly, among us in the North, even scholars have been left to die, and have been beamed on beforehand by no warm sun.

We sounded the knocker at the gate of Buen Retiro; after waiting long, the Administrador came out and asked us for our 'licentia.' Changes had taken place in Buen Retiro, once so freely opened: the beautiful Señorita to whom this charming spot of earth belongs has married the Condé de Villacazar of Madrid. Her husband has now rendered this paradise less accessible. After long discussion back and forwards we at last entered. I flew hastily through the well-known rooms of the house, and all at once I stood again, as if in a dream, on the terrace of this fairy home, now bathed in sunlight and bestrewn with flowers. Up the walls, round balcony and window, on all sides of me, bloomed the jasmine, casting its perfume far and wide; centifolias unfolded their splendour and their fragrance; the roses of the Alhambra and the *Salvia splendens* glowed with flaming light; from amid their verdant foliage glistened the countless golden fruits of the orange-trees; to the right, the lofty fresh-green crowns of the fruit-laden Doubanga of a century old, framed the never-to-be-forgotten picture: to the left, the pearl-white marble statues of the balustrade, alternating with orange-trees, and large

fantastic porcelain vases, were sharply outlined against the glittering sky. From the depths of the garden, dark venerable cypresses upreared themselves towards heaven, and formed a grave contrast of colour to the smiling picture interwoven with sunny gold: through their topmost branches, the ravished eye wandered to the plain, girt round by gigantic chains of mountains, at whose extremity lay the dazzling sunlit town by the calm cerulean sea. On the terrace, the vivifying luxuriance of lavish nature was seen clustering around the marble luxuriance of art; the impress it gave was animating, warming, ennobling. At such moments the heart blossoms and the winged soul would fain soar and sing like the lark in the deep-blue sky. Buen Retiro is a paradise reared aloft; where, alone beneath the shade of trees, centuries old, surrounded by a sea of fragrant flowers, one beholds spread at one's feet the broad fair earth, the boundless ocean, the world with its life and strife, its customs and its struggles; in whose large volume one may turn over the leaves.

From Buen Retiro summer never parts, it is always arrayed in a rich flowery dress. Our new-comers, who did not yet know Spain nor indeed the true South, were overpowered; like one who suddenly steps from the darkness into a brilliant hall filled with people, they knew not whither first to turn their gaze. We wandered through all the loved spots and leafy walks, filled to me with sweet memories amid the ever-increasing surprises of the present: we passed again through the umbrageous passage beneath the broad rich-foliaged Doubanga crowns, beneath whose cool shades the fresh mountain springs bubbled up through long shell-covered channels; and we revisited the basin with its cypresses high as heaven, and there discovered a new plantation of the broad-leaved Musa with numberless fruits. We paid our visit to the palms and giant pines, and rejoiced in the soft turf and delicious water. It was

long before we could talk over the Administrador to show us the play of the large fountains on the parterres; he complained that the water had been turned for the oil-press, and that none was at hand. At last, when our whole company were unanimous, the man relented; the cocks were turned, the pipes opened; we heard the roar of the water everywhere, till at length the marvel of Buen Retiro arose: in the long bower the double fountain gushed from ground and roof; from the pearly gates the water flew down over the arch from shell to shell; in distant perspective the Spanish lion cast forth his watery veil into the clear brook living with trout; from the countless marble vases the fountains leaped and the roaring cascade rushed down the broad steps by the balustrade, the shells shone in the drip of the flood; springs pressed forth from among the flowers and shrubs of the parterres; the silvery spray danced up over the dark cypress leaves; the frogs and lizards in the large basin emitted their prismatic colours, the water-gods took their cool bath, and myriads of water-pearls sparkled joyously in the mid-day sun, and strewed the turf with rainbow hues high as the blue vault of heaven. We enjoyed a comprehensive view of this fairy scene, from the vine arbour to the lower extremity of the watery world; and our painter, with more than common talent, knew how to repeat it. The skilful artist who created this garden has made such use of the ground that all the watery images which arise from the earth, surrounded by the dark cypress wall, rear their fabulous phantasmagoria between the spectators and the golden sun; lighted from behind, this most exquisite volume of water glistens like a sheaf of diamonds, and no one pearly drop is lost to the eye. The new possessor must be a man of taste and refinement, for he has chosen this bower for his dining-hall; and, whilst coolly shaded he enjoys his repast in the soft air, he orders the little jets to bubble and murmur. No king can dine

in a more regal manner, nor can offer to his guests anything more perfect. Buen Retiro is again in good hands; and whether the Count wander after dinner on the terrace with his fragrant havannah, or whether from the marble seats of the bower surrounded by perfumed jasmine he contemplate, with good digestion, the setting sun as it tinges the statues, the oranges, and the roses with purple, as it paints the hills and plains with tints of lingering regret, he is still a refined and meditative epicure, who can never be sufficiently grateful to fate for having allowed him to own a share in such a lovely spot of earth. The creators of these blended enjoyments were the polished, talented Greeks; the more clumsy Romans learned from them; with us beer-drinking Germans the taste for such is wanting; besides, we have no sun that smiles and no weather that we can venture to trust,—our air is like our life, sharp and rough. In the South only, and especially among the Italians, can one still find sympathy with the good old classical times.

Memorials of the ancient desert tribes also lie thus scattered: we still see the remains of their brilliant dreams in Seville, Granada, Cairo, and Damascus. The Northern nations are, on the one hand, too intemperate, on the other, too dull-blooded for such conceptions: the harmonious enjoyment of a noble mind comprehends the germs of every kind of knowledge; the beautiful outlines of architecture, the rich colours of painting, the sublime forms of sculpture, the gentle tones of music, and blends them with the fragrance of nature, the advantages of climate and of seasons, together with all that flatters without stupefying the senses, and that beautifies life and refines the imagination. On such soil talent flourishes, intellect creates, the heart bursts forth into poetry and sings. We wished to-day to endeavour to share in this harmony, and to take our refreshment on the

fairy terrace, in the fragrant jasmine-bower; but a guarding angel stood before the door in the person of the stern Administrador, who would by no means agree that anything whatsoever of edible should be brought within the unprofaned precincts of paradise. With dignity and with much good sense, he assured us that the garden of Buen Retiro was no hotel, and that if he were to give the sought-for permission to one solitary individual, very soon hundreds would be wandering hither. They tried to bribe him; he proudly signed back the money, and thus won, instead of it, my highest esteem. I, also, am the owner of a little paradise, in which many people would like to partake of their breakfasts beneath the shade of camellias, on a delicate carpet of turf, in sight of the blue Adriatic. May a similar Administrador ever be assigned to me! As a single concession he showed us to the dairy farm, as the fitting place for our culinary pleasures. Pâté de foie gras, salmon, Cheshire cheese, and cold meat, were produced, bottles were uncorked, and fragrant coffee was made by the amiable, ever helpful, and active Princess A——, for which Monsignore, with unusual talent, boiled the milk; I say ‘unusual talent,’ because no one grudged him the task of manufacturing nice European cream out of Spanish goats’ milk. Cheerfulness and wit gave spice to the repast of the castaways from paradise. I took a full glass of sherry to the Administrador, but this also he waved back as indirect bribery. ‘Proud will I call the Spaniard!’ we are again in the country and among the people from whose vocabulary the word ‘venal’ is struck out. In the meanwhile our artist had completed his pretty picture; his constant companion, with eyes unceasingly fixed upon him, had been a young Spaniard, with a saucy little velvet hat, tight spencer, well-fitting short breeches with silver buttons, and rich leathern gaiters, the exact figure of a little man. In this country, where every one has an air of

nobility and of self-possession, we at first took him for a peasant-boy, and only now discovered that he was the son of one of the richest landed proprietors in the neighbourhood. Gracefully thanking me, he accepted some havannahs from me.

It was hard for me to tear myself away from my beloved Buen Retiro, and its exquisite palace: but the short day and limited time pressed. We went to one other garden, called Abadia, which lies directly in the middle of the village. The capacious country-house, prettily surrounded by arcades supported by columns, belongs to a gentleman of Madrid. The large garden contains countless orange-trees, which gleamed with the gold of the fruit. Interspersed among the avenues and fragrant flowery walks are fields containing serviceable plants in profuse abundance. A kiosk in the form of an Arab grove interested me exceedingly: a brook with flowers growing luxuriantly on its banks babbled past it; a magnificent palm-tree and large weeping willows shaded the cool little spot with their easily bending branches; it was thickly and pleasantly enclosed by an abundant growth of flowers, shrubs, and vines. A pretty garden provided us with jasmine, heliotrope, and freshly fragrant violets.

We rushed back to the town at full speed. We still had time before the ladies came up to linger awhile on the gay Almeida. But we saw no lovely Spanish ladies, only a great many stiff Englishmen and closely gathered groups of Spanish officers, who were conversing, as it appeared, in a lively manner on the events of the war in Morocco. We dined on board; in the evening we went to a theatre, where we were obliged to weary through two acts of a Spanish play that at last we might obtain the sight of a 'precioso baili,' the Xeresana. But the national dance was turned into a ballet, and there was only one little black-eyed dancer who was at all interesting. The

principal danseuse, on the contrary, was a true grenadier, and in both movement and dress looked more like the instructor at a military swimming school than like an Andalusian danseuse. At the theatre also nothing was talked of but the war, and it was said that numerous wounded men had arrived in Malaga.

In the night we steamed to Gibraltar.

Gibraltar, November 28.

