

such a tabernacle by the same name as the glorious fanes of Canterbury, and York, Salisbury, and Ely, the builder (*architect* I cannot call him), has crowned his work with an apex of absurdity, by selecting of all others the *Moorish* style—the style of the arch-enemies of the Cross—to be the exponent of his ideas on the subject of Christian worship, as if England could supply no examples of what a church ought to be!!

After beholding such temples to the Most High, as the Cathedrals of Burgos, Toledo, and Seville, it makes one, as an Englishman, absolutely ashamed to stand by the shabby, mean, dwarf-sized edifice, erected by our countrymen beneath the shadow of that rock, where *millions* have been spent ungrudgingly upon batteries and fortifications. Although enjoying the privilege of a purer faith than any professed throughout the Peninsula, yet here in the eye of Spaniard, Moor, and Jew, we content ourselves with a building, which none of those religionists (did they possess our national wealth) would ever presume to dedicate to God, *as the best he could offer*, as we may well believe from what we actually know of their various places of worship! One of the first consequences resulting from such misplaced economy, is that

a large proportion of our troops, if not all indeed, are compelled to celebrate Divine Worship in the open air, as we saw that morning when riding past the camp, an expedient that need not be resorted to, were a real Cathedral, at once worthy (as far as may be) of its high purpose, and of the nation from which it proceeds, to be erected on some suitable site, where the worship of the Church of England might be solemnized with all "the beauty of holiness," so as at the same time to provide for the spiritual necessities of our own people, and, by the solemnity and becomingness of our devotions, to prove in that thoroughfare of nations, to the whole world, Christian, Hebrew, and Infidel, that "God is in us of a truth."

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

MONDAY morning's dawn saw the welcome arrival of the muleteers, with all our goods and chattels, an event, that immediately restored our party to society, in which we had hitherto felt ourselves to be occupying a very equivocal position. Like us, Marcos and Tomas too had met with adventures on the road, having spent Saturday night, *à la belle étoile*, on the uplands where we enjoyed our first view of Gibraltar; donkeys, and men finding a chilly welcome that December night on those dreary heights, houseless, and unsheltered even by a hedge, being all the time (as to their chagrin they afterwards discovered) within a mile of the Venta, where Captain O'Hara, and his friend had overtaken us a few hours before. As the panniers contained (they knew) an ample supply of provisions, the trio very sensibly helped themselves, restricting their potations

to the very modest allowance of a single bottle of Bordeaux, a fact which speaks volumes for their temperance, and honesty.

We found the Victoria very clean and comfortable, in spite of its cramped premises, and everything, that constant civility and attention on the part of the landlord, Mr. Du Moulin (a Frenchman, who speaks English remarkably well), and his son, could contribute to our comfort, was most willingly rendered.

By way of repose after the fatigue of the last week, it was a never-failing amusement, to watch from the windows of our sitting-room, which fronted the Exchange and Commercial Square, the various phases of national costume and physiognomy, presenting themselves in ceaseless change on this spot of neutral ground between East, and West, where Europe, and Africa exchange greetings and merchandise, in lieu of the hostility and hard knocks, of former ages.

Sometimes it would be a regiment of dear old red-coats marching past, as Englishmen only *can* march, with "all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war," colours flying, music playing—a sight, that ever sent a strange thrill through the heart, filling it with an

almost overpowering sense of thankfulness for the privilege of calling Old England "Home." Scarcely have the clang of cymbals, and the fife's shrill notes died away in the distance, ere the scene is re-peopled, and the eye lights upon a motley crowd of sailors,—passengers by the last steamer from England, rushing about furiously in search of "lions,"—grooms, and other belongings of the stable, productions of unmistakable English growth,—a Frenchman or two, out of temper, and cynical (a chronic state of mind, it struck me, from what I daily observed at the *table d'hôte*, with French visitors at Gibraltar)—Spaniards, cloaked as usual,—with a sprinkling of non-descripts, of no particular calling, or country. Africa too sent its contingent to that motley crowd, in the shape of Jews from Morocco by the score clothed in a most becoming costume of skull-cap, belted gaberdine of dark blue, and white drawers, some of the wearers having long flowing beards, others being "shaven and shorn," some bare-legged, others in clean white stockings. The next instant your eye is caught by the approach of an Arab, in turban of scarlet and white, with a long silk tassel drooping over his shoulder, snowy burnous, and loose trousers ;

while Hebrew women, with face half-veiled, and flowing robes of brightest hue, remind you of the recent expulsion of Jews from Morocco, an event that has added to the already-teeming population of Gibraltar some thousands of involuntary immigrants. When I further mention, that right opposite stands a man selling superb scarfs of crimson, and cloth of gold, the *tableau vivant* cannot be said to lack either variety of character, or the necessary ingredient of colour.

