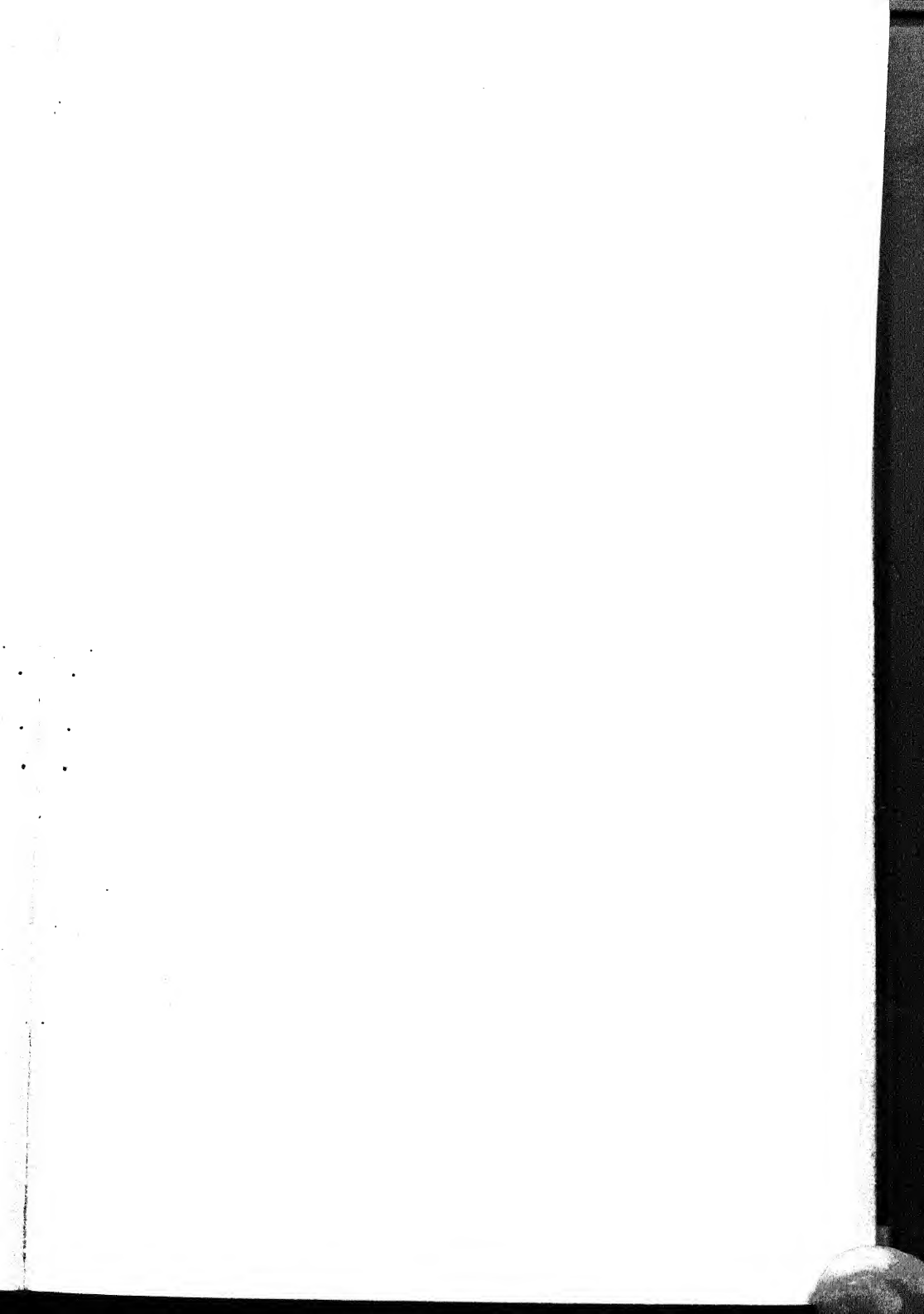


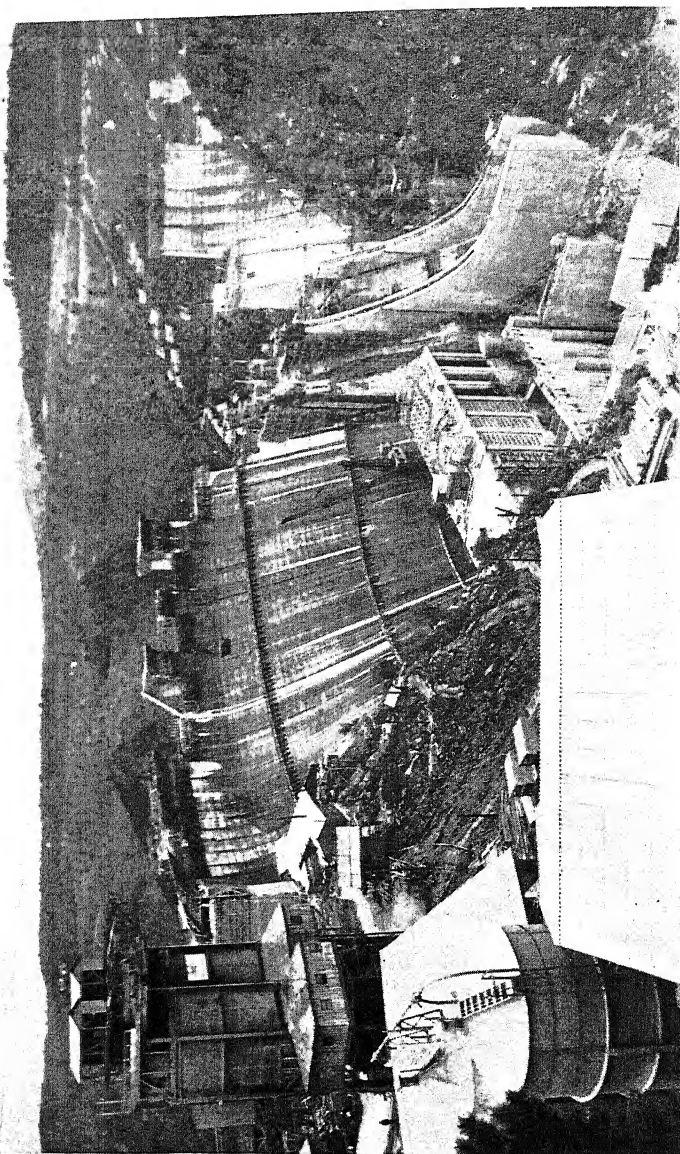
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PORTUGAL

*GATEWAY TO GREATNESS*





THE ZEZERE RIVER DAM, symbol of modern Portugal.

FRONTISPIECE

29101

Portugal



# GATEWAY TO GREATNESS

SEPTEMBER - 1950

by  
W. J. BARNES



LONDON  
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## PREFACE

PORTUGAL IS a land of legend and song, of flowers, sunshine and extremes of climate, of palaces, churches, castles and of crumbling ruins. She is of the West, yet as eastern as many countries of the East ; paradox seems rooted in the soil. Her people have descended from many races, yet they have remained racially in allegiance to the first inhabitants of the Iberian Peninsula. They are hard-working folk who in past years have been exposed to nearly every form of political instability, but they never completely lost their hope in the *tomorrow* on which they base their traditional optimism. They do not enjoy a high standard of living, but there is enough food to go round, there is a will to work, pride in work, and dignity in manual labour. They may not as yet enjoy the full fruits of complete democracy as we do in England, but that, surely, is a matter for the Portuguese themselves ; internal administration, and the relationship between the individual and the State, need be none of our business. The sunshine of Portugal, her sunsets, her chatter, her laughter and sense of fun, are some of the superficial memories—a more abiding impression of the visitor who stays and works among the Portuguese is of a kindly, hospitable and well-disciplined and intensely patriotic people who are proud of their past, and, in these days, quietly confident of their future.

*Gateway to Greatness* is an attempt to sketch their origins, their history and their achievements. They were among the first to take the banner of Christ overseas and many were martyred. There could be discussed at leisure and at great length the contributions they have made in the directions of literature and art. One could also dwell upon the intense love which all Portuguese have always had for their Lusitanian home, and little settlements all over the world bear testimony to the manner in which pioneers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and onwards, established little Portugals overseas. Portugal did not take part in the Second World War as a belligerent, but her people did come under the influence of the German propaganda machine. Some of them, in the days when London was darkened, would speak hopefully of British prospects, and would point out with a smile and a shrug of the shoulder that it was inevitably the British way to begin

## GATEWAY TO GREATNESS

change"; to Mr. Bell the Portuguese people were mystics, but with surprising periods of an intense utilitarianism. He was giving his verdict in 1915 when the echoes of the assassination of King Carlos were dying away and giving place to the shouting of the new Republicans. The Portuguese Republic was drifting aimlessly from one crisis to another and looming overhead were the dark clouds of the First World War.

Mr. Bell's summing-up was as follows. "The fact is," he wrote, "both in life and literature they are incorrigibly romantic, and when they turn from their romantic dreams to reality they are peculiarly exposed to the danger of not considering it worth an effort. They let things be, they easily persuade themselves that things must be as they are; and so in their *saudade* for some impossible ideal they sink into *desleixe* and drift. Or the Portuguese will continue to live in his romanticism and ignore reality altogether; his vanity helps him to ignore it; he will wear cheap and garish chains and rings and trinkets and imagine himself rich, he will eke out the picture by the help of his quick imagination and ever-ready flow of words, heaping rhetoric and exaggeration, and in his vagueness drifting, before he is aware, into falsehood. Then, if his efforts to impose the picture of his imagining on others at his own valuation fail, he will feel hurt by their brutal directness, their incapacity to see that a mere string of words may move mountains."<sup>1</sup>

Prophet as well as critic, Mr. Bell described the Portugal he knew and liked as lying fallow. He was aware of the immense reserves of health and energy that were lying untapped in the sturdy peasants of the traditional provinces. If the Portuguese people (he prophesied) can be given a national government, and a national policy and ideals, "it may yet surprise Europe". He was, as I have stated, writing in 1915.

Since then the country has suffered innumerable impacts on her social and political fabric. Some extraordinary changes have taken place in the face, if not the heart, of Portugal. Lisbon was ever a beautiful city. It is now one of the greatest and most modern of world capitals. It is wrong, I know, to judge a nation's health by the cleanliness and orderliness of its capital but, at least, the efficiency of a capital city is in some respects a barometer of the nation's wellbeing. Judging from Lisbon and Oporto, Portugal appears to be "set fair." The big stores have

## THE PORTUGUESE PEOPLE

on offer a wide range of quality goods. They are crowded with Portuguese of taste, good sense and keen business instincts. There is no pervading vagueness ; no apathy and no fatalism, even if there may be moments of "heroic rebellion" on the part of the customer. The people are scrupulously polite and at all times ready to assist the stranger. The streets are clean, the public services efficient. Admittedly there is some poverty, as there is in London and in other big British cities. A personal memory comes to mind. It was of Christmas Eve in the early years of the recent war. A sharp wind was blowing across the river when I left my Lisbon hotel and hurried to catch the penny steamer from the *Praca da Commercio*, the "Black Horse Square" known to every tourist. On the other side, at *Cacilhas*, my friends were waiting for me. We spent the morning walking about, noting incidentally, some children who were playing in the streets. One little boy was having to propel himself on a wheeled, wooden board, using his hands as levers. He was without legs and his hands had become abnormally large. Overhead was the most lovely sky in all Europe. That scene reminded me of another incident witnessed when having my shoes shined in the fashionable, wide, clean and tree-lined *Avenida da Liberdade*, the thoroughfare which is the pride of modern Lisbon. Motor-cars were passing at the rate of one a second and I began, subconsciously, to count the cars passing up the avenue to the statue of the Marquess of Pombal against those proceeding in the reverse down-hill direction towards the *Baixa* or lower part of the city. The "ups" were winning when there came walking towards me a tall, finely-featured, middle-aged woman wearing rags which barely covered her terribly thin body. She was pregnant. To each of her hands clung a ragged child while on her head she was balancing a basket filled with pickings from the streets. The basket would have been filled at sunrise. She did not solicit alms and neither did her presence in that orderly city of wealth occasion undue surprise, certainly none to the bright-eyed, chattering boy at my feet. But those incidents, of the legless child across the water and the woman of the *Avenida*, were isolated, and against memories of them must be placed those of hundreds of white-coated children hurrying happily to school, enthusiastic "victims" of the national drive to rid the country from the stigma of illiteracy.

## GATEWAY TO GREATNESS

When Robert Southey first went to Lisbon in January, 1796, to stay with his uncle, the English chaplain, Portugal was emerging fitfully from two ages of absolutism : one of the gold of Brazil and the other of the "iron" of the Marquess of Pombal. The glories of the House of Avis, which followed the Burgundian régime and inspired great sailors to make long voyages of discovery, were but memories. Another Braganza was on the throne. The Queen-mother, Maria the First, had lost her reason, driven insane apparently by the impression made on her unstable mind by the French Revolution. The shadow of Napoleon was lying across the land of blue mountain ranges, pinewoods, flowering orchards and arid plains. Lisbon was a city of churches, monasteries, convents and clerics. Numerous religious processions were dislocating its life. Very little work was being done by anybody. The craftsmen, the watchmakers, the jewellers, the architects, were foreigners. Trade had been taken out of Portuguese hands. There was still some gold in the country. There was also decay. The spirit of the nation had dried up. Statesmen were politicians without principle and the people were without a voice. The majority of the inhabitants were living in abject poverty, clustering in filthy hovels and going about in rags. There was neither sanitation nor a sense of personal hygiene and thousands died annually from plagues that beset the city. Only the priests were rich. As a class they were pampered. Conditions in the army were bad. Soldiers roamed the streets, without discipline, lacking clothing, food and pay . . . William Beckford of Fonthill, the English millionaire whose abnormal mode of living so antagonised the hard-working, hard-playing British community, was making his third visit to Portugal accompanied by his doctor, his barber, his cook and a retinue of musicians and lackeys.

Here it should be mentioned that the storm burst in March, 1809, when the French Marshal Soult entered Portugal and captured Chaves, a small town in the north-eastern mountainous province of Tras-os-Montes. Legionaries were hastily collected, but were trained with much care and ability, and by the time the main Portuguese forces had withdrawn to Oporto a full 4,500 of them were considered by Beresford fit to take their place in the forward areas. Five weeks after the French penetration, Arthur Wellesley, or Wellington as he later became, returned to Lisbon

## THE PORTUGUESE PEOPLE

and began without delay to construct a triple series of fortifications at Torres Vedras. Napoleon launched his main attack during the following year. Soult was given command of the Army of Andalusia. Massena was placed in charge of the forces under Reynier, Victor and Junot that comprised the French Army of Portugal. On May 10, Massena began operations from Valladolid. Ciudad Rodrigo fell to the French on July 10 and Almeida six weeks later.

It was then the Portuguese people made a supreme sacrifice. Their orders from Wellington were explicit. They were to leave their homes in the face of the French advance, to take what they could with them, but to destroy the rest. They obeyed the order. As Wellington fell back to the prepared defences at Torres Vedras the Portuguese country-people burnt their crops, destroyed their mills, leaving nothing but the scorched earth, not even the bridges. Many of them, women as well as men, died. Hundreds were taken by the French and beaten and tortured. Throughout the winter months of that year they were obliged to roam the forests and to exist upon berries and roots. The younger women looked middle-aged when they were able to return to homes which they themselves had destroyed in the interests of Portugal. Here was no mere "fugitive" enthusiasm but rather that eager patriotism and capacity to undergo hardship which has characterised the Portuguese throughout their long, chequered but always fascinating history. Napoleon himself ascribed his ultimate defeat to the failure of his campaign in the Peninsula. From this single episode may be obtained a glimpse of the character and the capacity of the people when roused to action under good leadership.

\* \* \*

To most of us the Portuguese are best known as navigators and discoverers who pitted their tiny ships against the peril of uncharted seas and who, as pioneers of European civilisation, left indelible traces of their activities in North and South America, on the shores of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans and in the Far East.

Marshal Lyautey, prefacing *Senhora Virginia de Castro e Almeida's* edition of the *Chronicles of Azurara*—one of the great stories of the world—asks his readers to consider for a moment a promontory in the south-west corner of Europe which the Romans

## GATEWAY TO GREATNESS

called Sacrum and which the Portuguese, "in the Latin fidelity of their beautiful tongue", still know as Sagres.

"We see," he writes, "on a wild plateau, which is battered by ocean gales, the ruins of a fortress of the fifteenth century, once the home of a Prince, that Henry the Navigator who combined the disinterestedness of a scientist with the austerity of a saint. In the shelter of those ancient walls were accumulated the manuscripts and the nautical charts which summed up the geographical knowledge of the West. There was the book of Marco Polo's travels and there were the charts which were drawn by Don Jayme of Mayorca, the Jewish maker of compasses: and it was from this centre, inspired by this flame, that so many navigators set out to reconnoitre the shores of Africa—so near, yet still so mysterious—little by little revealing to the world the lineaments and even the living faces of this Africa . . ."<sup>2</sup>

Prince Henry the Navigator was the Portuguese son of an English mother, the third of five gifted boys who were born to King John the First of the House of Avis and his wife Philippa, a daughter of John of Gaunt.

It may be appropriate to consider a Portuguese assessment of the character of Prince Henry. The Portuguese writer, Oliveira Martins, provides one. "There was never anything mean about him and this we can understand because his passion was directed to an objective outside himself. To him wealth was nothing but an instrument on the services of an idea."<sup>3</sup>

According to Martins, Prince Henry was devoid of affability, without personal charm, reserved, vague in speech, distrait—the misanthrope. Yet that "inner flame" which strengthened him while it consumed him, caused the Portuguese nationalism of that time to burst its bonds and to overflow like a river in full flood. Once again we are given an example of the reaction of the Portuguese to leadership and personal example. There was nothing fleeting about the enthusiasm of Pedro Alvares Cabral, the Portuguese sailor who discovered Brazil, nor was there other than determination in the courage and grand seamanship of Bartolomeu Dias and in the administrative genius of Afonso d'Albuquerque who established Portuguese governorship in the east by a chain of outposts from East Africa to Malacca. Portuguese patriotism became a moral phenomenon unique in Europe. The Portuguese

## THE PORTUGUESE PEOPLE

were "obsessed by an abstract idea that transcended a mere love of country and developed a sense of patriotic duty which found supreme expression in heroism. It was a kind of civic religion and called forth the same qualities and the same devotion as a religious ideal". The nation made herself a hero.

This transcendence of a mere love of Portugal is seen in the zeal of her sons for active employment in the service of the Catholic Church. From 1540 to 1724, 1,650 Jesuit missionaries alone left the Port of Lisbon and, by 1640 they had converted and baptised over 1,000,000 people, the population of Portugal at that period. Hundreds of the missionaries died in service and many were tortured and crucified.

Portugal is a small nation, with a population inferior numerically to that of Greater London. As a small nation it must live by expressing its nationality more strongly than a big one. The Portuguese, then, brave as they have shown themselves to be, are acutely nationalist possessing most of the defects as well as the qualities of all races who must develop nationalism if they are to live in a state of independence. But they have one characteristic which appears to be unique. This is a curious "faith," in part genius and akin to folly. The Portuguese themselves call this "*loucura*," an expression in which "folly, madness and something which redeems both folly and madness are combined. In emergencies it appears again and again, enabling the Portuguese to astonish the world and their opponents by acts of great physical and moral bravery".<sup>4</sup>

To-day, in town and country, it is possible to witness the extraordinary strides that have been made since the Prime Minister, Dr. Salazar, joined President Carmona in full partnership. A "fugitive enthusiasm" is bringing Portugal almost in sight of a gateway to greatness not witnessed since the Middle Ages. There is much to be done before national revival can be consolidated and maintained, but her currency, in Mr. Bell's time the softest of the soft, is not only hard but it is stable. The boldly-conceived Fifteen Years' Plan, which ended in 1947, together with present efforts in the realm of public works, has brought Portugal to the phase when an industrial revolution can be contemplated with equanimity and without internal strife. Gradually the standard of living is being raised. The war has given stimulus to industrial development. Following the expansion of manufacturing industries the country is now largely self-supporting in a wide range of



## GATEWAY TO GREATNESS

consumer goods. No fewer than nine Government Commissions are investigating existing conditions in leading industries with a view to their reorganisation and concentration in bigger or more efficient units. Noteworthy features are efforts being made to develop national power by hydro-electricity, to remove soil erosion by big-scale afforestation and to modernise Portugal's greatest national asset, agriculture. Alongside those matter-of-fact instances of the attempt to re-create Portuguese greatness is an equally pointed drive to stamp out the evils of poverty, ignorance and disease. War has been declared on illiteracy and, wisely, this problem is being tackled at the source. The Portuguese are sufficiently logical to realise that it is useless to attempt to educate other than the very young.

The same "fugitive" enthusiasm and a very real love of progress and change has so expanded the Port of Lisbon that it is now one of the largest in Europe. Its commercial zone is at least twelve miles in extent. It has been equipped with big new quays and warehouses. Magnificent maritime stations cater for the wants of ocean-going liners. The fishing fleet has been extended. The banks of the river are being improved at a cost of over £20,000,000 sterling. The results of these and other innovations are to be seen in the steadily increasing volume of traffic through the Port; even in 1947 traffic exceeded 2,000,000 metric tons. One could proceed and detail at great length the nature of the thousands of public works which have been carried out in recent years or are contemplated. Their range includes every aspect of town and country life. Their cost is heavy, but work is being carried on without detriment to the national economy—the budget is being meticulously balanced.

Portugal is a country of only 8,000,000 people and yet over £30,000,000 sterling have been expended in under twenty years on urban improvement. £800 only were spent in that field of national enterprise in 1932; the corresponding figures for 1939 and 1947, respectively, were £2,600,000 and £5,750,000. Under the Fifteen Years' Plan, to which reference has been made, nearly £6,000,000 were used up to provide power, over £1,000,000 on bridges, over £3,000,000 on ports and airports and nearly £2,000,000 were set aside on secondary school education alone in order that the foreigner shall not be able to repeat the gibe of past years by referring to the Portuguese as a race of illiterates. . .

## THE PORTUGUESE PEOPLE

Until recently illiteracy in Portugal was not less than seventy per cent. of the population and might have been as high as ninety per cent. in certain of the more backward areas.

It is not easy to give other than a glimpse of the methods by which the New Portugal is being developed from the penniless and somewhat forlorn Portugal of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. It is difficult to keep up with the pace of national revival. It is possible, too, to over-paint the picture and to present too glowing an account of Portugal's effort to take her place among the successful trading nations. But wherever one looks, whether at education, or at finance or at social services, it is impossible not to detect some evidence of the remarkable change that is taking place in the country of a people to whom very few used to concede even moments of "heroic rebellion." One can write factually nowadays of the industrial revolution, of the reclamation of acre upon acre of waste land, of the provision of free meals and free milk for the needy, of declining illiteracy and of re-forestation at a rate seven times that of twenty years ago ; even more astounding is the transformation of the Portuguese themselves from a race given to dreaming over lost splendour into a level-headed people willing to respond to inspired leadership. The New State was born in travail. Poverty, ignorance, disease, illiteracy, absentee-landlordism and neglect of the land had taken great toll of Portuguese strength. In the process of growing-up it is inevitable that its architects have been obliged to drive great arterial roads through much that was picturesque.

Greeks, Phœnicians, Celts, Romans, Goths, Arabs, Normans and the mixed traffickers of the Middle Ages have all laid their hands on the original Mediterranean stock from which the Portuguese derive. The Portuguese have passed through many vicissitudes. They remain a people worthy of the utmost regard, not merely for their past glories and the service they have rendered mankind, but for their own selves, their love of the simple things of life, their essential friendliness, their staunchness in trial and adversity, their proper pride in their own capacity and for their humility in the sight of God and man.

Chivalry is intertwined with the history of Portugal, and linked with the story of the Portuguese is that of our own island race.

A King of Portugal once said to his sons : " I have given much thought to our enterprise, and it seems to me that there will be

## GATEWAY TO GREATNESS

difficult obstacles which must be overcome before we can begin. The first is the Queen, my dear and well-beloved spouse, who, by her high virtues and her great goodness, is so loved by all that if she does not give her consent to our projects neither the people nor the great men of the Kingdom will help us with the vigour and the activity of which we have need . . .”

Listening to their father the sons became anxious and when he had finished speaking they approached their mother and begged her support. She received them kindly and promptly asked for an interview with her husband.

“Sire,” she said to him, “I am going to make you a request which is not such as a mother commonly makes in respect of her children, for in general the mother asks of the father that he will keep their sons from following any dangerous courses fearing always the harm that might befall them. As for me, I ask you to keep them from sports and pleasures and to expose them to perils and fatigues. They came to see me to-day and recounted to me your conversations. For myself, Sire, considering the line from which they are descended, a line of very excellent Emperors and Kings and other Princes, whose name and renown are broadcast in the whole world, I would not by any means—since God has pleased to make them perfect in body and mind—that they should lack opportunities of accomplishing, by their fatigues, their valour and their skill, the high feats accomplished by their ancestors. I have therefore accepted the mission with which they have charged me, and their request gives me great joy. I am of the opinion that their desire is good and does honour to their youth, and I beseech you then so to order all things that they may exercise their strength and their virtue as they should ; and it seems to me that you have a good opportunity of doing so now by realising what you have already discussed with them ; and for my part I shall be under a great obligation to you.”<sup>s</sup>

The King was John the First : the Queen, an Englishwoman, Philippa, daughter of John of Gaunt : the sons, Duarte, author of philosophical treatises and student of law, Pedro, traveller and man of letters, Henry the Navigator, John, Grand Master of the Order of Santiago, and Ferdinand, the monastic : the occasion, the conquest of Ceuta, Septum of the Vandal kingdom of North Africa : the year, 1415.

## THE PORTUGUESE PEOPLE

The Queen died of plague as the fleet was preparing to leave the Tagus estuary. With the fleet went the King, three of his sons, the nobility of Portugal and many English gentlemen. On her death-bed Queen Philippa received her sons and to each she gave a jewelled sword and her blessing. The wind rose and the Queen asked from what quarter. From the north she was told. "Then it will be favourable," she said. On the following day she died.

Prince Henry was knighted with the sword given to him by his mother and created the first Duke of Viseu, a small town and big district in the heart of the province of Beira. After fighting at Ceuta, he retired to Sagres and there, in the company of seafarers, astronomers, map and compass makers, he gradually established the science of navigation. He remained at Sagres until his death in 1460. There is the "Sacred Cape," which the gods visit to rest at nightfall. Viseu, from which the young Henry took his dukedom, was centuries before the scene of one of the last stands made in battle by Viriatus, the Lusitanian "bandit-general", against the Romans whom he defeated on five occasions. Hard by Viseu is Bussaco, now a holiday resort. To Wellington it was the key to the Anglo-Portuguese defence of Portugal in the Napoleonic Wars. To this day, Portuguese speak affectionately of the determination with which the Iron Duke toured the forward areas on horseback and eventually created, on Portuguese advice, the first instance of defence in depth by the lines of Torres Vedras. He is equally revered by the villagers of Miranda do Douro, which stands at the edge of the deep canyon into which the Douro pours itself on approaching Portugal from Spain. Over the canyon, says legend, Wellington was slung in a basket.

A national movement is now causing soundings to be taken deep into Portuguese country life. There is being brought to light an amazing variety of legendary, historical, traditional and ethnographical lore. Old chests are being rummaged, the mysteries of their drawers probed and the secrets of their cupboards unearthed. The harvest is rich.

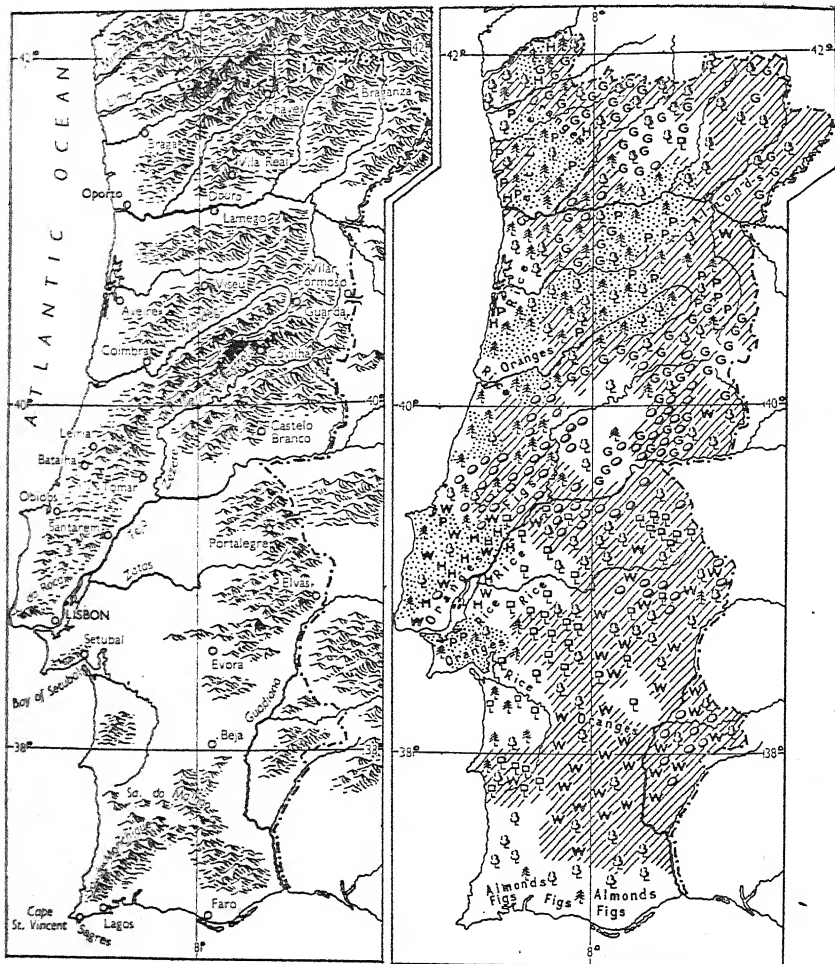
<sup>1</sup> *Portugal of the Portuguese*, by Aubrey F. G. Bell (Pitman).

<sup>2</sup> *Conquests and Discoveries of Henry the Navigator, being the Chronicles of Azurara*, edited by Virginia de Castro e Almeida, with a preface by Marshal Lyautey, translated by Bernard Miall (Allen & Unwin).

<sup>3</sup> *Salazar, Rebuilder of Portugal*, by F. C. C. Egerton (Hodder & Stoughton).

<sup>4</sup> As in 3.

<sup>5</sup> As in 2.



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- KEY
- |   |                                  |      |          |
|---|----------------------------------|------|----------|
| ☙ | Coniferous Forest                | //// | Sheep    |
| ⊕ | Deciduous Forest (Oak, Chestnut) | H    | Horses   |
| ☐ | Cork                             | G    | Goats    |
| ○ | Olives                           | W    | Wheat    |
| ⊙ | Vines                            | P    | Potatoes |
| ↔ | Passes into Spain                |      |          |

Fig. 2(a)—Physical Map of Portugal showing ancient cities.

Fig. 2(b)—Natural Vegetation and Agricultural Development of Portugal.

## CHAPTER II

### *THE GARDEN OF EUROPE*

IT WAS a Portuguese poet, Tomaz Ribeiro, who first called Portugal the garden of Europe planted by the sea. He died, aged seventy, in 1901. During his lifetime the "garden" had little to commend it to the visitor except its beauty. It was a wilderness. There are six traditional provinces: the northerly Entre Minho e Douro lying, as its name implies, between the Rivers Minho and Douro; its neighbour to the east, the mountainous *Tras-os-Montes*; south of them *Beira* stretching from the Spanish frontier to the Atlantic; *Estremadura* striding both banks of the lower reaches of the River Tagus; *Alemtejo* and, farther south, facing Africa, the Moorish-named *Algarve*. All six provinces are on or near the sea, most of them are gardens and each has beauty.

For administrative reasons the traditional provinces have been broken down in recent years. From north to south there are now *Minho* (capital, *Braga*), *Douro Littoral* (*Oporto*), *Tras-os-Montes* and *Alto Douro* (joint capital, *Vila Real*), *Beira Littoral* (*Coimbra*), *Beira Alta* (*Viseu*), *Beira Baixa* (*Castelo Branco*), *Estremadura* (*Lisbon*), *Ribatejo* (*Santarem*), *Alto Alemtejo* (*Evora*), *Baixo Alemtejo* (*Beja*) and *Algarve* (*Faro*). Together these twelve administrative provinces form a quadrilateral which lies between the north latitude parallels of thirty-seven and forty-two degrees.

No part of the quadrilateral is more than one hundred miles from the sea. Two sides of it are Atlantic coast line facing America and Africa respectively while the other two, the north and the east, form the Spanish frontier. This is nearly 800 miles in extent, is largely a watershed and has remained practically unaltered since the restoration of 1640 when Portugal regained her independence after sixty years of Spanish rule.

The climate is varied. In the north it is temperate, mild and damp in the winter months. Summers are very hot and the rainfall restricted in the southern *Alemtejo* and *Algarve*. A regular evening wind, the "nortada," brings relief from the summer heat along the central coast, but nowhere are the temperatures very low except in the extreme north frontier areas and on the high parts of

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the Serra da Estrela, the great mountainous backbone of Portugal. Vegetation varies naturally with the change of climate and is northern, sub-tropical and tropical. Thus we see Portugal producing a rich variety of crops, from maize, beans and the grapes of Entre Minho e Douro, to rice, olives and grapes again in the Tagus valley, wheat, cork, and olives in the Alemtejo and almonds and figs in the coastal region of Algarve. Few small countries have this great variety. Even more marked in this respect are the conditions prevailing on either side of the Portuguese-Spanish border. Taken as a whole, Portugal is damp, green and fertile; adjacent Spain is parched, tree-less and desert-like. On the Portuguese side of the border vegetation has an almost tropical luxuriance; on the Spanish there are great rock-studded, rainless plains. Dry and bare Spanish uplands overhang and face the green and fertile valleys of Portugal and nowhere is this contrast more in evidence than in the really extraordinary change that takes place suddenly in the landscape as the frontier is reached and crossed at Vilar Formoso, the first village in Portugal encountered on the journey from Madrid. All travellers note this remarkable change as they enter Portugal from Spain by road and rail.

The late Mr. Rodney Gallop, the British diplomat who became a leading authority on Peninsula folk-lore, made this journey many times. "The train," he once wrote, "quickens its pace. A fissure a few yards wide appears in the plateau, broadens and becomes a ravine. A stream appears from nowhere. All around, the plateau, which seemed fixed in infinity and eternity, is cracking, splintering, crumbling; and aided by its disintegration the train gathers speed. All of a sudden, the ground appears to open beneath the thundering wheels, and there appears, framed between the flanks of the ravine, a new world full 1,500 feet below. It is as though some daring mortal, venturing into a barrow of the Little People, had suddenly beheld the green land of Faery, glittering in sunshine far below the surface of the earth. Into this green distance the train drops in wide, sweeping curves. The arid uplands give way to the pinewoods, the rocky gorges, the heather-covered hills and the flowering orchards of Upper Beira (Beira Alt). The broad mass of the Serra da Estrela unfolds itself in all its majesty. Every moment the landscape grows more smiling and intimate and the heart of the traveller rejoices in the blend of northern freshness and southern luxuriance which is the hall-mark of Portugal."<sup>1</sup>

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All travellers say the same. Leaving Castile and entering Portugal by this route they find themselves suddenly in a fairyland of winding roads, deep, wooded and green ravines, fruit-laden orchards and cascading streams. There is a pleasant "English" earthy smell and the fragrance of the kitchen garden. The houses take on colour, the people look happier and better fed. The grass is fresh and green. To the west there is rolling country gradually growing less steep. Vineyards and orchards cover the hillsides and in every available corner there are flowers planted or growing wild. Great beds along the sides of the roads make the highways long avenues of colour. A pleasing little town with an ancient church surrounded by chestnut trees perched high up on the Serra is left behind. Little rivulets become streams and small rivers and can be seen shining at the bottoms of the valleys. Viseu, the ancient capital of Beira province, is reached and a glimpse is caught of an old cathedral. Then the road falls and winds around the foothills of the Serra taking the traveller to the great forest of cedar and oak at Bussaco, the site of Wellington's great victory over the French in the Napoleonic Wars. In the middle of the forest stands a tiny monastery with incrustations of charcoal forming the oddest of mosaics. Bussaco is half way up the ridge of the great Serra. Then Coimbra, its famous university and sad-aired students with their flowing gowns slung Arab-fashion over their shoulders; behind a great panorama of pinewoods and rocks and in front a flower-painted road dropping and curving through Pombal and Leiria to the dazzlingly-white town of Caldas da Rainha close by the Atlantic . . . a country, thereabouts, of old churches and ancient chiming clocks, of big private estates with flood-lit paved courtyards, wine cellars and plump cattle and aged retainers as "timeless" as Portugal herself, of tiny cottages with blue smoke curling from their roofs and everywhere flowers wild and cultivated.

