JOURNAL.

At about six o'clock in the evening of the 31st of July, 1821, after having saluted His Majesty, George IV., who at that moment went on board the Royal George yacht, to proceed to Dublin,—we sailed in the Doris, a 42 gun frigate, for South America. After touching at Plymouth, and revisiting all the wonders of the break-water and new watering place, we sailed afresh, but when off Ushant, were driven back to Falmouth by a heavy gale of wind. There we remained till the 11th of August, when, with colours half-mast high, on account of the death of Queen Caroline, we finally left the channel, and on the 18th about noon came in sight of Porto Santo.

We passed it on the side where the town founded by Don Henry of Portugal, on the first discovery of the island, is situated, and regretted much that it was too late in the day to go in very near it.

The land is high and rocky, but near the town there is a good deal of verdure, and higher up on the land, extensive woods; a considerable quantity of wine is made there, which, being a little manufactured at Funchal, passes for true Madeira. As usual in Portuguese colonial towns, the church and convent are very conspicuous. When we passed Porto Santo, and the Desertas, and anchored in Funchal roads, I was disappointed at the calmness of my own feelings, looking at these distant islands with as little emotion as if I had passed a headland in the channel. Well do I remember, when I first saw Funchal twelve years ago, the joyous eagerness with which I feasted my eyes upon the first foreign country I had ever approached, the curiosity to see every stone and tree of the new land, which kept my spirits in a kind of happy fever.

> " Sweet Memory, wafted by thy gentle gale,
> Oft up the stream of time I turn my sail,
> To view the fairy haunts of long lost hours,
> Blest with far greener shades, far fresher flow'rs." ROGERS.

Now I look on them tamely, or at best only as parts of the lovely landscape, which, just at sunset, the time we anchored, was particularly beautiful. Surely the few years added to my age have not done this? May I not rather hope, that having seen lands whose monuments are all history, and whose associations are all poetry, I have a higher taste, and more discriminating eye? One object never palls — that ocean where the Almighty " Glasses himself in tempests," or over which the gentle wings of peace seem to brood. The feeling that there was a change, however, either in the scene or in me, was so strong, that I ran to my cabin and sought out a sketch I had made in 1809. I compared it with the town. Every point of the hill, every house was the same, and again Nossa Senhora da Monte, with her brilliant white towers shining from on high through the evening cloud, seemed to sanctify the scene, while a few rough voices from the shore and the neighbouring ships chaunted the Ave Maria.

Early in the morning of the 19th, we took a large party of the

midshipmen on shore to enjoy the young pleasure of walking on a foreign land. To them it was new to see the palm, the cypress, and the yucca, together with the maize, banana, and sugar-cane, surrounded by vineyards, while the pine and chesnut clothe the hills. We mounted the boys on mules, and rode up to the little parish church, generally mistaken for a convent, called Nossa Senhora da Monte. My maid and I went in a bad sort of palankeen, though convenient for these roads, which are the worst I have seen; however, the view made up for the difficulty of getting to it. The sea with the Desertas bounded the prospect: below us lay the roadstead and shipping, the town and gardens, and the hill clothed with vineyards and trees of every climate, which deck the ashy tufa, or compact basalt of which the whole island seems to be composed. Purchas, who like Bowles, believes the story of the discovery of Madeira by the Englishman Masham and his dying mistress, says, that shortly after that event, the woods having taken fire burned so fiercely, that the inhabitants were forced out to sea to escape from the flames. The woods, however, are again pretty thick, and some inferior mahogany among it is used for furniture. The pine is too soft for most purposes. In the gardens we found a large blue hydrangea very common: the fuchsia is the usual hedge. Mixed with that splendid shrub, aloes, prickly pear, euphorbia, and cactus, serve for the coarser fences; and these strange vegetables, together with innumerable lizards and insects, tell us we are nearing the tropics.

We spent a very happy day at the hospitable country house of Mr. Wardrope, and our cavalcade to the town at night was delightful. The boys, mounted as before, together with several gentlemen who had joined us at Mr. W.'s, enjoyed the novelty of riding home by torch-light; and as we wound down the hill, the voices of the muleteers answering each other, or encouraging their beasts with a kind of rude song, completed the scene. The evening was fine, and the star-light lovely: we embarked in two shore boats at the custom-house gate, and, after being duly hailed by the guard-boat, a strange

machine mounting one old rusty 6 lb. carronade, we reached the ship in very good time.

20th. We walked a good deal about the town, and entered the cathedral with some feelings of reverence, for a part of it at least was built by Don Henry of Portugal, who founded and endowed the college adjoining. The interior of the church is in some parts gaudy, and there is a silver rail of some value. The ceiling is of cedar, richly carved, and reminds me of some of the old churches at Venice, which present a style half Gothic half Saracenic. Near the church a public garden has lately been formed, and some curious exotic trees placed there with great success.