The "Ceylon," we found, was expected on Tuesday, and as she is said to economize about 500 tons of fuel every voyage, since the adoption of some new invention in her engine-room, so as to be no longer obliged to coal at Gibraltar, it behoved us to be all ready for her arrival, (generally taking place about midnight), as she is off again in two hours!

Meanwhile a multiplicity of business had to be transacted. There were Purkiss' accounts, documents of considerable size and most perplexing intricacy, including, as they did, all the bills incurred on the road, together with the expenditure of the various sums given out from time to time by Lord Portarlington and Mr. Sykes. These I undertook to examine, and reduce to some sort of order, a business that

occupied the whole of Tuesday, during which time I felt myself to be acting the part of an executor winding-up the affairs of the defunct expedition.

Then Mr. Sykes had his horse to sell, which turned out a very easy matter; for in spite of the long journey, his Madrid purchase was set down by the *cognoscenti* in horse-flesh, as the finest and most powerful animal seen at Gibraltar for many a long day, having greatly improved in condition, since we first started from Toledo.

Altogether we had no lack of occupation during our short stay at "the Rock," and when Tuesday evening came, the steamer's arrival being imminent every moment, several things were still left undone.

Most passengers by the P. & O.'s boats prefer going on board a hulk anchored about a mile out in the bay, the night before, there to await the arrival of the steamer, which does not approach the town nearer than this point. As, however, the Governor, Sir W. Codrington, had given Lord Portarlington an order, enabling our party to go out at any hour of the night, we were all very glad to stay at the Hotel, Mr. Du Moulin having arranged with a set of boat-

men to row us to the steamer immediately on her arrival, an event which would be made known far and near, by the firing of a gun. The greater part of our baggage was already on board the hulk, and we retained merely what we wanted for the night.

Before bed-time we bade good-bye to Marcos and Tomas, who were returning home with their well-earned gains, amounting altogether to more than £100, a little fortune for the two men, who, on the whole, had served our party with so much efficiency and trustworthiness. We felt rather anxious about their homeward journey, extending over that long tract of country between Gibraltar and Toledo, with so large a sum of money on their persons, and it was a great satisfaction to us all to hear, two months after reaching England, that they had, in due course, re-entered the bosom of their families, safe and sound, highly delighted with an expedition, which had so widely enlarged their knowledge of geography and mankind, and furnished them with stories for the remainder of their days.

In fear, and trembling did we go to bed, on Tuesday night, not knowing what moment the gun, notifying the "Ceylon's" arrival, might



not be heard. Hours sped away, while we slept on, thankful for the enjoyment of such good beds; midnight came, then two, and three o'clock, to find us still asleep; when just as the town-clocks were on the point of striking four—BANG! boomed forth on the seaward side, awaking us three at the same instant. I was up at once, knowing from the hour, it must be a signal from the steamer, and not the usual morning gun, which would not be fired till after five. Hurrying on a few clothes, I rushed out into the passage on my way to call the servants (who, worn out with the greater amount of hardship they had undergone, were not likely to have heard the signal), only to find myself anticipated in that intention; and it proved as much as all three of us could accomplish to wake up Purkiss, Swainson, and Elfick, while they lay with their door bolted, immoveable as the Seven Sleepers, being perfectly audible to us, though it was a long time before we, in turn, succeeded in making ourselves audible to them.

The boatmen were now thundering at the back-door, and between noises in-doors, and noises out, added to the apprehension of the steamer's going off without us, my shaving that morning was a rather nervous operation. Pur-

kiss was not going to leave till next day, taking Malaga on his way back to Madrid, and as he had nothing to pack up, while his companions had many things to arrange, I naturally expected he would soon make his appearance, wishing to settle one or two little matters with him before parting. I waited however in vain, and the servants being now ready, while the boatmen insisted that we should be too late if we delayed any longer, we had just reached the street on our way to the boat, when Purkiss appeared at the door, arrayed in very scanty apparel, and holding in his hands five bottles of wine, the last relics of our provision-store, while, in faint accents of farewell, he exclaimed, "Good-bye, my Lord, good-bye!" and thus we left him, "The Last Man" of our pleasant expedition, and residuary possessor of the five bottles of wine, the panniers, and all the sundry articles belonging to the Commissariat, with which he had so often, and so well, ministered to our necessities.