This is what the refugees from Europe saw when nearly 40,000 of them streamed into Portugal on the fall of France in the summer of 1940. Some of them, the more fortunate, passed nights in four-poster beds with brocade curtains and between clean and fragrant sheets. They remember great dining-rooms lit by candle-light, tall silver candelabra, many-coursed dinners, scented wines, the rustling of the mountain breeze through tall trees, the chiming of old clocks and the deep silence that followed the long twilight . . . ten days before they had been machine-gunned on the refugee-



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strewn roads of central France. As marked as the change in the countryside is the change in the people who live in the "green distance" of this part of Portugal. Not all Portugal is fairyland. Some of it is as parched and yellow as Castile. Some of it is feet deep in snow throughout the winter months. There is rolling country of vineyards and clean white villages. There is vegetation ranging from rubber, cactus, the magnolia and the bamboo to pine, oak and cork. There are big plains, as around Evora in the southerly Alemtejo, a plain which is green in spring, yellow in summer and brown in the autumn. The sun can be blazing in summer and the atmosphere well-nigh unbearable. Yet there is sharp early morning frost and the winters can be bitterly cold and damp. It is a country or garden of infinite variety with the ancient walking hand in glove with the modern. It is a country full of paradox.

There is an explanation, of course, and to reach it it is necessary to examine in some detail the geographical layout of the Peninsula as a whole. In all, five great rivers, Minho, Lima, Douro, Tagus and Guadiana, and two great mountain ranges, continuations of the Peninsula north-western and central systems, invade Portugal from Spain. The frontier at Vilar Formoso is a full 1,500 feet higher on the Spanish side and it is against this barrier of rock that that Atlantic-borne rains from the west finally exhaust themselves. The highest land is on the Galician frontier, but it is the equally high range which ends in the Serra da Estrela and forms the backbone of Portugal which gives the country its matchless variety. The Serra, the highest point of which is 6,500 feet, straddles across Portugal like some sleeping giant. On its flanks are perched little townships and villages and castles and fortresses all in their various ways bearing striking evidence of, literally, the hundreds of engagements that took place between the Christian armies of the north and the Moors who were entrenched in the southern half of the Peninsula. Some twelve miles north of Lisbon the "giant" throws up the great upturned toe of Sintra, down the sides of which water falls in a steady stream even on the most broiling day of summer. Other "toes" are the hills of Palmella and Sezimbra which can be seen on a clear day from Lisbon. The Serra, which begins in Spain, ends in another upthrust in a limestone structure at Arrabida, not far from Sezimbra and Setubal, but even this is not without that variety which is peculiarly Portuguese in character. For eleven months, from June to April, it is bare and remains bare

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until May is reached. Then it breaks out in a riot of flowering rock plants, cistus, lavender, thyme and juniper providing a spectacle almost unequalled even in Portugal. Beauty grows in a matter of days and it dies as quickly.

Two of the five invading rivers flow between the great mountain ranges and split Portugal into three great natural zones. They are the Douro and the Tagus and each has a character peculiarly its own. The Douro, for example, gives the impression of having got off to a belated start in Spain and rushing in a frantic hurry to make up lost time when, finally, it knocks at Portugal's back door at Miranda do Douro. There it is confronted by high and rugged hills and it turns abruptly south and west in its efforts to get into Portugal. Eventually it bursts over the border, plunges, twists and turns through precipitous gorges scattering beauty in its determined, impetuous course westwards to the sea. The greater Tagus, a veritable network in its final stages, is far more leisurely as though more assured of the reception it will receive at the hands of the Portuguese. It has made a very long journey by the time it enters Portuguese territory. It appears tired and sluggish and it rolls rather than runs on its inevitable course to the great estuary hard by the Port of Lisbon.

The smaller Lima is of Galician origin. It inhabits the central valley of another Portuguese fairyland, the province of Entre Minho e Douro. It flows placidly through vegetation so rich and so green that to Roman Legionaries it became a River of Forgetfulness, a Lethe in which they could bathe and forget the hardships of their campaign against the original Lusitanians. The River Minho, running north of the Lima and pursuing a parallel course, is more a guardian of the frontier than an invader, as is the Guadiana which, running straight down the Peninsula from north to south, forms in its lower reaches the natural (if not the political) barrier between southern Portugal and Spanish Andalusia. The Big Five rivers from Spain have as companions only six rivers having all Portuguese parentage. The longest of these is the little Mondego, for which all Portuguese have an especial affection. It rises in the Serra da Estrela beginning life as one of the rivulets which result from the miracle of Vilar Formoso. It is vague about the course it will take to begin with. It forms itself on the northern slopes of the Serra and first flows east and north towards the Spanish border as though making for Vilar Formoso. On reaching the frontier

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fortress of Guarda it makes a complete loop and thereafter gives in to nature and proceeds south and west to the Atlantic chuckling as it picks out its 140 miles across the middle of Portugal, through Coimbra, to its mouth among the bathing beaches at Figueira da Foz.

It is from her rivers, Spanish and Portuguese, and from her Spanish-born mountain and hill ranges that Portugal derives her good looks and her remarkable variety. No valley or ravine seems to conform to one type. No two rivers or their tributaries are really alike. No patch of country appears to be like its neighbour. Flowers have a law unto themselves. Heather and bracken spring up in the olive groves. There are great yellow splashes of lupin and mimosa and carpets of wild flowers. The hedges are flowered. There is the sheen of the vine and the softer greenness of meadow grass after rain. Orchids grow wild and roses bloom in December. The smallest, humblest village balconies are flower-lined and the streams are as birds in song. As picturesque are the "gardeners," timeless, simple God-fearing people who appear to be content to work for long hours day in and day out in all weathers for what we should call a pittance. Temperament, outlook, characteristics, habit, custom and costume vary province by province and district by district, but whether of the mountainous north or the southern plains they have that same pervading sense of timelessness, a people intensely patriotic, slow to anger and simply and deeply religious. Two-thirds of them work on the land.

Portugal, as we know it, sprang from the Douro. From Oporto, or Portus Cale, as it was originally called, Portugal gets her name. The first King of Portugal, Affonso Henriques the Burgundian, was born in the lower reaches of the Douro valley. He it was who turned a county into a kingdom by defeating his mother's army at Sao Mamede, near Guimaraes in the province of Entre Minho e Douro. The battle was fought on the afternoon of July 24, 1128—Portuguese history dates from that afternoon. The territory over which he ruled extended as far north as the Minho river, but it did not go farther south than Coimbra, and in all, was less than half of modern Portugal. The remainder of the country had been in the hands of the Moors for centuries. Two obvious avenues of expansion must have presented themselves to the young ruler; either to the extreme north against Galicians, whose favour his mother had courted and from whom he had wrested independence, or to

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the south beyond Coimbra into Moorish territory. It was news of the gradual breaking-up of the Moorish Empire in the Peninsula that finally decided him to take the latter course. That decision changed the course of the history of Spain as well as Portugal.

There are very few records, if any at all, of this remarkable young man. Not even the date of his birth is known accurately. Very little is known of his boyhood. One assumes that he played like any other child of that period and that he got to know, intimately, the nature of the country lying between the Douro and the Minho at the feet of the great mountain ranges of *Tras-os-Montes*, Galicia and Leon. Historians see him as a youth "full of the ardent love of glory and borne like a fragile reed wherever the breath of the breeze carried him." The legendary portrait is of a boy-warrior who grew to Herculean size, strength and manhood and, as such, he stands in stone before the ancient castle of Guimaraes. He was brave and shrewd and a good diplomat. His military objectives were as he saw them on the skyline and as the horizon receded south by virtue of conquest so was the conquered territory named. Thus the province of Beira became the Border, Estremadura, the Farther Border, Alemtejo, the district across the Tagus; Lisbon was a military objective, a Moorish stronghold set upon a number of forbidding hills, a rich prize well worth the taking. In old maps it figures as "Olisipo," or "Ulyssipo," from which it is conjectured that Lisbon was founded by Ulysses during, presumably, his long absence from Ithaca. The Romans called it *Felicitas Julia* and under Roman rule it acquired full municipal rights. The name Lisbon may have derived from *Olisipo*, but far more probable is the suggestion that Lisbon is a form of *Al Asbuna*, or *Lashbuna*, by which it was known to the Moors. It did not become a part of Portugal until the summer of 1147, or nineteen years after the County of Portugal became a Kingdom. The city was then taken by Henriques' forces who were drawn mainly from the valleys of the Minho, the Lima and the Douro. Assisting them were crusading contingents from London, Kent, Norfolk and Suffolk, the English West Country, France, the Low Countries and Western Germany. The siege lasted seventeen weeks.

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Entre Minho e Douro, the traditional province from which Portugal grew, is evergreen, moist, fertile and densely populated. It is a human reservoir from which the Portuguese colonial empire

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has drawn very heavily in the past. Most of it is under cultivation, as might be imagined, but what astonishes the observer most is the smallness of the individual holding. No holding is much more than an acre and many of them are much smaller, and in some parishes single trees even have been shared by two or more families. Seen from a low-flying aeroplane, the impression given is of a big many-coloured patchwork quilt.

The Minhoto, the first Portuguese, are like children in some respects. They like to wear bright and gay clothes as though always on their way to a fancy dress party. They may be imagined chattering, laughing and wrangling over hundreds of dividing garden walls and hedges, the men upstanding in their brightly coloured clothes, the children like so many small mice following the Pied Piper, and the young women a symphony of grace, movement and ornament. Theirs is the show province of Portugal. The villages are clean and the air clear and fresh. The houses reflect the passion of the Minhoto for colour and a great number of them are decorated with blue tiles both inside and out. The country people take their colours from what they see about them, the shady green banks of the rivers, yellowing and purpling hillsides, the sky at sunrise, the sun hull-down over the Atlantic as night falls, the almost pure white of the Atlantic beaches, and the sea in all its moods.

Its heart is the valley of the Lima. At the mouth of the river is Viana do Castelo and there is to be seen some of the richest traditional costume in all Portugal. At their everyday work the women wear open boleros and vivid red and black striped skirts. On feast days workaday clothing is enlivened by gaily coloured embroidered aprons worn over scarlet and black, or scarlet and yellow striped skirts, white stockings and mules and every ornament they possess. From the head are draped shawls even gayer and more brilliantly varied than the aprons. White chemises and small boleros create an effect rarely to be witnessed outside the Balkans. The town itself is clean and trim. Near it, as at Sintra, a "toe" of a hill rises suddenly from the plain a full 1,500 feet above sea-level. At the foot of the hill one is in blazing sunshine and an almost tropically luxuriant vegetation—at its summit among the pines one might easily be in Scotland.

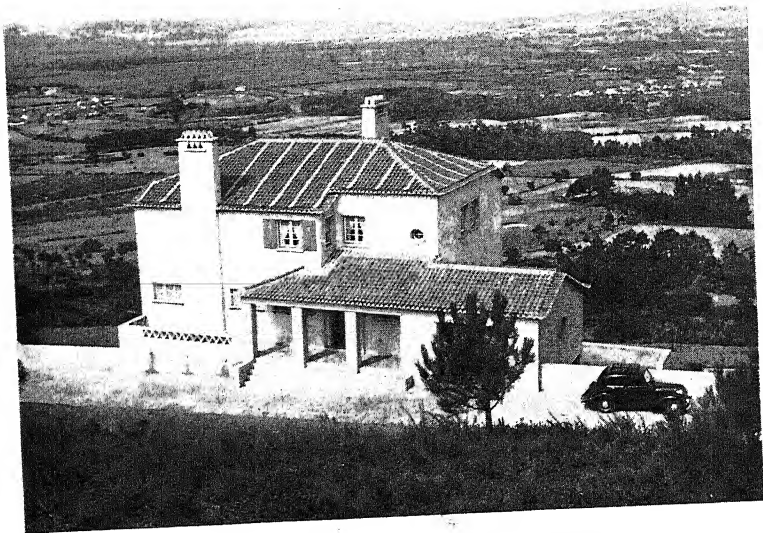
The ancient cathedral city of Braga is reached within an hour or thereabouts and then the road begins to leave habitation and climb and wind towards the one province of Portugal which appears to



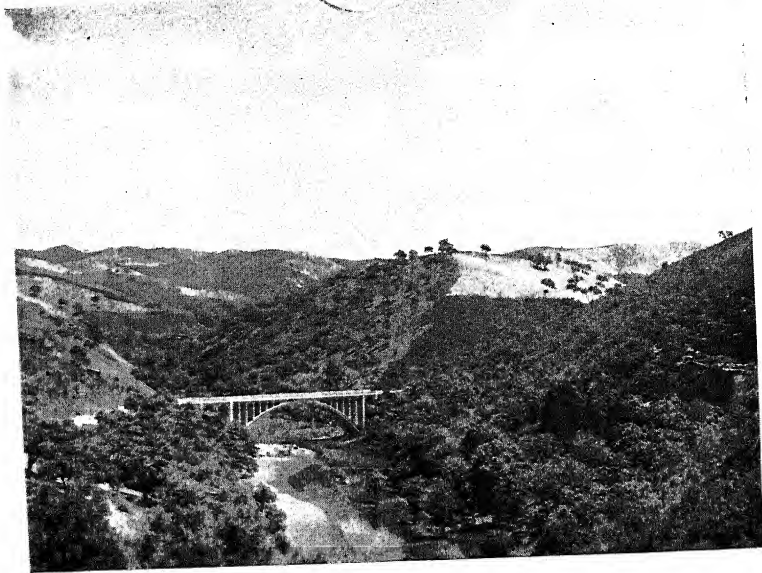
SINTRA. *A bird's-eye view from the ancient Moorish Castle.*



OFIR. *A well-known resort seen from the sea.*



THE POUSADA de SAN MARTINHO  
*One of the many hostels maintained by the Government.*



THE RIVER DAO VALLEY  
*Near Santa Comba and Dr. Salazar's birthplace.*

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have no connection whatsoever with the rest of the country, the desolate, forbidding and uninviting *Tras-os-Montes*. This mountainous region has its own dialects and its own patriarchal codes. Few Portuguese either know it or wish to know it. It is the No Man's Land of the Peninsula, a great boulder-strewn tract of largely wasteland 4,000 feet above sea-level which has the austerity of the upper levels of the Cairngorms and some of the remoteness of the Western Desert. As forbidding are the nomads who scratch a living from these treeless wastes, shepherds and goatherds in great mantles and wide-brimmed hats who wander for miles with their flocks during the summer months, descending to the valleys only when forced to do so by the heavy winter snows. Visitors feel they are crossing unexplored territory. In the north-east corner of *Tras-os-Montes*, by a spur that thrusts itself into the great mass of Spain, stands Braganza, the small city that gave Portugal a royal household and England a queen. It is now the centre of a district noteworthy mainly for the chance discovery some thirty years ago of crypto-Jews, direct descendants of the victims of the eighteenth-century Inquisition. Hard by Braganza, over high moorland scrub and through lonely little villages, is the even more remote *Miranda do Douro*, the back-door on which the River Douro knocks. In these days it is a village of a few hundred people set amongst the remains of a castle and a bishop-less cathedral.

Although *Entre Minho e Douro* is traditional Portugal, it is to the three *Beiras*, upper, lower and that part of it by the Atlantic, that one turns instinctively when reviewing provincial Portugal. Together those three "ridings" are as important to Portugal as Yorkshire is to the United Kingdom. The people, too, have the same Yorkshire stubbornness, obstinacy and sturdy independence. There is a wealth of history in the Serra towns and villages. *Guarda*, *Covilha*, *Castelo Branco*, *Viseu*, *Aveiro*, *Coimbra* and *Leiria* have each played an important part in the romantic vicissitudes through which Portugal has passed in the 800 years of her existence. It was a *Covilha*-born soldier, diplomat and Arab scholar, for example, *Pera de Covilha*, who with a companion made the first journey to Abyssinia in the fifteenth century in search of the legendary equatorial African "priest-king" known as *Prester John*. To this day his exploits are commemorated in the little town perched on a flank of the Serra half way along a road running south from



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the fortress of Guarda to the white lower-Beira city of Castelo Branco. Tapestry woven by the women of Covilha was recently presented to the Emperor of Abyssinia to mark Pero's journey. It bore a design which included the Lion of Judah, the Tree of Life, Manoeline maritime motifs and the arms of the town of Covilha.

Guarda, Covilha and Castelo Branco are three of a chain of eastern frontier posts between the Douro and the Tagus valleys that were constantly in action from the emergence of Portugal as an independent sovereign state in the twelfth century until the end of the Napoleonic Wars in the early part of the nineteenth. The region they protected is mainly upland and sparsely populated, a bare, rocky expanse of brown hills and blue mountains dotted among which are small fortified towns, Figueira de Costelo Rodrigo in the extreme north, Pinhel, Trancoso, Almeida, Vilar Formosa, the first village in Portugal on the road from Spain, and, in the south, the "forgotten" cities of Sabugal and Penamacor. Guarda, standing a full 3,000 feet above sea-level on a spur of the Serra, is the most important and the first town of note encountered when entering Portugal from Spain. At Guarda the road forks left and almost due south to Castelo Branco and right and due west to Viseu, the capital of Beira Alta, and Aveiro, a town by the Atlantic built on canals, dykes and the mud flats of a lagoon. In between the fork rises the River Mondego.

This great eastern battlefield was derelict and largely uninhabited when Sancho succeeded his father, Henriques, on the latter's death in 1185. Towns and villages were in ruins and abandoned and only in the extreme north of Portugal, along the Minho river, was the frontier stable. Other areas, notably south of Coimbra, were similarly derelict, but Sancho, with an eye no doubt on Castile, made his first task the rebuilding and the resettlement of the eastern border country. He solved his problem by founding municipalities and by issuing charters which entailed certain obligations to the throne, but guaranteed a measure of collective and individual liberty not enjoyed hitherto. The first royal charter was given to Covilha. Its restoration was followed by that of Guarda and Viseu and, gradually, the young Portugal began to form and to take shape around the bulky substantial mass of the big Serra. Coimbra became the capital and remained the first city of Portugal until she finally rid herself of Moorish occupation in 1248. The royal court then moved to Lisbon.

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The people of Entre Minho e Douro and Tras-os-Montes conform to a pattern among themselves ; one Minhoto is very like another while in Tras-os-Montes most of the inhabitants are hill-folk and have similar tastes and live much the same kind of life. A big contrast is to be found in the province of Beira as a whole, both in the people and in the character of their towns and villages. Guarda, for example, is a fortress town, high up and overlooking rugged country. The mouths of stone cannon point towards Spain from the east side of the roof of its cathedral. The landscape is sombre, the people are hillmen, as hard-bitten and dour as the shepherds who wander over the mountains of Tras-os-Montes. Coimbra is less than a hundred miles from Guarda and can be reached nowadays by a first-class road in a morning's ride. Guarda men go about in red, black, yellow, green and white striped rugs worn folded over one shoulder ; Coimbra students wear black frock coats and black gowns and go to their classes carrying satchels tied with ribbons to denote the different faculties. Guarda men go to bed early—Coimbra undergraduates strum guitars and sing *fados*<sup>2</sup> in the small hours of the morning, yet both are Portuguese and it is possible for the rug-men of Guarda to wear the black gown of Coimbra. Guarda, say Portuguese, is " cold, ugly, strong and well-provisioned " ; Coimbra spells legend and romance. There ended the tragic love story of King Pedro and Queen Inez, and, to this day, little children wanting alms occasionally sink to their knees and fold their arms at the approach of a motorist, as their forbears knelt along the route by which the remains of the murdered Inez were taken in state from Lisbon to the garden of the Quinta das Lagrimas at Coimbra. Coimbra is beautiful and as green as the Minho. Walking alongside the banks of the Mondego, looking at the wide valley, the lush meadows, the square-sailed timber boats drifting down from the upper reaches, the university buildings and the cathedral and other pre-Gothic churches, it is easy to appreciate Coimbra as an aged centre of learning, but it is difficult to think of it as ever having been the scene of fighting as fierce as any at the eastern frontier fortresses. Yet Coimbra was a forward area for many years to the Christian and Moslem armies. It has often been besieged and sacked with heavy loss of life.

Contrasts abound in Beira province. Villages made of granite and little white and black churches dot the landscape. On the

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farms there are ox-wagons like boats with painted bows and along the coast gaily coloured boats on which great eyes have been painted. On fair days in some districts one sees sheep tied up with ribbon. Costume varies from sombre homespun to wide coloured checks and headgear from broad-brimmed black sombreros to woollen stocking caps. Race ranges from Phoenician to pure Castilian ; landscape from white beaches and sandy wastes to heather, pine and chestnut and meadow, orchard and bouldered treeless upland. Overshadowing everything is the great bulk of the snow-capped Serra da Estrela where the wolf is common and into which roads climb and wind, fold up and eventually disappear.

South of Beira Littoral, between the Atlantic and the Tagus, is northern Estremadura. This includes Lisbon and completes the central of the three natural zones into which Portugal is divided by the Douro and the Tagus. Northern Estremadura is the part of Portugal which the tourist knows best. It is a network nowadays of good roads and adequate train services. Here are to be found the great abbeys, monasteries and convents of Batalha, on the Beira border, Alcobaca, Tomar, Mafra and the Jeronymos at Belem, the royal "village" of Lisbon from which the fleets of Vasco da Gama sailed in the age of conquest and discovery. There are castles and royal palaces and on the heights of Pena the great house at which Amelie, the last Queen of Portugal, heard the booming of the guns of Lisbon during the Revolution of October, 1910 ; there are big wall-enclosed estates of eighteenth-century feudal landlords and pleasant country houses, famous battle-sites, the fashionable, much-advertised Estorils with their thermal station, casino and golf course, and along the coast, a string of "country-type" bathing beaches which one day may repay development. Sintra, where many English families have made their homes for generations, is reached in half an hour by train from the capital. In Lisbon itself there are fine shops, modern cinemas, the bull-ring, St. George's Castle, and from it, the view across the inland sea of the Tagus estuary and another "sea" of pine-trees which marks the beginning of Outra Banda, the southern part of Estremadura.

Northern Estremadura is pleasant fruit-farming and wine country, but barer than might be expected. Two main roads go from the north to the capital ; from Tomar inland along the Tagus, past the low flats of the bull-breeding industry, through the growing

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town of Santarem, and from Leiria by the coast through Batalha, Aljubarotta, Alcobaca, Caldas da Rainha, the walled city of Obidos, and the Lines of Torres Vedras.

Tomar is a clean little town with cobbled streets and a number of medieval churches. Near it the Zezere, a tributary of the Tagus rich in water power, bursts from a cluster of pine-covered hills and ravines and joins the parent river. Above it stands the great convent home of the old Portuguese Templars, one of the great military orders which took an active part in the defence and re-settlement of Portugal in the twelfth century. At Batalha, on the coast road, in a hollow of dark hills, is the great abbey built to commemorate the victory of Aljubarotta. There 300 English bowmen, fighting four-square, helped 11,000 Portuguese under King John the First and the Holy Constable, Nun' Alvares, to annihilate a great Spanish army 30,000 strong. The tombs of King John, his English wife, Philippa, and their sons, among them Prince Henry, are all at Batalha. It is an easy matter, of course, to drive from Leiria to Batalha and to the famous Cistercian Abbey at Alcobaca lying to the south, but it is better to go on foot and retain the memory of a grand tramp through unspoiled country. At Alcobaca King Pedro and Queen Inez are buried feet to feet so that they may see each other at once, says legend, as they rise from the dead on the Day of Judgment.

Obidos is quickly reached. To the right of it, on the sea side, are dunes and seemingly unending beaches of fine white sand peopled by primitive fishermen of pure Phœnician stock. There follow the Lines and then the road begins to dip to Mafra and Sintra. Belem is now a part of Lisbon. The Estorils can be reached by Metro. Behind them, stretching to Sintra, is rolling moorland flowered in spring by gorse and iris. On this moor are little one-storeyed cottages and lanes running between walls of loosely piled stones. Sintra is quiet and, in some respects, very English. Above it is the Serra da Sintra, a pile of grey rocks and trees, looking higher than it really is, misty at the summit even in summertime, a sample in itself of the extraordinary variety of vegetation that is to be found almost everywhere in the northern hill country of Portugal.

Yet another Portugal, one which was occupied by the Moors for fully 500 years, is met in the Alemtejo, the biggest of the six traditional provinces. Nowhere else have the peasants a greater

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love of the soil from which they scrape a bare living. They are very poor and are still obliged to live on the simplest of food and to sell most of what they grow. Meat is rarely to be had and, as a general rule, is available on feast days only. Alemtejo, which is now divided for administrative purposes into two districts, Upper and Lower, is best reached from Lisbon by ferry across the Tagus estuary and by either road or rail eastwards through Outra Banda to its start at Vendas Novas. From there to Montemor-o-Novo and by forking roads north-east to the carpet town of Arraiolos, the pottery centre of Estremoz, the plum-growing district of Elvas and Portalegre, or due east to the cathedral city of Evora, the traveller is taken through an unchanging landscape of almost unbroken flatness. It is a great steppe of corn, cork and ilex and scrub in which the lynx roams wild. He will see women as hard at work on the land as men and wearing the same kind of black felt hat, farmers and landowners in short jackets and skin-tight trousers, drovers in "cowboy" chaps, and in the north, severe looking men and women who wear black all the year round. The plain goes through its perennial sequence of spring green, summer yellow and autumn brown, and in the heart of it, but not above it, is Evora, the capital of Alemtejo and formerly the second city of Portugal.

Mr. Aubrey Bell calls it "the paradise of the archæologist and student of architecture".<sup>3</sup> Its early Gothic cathedral was first finished in 1204 and almost touching it is the finest Roman ruin in existence in Portugal, the Temple of Diana, 2,000 years old, Corinthian columns still supporting great blocks of granite, and which served as a slaughter-house, incidentally, until 1834. Evora was a famous centre of music and art in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries and for a long time was a favourite residence of the Portuguese Royal Court. Moorish influence is to be detected in the hanging gardens of private houses, the tiny shops beneath dark arcades and in the maze of narrow streets.

Due south, ranking with Evora, is Beja, the other big agricultural centre of Alemtejo. It has an ox in its city arms. Its castle was built by Diniz, the farmer-king of Portugal. The peasants still go in bodies to gather the harvest or to till the soil, returning to Beja as night falls. But for small hills at Portel the plain between Evora and Beja is unbroken.

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The Algarve is entered through a belt of low-lying hills. It is the smallest of the traditional provinces and came longest under Moorish and Arab influence. It faces Africa and extends from the Portuguese side of the mouth of the River Guadiana to the bleak and desolate twin promontories, Sagres and Cape St. Vincent, situated at the extreme south-west corner of Europe. The capital is Faro. Only one good road enters Algarve from Alemtejo. The only other road in the province is along the coast, from Vila Real de Santo Antonio on the Guadiana through Tavira, Silves, a famous centre of Arabic culture during the occupation, Portimao, the station for the smart sun-bathing beach at Praia de Rocha, to Lagos and around the south-west corner into the Alemtejo. The tourist should visit it in early February when the coast road runs by an inland "sea" of blossom—the orange, the lemon, the fig and the almond all thrive in the sub-tropical luxuriance of the climate. Going west the vegetation thins out and the trees get fewer and smaller and disappear altogether when Sagres is reached. It is barren and unbelievably lonely even in sunshine.

There remain, for very brief mention in this chapter, the two great cities of Lisbon and Oporto. They are to Portugal what London and Manchester are to England and Cairo and Alexandria to Egypt. No other Portuguese city approaches either in wealth, importance or population. Lisbon is constantly beautiful whether seen on an afternoon in mid-November or in the heat and salt haze of an afternoon in June. Oporto has added distinction: as *Portus Cale* it gave Portugal her name and for centuries it has been the fount of her national inspiration.

\* \* \*

When Ribeiro died the Garden badly needed weeding and re-planting. The fortunes of Portugal were at a low ebb. National credit was exhausted and vitality was on the decline. Acute poverty and discontent were widespread in the country areas and there was a dangerous indifference also in the ranks of the governing classes. The late nineteenth and early twentieth century was the era of the secret society. Puff politicians flourished and national and local elections were made. The wealth of the country that had always been latent in the people of the big traditional provinces was being slowly destroyed by a wholesale neglect of agriculture. Absentee landlordism, empregomania, a cynical political "rotativism"—government by temporarily like-minded cabinets instead

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of by parties of established repute and integrity—were draining Portugal of her wealth and were blunting the fine edge of her patriotism. Her national economy had become the most artificial in Europe. Precious stones and gold from overseas had replaced wealth hitherto derived from hard work, and the fields lay desolate. In nearly every peasant family there were mounting arrears of rent. Homes rarely consisted of more than two small rooms and frequently there was only one room available for parents and their children. Young and old were without education—far more dangerous was their ignorance of elementary hygiene. Many of the small towns were indescribably filthy and some extraordinary stories were current concerning the attitude of local authorities towards their duty to the general public. The mayor of one of them was once asked why a cart was not sent to collect street refuse. His reply was typical of the Garden of Europe of that time. Although it was known to everyone that a rubbish cart did not exist, he did not say that one would be obtained or that one did not exist : he replied that a cart *was* sent every day and there the matter ended as far as he was concerned. Not surprisingly the mortality rate was high and sickness rife.

For these reasons emigration reached a high point of 25,594 in 1905. That figure, a record for Portugal, rose to 27,332 in the following year, to 35,000 in 1908 and to 50,000 in 1910, the year of the regicide. Many thousands more either escaped clandestinely by sea or went over the frontier into Spain. By 1913 there were big areas which were as entirely denuded of farm and field workers as they had been during Henriques' campaign against the Moors. The reason for this was fairly obvious—an inept administration, corruptness in the conduct of public affairs, a growth of the civil service out of all proportion to the population and the needs of the public, the "empregomania" to which reference has been made, a criminal neglect of agriculture and a general policy of *laissez-faire* had brought Portugal to the doorstep of bankruptcy. The appalling conditions in which the poor were obliged to live and their understandable ignorance of hygiene were other causes of the marked decline in the physique of a race constitutionally vigorous and capable in normal circumstances of great endurance.

In recent years the Prime Minister of Portugal, Dr. Salazar, has spoken and written more precisely of the plight in which Portugal found herself. "All those Portuguese," he said, "who

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gave thought to the matter and were inspired by conscious patriotism, were in agreement as to the situation in which the country found herself. They differ, it is true, as to causes when arriving at an explanation of our decadence and backwardness. They might disagree on the steps to be taken to remedy matters and on the treatment to be applied. It might be that the origin of so many ills lay in the disordered political life of the nation and in the traditional shortcomings of the administration ; or else it might arise from our material poverty and from our habit of remaining uncorrected by education and by the backwardness of our system of public instruction. It might be attributed to the indiscipline of the Portuguese people or to the gigantic effort we put forth, over a period of centuries, in discovering, occupying, administering and civilising territories beyond all proportion to the size of our human potential and the resources normally at our disposal. Nonetheless all this in no way altered the general conclusion reached."

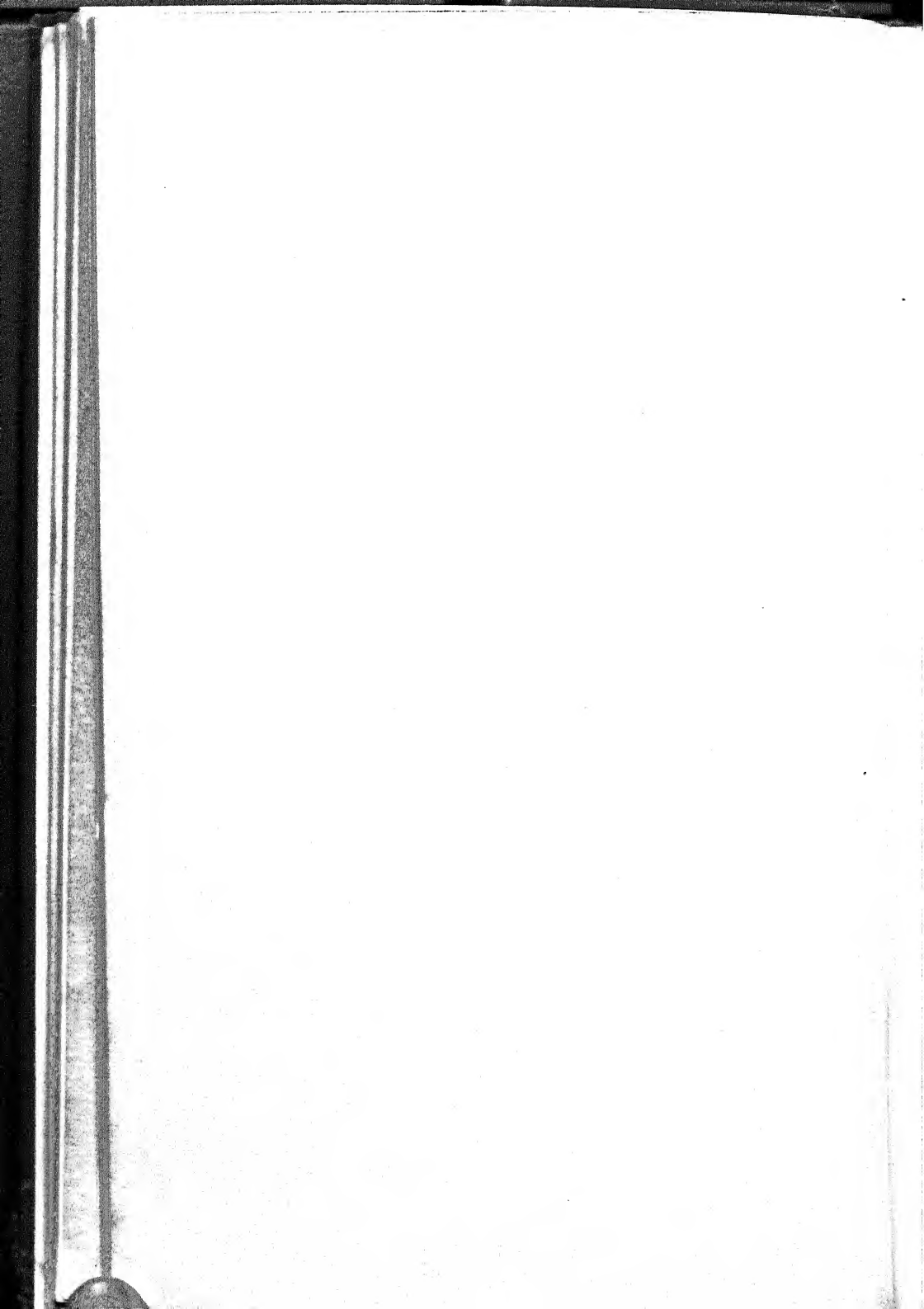
The crisis was reached in 1926, but it did not dry up the springs of individual values and neither did it exhaust the spiritual resources of the people. The weeds in this Garden of Europe were man-made.

<sup>1</sup> *Portugal, a Book of Folkways*, by Rodney Gallop (Cambridge University Press).

<sup>2</sup> *fados* are melancholy ballads.

<sup>3</sup> *Portugal of the Portuguese*, by Aubrey F. G. Bell (Pitman).





## CHAPTER III

### THE FOLK

THE FOLK are rather fine people. Few of them can either read or write yet they can express themselves fluently, often in good Portuguese, and they have a rich imagination and a sincere love and deep knowledge of nature and humanity. The big events in their lives are the summer *romarias*<sup>1</sup> when, as pilgrims, they tramp miles to local shrines to the sound of the guitar, the drum and the bag-pipe, feast-days and the midsummer fairs, the shearing, the cork-stripping, the treading-out of heaps of freshly picked grapes, and Christmas, which in Portugal as in England is a family affair celebrated quietly at home, but more devoutly, I think, and with a greater respect for ancient ritual. They know every hill, stream, tree and rock in their district and around each feature of the landscape they seem to have woven some belief or story. Most of these stories are good-humoured, but there are others which represent the seamier side of village lore and indicate the hold which dark superstition and witchcraft have on many of the people.

Their imagination takes many forms—in the names which they give their flowers: an anemone is a “little kiss,” for instance; in their devotion to their homes and in the gift they have of expressing themselves in verse, little four-line efforts which have been passed on from mouth to mouth for centuries and bring to the surface that cult of sadness which appears to be the hallmark of the Portuguese character :—

“ In the stress of the tempest  
The wind makes moan :  
So moaneth the lover  
Betrayed and alone.