As we sailed round Europa Point a brilliant sunrise glowed on the lofty rock of Gibraltar, which overpowered me by its giant form and by the changing scenes that it presented; indeed, I may almost say that it filled me with reverence, for nowhere does rugged nature rise so unbounded, so gigantic, so detached as a monolith, in the true sense of the word, from the horizontal level of the mirror of the sea. In the lighthouse on the extreme point, the sunshine was reflected sharply and dazzlingly, as though an electric light were kindled, an effect of the rays which I had never before seen to such an extent. The African mountains, amongst which the war is now raging, still lay in darkness; but their outlines were traced in clear fine lines. As the Bay of Gibraltar opened before us, ship after ship appeared, a numerous throng. At Algesiras, lay the Spanish and large French squadron; before Gibraltar, the entire, powerful English Mediterranean fleet, and two Portuguese men-of-war. The sight of the French squadron cut me to the heart, for I had known a portion of these ships only too well at the blockade of Venice. Amid the English line lay, as flag-ship, the giant 'Marlborough,' with her 131 guns, the largest man-of-war that these waves have ever floated: to me, a dear old acquaintance from Corfu. In the commander of the English fleet, Vice-Admiral Fanshawe, I was to greet a kind friend. The fleets have the task of watching the

movements of the Spaniards with regard to Morocco, in order (as always happens in political affairs), under some prescribed circumstances, to make the confusion still greater.

The form of the clean, friendly town gradually displayed itself, glistening gaily and cheerfully in the sun. From the freshly thrown-up earth I again perceived new fortification works. The English never rest in Gibraltar, they are continually finding anew some place to fortify; the countless military workmen live in unceasing activity; and the *Journal pour Rire* will soon be in the right when it advertises a reward for those who can find a spot in Gibraltar on which to dispose of one additional gun. Seventeen hundred cannon already adorn the rock.

Not long after we had anchored, Sir William Codrington, the present Governor, came on board, in spite of our incognito. He is the hero of the Crimean war, a large, handsome man, with silver-white hair, and kindly, merry eyes—the true type of an English gentleman, with all that unaffected friendliness which takes a like response for granted. He offered us all imaginable civilities, which, however, we declined on account of our incognito. Towards noon we went on shore. My first visit was to the shop of my good, honest Hadji Said Gesus. As usual, I made purchases among the fantastic objects which Tetuan and Tangiers offer. The honest, handsome Moor, in his white turban and blue caftan, greeted me, showing his white teeth, and with a hearty shake of the hand, as an old acquaintance and as one of his excellent customers, certain to return. After this, we went to the Park, when our whole party mounted on horseback, in order to make the so-called tour of the Rock. A subaltern officer with a large bunch of keys conducted us to the rocky galleries. Before him ran his little dog, a species of small pug: in the vicinity of St. George's Hall we suddenly heard a voice calling from the distance, 'Messieurs, un chien exotique!'

It proceeded, as soon became apparent, from a troop of French marine officers, who, dreaming as it would seem of monkeys, had taken our innocent *Battistrada* for a wild denizen of this wondrous rock. We also peeped about for the monkeys, and though we did not see them, did at least hear their cries among the palm-bushes. The prospect from the Telegraph-tower was unusually distinct to-day in the clear but mild winter air, and was magnificent in its extent and colouring. It has a view of two continents, and the ship-covered straits which connect the boundless ocean and the rich Mediterranean Sea also lie open at its feet. To-day the sight of the opposite continent was rendered doubly interesting by a novel scene; that is, with the aid of the excellent telescope in the Telegraph-tower, we could distinguish the smoke of battle which arose from a struggle going on, at some distance from Ceuta, between the Spaniards and the Moors. High over the summit of the mountain we saw the victorious banner of the Catholic Queen floating. The combat of to-day was strangely enough entered upon to celebrate the birthday of the Prince of Asturias, whom the Spanish fleet saluted both morning and evening with the thunder of cannon. The Spaniards were desirous of taking some spot to-day, in order to found thereon a town with the name of the Prince. The gigantic sergeant in the town (aware of the English policy) laughed at it all, and said that it was not so easily done, that the Moors fought very well, and that people might be driven back again from a conquered spot. All Englishmen unanimously set down this war as a farce, but surely they laugh from anger, for they would hardly order their whole fleet to come from Malta for a farce. At present, the first division of the army, composed of the troops originally at Ceuta and of reinforcements sent afterwards, is fighting under the command of General Echague. Up to this time the struggle must have cost the Spaniards

from four to five hundred killed and wounded. In the Spanish bulletins, the losses of the Moors are naturally counted by thousands, and every encounter is represented as a glorious victory. Marshal O'Donnell, the Commander-in-chief of the expedition, coming direct from Cadiz with the third army corps, has landed in Ceuta, where General Ros de Olano with the second army corps, and General Pim with the reserve army corps, this last by way of Algesiras, had already met on the preceding day. Consignments of war material also are unceasing; and as the means of transport of the Spaniards were not sufficient, French trading-steamers were hired in Havre and Marseilles, to effect the greater portion of the shipment of the troops. In order further to facilitate intercourse with the mother country, an electric wire will in a short time be established between Algesiras and Ceuta. In spite of all this, the English are inclined to deny any probability of success to Marshal O'Donnell, and this on account of the immense difficulties which have presented themselves to the Spaniards so soon as they have been placed under the necessity of being compelled to follow an active, hardy, and embittered enemy across pathless mountains, and through forsaken villages. Up to the present time, nothing has been undertaken by the Spaniards at sea; but they have it in view to commence hostilities on the coast also at the earliest opportunity, and to bombard Tetuan, Tangiers, and Mogador.

At Tetuan, which place is to be captured this day, the Spaniards ought to have very easy work, as its fortifications (which formerly, as also upon the completion of the works of defence after the outbreak of the war, were in a pitiable condition, and consisted in old times of a small tower overloaded with four insignificant guns, not unlike a disused windmill in the distance) were honoured by the French with a fire of several hours' duration on the 24th of

this month. The cause of this glorious deed of arms was that the French line-of-battle ship, 'S. Louis,' took in water at Nelson's fountain—an unusual thing in these seas; she was mistaken for an enemy, and was repulsed by some cannon-shots from the Moorish gunners, who had previously seen the Spaniards land at Ceuta from ships carrying the French flag. The 'S. Louis' brought this affront to the knowledge of the French Admiral, who, with a squadron of screw steamers, the three-decker 'Bretagne,' the two-decker 'S. Louis,' the frigate 'La Foudre,' and the steamship 'Ctesiphon,' appeared before Tetuan, and expended three thousand cannon-balls, in vindication of the honour of his tricolour, upon the pitiable walls erected on the shore for defensive purposes. The bombardment continued for four hours, and reduced the Moorish battery to silence, whereupon Desfosses and his ships resumed their old station at Algesiras. According to their own account, the French had no wounded. The English are on the alert, express their wonder, and make diligent preparations for placing Gibraltar fully in a position to be able henceforth, under any circumstances, to show her iron keys of the 'French lake.' In this place one hears only good spoken of the Moors; and in the plaudits of the future, the new Emperor will stand pre-eminent, because he has abrogated the barbarous Moorish custom of paying a considerable price for the head of every enemy: henceforward only half a thaler will be paid for each head; but for every enemy brought alive, the bearer will be rewarded with four thalers. In the acknowledged state of fanaticism at present dominant in Morocco, it is of great importance to place self-interest on the side of humanity.

After this fighting episode, we seated ourselves in the cleanly, simple, tasteful apartment of the keeper of the tower, and strengthened our wearied bodies with delicious

Cheshire cheese, bread and butter, and capital pale ale, which, served on the pretty white service, tasted excellent, and invigorated our flagging hearts. We then made the customary entire tour round the edge of the rock, between beautiful bushes of *Chamacrops humilis* to the tower Oharas; then down the eastern wall to the unflanked batteries, with their interesting distant view, and at last along the Europa Point back to the Park. On the way, I found a little chiselled-out cave, which was new to me, with a stone bed, over which the arms of Douglas are carved. In this bed the Marquis of Douglas, eminently one of those whimsical people who love solitude, used to sleep. Up there he had, at all events, exalted dreams, accompanied by the sighing of the storm and the roar of the ocean. In a second cave, shut in by a wall of freestone with a window pierced through it, Elliot must have dwelt with his family during the famous defence.

On Europa Point we met the Governor, who had ridden out to observe the movements of the Spaniards with his telescope. He accompanied us on our return. I found the Park, with its splendid pines, its numberless aloes, and its exquisite orange-trees, in the full luxuriance of the verdure of spring. All gleamed doubly soft and golden in the gorgeous sunset, and a peculiar perfume was shed from the trees and plants. Here also, several changes had occurred: they had placed the hideous statue of Elliot in the background, and had varnished it brightly; but in its room, had erected to the bedaubed hero a very beautiful bronze bust on a marble column. When at twilight we reached the Water Gate, the drawbridge was already somewhat raised, and, together with the English horsemen, we were obliged to clatter our horses over it, not without some danger. Throughout the whole town the Governor was respectfully saluted: like the haughty ruler of a colony, in the old Roman style, he made no acknowledgments. A slight Gibraltar boat took us on board.

But in the evening we were obliged, though half dead with fatigue, again to take courage, and journey to the Monastery, in order to make a visit to Lady Codrington. We found her with her two pretty daughters, and a company of officers and official ladies, at her tea-party. People shook hands, according to rule; then seated themselves in a semicircle, like the Roman senators when they received the Gauls, and sipped tea. The company were naturally strangers to us; and had less of the grave, simple, dignified character of a Court, than in the time of my kind friend Sir Robert Gardiner. The building itself has altered to its disadvantage; formerly, in its complete all-pervading simplicity, it possessed a character of grandeur; now, the modern arrangements do not tend to its advantage.

Gibraltar, November 29.

In the morning I made a visit to my old friend, Vice-Admiral Fanshawe, on board the 'Marlborough:' he received me with the genuine hearty friendship of a true English sailor. I again found his ship an unsurpassed model of cleanliness and seaworthiness.