In rambling about the town, we naturally enquired for the chapel of skulls, the ugliness of which had shocked us when here formerly, and were not sorry to find that that hideous monument of bad taste is falling fast to ruin. I cannot imagine how such fantastic horrors can ever have been sanctified, but so it is; and the Indian fakir who fastens a real skull round his neck, the Roman pilgrim who hangs a model of one to his rosary, and the friar who decks his oratory with a thousand of them, are one and all acted upon either by the same real superstition, or spiritual vanity, craving to distinguish itself even by disgusting peculiarities.

Of late years superstition has been used as an instrument of no small power in revolutions of every kind. Even here it has played its part. A small chapel, dedicated to St. Sebastian, had been removed by the Portuguese government in order to erect a market-place, where all articles of daily consumption were to be sold, a small tax being levied on the holders of stands. This innovation was of course disagreeable to the people, and on the night of the revolution, in November last, some of their leading orators accused the market-place of having, by rudely thrusting out St. Sebastian, occasioned the failure of the vineyards, and threatened the ruin of the island. The market-place was instantly devoted; it was down in a few seconds, and a chapel to St. Sebastian begun. Men, women, and children worked all night, and the walls were raised to at least two-thirds of

the intended height; but day brought weariness, and perhaps the morning breeze chilled the fever of enthusiasm. The voluntary labourers worked no more, and no subscription adequate to the hire of workmen to complete it has yet been raised: so that the new St. Sebastian's stands roofless, and the officiating priest performs his masses with no other canopy than the heavens.

Other and better consequences have, however, arisen from the revolution of November. The grievances of the inhabitants of Madeira were severe. The sons of the best families were seized arbitrarily, and sent to serve in the armies of Europe or Brazil: scarcely any article, however necessary, or however coarse, was permitted to be manufactured; the very torches, made of twisted grass and resin, so necessary for travelling these mountain roads after sunset, were all sent from Lisbon, and every species of cultivation, but that of the grape, discountenanced. Thus situated, every class joined heart and hand in the revolution: deputies were sent to the Cortes; petitions respecting the state of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, were presented; and many, perhaps most, of the grievances were redressed, or at least much lightened.

Till the year 1821, there had never been a printing-press in Madeira; but the promoters of the revolution sent to England for one, which is now set up in Funchal; and on the 2d of July, 1821, the first newspaper, under the name of PATRIOTA FUNCHALENSE, appeared. It contained a well written patriotic preface; and the first article is a declaration of the rights of citizens, and of the pretensions of the Portuguese nation, its religion, government, and royal family, as adopted by the Cortes for the basis of the constitution to be formed for its government. The paper has continued to be published twice a week: it contains a few political addresses and discourses; all foreign intelligence; some tolerable papers on distilling, agriculture, manufactures, and similar topics; some humorous pieces in prose and verse; poems *on several occasions;* and, at the end of the month, a table of the receipts and expenditures of government. Among the advertisements I observe one informing the public where *leeches* may be bought at about two shillings and sixpence a piece.

I thought it curious to observe this first dawning of literature and politics in this little island. There are certainly enough anglicisms in the paper, to point out the probable country of some of the writers; and there are, as might be looked for, some traces of the residence of British troops in the colony; but on the whole, the paper is creditable to the editors, and likely to be useful to the island. I hear the articles in the making of wines and brandies very highly spoken of. Madeira, lying in the finest climate in the world, beautiful and fertile, and easy of access to foreigners, ought not to be a mere half civilized colony.

23d.— We sailed yesterday from Funchal, and soon lost sight of the

"Filha do oceano
"Do undoso campo flor, gentil MADEIRA." DINIZ.

At night, I sat a long time on the deck, listening to the sea songs with which the crew beguile the evening watch. Though the humourous songs were applauded sufficiently, yet the plaintive and pathetic seemed the favouries; and the chorus to the Death of Wolfe was swelled by many voices. Oh, who shall say that fame is not a real good! It is twice blessed — it blesses him who earns, and those who give, to parody the words of Shakspeare. Here, on the wide ocean, far from the land of Wolfe's birth, and that of his gallant death, his story was raising and swelling the hearts of rough men, and exciting love of country and of glory by the very sound of his name. Well may *he* be called a benefactor to his country who, by increasing the list of patriotic sailors' songs, has fostered those feelings and energies which have placed Britain's "home upon the mountain wave, and her march upon the deep."

The charms of night in a southern climate have been dwelt upon by travelled poets (for I call Madame de Stael's writings poetry), and even travelled prose writers; but Lord Byron alone has sketched with knowledge and with love, the moonlight scenery of a frigate in full sail. The life of a seaman is the essence of poetry; change, new combinations, danger, situations from almost deathlike calm, to the maddest combinations of horror — every romantic feeling called forth, and every power of heart and intellect exercised. Man, weak as he is, baffling

the elements, and again seeing that miracle of his invention, the tall ship he sails in, tossed to and fro, like the lightest feather from the seabird's wing — while he can do nothing but resign himself to the will of Him who alone can stay the proud waves, and on whom heart, intellect, and feeling, all depend!