“ The ring that thou gav’st me  
Was of glass and is broken,  
And ended the love  
By thy lips lightly spoken. . . .”

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I have in mind, when thinking of the folk of Portugal, a late autumn excursion which began in a crowded eating-house in the thickly populated and noisy lower quarter of Lisbon. It led by ferry across the river to Cacilhas and then to Trafaria, a fishing village at the mouth of the Tagus, which the dictator, the Marquess of Pombal, wantonly fired in the small hours of the morning of January 24, 1777. Trafaria was then, as now, a colony of fishermen. They were surprised in their sleep and their homes were destroyed. But Trafaria proved uninteresting, and the party of sight-seers, myself among them, moved on along a road to the crest of a hill from which Atlantic rollers could be seen breaking well out to sea and from there to the great sand-stretch that runs south from Caparica. On the broad white-yellow beach were a number of crescent-shaped boats which the fishermen of Caparica use to catch sardines. They were white and blue and rose, their stems curved upwards like the river barges, and on their bows were painted big eyes. Close upon a hundred fishermen were on the beach hauling in foot by foot that day's catch. Finely-built men of Phœnician stock whose faces, necks and arms were burnt a coppery black. The wind was sharp and from the sea, and blew spray hundreds of yards inland.

My friends and I moved on and walked southwards along a track of firm damp sand, passing the grave of an unnamed fisherman, watching isolated men catching fish by the use of a single line and noting, incidentally, the mile upon mile of rugged and unbroken line of cliff which is the Atlantic frontier of Outra Banda or southern Estremadura. The sea was rough and looked grey and uninviting. Some three miles or thereabouts had been covered when dark clouds began to pile up over the edge of the cliff and then the rain began, torrential rain which soaks through to the skin in a matter of minutes. The party broke into a run and began to look for shelter among the dunes when the storm passed over as suddenly as it had started and a rainbow appeared which seemed to have one end buried in the cliff-face. Ahead of them they saw, jutting out in front of rocks, the great painted eyes of two more of the coloured sardine boats they had seen on the beach at Caparica. They made for them and came suddenly upon a tiny community of some twenty huts of wood and mud and reeds set in a small clearing at the foot of the cliffs. They were greeted first by one man and then by others and then by women and children and dogs. The men wore

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a variety of clothing, coloured shirts and jerseys, sou'westers and woollen stocking caps and thigh boots, and the women coloured cottons and shawls and bangles and ear-rings. One woman and a man with her invited the visitors to enter her hut and take shelter from the wind. She was strong-looking and beautifully built. At her breast she carried a boy of two or three years. The hut was of one room only. In one corner was a built-in, home-made wooden bed. There was a rough table, a couple of straight-backed chairs, and a cupboard in which were kept plates and knives and forks and a few odd kitchen utensils. There was a fireplace and a hole in the roof which served as a chimney. Near the huts was a garden which had been made of soil reclaimed from the sand. The woman spoke reasonably good Portuguese and she explained how the little colony had settled in the clearing and lived on their catch and their garden produce. Once a week, or whenever necessary, one of the men or the women went by donkey along cliff paths, through woods at the top of the cliff and by road to the nearest village-store where groceries were exchanged for fish.

This little settlement was barely ten miles from crowded Lisbon. It was probably not marked on any map and it is doubtful whether the settlers were included in a national census. They had neither wireless nor newspapers and they rarely (if ever) visited Lisbon. Their livelihood was the sea and their prosperity was governed by its moods. Money seemed to have lost its value that afternoon. As the sun began to set and the sky became lit up by great splashes of red and gold and purple the visitors were taken by the donkey-path over the cliff and were set on the road back to the ferry side and the twentieth century. Their hostess smiled to them and invited them to call on her any time they were passing. She had a natural dignity and a grand sense of hospitality. She could neither read nor write and she had never been asked or, indeed, expected to go to a school when she was a child. Only with great difficulty was she made to accept a coin for her small boy's stocking. This settlement, it can scarcely be called a village, is not necessarily representative of the conditions in which the majority of the folk of Portugal live ; it is mentioned as something which can be encountered in an afternoon's journey from the centre of crowded and modern Lisbon.

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Village conditions vary naturally village by village. Some villages are on high ground, are made of granite and are snowed-up for weeks on end. Some of them look like little Devon hamlets tucked away in the fold of a hill or hidden behind sudden twists and turns in a winding lane. Some are clustered among orchards and fruit gardens and others lie along desolate strips of coast or swelter on bare, burnt-up plains. Here is a myrtle hedge, a high cactus with deep orange-coloured flowers, trellised vine, a lemon grove ; there broken walls and deserted dwellings, pines among which are growing heather and bracken, some of the people blissfully happy and others who look forlorn and poverty-stricken. But life in a village, however happily situated, can be very hard. It is also very primitive and it is not necessary to travel far afield from the capital to meet villages in which living conditions do not appear to have changed much since the Middle Ages. Some improvement is gradually being effected in sanitation, hygiene, housing and education, but much remains to be accomplished in those respects before all traces of the bad old days are obliterated. Even in the early part of the twentieth century, when a dying monarchy and sixteen years of wild republican administration (from 1910 to 1926) brought Portugal to the threshold of bankruptcy, village families were living from day to day and from hand to mouth or flocking to the towns in search of work which was unobtainable in the country areas. The villager who sang, "O rose that flowerest here, Here till we meet remain, For, little rose, to Brazil I go, Then to cull thee come again", had every reason to leave his home, and his sweetheart knew in her heart that she would never see him again. Then the people were living on little or nothing. They were faced with heavy arrears of rent and harsh landlords. Their homes rarely consisted of more than two rooms at the most and instances have been recorded of families living in tumble-down hovels or outhouses, sometimes seven in a room furnished with a dirty mattress in one corner. There was neither direction from above locally or nationally and in some villages there was not one person who could claim to have received any education at all. Children were put into prison and herded with hardened criminals. Many of the villages were without a church. There was no doctor. Whole streets were strewn with garbage and were left like this for children to play about in. There was no sanitation of any sort. Child-birth was fraught with danger

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and thousands of mothers and children died. This was rural Portugal forty years ago, a land of enchantment, superstition and ancient custom, of great estates and strutting peacocks, of glowing sunshine, shaded avenues of arching trees, scented shrubs and little plots gay with garden flowers, dense woods and great tors standing sentinel among the mountain ranges. But, as I have said, the old days are slowly passing and a new kind of building is making its appearance. This is the village school, and gradually, the advantages of reading and writing are being conveyed to parents. It is useless to expect the elder generation to take to education—an old dog cannot be taught new tricks—but among the children there appears to be a genuine desire to go to school and some good results have already been achieved. It is a common sight nowadays to see a child reading a newspaper aloud while the elders gather round and listen. Neglected roads are being put into use and slowly but surely the country is being linked with the town. A big national programme of public works—big, that is, for Portugal—is taking the town to the country and is pushing, as it were, great arterial roads through ignorance and prejudice as well, but the linking process must be a slow one, as in few other European countries is the gulf between the peasant and the townsman as strongly marked. Therefore one comes across quite near Lisbon little villages whose inhabitants can still be seen gathering in the local taverns, chatting, drinking and playing cards or trudging slowly through the streets in front of ox-carts and wearing the black woollen-peaked caps, the black shirts and blouses and the knee-breeches and leggings of their fathers and grandfathers. To them the sight of a motor-car, or a stranger, is still an incident. The village store retains its character and the village store-keeper is still the leading villager; better still, he sells everything, from a hat to a broom-handle.

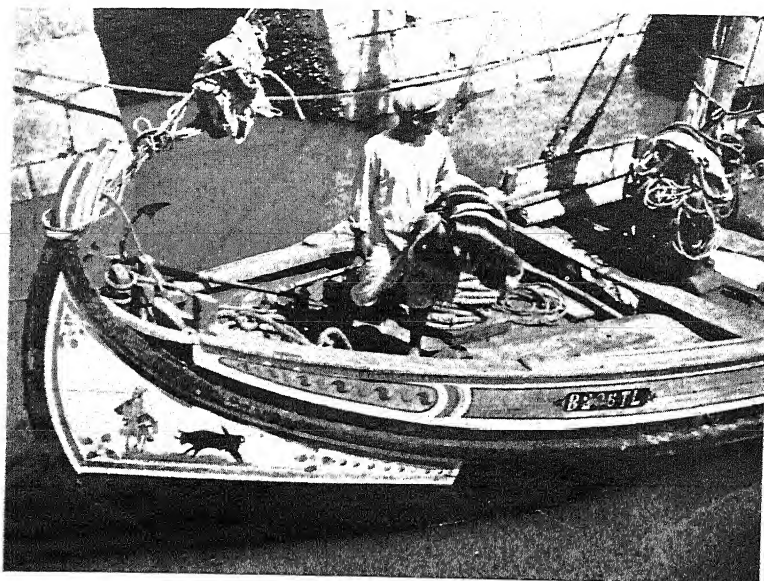
Gaiety, or relief from monotony, you may call it what you like, reaches its climax on the eve of St. John the Baptist, one of the great traditional midsummer fairs that take place in June and which is the night of love and song. Each village holds its carnival and bonfires are lit on the hills (if any), at crossroads and in the square. The saint that night is a jolly individual and the life and soul of the party. He is a universal god-parent, an authority on the course of true love, and by all accounts, he must be a very busy man. Not only is he supposed to have lit the bonfires, but

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he goes from fire to fire and from village to village like a summer edition of Santa Claus. As a match-maker he is supreme in the north ; in the south he has a rival in the personality of the Lisbon-born St. Anthony. Many quaint practices are observed on this carnival night, most of them of the "tinker-tailor-soldier-sailor" or "he-loves-me he-loves-me-not" variety. Young women bent on matrimony put flowering thistles in the fires, break an egg in a glass of water or put beans under their pillows when they retire to their beds. If the charred heart of the thistle puts out new tendrils in the morning then love will be reciprocated. This is a fairly safe test as these thistles have a convenient habit of blooming twice in rapid succession and one cannot imagine a wise young country-bred woman making use of a weed which she knows has had its full blossoming. The shape assumed by the yolk of an egg overnight betokens the profession of the lover and sometimes his identity, while the selection of a bean, if made blindly, will reveal his means ; if the shell is intact then matrimonial wealth is assured. St. John is of God the Beloved, of God the Adored. He protects the harvest of grain and vine. He endows with special healing and cleansing properties all water that falls on his night as rain or forms as dew. Dew is invariably good for the complexion, and seven is a lucky number, and so the young Portuguese countrywoman, mindful of her complexion, steals out in the fields in the small hours of the morning, between midnight and daybreak, and collects dew in seven jars or from seven springs. The fun is good-humoured, but it can be rowdy.

Throughout the summer months there is generally something on in the village, either *festas* which are organised in honour of local patron saints, the *romarias* or the midsummer fairs of St. John, St. Peter and St. Anthony. A great number of *festas*<sup>2</sup> are held during the year. The *romaria* is usually to a shrine in the hills or by the sea and every village has its small chapel or church or hermitage to which a procession is organised at least once a year.

By nature the country-people are not artistic, but they are good craftsmen whether it be in the cork forests, in the potters' sheds at Estremoz, Tras-os-Montes, Upper Beira, Coimbra and Caldas da Rainha, or in the Algarve, where the sweet-makers mould another kind of "clay" into edible pieces which are remarkably ingenious in design. But there is very little of the artist in the peasant and this is to be seen in many ways: in the finish of a chair or a table, in



A FISHING BOAT

*His carved and painted craft is the pride of every Portuguese fisherman.*



A VINEYARD WORKER *in the Minho district.*





*A Fruit Vendor of  
ALGARVE.*



*Workers from  
THE BEIRA SALTMARSHES.*



*Fetching water from the well, a scene in the ALGARVE district.*

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the shape of a jar, in the colours of their houses and in their clothes and their traditional costumes. Rather is he a simple, sensitive and imaginative person and there is a quiet philosophy about him too, as was witnessed when the big cyclone of a few years ago swept Portugal and inflicted great damage with considerable loss of life. The folk were the chief sufferers. Whole sections of cork forests were stripped and other valuable trees felled by a gale which reached a velocity of 125 miles per hour. Fishing nets were destroyed and boats smashed and piled up by the force of the wind on to riverside pavements and miles of beaches were strewn with wreckage. Huge waves of almost tidal dimensions broke over the fine *corniche* road beyond Estoril and Caescais and flooded low-lying districts, and for days afterwards the sea was disturbed. Waves rolled in from the Atlantic in great humps and exploded with the lash and crack of big naval guns in action as they broke upon the cliff-face. The work of the folk of years was destroyed in one week-end. Yet the fishing colonies, the men of Caparica, Caescais, Peniche, Nazaré and their like, quietly set about their task of repairing and re-making their broken industry and within a very few days some of them were putting out to sea again. The same remarkable absence of fuss was seen in the quiet industry of the men in the country districts. Relief gangs were speedily got together and put to work, clearing roads, removing fallen trees, replanting uprooted telegraph poles, clearing broken wire and, in the cork areas, injured trees were treated and wherever possible the valuable bark salvaged.

It is possible to write at length of the extraordinary variety of people who can be met in a week's journey in Portugal; of *tiradores* who wield double axes and strip bark from trees with incredible speed and accuracy, of family units bent double in the fields, resting only when the sun is at its highest, of the matriarchal community of the Varinhas, the fish-wives of Lisbon who are almost a race apart, of women in mourning who worship at the shrine high up on the cliff edge overlooking the fishing town of Nazaré, of women of Povoia de Varzim who used to smash the images of their favourite saints when their men died at sea, of men of Apulia looking more like Roman legionaries than sea-weed rakers in their long belted tunics and sou'wester helmets and, utterly unlike their fellow-beings, the shepherds and drovers who roam the hill country and the great open plains.

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Very few of these people can either read or write or distinguish one book or newspaper from another, yet in their various ways they have inspired and fostered a great literature.

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Earlier in this chapter I have referred to the seamier side of village lore and to the hold which witchcraft and dark superstition have on the imagination of the country-people. As will be imagined, there are literally thousands of traditional beliefs and customs prevailing in Portugal, and many of them are harmless, but there are others which are bound to present any form of enlightened government with a very serious problem indeed. No one minds very much if a young girl sleeps with a few beans under her pillow or breaks an egg in a glass of water on one night in the year in an effort to discover the name and the profession of a suitable mate, as one may rest assured that her marriage in any case will be determined by her parents and her status. After all, there are many of us who still carry about charms, take care to cross our fingers when walking under ladders, turn over what little money we have left on the night of a new moon and think that black cats bring luck if they cross our paths. The evil, for evil there is, lies in the extent to which so-called witchcraft was permitted to survive and to be developed on a commercial basis among a simple-minded people who are superstitious by nature. Witchcraft has been called by some a "cult of Satanism" and by others it is looked upon as the survival in a debased form of a pre-Christian cult that was driven underground by Christianity, and so forth. Either theory may be accurate as an explanation of its origin, but its survival and its steady growth long after the coming of Christianity in the Peninsula was surely governed by the measure of profit it brought the practitioners. It is not surprising, therefore, to discover that in Portugal there were no less than nine kinds of practitioners in operation in the country districts as late as the middle thirties, or some twenty years after the advent of the republican régime in 1910. They were the "wise" women, women with "magical" powers, the "*bruxas*", the "*feiticeiras*", and the like, all reaping a rich harvest and all preying on the minds of people to whom death is a terrifying journey to an unknown world from which there is no return and child-birth an event fraught with great danger. So we find instances of those who were sick resorting or submitting to extraordinary practices to ward off death.

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Not many years ago there was a village boy who had been ill with a tumour on his leg for the greater part of a year. His parents ignored the advice of a doctor and instead sought out the local wise woman who advised them to kill a lizard with slow and regular blows with the index finger. It then had to be put in an egg-shell into which the boy had to pass water until the shell was full. This concoction was then left in the smoke of the hearth for three days and it was then applied to the tumour, the lizard skin being used as a brush. In another instance cattle were driven over a sick woman and, very naturally, the patient died. There have been many similarly dreadful cases and there were many prosecutions by the authorities, but in spite of them, wrote a contributor to one newspaper, "the *feiticeiras* continue to ply their trade, principally in the villages, but also to a lesser degree in the towns. A man falls ill, and his relations have recourse to the *bruxa*. They send for the latter or lift the invalid, often at the point of death, on to a mule, and set off over the mountains along precipitous paths which would be difficult even for the hale and hearty. They take with them the customary presents of wine and oil, chickens and cheeses, which they humbly present to the *bruxa* or *fada* (another kind of witch). These, with a grave air, are so gracious as to comply with the request made to them and prescribe the most ridiculous remedies to cure the gravest illnesses". The province referred to was that of *Tras-os-Montes*.

A climax was reached at *Oliveira*, a hamlet in the *Douro*, in February, 1933. An epileptic woman was said to possess an evil spirit which, according to a witch-doctor, had caused the illness of a neighbour. She was first thrashed into insensibility and then burnt to death by the villagers. This burning was carried out with the best of intentions and in the belief that the victim would not only survive the flames but would return to her home unharmed and "liberated" from the evil spirit that possessed her. The burning was accompanied by the reading aloud of "exorcisms" taken from the *Book of Saint Cyprian*, a renegade saint who was supposed by the people to have sold his soul to the devil. This incident caused a wave of horror and revulsion to pass over Portugal.

Country lore can be a national asset. In Portugal, as in other countries, many of the things of the folk are passing and, inevitably, their gradual disappearance is regretted by folk-lorists who see a measure of vandalism in the uprooting of innocent or harmless

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little practices and beliefs and in the pulling down of an old house here and there. But a measure of common sense must be permitted to intrude as well ; many of the customs indulged in were definitely harmful and led to tragedy. One may quote in this connection a few of the fantastic practices resorted to by women on the eve of child-birth. Portuguese village women in that condition have been known to get up in the middle of the night when expecting a difficult delivery and to have gone to a bridge over a river accompanied by male acquaintances other than their husbands. At midnight they drew water from the river and solemnly awaited the oncoming of the first male stranger. He was then asked (and at times compelled) to dip his fingers in the water and to make the sign of the cross on the bared womb. Cases of this " pre-natal " baptism of a child were not common, but they did occur and have been recorded. Yet another fantastic practice was to drink wine into which had been placed minute pieces of red thread as the hour of birth drew near. Difficult delivery has also been " relieved " or " assisted " by nine virgins ringing nine peals on the church bell. The conditions were that the virgins had all to be named Mary and that the bell-rope should be held with their teeth when the peals were rung. A husband, in some districts, would likewise assist his wife by putting his hat on her head during delivery, while another palliative lay in the lifting and turning over of a church-roof tile. One can understand and appreciate the fear in the minds of those credulous country-women who, in the absence of anything even remotely approaching a national medical service, seemed to have had only two other alternatives : death or an eleventh-hour approach to a witch-doctor.

Village lore in Portugal seems to have been related to all manner of things : to cats and other animals, to oxen, to the fertilising properties of water, to the colour red, to the sun, the moon and the stars, and to the all-important events of birth, marriage and death. Even common or garden saliva and garlic had " magic " properties. It was a practice at one time to put saliva and ashes on the mouth of a child suffering from impetigo, but impetigo is a dirty disease and can only be checked and prevented by clean personal habits. Similarly, quinine is a more effective remedy for fever than a prescription of water gathered from seven different (and, probably, dirty) springs.

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Lore relating to death is based on three conceptions, each primitive : that a body is ceremonially unclean, that the dead persecute the living, and that the very presence of death is harmful to the living. Thus the practice among the country-people was to burn the mattress or bed on which the man died, to throw away all water in the house lest the soul remained and washed in it, and to open the windows of his house to facilitate the departure of the soul. As an added precaution the windows of adjoining houses as well were opened. Relatives assembled around the dying and whispered messages to be taken to dead friends and acquaintances and written messages were put in the pockets of the clothes of those dying as confirmation, presumably, of the whispered greetings. A garland of roses commended the soul to God and an offering of bread protected it from evil vapours. Everything that could be done was done to facilitate and speed the departure of the soul and to prevent its return.

There are many little village customs which might well be preserved. Little danger can result from the practice of making the sign of the cross over the water in which a newly-born baby is first washed. There is a pleasant thought, too, behind the practice of putting a coin into the water in the hope that the infant grows up hard-working and industrious, and some imagination is shown by throwing away the water inside the house in the case of a girl and outside in the case of a boy, "for a woman finds happiness in the home while a man seeks it abroad". There are hundreds of little practices and customs and beliefs of this kind. No one can possibly object to lovers consulting the cuckoo when wanting to know the right time to marry—like the little four-line verses of the village communities, such ideas rank among the wild flowers of the garden of charms, amulets, spells, incantations and invocations. These verses are dying out, together with many of the pleasanter traditional beliefs and customs, but there remains a people richly gifted by nature and it is but a matter of time and patience before a new harvest is gathered, stored and preserved by the Portuguese Government. A museum for that purpose has been erected at Belem, near Lisbon. It was from that one-time royal village that Portuguese ships set out and proved the roundness of the uppermost of "seven flat earths". At Belem the village green is flanked by pink wash-houses and arcades. In the middle of the green stands the statue of Affonso d'Albuquerque, the great

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Portuguese colonial governor of the Middle Ages. From 1501 to 1505 six expeditions left Belem. One of the fleets was commanded by Vasco da Gama. His tomb lies in one of the chapels of the convent and near his tomb is that of Luis de Camoens, the great Portuguese narrative poet to whom the homeland was the greatest of a number of inspiring passions. Among flowering trees Albuquerque looks out to sea over the river.

Somewhere between the genius of Camoens and the unpremeditated art of the authors of the village quatrains lies the true genius of a people that produced Albuquerque, Henry the Navigator, and the Holy Constable of Aljubarotta, Nun' Alvares. Lofty and spacious pavilions of the museum at Belem give visitors the impression they are not inside a building but in the multi-coloured rectangle of the six great traditional provinces of Portugal, the home of the weaver, the potter, the peasant, the fisherman, the woman who puts a coin in her baby's bath and who once upon a time sang :—

“ When I was unwed,  
O the ribbons and the laces.  
Now each arm instead  
A fair babe embraces.”

\* \* \*

The ways and the minds of the Portuguese are extremely hard to fathom. Outside the only two big cities of Lisbon and Oporto they are a fundamentally pastoral people whose original Lusitanian culture has been moulded, twisted and overlaid by a bewildering variety of visitors who brought with them new gods, new languages and new points of view from ancient Greece and the Near East, from Rome and from North Africa. Strangers since time immemorial have poured into that part of the Peninsula which we now know as Portugal either as invaders or settlers, and it is remarkable that Portugal has remained predominantly agricultural and pastoral and that it has retained its first culture. The early Romans introduced the art and the science of colonisation and raised Lisbon and Evora to the front rank of important cities. They were followed by pagan Goths who espoused the faith of a Christianity which emerged rather than grew during the Roman occupation. The Goths were followed by Arabic-speaking peoples, Moors, Berbers, Arabs and their like, from North Africa. They

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arrived at the beginning of the eighth century or less than 100 years after the birth of Islam. They remained in Portugal for fully 500 years, their occupation embracing the whole of the Algarve and most of the districts of Alemtejo and southern Estremadura. Bearing in mind the fundamental backwardness of the Portuguese country-folk, it is ironic to think that they have witnessed the development of Lisbon as a great world capital, Silves (in the Algarve) as a foremost centre of Arabic culture, Evora as one of the leading centres of art, literature and music during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and yet have remained wedded to their simple practices, customs and beliefs, the majority pagan in origin, however devoutly Christian they have become, some indicative of the methods by which the Christian church fought the evils of witchcraft and the art and science of magic, others which illustrated the great fear they had of birth and death, and some which have been inspired by an imagination which is both poetical and natural. The peasants watched a great Roman Empire rise and fall. They had a night and a day, as it were, of administration by Goths, who streamed in from northern and central Europe and, under Moorish rule, they witnessed an influx of Yemenites, Egyptians and people from Damascus. The devils of the old religions became the gods of the new in swift succession in the Portuguese countryside. One must expect the Devil, then, to crop up in a variety of ways and in many disguises in Portuguese country lore. He does. He is both faun and fairy, he is personified in the "wicked" women who professed that they "rode at night with Diana", in the red master wearing a scarlet cap, and in the "Jans", the women of sorts for whom the Algarvios for generations put out flax and bread overnight on the hearth.

Animism, a conception that rivers, rocks, hills and the like have life of their own, disappeared from Portuguese lore with the development of Christianity, but even to-day, it is maintained by some of the country-people that beings connected with or derived from an ancient race who peopled the world before mankind still haunt ruined cities and castles and lurk in caves and at the bottom of the wells; the *Mouras Encantadas*, perhaps, enchanted Moorish princesses, mermaids in form, who emerge from their hiding-places on the eve of St. John, spinning or weaving with golden thread or combing their hair with golden combs, custodians for the rest of the year of the treasures left in



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the Peninsula by the Moors when they were forcibly expelled in the thirteenth century. How are these people related to the "Ginn" of Arab or Moorish belief? For the Arabs have a similar conception of a race, not wholly bad, lying midway between men and the angels, living for hundreds of years in a great mountain chain that encompassed the uppermost of seven flat earths and, like the *Mouras Encantadas* of Portuguese belief, inhabiting ruined houses, cities, rivers and wells. The good "Ginn," of course, followed or embraced Islam, the bad were infidel, "Sheytans" or devils made of fire, whereas the angels were made of light. Of both classes, good or bad, the Arabs and the Moors stood in awe. The "Ginn" were supposed to pervade the solid matter of the earth as well as the firmament, and it was a common practice, even in the late nineteenth century, for an Arab when pouring water on the ground to beg the pardon of any lurking "Ginn" before doing so. The "Ginn" inhabited desert whirlwinds of sand and dust. They assumed the shapes of cats and dogs and other animals. They perched on the rooftops of houses and threw bricks and stones into streets and alleyways, but, like the Moorish princesses, they were not really maleficent.

But to connect, or endeavour to connect, Portuguese lore with that of the Moor or the Arab, is pure speculation. The Moor says "Poor Ginn" in much the same way as the people of the Algarve say "*Pobre Jan*," or we at home say "Poor Devil." Both peoples were obsessed by the "Evil Eye," in Portuguese, the "*Mau Olhado*" which the tourist sees painted on the sardine boats at Caparica. Peasants of the Near East go to great lengths to protect their children and themselves from the evil eye. Some of them, on seeing anyone staring at their children or seeming thereby to envy them, will deliberately cut off pieces of the children's clothes. The fragments are then burnt with salt to which has been added alum and coriander seed. The ashes are then sprinkled over the children immediately the sun begins to set. Alum and little shells were suspended from children's caps as charms against the evil eye much in the way in which (to this day) little charms and amulets can be purchased in the bigger towns against hurt, real or imaginary. A mirror, or piece of looking glass, is one common to most races on the principle, doubtless, that any piece of glass which is strong enough to reflect and to repel light is surely powerful enough to

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ward off the evil and the envious eye. There are other customs common to the Portuguese and the races who occupied their country, but a real link cannot be established. Both the early Roman and the North African Moor left their traces in the Peninsula, the former in their architecture and their roads and the latter in their literature, the alphabet, astronomy and methods of reckoning. Evora, for example, shows distinct traces of both Roman and Moorish building styles, while many Arabic words have been absorbed by the Portuguese and are in use to this day in almost their pure form, and it would be very surprising if some part of Portuguese country lore is not of foreign origin. What is remarkable, though, is the way in which invading civilisations, the great language and literature of the Arabs, for example, passed over the heads of the indigenous Portuguese and left them much as they were at the outset of the occupation ; a people wedded to superstition and in themselves a fertile field for the practice of witchcraft and magic, driven to the wearing of amulets and walking, even on the night of Saint John, in some fear still of those supernatural beings, werewolves and the like, in whom a pre-Christian cult has been personified.

The peasants will wear amulets of toads' legs, the heads of bats and snakes, and of rosemary, lavender, broom, jet, coral, stone, iron and steel. They are suspended as well from doors and windows and there is to be contended with a belief (still held) that either the seventh son or daughter is fated to turn into a werewolf unless special precautions are taken at birth. One can view the issues at stake quite dispassionately and argue that magic, whether an art or a science, is being discredited, and like many of the customs which are gradually passing out of favour, is being looked upon as an unsuccessful experiment. One knows what the majority of the country-people know, namely, that the doctrines of witchcraft and magic are the very antitheses of the Christian religion, but there remains a conviction that running through all Portuguese village lore is a deep-rooted fear complex. This is the fear of severe illness and the fear of dying. It is exemplified in thousands of beliefs and practices and it must have arisen from a complete lack of confidence in the capacity of the State to cater for the needs of a countryman who has fallen upon evil times or who is facing death from sickness. It is all very well to sneer at a simple-minded peasant when he states that he has

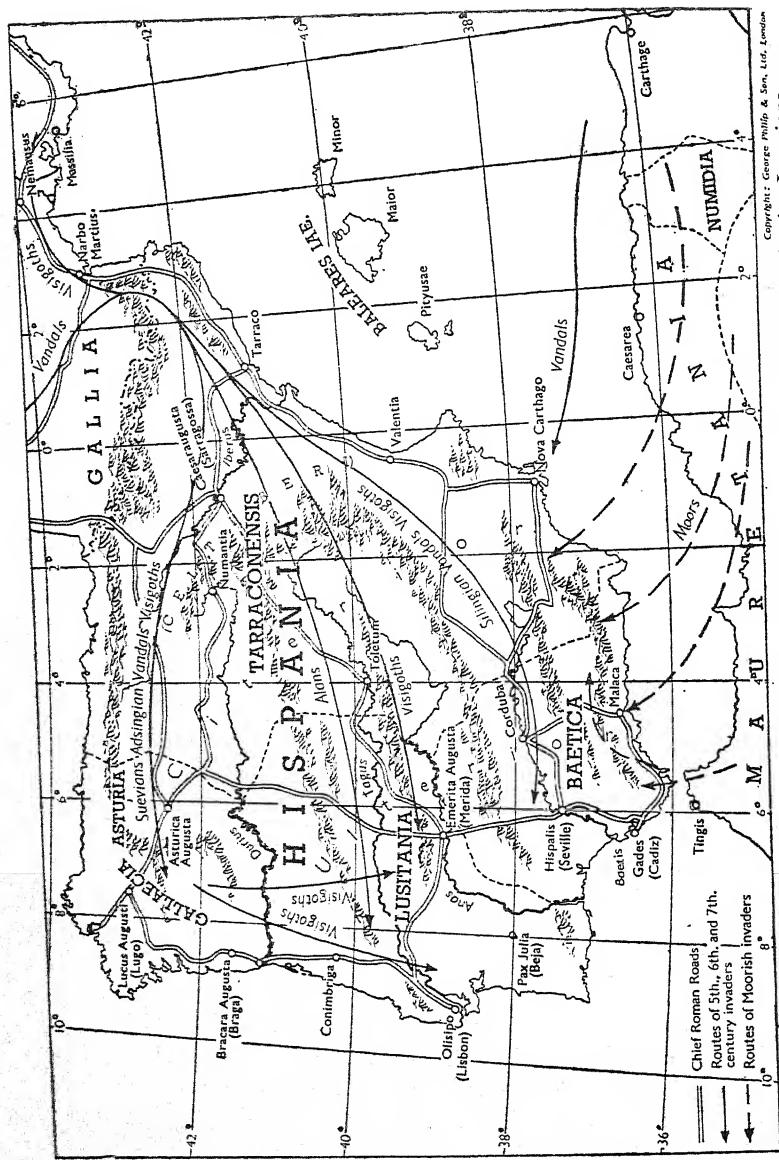
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seen a witch fly away as a black sparrow after the untimely death of a young child or that witches can be heard in the small hours of a Tuesday or a Friday, but even country priests have been known to resort to village belief to protect themselves and their parishioners from evil. Fear is the direct outcome of poverty and ill-health and it is unfortunate that an otherwise fine and mainly good-humoured body of people—the cream and flower of the nation they have been called—should have been so woefully neglected for so long. Happily, at the head of the Portuguese Government is a Prime Minister who is himself country-born and country-bred.

<sup>1</sup> *romarias* are pilgrimages.

<sup>2</sup> *festas* are holidays.





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Fig. 3—The Iberian Peninsula showing Roman Provinces and the Routes of the Barbarian Invasions.

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## CHAPTER IV

### BACKGROUND TO HISTORY

IBERIA, the name by which the Peninsula is known, is Greek. The Mediterranean Sea in which the Phœnicians established colonies and trading posts, Carthage among them, is the ancient *Mare Internum*. As all schoolchildren know, it is bounded on the north by Europe, on the east by Asia, on the south by Africa, and it communicates with the Atlantic by the Strait of Gibraltar, with the Black Sea by the Dardanelles, the Sea of Marmora and the Bosphorus, and with the Red Sea by the Suez Canal. Great rivers flow into it: Ebro, Rhone, Po, Arno, Tiber and Nile. It was the Phœnicians who first brought about a community of its peoples. At the eastern end of the Mediterranean their development since the foundation of two of the oldest cities in the world, Damascus and Tyre, is the story of the Bible of the Old Testament. Famous personalities illustrate it: the Pharaohs, the soldier Thutmoses, King David who conquered Damascus in 1000 B.C., Sennacherib and Nebuchadnezzar, both of whom besieged Tyre, Cyrus of Persia, Alexander the Great, Pompey and Herod, who was given Hauran twenty-three years before Christ was born. On the other hand, the western end, although it produced the first great western world powers, Portugal and Spain, is shrouded in mystery as though a great "iron curtain" had been hung out from the Pyrenees over the whole of the interior of the Peninsula and, ethnologically, little is known of the descent of its people. A great deal must be conjectured and it may be unwise to state, for example, that the first "Iberians" were of Mediterranean stock. But traces of Mediterranean men have been found in the basin of the Tagus. They were survivors, possibly, of the period that followed the disappearance of the last of the great icefields that at one time covered part of Europe, or of life that may have existed between preceding glacial formations. After 3000 B.C., the date of the emergence of Egypt as the first world state, other Mediterraneans appear to have settled in the Peninsula. A thousand years later others arrived and from traces of them that have been discovered it appears that they were taller and bigger in every respect

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than their predecessors. They possessed cattle, they farmed and they grew corn. Other Mediterraneans followed them.

The Phœnicians were a remarkable people. The date of their arrival in the Peninsula has not been established, but, by 1200 B.C., they were trading in a big way at Cadiz. Phœnician stock is to be found in Portugal at Caparica, at Peniche, at Ovar and elsewhere along its Atlantic sea-board. The Phœnicians were the first intermediaries, miners and navigators who came from a small but fertile stretch of coastal country stretching northwards from Tyre. Mineral wealth was their target and no danger seemed to them to be too great if they were rewarded by the discovery of gold and silver. In search of gold they penetrated the Arabian Desert and examined the cliffs of the Red Sea and the Ethiopian coast. Their ships were to be found in the Indian Ocean and in the Atlantic, and at one period the Tyrian flag floated simultaneously on the coast of Britain and the shores of Ceylon. They gave the world of the west its first knowledge of the alphabet, of astronomy, of reckoning and weights and measures. They were pantheists and, like the early Lusitanians, the first "Portuguese," they worshipped the forces of nature and believed in the guiding influence of the sun, the moon and the planets. There is still a trace of undefined pantheism in the Portuguese of to-day.

Phœnician maritime enterprise coincided with the decline and fall of the Egyptian Empire in 1380 B.C. Colonies were planted everywhere in the Mediterranean and from small exporters of the wares of the Egyptians and the Assyrians they became either manufacturers or carriers of everything that was prized or sought after, above all Tyrian purple, a luxury indispensable to the pomp of sacerdotal and imperial ceremonial: "Wealth poured into their coffers". Their sailors either settled in or traded with Sicily, Rhodes, Cyprus, Malta, Sardinia and Elba. Reaching the Peninsula they joined the west with the east.

Phœnician policy was governed by profit. In dealing with primitive peoples they stole or bartered. In more civilised countries they traded. From the eleventh to the eighth centuries B.C. their influence on the Mediterranean area, and hence on the later development of civilisation, was remarkable and out of all proportion to their numbers. Their industries produced glass, purple and ivory, and by applied art the traditional wares of Egypt and Babylon.