## CHAPTER XLIX.

**H**ORROR-STRUCK at the idea of encumbering ourselves at that moment with such unnecessary impediments to speed, as Purkiss with his usual honesty had urged us to take on board, by way of provision for the voyage, I begged and entreated no more time should be lost, feeling assured, that from what we had heard the night before at the office, the steamer's departure must now be drawing unpleasantly near, and it would take us at least half an hour to get on board. So we hurried on through the darkness towards "the Ragged-Staff Stairs," the point specified in the Governor's order for our exit from the jealously-guarded fortress, none of the usual ways being open until after gun-fire.

The turning-out of the guard, the flashing of the lanterns reflected in the still waters of the moat, and the lowering of one drawbridge after another to give us passage, produced quite a

scenic effect, imparting an air of mystery and romance to our departure from the shores of that country, where every village recalls the illusions of a drama, and the commonest peasant appears like a character on the Stage.

Lucky indeed did it prove, we had delayed no longer. The steamer was in the very act of starting, and, as the purser told us on reaching the deck, three minutes more would have seen our luggage on its way ashore, entailing upon us the delay of a whole fortnight for the next boat, and condemning us eventually to spend Christmas Day on the bosom of the Bay of Biscay! So delighted were we to have caught the steamer, that hardly a demur was made (had there been time indeed to make it) to the boatmen's almost incredible demand of £2 10s. for conveying ourselves, and our baggage (at two trips) on board! So that from our first contact with Spaniards, in the Spanish Consul's office at Bayonne, down to the moment we quitted the coast at Gibraltar, the national greed for money was maintained with a uniformity and consistency of character, which, Horace himself would own, satisfied all the requirements of the most rigid dramatic propriety.

## CHAPTER L.

AS soon as daylight, ushered in by a sunrise that encircled "the Rock" with a halo of glory, enabled us to distinguish objects, we were delighted with our first impressions of the "Ceylon." Everything about her wore so trim and cleanly an appearance, and her proportions were so roomy and spacious, that we anticipated a very comfortable passage, while the commander, Captain Evans, had, even to my unnautical eyes, that look of a thorough sailor, which at once inspired confidence in his seamanship.

And then the breakfast-table! What a spectacle to gladden the eyes of three hungry travellers from Spain! What a transition from the meagre diet of the last two months, to the piles of food, drawn from every region of edibles,—(beasts of the field, birds of the air)—

except the fishes of the sea, which being never so far off from man's table, as when (apparently) nearest, contributed nothing to the provisioning of the "Ceylon." After the fare, on which we had thankfully sustained life through the wilds of Estremadura, and the mountain-valleys of Andalusia, it was positively frightful to observe, how many things are required by Englishmen at sea, where eating becomes the principal occupation of the day, for the complete supply of a single meal. A Scotch breakfast used once to be regarded as the *ne plus ultra* of matutinal feasting; but after what I saw in the "Ceylon," it must stand among my settled convictions, that in point of weight and substance, a P. and O. *déjeuner* takes rank at the head of such repasts, all over the civilized world.

Accustomed to meals few and far between, it seemed to us, as if eating and drinking on board continued, off and on, the whole day, and we were quite in circumstances to appreciate so remarkable a transition from our recent experience.

At six, our very attentive Steward (who by one of those coincidences of travel, that have now ceased to surprise me, had been a brother-

clergyman's servant, in the next parish, at home) used to bring us some tea, and bread and butter, by way of preparative for breakfast at nine, when (according to the poetical fiction of public-dinner reporters) "the tables groaned under all the delicacies of the season," some of them being of a very substantial description. Beef-steaks and kidneys; broiled bacon, grilled fowl, curry, mutton-chops, boar's head and brawn; ham, boiled beef and roast; ranged in long line up and down the tables; flanked by muffins, toast, French rolls, huge loaves of a home-baked aspect that went to our very hearts! Not to speak of the liberal-sized cups, out of which Englishmen are wont to quaff their morning Bohea.

This meal, taking place at nine, was expected to support nature until twelve, when bread and cheese, biscuits and pale ale, appeared on the table, inviting general attention, and, sooth to say, receiving it to a very liberal extent. Dinner, the next act on this gastronomic stage, followed at three P.M., transcending so utterly my feeble powers of expression, that I will not attempt to describe its myriad attractions. The nearest approach to the actual suggested by my prosaic imagination, would be to say,

that it was rather more than the breakfast multiplied by two.