At noon we went on shore; and, in the oppressive heat, strolled first to-day to the 'neutral ground,' where the English Government, with feelings of humanity, ordered a camp to be pitched for the Jews flying from Morocco. Altogether, nearly 4,000 Hebrews must have escaped from the perils of the scene of warfare; the wealthy found shelter in the town; the poor, about 1,700 in number, are encamped on the 'neutral ground' in six rows of tents: we walked through them, incited by the various pictures of Oriental character. The Israelites of Morocco all wear the Eastern dress: the men, wide white trowsers, slippers, a silk caftan with a broad girdle, and either a large, picturesque, blue cloth mantle with a long pointed hood, or a kind of white and brown striped burnous; they cover

the head with a small black cap, set far back on the head, from beneath which the hair falls over the forehead. The black colour of this cap is prescribed to the Jews in Mohammedan countries. The women, in their every-day attire, wear a white handkerchief, as described in the Old Testament, like Rebecca, twisted round the head veil-wise in picturesque folds; a boddice of divers colours conceals the bosom; a sort of caftan reaches to the knees, beneath which the wide trowsers are visible.

In many of the tents the women, both old and young, were sitting, busied with flat cooking utensils; in others, mothers were nursing their little children, or rocking them in the cradle brought with them in the flight: in other places, on a Turkish pillow, a patriarch with long flowing white beard, the turban on his bowed head, was seated, with crossed legs, in the midst of his family; from the darkness of many of the tents, the large lustrous eyes of youthful maidens peered out with curiosity and surprise at the sight of foreign women; before other camps cooking was going forward, the homely earthen vessels stood on the fire, while graceful maiden forms, with wavy hair and mournful looks, flitted back and forwards, laden with pitchers for water; beneath the roof of other tents sat pale wearied figures, the picture of misery; but they all made their salutations in a friendly manner and with an expression of gratitude. The men came and went with the restless hurry of traders,—everywhere dirt, and a picturesque disorder and confusion reigned; we saw heaps of torn rags close by gold-embroidered stuffs and Moorish jewellery: by the side of the most hideous old women, who reminded one of Macbeth's witches, we beheld the most beautiful delicate beings, with the wondrous features of the East, and the dark, almond-shaped, fascinating, swimming eyes. In the face of one young Jewess, by no means handsome, who was seated at work in the dusky shadow of

her tent, ugliness and beauty were actually united; one of her eyes was gone—an empty, dead crater; the other was large as I had never beheld one before, and on its pearl-white ground glistened a black diamond, whose sparkle penetrated to my very marrow and bones. We saw one Jew eagerly occupied in reading the Talmud in his tent; he was seated before a board, holding the large book in front of him, and he cut marks on the board, probably the number of the verses: it was a picture such as Rembrandt paints. Everywhere, among, between, and in front of the airy houses, countless children were swarming; I thought of the words, ‘Ye shall multiply as the stars of heaven and as the sand upon the seashore.’ The whole scene of the camp impressed us deeply: these poor Jews, this family of Ahasuerus, wander and wander eternally, without peace, without rest, without any certain shelter! The English, who know how to unite humanity with policy, feed the encampment; we saw soup divided from time to time,—if these Jews returned to Morocco after the termination of the war, they will become English propagandists.

Whilst the ladies explored the Park, I went to the shop of the noted Speed, who provides all the ships of these well-known straits with sea-stores; and I sought there for all possible English delicacies for our party. In this point also the English stand pre-eminent; among them, one learns of culinary treasures after the discovery of which one does not understand how it was possible previously to have done without them. I bought jams made of all imaginable fruits, excellent Scotch salmon in tins, and all the pungent sauces possible. By these means one exalts an ordinary breakfast to a pinnacle of gastronomic enjoyment. On a sea voyage, the palate needs pungent meats and exhilarating beverages: both are amply provided on English ground. Whilst we were turning over everything in the store, an aide-de camp of the Governor came riding up;

he brought us, in the name of the latter, an invitation to a Jewish wedding. One does not leave such an invitation to be repeated ; we hastened to the Park to fetch our ladies, and went at full speed to the Convent, where we walked with the Governor and his wife in the private garden, awaiting the summons to the wedding. The garden is rather large and well situated, and contains extraordinary specimens of plants—delicate-leaved pepper-trees, with tender feathery boughs ; splendid palms which are still left, descendants from the tending hand of the Franciscans ; and the giant *Dracæna draco* (Dragon's-blood tree), the only large specimen in Europe. It is a thick-barked fabulous growth of the ancient world, the hippopotamus of the kingdom of plants—in no way beautiful, but so much the more uncommon. Rare shrubs bloomed in full beauty, and a *Bougainvillea spectabilis* climbed up the wall of the house. Suddenly an aide-de-camp informed the astonished Governor that the Jews would not celebrate their marriage until the next day. I now hastened to the Club-house to partake of an excellent repast, and then made a visit to the Park with the doctor, having botanic objects in view. We were soon obliged to hasten back panting to the town, in order to reach the ship before the closing of the heavy gates. On the way, I met a large number of fox-hunters, returning home in red coats, long boots, and black velvet caps. They were Albion's youth, who had been hunting the fox the day through, at San Roque.

Gibraltar, November 30.

To-day I had to despatch the mail, and therefore did not quit the ship until two o'clock, allured then by the Jewish marriage. I hastened to the Park to seek our ladies, but found that they had already assembled in the garden of the Convent, with the family of the Governor and some guests. We went through the Upper Town, and

passed, between various redoubts, to a rather pretty-looking house, in front of which the bridegroom and the elders received us—the richest Jew in Gibraltar, a modernised Hebrew in a coat, had accompanied us hither from the Convent. Oriental music and nasal singing greeted us at the entrance, reminding one of the musicians in the Gospels. Dense crowds of Jews pressed from the entrance door up the narrow staircase. Escorted by the bridegroom, we moved through them; a Hebrew lady with large, shrewd, dark eyes beaming with intellect, the mistress of the house, attired in a black European dress, with an orthodox headgear, through which golden and silver pearls were twined in the Oriental style, came to meet us, and shook us by the hand in a friendly manner. She conducted us into the bridal chamber, a pretty simple saloon, in the European style, except that, in spite of the brightness of the day, all the candles were burning, as evidence of the sanctity of the occasion. The apartment glittered with rich jewels and with the lavish gilding and magnificently selected and dazzling colours of the gorgeous dress, brought from Tetuan and Tangiers for the lovely daughter of Israel. But the most brilliant gem of all, the picture of marvels from another zone, was the group near the principal wall. On the lofty dais draped with green silk, near the wall, which was adorned with a canopy of red damask, like two regal sphinxes looking gravely, even fiercely, around them, sat two brown-visaged matrons from Tangiers, with rich scarlet gold-embroidered caftans, and plain silk head-dresses similar to those of the Egyptian kings; their shining black tresses hanging down around antique ornaments and jewels. Between them, on a divan placed against the wall, reclined a being, covered by a light veil, crowned by a tiara studded with pearls, like a motionless waxen image, on which the glowing colours of art have breathed a fresh living transparency. This unusual

spectacle filled us with astonishment, for it looked like the god Vishnu, the jewel-clad idol, between his fire-exhaling dragons, on the high altar in the giant temple of Benares. Only after long gazing, did I perceive that the wax was really flesh and blood, and that the motionless goddess with closed eyes was the Jewish bride. She lay there like a dead person; not a muscle moved, and it was only by attentive watching that one could distinguish the gentle heaving of her bosom. The clear bloom of her complexion was enhanced by the bright red of her cheeks, by the black painted eyebrows, and by three slender patches on her beautiful and regular countenance. The high tiara (which, partitioned among rich ornaments, was completely overspread with pearls) invested her with something of holiness. Her bosom heaved beneath her gossamer veil, within a gorgeous gold-embroidered bodice; a similarly gold-embroidered spencer with wide silken sleeves was drawn over it; a broad silken scarf girt her waist, and a caftan of red cloth, with gold embroidery extending beyond it, encircled her limbs; her feet were encased in handsome sparkling slippers. Arms and hands were carefully covered with a red silk handkerchief. Besides this, the bride of fourteen years of age was bedecked with ornaments: she wore filagree earrings, with pearls and emeralds; bandeaux, with large roses, formed of jewels depending from slender golden chains, hung down gracefully on the right and left of her head; countless golden chains with glittering medallions and strings of coral adorned her neck; and, later on, we perceived rich Moorish bracelets on her white, rounded arms, and the most beautiful jewelled rings on her taper fingers. Her whole attire was replete with picturesque splendour. The 'bride-mothers,'* conscious of their important part, sat on their

* Two aged matrons, who sit one on each side of a Jewish bride.—T.

thrones proud and defiant; and measured the crowd, like Queen Jezebel in her day, with penetrating and contemptuous looks,—a complete contrast to the fearfully immovable, masked bride. The bridegroom now entered, with a kind of wooden horn upon his head, by his side a gold-embroidered velvet bag; two Rabbis followed him: the Chief Rabbi of Tangiers, with a pale handsome countenance and fiery red beard, a turban with a violet-coloured veil on his head,—a genuine Old-Testament apparition; then came a bedaubed, ragged, aged Rabbi, with heavy features and a white goat-like beard, at whose side a man and a boy stood with large tapers. A full glass of wine was brought to the Chief Rabbi on a salver; he began to nod, and sing in a peculiarly nasal tone, in which from time to time the surrounding crowd joined; he then sipped from the glass, and gave some of the same to the bridegroom, after which it was presented by the 'bride-mothers' to the bride. They bent before her as before a corpse, lifted her veil, and put the glass to her cherry lips; she sipped without opening her eyes, and then sunk back again motionless. Hereupon the glass was shattered, at which moment an old Jew from Tetuan uttered the peculiar shrill cry of joy of the Bedouins. The bridegroom, a very horrid young fellow, like an Egyptian goat, then presented the massive ring, adorned with ornaments of gold, amid the prayers for the bride. Then the old Rabbi came forward, and repeated the same ceremony of drinking, accompanied also with prayers sung or screeched in a strange manner. All these ceremonies delighted the numerous and vastly 'merry Englishmen and Englishwomen, who unceasingly followed every motion with their single glass, and made the most comical observations. Thus an elderly lady, who sat in the arm-chair next me, told me that the bridegroom would have no claim upon his new wife for eight days, during which time she must remain seated on the throne in the house of her