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Lead, ore, skins and furs of the west were exchanged for oil, wine, perfumes, copper-goods, glass, spices and textiles of the east. Commerce was their life-blood and dominated even their religion. Their own loosely-federated "city-states" were often in dispute, but in external affairs they were invariably ready to submit to any foreign power able to guarantee their economic and religious freedom. They were the intermediaries of the great ancient powers of Egypt, Assyria, Persia, Macedonia and Rome, and as such they reached the Andalusia of Spain and the Algarve of Portugal. There was a steady traffic which began in the second millennium before Christ and did not wane until the Roman defeat of Carthage in the first Punic War. Some stayed in Portugal and Spain. Others traded only and proceeded northwards, braving the gales of the Bay of Biscay and taking the full brunt of the Atlantic as they approached the tin islands of Great Britain. Phœnician influence on the subsequent development of the Portuguese people as a race is a matter for conjecture. The name of the Phœnicians survives in Portugal in the modern Peniche, a fishing town on Cape Carvoeiro, due east of the walled village of Obidos on the Coimbra-Lisbon road, and their blood runs in the inhabitants of Povoá de Varzim, Ovar and Aveiro. The crescent-shaped boats used by the fishermen of Caparica, in whom there is also a Phœnician strain, are of Phœnician origin and there may have been, therefore, Phœnician blood in the Portuguese navigators of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, 2,000 years later. But the Phœnicians did not go inland and they could not have been aware of what was taking place behind the curtain veiling the interior.

It was during the sixth century B.C., when Tyrian trade was reaching its peak, that the Celts, a predominant element in central and western Europe before the rise of the Romans, succumbed to the call of the setting sun and streamed westwards and across the Pyrenees. They were dark-complexioned tribes who had settled in Gaul, but they may have included a Gaelic element, forerunners, possibly, of the traditionally fair-haired and blue-eyed men and women who are occasionally to be seen in some parts of northern Portugal. The "black" Celts merged with indigenous Iberians, and as "Celtiberi" they came to occupy an inland district covering most of the present south-western part of Aragon and the northern and eastern districts of modern Castile. They were also living at



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the source of the Guadalquivir river. While this tribal transformation was taking place the Phœnicians were calling in at peninsular bays and other accessible inlets, some founding and settling in the city that lies buried beneath a long, sandy promontory jutting out before the modern town of Setubal but the majority moved on in search of trade.

Other tribes, ethnically quite different, were living between the Minho and Douro rivers and between the Douro and the Tagus. They were the Callæci and the Lusitanians respectively. Both were hill-folk and distantly related, the former dominating territory which became the founder-province of Portugal, Entre Minho e Douro, and parts of the wild and mountainous *Tras-os-Montes*, and the latter seeking shelter and inaccessibility on the slopes of the Herminian mountain range as the *Serra da Estrela* was then called.

Lusitanian tribesmen, who also occupied country on the south bank of the Tagus, spoke Celtic of sorts and fought after the manner of the Iberians. They used the Ibero-African shield in defence and the Iberian dart in attack. They were essentially hill-men, bold raiders and capable of withstanding severe hardships in the field, and it was as such they became known to the Roman legionaries who invaded the Peninsula immediately after their defeat of Carthage.

The Portuguese themselves regret not having a greater and more detailed knowledge of their ancestry. Huts, some of them circular and of Celtic influence, and others elliptical and rectangular in the Iberian style, have been discovered in Entre Minho e Douro and in other districts in central and southern Portugal. One hundred and fifty huts, ringed by three protecting walls, have now been preserved by the Portuguese as the "dead" city of Citania near Guimaraes. It is situated on the steep slopes of the hill of Sao Romao which now overlooks the fields, vineyards and cultivated lands of the basin of the little River Ave. Two huts were reconstructed during the latter part of the last century. Each contains one living room measuring about five yards across. Families slept together on straw and the few head of cattle that constituted the family wealth was accommodated in small adjoining outhouses. Roman historians have given fuller and more vivid descriptions of the early "Portuguese" tribesmen and their mode of life in

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the Dark Ages, and while they have referred particularly to the Callaeci their reports have a bearing also on the life of the hardier and more adventurous Lusitanians. Some fifty tribes, or thereabouts, seem to have dwelt north of the Tagus. They were fruit-growers and they possessed cattle. They also had gold and silver. They were constantly at war with one another, and combined, they engaged their rivals south of the Tagus, and when fighting they tied their long hair in a band across the forehead. They lived on acorn bread, drank mainly water, and used butter for oil and a red salt which whitened when powdered. Mass sacrifices were occasionally organised and goats were sacrificed to their "God of War." All condemned to death were hurled from rocks, and parricides were stoned. They wore black woollen cloaks and usually slept in them, used articles for barter or pieces of unformed silver instead of money, and when foregathered for a feast they performed round dances to the music of the flute and the horn. Theirs was an extremely hard, adventurous and precarious existence.

The first great Lusitanian was Viriatus. He was a hillman of the Serra da Estrela, originally a shepherd and then a hunter, and after that, according to Livy, a bandit who became the general of a "veritable army" which occupied the whole of Lusitania. In Viriatus the mountain tribes living along the backbone of Portugal threw up the "Man of the Hour" in much the same way as Roman-recorded British history reports the emergence as leaders of the man Caractacus and the woman Boadicea. Viriatus engaged and put to flight five Roman generals and their armies and at one period he was in control of the whole of the south and west of the Peninsula from Oporto to Murcia. The tribesmen he led and transformed in part into a disciplined force were independently-minded clansmen, natural fighters, but they were not united. All Lusitanian tribal federations tended to break up as a result of an inability to work or live or fight in harmony for long. They were "astute, nimble and fickle" according to the Romans, but they were individually brave men.

Viriatus went to the forefront as a potential leader following an engagement in which very few Lusitanians escaped massacre. The fight took place in 147 B.C. He then appealed to them to ignore Roman promises and he urged all of them of whatever tribe or

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clan to fight as a combined force. He put himself forward as their leader. They responded, and for a while they achieved for them, an unusual degree of unity. Viriatus armed his infantry with spears, darts and stones and his mounted troops were equipped with swords and daggers and defensive shields and leather helmets. Viriatus' cry was from the heart, but it was supported in the field by good performance in the art of guerilla tactics and the carrying out of swift movements, deep raiding and sham retreats. On one attack on the Romans Viriatus had a force of only 1,000. Under his inspiring leadership the force withdrew as if in retreat but turned so swiftly that the professional Roman soldiers were demoralised. Viriatus killed many Romans himself that day. On another occasion his men cut to pieces 4,000 of a Roman army numbering 10,000. During 146 B.C. and 145 B.C., he defeated many other Roman armies with the utmost ease and he presented the Army Command with a serious problem. Fifteen thousand recruits were raised, trained and sent to the forward areas. Viriatus engaged the main body and employing the tactics by which he was fast becoming a legendary figure, he fell upon the Romans and once again heavily defeated them. That victory gave him control of a big area. Celtiberi tribesmen joined him and, together, a force of 6,000 Lusitanians and Celtiberi annihilated an enemy army of 18,000 infantry and 2,000 mounted troops.

Viriatus' spectacular career reached its climax during the Roman blockade of a southern provincial city then called Erisana. Viriatus entered it under cover of darkness and attacked the Romans from within the city as they were entrenching themselves outside its walls. The attack was successful, but instead of destroying his enemy and thereby putting "perhaps even Roman power in the Peninsula" at his mercy, he allowed the Romans to treat for terms for reasons that are not clear. It may be that his men had grown tired of campaigning and wanted to withdraw from fighting which could have brought them little profit and little publicised prestige. They were hillmen with both work and family ties and their land, such as it was, had become neglected. Viriatus, too, was a strategist as well as a soldier. He may have thought his position unassailable in the military sense or he might have argued that in the long run organised Rome was bound to win. He may have been disturbed by internal weaknesses and he himself may have wearied of success. Whatever the motive which inspired him he permitted the beaten

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Romans to treat for terms. His were explicit enough ; he wanted for himself the richly fertile southern province then called Baeturia and in return he promised to release the Roman army. Its commander agreed to Viriatus' conditions. Viriatus was given Baeturia and the news of his clemency was conveyed to Rome where tribute was duly paid to the Lusitanian shepherd who had turned general. But his personal triumph was short-lived. A little later, either in 141 B.C. or two years after (the year is uncertain), he was murdered in his sleep by assassins hired by Rome. His forces then disintegrated.

The military career of Viriatus is one of the great romances of early Peninsular history. There is little really known about him and the few records that have survived have probably enhanced the romantic side of his character. He has been described as the Hannibal of the Iberians and by all accounts he was a great military leader. The picture of him that one forms is that of a man given to short and incisive speech yet with a genius for allegory. One can imagine him leaning on his spear after a fight or resting in his headquarters in the mountain fastnesses of the great boulder-strewn Serra. He seems to have lived simply and to have scorned self-indulgence even if he permitted it in others. It is said of him that at his own wedding feast he took a little bread and meat only. His men celebrated his death by marching around the flames of a great funeral pyre chanting his virtues and achievements. The effect his character had upon early Lusitanian and Celtiberi tribesmen cannot be properly assessed, but it is doubtful whether he would have ever succeeded in permanently binding together those two conflicting races. His career in battle compelled the admiration of Rome, and the nature of his death is a tribute to the awe in which he was held by the Romans. His place in early Peninsular history is assured. He was like Pergamus in Asia Minor, Eunus, Athenion and Salvius in Sicily, Spartacus in Italy and Caractacus in Britain. Effective resistance to the Romans ended with his death. There was no one to replace him.

\* \* \*

The Romans had long prepared for war before their invasion of the Peninsula. Mines were either nationalised or state-owned and miners, smelters, cutlers and other war-workers were directly or indirectly employed by the State, thus enabling Rome to

## GATEWAY TO GREATNESS

build up the most efficient armoury the world had then seen. War prisoners and slaves swelled the ranks of the working classes, and the majority of them were put to work in the manufacture of weapons of war, swords, spears, arrows, darts, shields and the battering rams without which city walls could not be breached. A formidable traffic in the sale of prisoners into slavery was promoted. Surplus mouths were disposed of by the simple process of mass-murder. At the capture of Tarentum by the Romans in 209 B.C. over 30,000 prisoners were subsequently sold as slaves, and in one Sardinian campaign between 80,000 and 100,000 of the local population were either massacred or sold as slaves.

Roman Britain and the Peninsula under the Roman occupation were analogous. Conquest of neither was easy. Although Julius Cæsar made two attempts to subdue Britain in 56 B.C. and 55 B.C., respectively, success was not achieved by the Romans until A.D. 43, when Colchester was taken by the Emperor Claudius in person. The Romans remained in force in Britain until A.D. 410 when a rescript was issued by Emperor Honorius to British civic municipalities withdrawing laws forbidding the carrying of arms by those not in the Imperial service. Fifty-five British cities and walled towns received that doubtful blessing. But the Romans left behind them in Britain roads that ran over hills and through dense woods and swampy marshland with seeming indifference. Elegant villas, public baths, pump rooms, theatres, temples, aqueducts and sewers were built. Forests were cleared and land reclaimed. Fens were drained and the course of rivers diverted as part of Roman agrarian policy. The Romans worked and smelted copper. They opened mines in Montgomeryshire, Shropshire, Sussex, Kent and in the Forest of Dean in Gloucestershire. Pottery was made on the Medway near Sheerness and in Northamptonshire and glass was manufactured near Brighton.

During the Roman occupation the population of Britain rose to the (then) unprecedented figure of 10,000,000, but while the people were strengthened intellectually they were spiritually exhausted and quite unable to defend themselves against Saxons, Jutes and Angles whose arrival by sea in great migratory waves from northern Europe followed the fall of the Romans and their departure from Britain.

Roman occupation traced a similar path in the Peninsula and produced similar results. Militarily their penetration became

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steadily progressive and irresistible immediately the assassination of Viriatus had destroyed all traces of unity among the Lusitanian and Celtiberi tribesmen. Under Decimus Junius Brutus they fortified Lisbon—Olisipo as it was called—and marched northwards, making roads as they proceeded. The river Douro was crossed and the southern bank of the river Lima was reached without serious interference. During the period of conquest only one other movement towards independence was mounted and this was inspired and led, ironically enough, by a Roman, the jurist, orator, politician and soldier, Quintus Sertorius. A native of Murcia, Sertorius fought under Marius in the Peninsula in 97 B.C. Six years later he was a Quæstor in Cisalpine Gaul. During the civil war in 88 B.C. he joined Marius and fought against Rome. He was a prætor in 83 B.C. and subsequently governed the Roman province of "Hither Spain" but was eventually obliged to flee to northern Africa. He developed his personal campaign against Rome during his exile in the African province of Mauretania and returning to the Peninsula he became, in 80 B.C., the leader of the Lusitanians, and in that capacity he achieved a quite remarkable personal popularity, becoming, in effect, a second "Viriatus." He died as Viriatus died, murdered in an act of treachery in 72 B.C. Viriatus and Sertorius were much alike. They were personally brave and they were skilful generals. In all probability Sertorius was inspired by personal ambition. Or he may have detected the writing on the Roman wall and have sought to perpetuate through the channel of Lusitanian nationalism all that was basically sound in Rome in a great independent Roman-fashioned Empire of the West. Like the Lusitanian Viriatus he defeated many Roman armies by clever exploitation of Lusitanian strategy and courage. The degree of personal popularity he attained in Lusitania was double-edged though. And it was proof of the extent to which Roman methods had been accepted as invincible by the early Portuguese.

It fell to Cæsar, making his second visit to the Peninsula in 49 B.C., finally to place the stamp of Rome on the native races. Centres of civilisation were established. Roman colonies were created. Over thirty towns and cities were made tributary; Lisbon was accorded full Roman rights, Evora was honoured and Beja and other cities which have become famous in Portuguese history were founded. By 26 B.C. the Roman occupation of the Peninsula was complete. Propaganda campaigns accompanied the flag and trade

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followed in its wake. The native population, as in Britain, was infiltrated with the story of the glory of Rome, her institutions and her mode of living. All were encouraged to aspire to the Roman ideal. And as in Britain, so in ancient Portugal were built villas, temples, public baths, aqueducts and main drainage systems. A sixty-arched bridge was erected over the Tagus and another great bridge with centre spans measuring ninety feet was assembled at Alcantara. A theatre and a circus big enough to accommodate an audience of 25,000 were built, roads were made to run "with seeming indifference" over barriers hitherto looked upon as impassable and monuments and mosaics became an eternal tribute to the culture and the craftsmanship of Rome.

But Rome degenerated into a society based upon slavery and governed by a stay-at-home, effete and corrupt aristocracy. Its decline and fall were inevitable. Just as Saxons, Jutes and Angles invaded Romanised Britain so did other barbarians pour into the Peninsula in search of loot and living-space. Vandals who took the northerly route across Europe were among the first to arrive. Their entry was conditioned by their agreement to protect a waning Roman influence against subsequent raiders. The Vandals (naturally) did not keep their promise. Alans, a lesser, non-Germanic people, migrated westwards with them. They seized a big part of Lusitania, while Silingian Vandals acquired the province of Baetica. Suevians, or Swabians, under Hermeric, shared Galicia with Asdingian Vandals. Then Goths reached the Peninsula, first a western variety and then a more powerful kind, the Visigoths, gentlemen-bandits, kinsmen of Ostrogoths who eventually over-ran the whole of Italy. The Goths also needed living space. They forced the Vandals to leave the Peninsula for North Africa and, staying on themselves, they plunged the Peninsula into a chaos that was both social and economic. It was also psychological, and old gods became new devils in a bewildering sequence. The Swabians absorbed the Asdingian Vandals and created a tight little kingdom for themselves in the extreme coastal north-west. Even the Visigoths created an Empire of a kind, but it was short-lived and collapsed "overnight" after twenty-five years' duration. Its breakdown from internal weakness permitted a Moslem occupation of the Peninsula that was to endure in Portugal for 500 years.

The Barbarian Empire of A.D. 525 included a Britain occupied by Jutes south of the Thames and by Anglo-Saxons north of the

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river to the Roman-built Wall of Hadrian. North of the Wall were the turbulent Picts and Scots of the Kingdom of Caledonia. Jutes, who had over-run Kent and Essex, held Denmark. Saxon tribesmen possessed nearly the whole of western Germany. The great Empire of the Franks sprawled across the greater part of France. It included the modern "Benelux" group but did not embrace the land-locked Kingdom of Burgundy from which came Count Henry, the father of the founder of modern Portugal. In the Peninsula, in the north-west, the Swabians were occupying the territory formerly held by the primitive Callaeci tribesmen. A small Romanised-Lusitania existed. The rest of the Peninsula, fully eighty per cent. of it, constituted the short-lived empire of the Visigoths. Vandals who had preceded Goths from Europe into the Peninsula were holding a part of North Africa which is now Tunisia and in part Tripolitania.

Three hundred years later, at the death of Charlemagne in A.D. 814, an English Kingdom had been formed. The empire of the Franks had swollen. Barbarian Swabia had become Christian Asturias, the small, mountainous "pocket of resistance" from which sprang the re-conquest of the Peninsula in the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Spreading over the remainder of the Peninsula was the Moslem Ommayyad Emirate of Cordova. This obliterated all that had been Roman-Lusitania, Roman-Celtiberia and the Empire of the Visigoths. Stretching ominously along the whole of the southern bank of the Mediterranean Sea was the western flank of the great Caliphate of the powerful rival Moslem Abbasides. It embraced most of the North African littoral, the Sahara, Egypt and the land bridge east of it between the Nile and the Euphrates.

It is relevant to inquire into the birth and spread of the Christian faith in the Peninsula. Its introduction had its roots in the teaching, writings and travels of the men of Judæa. Its greatest exponent was Saul the Jew who became Paul the Apostle on the road to Damascus. Paul, a tent-maker by trade, a member of the Jewish tribe of Benjamin, but by birth a Roman citizen enjoying Roman privileges, may have visited the Peninsula, possibly clandestinely, accompanied by James. But whether he visited the Peninsula or not his brilliant authorship and the story of his death as a martyr at the hands of Nero would have reached the mixed races of the



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Iberian Peninsula. Paul died in A.D. 67, but not until A.D. 313 was Christianity officially recognised. Its subterranean growth in the Peninsula to recognition in the fourth century A.D. reached a climax with the conversion of Reccared, the son of the great Visigoth leader, Leogivild, two hundred years later. There was another important conversion to Christianity also in the sixth century which was to have even wider political and historical repercussions.

A young son of a Swabian King became critically ill. This was Theodimir, King Charraric's heir. After other remedial measures had failed the father in desperation invoked the aid of a Christian saint, Martin of Tours, whose tomb had even then become the rallying-point of pilgrims from far afield. Theodimir miraculously recovered and in thanksgiving the father asked for and received relics of St. Martin, and later he founded a church in the name of the Saint on a site near Braga. The calling, in A.D. 561, of the first Christian Council of Braga, marked the turning point in the transformation of the Kingdom of Swabia from an Aryan to a Roman Catholic state and thousands of Swabians embraced the Christian faith. Reccared's conversion led to many conversions among the Visigoths, but however sincere an action his may have been, it came too late to save the Visigoth state from the effects of years of misrule and government by a rich and arrogant baronial class. There were never more than 300,000 Visigoths in the Peninsula at any one time, yet they were able to rule as a minority which treated the legitimate claims of the subject races with the utmost disregard. Two-thirds of their land was taken from them and the majority were subjected to an administration which from the outset was government by a small superior caste based on wholesale slavery and tribal custom. In religion, language and custom the Visigoths alienated themselves from the conquered peoples. Reccared's conversion did a little to narrow the gap between the conquerors and the conquered and an effort was made by the administration to revert to the principles of Roman law. The Visigoth baron-class began to take up the Latin tongue and to adopt the Roman way of life, and the new Church acquired a measure of strength, but government remained unstable and the number of free men declined. The times were bad and when, finally, Arabs and Berbers forming the spearhead of the Islamic thrust from North Africa set foot in the Peninsula they were

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either joined by, or, of greater significance, were not opposed by the people upon whom the Visigoths were dependent for the security of their Empire. Mass desertions took place from the army and the big Empire collapsed almost overnight. There remained, confronting Islam, the much smaller and fortunately remote mountainous Christian Kingdom in the extreme north. This was a pocket of resistance throughout the Moslem occupation and from it developed the re-conquest first of the County and then the Kingdom of Portugal.

\* \* \*

The Moslem occupation can be divided into many phases : the actual invasion, the establishment of Ommayyad rule in A.D. 755, the development of the Kingdom of Swabia as the Christian Kingdom of the Asturias, the beginning of the re-conquest, the first defeats of Moslem forces in battle, the rise and the decline of the Emirate of Cordova, the foundation of the Kingdom of Portugal, the break-up of the Moslem Empire, the coming of the crusaders and the expulsion of Moslem forces from the Peninsula.

The occupation was long and exciting, but at times a wearisome and exhausting process which brought little grist to Islam either in cash or in prestige. It began in a ripple, a tiny "commando" raid, but developed in a series of great waves which swamped and submerged the greater part of Portugal for over 500 years. The flood waters receded leaving a Portuguese nation strongly entrenched among the Christian Kingdoms of the west, a Portuguese language and literature enriched, a number of interesting eastern customs, a rich if fragmentary country lore, great centres of learning at Coimbra and at Silves, some architecture of doubtful value, a race of "Mozarabs"—people made Arabs, that is—far too many mixed marriages, and great stretches of land laid waste. More than 3,000 battles were fought out between the Christians and the Emirs, yet the long struggle, far from leaving the Iberians exhausted, seems to have acted as a tonic and invigorated them as both Portugal and Spain became great world powers.

The long Moslem administration passed through many vicissitudes, and to appreciate more easily some of the difficulties with which it was confronted it may be desirable to revert to the Near East and to cast a passing glance at what was taking place in Damascus and in Baghdad, the headquarters, respectively, of the Ommayyads

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who fought under the white flag of Islam, and the Abbasides, their bitter rivals, who were enrolled under the black. When the Moslem invasion of the Peninsula started, Islam, as a faith, was of very tender age, having been born on September 22, A.D. 622, the Hegira of the Mohammedan race. The white-bannered Ommayyad régime began in Damascus fourteen years later but it endured until A.D. 750 only, when it was uprooted to the last man by the black-bannered Abbasides. The seat of the Moslem world was then transferred from Damascus to Baghdad. It was in the nature of things, then, that the first Arab and Moorish invaders of the Peninsula invariably abided by the judgment of Damascus when in dispute, but it is of greater interest that the Emirate of Cordova, the Peninsular Moslem Government, was Ommayyad, although not established until A.D. 755. Ommayyad rule in the Peninsula followed the pattern of the Near East. The Ommayyads were fundamentally Arabs, good fighting men who had destroyed a Byzantine army on the Yarmuk and had conquered Palestine. In Syria they established themselves as a military aristocracy and they governed as such leaving local bureaucracy (this was Greek in Syria) undisturbed for business reasons, but otherwise making a sharp distinction between members of the ruling class and non-Moslems. Heavy tribute was taken from non-Moslem communities (Greek excepted), but they were otherwise not molested provided they behaved themselves, and it is of significance that they were often employed by their masters. Christian doctors, for instance, were in favour at the Ommayyad court and even the mosaics of the great Mosque at Damascus were the work of Christian craftsmen. As all Moslems were exempt from taxation, proselytism was not encouraged and, therefore, religious interests inevitably clashed with those of the officials who were in charge of the Treasury. But, in the Near East, trade flourished under Ommayyad rule and big and lucrative markets were established in central Asia to make good losses incurred in Byzantium. The Abbasides were a tougher and far more ruthless faction. They defeated the softer Ommayyads with the utmost ease, treated Syria as a conquered province, imposed heavy new taxation and inflicted as well new and rigorous discriminatory legislation on all Christians, Christian Bedoui, for example, being forced to choose between Islam or death. But the Abbasides grew too rich and too lazy and eventually they went the way of their predecessors and degenerated into puppets of Turkish

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Moslem influence. Independent Emirates sprang up in both Syria and in Egypt. Southern Syria became a perquisite of the Fatimid dynasty of Egypt, while the northern part became a stamping ground of the Emirs of Seljuq and, gradually but inevitably, the loosely federated great Moslem Empire disintegrated.

It was against this extraordinary canvas that the Ommayyad Emirate in the Peninsula functioned. It succeeded Moslem rule by governors, none of whom was able to enforce anything remotely approaching a continuity in administrative policy. Under the Ommayyads a separate Moslem State was certainly created in the Peninsula, but great forces were continually gathering against it: an atmosphere of rebellion and strife, underground resistance, economic chaos, religious intrigue, active interference from rivalling Abbasid Moslems in North Africa, attacks from France and deep and ever-lengthening penetrating "re-conquest" raids from the northern pocket of Christianity. Raiding Northmen who attacked the Peninsula by sea added to the mounting tension. Only with the help of standing armies of mercenaries, Lombards, Franks, Russians and their like, was it possible for the Emirate to maintain its hold on the Peninsula.

The invasion lasted three years. The first "commando" raid was carried out in July, A.D. 710. It was an operation by 400 foot-soldiers and 100 horsemen. It was brilliantly successful. In the following year stronger forces were ferried across the Strait in four ships. Gibraltar was taken and a town nearby occupied. The Visigoths hurried south from a campaign in the Basque country and met the combined Arab and Berber force on the road to Cordova. The Visigoth leader was defeated and killed and his army either dispersed or was destroyed. The road to Cordova lay wide open. Some 20,000 Moslems were then landed in an all-out assault. They captured Cordova and through regional governors began the task of subduing the Peninsula.

There were seven Emirs of Cordova of note. The first of them, Abdulrahman, built a number of mosques in Lusitania for Egyptian and Berber settlers and he inspired the great mosque at Cordova. He died in A.D. 787 and was succeeded by one of his sons, Hisham. The latter's reign, which was marked by a rebellion fomented by his two brothers, was distinguished by the first organised attempt to subdue the Asturias. He also carried out successful long-distance

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raids on Narbonne and Carcassonne. He was followed by the Emir al-Hakim in A.D. 796. He was then but twenty-two and, like his predecessor, he was faced with a series of troublesome rebellions. They were put down by characteristic cruelty and ruthlessness. Another Abdulrahman succeeded him in 822 and a third in 912. He also attained the Emirate at the age of twenty-two. Governing largely through a standing army of hired levies, he died self-styled "the Caliph of Baghdad". A book-lover, the scholarly Emir al-Hakim the second, succeeded the soldier-Emirs and under him Cordova was brought to its highest pitch of civilisation. This state did not long survive his death in A.D. 976.

An assessment of the extent of Moslem influence on Iberian peoples and on the Portuguese in particular can be formed, perhaps, by the degree to which Arabic passed into the Portuguese language. The number of words of proved Arabic origin varies according to experts from 400 to as many as 1,000, and they relate to all manner of subjects: to housing, furniture, clothes, trade, agriculture, plant-life, weights and measures of course, food, drink and music. There is in addition the same Arabic scientific vocabulary that is to be found in many other European tongues. There was little or no philosophic intercourse between the Moslems and the Christians, but one interesting sign of the overlapping of civilisations was the very frequent combination of Moslem and Gothic family names. The made-Arabs, the Mozarabs, enjoyed freedom of religion in Cordova and they were able to keep intact their schools and institutions; they embraced the beauty and rich fertility of the Arabic language with such enthusiasm that one contemporary historian was driven to exclaim: "Speak to them of Christian books and they will answer scornfully that such works are unworthy of attention. Supreme grief! The Christians have even forgotten their language and you will hardly find one in a thousand who can write a reasonable Latin letter to a friend. But if you want to write in Arabic you will find a number who can express themselves in the language with every elegance and even compose verse more artistic than that of the Arabs themselves". This was probably the expression of extreme partisanship as, in fact, only the culture of Rome seems to have left a lasting impression on the peoples of the Peninsula.

The Emirate of Cordova threw up one great soldier, a Moslem who ranks with the Lusitanian Viriatus and the Roman Sertorius.

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This was the army commander, Abu Amir Mohammed al-Mansour, prime minister during the emirate of the ten-year-old boy, Hisham the Second, the seventh Emir. He was also the young ruler's tutor and guardian. His great campaigns lasted twenty years, during which his big armies of foot and horse never once suffered a major defeat. This Moslem "Sertorius" died in 1002 after ruling for a quarter of a century. By common consent his skill as a soldier, his rare administrative capacity, his liberality and natural Oriental subtlety put him among the great figures of Peninsular history. It may be asked again what lasting impression, if any, the Moslem occupation had on the development of the mixed Iberians. Neither the early Arab governors nor the Emirs of Cordova were able to bring to their part of the Peninsula what it badly needed, a strong administration not wholly based on force and suppression of individual rights and cruelty. The Ommayyads suffered from the same internal weaknesses that led their opposite numbers in the Near East to succumb to the Abbasides and lose their authority in the great spiritual home of Damascus. The first invading Arabs and Berbers went to the Peninsula as the Vandals and the Goths did—in search of plunder. The Ommayyads introduced the Syrian (and Visigothic) pattern of government by military aristocracy. As in Islam to-day, there was never a middle-class and no attempt was made to create one. The rich enjoyed great wealth, the poor were stricken to the point of destitution. Only at one period did the Emirate of Cordova become a source of cultural inspiration and introduce some of the splendour of the Court of Haroun al-Raschid. There was some intermarriage and, as we have seen, some Arabic passed into the Iberian tongues and has been retained. Some Christian youths acquired a knowledge of Arabic literature, mathematics, astronomy, metaphysics, natural philosophy and medicine, but this cultural influence was confined to a small and well-to-do minority. The deepest impression created has been a Portuguese suspicion of all things Moorish and Arab and the memory, perhaps, of 3,700 battles fought in the Peninsula between Christian and Arab from the tenth to the fifteenth century.

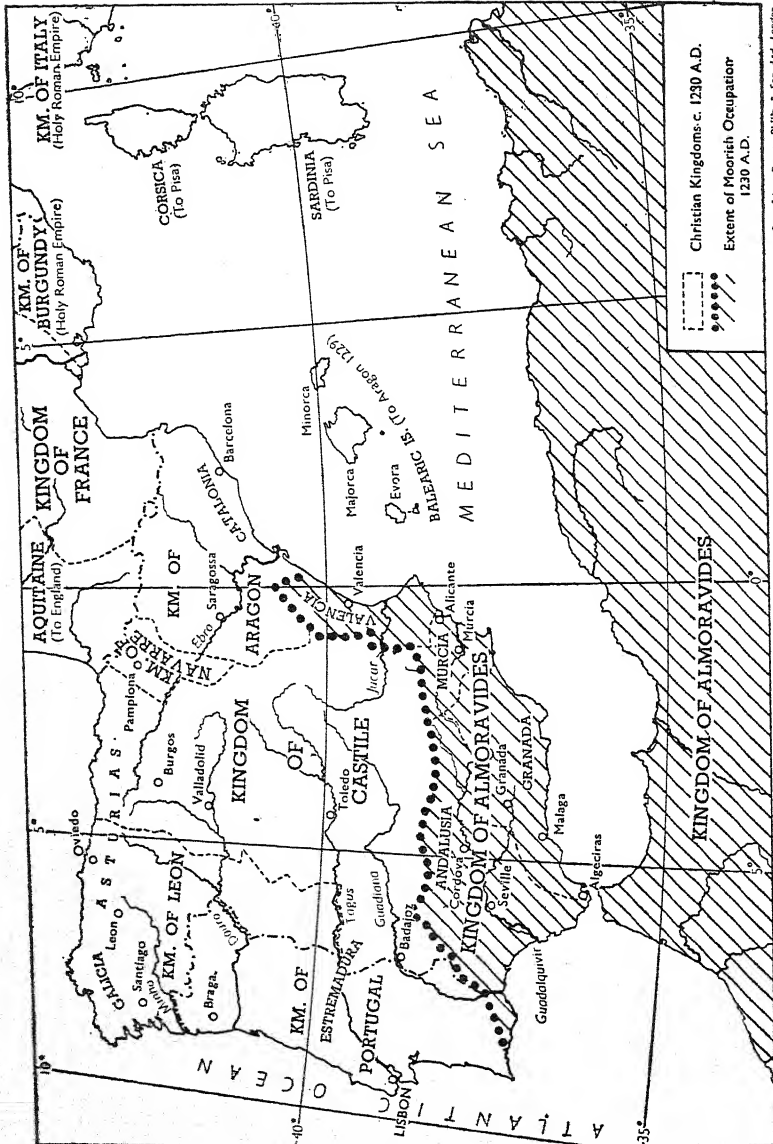
Great armed forces assembled at the east and the west ends of the "Mare Internum". Big empires rose and fell, leaving in their places little states and tribes constantly at war. The rule of all those early administrations was brutal and slavery was the cornerstone of their policies. But no race wholly perished. The

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conquering preserved some of the conquered as slaves and took some of their women as wives and companions. The mixture of race and language is still changing. Thought is being diverted along new channels and with each change, and with the chance discovery of a bone here and there, fresh chapters are being added to the never-ending log of world information. Celt, Phœnician, Greek, Carthaginian, Roman, Vandal, Goth, Arab, Moor, Saracen and Almoravid have all left some traces in the Iberian Peninsula, but none succeeded in eradicating the basic Mediterranean stock from which the Portuguese originally sprang. No race wholly perishes.







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Fig. 4—The Eastern Mediterranean in 1230 showing the Christian Kingdoms and the extent of Moorish Occupation.

## CHAPTER V

### *THE NATION IS BORN*

PORTUGAL WAS born at a battle between small Christian armies led respectively by a woman and her young son. It took place at Sao Mamede, a village near Guimaraes, on July 24, 1128. But before coming to this Portuguese equivalent of "1066," we might with advantage go back to the summer of 1087, when a number of French knights hurried to the Christian north-west of the Peninsula in reply to an appeal for help by Alfonso VI, the King of Leon and self-styled "Lord of the Two Religions". He had been heavily defeated by strong Moslem forces near Badajoz, losing most of his army and barely escaping capture. Among the French were two Burgundian noblemen, Count Raimundo and Count Henry, cousins and relatives of Constanza, the Queen of Alfonso. They were young men of ambition. The Moslem threat passed and most of the French knights left the Peninsula; but Raimundo and Henry stayed on, paying their respects to the King and the Queen, not unmindful of the charms of his two daughters, Urraca and Teresa, the former a legitimate child of Alfonso and Constanza and the latter a natural child by a different mother. In due course Raimundo married Urraca, receiving as his marriage portion the Governorship of the big province of Galicia, lying to the north of the Minho River. Of greater importance, by marrying the elder, legitimate daughter, he placed himself in the direct line of succession to the throne of Leon.

Count Henry, who married Teresa, had to be content, on the other hand, with the "Cinderella" district of the County of Portugal, a narrow tract with uncertain borders lying to the south of the Minho and held in fealty to the Kingdom of Leon. To Henry it may have been a marriage portion of doubtful value, but he prospered, applied himself assiduously to its administration and by 1095 he was able to call himself the Count of Coimbra. Documents dated the following year disclose his authority in the important ecclesiastical centre of Braga and in a part of Tras-os-Montes. By April, 1097, his authority (and probably that of Teresa) extended as far south as the Tagus, or over a greater part of the Lusitania of the

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Roman Peninsular Empire. It will be seen that the country of Portugal was already beginning to take shape. Henry governed shrewdly. He packed his own court with Burgundians, but he did not overlook the interests of the County barons, who for generations had been denied adequate representation by Leon. He appointed them to positions of authority and took care to endow them in accordance with their new status. Privileges in the form of charters were also granted to the people of Guimaraes and Constantim de Panoias, his outpost in Tras-os-Montes. In this way he initiated the system of municipalities and guilds by which the first kings of Portugal endeavoured to weld the nation into a living whole. Neither did he disregard the growing power of the Church. In the winter of 1097-8, for example, he took his wife and their court on a pilgrimage to Santiago and later (it is believed) he paid a clandestine visit to Rome. Count Raimundo was not as successful, either in his administration of Galicia or in the field. Lisbon, Sintra and Santarem, which had been occupied by Leonese forces early in 1093, were all lost by Raimundo. When Henry returned to Portugal (from Rome ?), his cousin's authority did not exist outside Galicia.

The pattern at this stage in the birth of Portugal was in keeping with the spirit of the times. We have the picture of an elderly monarch playing one son-in-law against the other. In the wings were an ailing Queen, the King's mistress, Zaida, a daughter of the Emir of Seville, and their illegitimate offspring, a boy named Sancho. In the foreground there were the two Burgundians and their wives, the daughters of the King. There developed a "traditional" doubt about the legality of the assumption by one (Henry) of territory, the County of Portugal, formerly within the jurisdiction of the other (Raimundo); and even the "documents in the case" were missing . . . They were never discovered and to this day the Portuguese are unable to state with authority whether the King of Leon's gift of the County of Portugal to Teresa was her wedding dowry or whether it was hereditary and sovereign in the sense that it gave her consort the right to secede from her father's kingdom . . . In this atmosphere of family bickering, intrigue and talk of secession, two boys were born : Alfonso Raimundez to Raimundo and Urraca, and Affonso Henriques to Henry and Teresa. Meanwhile Moslem power in the Peninsula was disintegrat-

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ing. Better still, King Alfonso, "The Lord of the Two Religions," had not long to live. The moment seemed at hand for Portugal to break away.