Being one of those ill-starred persons to whom, in the evening, tea or coffee is a poison fatal to sleep, I felt no personal interest in the next act of eating and drinking, occurring somewhere about seven, and much patronized by the ladies. At nine o'clock, wine and spirits made their appearance on the festive board, with a congenial accompaniment of hot and cold water, sugar and biscuits, to fortify the mind against the terrors of a night at sea, and every one helped himself as freely and frequently as he chose.

From this dietary of the "Ceylon" (which is said to be quite paralleled by the commissariat of her sister-ships), it may safely be concluded, that as long as the present *régime* continues, passengers on board the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steam-ships are in no imminent peril of starvation.

One thing, however, struck us as an anomaly. Swainson had been a passenger by some of those boats on more than one previous occasion, and it was chiefly in consequence of the terms in which he described the excellence of their accommodations, that we decided to return to England by one of them, instead of taking the French steam-



ers plying along the east coast to Marseilles, as originally proposed ; and our informant seemed to feel, while we were roughing it up and down the country, that the comforts of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer from Gibraltar would abundantly make up for any amount of present privation.

When once we had fairly settled on board, I naturally inquired of him how they got on in that part of the ship, fully expecting to hear they had everything they could require, more especially in the way of eating and drinking. I was very sorry to hear a totally different report, which showed that the treatment of the two classes of passengers on board was "wide as the poles asunder." Had I not known the contentedness of his disposition, I might have fancied his report had been coloured by some of the fastidiousness imputed to English servants generally ; not to mention that after Spain the plainest fare, properly cooked, and in sufficient quantity, would have appeared both to him and Elfick a sumptuous feast. Such a disproportion in accommodation cannot be accounted for by the difference of the passage-money, which was but £4, the first-class fare from Gibraltar to Southampton being £13, and the second £9.

This was the only cause of complaint we observed on board the "Ceylon," and though it did not affect any of us in the saloon, yet we could not feel indifferent about the comfort of those, who were always ministering to ours.

There were passengers enough, from every part of the East, to give animation to the scene, without any necessity for that overcrowding so unpleasant to landsmen. The contingent contributed by India to swell our numbers contained, among many others, the sole survivor of the Cabul massacre, Dr. Brydone, who was now returning to England, a hale-looking man, on the completion of his full term of service; while a Victoria Cross won at the Peiho by another of the passengers, reminded us of a still more recent disaster inflicted on the British arms. There were besides, several officers returning home after the suppression of the mutiny, one of whom, a Lieutenant in the Artillery, had for several days been in such extreme danger, that the doctor belonging to the ship assured me he could not possibly outlive twenty-four hours, a prediction happily falsified by his landing alive at Southampton, and ultimate recovery, on returning to his native air in Devonshire.

Military men are supposed not to care much for the ministrations of a clergyman, during sickness; though the incidents of the Crimean war, and many other recent proofs of a like nature, serve to show, that however correct such an opinion may once have been, a very great change has taken place of late years, among all grades in the army. Still, it was almost with as much surprise, as satisfaction, that immediately on going on board, I found my arrival welcomed by more than one of the invalid's brother-officers, who requested me with much earnestness to go and visit him in my ministerial capacity, there being no other clergyman of the Church of England in the ship. I need not say how willingly I complied with their wishes, and after my long and delightful holiday (which I owe to the kindness of one of the best friends any man can be blessed with), it seemed a very appropriate return to pastoral work, to do the little I could in ministering to the awful realities of what then appeared to be a death-bed.

It was with far less satisfaction, than I had experienced amid the stillness of that small cabin, where there was nothing to distract the mind from the thoughts most befitting the hour

of prayer, that, according to Captain Evans' request, I celebrated Divine Service in the well-filled saloon, the following Sunday. Few of the Laity, I suppose, can have the smallest conception, how extremely painful it is to a Clergyman to observe tokens of irreverence and inattention during the ministrations of the sanctuary; while, on the other hand, nothing gives a more powerful impulse to his own devotions, than to feel that the whole congregation is really uniting with him in the act of worship, both outwardly with their bodies, and inwardly with their souls.