25th. — Nothing can be finer than the approach to Teneriffe*, especially on such a day as this; the peak now appearing through the floating clouds, and now entirely veiled by them. As we drew near the coast, the bay, or rather roadstead of Oratava, surrounded by a singular mixture of rocks, and woods, and scattered towns, started forth at once from beneath the mists, which seemed to separate it from the peak, whose cold blue colour formed a strong contrast to the glowing red and yellow which autumn had already spread on the lower grounds.

We anchored in forty fathoms water with our chain-cable, as the bottom is very rocky, excepting where a pretty wide river, which, though now dry, rolls a considerable body of water to the sea in the rainy season, has deposited a bed of black mud. There are many rocks in the bay, with from one to three fathoms water, and within them from nine to ten. The swell constantly setting in is very great, and renders the anchorage uncomfortable.

26th. — I went ashore with Mr. Dance, the second lieutenant, and two of the young midshipmen, for the purpose of riding to the Villa di Oratava, which is situated where the ancient Guanche capital stood. We landed at the Puerto di Oratava, several miles from the villa: it is defended by some small batteries, at one of which is the very difficult landing-place, sheltered by a low reef of rocks that runs far out, and occasions a heavy surf. I took my own saddle ashore: and being mounted on a fine mule, we all began our journey towards the hill. The road is rough, but has evidently once been made with some pains, and paved with blocks of porous lava; but the winter rains have long ago destroyed it, and it does not seem to be any body's business to put it in repair.

* The Chinerfe of the Guanches.

The first quarter of a mile on either hand presented a scene so black and stony, that I was surprised to learn that we had been passing through corn land; the harvest was over, and the stubble burned on the ground. The produce here is scanty; but being so near the port, it repays the labour and expense of cultivation. We saw the botanical garden so much praised by Humboldt; but it is in sad disorder, having been for some time entirely neglected. However, the very establishment of such a thing brings in new plants, and perhaps naturalises them. Here, the sago-palm, platanus, and tamarind, as well as the flowers and vegetables of the north of Europe, flourish so well as to promise to add permanently to the riches of this rich island. As we ascended towards the villa the prospect improved; the vineyards appeared in greatest beauty, every other crop still standing in the luxuriant valleys, the rocky cliffs of the mountains clothed with wood, and every thing glowing with life. Wheat, barley, a few oats, maize, potatoes, and caravansas, all grow freely here. The food of the common people consists chiefly of Polenta, or maize flour, used nearly as the Scotch peasants use their oatmeal, in cakes, brose, or porridge, which last is suffered to grow cold, and then most commonly cut in slices and toasted. After the maize, potatoes are the favourite food, together with salt fish. The potatoe is always in season, being planted every month, and consequently producing a monthly crop. The fishery employs from forty-five to fifty vessels of from seventy to ninety tons' burden, from the island of Teneriffe alone; the fish are taken on the coast of Africa, and salted here.

To a stranger the sight of the long walls of black porous lava, built terracewise to support the vegetable mould, is very striking; but the walls cannot be called ugly, while the clustering vine and broad-spreading gourd, climb and find support on them: these, however, soon disappeared, and were replaced by field and garden enclosures. After a pleasant but hot ride, we arrived at the villa about noon, and went to the house of Señor Don Antonio de Monteverde, who accompanied us to M. Franqui's garden, to see one of the wonders of the island, the famous Dragon Tree. Humboldt has celebrated this

Drawn by Maria Graham.

Engraved by Edwd Finden.

DRAGON TREE & PEAK OF TENERIFFE.

tree in its vigour; it is now a noble ruin. In July, 1819, one half of its enormous crown fell: the wound is plaistered up, the date of the misfortune marked on it, and as much care is taken of the venerable vegetable as will ensure it for at least another century. I sat down to make a sketch of it; and while I was drawing, learned from Mr. Galway the following history of the family of its owner, which a little skill in language and a little adorning with sentiment might convert into a modern novel. — About the year 1760, the Marquis Franqui, upon some disgust, made over his estates in trust to his brother, and emigrated to France, where he remained until 1810, regularly receiving the proceeds from his estates in Teneriffe. Meantime, during the early period of the revolution, he married; and his only child, a daughter, was born. This marriage, however, was only a civil contract, such being then the law of France, and with a woman divorced from another, who was still living. But neither the validity of the union nor the legitimacy of the child was ever questioned; and the Marquis Franqui returning to his native country, brought with him his daughter, introducing and treating her as his heiress. She appeared to be received as such by his family; and at his death he appointed trustworthy guardians to her and her estates, one of whom is her husband's father. No sooner, however, was the Marquis dead, than his brother claimed his property, alleging that the church had never sanctioned the Marquis's marriage, and that the daughter consequently, as an illegitimate child, could have *no* claim on his estates. He therefore commenced a lawsuit against her and her guardians, and the suit is still pending. Meantime the court receives the rents; the garden, the chief ornament of the town, is running wild, and the house is deserted.

The dragon tree is the slowest of growth among vegetables; it seems also to be slowest in decay. In the 15th century, that of Oratava had attained the height and size which it boasted till 1819. It may have been in its prime for centuries before; and scarcely less than a thousand years must have elapsed, before it attained its full size. Excepting the dragon trees at Madeira, the only many-