parents, to receive her relations and friends; further she said, that as the marriage was only a matter of form, the wife possessed the right of separating from her husband at the end of a year. She assured me that, under the circumstances, if she were in the place of the young wife, she would immediately decide upon this course, as she thought the bridegroom horribly ugly. During the prayers, in spite of the terrible heat, we were obliged, in accordance with custom, to put on our hats. The marriage contract, written on parchment, was now read by one of the kinsmen, then followed one more prayer for Queen Victoria and her family. After this, the bride was, with great difficulty and with eyes kept unceasingly shut, led down from the throne, and was forced to dance a 'rundgang,' a species of polonaise, with some two men of rank, or with kinsmen, during the chanting of prayers. The paint on her face prevented any emotion or movement from being perceived upon her features. After she had been conducted back to her throne, the strange ceremony came to a conclusion. Music now followed—a violin-player and a cymbal-player, who squatted on the ground in the Arab fashion and chanted nasal songs in the Moorish manner. A little maiden, a kind of *enfant terrible*, in a variegated, chameleon-like, European silk dress, entered with them, and sang and danced the 'nahlie ho,' familiar to me in Egypt and Algiers; that ungraceful, India-rubber dance which, with its music, prevails throughout the whole Arab-Moorish world, and which has arrived at its full perfection and beauty in Spain. After the child, the entire assemblage of women danced singly; sometimes on compulsion, sometimes of their own free will; sometimes with the handkerchief as in Algiers, sometimes with the lively tambourine. The prettiest were, as with us, the most affected, and required many entreaties; indeed, to the great delight of the Governor, who seemed to have grown young again, some

were dragged struggling by the men into the middle of the room, that thus they might make their twisting, whirling, nodding, jumping, and sliding movements, amid due plaudits. The dance lasted for a full hour, and visibly enlivened the company, who grew more and more merry. The happiest of all was Codrington, his lady the most astonished. The old and frowzy Jewesses pressed forward, and offered themselves for the dance. The star of the company was a certain Hadea Nahou, from Tetuan ; she, like all the rest, was arrayed similarly to the bride, only with more taste and in even more gorgeous colours. Her gold-laden caftan was of velvet, the colour of blue corn-flowers, and upon her head she had, over her red silk handkerchief, a prominent cap like the Scotch, stuck all over with pearls. These caps are the mark of the women from Tetuan, whilst those from Tangiers wear only the plain silk handkerchief. Her countenance was fantastically capricious—violet-blue eyes with high arched eyebrows, a small *nez retroussé*, and pouting rosy lips, from between which gleamed pearly teeth. Her rounded arm of marble whiteness, and her delicate rosy-tinted hands with their lovely emerald rings, were of classic beauty. Hadea Nahou was obliged to dance three times, and was on each occasion uproariously applauded. The next in beauty to her, both in figure and height, a very Judith, was a Jewess from Tangiers, whom I immediately recognised as the same whom I had seen there in the year 1852. Next, a damsel from Tetuan, likewise uniting Oriental beauty with European coquetry. She had clear-cut, almond-shaped, black, gazelle-like eyes ; a beautiful Grecian nose ; and a mouth which was always dimpling with friendly and roguish smiles. Her figure was full and well proportioned ; her dance with the tambourine the most captivating. Comical to behold, was a sturdy woman draped in green, who continually displayed her clumsy limbs. But the

'bride-mothers' darted forth looks of poison when they were compelled to descend from their throne and join in the dance. During the dancing the dark line of the bride's eyelids parted slowly and stealthily; she then opened one eye after the other, as though she were awaking from a long winter sleep; but my delight was completed by a little stout woman, with the nimbleness of a lizard—the queen of gossips, she must needs see everything, hear everything, manage everything. Her keen, merry, black eyes were in a continual state of excitement, and made a perpetual tour of the room, mixing themselves up with everything. Now they looked on complacently, now they smiled, now looked enquiringly, now in astonishment. In her whole demeanour she reminded me vividly of a bold, resolute, Hungarian cook, to whom imprecations (not ill meant) come more readily than prayers. Her silk handkerchief was twisted conspicuously in the decided form of a horn; and when she was asked to dance, her eyes glowed with delight, and she performed her artistic part with juvenile activity. This woman must be surrounded by many pleasant associations, which make her the darling of her people: her dance also was greeted with applause. As I perceived that the Governor grew warmer and warmer in his praises, and that from him no termination to the amusements was to be expected, I at last put the affair in train myself by some diplomatic questions. We were then conducted to a lower chamber to partake of some refreshments, dried fruits, an excellent wedding-cake, delicious orange-blossoms with honey (called by the Jews 'Angels' hair,') Spanish wine, in which we drank to the health of the bridal pair, and right good Rosaglio di Barberia. Hadea Nahou and the beautiful Jewess from Tetuan came down with one of the 'bride-mothers,' that their rich attire might be admired more closely. They conducted themselves with the assurance of ladies of

the great world. We shook hands cordially with them and with the bridegroom, and returned home at nightfall.

Gibraltar, December 1.

In the early morning I hastened on shore with the doctor and the gardener to wander through the Park, having regard to Miramar and Lacroma. With satisfaction we found *Mesembryanthemum* and *Gladiolus* planted everywhere instead of grass, by which means the fresh colour of the turf was brought out, as the harsher blades withstand the parching beams of the sun. Notes were made of many other plants for our gardener at home. We were also delighted again by the sight of the pretty officers' garden in the 'officers'-town,' which we strolled through, in order to reach the Europa Point and the Governor's villa. Would that we could bring home to our brethren in the Fatherland this taste of the English for nature's comforts! The love of gardening cheers and elevates the mind, whilst by it the body is strengthened. On Europa Point a heavy shower, with a keen westerly wind, overtook us; but on our return, the sun was already shining out again warm and clear in the deep-blue sky. We collected beautiful *Narcissus* and exquisitely fragrant lavender plants from picturesque rocks. On our way we saw the new giant cistern, enclosed in a building of massive freestone, which gives the impression of a work of antiquity. The English fleet was represented in the streets of the town by sundry intoxicated sailors.

Gibraltar, December 2.

A cold west wind whistled over the Bay, and the thermometer had, this morning, sunk to 7° (Réaumur),—according to the opinion of the people in Gibraltar, a genuine, bitter, winter temperature. This day was occupied in making purchases. We bought some of the

costly Jewish ornaments from Tangiers, some delicate earrings of filagree gold with sparkling emeralds, artistic bracelets, and a very original Moorish ring. We brought with us as a present for the ladies, mantillas which had come direct from Barcelona—and were distinguished for their elegance and taste.

I paid a return visit to the Vicar Apostolic, a kindly and talented native of Gibraltar, still young and handsome, with a row of dazzlingly white teeth. If I had not been on English ground, I should probably not have disturbed the good man by my presence; but here in Gibraltar, I deemed it my duty as a Catholic. He expressed himself cordially and judiciously; and by his refined French pronunciation, one recognised the scholar of the Propaganda, who had been eighteen years in Rome. He praised his flock highly, and congratulated himself on being able to carry out the rites of his religion so imposingly and unmolested. He lives with his clergy—a practice which seems very praiseworthy. His industry and sagacity have succeeded in founding an educational institution, to which the greater portion of the principal families of Andalusia send their sons for instruction. Not without humour did he tell me how comical it was that he, as the Catholic Bishop, should live in an ancient mosque, and Sir William Codrington in a Franciscan monastery. The church which adjoins his dwelling also belongs to the mosque, which was rebuilt as a temple of God, by Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic, after the glorious expulsion of the Moors.

H.M.S. 'Elizabeth,' December 3.

We quitted Gibraltar between eight and nine o'clock. At our leave-taking, the colossal rocks, lighted up by the morning sun, still displayed themselves in their grand monumental character, reminding me of the giant buildings of Egypt. We steered, in the direction of Ceuta, to a point

from which, at the distance of three nautical miles, we could distinctly perceive the large Spanish camp, with its white tents and numberless soldiers, on the hills lying above the town. On an eminence stands a large Moorish building, the so-called Seraglio, upon whose tower the head-quarter standard was now floating. High on a hill we perceived the redoubt, with regard to which the dispute had its late origin.

We passed close by the Affenberg, a large mass of rock, the lower portion of which is overgrown with beautiful woods of evergreen oak, and which reminded me vividly of our native Traunstein. In the distance we saw yellow Trafalgar, with its characteristic speckles of sandstone. We passed quite close to Tangiers; the unconquered blood-red standard of Barbary was floating over the ancient walls. A mysterious steamer, whose flag no one could distinguish, lay before the town; probably an Englishman, on the lookout. We could still see both the Pillars of Hercules rising above the waves, but in a short time both Gate and Pillars vanished, Europe sank beneath the waves, and the broad ocean received us. The beloved blue sky disappeared from view with the Mediterranean Sea, the sun no longer shone upon the ghost-like giants of the Atlas Chain, and in the evening, as the coast faded from view, rain fell.

H.M.S. 'Elizabeth,' December 4.

We are rolling over the broad waves of ocean: the sun is breaking through the clouds; a fresh easterly breeze brings up our speed to over ten knots an hour. None of the numerous ships in which I have sailed have been so unbeseemingly lively as the old 'Elizabeth.' He who does not feel ill must be constantly balancing himself. One ought to be expert in dancing on the tight rope to be able to feed oneself, to move about—yes, and even to sleep in one's bed. In the evening we sighted some single sails,

which flew past us like phantoms in the pale moonlight of this dusky night.

H.M.S. 'Elizabeth,' December 5.

During the night the vessel rolled heavily, and there was hardly any talk of rest or sleep; the wind freshened, and rain fell. The morning was grey and overcast, like one of our severe sirocco days at home, the sea the colour of lead, and covered with foam. In the early morning the wind was again so favourable that the well-filled canvas assisted the steam-power. Towards noon the sun shone forth for a short time from among light clouds. The air continued fresh, and, indeed, cool; but the temperature of the sea was 16° (Réaumur). On the whole wide horizon we saw not one single sail, not a living thing, with the exception of one sea-gull, with black-tipped wings, which circled round us. In the evening, broken clouds chased each other past the clear bright moon.