Portugal had already become a "State" within the Kingdom of Leon. Henry stood well with the Church and the local barons. Secession, the break-away from Leon, appeared certain when Queen Constanza suddenly died. Accompanying the news of her death was a rumour that the King was contemplating regularising his association with his mistress. There immediately arose instead the question of succession; neither Raimundo nor Henry could have succeeded had King Alfonso married Zaida. Historians part company when recording this stage of the proceedings, but whatever the nature of the personal relations between Raimundo and Henry, there seems to have been a pact of sorts between them. Henry's own position was weak legally and in the circumstances he is alleged to have agreed to recognise his cousin as King and Emperor of Leon and to have promised him military assistance in the event of attack in return for either Galicia or Toledo. An arrangement, or "gentleman's agreement," between the cousins is therefore understandable, but, whatever its nature, it seems clear that although Count Henry might have been willing to recognise his cousin's authority at a price, he was never at any time unmindful of the aspirations of the people of the County of Portugal.

Fact now replaces conjecture. First, Count Raimundo died and then there occurred the death of King Alfonso. The youth Sancho was killed in a battle. Three years later Count Henry died at Astorgas, leaving four "actors" holding the stage: the two widowed sisters and their boys, Alfonso Raimundez and Alfonso Henriques. The year was 1112.

The characters of the two sisters, or half-sisters as in fact they were, can only be conjectured. Teresa seems to have been the stronger personality. Both were fairly young when their husbands died and for a while both sought a natural diversion from the affairs of state, Urraca in marriage and Teresa in an affair more in keeping with her status as a natural child. She chose a Galician as a companion, a nobleman hand-picked, doubtless for policy reasons, from her sister's court. She recognised her sister's authority, going to the length of dropping the prefix "Queen" she had adopted on the death of her husband and referring to herself more modestly as

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"Infanta". And for a while the sisters lived more or less in harmony. This display of sisterly love deceived very few and least of all the Galician barons who saw in the personality of Teresa a constant threat to the security of Galicia. Accordingly they veered away from the weaker Urraca and grouped themselves instead around the boy Raimundez and began to groom him for the overlordship of Leon. In this the barons were backed by the powerful Bishop of Santiago. Raimundez went by invitation to Santiago, where he was welcomed by the Bishop and given a great reception by the people. His mother, in self-defence, occupied Santiago. Teresa (who could never refrain from meddling in Galician affairs for long) marched on her sister's forces and for a while we have the somewhat unusual spectacle of two women commanding armies in opposition. Teresa had reckoned without the Moors in the south. News of her invasion of Galicia reached them and an army of Almoravids, Berbers, negroes and Andalusian levies "as many as the grains of sand of the sea" marched northwards to Coimbra, destroyed defensive breastworks erected years before by Count Henry and besieged the city for three weeks. The suburbs and part of the centre were sacked and Teresa's forces were defeated with heavy loss. She was present at this siege.

Gradually the two boys became the central characters. Alfonso Raimundez armed himself Knight in the cathedral of Santiago in 1124 and in the following year we find Affonso Henriques doing likewise in the cathedral of Zamora, declaring thereby his independence. Queen Urraca died. Her death presented Teresa with a last opportunity to get back some of the authority she had lost by the defeat of her forces at Coimbra. But instead of supporting her son she seems to have entered into an agreement with her nephew whereby she was confirmed in the possession of her own territories and in return for which she may have agreed to the subordination of Portugal. In fairness to Teresa this latter point is not substantiated, but no other explanation seems feasible. Whatever the exact nature of the agreement it did not last long, as within a few months Raimundez invaded Portugal and, defeating Teresa, forced her to surrender all territory held north of the Minho. The County again became a tributary province of Leon. Affonso Henriques, who had fought independently in defence of the castle of Guimaraes during Raimundez' invasion, adopted the only course that lay open to him and his advisers. He formed a separate government and

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began to collect an army. His mother re-grouped her own forces and, marching on Braga, engaged those of her son at Sao Mamede on July 24, 1128. Teresa was taken prisoner and expelled from Portugal, dying in exile two years later. Then (as the historians say) became a political reality, "the fervent desire for autonomy."

Viriatus was the first great Lusitanian. Sertorius, the Roman, was another outstanding military genius. The third, Affonso Henriques, has become as legendary a character in the history of the Peninsula. If born in 1111, he was only seventeen years of age at Sao Mamede. He was probably a little older than that, but, at the most, he could not have been more than twenty-three when called upon by destiny to create Portugal. We know a little about his parents. We get glimpses of his father as a man of violent temper, as a good soldier and a shrewd diplomat, and of his mother as a headstrong, ambitious, unscrupulous, essentially feminine character, but a woman of courage nonetheless. But we do not know much about the Founder of Portugal or even what he looked like on the morning of Sao Mamede or what his feelings were towards his mother. Little or nothing is known of his early childhood or of his companions, whether he received any affection or attention from his mother or any education other than in the use of arms. He may have been a slim, tall and graceful youth, a Court gallant of ready wit, fine speech and gracious manners, or he may have been the reverse of that. The picture of the young Burgundian, then, is what you care to make it. You may see him through the eyes of legend as a lion-heart of Herculean strength, without fear of death and, indeed, welcoming it if it brought honour, chivalrous, kindly, and at all times willing to put national interests before personal ties: in other words, as a young man "full of the ardent love of glory." Or you may call to mind a simple, uneducated, country-bred soldier with a natural genius for leadership, or a ruthless young despot who on the night of Sao Mamede may have summoned his mother to his presence and dismissed her "loaded with chains" under guard to exile. Any of those mind-pictures could illustrate the youth who, in under three generations, was to tame the Leonese and Castile, thrash the Moors and win sovereign status for the County of Portugal.

Landmarks in Henriques' remarkable career were his defeat of big Moslem forces at Ourique (1139), the recognition of the new kingdom by Leon in the presence of the Papal Legate in the Cortes

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of Zamora (1143), the capture of Lisbon after a seventeen weeks' siege in the summer of 1147, the occupation of Evora, Beja and other cities in Alemtejo, and, in 1179, the crowning glory—full confirmation of Portuguese sovereignty by the Holy See.

It was issued in a Bull, "Manifestis Probatum", dated May 23 of that year. It was addressed to Affonso Henriques and it read :

"It has been proved by evident arguments that in the labours of war and in military strife as an intrepid extirpator of the enemies of the Christian name, and as a diligent propagator of the Christian faith, you have performed numerous services as a good son of your Holy Mother Church and as a Catholic Prince, leaving a name worthy of memory and an example to be imitated by following generations. It is therefore just that those whom a celestial dispensation from on high chooses for the government and security of a people should be cherished with sincere affection by the Apostolic See, which should hearken and give effect to their just pleas. Therefore, considering your person, adorned with prudence and justice and fitted for the government of people, we take it under the protection of St. Peter and of ourselves, and concede Your Excellency and confirm with our apostolic authority the Kingdom of Portugal in the full royal honour and dignity pertaining to kingship, and all those places which with divine aid you shall have seized from the hands of the Saracens and over which the neighbouring Christian Princes cannot vindicate rights."

There were many other interesting Kings of Portugal, but by common consent, the Burgundian about whose character so much has to be surmised was one of the greatest. His vigour, vitality and application were remarkable. It is not an easy matter to compute the number of battles or engagements at which he was present, but it may be said that his life, from Sao Mamede until a few years before his death, was spent in war. He was constantly on the march, either visiting the territory across the northern border of that "other little boy" who armed himself knight or pushing southward beyond the Tagus to the Algarve. At Ourique the armies of five Moslem kings were ranged against him, among them women "who fought like Amazons". Englishmen from East Anglia, London, Kent and the southern counties, Germans from Lotharingia and other crusaders from Boulogne and the Netherlands assisted him to take Lisbon. The siege lasted seventeen weeks.

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Pestilence and starvation raged among the garrison defending the city . . . " Among the ruins and vineyards and villages, countless thousands of corpses lay exposed to birds and beasts, and living men resembling bloodless beings went about the earth and kissed the Cross as suppliants . . . "1

Affonso Henriques' last engagement was at Santarem in 1171 when a great Moorish army estimated at 100,000 attempted to re-take the city. The old warrior-king had been in action for a very long time—throughout his life, in fact. He had been wounded, suffered the indignity of being taken prisoner by Castile and, moreover, he had broken a leg during a sortie late in life and was no longer able to ride. He wisely handed over the administration of the country to Sancho, his heir, and lived in semi-retirement in peace at Coimbra until his death on December 6, 1185. He reigned for fifty-seven years, most of them unrecognised by Rome.

The 800 years, from Sao Mamede to the advent of Dr. Salazar, fall naturally into six divisions—the Burgundian Dynasty (1128-1385); the reign of the House of Avis (1385-1580); the loss of national independence (1580-1640); the Restoration and the régime of the Braganzas (1640-1910); the first republican administrations (1910-1926); the military *coup d'état* of 1926 and the coming to power two years later of the present Prime Minister, Dr. Antonio de Oliveira Salazar. (The regicide, the assassination of Dom Carlos in Lisbon, occurred in 1908.)

The Burgundian inheritance was a small strip between the rivers Minho and Vouga, or about half the present area of Portugal. The civil unrest which marked the formative years died away with the coming of Affonso Henriques and for the times the country was quiet on the whole. The Atlantic coastline was becoming familiar to crusaders and seafarers from the western ports of Britain, France and the Low Countries. Small trading ships were putting in at the river mouths in increasing numbers, exchanging northern and western European cargoes for Portuguese products and on favourable tides their crews were able to proceed some miles inland. The country between the Minho and the Douro was fertile and fairly well populated, but, with the exceptions of the "frontier" city of Coimbra, and Oporto, then beginning to grow up on the ancient site of Portus Cale, Portuguese cities and towns were small, impoverished and struggling. Many of them had been at war or



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in a state of war for a very long time. South of the Vouga lay the mountainous backbone of modern Portugal and over it Christian and Moslem armies had fought for centuries. It was a "no man's land" in which nothing was cultivated and in which no one was allowed to stay for long. Well below the Vouga lay the densely populated Moorish stronghold of Lisbon. South of the Tagus were big Moslem provinces in which there had been steadily developed a new civilisation, new to the Peninsula that was, through channels of commerce, art, science and literature. Silves, in the Algarve, for example, was a proud city of from 20,000 to 30,000 inhabitants, largely Yemenite in culture and in origin.

There were nine "Burgundian" kings. Henriques' immediate successors completed the re-conquest and, mainly through the agency of the religious orders, devastated and newly-won territory, much of it waste land, was peopled and re-stocked.

Sancho I, who followed Henriques and reigned for twenty-six years (1185-1211), proved worthy of the great reputation established by his father. He continued the re-conquest, taking Silves in 1189 and holding it for two years. He founded towns, encouraged agriculture, intensifying the work of his father in that respect on such a big scale that he became known as the "settler-king". When he died Portugal was prosperous. Under the three succeeding kings, Affonso II (1211-1223), Sancho II (1223-1248) and Affonso III (1248-1279), the re-conquest was completed, the foundations of Portugal were laid and her borders were established. The years were not always peaceful ones. Both the Church (the Clergy and the religious orders) and the barons grew to power and wealth and both were in conflict with the Crown, but generally speaking, great progress was achieved, primarily through agriculture. With the possible exception of King Sancho I, no king appreciated the value of well-cultivated land more than Diniz who succeeded to the throne on the death of Affonso III in 1279. "Throughout the country he built and rebuilt walls and towns and towers, and encouraged the cultivators of the soil . . . and, as if he foresaw all Portugal's destined task and glory, he encouraged shipbuilding, imported an admiral for his fleet from Genoa, and planted the country about Leiria with pines. As a poet he has left us a greater number of lyrics than any other early king, with the exception, perhaps, of his grandfather of Castile. And he wrote them not only in the

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Provençal manner, but characteristically encouraged the indigenous poetry derived from the soil of Galicia. He was a thorough Portuguese, and ruled over a clearly defined region with the boundaries of modern Portugal . . . ”<sup>2</sup>

King Diniz was only eighteen years of age when he succeeded his bed-ridden father. He was a king of many interests, wise in his relations with the Church and strong in his handling of the baron class. To him the peasants, the workmen and the small farmers were “the nerves of the republic” as though he knew that Portugal could only grow to strength through the soil. He was also the first king of Portugal who could claim to be a man of education. Count Henry, the progenitor of the line, coming to the Peninsula from Burgundy, obviously knew France. Henriques had no opportunity to leave Portugal. His immediate successors, by furthering the re-conquest, acquired a knowledge of the customs and culture of other races. Affonso III, who made a good king and who was an individual of much natural charm, also appreciated the value of education, but until the arrival of Diniz no king of Portugal had any knowledge of foreign affairs except that derived from communication with the Church of Rome, transactions (generally matrimonial) with other Peninsular royal households and the necessarily restricted trade with western Europe. Diniz not only protected and safeguarded the interest of the land worker but he also furthered education. He founded, in 1290, at Lisbon, the centre of learning which was to become world famous as the University of Coimbra and during his enlightened reign State documents were written for the first time in Portuguese.

Diniz, the Lavrador as he was called, was the last of the great Burgundians. Affonso IV (1325-1357), who succeeded him, won the Battle of Salado in association with Alfonso XI of Castile against strong Moorish forces, but otherwise contributed little towards the development of Portugal. And as he had embittered the last years of his father's life and those of his mother, the Queen Saint Elizabeth, by fomenting civil strife, so his own reign was clouded by a bitter quarrel with his own son, the Dom Pedro, who in association with the lovely Inez de Castro gave Portugal and the world a great love story. Dom Pedro was betrothed at the age of eight. At sixteen he was married a second time, his first marriage having been dissolved owing to the mental instability of

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his child-wife. He then fell in love with a young Galician whom his second wife had chosen as one of her ladies-in-waiting. She was Inez Pires de Castro. On this affair becoming known she was sent away, but she returned on the death of her royal mistress, Pedro's Queen, and resumed her association with him. Four children were born of this union. Her murder was ordered by King Affonso IV for "reasons of State", it being represented to him that his son's continued liaison with the Galician constituted a grave threat to the integrity of the Crown. It was carried out at Coimbra during Pedro's absence by three Portuguese, one of them being the Chief Justice. There was a natural sequel. "Maddened with grief, Pedro harassed his father's realm with fire and sword." Two of Inez' murderers were caught soon after his accession to the throne in 1357. They were executed at Santarem, their hearts being drawn through their bodies.

Dom Pedro's capacity as a king cannot be measured by ordinary standards in these circumstances. An understandable grief appears to have accentuated a natural eccentricity almost to the point of madness. He developed a passion for administering justice personally by appointing himself Chief Justice of the Realm. In that role he travelled throughout the country from assize to assize taking a fiendish delight in carrying out his own verdicts himself. And as he invariably directed his sympathies towards the poor and the weak, he achieved a popularity among the people which rivalled that enjoyed by King Diniz. One can imagine the amusement of the people when it became known that their king had personally thrashed a bishop for living in adultery and their delight when they heard that a rich squire was being beheaded for breaking the winevat of a poor man. He leaves the stage as King Pedro the Justicer, but our last sight of him is dancing through the streets of Lisbon all night to the blowing of long silver trumpets. He died in 1367, barely more than a hundred years after the completion of the re-conquest.

Another "Teresa" occupied the stage during the reign of the last of the Burgundian kings, Dom Fernando (1367-1383). She is referred to as "The Lady Eleanor, Queen and Consort of the King of Portugal and the Algarve" in the first treaty of alliance between England and Portugal. This was signed "in the Royal City of London, at the great Cathedral Church of the same, at the festival

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of the New Solemnity of the Body of Christ, that is to say, on 16th day of the month of June, in the year of Our Lord 1373, of the Indication of the 11th, and of the Pontificate of the Lord Pope Gregory the XIth, the 3rd year . . .” and although nearly 600 years old it still forms the basis of Anglo-Portuguese friendship and understanding.

The Lady Eleanor was none other than the beautiful Leonor Teles, already the wife of another when taken by Dom Fernando as his Queen and Consort in 1371. The characters in the order of their appearance at this stage in the development of Portugal might be given as follows : the King, an irresponsible, cheerful, bold-eyed youth when he went to the throne aged twenty-two, but prematurely decrepit by the time he had reached the thirties ; Leonor, first the wife of João Lourenco da Cunha, then the Queen of Portugal, and while Queen the lover of a Galician, the Count Ourem ; her sister, Maria Teles, a beautiful young widow ; Beatriz, the daughter of Leonor’s union with King Fernando ; Henry II, an ageing King of Castile ; his son, Juan, to whom the girl Beatriz was given in marriage ; Dom João, Master of Avis and a natural son of King Pedro the Justicer ; his collaborators, Nun’ Alvares Pereira, who became famous as the Holy Constable, and João das Regras, a lawyer. The audience were the people of Lisbon groaning under the burden of three long, costly and unprofitable wars with Castile. The play, a melodrama with moments of tragedy, might be called “Portugal at the Crossroads, or On the Eve of Aljubarotta”.

Leonor’s husband, the unfortunate and little-known João Lourenco da Cunha, had a very small part. Refusing to connive at divorce on the representation of the King, he fled the country fearful of his life. Maria the widow, whose beauty was a source of danger to Leonor, was murdered by João, one of the sons of Pedro and Inez de Castro, at the instigation of Leonor. Fernando died in October, 1383, in tears as he received the Sacrament and saying, “All this I believe as a true Christian, and I believe too that God gave me these realms to maintain with peace and justice, and I for my sins have acted in such wise that I shall give Him very ill account of them”.<sup>3</sup> Juan of Castile had meanwhile succeeded his father as King and, on hearing of the death of Fernando, he immediately called upon Leonor to proclaim Beatriz as Queen of Portugal and himself as King. This Leonor did in accordance with

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her pro-Spanish policy. This was too much even for the common people. They looked around for a national hero, a "man of the hour," and discovered one in the robust personality of Dom João, the Master of Avis. The Lisbon crowds rose as one man in his support, acclaimed him King and for a while Portugal had two kings, Juan of Castile and João of Avis. Dom João became a hero, and if one has to charge him with the murder of Leonor's lover, Ourem, and to hold Nun' Alvares as being in part responsible for this crime in that he was among the first to advocate Ourem's removal, one can only plead in defence of Dom João and Nun' Alvares the need of the Portuguese to retain their independence, the will of the people, the character of the "Lady Eleanor" and the rough justice of the times. Dom João, as Governor "and Defender of the Kingdom", formed a separate government, selecting an English merchant as his treasurer, the "House of Twenty-four" (the famous Casa dos Vinte e Quatro) to represent the voice of the people of Lisbon, João das Regras as chancellor and Nun' Alvares as his military and personal adviser.

Civil war raged for nearly two years. It ended with the rout of Castile at Aljubarotta, at a point where the great Serra da Estrela finally sinks into the plains, on the evening of the Day of the Vigil of the Assumption on August 14, 1385. Dom João's plan of battle was a clever adaptation of that of the Black Prince at Poitiers a generation earlier. He had a small force only at his disposal, some 2,000 lances, 4,000 foot, 800 crossbowmen and a few hundred English archers in the service of John of Gaunt and led by three English squires. The Castilians, among them a strong contingent of French knights, numbered over 30,000. Nun' Alvares commanded the Portuguese van and by nightfall the rout of Castile was complete. Juan fled. Nowadays João das Regras is looked upon as the Patron of Portuguese jurists. To him is owed the legitimisation of the candidature of Dom João I, who, strictly speaking, had no claim whatsoever to the Crown of Portugal. The real, legitimate heiress was undoubtedly Beatriz. João das Regras' successful effort to obtain priority for the independence of Portugal over the incontestable rights of the legitimate descendant was revolutionary even for the Middle Ages. The future of the Portuguese crown was decided by Cortes at Coimbra in March, 1385, on the eve therefore of Aljubarotta. Leonor, as Regent, claimed the throne but withdrew in favour of her daughter, Beatriz

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of Castile. Beatriz' claims were disposed of apparently by pointed references to the conduct and character of her mother and by the suggestion that Castilians as followers of Pope Clement VII were "heretics". João das Regras' difficulty was not to whittle away the strength of the case of Beatriz, but to persuade Cortes to decide for João of Avis and against that other João who had murdered Maria Teles. In order to accomplish this, he had to hark back to the love story of Pedro and Inez and to prove with the utmost respect to all present that Pedro the Justicer had never in fact married Inez de Castro. Cortes sat for several days before deciding in favour of the "man of the hour."

To Fernando, on his deathbed, may be conceded the saving grace of honesty. He also fortified many Portuguese cities, provided Lisbon with fine walls, and displayed "Diniz-like" qualities in developing the Portuguese Navy. Against those positive acts must be set a policy which in sixteen years brought Portugal to the verge of bankruptcy. Leonor, like Teresa, died in exile.

The history of Portugal, eight centuries old, is a narrative of effort and endeavour which seem to be out of keeping with the resources of the country. The first stage, the Burgundian, dealt with the formation of nationality and the consolidation of independence. The second, the period of discovery, conquest and maintenance of overseas possessions, began at Aljubarotta with the rise to power of the House of Avis. Maritime expansion began with the conquest of Ceuta in 1415, and from that date until the discovery of Brazil in 1500 the story became one of expanding Portuguese interests overseas; Madeira, Porto Santo, the Azores, Cape Blanco, Cape Verde, Sierra Leone, the Congo river, the Cape of Good Hope, Abyssinia and the Indies were all reached before the Admiral, Pedro Alvares Cabral, set foot in Brazil. The "Triumvirate" of Dom João, Nun' Alvares and João das Regras, the genius of Prince Henry the Navigator and the strength of Dom João II (1481-1495) gave Portugal her greatest prosperity. Under the "Perfect Prince", as Dom João II has been called, Portugal became the leading western power and Lisbon the port of Europe and the greatest western city. But success brought self-indulgence in its train. The nation began to live on gold, prestige and precious stones. Under Manoel the Fortunate, so-called because of the wealth of his inheritance, work lost its dignity in the headlong national urge to get rich quick, and from the death of Affonso d'Albuquerque, the founder of the Empire

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of the East, in 1515, the narrative is one of steady decline to lost independence. Anti-climax was reached at Alcacer-Qibir in North Africa. There, in 1578, an army of 14,000 horse and foot, the cream of Portugal, was destroyed under the leadership of Dom Sebastian, son of Dom João III and grandson of Manoel. For two years an aged Cardinal, an uncle of the King, maintained a stop-gap administration in the interests of Portugal, but for all practical purposes Portuguese independence died with Sebastian in North Africa.

It was not wholly Sebastian's fault. While medieval institutions were helping to produce a balance between sovereign and subject the traditional monarchy was allowed to run counter to the wishes of the people. The power of the kings did not yet rest upon the consensus of the national will. The young Sebastian was under the spell of the Arthurian tradition popularised by Nun' Alvares, who to him represented the finest type of medieval hero. Sebastian was the victim also of the very strength which the "Perfect Prince" had secured for the crown, so that although Portugal was very poor and badly in need of rest from strife, the young ruler was able to equip and take with him a fleet of over 600 ships on the North African adventure. There was another contributing factor, namely, the effect which constant inter-marriage with relatives was having upon the mental stability of the kings of Portugal. Dom João III, for example, had nine children, but only one of them survived. This was a boy who had not been weaned at three and who did not begin to speak at all until he was four. He grew up weak, a constant prey to fever, yet in the interests of the line he was led to marriage at the age of fifteen and, as usual at that time, the Portuguese looked to Spain for a wife. On January 19, 1554, a child was born of this union. This was Sebastian. At fourteen years of age he was already showing signs of mental deterioration. He rode and hunted, but he spent hours daily in prayer and on one occasion he was discovered after communion kneeling in tears before a crucifix calling upon God to grant *him* great victories and a great empire. . . . From Affonso Henriques to Dom Fernando I, from Dom João I to Dom Sebastian (and the aged Cardinal), the story of Portugal was one of recurring sharp rise to gradual decline. Yet, as we have seen, there *were* great kings—Henriques, Sancho I, Diniz, João I, the gifted Duarte who succeeded him, João II and, perhaps, Manoel I. They were strong individualists and under them Portugal managed

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to keep her independence and carry out the task of expansion both at home and overseas. The ultimate failure of traditional monarchy as represented by Dom Fernando I and Sebastian, the last of the lines of Burgundy and Avis, respectively, can be traced to personal causes rather than to any inherent failing of the system of monarchy as a whole, for there were periods when the community appeared to be receiving the benefit of both liberty and authority.

The Braganzas, who were descended from a child of the marriage of a daughter of Nun' Alvares and a natural son of Dom João I, inherited a country bled white by sixty years of Spanish rule : Philips II, III and IV of Spain who became Philips I, II and III of Portugal. Portugal was obliged to associate herself with Spain in the disaster of the Armada and all the enemies of Spain (including England) became those of Portugal and her vast possessions overseas lay at their mercy. The Portuguese Navy was destroyed. Command of the seas passed to the Dutch and the British. Territory was lost in South America, Ceylon, Formosa, Ternate, the Moluccas, and Guinea, together with the rich China trade. "Jewel after jewel was either pawned or lost" during the sixty years that followed the disaster of Alcaccer-Qibir. The first Braganza, who reigned as João IV (1640-1656), was quiet in manner, the reverse of spectacular, deeply religious and (like the Avis king, João III) too subordinate to Rome. But he governed carefully and courageously, giving the Portuguese people what they desired most, time in which to recover. He fought Spain successfully after the Restoration, wisely renewed the alliance with Britain and patched up relations both with France and Holland. Under João IV, and succeeding kings, lost national pride was restored by victories over the Spanish at Montijo (1644), Linhas de Alvas (1659), Ameixal (1653) and Montes Claros (1665). Independence was finally regained and safeguarded by treaty with Spain, signed in 1668. Some progress towards the restoration of national well-being was also achieved and Portugal, while never regaining the peak to which she reached under João II and Manoel I, stood reasonably high in prestige at the beginning of the nineteenth century. The War of the Spanish succession had been weathered and the country had passed through two ages of absolutism, one of gold during the reign of Dom João V (1706-1750) and another of iron, the dictatorship of that remarkable statesman and politician, Sebastian Joseph de Carvalho e Mello, the Marquess of Pombal.

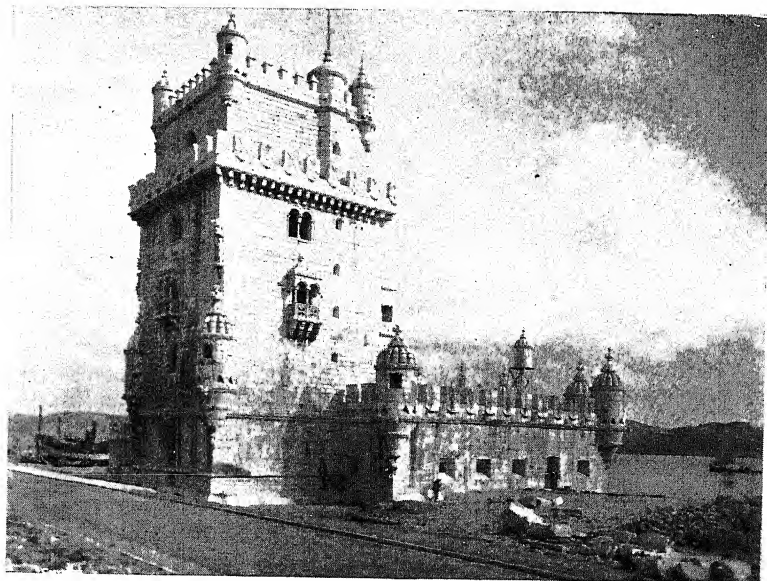


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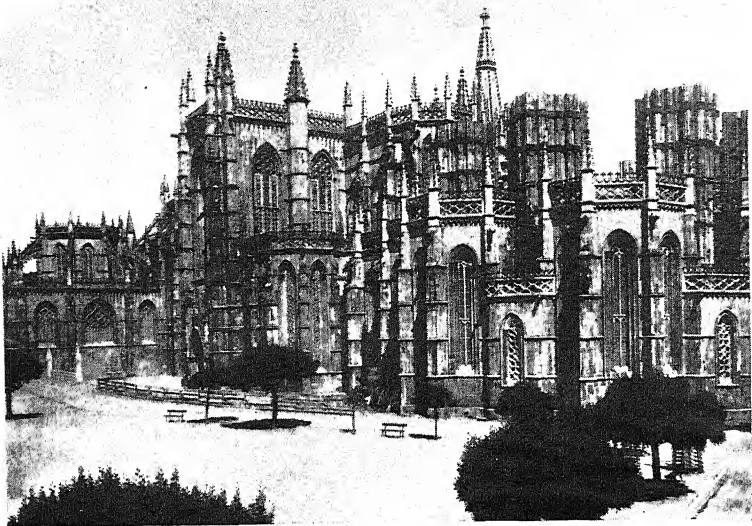
João V, aged seventeen when he began his long reign, was another Louis XIV in his own estimation. He encouraged science, literature and the arts in the grand manner, but spent the gold of Brazil on a scale that made the expenditure of some of his predecessors seem parsimonious. Gold was poured out on public works and on the building of churches, monasteries and convents; the Aqueduct of the Free Waters at Alcantara, the Convent of Mafra, a marble quay at the Palace Square, a great royal library, a grandiose palace to house the Patriarch—these and other great buildings were flamboyant witnesses of the way in which this King John the Magnificent sought through the expenditure of the gold of Brazil to restore to Portugal the glitter of the régime of Manoel the Fortunate. John was a kindly soul, a very generous and pious man, but for the second time in their history the Portuguese were permitted to lose sight of reality. Agriculture, the army, the navy and the coastal defences were all allowed to languish while the rich lived lazily on gold and the poor on charity. Work in Portugal, as in the sixteenth century, again lost its dignity. Pombal introduced the "iron" age. His formative years as a diplomat were spent in the (to him) chilling and somewhat hostile atmosphere of a patronising London. To his great credit he never lost sight of the importance of land culture and the need to create home industry. In that respect he can be said to have been a century ahead of his time. His sense of public administration and remarkable self-control were also much in evidence during the earthquake which destroyed a greater part of Lisbon on November 1, 1755. His re-building of the city was akin to genius. But it is as the arch-enemy of the Society of Jesus and as a man of ruthless severity that he is the better remembered. Few Portuguese can overlook the bestiality (even remembering the times) with which the Tavora family, held to be guilty of attempted regicide (against King Joseph I on September 3, 1758), were executed in public at Belem. The Marchioness, an elderly woman, was beheaded. The younger son was tied to two diagonal pieces of wood while his limbs were broken with hammers. He was then strangled. Three other members of the family died in the same way. The limbs and ribs of the two principal conspirators, the Duke of Aveiro and the aged Marquis of Tavora, were smashed and they were left to die. Their bodies were then burnt and the ashes thrown into the river. Pombal was violently pro-Portuguese and fundamentally anti-British. He is politically



THE CASTLE OF ALMOUROL  
*Dating from the Roman occupation. Restored by the Moors in 1160.*



THE FAMOUS TOWER OF BELEM  
*Many voyages of discovery started from this tower on the Tagus.*



THE ANCIENT MONASTERY OF BATALHA  
*Commemorating the victory of Aljubarotta over the Spanish in 1385.*



THE TOMB OF VASCO DA GAMA  
*In the Monastery of the Jeronimos.*

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interesting in that he was the first Portuguese commoner—he was of the country squirearchy—to have risen to high office and to have achieved greater power than that of a reigning monarch. Paradoxically, he died in semi-obscurity, banished from court.

Portugal was still fairly prosperous at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Some of the gold of Brazil remained at the disposal of the treasury, but the shadow of Napoleon (and rationalist liberalism) lay across Europe and the Peninsula. And the three campaigns of the French in Portugal left the country well-nigh a spent force. Young industries encouraged by Pombal ceased to exist. Whole villages and farms were burnt during the fighting. Portuguese agriculture, by no means flourishing as a result of neglect during the "gold" age of the previous century, was ruined. The Portuguese merchant navy was either at the bottom of the sea or no longer in use. The secession of Brazil (in 1822) took away from Portugal the source of the wealth with which she had sustained herself following the collapse of the empire of the east, and under the Liberal Monarchy of succeeding Braganzas, Pedro V, Dom Luis and Dom Carlos (1855-1908), Portugal drifted steadily but surely to despair. The regicide, the assassination of Dom Carlos, occurred in Lisbon on February 1, 1908. Two years later the widowed Queen Amelie, in residence at the castle of Pena, heard the guns of Lisbon proclaim the birth of the Republic. King Manoel, the last of the kings of Portugal, left in flight on a warship bound for England. Another turning point had been reached in Portuguese history. The "millennium" was at hand, yet in the sixteen years that followed the abdication there were no less than eight presidents and forty-four ministries. Strikes and bomb outrages (in one of which a president, Sidonio Pais, was murdered) followed one another in a way that must have bewildered the "Liberal Monarchists." Finally, on May 28, 1926, the entire army revolted. General Carmona was appointed President, and two years later, after a very brief tenure of office as Minister of Finance, there emerged Dr. Antonio de Oliveira Salazar.

In this short outline I have deliberately refrained from attempting to trace the effect which the Church had upon the development of Portugal. There were bitter quarrels between the Church and the State, but they are matters better left to the Portuguese. Portugal has been brought to a crossroad five times in her long history : at

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Aljubarotta, at Alcacer-Qibir, at the Restoration, by the regicide and in 1926. Decline has followed a rise as inevitably as winter follows summer.

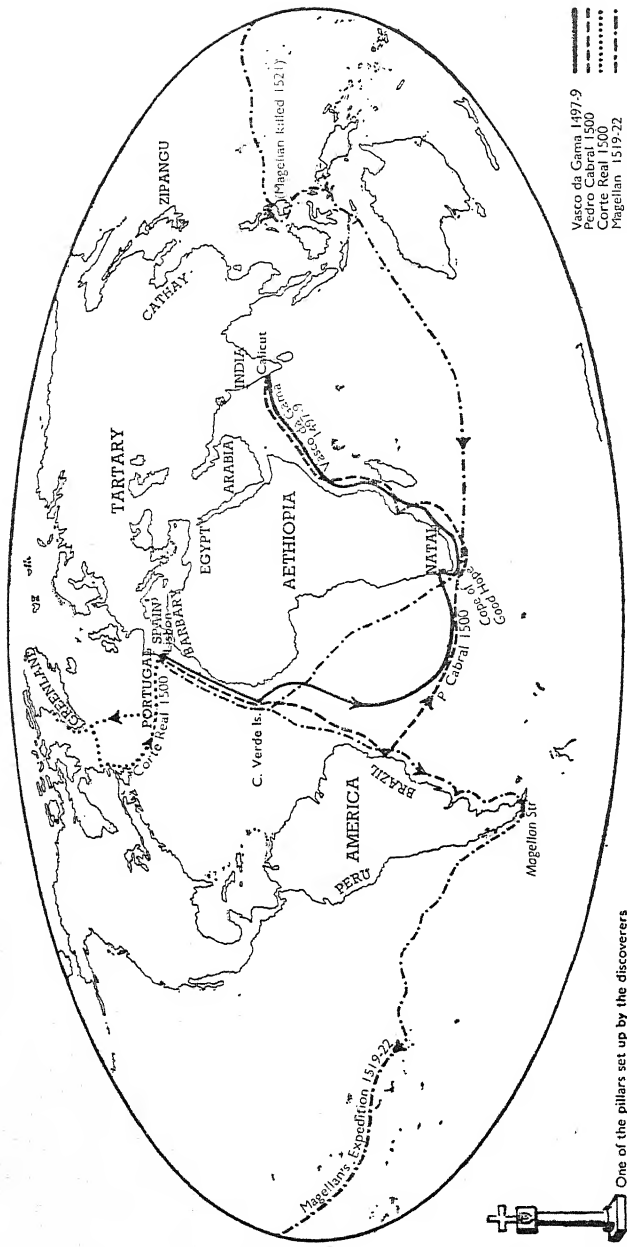
In 1926 Portugal was once again in search of a road or a gateway to greatness.

<sup>1</sup> From the Narrative of Osbert (or Osbern), of Bawdsey, Suffolk; the manuscript of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, edited and translated as *De Expugnatione Lyxbonensi*, by C. W. David (New York, 1936).