This satisfaction it was not my happiness to enjoy on Sunday, December the 18th, in the saloon of the "Ceylon." No doubt, a church is infinitely better calculated to create and sustain devout aspirations, than the cabin of a well-filled steamer, with its incongruous associations, and undevotional aspect; nor would any sane person, having the option, prefer such a spot for public worship, to a building dedicated expressly to the glory of God, and harmonizing in all its features with so high a destination. Yet surely it is no valid reason for refusing to do one's best to worship God in spirit, and in truth, because we cannot always have the place best qualified for the purpose; nor would such a man as St.

Paul (we may well believe) consider that professing Christians are, at any time, exempted from the plain duty of worshipping God both with the body, and with the soul, merely because they may chance now and then, to have to perform their public devotions elsewhere than in a regular church. Indeed, do not both common sense and habit alike, teach us the propriety of *kneeling* always at prayer; for who, ever, thinks of *sitting* down by his bedside to pray, instead of "meekly kneeling on his knees?"

The congregation, however, to which it was my lot to minister on board the "Ceylon," seemed to hold a very different opinion; at any rate its practice was painfully diverse, and not one that I saw, *knelt* during any portion of the service, sitting through the whole, Litany and all, with as complaisant an unconsciousness, as if nothing could be more becoming than their behaviour, nay, almost as if kneeling were an act to be abhorred of all good Christians! What happened in other parts of the saloon, farther off, I cannot tell. There was quite enough to give me pain in my own immediate neighbourhood, and I hope I may not soon have the distress of witnessing such an utter want of devotion in any congregation, either at

home, or abroad, as I observed on that occasion.

Considering the time of year (to make a transition from that painful subject to the one most resorted to by Englishmen in moments of embarrassment), the weather was quite as good as could be expected during a winter-voyage, the Bay of Biscay giving us abundant proof, however, that its reputation for storm and tempest, is by no means undeserved, though we three were fortunate enough to have found berths (Mr. Sykes, and I pairing in one cabin) on the lee-side of the vessel, which saved us from many a shock in crossing the Bay.

Sunday saw us off Ushant, to be steaming up the Channel, ere darkness closed around us, and we "turned in" with the pleasant expectation of looking once more on the Hampshire coast by the morrow's light.

For more than twenty years I have not passed such a night, as the last we spent on board the "Ceylon." Cabin-doors slammed; heavy-booted feet overhead stamped; neighbour-passengers were smoking, drinking and singing; or packing, cording, and hammering their boxes, to such a degree as made one long to be doing something of the sort oneself, since the proper

purpose, for which bed is intended, had become so hopelessly impossible. Other passengers too, though taking no part in these noisier occupations, were almost as great enemies to repose, going about as they did, up and down, sometimes on deck, sometimes below, like people troubled with a protracted fit of the "fidgets." The whole scene vividly recalled "breaking up" at school, when scores of boys used to go streaming about in all the ecstasy of approaching holidays, and full of the marvellous deeds to be done at home, having nothing particular to do, except that of running in everybody's way, and worrying out of all patience the poor distracted servants.

Monday morning revealed to us a white world, the shores of Southampton Water being covered with snow, while, still descending in dense flakes, it lay on the deck to the depth of several inches, casting over every object an air of utter discomfort and wretchedness that made one shiver, after all the sunshine of the South, to meet with so chilling a reception on first landing in Old England.

So much ice had formed around the gates, that it became a very tedious business to get the "Ceylon" to her proper place inside the dock;

while, with the usual impatience of steamer-passengers, we stood, cold and miserable, on deck, almost within arm's length of land, long before we could possibly go ashore to take refuge and get some breakfast, at Radley's Hotel.

I have landed from the Continent at several of our principal ports,—London, Dover, Folkestone, and Newhaven, undergoing at each the ordeal of the Custom-House. But I must say, that in strict conscientiousness, and rigorous discharge of duty to their Queen, and country, the Southampton officers stand pre-eminent, and I am willing to render all honour to their virtue. Yet I hope it will never again be my fate to land there from any foreign port.

Coming from Gibraltar, the last point touched at by the "Ceylon," we stood of course last on the list, and thus having to wait till the baggage of every passenger (many of whom were ladies!) from Singapore, Hong Kong, the whole of India, Australia, Aden, Egypt, and Malta, had been carefully examined, it was nearly five o'clock P.M. on the 19th of December ere we were finally released, enabling us to set off for our different destinations, happy and thankful to be once more in England, though still happier



in the prospect of being soon re-united to dear friends, while we cast many a retrospect of satisfaction and enjoyment, on the various vicissitudes and adventures of our "Autumn Tour in Spain."



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