Madeira, December 6.

Rain had fallen in the night; and when with the growing day we beheld the picturesque imposing panorama of the east side of Madeira, and the strangely-shaped Desertas, fantastic clouds—in part still dusky with the shades of night, in part reddened by the rising sun—were gathered around the dark masses of basalt. Now like a loose veil, now like a curtain hanging in heavy folds, these clouds rolled from off the sea to the sky, at one moment concealing the island scenery from view, and immediately afterwards revealing again the sharp, phantom-like, serrated rocks in the dark background. When I came on deck we were exactly between the Desertas and the island of Madeira. The Desertas I could clearly recall to mind—the rugged rocky islands, which remind one of the Mediterranean Monte Christo appearing close by the low level table or shrine-like island of Pianosa—beside which lies the

famous Ship Rock (previously described by me), which on this occasion also deceived me for a considerable time. The sun made a path for himself through the rosy tinted clouds, which threatened the peculiar, jagged rocks of the eastern point of Madeira with stormy weather.

We were now sailing along the coast, and it was with feelings of melancholy that I again beheld the valley of Machico and lovely Santa Cruz, where we passed such merry hours seven years ago. On board our large ship, so filled with people, I was the solitary pilgrim of former days. Since those times, seven years had passed over my head—seven years full of pain and joy, full of fortune's storms, with few of its blessings—a school of experiences and of many bitter illusions, in which the wheel had turned often and swiftly, and in the course of which many variations of brightness and of sorrow had been experienced, and endured. These had been my years of education and of wandering—these years, which had swept past since I had joyously celebrated my twentieth birthday in this place. Now I was standing here once more, the restless pilgrim, the modern Ahasuerus, the solitary individual of that formerly gay and merry party. The cold grave covers one, another is tracking his path across the snowy fields of Hungary to fetch home his bride, a third is choked with the dust of deeds and papers; and thus they who then drank so merrily to my future are now scattered up and down in the world. I, true to my wish, have come back over the waves of ocean, seeking the peace which excited Europe can no longer give to the troubled soul. And yet melancholy steals over me when I compare that time with the present: then I was awaking to life, and advancing towards the future with a cheerful heart; in my present coming there lies something of the wearisome. My shoulders are no longer free and

unburdened ; they have to bear a weight from the bitter Past.

The sun gained the victory, and the sugar plantations gleamed freshly, whilst the peculiar red soil of the island glowed between the basaltic rocks. We made a bend round the Peak of Garagão, and beheld bright smiling Funchal bathed in the warm sunlight, a scene full of enchantment to all new-comers ; but to myself the difference between summer and winter, though slight, was still perceptible. Leafless trees stood on the heights around Rossa Senhora do Monte, and even in the gardens of the town the trees were not of the same emerald green as in July. We anchored in the roads at half-past seven, when boats immediately swarmed around our vessel. In one of them was a diver, who brought up from the depths of the sea the silver coins which were thrown to him from the ship.

After we had partaken together of our breakfast we all went on shore, passing the dark picturesque basalt masses of the Loo Rock. Surrounded by the dreamy fragrance of orange-blossoms, we hastened to Villa Bianchi, so endeared to me. There also Death had knocked at the door ; the good old Consul, with his venerable silver hair, was no more. But his kindly-hearted son, who has since those days married a pretty young lady of Madeira, of Creole appearance, received us. The young lady with the pale complexion and large dark eyes understood nothing but Portuguese ; our conversation was therefore very simple. Roses and jasmine, oleanders, camellias, and heliotropes bloomed in the garden ; the orange-trees bent beneath their golden fruit, whilst a gigantic aloe reared its tree-like blossoms aloft in the pure ether. The air was soft, and had that peculiarly mild, balmy fragrance which exists with us only in the height of summer. We ate of the delicious fruit of a species of *Passiflora*, called by the Portuguese Marcujà ; it

unites the bitter-sweet taste of the pineapple, the anone, and the banana. Our ladies were silent; to them everything was new and enchanting.

Skirting the little gardens of the villa, where everything grew and blossomed with such luxuriance that one's very heart smiled within one,—for we saw even the magnificent lilac-glowing *Bougainvillia spectabilis* in the fulness of its splendour,—we rode to the town, passing the beautiful hospital which the widowed Empress of Brazil has, with princely magnificence, caused to be erected to the memory of her deceased daughter, and for the chapel of which I have destined a marble statue of the *Mater Dolorosa*, as a mournful remembrance. We went on further to the *Rossa Senhora do Monte*, and to the *Villa Gordon*, where I was heartily rejoiced to see the amiable old English lady once more. Here, too, I found everyone married. Truly, seven years is a long time! The son had found a wife in Lisbon, an amiable young lady, the daughter of the *Visconde de Torrobella*. House and garden had been newly done up by the youthful pair, and were changed to a more luxurious and modern style.

Here again we were delighted by the tropical splendour of the trees and flowers. The temperature, as Mrs. Gordon assured us, is ten degrees cooler here on the mountain than in Funchal; thus, in this fresher atmosphere, the plants of our region flourish together with the rarest specimens of the hottest zones. With hospitable cordiality, this amiable lady gathered for us with her own hands gorgeous camellias, strelizias, tuberoses, amaryllis, and lovely centifolias. On this occasion, we measured one of the shade-giving camellia-trees which I have mentioned before; its circumference amounted to four spans and a half of the hand of a tall man. On December 6 almond-

trees were in bloom, and the fresh evergreens were covered with large blue flowers.

Whilst we were strolling in the gardens we were overtaken by a rather smart shower of rain; yet it was not like an autumn shower with us, but mild, genial, fragrant, and refreshing, as in the beautiful summer evenings of a northern climate. Again, as seven years ago, we glided over the basalt pavement down the mountain in a few minutes, in a sledge. In Mail's clean hotel we partook of a reviving lunch, with bananas and guavas, which I now tasted for the first time: the exterior of this fruit is something between an apple and an orange; the pulp is of a rosy hue, and towards the middle, where, as with the pomegranate, the pips are found, it becomes soft, juicy, and delicious: it is bitter-sweet, like all the fruits of the tropics.

In a sledge, with four seats and a curtained head, drawn by oxen, we drove to the Convent of Santa Clara. The renowned Sister Maria Clementina had now become old and grey; but she had not yet beneath the veil given up coquetting. We purchased feather-flowers, a myrtle-wreath, and orange-blossoms for our bride betrothed during the storm; and then hobbled along in our original vehicle to the villa of the uncle of Bianchi, whom we also found married; the old gentleman, dying of asthma, had ten days ago taken his brother's daughter for a wife, plainly a mercantile money transaction. His villa was quite altered; in the small space, and from rough material, he had formed a bower of the rarest and most beautiful plants; the paths were charmingly paved; the walls adorned with porcelain tables with graceful vases placed upon them; little tasteful arbours were arranged, and young plants clipped into artistic shape. The most exquisite winter-garden, filled with every botanic luxury, had sprung up beneath God's free open sky! I was specially

interested in some magnificent scarlet *Passiflora*, a blood-red yucca, a pineapple, and in a raised basin of charming sky-blue water-lilies (*Nymphæa*).

In the clean and tastefully arranged house, the young wife and her pretty and still unmarried sister presented us with some excellent *Malvoisia di Madeira*, here called *Vinho das Señoras*, a very nectar, prepared from the most luscious grapes of the island; a beverage which I had never before tasted in such perfection. Also, on our wish for it being expressed, they offered us some green sugar-cane, whose juice it is very pleasant to suck. At the same time finger-glasses were brought, on a silver salver, filled with fresh water, in which rose leaves floated, that we might wash our hands—a refined custom, which accords well with the luxuriance of nature in this country, and which pleased me exceedingly.

With the setting sun, we returned on board.

Madeira, December 7.

Faithful to our great saint, the ancient Milanese S. Ambrose, and mindful of the birthday of my father, we heard Holy Mass in our cabin this morning in the early twilight,—that heart-uniting half light which induces a spirit of self-recollection; we then went, by invitation of the obliging Consul, to spend a few days at his pretty villa, now standing quite unoccupied, the fragrant repose of which was very favourable to both the mental and bodily health of our storm-tossed ladies. At half-past eight on a warm fine morning, we rode past numerous sugar-plantations, whose canes resembled Turkish maize in their juicy green, to the *Curral das Freiras*; on this occasion also the two immense camphor-trees on the bridge bruised me with their boughs like weeping willows, and with their shining green leaves. On the lower ground the chestnuts were richly covered with foliage as in summer; but in the

forest above, all was leafless and cold as in our winter, and the fragrant violets bloomed among dry leaves beneath the shelter of the roots of the trees.

The view from the Curral was not perfect ; too many clouds chased each other, and drifted between the clefts of the basalt rocks, and even the ocean only peeped in some few places clear and blue from beneath the curtains of cloud. Here above, nature was in her winter garb : the mountain air, which was fresh and reviving, alone belonged to summer. On our return we were able this time to penetrate into the mysterious Quinta of the English Consul, who had died since the old days. Its name is 'Jardine da serra' (garden of the mountains).

On one of the sloping terraces which run through the valley, and which is enclosed by a wall with an arch broken through it, near the babbling fall of a cool stream, stands the villa, amid the mystic shadow of giant laurels, box, camellias, and other evergreen shrubs. On the right and left, tower the wooded hills, beyond which the blue ocean gleams between the chasms of rock—ever-glorious emblem of boundless eternity. The house itself, built in the fantastic Italian style, is shut up and deserted ; the poetical disorder of incipient decay has settled around the mouldering walls ; all is still and solemn as within a soul that is pervaded by agony. An old peacock, only, the last living token of departed glory, sits motionless on the moss-covered roof. Weeds grow in rank profusion among the rarest plants ; the mountain violets have pressed themselves between the pansies, wild roses among the hundred-leaved roses of Damascus, fragrant honeysuckle twines around the fading camellias of Japan ; all things flourish here mixed in wild confusion ; the once clearly-traced lines of art now are lost in the irregular growth of rank and ever-conquering nature : the poetic breezes of the past sigh here as in a soul whose self-control has departed, and over

whose being passion and strong emotion blow wildly: this would be the abode of such a soul; here he might chant his lament unheard.