<sup>2</sup> *Portugal of the Portuguese*, by Aubrey F. G. Bell (Pitman).

<sup>3</sup> *History of Portugal*, by H. W. Livermore (Cambridge University Press), quoting from the Chronicles of Fernao Lopes.





Vasco da Gama 1497-9  
 Pedro Cabral 1500  
 Corte Real 1500  
 Magellan 1519-22  
 Copyright: George Philip & Son, Ltd, London

One of the pillars set up by the discoverers

Fig. 5—The World showing the routes of the Portuguese Discoverers.

## CHAPTER VI

### CONQUESTS AND DISCOVERIES

“ . . . ALWAYS VIGILANT, the Portuguese encircled or conquered and fortified the central and most important of the tracks followed by Arabs, Turks and Italians, and, above all, the maritime routes and passages to the Gulfs of Arabia and India : Aden, Ormuz and Malacca. Thus the old maritime and terrestrial paths of transit for Oriental merchandise from Ormuz, by way of Bassorah, Damascus (or Aleppo), and Beyrout, or from Aden, through Cairo and Alexandria, to Amalfi, Pisa, Genoa, Venice and Ragusa, declined and were deserted . . . in her triumphal maritime progress Portugal discovered the whole world . . . ”<sup>1</sup>

The Portuguese first took to the sea during the reigns of the earliest of the Burgundian kings. Under Sancho I, a Portuguese fleet aided land forces which besieged Silves, in the Algarve, during the summer of 1189. Shipbuilding was further encouraged by Affonso III and his son Diniz. In Diniz' reign a Genoese was appointed Admiral of the Fleet, and pine-forests were planted at Leiria. More vessels were laid down at Lisbon, and in 1336, or thereabouts, and in 1341 small expeditions reached the Canaries.

The first conquest was a military expedition in 1415 directed against Ceuta, a strongly-fortified Moorish town and seaport on the North African coast to the east of the Moroccan peninsula.

The reasons for this operation are not fully apparent. It may have been a natural irruption into Africa, a logical development of the long campaign against Islam in the Peninsula and a direct if somewhat tardy outcome of the completion of the re-conquest in Portugal in 1249 ; a natural stimulus, in other words, of a great victory. The advisers of Dom João I, on the other hand, may have been of the opinion that a military operation of that kind would divert the attention of the guilds and the people from misfortunes at home. Food was scarce, commodity prices were steadily rising and there was little (if any) confidence in the national currency. But it was also the age of chivalry.

The King was against the project at first. In his opinion he had neither sufficient ships nor money and he expressed himself as being



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unwilling to raise money by adding to the already heavy burden of taxation. He doubted also whether Ceuta, "being so far removed from us", could be defended once it had been taken. He also entertained grave doubts concerning the goodwill of neighbouring Castile. "It may be that knowing me to be absent from my country the Castilians would essay to attack my domains, and it would be a hard thing to remedy this latter, for they would find the whole country without defence, and could do with it according to their will."<sup>2</sup> He expressed these and other objections at a meeting attended by the heir to the throne, the Infante Dom Duarte, his two confessors, Master Brother João Xina and Doctor Brother Vasco Pereira, a number of leading citizens and members of his council. This meeting was held in strict secrecy. He then summoned his sons, the Infantes Dom Duarte, Dom Pedro and Dom Henrique, and said to them: "You may hold, perchance, that I am delaying unduly in the matter of which you have spoken to me, and that here you may see a lack of desire on my part. On the contrary, however, although my age is far in advance of yours, I challenge you to have a firmer will than mine for the accomplishment of such an action. But because I have seen many other enterprises, and because I have had experience of their great difficulty, I know how hard they are to accomplish, a thing that is still hidden from your eyes. I told you the other day that before giving you any reply I wished to know if such an enterprise was a service rendered to God, for this question is the foundation upon which our labours should build. The second question is to know if we can accomplish it, for many things are good in themselves and desirable to men, but men have not the power to achieve them. I know already that this is truly a service rendered to God, and that from this point of view I ought to perform it. It remains to decide if I have the power to accomplish it; and in this regard I have had serious doubts, of which I will tender to you five, which need not of necessity occur together, but of which each one is enough to prevent the accomplishment of this project. And I will expound them to you that you may consider what they are worth."<sup>3</sup>

He then recapitulated his unwillingness to raise money for the campaign by levying taxes on the people; his belief that Ceuta could not be taken without foreign aid; his doubt concerning the goodwill of the King of Castile; his fear that in his absence the

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Castilians would add to their power by attacking and seizing the Moorish Emirate of Granada ; and, finally, the great doubt he entertained concerning the ability of Portugal to maintain and defend Ceuta even if the assault proved successful. "I am thus of the opinion," he concluded, "that it would be far better to forget these projects than to attempt their execution, for this last reason is sufficient, without speaking of the other four, which are all as substantial, to prevent the accomplishment of our desire. However, if you perceive that these reasons are not just, tell me your arguments to the contrary ; I shall acknowledge them in accordance with right and reason."<sup>4</sup>

The King's statement distressed his sons. They held meetings among themselves and a few days later presented their point of view to their father. It was the Infante Dom Henrique, whom the King saw alone, who finally persuaded Dom João to proceed with the expedition. "As for the present," said the Infante, "I see how that this exploit would be a service rendered to God, and I think on your faith and your Christian spirit ; and reason tells me that you ought not to refuse war against the infidels for fear lest it might be favourable to the King of Castile ; since even if he were our greatest enemy he would be so only by accident (being a Christian like ourselves), whereas the infidels are our enemies by nature. As for the future, I believe the capture of the city of Ceuta cannot in any way cause a rupture of the peace and amity which you have recently established between us and the kingdom of Castile, but very much to the contrary, for the Castilians will perceive, from the greatness of this exploit, the valour and mettle of your subjects, and the marvellous force at your disposal for the accomplishment of such a feat. They will see also how that our taking of Ceuta will facilitate the conquest of Granada. And even if all these reasons were not enough to make them understand what I have just said, their ill-will could not readily be manifested against us, for the conquest of Granada is not an easy task, and when it is effected they will have enough labour and care to keep and maintain it. And, above all, Our Lord God, Who is the perfection of all things, seeing your good will and good disposition, will be with you always, and you will be able to say with the Prophet : Since the Lord is my helper, I need not fear what men may do unto me."<sup>5</sup>

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The King appeared to be well content with his son's statement. He took him in his arms and gave him his blessing. The Infante Dom Henrique was then eighteen years of age.

The attack was elaborately planned. Under cover of a semi-State visit to the widowed Queen of Sicily (a proposal was put forward that she might entertain marriage to one of Dom João's sons), Portuguese agents were enabled to discover information concerning the strength and disposition of Moorish forces at Ceuta, and by an arrangement secretly arrived at with the Duke of Holland, Dom João let it be known that he was preparing for war against the Dutch. At home the dockyards were victualled and trees were felled to bring the Portuguese naval forces up to fifteen galleys and fifteen flatboats. Ships were also freighted abroad, while 750 lances and men-at-arms were recruited in England by permission of Henry V. Portugal was ransacked for silver and copper; other supplies were obtained in foreign capitals and the work of coining money began "and continued actively day and night". A census of men of military age was taken and Dom Henrique and Dom Pedro were entrusted with the task of raising and equipping armies in the north and the south and of assembling them on fleets at Oporto and Lisbon. The King himself took charge of all military preparations, relinquishing judicial and financial administration of Portugal to the Infante Dom Duarte. The last obstacles were removed when the Queen, a woman of great authority, and the Holy Constable, Nun' Alvares, then living in semi-retirement in the monastery of Carmel in Lisbon as Brother Nuno de Santa Maria, approved the plan. "My opinion," said the Holy Constable, "is that this plan was not conceived by you, nor by any other person of this world; but that it was revealed by God . . ." (The other member of the great triumvirate of Aljubarotta, Dom João das Regras, had died in 1407.)

Although young and inexperienced, the Infantes Pedro and Henrique acted with the wit and wisdom of seasoned captains and their enthusiasm was infectious. "Nothing checked them, not even the pest which broke out in divers parts of the realm. Men were busied not only with the things needful for the fleet, the army and war, but also with those which might contribute to the splendour of such an enterprise. Dom Henrique did not forget to have magnificent liveries made for all his captains; and lords in

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their turn clad their men in the colours of their houses. The desire to take part in this mysterious expedition was great in all men's minds . . . ”<sup>7</sup> The tale is told of the seeking out of Henrique by Ayres Goncalvo de Figueiredo, a knight of ninety years of age. Accompanied by his squires and his men-at-arms and wearing a coat of mail, he presented himself to the young prince, who said to him : “ It seems to me that a man having lived such a great tally of years is deserving of rest after so many battles and fatigues.” Whereupon the old man replied, “ I know not if my limbs have grown weak by reason of age ; but the will is as firm to-day as ever it was in all the battles I fought in your father's service. And I deem there could be for me no greater honour at the hour of my death than to be one of you in this enterprise.”<sup>8</sup>

Queen Philippa, who had reinforced her sons' appeal to their father, was stricken by plague as the fleet was preparing to sail, but she caused three swords to be made, the scabbards and guards of which were inlaid with gold, pearls and precious stones.

“ Sire,” she said to the King, “ I require you as a great favour . . . to have the kindness to knight your sons before me, at the moment of your departure, with the swords that I shall give them to this end and with my blessing. It is said that arms offered by women weaken the hearts of chevaliers ; but I believe, having regard to the line from which I am descended, the swords which the Infantes receive from my hand will by no means enfeeble their hearts.”<sup>9</sup> She was then at the point of death, but to the last she gave every encouragement to the King and his sons, urging them not to delay their departure.

To Duarte, the heir, she said : “ My son, God has chosen you among your brothers that you may be heir to this kingdom and that you may hold in your hands its government and its justice. Knowing your virtue and your kindness I give you this sword of justice, with which you will govern great and small when at the death of your father this realm shall be yours. I commend its people to you and pray you ever to defend it with the steadfastness of your soul, never suffering that any do it wrong and being watchful always that right and justice be served. And note well, my son, that whereas I say justice I mean justice with compassion, for justice without mercy is no longer to be called justice but cruelty. I wish that you might be dubbed knight with this sword, for I have caused it to be made, and with it the other two, that I might

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give them to you, and that you might all three be made knights before me by your father before your departure ; but God has willed otherwise."<sup>10</sup>

To the Infante Dom Pedro, her second son, she said : " My son, since your childhood I have ever seen how greatly you are concerned respecting the honour and service of ladies and damozels, which is one of the things that are especially to be commended to knights. I have reminded your brother of his devoirs to the people ; and for you, I recommend you to have always in mind the care of defending and protecting the honour and happiness of ladies and damozels."

She then called the Infante Dom Henrique to her bedside. She smiled as she summoned him. " My son, come to my side. You have seen the gift that I have made of the other swords which I have given to your brothers. This third sword I have kept for you, for as you are strong, so it also is strong. I have charged one of your brothers to protect the people ; and the other, women. To you I wish to commend all the seigneurs, chevaliers, fidalgoes, and squires of this realm, for albeit they all belong to the King, and he is careful of all according to their condition, yet they will often have need of your aid in order to maintain their rights and receive the benefits and rewards which they may deserve ; for often, by reason of the false witness and abusive requests of the people, the kings take action against them, which thing they should never do. And thus I have chosen you, knowing the love you have ever shown them, that you may take them under your protection, not only through the inclination of your heart, but also in duty. I give you this sword with my blessing, and I desire that with it you shall be dubbed knight."<sup>11</sup>

Prince Henry replied : " Lady, be very sure that so long as my life endures I will cherish the memory of what you have just commanded me ; and in order to obey you I will employ all my power and all my goodwill." The Queen, lifting her hand, blessed him.

A great wind sprang up. She asked from what quarter and was told from the north. " Then it will be favourable," she said.

She died and was buried at night. A few days later the fleet sailed for Ceuta. " It was a thing most wondrous to behold ; in the morning it was like a forest which had lost all its leaves and fruits and lo of a sudden it was changed into a magnificent orchard,

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resplendent with green leaves and flowers of various colours ; for the standards and flags were innumerable and of diverse shapes. And one might have said that in this strange orchard birds had suddenly begun to sing, for in each ship diverse and numerous instruments were playing without respite, and the music did not cease to make itself heard all that day . . . "12 In this way and in this spirit began the first of the great Portuguese conquests overseas.

I may appear, here, to have repeated myself by reintroducing a story already touched upon in Chapter I. I offer no apology as this English-born queen, who was so devoted to her family and her principles, was much loved by the Portuguese, and when she died she was mourned by the entire nation.

The attack was successful, Ceuta falling to the Portuguese on the first day after five hours of uninterrupted fighting. The Infantes led the assault, Dom Henrique's flag being the first to float over the city.<sup>13</sup> A special service of thanksgiving was later held in the Grand Mosque, and at its conclusion the three sons were dubbed knights by their father in accordance with the dying wishes of Queen Philippa.

Portuguese maritime expansion began with the conquest of Ceuta. The first objectives were the Atlantic islands, the Canaries (already reached by Portuguese in the previous century), Madeira and the Azores, and the exploration of the West African coast. Voyage after voyage must have been attempted in quick succession, but while the exact dates of those early expeditions are not known, or were not recorded accurately at the time, we do know that in Dom Henrique's first year at Sagres, Porto Santo was visited, and that in the following year (1419) Portuguese sailors reached Madeira. Both islands were colonised a few years later. The Azores were reached either in 1427 or a few years after, but the archipelago was not effectively settled until 1445. The discovery of the islands proved relatively easy—the great obstacle was the West African coast, a treeless, stormy waste which lay beyond the dreaded Cape Bojador. Success was not achieved until 1434, when a Portuguese nobleman, Gil Eanes, aided by the great Majorcan map-maker, Jayme, passed the bulge and opened up a new and apparently limitless coastline. Rio do Oro was reached and then Cape Blanco and Cape Verde. A generation later the Portuguese were at Sierra Leone and, in 1471, they crossed the Equator. In

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1484 the mouth of the Congo river was entered and, four years later, long-distance navigation, the dream of Dom Henrique, passed from the realm of fantasy into the land of fact.

Bartolomeu Dias, with a fleet of two caravels and one small supply ship, sailed on and on south, encountering great storms, and sailing without sight of land for weeks at a stretch rounded the southern extremity of the African continent and reached a point on the East African coast. The year was 1488.

Columbus,<sup>14</sup> flying the Spanish flag, made his historic voyage, returning to the Peninsula under the impression that he had discovered India ; but Vasco da Gama reached the Indies first, opening a sea-route which changed the whole course of history. Two years later, in 1500, the Portuguese admiral, Pedro Alvares Cabral, discovered Brazil on his way to Calicut. Ceylon was discovered in 1505, Goa occupied in 1510 and trade relations opened with Sumatra and Java (1511) and China (1514). The discoveries of New Guinea and California followed and, in 1601, the Portuguese reached the limit of their expansion by visiting Japan.

Courage that must at times have been superhuman, a rare determination and grand seamanship, marked the discoveries. Courage of a different order defended them when English, Dutch, Persian and Moslem raiders followed in the wake of the three Philips of Spain who in the sixty years of lost independence all but destroyed Portugal. Christovam da Gama fought and died in Abyssinia ; Duarte Pacheco and Dom João de Castro displayed great heroism in India ; Dom Constantino, with hundreds of his fellow countrymen, was killed in the defence of Ceylon ; Salvador Correia da Sa attacked and regained Angola—it is still Portuguese ; Francisco Barreto de Menezes reoccupied Recife ; Ferreira do Amaral liberated Macau in the Far East ; Serpa Pinto, Capelo and Ivens explored the interior of Africa and crossed the continent from coast to coast ; Mousinho de Albuquerque and Paiva Couceira re-established Portuguese sovereignty in Mozambique ; Teixeira Pinto followed their example in later years in Guinea, Celestino da Silva in Timor, and Alves Roccas and João da Alceida in Angola. . . By every account the conquests and discoveries and their defence in later years represent a record in maritime and colonial expansion that has rarely been equalled and never surpassed. The architect and inspiring genius was Dom Henrique, Prince Henry the Navigator.

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The Royal Chronicler of his time, Gomez Eannes de Azurara, whose fidelity as a historian and whose scruples and love of truth are vouched for by the Portuguese writer, Virginia de Castro e Almeida, has drawn an intimate character sketch of Prince Henry during the years in which he developed the science of navigation at Sagres.

On the eve of the discovery of Guinea, Henry is portrayed as "of middle stature, a man thickset, with limbs large and powerful, and bushy hair; the skin was white, but the travail and the battles of life altered its hue as time went on. His aspect, to those who beheld him for the first time, was severe; when anger carried him away—rarely—his countenance became terrifying. He had force of mind and acute intelligence in a high degree. His desire to accomplish great deeds was beyond all comparison. Lust and avarice had never obtained a hold upon his heart, for as to the first of these vices, he was so moderate that all his life he preserved the most perfect chastity, and his body was virgin when it was laid in the earth."

"What," asks Azurara, "shall I say of his magnificence, which was extreme among all the princes of the world? To my thinking, he was the uncrowned prince who had in his household the greatest number of servants, and of the finest quality. His house gave welcome to all men of the realm who possessed merit, and even more to foreigners whose renown justified the expense he was at to have them there; for as an ordinary thing he had about him men of different countries, men of very distant countries, and all held him for a great marvel, and never departed without receiving great benefits from him. All his days were filled with assiduous labour; for surely among all the nations of mankind one could not find any more able than he to subdue himself. It would be hard indeed to count the nights during which his eyes knew no sleep, and his body so mortified itself that it seemed to make a new nature for itself. The continuance of his labour was such that, even as the poets figured Atlas, the giant sustaining the heavens upon his shoulders, because of his great knowledge of the celestial bodies, so the people of our realm held it for a maxim that the great labours of this prince surpassed the summits of the loftiest mountains. I shall say that things which seemed impossible to men were rendered easy by the persistence of his effort. He was a



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man of excellent counsel, and of great authority, wise and possessed of a faithful memory, but slow in certain things, perchance because his character was something phlegmatic, or because such was his will in a certain purpose of which those about him were ignorant. He was quiet in manner, and his words were calm ; in adversity he was constant, and humble in prosperity.”<sup>15</sup>

Henry the Navigator was born at Oporto on March 4, 1394. It was an age of chivalry and, in the Portuguese court, one of extreme piety and austerity, a change in outlook and behaviour that was largely due to the Queen and the powerful personality of the Holy Constable. Henry and his companions steeped themselves in Arthurian legend, and over most of them lay the spell of Africa, mysterious and unknown, and the world of “vapour and mud” that lay beyond Cape Bojador, “the dread shadow of the Mare Tenebrosum”. Prince Henry was both mathematician and mystic. His period was a turning-point in the history of the Portuguese people and it is not difficult to imagine the effect which a combination of sea, sky and sun and the call of the Unknown had upon a naturally religious and imaginative young man. His work became a crusade, and it was in this consuming spirit that he forced himself to study at Sagres for long periods without sleep, food and other creature comforts. “He was modest because he was an ascetic. He was chaste and abstemious, and fasted half of the year. His inner life was so absorbing that he felt the need of none of that outward expression which, to most men, is so essential. Devoid of affability, without any personal charm, reserved, vague in his speech, distrait, almost misanthropic, his contemporaries ascribed this lack of agreeable qualities to that phlegm which had the mastery in his complexion, or to the deliberate choice of his will, which was moved to a certain purpose not known of men. . . The Infante is one of the first examples of a man of science who is, at the same time, an ascetic. He spent all his days and long watchful nights studying, searching, meditating ; not lost in the fantastic speculations of the metaphysician, but pondering in the positive, practical, reality of the world, sketched out before him in the crude maps of his day. Like an alchemist he sought to extract the secrets of the world from those parchments. He was not in search of any chimera. . . No, he sought no chimera ; he sought the possible—so possible that, within a century, it had become fact. . . The Infante’s plan was sound and fruitful ; his idea of

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a new Portugal, breaking away from Spain and extending, beyond Morocco and Africa, to undefined limits in the unknown regions of the earth, ultimately became a reality. Consequently, we Portuguese owe to him a second fatherland and European civilisation is indebted to him for three or four most vital achievements."<sup>18</sup>

Prince Henry remained in Ceuta for three years after its capture on August 31, 1415, during which the city was frequently attacked by land and by sea. He then withdrew to Sagres, a narrow, desolate tongue of rock jutting out into the Atlantic in the southwest corner of Europe, forming a "school" and developing the science of navigation. He remained there until his death in 1460, leaving it to make short business visits to the court and to take part in the siege of Tangier. Barely 500 yards wide and not more than 1,000 yards long, Sagres is desolate even in summertime. In the winter it is a frightening place "where no man can remain without feeling the immensity of the universe, the smallness of man and the greatness of God". There he assembled mathematicians, instrument- and map-makers, entertaining his captains when they returned and lamenting their absence when they did not.

Prince Henry's objective was four-fold—he hoped to expand the Christian faith, to cripple Islam by closing the opening to the Red Sea, to establish a big empire of and for the Portuguese, and to give Portugal possession and the command of rich eastern markets. This was his "Plan of the Indies" on which he continued to work until immediately before his death. It was not possible to put it into operation at the outset. There was insufficient knowledge of the axial rudder, the compass and the astrolabe at his disposal. Such maps as existed were crude, while the barques and barinels were too low, too slow and too difficult to handle to make ocean travel practical. Even so, in 1418, within a few months of taking up residence at Sagres, two of Henry's captains, João Goncalves ("O Zarco," the light blue-eyed) and Tristao Voz Teixeira, discovered the island of Porto Santo, and a few months later another of the Infante's staff, Bartolomeu Perestrelo, reached Madeira. The caravel, called by the Venetian Cadamosto, who went to Sagres first in 1455, "the best ship that went upon the sea", was introduced in or about 1440 and, three years later, Gil Eanes, another of his nobles, accomplished the "impossible" by passing Cape Bojador. The caravel was a light, high and sharp-

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prowed vessel, about seventy-five feet long and about twenty feet in the beam, weighing from fifty to a hundred tons, and equipped with three masts (or towers) and triangular lateen sails "of which the pointed leech, reaching skywards, sought the wind". These sails made the Portuguese masters in the hitherto unknown art of sailing close to the wind. In succeeding years the caravel was adapted for long voyages, nautical tables were improved, and astronomical instruments were simplified to permit observations to be taken at sea. From that time onwards greater journeys were made, and by the time of Henry's death Portuguese navigators had reached Cape Verde and were continuing to penetrate the big West African zone. Two captains, Nuno Tristao and Antao Goncalves, reached Cape Blanco, the latter bringing back to Portugal the first captives and, going back in the following year, he exchanged Moorish prisoners for negro labour and for gold dust. Lancarotte, Prince Henry's fiscal officer, then sailed to Arguim and brought back more negroes. Nuno Tristao reached the Senegambia, Diniz Dias, Cape Verde, while Alvaro Fernandes (a nephew of "O Zarco") sailed a full hundred leagues south of it, and gradually negroes in sufficient numbers were brought back to relieve the shortage of peasant labour at home. They were among the first fruits of the "Plan of the Indies." Prince Henry, as a result, has been accused in recent years of being the first European to begin the slave trade, and while this charge may have an element of truth, not one negro reaching Portugal in this manner was ever subjected to either cruelty or hardship. On the contrary, negroes were made welcome by the Portuguese and were admitted to the Christian faith, and although rated as serfs they were treated well.

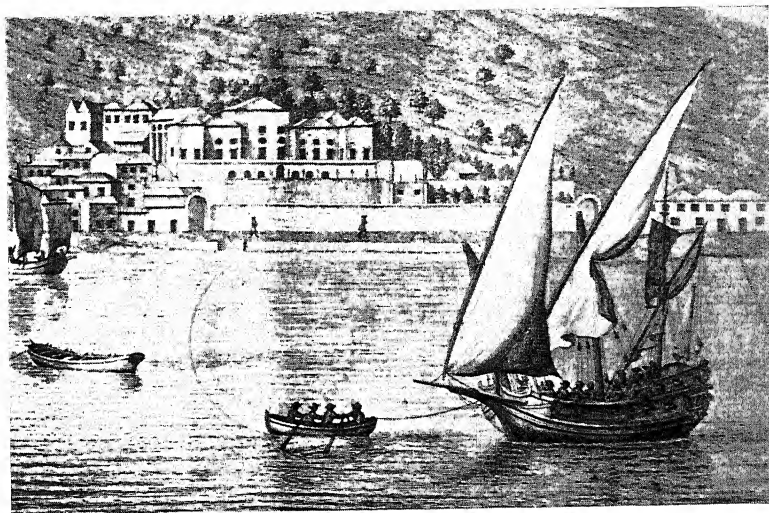
Prince Henry died without completing his grandiose plan. But, thanks to his own very considerable gifts, and the skilled craftsmanship of Cadamosto, the navigator, Pedro Nunes, the Portuguese mathematician, astronomer and cosmographer, Jayme de Mayorca, the map and instrument maker, the Genoese Antonio da Nola, and the small "army" of courageous men who joined Henry's "school" at Sagres, the way lay open for ocean exploration on a big scale. Two years before his death, as he himself wrote, "all the land of Barbary, Nubia and so into the land of Guinea well 300 leagues" had been discovered. The bay of Lagos (in the Algarve) was opened as a port and an experimental research station. Trading posts had been established on the West African



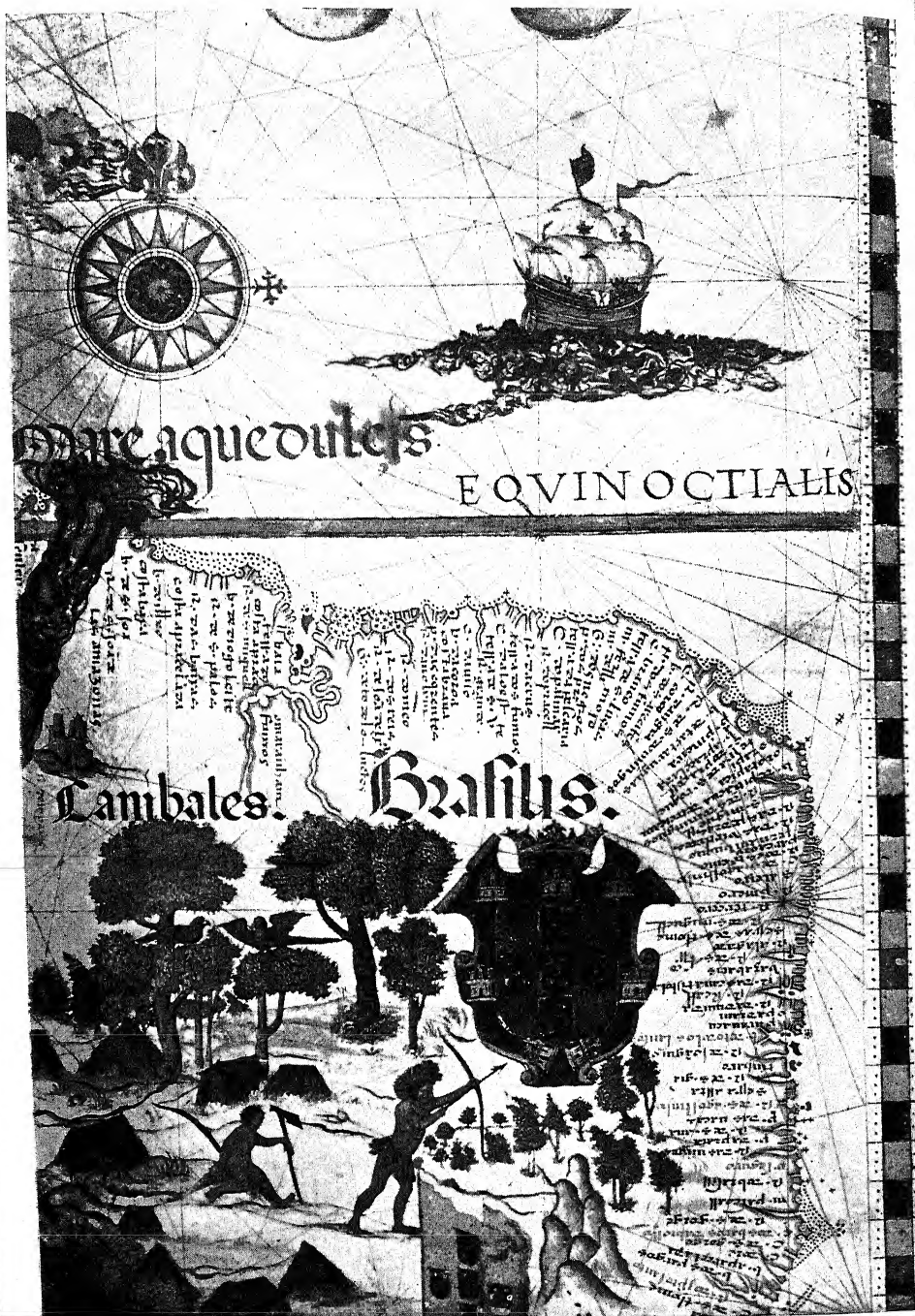
HENRY THE NAVIGATOR  
*Son of Joao I.*



VASCO DA GAMA



A CARAVEL. *Many hazardous voyages of discovery were made in vessels like the one in this old print. On the contemporary map reproduced overleaf is a carrack.*



A PORTION OF A MAP DRAWN BY DIEGO HOMEN IN 1558  
 PLATE VIII

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coast and African goods were appearing in the big European markets. Porto Santo and Madeira, discovered in 1418 and 1419 respectively, were settled within six years, and wood, wax, honey and sugar were imported. Wealth accrued to the Crown, but Prince Henry himself was heavily in debt when on September 18, 1460, he died. He was never a great traveller, visiting North Africa on three occasions only, but when he died the Portuguese flag had been taken as far south as the 8 degrees northern parallel.

His captains brought back the strangest stories of their experiences :—

“ People of the Grand Canary (measuring thirty-six leagues about) were intelligent but not upright. They knew there was a God and that those who did ill suffered ill. Among them were two whom they called kings, and a duke, but all the government of the island was in the hands of certain knights, who were not fewer than one hundred and ninety, nor more than two hundred. And when five or six of them died the others assembled and chose five or six new knights among their sons, and those took the places of those who had died in order that their number might be maintained. Their manner of fighting consisted in hurling stones, and as their soil had many stones they well defended their country. They wore no raiment, only coloured palm-leaves, which took the place of breeches and concealed their sex, but for the most part they went naked. They had neither gold nor silver nor any money, nor jewels, nor anything else artificial save that which they made with the stones that served them as knives. But they valued iron. This they worked with stones and turned into hooks for fishing. . . ”

“ Men of the island of Gomera made war with wands which they sharpened and had the appearance of arrows. They went about completely naked, were without covering and without shame. They mocked all garments, saying that they were but bags in which men tied themselves up. They had no corn. They made their meals in general of milk and herbs, ate fleas, lice, rats and ticks, lived in caves and huts and passed the greater part of their time in singing and dancing. Their vice was to enjoy themselves without labour. . . ”

“ Teneriffe was the ‘ Island of Hell.’ But there were oats, vegetables and wheat in plenty and also many pigs, sheep and goats.

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Their weapons were made of the hearts of pine-trees. They were like great darts and very sharp. The inhabitants numbered eight thousand, divided into nine bands, each band with a king. They wore the skins of beasts, lived in caves and believed in a god . . . And in the 'land of the Sahara' lived Moors who were called Azenegues. . . And to this land go all the swallows and all the birds which appear for a time in our own kingdom, such as storks, quails, turtle-doves, wrynecks, nightingales, hedge sparrows and divers others; and others leave them during the winter, such as falcons, herons, rock-doves, thrushes and other birds which make their nests in these regions and then come into our kingdom and this by reason of the food which they find here according to their nature. . . "17

\* \* \*

There was a lull on Henry's death and for a generation Portuguese interest in maritime expansion languished. Henry had died heavily indebted to the monastery of Alcobaca, the Jews, and the Crown, and there was insufficient money to maintain Sagres on its original scale. True, in the intervening years, from 1460 to the accession of Dom João II (the "Perfect Prince"), some work was done. The Cape Verde archipelago, for example, was charted, and by crossing the Equator in 1471, Portuguese mariners saw the Southern Cross for the first time. The caravel was also improved. A square sail was fitted as well as the triangular lateen and by a combination of the two devices the Portuguese were enabled to sail both with the wind and against it; but, generally, under Affonso the "African"—so called because of his intense preoccupation with Portuguese interests in North Africa—the conception of a great empire of and for the Portuguese seemed to have died with Dom Henrique. João's coming altered that. As a youth he had developed considerable interest in the pioneer work of his great-uncle at Sagres and, as a nationalist, he reacted strongly and promptly to the challenge thrown out by the emergence of Spain.

He established scientific committees under the Crown. The sextant was evolved and the caravel was further improved as a sailing ship and, moreover, it was enlarged. The original crusading ideal was by no means destroyed, rather was it encouraged, but under João II exploration and maritime expansion had to be made to yield a profit and to be safeguarded as well by the provision,

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if necessary, of garrisoned outposts. He succeeded to the throne in 1481 and he immediately began to look for the sea-route to the Indies. A number of expeditions were despatched, under Diogo Cao and Bartolomeu Dias by sea and under Pera de Covilha through the eastern Mediterranean. Imperial Portugal gradually came to life, and when his successor, Manoel the Fortunate, died in 1521 as "Lord of the Navigation, Conquest and Commerce of Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia and India", little carved stone pillars bearing the arms of Portugal stood all over the world.

The discoverers and administrators were aristocrats, romantics and crusaders as well as traders. By fanatical courage, superior gunnery, good seamanship and (for the times) far-seeing administration, they made the Portuguese masters of the seaborne trade between the East and the West and Portugal the dominant power in Asia. Yet at no time did the Portuguese army in the East exceed 5,000.

João II, in many respects, was another Henry VIII. He was a thick-set, bulky, red-faced individual. He liked to hunt, ride and swim, and he liked personal power. His first task was to make the authority of the Crown supreme. This was accomplished by suppressing the Braganza family which had already become a power within the State. They held fifty cities and could muster an army of 3,000 horse and 10,000 foot. João II stripped the family of its wealth, its titles and its private army. Once king in fact, as well as in name, he applied himself to expansion. First Diogo Cao was sent south. He succeeded in reaching the coast of what is now Angola and sailed into the mouth of the Congo river. An outpost was established and a pillar was erected on which were carved the arms of Portugal, the date of the landing and his own name as the explorer. He then returned to Lisbon, refitted and sailed south again, reaching a point 1,500 miles south of Cape St. Catherine. But for his death from fever, the fate of many Portuguese navigators, he might well have been the first sailor to round the Cape of Good Hope. That honour was reserved for Bartolomeu Dias, who resided at the Court of João II and was thirty-two years of age when, with two caravels and a supply ship, he left Lisbon river in August, 1487. His objective was Abyssinia, the land (it was believed) of Prester John. He quickly passed the farthest point reached (by Diogo Cao), and keeping to the coast,



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he entered Walvis Bay, left his supply ship and continued south, and was sailing on when suddenly he realised there was no land on the port side. He set a course due east and for four weeks was without sight of land until Mossel Bay was reached. He had rounded the Cape without having seen it. He went along the East African coast as far north as the Great Fish river and began the return journey. On the way back he sighted Table Mountain and he named the Cape the "Cape of Storms". He reached Lisbon after a great round voyage of seventeen months and seventeen days—João II then knew that the great land mass of Africa did not extend indefinitely.

Pera de Covilha left Lisbon as Dias was rounding the Cape. His objective was also Abyssinia. He was an Arabic scholar, a diplomat and a soldier. Taking with him a companion, Affonso da Paiva, he travelled by way of Rhodes, Egypt and the Sinai Desert, reaching Aden by sea in the summer of 1488. There the two travellers parted company, Pera de Covilha proceeding east and Affonso da Paiva making for Abyssinia. Nothing more was heard of him and it is assumed that he died somewhere in Africa. Pera de Covilha, on the other hand, visited Goa and Calicut, becoming the first Portuguese to reach the Indies. He returned to Cairo, despatched his report to the King and then went to Abyssinia. He was received hospitably and honourably by the Emperor, but was not allowed to return to Lisbon. João II then knew that the Indies were as rich as he had imagined them to be and that a sea-route did exist.

One other important event occurred before his death in 1495. This was the signing of the Treaty of Tordesillas (1494). Under it and by special dispensation of Rome, Portugal was entitled to claim all territory which might be discovered east of a line from pole to pole at a distance of 370 leagues from the European coast; Spain was similarly given the right to claim all lands west of the line: in effect the world of the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries was divided between Portugal and Spain as the leading Christian powers. The Perfect Prince did not live to witness the opening of the sea-route to India. This was accomplished three years after his death by Dias' great contemporary, Vasco da Gama. King Manoel the Fortunate reaped the reward.