In addition, the house and the cool garden have their dark secrets. An old man, of about seventy years of age, lived here a life of unbridled sin in his harem, which consisted of thirty females of various ages. Not a maiden bloomed in the neighbourhood but she was decoyed by money into the clutches of this aged sinner. Now his bones are decaying beneath a marble obelisk, surrounded by cypresses in the park which he himself planted. His grave sets the seal of desolation on the gloomy, mouldering, solitary garden-ruin. In the vicinity of the grave is a tea-plantation, now also in a state of confusion, in which the old gentleman grew his own tea; he had in it his plates of copper, and apparatus for drying. I was surprised at the sight of a wall in the garden completely covered with luxuriantly blooming hortensias and with arbutus, also in blossom. The arrangement of seasons in the world of plants ceases altogether in Madeira. One has simultaneously violets, camellias, arbutus, and close by, among the giant masses of wood, ripe blackberries: everything in nature, here lives on according to its own fancy without rule; every plant chooses its own time for blooming and bearing seed, and does not in this trouble itself at all about the calendar.

On our return, we saw in the vicinity of the town a new and charmingly situated villa belonging to the Consul, who counts his houses in town and country by his fingers. In its little garden there is a bower, in which are mingled the gorgeously glistening lilac of the Bougainvillia and the orange-yellow of the Bignonia. It was a bold and tasteful union of colours, such as I had never before seen in nature. Before we arrived at our Quinta the Consul conducted us along a wide and quite new road which has been made,

parallel to the shore, in a westward direction, and which serves as a Corso to the people of Madeira. Here also, as in their native Hyde Park, one sees the most fascinating of Britannia's daughters riding up and down in their picturesque attire, and enjoying the extensive prospect over the sea in combination with their equestrian amusement on the fresh turf of this excellent road. At the beginning of the promenade a prettily arched bridge is thrown across a luxuriant, verdure-covered valley of rock, in which a cool stream bubbles forth amid anones and orange-plants.

At six o'clock we dined in a bower of passiflora in the garden;—to be able to sit out of doors in the open evening air on the 7th of December is a grand thing. A good climate strengthens and refreshes the spirit, and sheds tranquillity and equanimity over the soul. The shivering man is fit for nothing; for coldness is death. The moon shone through the rustling sugar-canes; the passiflora shook their dewy heads; the jasmine emitted its aromatic perfume, and we ate pineapples and bananas which had ripened in the open air.

A messenger from kind Mrs. Gordon brought us a real tropical greeting of flowers in two large baskets—a shower of rain from Flora's golden cornucopia; they lay in lovely disorder, having been thrown together in picturesque confusion either by happy chance or by a very artistic hand—an exquisite mingling of colour and perfume; dazzlingly white camellias, breathed on, as it were, by sparkling snow, or rosy-red with the delicate hues of softest carnation; lovely centifolias, glowing as the first bloom of ruddy life, or pale and transparent as the complexion of Andalusian girls; clear blue agapanthus; its kindred plant, the gleaming red amaryllis; royal strelizia, that proud and most perfect flower of earth, with its red hood, its golden yellow petals, and its blue lance-shaped tongue; the ruby-coloured

callistemon of New Holland, with its countless tender stamina; the princely calla of Ethiopia, with its trombone-like blossoms of ivory whiteness, in the centre of which swells the golden yellow knob; scarlet and yellow besprinkled gladioli, gay to behold; snow-white Indian azaleas; bignonias, with their living tints of flame; the poinsettia, with its coronet of petals, glowing like molten iron; added to these, numberless fresh shining leaves of every form, and of every shade of green, whilst strewn in the midst were delicious tropical fruits. We could not gaze long enough at this picture of earthly blessings. And all these from under the open air of heaven: for in the whole of this island there is no greenhouse: no one would know what to put into it. The even temperature, night and day, permits everything to flourish that earth can produce in the botanic kingdom.

Madeira, December 8.

Early this morning there was storm and rain, but the air continued soft and mild as summer. In the course of the day the weather improved. We spent half of this great festival day in listening to the service in the Cathedral. The simple exterior of this building bears witness, by its Gothic structure, to its mediæval origin; over the door we observed a stone overhung with cloth; the royal arms, which were concealed on account of the deep mourning in consequence of the death of the young Queen. The interior of the church, which is in the form of a cross with three principal naves, is simply beautiful. The naves are divided by Gothic arches, supported by very slender graceful columns, which one might almost take to be of iron; the roof is inlaid, like a Basilica, with concave and convex ornaments; the gorgeous high altar, which, as in our churches, stands at the end of the principal nave, is adorned with the most beautiful Gothic carving

connected on the right and left with the stalls of the choir, which are worthy of notice, and are in the same style; in the cross-naves are large richly-gilded altars, reaching to the very roof, with many superb images, also in the Renaissance style; the numerous altars in the side naves belong to the Rococo period.

The Bishop celebrated, assisted by a large number of clergy, arrayed in rich vestments, with a jewel-studded mitre, from a gilded throne beneath a lofty canopy. Horrible music (which, for want of breath and strength, vanished like water in sand) was drawled out by the meagre choir,—ill-chosen portions of operas. At each forte part the pipes of the organ were obliged to be opened like a cellar door; a sort of alto voice joddled to it in guttural tones that had never been dovelike. Our Almighty Lord would put Christian patience and piety to the proof. To our horror, after the Gospel, a well-fed dignitary of the Cathedral, with an absurdly high cap, mounted the pulpit to deliver a sermon in Portuguese. Oh! that Heaven should permit itself to be worshipped in such an accent! Such tones would better suit the roaring worship of Baal.

To our misfortune, the Bishop was newly consecrated; and, therefore, the reverend gentleman in the pulpit felt himself in duty bound to bellow laudations from the depths of his swelling, guttural throat, in honour of the reception. After this, tremulous music again sounded; the alto made some few roulades; and only when the second hour was drawing to a close, did the chief ecclesiastic quickly conclude the service. The altars were protected by a guard with fixed bayonets. The dwarfish Portuguese soldiers, whose patience must not be tried too long, were relieved continually with a great clatter, and even the address to the Bishop was interrupted by the echoing tramp of the warriors. We hastened home somewhat fatigued, and with the conviction that the words of our Lord, ‘Come unto

me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden,' would be erroneous if pronounced by the clergy of Funchal.

After we had refreshed ourselves, our whole travelling party, together with the commander of the 'Elizabeth,' held a session 'in pleno' to decide upon the plan of voyage which the threatening weather rendered imperative. In consequence of the intelligence from persons in Brazil that the yellow fever had again broken out there, many delightful projects were obliged to be given up, to our great regret. Before dinner, the ladies, the Consul, and myself, availed ourselves of a favourable moment to take a short ride down the Promenade. The pretty road was very lively; many ladies on horseback were riding gaily up and down. One accomplished equestrian just behind us wished to show off; but his horse was not of the same opinion as himself, and after some demurring and struggling the worthy man fell at our feet. Bands of mirthful people passed by with guitars, violins, violoncellos, and one with the national instrument, a small guitar called 'machiete,' making cheerful music in the streets. In the evening some heavy drops of tropical rain fell.

Madeira, December 9.

I was awoke early this morning by the intelligence that the 'Elizabeth' had left; and in this she had done well, for an ocean storm raged with tremendous violence. The rain poured in never-ending torrents from the leaden sky; nevertheless, it drove me from the house that I might gaze with wonder at the scenes of Nature. Enveloped in a waterproof coat and hat, I defied the storm. The ocean, that boundless expanse of water, which, from Funchal to the South Pole, is broken in upon by no land, was in wild confusion; gigantic waves, covered with white foam, thundered and stormed against the black basaltic rocks, only to descend again in similar massive avalanches. Around the Loo Rock and around the rock at the landing-place, the

waves raged with uncontrolled fury, and mountain-torrents rushed surging down through the caverned, black-tinted peaks of basalt and over the ledges of rock.

This awful scene, the grandest that I had ever beheld in nature, continued to increase in majesty; wildly and more wildly raged the storm; higher and still higher swelled the large, broad, giant billows. The 'Elizabeth' was gone; God have mercy upon her! From one large Spanish brig, the 'a Palo,' which was destined to take troops to the Havanna, and which had anchored behind the Loo Rock on account of damage received, chests and bags were forced open in the heavy struggle with the sea. A laden boat was likewise driven on shore from the boiling flood, amid fearful cries of naked men. Other boats, compelled to wend their way to the landing-place, were suddenly raised aloft, thrown upwards, let fall again, and could only with unutterable difficulty and danger fling (as it were) the Spanish equipage and the goods on shore to the numerous sailors who were stationed there. It was fearful to see how the Spaniards, at the risk of human life, saved everything; all the bedding, boots, and even a bootjack.

I went down to the landing-place, where the scene was even more grand, even more awful, and yet there was something splendidly overpowering in it: sometimes it was like the storm of battle, as though the island were to be vanquished by the ocean: sometimes it resembled a grand, wild dance making the joints and walls of the giant saloon to shake again; one beheld the waves surging up like a troop of wild horsemen nearer and still more near, ever becoming larger and larger, until at last they dashed against the rock, so that the basaltic walls tottered; then they mounted aloft in masses of foam, hissing and roaring up above where we were standing. The billows rushed over the outer terrace like a white curtain; anon they rose like a vertical wall, and disappeared again immediately,

leaving no more trace behind than the idle visions of a dream. But often, if a still more enormous wave than usual arose, it would thunder over the terrace and then recede over the smooth coping stones, with a sound like the chattering of a troop of spirits, or would flow down the steps like the most beautiful and richest fountain.

We were wet through and through ; but could not tear ourselves from the wildly-attractive fascinating scene ; until a mighty wave threw two of us down ; laughing and exultant we rose again to our feet, but took warning from the reports of the place, and retired ; for several persons had before this time been swept from off the terrace by the retreating waves. The weather continued to become worse, and billows were already dashing over the lofty Loo Rock.

In the afternoon, I drove in my four-seated sledge to the town to make various purchases ;—the celebrated wood-mosaics, peaked Madeira caps with lightning conductors, and armchairs wove from the willow for our verandahs. The atmosphere was heavy, impregnated with storm ; it shed a melancholy over my heart. We entered the dusky Cathedral in order to look at it once in detail. The bells sounded, a low stage was erected, four tapers were lighted. The choir filled, space was made for the altos, a coffin was brought in, within it lay a corpse ; some people hurried up towards it, a priest came up, a chant was sung, and the roll of the organ was heard throughout the dark dusky church. The coffin was open ; in it lay a young girl, fifteen years of age. When the priest had chanted his ‘*Requiescat in pace*,’ the coffin was closed. This spectacle sent a shudder through my very soul, and drove me from the gloomy Cathedral. Dark thoughts were my companions. I heard nothing but the howlings of the storm, the thunder of the waves ; whilst again and again the ‘*Elizabeth*’ and distant friends recurred to my mind.

Our road conducted us to the shore by way of the Grand Promenade. The hurricane had reached its height; the scene surpassed all that had been described, witnessed, or anticipated before. Huge ramparts of waves swelled to the size of mountains; the foam resembled white fields of snow, and the billows already dashed over the loftily situated garden on the plateau of rock: there they thundered, and roared, and raged, as though the last day were approaching. The atmosphere was troubled, and my heart began to grow heavy. It was the voice of the Almighty to His subjects, of the Creator to the creature. The doctor said to me aside, ‘This day will teach many to believe in our Lord Jesus Christ.’ The words bore evidence to the feelings which were stirring his soul. The whole population was in a state of excitement as to the fate of the little guard-ship in the harbour and of its crew. They appeared every moment to be going down into the deep. The large, forsaken Spaniard had been knocked down in the course of the day for fifteen hundred thalers, to the highest bidder. A poor, elderly man, dressed in mourning, stood near us on the shore, and gazed with an expression of deep melancholy on the scene and on the guard-ship. He must have had a relation there, in deadly peril. All this cut me to the heart, and I could not shake off the feeling of heavy apprehension.

As a contrast, which did not, however, improve things, the Consul invited us to some wine-vaults, to make trials for a purchase we desired. There was excellent old wine, warming and generous, and, at the same time, mild and agreeable. It flowed sweet and genial down one’s throat, and glowed in one’s veins. Its colour was sparkling, like the most beautiful jacinth. We tried three kinds: old Bual, a rich strong wine for men; Malvoisia, soft and sweet for the throats of fair ladies; and at last Sercial secco, a very strong, dry, and almost bitter wine. As a connoisseur,

I first took notice whether the oil ran down from the glasses, and gave the preference to the Bual. A wine made from red grapes, called Tinto, black and bitter, was really not good ; and put me in mind of our Nostrano.

I went yet once more to the shore, to the awfully sublime scene. I then visited my travelling companions at the hotel, and I yearned to-day to see my own people and to have them around me.

Madeira, December 10.

Storm and rain still continued. I went to the town, and spent the greater part of the day in making plans and preparations for the voyage. All possible lists of steamers were looked through, and every imaginable combination thought of. A story which the Consul related to us shows the credulity of the people in this country, even of the upper classes. We had brought on board with us, as a guest, a gentleman suffering from consumption, in order to facilitate his speedy voyage from Trieste to Madeira. In spite of his comparative youth, the worthy, strange, and somewhat pedantic man, with his haggard sharp features, emaciated form, long red nose, white wavy beard, and measured movements, looked at forty-five years of age like a complete old man. Immediately on arriving, he took up his abode at one of the principal hotels, and silently and quietly established himself there for the winter. No one knew what to make of him : for he had separated from our party, and yet he had come by the Austrian war-steamer : he spoke to no one on the simplest subjects, because he is only able to speak Carniolan-German, and he lived shut up within himself. Suddenly, the rumour spread throughout the island that the peaceable unoffending man was neither more or less than Don Miguel de Braganza, the wild Portuguese pretender. Thus the whole

island, which is for the most part of Miguélite predilections, believes him to be its king and master. One of two things stands before the harmless man;—either to be imprisoned by the suspicious Government until further information, or to permit himself to be deified and borne about in triumph, *nolens volens*, in a palanquin with a purple canopy, by an excited populace, as the true King of Portugal and Algarve. The news is already so fully believed throughout the island that one of the richest English merchants, a Mr. Blandy, asked our Consul in confidence whether the mysterious man really were Don Miguel. The fact that I have been twice to his hotel, and that I once talked to him for a long time in the hall, will still further heighten the belief in his mysterious Majesty.

Before dinner, I had an opportunity in our garden of closely watching the cochineal on the cactus ficus indica. The dark grey animals sit together in groups like large wood-lice on the fleshy leaves, enclosed by a grey ring, and look like a hideous blight upon the plant. If one take up the animal and crush it, there flows forth immediately a rich, red, cherry dye. In the cochineal plantations, which are here very extensive, and which yield a large return, the heavy tropical rain, which washes over the flat leaves, is very dangerous to the eggs and young.

On Saturday the sun broke forth for a moment from the rainy clouds. However, whilst we were sitting at dinner a violent, although short, tornado came on again which made the house shake to its foundations. In the evening the stars were once more visible.

Madeira, December 11.

In the chapel of the elephantiasis patients I heard to-day, to my composure of mind, a simple and indeed hurried Mass. On coming from the little church we were met by the joyful news that the ‘Elizabeth’ was cruising off the

Peak of S. Lorenzo. This intelligence removed a heavy weight from my heart.

To-day, with my physician, I visited the hospital lately erected by the widowed Empress of Brazil. It is a handsome princely building, in the simple Renaissance style, with dazlingly white walls, which are adorned with black basalt ornaments, mullioned windows, arches, and cornices. The façade reminds one of the castles and charitable buildings of Naples. Across a large wide square, which is intended for the garden, one passes, by the principal door, made of mahogany, into a spacious vestibule, whose roof is supported by pillars. Opposite to the entrance one mounts the staircase, which, halfway up, branches into two; on the right and left of the hall lie the passages, which terminate in the side façades with large windows, and by which one reaches the apartments of the sick, the dwellings of the 'Grey Sisters' and the bath-room. The first floor corresponds exactly with the ground floor, except that over the vestibule stands the lofty chapel.

The building is founded for twelve men and women suffering from diseases of the chest: it will be a good thing for these people; for even if no care may avail to crush the germs of death within them, yet their last moments will be sweetly soothed. Each sick person has his own lofty, handsome, open, airy room, with a fine view of the ocean: a very beautifully built kitchen provides for the wants of the body, whilst the friendly sunny chapel in the centre elevates the soul, and brings to it reconciliation with heaven. The floor and walls are curiously and exquisitely wrought; the boards are of the hardest and finest wood, and so wonderfully joined that one can see neither a chink nor a nail, which the extreme cleanliness would otherwise render very visible. The walls are so admirably stuccoed with plaster of dazzling whiteness that one can detect no

cracks or breaks in the flat surface, which is smooth as marble.

The hospital, in proportion to its limited size, will be the most perfect of its kind, and one could not find anything like it in Europe. It is praiseworthy that such an one could be erected in Funchal. On a slab of black marble on the staircase a golden inscription records the melancholy origin of the building. Here, on the 4th of February 1853, the only daughter of the unhappy Empress died of consumption. She departed, a pure, perfected angel, from this imperfect world to go to her true home. This hospital is the noble fruit of the deep heartrending grief of her bereaved mother. She has named the handsome building after her daughter, and seeks in it to console herself in her own sorrow. This expression of pain and this reverting to the means given by God for consolation is assuredly the most beautiful evidence of a truly Christian heart.

From the hospital I wandered to the house hard by, from which the lovely angel winged her flight, and I lingered in grief and sadness beneath a splendid Indian tree, which spreads its gigantic and protecting boughs, affording complete shade. Around the walls climbed, wild and untrained, a magnificent deep-red Bougainvillea, the first that I had seen of the kind. I hastened home and wrote minute details to the afflicted mother of the visit I had made.

The weather still continued variable; sometimes rain, sometimes sunshine: but the air mild as in spring. After our dinner in the quiet homely Quinta, a minstrel of the country made himself heard on the popular instrument, the machiete; with this little thing he executed incredible performances, accompanied by a guitar. That which was truly national was something resembling a bear-dance; and by the ever-recurring Ritornella, it bore evidence to the

taste and spirit possessed by these people. He played the celebrated and ever-beautiful 'Carnival de Venise' with wonderful sweetness, and knew how to elicit from the strings dulcet tones, whose sighs and wails penetrated to the very heart. A Bolero transported me to my beloved Spain. The man is a true musician: and in Europe, ever craving for change and for what can gratify curiosity, he might make his fortune. His Portuguese songs were less successful: he had a coarse voice, which he strove to attune to the sentimental.

Madeira, December 12.

The weather had improved, and when I mounted to our look-out pavilion this morning, with my glass, I perceived a Portuguese steamer nearing the land. In my excitement,—for with increasing anxiety, I had been expecting a steamer due from Lisbon, which might, perhaps, take me to Pernambuco, and I had a great desire to see America and the virgin forests, even if only for a short time,—I immediately ordered my little possessions to be packed up, being firmly resolved to travel under an assumed name, as an ordinary passenger, and without any attendants; and I hastened with rapid steps to the town. There, to the bitter dispelling of my illusion, I learned that this was not the steamer going to America, but an ordinary packet-boat which plies between Lisbon and Madeira.