In spite of the achievements of Diogo Cao and Bartolomeu Dias, and the growing power of Spain, many members of the royal

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council were opposed to expansion on an imperial basis owing to its cost, and it was with some difficulty that Manoel obtained sanction to send a small fleet to the Indies. Money was forthcoming for four ships only and it was with this tiny fleet, of under 1,000 tons, that Vasco da Gama made his historic voyage. The ships were his own, the flagship *Sao Gabriel*, his brother's, the *Sao Rafael*, the *Berrio*, commanded by Nicolau Coelho, and a supply ship. The flagship was only 400 tons. In addition to the crews, recruited in part from convict labour, there were a number of officers and other ranks, the former wearing armour and the latter protective leather jerkins. The total complement was 160—officers, men and crews. The ships carried guns.

Vasco da Gama spent his last night ashore in prayer at a little church at Belem (the royal "village" at Lisbon), built by Prince Henry the Navigator. He carried credentials to the King of Calicut, a letter to the legendary Prester John, and a banner on which was embroidered the cross of the Military Order of Christ, a great national order founded in 1319 by King Diniz on the suppression of the Templars. On this banner Vasco da Gama, as a "Gentleman of sufficient Quality, Ability and Spirit for such a difficult enterprise", swore an oath of allegiance to King Manoel before departure. Escorted by Bartolomeu Dias in a caravel, Vasco da Gama's fleet left Belem and sailed out of the estuary into the Atlantic and took the well-worn course to the West African coast. Dias remained at the head of the fleet until the Cape Verde Islands were reached. He then returned to Lisbon.

Heavy seas and recurring storms were encountered by the fleet. For weeks the officers and crews lived in a state of great hardship and discomfort, and fully three months elapsed before the small ships, often separated by storm and fog, reached the Cape. Four days were taken to round it. Dias' farthest point was passed and, sighting a new coastline on Christmas Day, Vasco da Gama named it Natal. He was then sailing in uncharted seas. Mozambique was reached on March 2. Pilots led him to Mombasa, and after a long journey of incredible hardship his fleet arrived off the harbour of Melinde north of Zanzibar. There Vasco da Gama was able to secure the services of another pilot and in due course the Arabian Sea was crossed. Anchors were let go in Calicut road on May 18, 1498. Wearing breeches, doublet and cloak, Vasco da Gama was received by the King of Calicut in the throne room. The King

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was attired in white cotton robes embroidered with foliage and roses of gold thread. He wore a crown set with pearls and gold anklets inset with rubies. The King sat on his throne and Vasco da Gama on the steps of the dais. They discussed the opening of trade between their respective countries. Thus did the East receive the West.

Vasco da Gama had to abandon one ship (the *Sao Rafael*) on the return journey owing to sickness among the crew. Barely half the original complement of 160 returned to Portugal. The round trip had taken two and a half years. He was given a tumultuous welcome on reaching the Tagus estuary and, in thanksgiving, Manoel ordered the building of the great monastery of Jeronimos on, appropriately, the sight of Henry's little church at Belem. Vasco da Gama was then thirty years of age.

Within a year of the opening of the sea-route to India, Brazil was reached by a fleet of thirteen vessels commanded by Admiral Pedro Alvares Cabral, who took with him Nicolau Coelho, captain of the *Berrio*, Duarte Pacheco Pereira, Bartolomeu Dias and his brother, Diogo. There were many noblemen and a number of chaplains among a total personnel of 1,200. Cabral's destination was India, a reconnaissance voyage having as its objective the consolidation of Portuguese interests in the Indies. But this voyage may also have been carried out to confirm the existence of a great land mass which was believed to lie to the south-west of the Atlantic and which had been located by Portuguese mariners before the signing of the Treaty of Tordesillas in 1494 by Dom João II ; otherwise there appears to be no reasonable explanation of his efforts to have the line dividing Portuguese and Spanish world interests pushed 370 leagues west of the coast of Europe. It is extremely unlikely that navigators of the calibre of Cabral (he was the Admiral of the Portuguese Navy), Bartolomeu Dias and Nicolau Coelho could have been blown so far off their course. The coastline of Brazil was sighted at daybreak on April 21, 1500. A range of hills appeared on the horizon, and as the fleet drew near look-out men saw thick woods leading down from the foot-hills to a wide expanse of beach. Wading ashore through heavy surf the Portuguese were received by a number of natives carrying bows and arrows, but they were not attacked. On the contrary, friendly relations were quickly established. A special service was held by the priests who travelled with the expedition,

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and at this service the land was named Terra Santa Vera Cruz. Tragedy thereafter marred this voyage—seven ships foundered on the way to Calicut and hundreds of lives were lost. Among the victims was that great pioneer of long-distance navigation, Bartolomeu Dias, drowned, as it happened, off the Cape of Good Hope in the seas which he had himself first charted.

Cabral reached Calicut on September 13, 1500. In four generations a nation of not more than 1,000,000 all told and which, at Ceuta, had been unable to sustain a fleet of more than fifteen galleys and fifteen flatboats, had extended its interests over thousands of miles of sea along both sides of the Atlantic, a greater part of the coast of the African continent and to the west coast of India. Missionaries, in twos and threes to begin with, and in very small ships, followed in the wake of the great sea-captains, not unmindful at that stage of Prince Henry's principal reason for his work at Sagres. "His great desire to increase the holy faith in Our Lord Jesus Christ, and to lead to this faith all souls desirous of being saved, recognising that the whole mystery of the Incarnation, the death and passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ took place to this end, namely, that lost souls should be saved. . . ." <sup>18</sup>

It was in this spirit that the early evangelists, spiritual descendants of the great religious orders which assisted Affonso Henriques during the re-conquest, members of the mendicant orders, seculars and others, left Portugal, built churches and convents, established tiny communities and administered to the sick and the needy along routes charted by Gil Eanes, Diogo Cao, Dias and Vasco da Gama, to and beyond the bulge of Cape Bojador. Ceylon was captured exactly ninety years after Ceuta and, within a decade, Manoel the Fortunate could within reason call himself master of half the known world.

\* \* \*

It may be asked, at this point, how it became possible for a small country with few natural resources to pit herself against and defeat Mohammedan power in the Indies and in the Far East in less than a generation. There is no adequate answer to this question. One can say that it was Portugal's destiny, or that her ships, although greatly outnumbered, were handled by superior seamanship, or carried bigger artillery, or that her soldiers and sailors were more courageous, or that Portuguese victories were

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ordained by God ; one can only repeat that in 1515, when Affonso d'Albuquerque died, the power of Portugal, resting on a great axis from Lisbon to Goa, was supreme from Mombasa to Malacca.

When Cabral concluded the second voyage of reconaissance by reaching Calicut in September, 1500, big Mohammedan fleets, at times in partnership with those of the Venetians, were maintaining a vast commercial organisation which covered nearly the whole of the coastlines of the Arabian Sea, the Indian Ocean, the Bay of Bengal and east beyond Siam, Sumatra, Java, Borneo, Celebes and north to the Philippine Islands. It was against this big and strongly held network that Portugal ranged herself at the beginning of the sixteenth century. She began her eastern enterprise by ship-building on a scale hitherto unknown. Six expeditions were equipped and despatched in the first five years of the century ; not one of those early fleets exceeded twenty-five ships, yet the vessels at the disposal of the combined Indo-Egyptian and Venetian forces ran into hundreds. Vasco da Gama, for example, sailed with fifteen ships. A cousin was given command of another twenty—Duarte Pacheco, at one period, had but three ships and 160 men. Even Francisco da Almeida, when he reached India to take up his duties in 1505 as the first Portuguese Viceroy, had a force of only twenty-two ships and 2,500 men. Yet these tiny fleets and incredibly small armies succeeded in five years in reducing Calicut and in establishing and maintaining factories at Cochin, Cannamor and Quilon. Mombasa was twice bombarded and once set on fire, and the ruler of Cochin became a tributary of the Portuguese Crown. With the capture of Ceylon in 1505 and the cutting off thereby of the Mohammedan spice trade from Malacca to the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf, Portuguese imperial interests began to take shape. The climax of this three-pronged attack by sea, from the west coast of India to the Arabian Sea, to the African coast, and south and east to the sources of the pepper and spice trades, was reached at the Battle of Diu in 1509. It took place between nineteen Portuguese ships under Francisco da Almeida and a fleet of 100 Indo-Egyptian ships reinforced by Samorin, the deposed ruler of Calicut. It led to the destruction of Mohammedan sea-power and that of allied Indian coastal kings, and with Ormuz (taken by Albuquerque) and Ceylon already in their possession, the Portuguese became the dominant sea-power in the Indian Ocean. ,

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There followed six breathless years under the second Viceroy, Affonso d'Albuquerque. He was the greatest of the Portuguese eastern governors. He took Goa in his second year of office and Malacca (with seventeen ships) in his third. He encouraged trade with Persia and Abyssinia, opened relations with Sumatra, Java and Celebes and, visiting the great markets of China and the Moluccas, traced and followed the spice trade to its source. At his death in 1515 Portuguese imperial interests in Asia were protected by a far-flung string of factories, markets, forts and fortified outposts stretching from the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf to Ceylon and east to Malacca and the Moluccas. Great wealth poured into Lisbon.

By the middle of the sixteenth century the Portuguese—<sup>19</sup> explorers, soldiers and sailors, administrators, traders and adventurers—had developed spheres of influence which embraced the coasts of north and south America, all the islands of the Atlantic, the greater part of the African littoral, the Near East and the Persian Gulf, the Indies and the Far East, but at home, at the other end of the axis, there were disquieting signs. Portugal, with a population barely in excess of 1,250,000, had overreached herself. She did not lose her soul, but she became temporarily submerged by an excess of wealth and hypnotised by the ease with which great wealth could be obtained.

I have mentioned in this chapter some of the aristocrats of Portuguese maritime expansion and colonisation, the "Gentlemen of Quality, Ability and Spirit" who lived and died bringing temporary lustre to the monarchy. But I would like, in a postscript, to mention some of the others who played less spectacular but nevertheless essential roles. They were the men who made the instruments, the charts and the maps. Sometimes the explorer and the cartographer was one and the same person: Pedro Reinil, for instance, Lopo Homen, who became chief map-maker to the Portuguese Navy, and one other (among many), Fernao vas Durada<sup>20</sup>. From them, and their patience, the British, the Dutch and all other sea-faring nations acquired much of their knowledge of ocean routes and currents, charts and tables, ship-design, instruments, maps, prevailing winds and, above all, safe anchorages. A final tribute ought not to be withheld from Prince Henry the Navigator, the men of Ceuta, and the pioneers who grouped themselves around him at Sagres. It has been a remark-

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able story, from conquest to conquest through peaceful discovery to partial eclipse. In five generations Portugal made herself mistress of the world. In three generations, from 1520 to 1580, she lost her national independence. In three more generations she regained it, began the task of safeguarding what was left to her overseas, re-discovering, not the world, but something of the spirit in which three Portuguese princes said "good-bye" to their dying mother.

<sup>1</sup> to <sup>12</sup>, *Conquests and Discoveries of Henry the Navigator, being the Chronicles of Azurara*, edited by Virginia de Castro e Almeida, with a preface by Marshal Lyautey, translated by Bernard Miall (Allen & Unwin).

<sup>13</sup> Also taking part in the fighting at Ceuta was a half-brother of the Infantes, the Count of Barcelos, a natural son of King Dom Joao I. Count Barcelos subsequently married a daughter of the Holy Constable, Nun' Alvares Pereira. The descendants of this union became the Dukes of Braganza, one of whom became King of Portugal at the Restoration of 1640.

<sup>14</sup> Columbus was a Genoese, the son of a woolcarder, born about 1446. He went to sea at the age of 15. Before 1480 he had married Felipa Monis, a daughter of Bartolomeu Perestrella, a Portuguese Governor of Porto Santo. His plans to navigate the globe were first submitted to the Portuguese: to King Dom Joao II on or about his accession.

<sup>15</sup> As in 1.

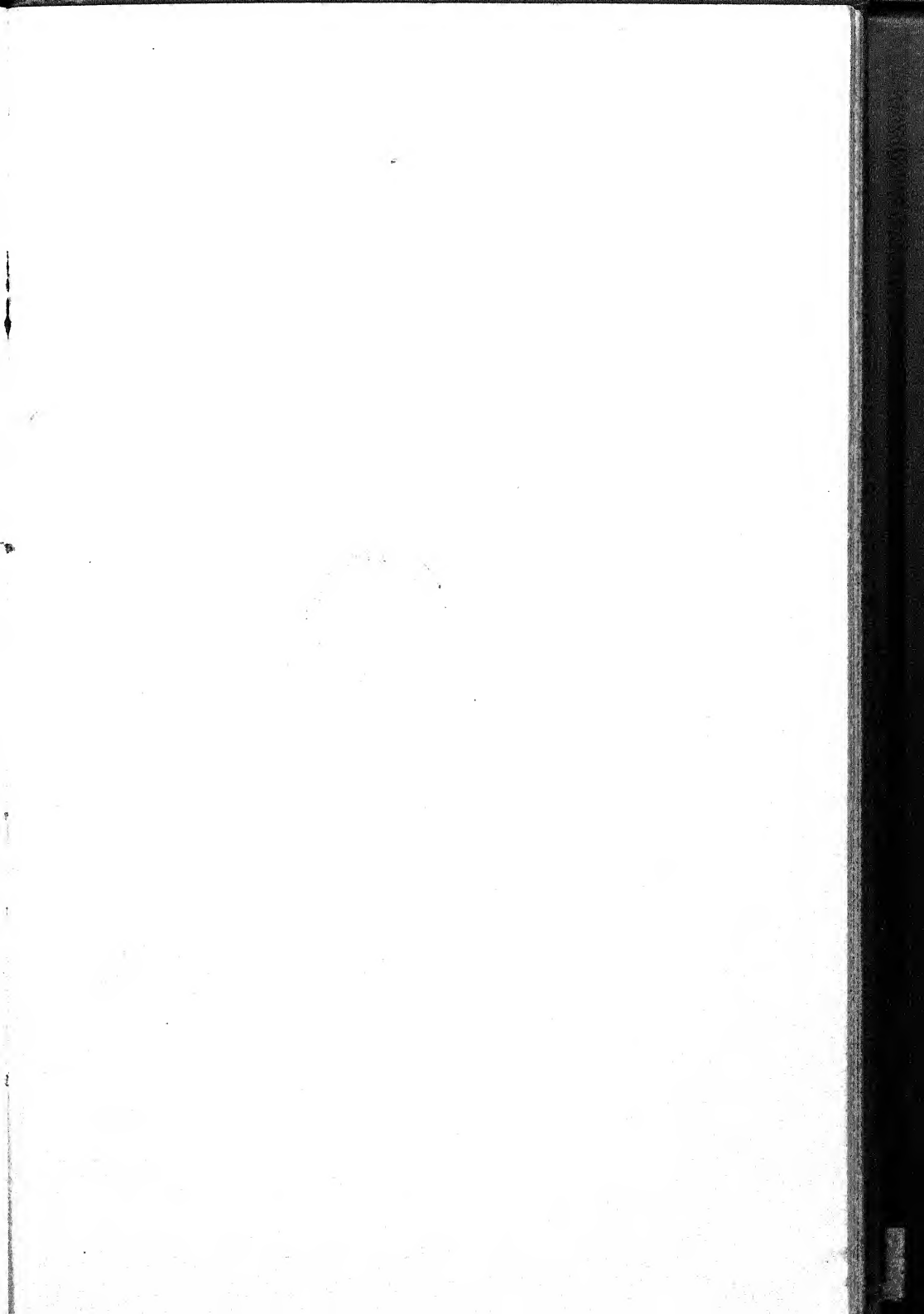
<sup>16</sup> *Salazar, Rebuilder of Portugal*, by F. C. C. Egerton (Hodder & Stoughton), quoting from *Os Filhos de Joao I*, by J. F. Oliveira Martins, 6th edition, Lisbon, 1936.

<sup>17</sup> As in 1.

<sup>18</sup> As in 1.

<sup>19</sup> Magellan was Fernao de Magalhaes, a Portuguese, a native of Tras-os-Montes. After service in the east (under Affonso d'Albuquerque) he renounced allegiance to Portugal and threw in his lot with Spain. With five ships he set out to discover a route to the East Indies in 1519. He himself was killed in the Philippine Islands, but one of his five ships returned to Spain and thus became the first to circumnavigate the globe.

<sup>20</sup> Fernao vas Durada, the cartographer, was a Portuguese. His famous atlas (of 1571) has been resurrected from the Portuguese State Archives and has been reproduced for students, artists and collectors by the Portuguese publishing house, *Livraria Civilizacao da Oporto*.





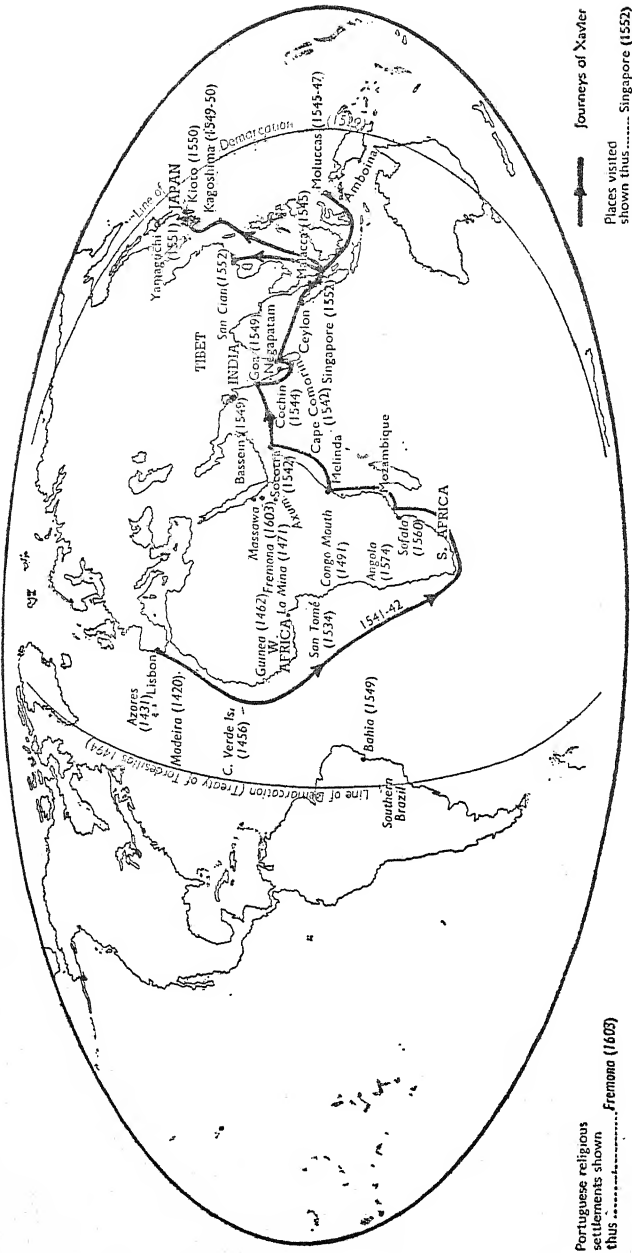


Fig. 6.—The World showing the chief Portuguese religious settlements in the sixteenth century and the journeys of St. Francis Xavier.

## CHAPTER VII

### AS PIONEERS OF CHRISTIANITY

THE TREMENDOUS voyages came to an end soon after the death of King Manoel. The Portuguese were then left with the task of protecting a coastline of over 15,000 miles in the East alone. It proved too much for them, and when the brilliant reign ended "it resembled the Cid's famous coffers, all crimson and golden without, but containing more sand than gold".<sup>1</sup> Manoel was a diligent and industrious young man of twenty-six when he succeeded his cousin and brother-in-law, João II, as king, "chaste and continent, yet both vain and capricious. . . . He was very musical, so that usually at his office, and always for the siesta and after he had got into bed, it was to music, and both for this chamber music and for his chapel he had excellent singers and players that came to him from all parts of Europe, to whom he gave honours and salaries on which they lived honourably, and, moreover, granted them great favours, so that he had one of the best chapels of the kings that then lived. Every Sunday and Saint's Day he dined and supped with music of pipes, sackbuts, horns, harps, tambourines, fiddles and on special festivals with drums and trumpets that all played each one after its kind whilst he ate ; apart from these, he had Moorish musicians who sang, and played with lutes and timbrels to the sound of which and of pipes, harps, rebecks and tambourines the young noblemen danced during dinner and supper".<sup>2</sup> Manoel, indeed, was a fortunate youth. He inherited a crown made strong and secure by his predecessor, the fruits of the genius, application, courage and enterprise of Prince Henry and the early discoverers, colonisers and scientists, and the wealth of Africa and the Indies. Yet, as a king, he failed, mistaking luxury for prosperity and greed for a thirst for glory, and when he died glimpses only could be seen of a simple people who for generations had been content to live quiet lives on the fruits of sustained work on the land. The country was denuded of manpower. Whole areas had been allowed to go to waste. Manual labour, upon which Portugal had been built by Diniz and João I, had lost its dignity and, moreover, had become difficult to obtain,

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so that thousands of able-bodied young Portuguese left their homes in the country and either emigrated, flocked to Lisbon or crossed the border into the western parts of Spain. Increasing taxation, famine and recurring plagues added to the plight in which the stay-at-home population found itself. Shipwrecks (at one period during the boom one out of every ten transport vessels foundered, partly as the result of hasty construction), widespread piracy and sickness took a heavy toll of life at sea, yet Portugal continued the task of endeavouring to police and maintain her imperial interests overseas. This was Portugal at the end of her finest hour.

Wealth begat poverty. "First, the boom led to a slump. Pepper, the principal import from the East, lost its value just as sugar had done. The first pepper brought back by Vasco da Gama sold at 80 cruzados the quintal; it soon fell to 40 as the supply increased. A Royal Order forbade its sale at less than 20 cruzados, and the price was later established at 30. In Cochin it was acquired for about 2. Together with the decrease in profit came an increase in the cost of the expeditions. It was soon found that the State could not perform the task of supplying trading vessels and protecting its outposts and preserves with armed ships and soldiers. Private vessels were allowed to join Cabral's and later squadrons. Only then was it found that as the conquest progressed the profits were reduced, and that the occupation of territory was not a remunerative policy, but that it gradually swallowed up the profits of the whole enterprise. As early as 1518 (three years before Manoel died) the flow of African wealth was subsiding. Factories became less profitable; and the factor at Sofala wrote to the King: 'Sofala, Sire, is not worth such great expense. Your Highness thought to profit me in granting me the boon of this factory, but I, Sire, am quite ruined and would not come here at any price. . . .'<sup>3</sup> Yet pepper brought back twenty years earlier by Vasco da Gama paid for the cost of his expedition sixty times.

Many other grave national and imperial problems were inherited by João III. They related to gambling, extravagance, fraudulent officials, servants of officials who robbed with impunity, and the activities of priests who failed to carry out their duties but who displayed excessive zeal in demanding payment when service was rendered. These and other disquieting signs merely touched the fringe of the difficulties with which the luckless and gloomy João III

was confronted during the early years of his sombre reign. He had to face a big rise in the national debt and a falling off in revenue from Africa, India and the Far East ; in order to obtain essential foodstuffs, which before the discoveries had been produced at home, he was obliged to get rid of precious stones, spices, cotton and perfumes from the East in exchange for eggs and chickens. But to him the gravest scourge was the decline in the *morale* of the nation.

João III, who was only nineteen when he came to the throne, was a child of the third marriage of King Manoel. He was deeply religious, by nature gloomy and the reverse of dynamic. He has been called by some a witless bigot and has been charged with squandering a great heritage. Admittedly his was not a strong personality, but it is to be doubted whether even the "Perfect Prince," João II, would have rescued Portugal from the plight to which she had been reduced during the closing stages of the "golden" reign. It is conceivable that a cleverer king, one in closer harmony with his people, might have consolidated Portuguese interests in the East and have derived greater value from Brazil, but João III was neither clever nor far-seeing. He adopted the only course that was in keeping with his mentality : he turned to Rome and, in 1539, instructed his ambassador to find out whether the Companions of the newly-created Order of the Society of Jesus would be prepared to evangelise his possessions. In this way, possibly accidentally, there began a new chapter in the history of the Portuguese.

In 1533 there were five Companions, Francis Xavier and three others who had grouped themselves around Ignatius Loyola, "determined to follow Christ in poverty, prayer, and penance, with Ignatius for guide". Three years later the five had become nine and, meeting Ignatius in Venice in January, 1537, "they seem to go straight back to the Middle Ages. St. Gaetano had founded an incurables hospital at Venice. Thither Francis Xavier went and there he worked. The star exhibit of the Paris schools (Xavier gained every honour at the University of Paris) was making beds, bandaging wounds, digging graves, living on alms. Copying famous examples, ashamed of being sickened by the sight of a hateful disease, he placed his filthied fingers in his mouth. The act was too much for his nerves. He dreamt all night that the

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leprosy had settled in his throat, struggled and choked, and next day made a jest of it. . . . From Venice they tramped to Rome through torrential spring rains and rivers sometimes breast high, on a crust of bread in the morning and pine-cones chewed at night, making eighteen miles in a single day, singing the while for very joyousness. War between Venice and the Turk was imminent and they could not go to Jerusalem ; but in June Francis was ordained and said his first Mass late in the autumn at Vicenza. His whole conversation, they said, was about the Indies ; a nightmare haunted him—a huge Indian sat upon his shoulders and crushed him till he woke screaming. At other times he would wake his scared companions by his cries. . . . Ignatius called him back to Rome. Devastated by two illnesses, he was unrecognisable. He was given two months to live. . . .”<sup>4</sup>

Following the presentation of the request of João III, two Companions were chosen. They were Roderigues and Bobadilla, but owing to illness the latter was unable to travel to Lisbon and Francis Xavier was selected in his place. Travelling across the Alps, the party of three, the Portuguese Ambassador, Roderigues and Xavier, reached Lisbon in June, 1540. Nine months later, after a period spent at the court of João III, Xavier left Portugal to found the Apostolate of the Indies. Travelling on one of thirty-five transport vessels, he left Lisbon on his birthday, April 7. He was then thirty-five years of age. “Rome and India,” he wrote to Ignatius Loyola, “are wide apart. But the harvest is great. Each will have work enough where he is. But whoever of us shall first enter the other life, and there finds not the brother whom he loves, let him pray Christ our Lord to give us all the grace to meet again in glory.”

The journey to Goa, on a ship of the kind that frequently foundered, took a year instead of the scheduled six months. After Sierra Leone had been passed the fleet was becalmed for forty days in sweltering heat. Epidemics broke out among “the riff-raff who sailed spellbound by the glamour of the east”. Food went bad and the drinking water was warm and “crawling with life”. “Francis, staggering with nausea (and barely recovered from seasickness that lasted for two months), was everywhere among the terrified blasphemous crews. He gave up his food, his clothes, his very cabin. They rounded the Cape without touching there ;

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they wintered at Mozambique (in those days the graveyard of Portugal). Its moral degradation was unbelievable."

Xavier reached Goa in the evening of May 6, 1542, remaining there until September, when he embarked on his first mission. He reported that the moral and financial corruption at Goa was indescribable. The whites he termed the worst enemies of themselves, the native population and of the faith. "Natives were sold into an appalling slavery on the very steps of the cathedral or Government House ; officials were the worst offenders, or, if they protested, were either murdered or recalled."

Xavier reported favourably on one person only. This was the Bishop of Goa, a Franciscan whom he found to be a devoted man . . . "But in all India hardly two or three priests were preaching. Mass was said practically nowhere save in the capital".

Francis Xavier, to whom the Portuguese largely owe their unique reputation as carriers of the Christian faith all over the world, was a Basque, the sixth son of Don Juan de Jaxu, a court official, and Dona Maria de Azpilcueuta, the daughter of an impoverished border-country nobleman and a descendant of the royal houses of Navarre and Aragon. He has been variously pictured, by the Rev. C. C. Martindale, as a young man who went to study at the University of Paris, "for nothing short of the supreme university could satisfy his sense of what was due to him", and by Mr. Maurice Collis as "essentially ecstatic, of tremendous emotional force for whom vision had a much greater value than learning. . . . Both of them (Loyola and Xavier) had been through a spiritual crisis, after which they both abandoned the life of hunting, society, and war to which, the one as a Spaniard and the other as a Basque aristocrat, they had been born, and conceiving the idea of the regeneration of Catholicism, menaced by its own internal weaknesses, the rise of the new learning, and the appearance of the new heresies, they founded the Society of Jesus, thereafter dividing the work, Loyola selecting Europe as his field, and Xavier Asia. The conversion of the whole Orient was Xavier's ambition and he felt within him a sufficient force of soul to accomplish this miracle."<sup>5</sup> Both pictures are accurate. Under his father, Don Juan de Jaxu, the family prospered and, for a time at least, Xavier the boy shared its fortunes and probably lived the normal life of a youngster of means and aristocratic birth. But, drawn into a quarrel between Navarre and Castile, the

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family suffered and on three occasions the fortress of Azpilcuenta was demolished. The Xavier family lands were ravaged, and when Francis eventually went to Paris, while not poor, he was by no means wealthy ; Ignatius was middle-aged when he arrived at the university in 1528, "limping, unkempt, so poor that he had to beg his keep and sweep corridors for an extra coin or two".

Xavier was a man of common sense. He was also a diplomat and, by modern standards, he would also have been described as an opportunist and a superb propagandist. The cost of his Apostolate in India was borne by the King of Portugal, but he was shrewd enough to realise that results would only be obtained provided he received the backing of Rome. He was accordingly made Papal Nuncio and it was in this capacity that he stepped ashore at Goa. He was seen to be barefooted and wearing rags when he landed. Leading churchmen and officials greeted him on arrival but, instead of being driven to the Bishop's palace, he elected to walk barefooted to a small building which was being used as a hospital. He beckoned to the waiting crowd and called upon it to follow him and, turning his eyes towards Heaven, he walked in prayer towards the hospital and on arrival bathed the sores of waiting lepers. The effect which he created during his stay in Goa accompanied him throughout his missions in Asia. Some said they thought they saw a halo about his head. By others he was called the "Heavenly Pilgrim" . . . Portuguese traders and government officials probably doubted the propriety of the appearance of a white man in rags in the east ! But he continued to go about his journeys dressed in the coarsest of clothes. He lived with extreme simplicity, tending the sick, succouring the needy, praying with prisoners in the burning heat of mid-day, scorning wealth and soft living and re-enacting the life of Christ. He preached in woods, on the beaches and by the wayside, accomplishing more in one year than his predecessors, seculars and members of the mendicant orders and others had in a generation. He had an extraordinary personality. He was mystic, saint, diplomat and a man with a knowledge of affairs, and he was also a rigid disciplinarian. Goa at that time "was undisciplined and rough. Neither the civil nor the ecclesiastical authority was well established. Murder was frequent and went unpunished. The soldiers in the forts along the coast lived as if the Church did not exist, many with a harem, and none troubling to obtain the Church's blessing on a union. But they

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were susceptible to the influence of true religion and piety. Nor had they forgotten altogether that one of their objects in coming east was to spread Catholicism. Xavier's saintly life caused them to feel remorse. They became alarmed about their souls . . . "6

Xavier remained six months in Goa. Leaving it, he passed "like a flame of truth" through southern India and Japan, addressing his gift of oratory, his personality and his natural simplicity to the sick and the needy, the poor, the downtrodden and the enslaved; to all in fact who were living without hope. From September, 1542, until December, 1544, he was at Cape Comorin, and, from September, 1545, until December, 1547, in the Malacca Peninsula. From there he went to the Spice Islands, west of New Guinea, following a population of a low Papuan type "through jungles that swarmed with insects and a damp atmosphere reeking with the clove . . . neither the head-hunters of Borneo and Sumatra nor the cannibalism of Ceram affrighted him . . ." The period June, 1546, to April, 1547, was spent in the north Moluccas. He then returned to India and remained there until the early summer of 1549, revisiting Cochin, the pearl-fisheries, developing the College of St. Paul at Goa, organising evangelism in prisons, hospitals and leper settlements and creating, through the College, native clergy. He then went to Japan, leaving it "seemingly a failure, and yet happy. Did God allow him to foresee, in some measure, the heroic and glorious future of the Church into which his poor couple of a thousand converts were to develop?"7 In April, 1552, ten years after his arrival in India, he set out on what was to be his last journey. He hoped to reach China, then forbidden to the Portuguese, but after being shipwrecked and held up in Malacca, he did not get farther than San Cian, an island near the mouth of the Canton estuary. There he was taken ill with fever, from which he did not recover. He died in sight of the coast of China, in a hut, alone but for a Christian Chinese servant, on November 27, 1552.

The strange story of what happened to his body after death has often been recorded. His grave on the island was in the open and unprotected from wild animals and in order to dissolve it lime was thrown on the remains by the servant. But three months later, when the body was exhumed for re-burial at Malacca, the authorities there discovered it to be in a state of perfect preservation. It was then sent to Goa at the request of the Viceroy. There it was exhibited every year, pilgrims arriving to see it from all parts of



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Portuguese territory. Seventy-two years after Xavier's death the body was removed from the College of St. Paul to the Bom Jesus and it was exhibited at regular intervals to all travellers expressing a wish to see it. One pilgrim, seeing it in 1675, reported that the face was still fresh and pink. A long time afterwards, in 1859, when the "Golden City" had fallen into economic ruin, an autopsy was carried out by a committee of doctors appointed by the Viceroy. On examination the body was found to have shrunk to about four and a half feet (in life Xavier was a little over five feet). The pinkness of the cheeks had faded, but the body was still in an excellent state. It was displayed to the public and a vast crowd of 200,000 filed past the remains. There is an explanation. The lime used by the servant at San Cian had acted as a preservative and not as a solvent, but bearing in mind the nature of the times it is not surprising that to the Portuguese and others the freshness of the body was held to be a miracle in keeping with the extraordinary reputation Francis Xavier acquired during his Apostolate in the service of João III and the Society of Jesus . . . "The enthusiasm which he aroused, the curious psychic reaction which accompanied his appearance, his fanatical single-mindedness, the absolute genuineness of his emotion, have been the subject of innumerable biographies, which establish beyond question that he was that rare, uncompromising, terrific phenomenon, a mystic and a saint."<sup>8</sup>

His life—in Spain, Paris, Rome, at the Court of João III, in India and the archipelagos, in Malacca and Japan—like that of Prince Henry the Navigator whose genius made Xavier's journeys possible, represented the finest aspect of Portuguese expansion. There is a tendency nowadays to criticise Dom João III for calling in a foreigner to evangelise imperial Portugal in an attempt to recover the spirit in which the early discoverers took the Cross of Christ overseas. João III has been condemned for permitting Xavier to dictate the ecclesiastical policy of Portugal. Xavier has also been censured for advising João to call in the New (or Spanish) Inquisition which had been established some years previously by the Dominican, Torquemada, in Castile and Aragon. But neither Xavier nor the King can be condemned for the use to which the Inquisition was put by others later. Francis Xavier is best judged by the remarkable success with which he and his Portuguese collaborators, and the others who followed them, established and developed great spheres of Christian influence, safeguarding thereby much that would

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have been otherwise irretrievably lost on the collapse of Portugal as a great world-empire in the latter part of the sixteenth century. Xavier's work and that of his collaborators and successors survived the persecution of Christianity in the Far East in the seventeenth century and when, in the nineteenth, Japan was again open to foreigners, it was discovered that, although without priests and sacraments, no fewer than 50,000 people had kept their belief in Christianity. His body is still being exposed for public veneration, and on these occasions thousands of pilgrims flock to Goa.

\* \* \*

The Portuguese people have always been directly associated with the promotion of Christianity. The early missionaries were seculars and members of the mendicant Orders whose first task was to minister to the spiritual needs of soldiers and others stationed overseas. They also established communities, built churches and convents and, although they were few in number to begin with, they made many conversions. They were in Guinea, the Cape Verde Islands and at the mouth of the Congo before the close of the fifteenth century and they were on the west coast of India shortly after the opening of the sea-route, accomplishing much good work and laying the foundations, in fact, of a spiritual empire which in influence has outlasted that of the great voyages of discovery. But it was not until Francis Xavier and his companions of the Society of Jesus entered the field at the request of João III that evangelism came to be placed on what may be termed an imperial basis. From thereon the progress achieved was remarkable.