We went to the Exchange, which stands by the shore, to see the 'Visconde d'Attoquia' (for so the steamer was named) come in. The poor screw-steamer rolled grievously; at her mast-head she carried a large Portuguese flag, as a token that the gentleman whose name she bore, (and who at my last visit to Lisbon in the year 1857, was Minister of Marine,) was on board journeying hither. Passengers and baggage were with great difficulty landed at the Loo Rock, round which the waves were still roaring.

The Exchange was full of fair, bearded, Germans, of whom there are now a great number in Madeira; and who in this place find themselves agreeing together in an incredible manner. They were for the most part dandies, or cits—the two comical and in no way imposing extremes in which Germans generally show themselves in foreign countries.

In a heat like that of summer, we visited a garden below the fort, which belongs to Freitas Lomelino, a member of a noble family now naturalised in the island, who originally came hither from Geneva. The garden possesses the advantage of being old and aristocratic; tall bay-trees form a cool dome, and a shady roof over the wide terraces; rivulets and springs murmur around in the glimmering twilight, as in a sacred and expansive grove, whilst only in the more open spots is the tropical vegetation allowed to shoot forth in well-trained groups. By the side of magnificent camellias and strelitzias, we here found the sago-palm and the Brazilian jambro-tree, one of the laurel tribe, with its small downy yellow apples, which taste exactly as the centifolia smells. A giant Sabina astonished us by its picturesque form; with its grey-green boughs and rugged stem, it looked just like a hale old man. In this garden, pervaded by a dim, architectural tone, a certain disorder had a very good effect, and gave a poetic air to the whole picture.

We returned to our Quinta, brought our ladies out with us, and visited the charming villa of an Englishman, Mr. D——, in our neighbourhood: his large level garden adjoins the house in which the Empress of Brazil lived, and includes the highest peak of the beautiful basalt terrace behind the Loo Rock. The villa, built in Indo-English taste, with its cheerful tint of light yellow, its fresh green jalousies, and its delightful verandahs, overgrown with creepers, stands on the turf in the centre.

Between the entrance (which is on the road near the stable and farm) and the house, stands a large clump of forest trees; between the house and the rocky path down to the sea lies a perfect parterre, filled with low shrubs and rare flowers; at the extreme end on the rock is a verandah-kiosk, whose construction resembles the after-part of a ship, opening towards the sea. The garden, only laid out within the last six years, affords a triumphant evidence of what can be effected in a short space of time, with a little trouble and a certain amount of knowledge and will. Portions of the garden were luxuriant as a virgin forest.

We found the *Carica papaja*, with its round stem, smooth as a snake's skin, and its coronet of date-like leaves, its white blossom and flask-like fruit: it is commonly said of this Brazilian tree, that a fowl, if hung to its stem, will become quite tender in from two to three hours,—*relata refero*; we saw the cocoa-nut palm, with its peculiar trunk and its large fan-shaped feathery leaves, a true type of the primeval forest; the Jacaranda, that acacia-like tree, with its soft grey-green leaves, which furnishes the most excellent wood for pianofortes, and whose lovely blue blossom is one of the most exquisite upon earth; the fresh green mango, with its richly-shining leafy crown, and its delicious yellow egg-shaped fruit; other fruit-trees resembling the jambro, one of which tastes like a fresh pineapple, the other like a gooseberry; the camphor-tree, with its tongue-like strongly-scented leaves; the white cinnamon tree; the *strelitzia augusta*, with its large white and violet blossoms, which protrude like the heads of gigantic cranes from the great banana-like leaves; the most varied species of magnificent *araucaria*, that strange tree, which grows as perfect and regular as though it did not belong to our planet, but had its origin in a fairy legend. The most beautiful

specimens of this family of plants let their boughs, strong as steel, hang down to the ground, and looked as though they were besprinkled with morning dew; splendid bignonias, varying in hue from golden yellow to purple, climbed around the verandahs; we also found the rich-leaved combretum, with its clusters of blossom filled with purple stars; and the *Allamanda Schotti*, named after our noted Director of Gardens, celebrated in botanic history.

The plants from Australia and the Cape looked dingy, as if dead; for the most part everything that comes from these countries is sad and joyless. To count up all the plants would be impossible. In the delight that I felt as a gardener, I seemed to be in an immensely large conservatory in the open air, and could find no limit to what there was to be seen; therefore, the appearance of the son of the house, although he was a cordial, graceful young man, was almost disagreeable. He felt himself in duty bound to accompany us everywhere, and to explain the wonders of his father's garden in all ways possible. Scarcely had we become used to him, before the owner himself appeared; who, with his lively eyes and manners, with his carefully dressed hair and dandified look, was like anything in the world but an Englishman; he was overflowing with all sorts of fine speeches, and with fabulous tales of his travels and grand acquaintances. He soon came into collision, scientifically, with our somewhat hard-headed gardener.

Strange stories are in circulation regarding the origin and wealth of this extraordinary man; but, be he what he may, this at all events must be accorded him,—that by his perseverance in gardening, he has set an admirable example to the lazy inhabitants of Madeira. The house is most inviting in its English cleanliness and luxurious comfort; an elegant confusion reigns in the light airy

drawing-rooms, which are so arranged that by opening very large folding-doors, they can be turned into a spacious ball-room.

Towards evening the weather again grew worse; the Portuguese steamer weighed anchor, and then went out to sea.

Madeira, December 13.

During the night there was another storm; a fearful tempest thundered, and shot forth its lightnings through the Egyptian darkness. It is even said that an earthquake was felt. The poor Portuguese, who belong to the number of timid spirits, lighted up the town in the anguish of their hearts; and our luckless Consul told us sorrowfully, that his father and mother-in-law, together with other relations, had come in the middle of the night to seek from him, as the youngest member of the family, consolation, which he was obliged to bestow at the sacrifice of his night's rest.

Early in the morning a steamer again appeared on the horizon; we indulged the hope that it might be the 'Elizabeth.' The glass was in readiness; but only too soon did we perceive, to our bitter disappointment, that it was the Portuguese mail packet, which was returning from her voyage begun only yesterday. In the garden the redbreasts, blackbirds, and finches warbled in glad delight, as with us in early summer; their joyous songs made all the greater impression from the thought that many of these little songsters might perhaps have poured forth their lays in our hearing in our own country. The swallows too, those summer visitants to our land, were now flying about gaily in this island, warm as spring; but we hailed with astonishment the trilling song of the canaries in the open air. They are denizens of this isle; but, as in the Canary Isles, are, in their wild state, of a greenish-brown colour, like our siskin, and only become

yellow after the breed has been domesticated for generations.

In the oppressive heat of this morning we made another weary journey to the neighbouring garden of the Englishman; but this time, thank Heaven! alone and undisturbed. The slightest movement made one feel tired, owing to the heaviness of the air. People generally grow indolent in this soft mild atmosphere, amid the delicious odour of the flowers, the excellent food, and the even superior beverages of the country. They vegetate, and allow their minds to engage in no unnecessary work. To counteract these feelings, we ordered palanquins to be brought, and ourselves to be carried through the town to the villa of Bianchi's uncle. I enjoyed the delights of this preeminent mode of locomotion, this delightful cradle, in which the soul is rocked into dreamland whilst the body reposes peacefully, and all the sinews and muscles may stretch themselves at pleasure.

We again made the tour of Bianchi's garden, and were rewarded by finding some tropical orchids, and by the discovery of a new passiflora, which, as I believe, has never yet been brought to Europe. It has large, rose-coloured, trumpet-shaped blossoms, which, from above, look like oleander blossoms; from the side, like rosy water-lilies. We took home large quantities of flowers, and then went about the town making purchases until the approach of darkness. We found the people, as they are everywhere in the Portuguese dominions, obsequious, obliging, heavy, idle, and stupid. Of the repulsive ugliness of this race no one can form any notion; and in the midst of so many beauties of nature, one is completely disgusted by it. Just now one meets a number of persons in mourning; for the national mourning is still worn for the amiable young Queen, cut off so early in life. The evening sky was, in the west, clear and bright, and promised well for the coming day.

Madeira, December 14.

To-day the long-looked-for 'Elizabeth' at length arrived. She anchored in the roads before nine o'clock, in splendid summer-like weather, and amid extreme, almost oppressive, heat. With her appearance new hopes of journeying arose. The unfortunate vessel had been pitching and rolling off and on on the north side of the island, amid unceasing rain, for five days and nights. In spite of all this, the naval portion of the travelling party came on shore in good spirits, and related in the most comical manner the adventures which they had experienced. Fresh provisions were already so far run out that they had been tempted to make an outrage on our spindle-shanked goats, and my little dog had been fattened for a future occasion; there must even have been some cannibal ideas expressed at the sight of a well-fed cabin-boy!

A council was held in the Quinta; at last it was decided that we should steam to the Cape de Verd Islands, and packing was diligently begun. Suddenly, in the midst of our full activity, colours were seen moving among the myrtle bushes, a mass of gleaming violet moved forwards, stars glittered on the broad breast of the figure, its laces rustled, and on its head was set a black cap. The apparition approached nearer, issuing from among the boughs. We recognised *o Bispo*,* and the Cathedral dignitary of the late High Mass of long memory. I hastened to meet him, and conducted him to my wife. He asked, 'Vous, Monsieur Prince?' which led to a conversation that was, however, hardly one in reality; for the good man, not without some self-complacency, poured forth some incomprehensible words and speeches, but did not understand us in the least; yet did not permit himself to be disturbed by

* The Bishop.

this, from his jovial comfortable composure. Shortly afterwards the good-natured oxen drew him home, as in old days they drew the ark of the covenant, the *sacro sanctum* of the Jews.

In the afternoon we sunned ourselves in our pretty garden, and enjoyed ourselves by the blue sea. At four o'clock we went on board the 'Elizabeth.'

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.



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Maximilian
Recollections of my life

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