Dr. Edgar Prestage<sup>9</sup> states that from 1541 (the year in which Xavier left for the Indies) to 1724, 1,650 Jesuit missionaries left the Port of Lisbon, converting and baptizing by 1640 about 1,000,000 people : or nearly the population of Portugal at that time. " Their field extended from East Africa to the Moluccas and Japan on the one side and from West Africa to Brazil on the other and, in addition to evangelisation, they devoted themselves to higher and secondary instruction and built or taught in numerous colleges and seminaries. At the date of the suppression of the Society in 1759 (by the Marquess of Pombal), they directed twenty colleges and three seminaries in Portugal, the Atlantic Islands and West Africa, ten colleges and three seminaries in the province of Goa, eight colleges and two seminaries in Malabar, four colleges and one seminary in China, and

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until persecution destroyed the large and flourishing church in Japan founded by them they had six colleges and two seminaries there. They also introduced the printing press into India and Japan, and composed and issued grammars and dictionaries in the native languages, which they had learnt.

“ In Brazil they had nine colleges and one seminary and it is generally agreed by modern Brazilian historians that the civilisation of that vast country, as large as the United States, owes much to them. Father José da Anchieta earned the title of the Apostle of Brazil and his Tuppi grammar is the most important monument of that language, though it was improved upon by the grammar of Father Luis Figueira which went through seven editions, while Antonio Vieira<sup>10</sup>, one of the most gifted preachers and zealous missionaries of the seventeenth century, wrote a catechism in six of the Indian tongues. In Brazil the Jesuits acted as the protectors of the natives against the efforts of the colonists to enslave them and had to suffer persecutions and exiles on this account. Owing in part to this protection, the Brazilian Indians were more fortunate than those of North America ; a large number of them survived the invasion of the white man and by marriage or otherwise became merged in the general population of the country.

“ But not only did the Society spread the Gospel and instruction in distant and savage countries, its members explored them and sent to Europe the first notices of their geography and history, life and customs. Antonio de Andrade penetrated into Thibet, while Bento de Goes made an overland journey from India to China which lasted five years ; Mathew Ricci was the pioneer of modern Chinese studies and he was followed by Alvaro Semedo, author of the *Imperio da China*, the fruit of twenty-two years' investigation on the spot. Luis Froes wrote a history of Japan which has lately been published in a German translation. The labours of Pedro Paes and Jeronimo Lobo to find the sources of the Nile are famous . . . it is easy to read of and admire the achievements of the Jesuits in the calm of a library, but it is almost impossible to realise their perils, pains and heroic endurance, ending by death in a distant land, and often in solitary confinement or at the hands of an executioner . . . ”

Hundreds of the missionaries who left Portugal in the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were captured, beaten,

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tortured and killed. In Japan, in 1597, twenty-six Jesuits and Franciscans were crucified. In a quarter of a century fifty-five priests and laymen were beheaded or burnt to death. In 1638, 7,000 native converts who had taken refuge in a fort near Shimabara were bombarded by a Dutch<sup>11</sup> vessel for two weeks until all were killed. Two years later, four Portuguese ambassadors from Macau, a little girl of eight years of age and fifty-six other people of varying nationalities were publicly executed. The torment of the pit, suspension head downwards in a hole in the ground, crucifixion, decapitation and burning were the forms of execution generally used. One Portuguese (Manoel Borges) was left hanging head first in a pit for four days until he died. Another (Antonio da Sousa) did not die until the ninth day. . . . Altogether, on land and sea, forty Jesuits in the Indies, twenty-seven in Indo-China, one hundred and eleven in Japan, twelve in the Indian archipelagos and twenty-four at sea earned the crown of martyrdom. To this list are to be added Franciscans and Dominicans who worked and died in Ceylon and West Africa and in Southern Rhodesia, Timor and Solor. Among the victims were Father Ignatius de Azevedo, who with thirty-nine companions was left to drown at sea while travelling to Brazil, the Venerable Goncalo da Silveira, the martyr of South Africa, and Sao João de Brito, whose murder at Madura brought to a climax a life of high endeavour unique in the Portuguese mission field.

João de Brito was born in Lisbon in 1647. He was a Jesuit. "I feel that St. Francis calls me," was his explanation for abandoning a life of ease and preferment at the Portuguese Court. Persecution was at its height, and when news of this and the atrocities committed reached Portugal every effort was made by his friends, among them members of the Portuguese royal family, to dissuade him from fulfilling his wish to go overseas.

To the principal of the Society, João Paula Oliva, he wrote a letter in which he pointed out that as a boy he had recovered from a dangerous illness "through the intercession of St. Francis Xavier". "But," he added, "St. Francis not only did this; he bestowed an even greater blessing upon me, the wish to consecrate to missionary work in India the life he restored to me. True, for a long time I had it within my heart, yet mentioned it to no one because I had not begun my philosophical studies. Now, however,

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I deem myself sufficiently advanced to be able to work in that field. Therefore I beg and beseech you to allow me to answer the call of St. Francis Xavier. I feel assured that the Saint, just as he brought me back to health, will now open the way that leads to eternal happiness. By the tears of Christ and the grace of St. Francis, for the greater glory of God which you prize above all, I affectionately beg you to suffer me to go."

Eventually he received permission to go and with a number of other priests he sailed for India on March 15, 1673. A small mission station at Madura first claimed his attention. He worked there patiently and gradually the number of conversions was increased. After some years he was made Commercial Procurator for the province of Malabar and in that capacity he returned to Lisbon, visiting his mother and his friends. Efforts were renewed to induce him to remain at home. To these and other representations, he made the same reply. He felt that his destiny lay in India. And he called for recruits: "We need many helpers," he said, "and that is why I came home to recruit them. If I return to India I can, by my example, stimulate those who were not moved by my exhortation to heed the missionary call."

In November, 1690, João de Brito was again in Goa and his first act on landing was (as in 1674) to visit the tomb of St. Francis Xavier. Declining the invitation and advice of the Viceroy, Dom Miguel da Almeida, his lifelong friend, to rest and recuperate in Goa, he once again set out for his mission at Madura. On January 8, 1693, he was taken prisoner and beaten and then conveyed to Urgur to await execution. On February 4, he was removed to a place some distance from the town to a hill beneath which flows the River Pampantru. There he was taunted and again beaten. After half an hour spent in prayer he put himself at the disposal of his executioners. It was noon. He was undressed and it was then discovered that he was wearing a reliquary hanging from a chain around his neck. Being frightened to touch it—it was thought to possess "magical" properties—his executioners cut it away with a knife inflicting a gaping wound in his chest. His hands were then tied and he was decapitated. The hands and feet were cut off and the dismembered body was fixed by a spike to the ground. For a week it lay in the open until parts of it, the reliquary, the chain and the cutlass with which he was beheaded, were recovered by members

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of the mission at Madura. In a last letter he wrote : " The crime of which I am accused being a virtue, to suffer for it is great glory."

João de Brito was Canonised in 1947 on the three hundredth anniversary of his birthday. If proof is needed of the lasting value of the lives of the great Portuguese missionaries and those of their foreign collaborators, Francis Xavier, Father Lecomte, Father Easterman, Father Keiling and others, it is to be found in the nature of the pilgrimage to Rome on that occasion. Among the delegation were representatives of the Christian faith from all over the world : from Africa, from India and from Oceania. Pope Pius XII, speaking in Portuguese, then said : " Honour and encouragement to you, beloved sons of Portugal, continental and overseas—one, the cradle of the glorious martyr S. João de Brito and the bestower of his ascetic character ; the other, who gave him the apostolic field and the altar of sacrifice—both brilliantly represented here in this numerous and distinguished throng of pilgrims gathered for this apotheosis of the national conscience and the apostle. When, four centuries ago, a celebrated mission placed at the throne of St. Peter the rich fruits of the lands discovered by the hardy Lusitanian argonauts there was the gesture of the Adventurous King, a clear promise to carry the Faith to all those immense regions and to lead them, one day, to obedience to the Vicar of Christ. To-day, your embassy, more brilliant with the purple of two Cardinals and the presence of almost the entire Episcopate, appears more precious because it is the bearer of the immortal treasures of souls regenerated in the blood of Christ and comes from the lands that extend from the Congo, Angola and Mozambique regions of Africa through the Indian and Chinese continent to the Pacific Isles—to-day your embassy of souls demonstrates clearly the efforts made during the centuries and the fruits gathered in the realisation of that great Christian task and brings to life before our eyes the many legions of intrepid missionaries who, guided by the heroic Francis Xavier and João de Brito, there wrote with their apostolic sweat and often signed with their blood one of the most glorious and indelible pages in the history of the Church. The glory of the new Saint will gild with fresh splendours the memory of those heroes and others like them who generously aided in the divine task of elevating souls, and be reflected with special honour upon you, inheritors of his great civilising and missionary vocation, a special honour which, at the same time, should inspire you and the whole Lusitanian Family

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to be ever bolder Christians. May the example of the unconquerable apostle cause new legions of ardent missionaries to arise ready to follow his footsteps in the path of the apostolate, may the fire of his indefatigable zeal be kindled anew in all who are proud to be Catholics and Portuguese that noble emulation which inspired your best to help spread the Faith in the Empire, so that wherever the national flag flutters the Cross of Christ shall prevail—nor may there be a single subject of Portugal, whatever his colour or origin, who does not enhance the nobleness of that name with the greater nobleness of a son of God and of the Church.”<sup>12</sup>

Much of the Portuguese Empire that was founded by Gil Eanes, Dias, Vasco da Gama and Cabral and others passed to other nations. There remain the fruits of the labour of the first missionaries, Francis Xavier who followed them, and the disciples who in turn followed him.

The Portuguese live in a little country, but they have had all the world in which to die.

<sup>1</sup> *Portugal of the Portuguese*, by Aubrey F. G. Bell (Pitman).

<sup>2</sup> *History of Portugal*, by H. W. Livermore (Cambridge University Press), quoting the Chronicler, Gois.

<sup>3</sup> *History of Portugal*, by H. W. Livermore (Cambridge University Press).

<sup>4</sup> *St. Francis Xavier*, by the Rev. C. C. Martindale (Catholic Truth Society).

<sup>5</sup> *The Land of the Great Image*, by Maurice Collis (Faber & Faber).

<sup>6</sup> As in 5.

<sup>7</sup> As in 4.

<sup>8</sup> As in 5.

<sup>9</sup> *Portugal, a Pioneer of Christianity*, by Dr. F. B. A. Prestage, D.Litt. (Oxon), Emeritus Professor of the University of London; 2nd edition, revised February, 1945 (Comp. Imp. na Tipografia da Empresa Nacional de Publicidade, Travessa do Poco da Cidade, Lisbon).

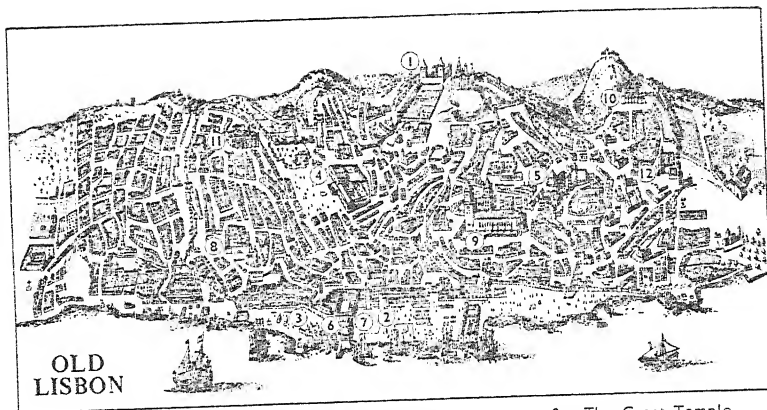
<sup>10</sup> Father Antonio Vieira was a great Portuguese orator and missionary who died in Brazil in 1697.

<sup>11</sup> The Dutch, for commercial and religious reasons, were then strongly opposed to Portuguese expansion.

<sup>12</sup> From the text of the speech made by His Holiness Pope Pius XII.







- |                          |                             |                           |
|--------------------------|-----------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Royal Castle          | 5. Senate House             | 9. The Great Temple       |
| 2. Royal Embankment      | 6. New Indies House         | 10. Monastery of St Mary. |
| 3. Arsenal               | 7. Old Indies House         | 11. Carmelite Monastery   |
| 4. Hospice of all Saints | 8. Monastery of St. Francis | 12. Church of St. Vincent |

Fig. 7 (a)—LISBON IN 1660. From a print in the British Museum.

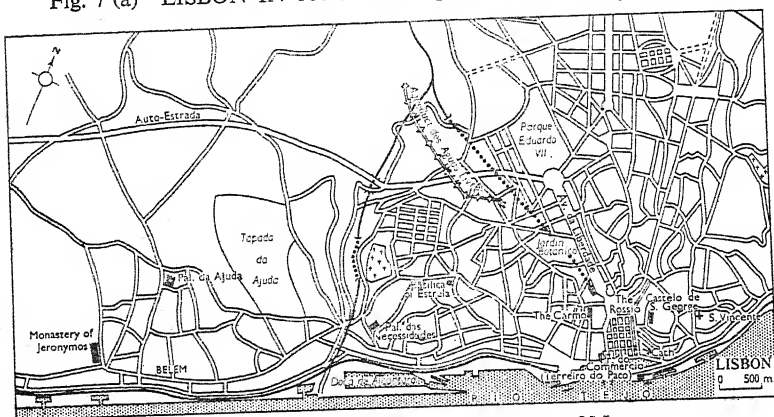


Fig. 7 (b)—PLAN OF MODERN LISBON.

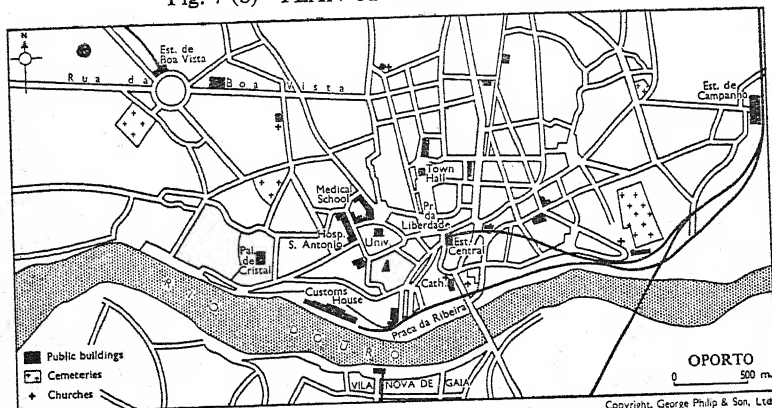


Fig. 7 (c)—PLAN OF MODERN OPORTO.

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## CHAPTER VIII

### LISBON AND OPORTO

WITH POPULATIONS exceeding 700,000 and 260,000 respectively, Lisbon and Oporto are the only big Portuguese cities. Setubal, the sardine-canning centre on the site of an ancient Roman city, has a population of between 50,000-60,000, but no other mainland city, not even Coimbra, the first capital, has more than 30,000 inhabitants. Within a hundred years the population of Lisbon has multiplied itself five times and the capital is still growing. Simultaneously that of Oporto has trebled itself, and while the steep right bank of the Douro prohibits expansion in that direction, Oporto, like Lisbon, has yet to reach the limit of full maturity.

In trade they are as London is to Manchester, rivals yet complementary, one being dependent upon the prosperity of the other. In characteristics they are more as London is to Edinburgh, both enjoying the "royal" or "capital" city prerogative of being able to express themselves through their traditions rather than through distinguishing buildings or monuments. London without its famous landmarks would still be a great capital.

They hold some features in common. Both are seaports set upon hills and both were shipyards of importance in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, Oporto having added distinction in that Prince Henry the Navigator was born there. The great difference between them lies in the nature of their early development. Whereas Oporto and the County of Portugal grew up together, and the city gave the country her name,<sup>1</sup> Lisbon had become primarily a Moorish trading centre when finally liberated by force in the middle of the twelfth century, and it is a matter of some interest that the liberating Portuguese army was recruited from or around the mouth of the Douro river.

In the style of the buildings which survived the great Lisbon earthquake of 1755, and in the tendency of the people to dwell upon the past rather than look to the future, there is still something of the atmosphere of the East about the capital. That was the impression I formed—not when I visited it for the first time in the winter of

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1940, but when later I went to Cairo, Damascus, Baghdad and other cities of the Middle East. The people of Oporto are more conservative, less pliable. They bustle about their work even in the oppressive heat of the summer months. Their character is more in keeping with the granite from which their cathedral is made, and there is a strange fascination in the rough strength and severe aspect of the site on which the city is perched and in the majesty of the Douro by which Oporto is girt and defended. Not so the people of Lisbon, who can sun themselves throughout most of the year by a gentler, more protected waterfront, and whose character seems to go less with modern, broad, and tree-lined avenues than with the medieval, picturesquely-named little winding streets which honeycomb the older parts of the city. Oporto is the traditional "City of Labour". It has been the fount of national inspiration for centuries. It is rigidly "northern" in outlook and temperament, pleased to have the opportunity to visit the capital, but intensely proud to be Oporto. In spite of the simplicity introduced by the Marquess of Pombal when re-building the stricken centre of Lisbon, it has remained decorative and flamboyant—500 years, the period of the Moslem occupation, is a long time in the life of even an ancient city. A greater medley of races is to be found in the blood of the people of Lisbon, and it is to the capital, a country within a country, that one instinctively turns when endeavouring to thread a way through the maze of Portuguese history.

The appearance of ancient Lisbon can only be conjectured. *Olisipo*, or *Ulyssipo*, the name by which it was known during the Roman occupation, implies its legendary foundation by Ulysses. Under Julius Cæsar Lisbon achieved municipal status, becoming the only city of Lusitania with full civic rights. After the fall of the Roman Empire it became Suevian, a Suevian leader, *Maldra*, proclaiming himself king in Lisbon in A.D. 410. The city was later incorporated in the relatively short-lived empire of the Visigoths. Sea-raiders from the north—from Britain, possibly—entered the river and plundered the western outskirts in A.D. 844. Christian armies from the north-west corner of the Peninsula then either sacked or occupied the city for short periods in the ninth, tenth and eleventh centuries; otherwise Lisbon, *al-Ashbuna* or *Lasbuna* as it became, was in the hands of the Moors from A.D. 711 until it was taken by Affonso Henriques and foreign crusaders, in the summer

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of 1147. When Portugal was only nineteen years old, Lisbon was already becoming known as a seaport. It had been on the trade routes between Britain and the Mediterranean for centuries. Osbert,<sup>2</sup> for example, passing the lighthouse tower at Corunna, referred to it as "a wonderful work which was formerly built by Julius Cæsar in order that it might serve as a centre through which the revenues and the interminable lawsuits of all Britain and Ireland and Spain might pass to and from. For it is so situated that it offers the first landing place for travellers coming directly over from Britain".

Osbert liked the look of the river and admired the surrounding country, but he seems to have taken a poorer view of Lisbon. To him the city was a "breeding ground of every lust and abomination". His fellow crusaders numbered 13,000 all told. They were not all crusaders in the strictest sense, individuals who were determined to sacrifice all they possessed, their lives if necessary, in the service of God. No, there were others amongst them : adventurers, fortune-hunters, pirates and their like who had heard tales of the wealth of Lisbon and of the discovery, perhaps, of gold on the south bank of the river, and others to whom a crusade in whatever cause represented a business undertaking and an opportunity to get away from commitments at home. But they were a rugged lot and they fought bravely and fell in considerable numbers. They sailed from Dartmouth in Devon late in May in 164 ships. They were from East Anglia, London, Kent, the southern counties and the west country, Germany, France, and the Low Countries. Hervey of Glanville, Andrew of London and Simon of Dover led the British contingent. The Germans were under Count Arnold of Aerschot, a nephew of Godfrey, Duke of Lower Lotharingia, and the Flemings and Boulogners under Christian of Ghisteltes. Five stormy days at sea elapsed before the first ships anchored "at the mouth of the Doyra in which lay the city of Portugala". The news of the arrival of the crusaders reached Affonso Henriques. They were met by the Bishop of Oporto, Pedro Pitoes, who addressed them on the King's behalf as follows : "Knowing in advance of your coming the King has ordered us to remain here to await you in order that we might speak to you in his place. If, perchance, God should put it into your hearts that you with all your fleet should go with him and remain with him until by God's will and your help the city of Lisbon be taken, we will promise money to your forces

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so far as the resources of the royal treasury will permit. And as hostages for the fulfilment of the promise, you may keep us with you, and anyone else you desire ”.

A decision was not taken immediately, but the crusaders agreed to sail to the Tagus in order to discuss terms further with the King personally. They arrived off the river on June 28 and after thirty-nine of them (including Osbert) had spent the first night ashore, “not without fear”, the crusaders’ leaders met the King and after a long (and, at times, heated) discussion, they agreed to join him.

Lisbon in the thirteenth century, although not extending beyond what is now the centre of the city, appears to have been densely populated. The streets were “steep defiles,” no more than a few feet wide and around them, in wretched circumstances, lived the majority of the people. But there were many fine Roman and Arab houses, with warm springs, and there was much wealth. In addition to gold, silver and costly merchandise, over 100,000 loads of wheat, barley and other cereals fell into the hands of the crusaders during the siege. Along both banks of the river were vineyards, olive groves and rice fields. “All was fertile, all opulent and all cultivated”. Osbert put the population at 154,000 excluding women and children, a remarkably high estimate and probably a very exaggerated one in view of the census return of 163,763 in 1864.

The verbal exchanges between Henriques’ men and the Moors before the beginning of operations are of interest. Henriques’ demands were that “the see of this city shall be under our law ; and surely, if a natural sense of justice had made any progress among you, you would go back unbidden to the land of the Moors whence you came, with your baggage, money and goods, and your women and children, leaving us to our own ”.

Remembering Ourique, perhaps, the city governor replied : “I cannot wonder enough concerning you, for while a single forest or district suffices for many elephants and lions, neither the land nor the sea is enough for you. Verily, it is not the want of possessions, but the ambition of mind that drives you on ”.

Affonso Henriques began operations the following morning, directing the assault from the “Hill of Our Lady of the Mount” behind the city. The English forces were encamped on a height to the west while the Germans and the Netherlanders overlooked

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the city from the east. Slingers began the attack and by nightfall the western outskirts had been taken, the Moors retreating to a cemetery behind the gates of the inner city. The eastern suburbs fell without serious fighting. The inner defences were eventually scaled by the use of an eighty-foot tower equipped with a draw-bridge. Exhortation preceded the final onslaught. "Brothers," the crusaders were told, "the work grows hot . . . Now, being certain of victory, fall upon the enemy."

Some of the English crusaders remained on in Portugal, among them Gilbert,<sup>3</sup> a priest of Hastings, "a virtuous man of good life and habits, and learned in degrees". He was consecrated Bishop of Lisbon, given land, vineyards, olive groves, thirty-two houses for his canons and diocese which eventually extended from Leiria in the north to Alcacer do Sol in the south and east to Evora.

Lisbon replaced Coimbra as the capital in 1248, the year preceding the completion of the re-conquest, and from then the story of Lisbon is the history of Portugal; the story of the establishment of the country within definite territorial limits, of the beginning of maritime expansion, of the development of Lisbon as the hub of a great empire and of its decline as big parts of Imperial Portugal fell into the hands of other nations or seceded from the mother country. It is the story of gold. The people of Lisbon watched galleys sail into the great mouth of the river with rich cargoes from the east. They also saw their fleet sail away with the Armada at the bidding of a Spanish-born king. But galleys bringing more and more gold came in from Brazil early in the eighteenth century, and in the reign of Dom João the Magnanimous there was started a chapter even more florid than that written by Dom Manoel the Fortunate and his distinguished team of navigators and administrators. . . . An Englishman arriving in the Tagus "found himself surrounded by sights almost as unfamiliar and extraordinary as if he had been looking at Peking".<sup>4</sup>

Ships rode at anchor as far as the eye could see. Great firework displays lit up the beauty of the night sky. The Court lived in feudal splendour, riding in carriages-and-eight, wearing liveries that were unrivalled in Europe, dining in the Roman manner, attending parties, concerts, bullfights and more parties in a never-ending round of gaiety and entertainment. The city was spreading itself and climbing over the great castle hill and the eastern and western

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heights that overlooked the central valley. Half-way up the castle hill rose the pile of the cathedral. On a spur to the west stood the Convent of Carmo looking down upon the city as though pronouncing judgment on its inhabitants. Some twenty miles away to the north-west nearly 30,000 workmen were building the Convent of Mafra, fitting its 5,000 doors and 2,500 windows. A Royal library was rising which was to house 50,000 books and manuscripts. Great crowds looked on while a marble quay was being laid in the palace square by the river. An opera house was being built, a palace for the Patriarch, an arsenal and more and more churches, convents and monasteries. Nearly every big building seemed to be either one or the other. Every other person appeared to be either a monk or a friar or attached to a religious institution. In the congested low-lying centre of the city there was not even the most primitive form of sanitation. Slops were emptied from windows into streets which were littered with garbage and swarming with flies, yelping dogs and whining children. Diseased beggars clustered all day at the entrances to the churches. Little or no manual work was being done by a greater part of the people, one-tenth of whom were homeless. While great religious processions wound their way daily through the streets, murder was a nightly occurrence and went unpunished. As Mafra grew and the altars of the churches were being loaded with "gold and silver candlesticks, vessels, reliquaries, and monstrances, sparkling with diamonds",<sup>5</sup> agriculture languished, the coastal defences decayed, the army went unpaid and the navy became unseaworthy. This was Lisbon under the reign of Dom João V, a city of oriental beauty and indescribable squalor, marble-panelled buildings, churches and convents, gold and jewelled ornaments, friars and priests, negro slaves, wayside shrines and crucifixes, phenomenal wealth, abject poverty, crime, disease, dark superstition and intense piety.

Dom João V was seventeen when he came to the throne. He inherited a depleted treasury and from the statement attributed to him when in middle age, "My grandfather owed and feared, my father owed; I neither fear nor owe", it is clear that throughout his long reign he laboured under the impression that only by spending in the grand manner would he assist Portugal to recover her former position as a leading world power. The building of the convent of Mafra, the aqueduct of "The Free Waters" at Alcantara

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and the arsenal were the eighteenth-century conception of public works ; thousands of labourers, for example, were employed at Mafra for nearly twenty years. The King's gift of a big sum of money in bar gold to a Princess of the House of Asturias had a propaganda value in scotching rumours that Portugal was bankrupt—likewise the remuneration of his personal representative in Rome and his habit of giving away portraits of himself studded with diamonds. He sent missions abroad to study mathematics (his favourite subject), astronomy and economic practice. He founded the Royal Academy of History and instituted in Lisbon a course of surgery, and further to his credit must be placed his personal interest in art and literature and his unfailing and always kingly interest in painters, writers, artists and architects. He spent recklessly but not always unwisely. His weaknesses were brought out by "the grandiose taste of the time and by an unwise imitation of the *Roi Soleil*. He wished to be the Portuguese Louis XIV. He acted generally with a magnificence befitting a lord of all Europe, or at least of all the possessions in the East that had once been Portugal's, whereas his treasury was mainly supplied by gold from Brazil. In the matter of buildings, especially, his extravagance was unbridled. It was all very splendid, and very unwise when agriculture at home and the development of the colonies abroad as well as a fleet to maintain them required every available penny".<sup>6</sup>

His whims were devotional as well as personal, and their effect was not only to immobilise capital that should have been expended in other directions but to establish within the State a non-productive industry which placed the Crown almost entirely in the power of the Church. "Heroic as were the priests' missionary labours in the colonies, in the mother country the ecclesiastical power produced the most pernicious effects. Succeeding Portuguese kings, especially the Braganzas, were disastrously indulgent towards the clergy's pretensions. By the beginning of the eighteenth century the Church influenced or controlled every function of the national life . . . It was a land of priests and monks. Of a total population of some two million, no fewer than two hundred thousand were either in holy orders or attached to some religious establishment. Themselves independent of the civil authority and subject only to their own tribunals or to the Court of the Papal Nuncio resident at Lisbon, the priests directed the private affairs of every household, disposed of successions, and had a hand in the most trivial as in



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the most important negotiations. Utter confusion existed between the ecclesiastical and the royal authority ; it was impossible to determine what were the dividing lines between the jurisdictions of Church and State".<sup>7</sup>

João's devotional extravagances took many forms and all were spectacular. To mark his recovery from an illness he gave diamonds and a gold tiara to Our Lady of Carmo and a jewelled crown to the infant Jesus in her arms. A small chapel complete with marbles of various kinds, lapis lazuli, carvings, mosaics, bronzes, porphyry and silver and gold embroidered vestments, was assembled in Rome and at the King's direction shipped to Lisbon and presented to the Jesuits at the church of Sao Roque. This chapel measured but fifteen feet by twelve, yet it cost over 200,000 pounds and it is said that when he lay dying (in May, 1750) the King's only consolation was the news of its safe arrival.

João V died a few months later and was succeeded by Joseph I, who, although thirty-six years of age, had taken no interest at all in the administration of national affairs nor had he been encouraged to do so. His interests, and those of his Court, were almost entirely restricted to hunting, riding, going to the theatre and playing faro. Every morning, apparently, the King and Queen and their attendants left the palace, rode to Belem and there remained until late in the evening. Seen from the river in those days Lisbon was a façade of white and gaily coloured buildings which rose tier upon tier from the river front and extended westwards towards Belem and Sintra. Here and there in the city were coffee houses at which rich visitors could obtain reasonably good if expensive accommodation, and there were pleasant suburbs in which prosperous members of the foreign trading communities (English mainly) enjoyed themselves on the whole with good company, food and wine. The poorer districts were much as they were in the thirteenth century. While the Court rode from one pleasure to another, the people lived on charity and in squalor and died like flies in the plagues that inevitably beset the city.

One Sunday morning, on November 1, 1755, when the churches were full, there was heard " a strange, frightful noise underground, resembling the hollow, distant rumbling of thunder ". Crews in the river saw the city begin to wave backwards and forwards and in fifteen minutes more than half of medieval Lisbon, the pride

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of João V, fell down. That day fires broke out at over a hundred points and raged throughout the week-end reducing the Lisbon of "Solomon" to great heaps of smoking rubble. The marble quay built by João in front of the palace was engulfed by a tidal wave which drowned hundreds in the palace square. Ten thousand buildings were destroyed, among them the royal palace and the palace built by João for the Patriarch, the great royal library, the palace of the Inquisition, the arsenal, the corn exchange, and the old India House and, with it, the records of Prince Henry and the navigators. Some thirty big monasteries, twenty convents and numerous churches were also destroyed.

Carmo, the great Gothic structure in which Nun' Alvares spent his last days as a monk in retirement, was damaged beyond repair, but the foundations withstood the shock and, in ruins, it still looks down over the centre of the city. Palatial homes of many noblemen collapsed in palls of dust. Rich and poor suffered alike. Belem, on the other hand, experienced a slight shock only and, oddly enough, the Alfama escaped serious damage and remained as a grim witness of Old Lisbon.

The quay in front of the site of the ruined palace was rebuilt by Pombal, while the other three sides of the palace square were faced with high buildings, each of four storeys, arcaded and of uniform style and colour. This square, which the Portuguese know better as Terreiro do Paco (palace square) rather than as the Praca da Commercio—the tourist calls it Black Horse Square—was connected by three straight streets running at right angles to the river to the other main open space, the Rossio, or "Rolling Motion Square." Those three streets which nowadays may be thought to be too narrow to accommodate heavy motor and other traffic, are Rua d'Ouro, Rua Augusta and Rua da Prata, thoroughfares, respectively, of the goldsmith, the tailor and the linen draper, and the silversmith, and it is remarkable that in many respects they have retained their original and distinctive character. In these days, beginning a stroll from the Praca da Commercio, the visitor passes under a big archway, enters the Rua Augusta and comes into the Rossio, a fine square of fountains, good shops, hotels and imposing buildings, at the north end of which is the national theatre. A narrow street to the west of the theatre leads past the main railway terminus (from the outside it looks more like a palace than a railway station) and then broadens out into another

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smaller open space, the Praca dos Restauradores, built subsequently to commemorate the recovery of national independence in 1640. From this "Restoration Square" begins the pride of modern Lisbon, the broad, tree-lined and flowered, three-thoroughfares Avenida da Liberdade, which climbs the central valley and ends in a roundabout, in the middle of which stands, appropriately, a statue of the Marquess of Pombal. Lisbon climbs east and west from this valley and stretches north of it to hilly, open country. Pombal, remembered chiefly for his persecution and suppression of the Society of Jesus and the extreme cruelty with which the Tavora family was executed at Belem, was the architect of the centre of modern Lisbon. He did not (unfortunately) complete his plan and there still remains to be built a river-front avenue from the Praca da Commercio to link with the road to Belem and Estoril. The Avenida was not built until late in the nineteenth century, but, essentially, the centre of modern Lisbon is very much as it was set up by Pombal directly after the disaster of 1755. But for its balconies and its colouring, Pombaline Lisbon, in its simplicity and straight streets, might be a part of central London. But the character of Lisbon does not come from its design or its buildings. Throughout its long history, its character is expressed in its people, who, for all their air of melancholy and patient resignation when things go wrong, invest their capital with an atmosphere of intense vitality. But it is from the small, out-of-the-way shops, and from the labyrinths of hillside streets and winding alleys, and from the tall palaces which have come down in the world and are now tenements, that an impression can be formed of Lisbon as it once was. In spite of Pombal, Lisbon is still theatrical and in a large measure it is still medieval.

At the turn of the century, we find Beckford<sup>s</sup> writing of entertainment by swarms of musicians, poets, bull-fighters and dwarfs, of noblemen sitting down to thirty-five-course meals, and of the warbling of modinhas, fireworks, barking dogs, the gossip of priests and of Belem under a sunset sky ; and Robert Southey thinking nostalgically of the filth of the city streets, of slops still being emptied from the windows, of fierce and scavenging dogs and of the deformed and diseased beggars who solicited him at every street corner. The sight of a monastery (or a monk) filled him with mingled emotions of pity and disgust, yet he found much comfort in the beauty, richness and grandeur of ships riding at anchor,

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grey olive-yards, green orange-groves and greener vineyards. In fifty years Lisbon had not changed. The processions which shocked and fascinated the eighteenth-century "Osberts" were still the order of the day.

But a sharp and bitterly cold wind was blowing from the East. Napoleon had come to power and rumours began to circulate in Lisbon of the massing of great French armies, of the seizure of Portuguese ships in French ports, of invasion and of an Anglo-Russian landing. Pitt returned to power in circumstances which were to be recalled by the fall of the France of Reynaud and Petain in the summer of 1940. The storm over Lisbon burst with the arrival of the French ultimatum in 1807 and, on October 17 of that year, Junot received orders to march on Portugal within twenty-four hours. On February 1, 1808, the House of Braganza was declared by France to have ceased to reign and a French flag fluttered over the castle. Rumour had become fact. Pitt struck. An English fleet under Admiral Sir Charles Cotton blockaded the Tagus. Oporto rose and its lead was followed by the people of Viseu, Lamego, Aveiro and Coimbra. Arthur Wellesley arrived. A national army of 5,000 regulars and 2,000 militia was put into the field from Oporto, and while the Portuguese royal family and their court were sailing in flight to Brazil, Coimbra undergraduates left their desks, set aside their books and began to make gunpowder and bullets instead. Once again Lisbon and the south were receiving inspiration from Oporto and the north, and in May, 1811, the third and last French campaign in Portugal was brought to an end.

Still Lisbon did not change. Early nineteenth-century observers wrote of abounding superstition, of monasteries, of languishing agriculture and flourishing banditry, frequent assassinations, dark streets and nightly acts of violence. The King was away and the people felt they had been abandoned. Food was bad and scarce and accommodation even for the rich had deteriorated. Roads were tracks and the inns primitive and verminous. A by-law passed in 1835 prohibited the breaking-in of horses and the killing of pigs in the streets, but the stray dogs were as numerous as they had been a hundred years previously. Beggars still swarmed the streets and art, science and literature went the way of agriculture, the army, the navy and the coastal defences. The trouble

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was that nobody cared. There was no more gold with which to build marble quays, palaces, monasteries and aqueducts. The bodies of dead dogs were left to lie about in the streets and rot, refuse was rarely collected, while the ruins of Carmo harboured a chemist's shop and bats.

There was some gaiety in the grand manner in the city when Edward VII, as Prince of Wales, paid a State visit in the 'seventies. There were firework displays, race meetings in which English jockeys took part, pavilions were built, court balls were held and there were parties and receptions on a scale that might have pleased the fastidious Dom João ; but this display came too late to impress the people or to save a monarchy which was without monarchists. Two years later a republican deputy was elected for the first time at Oporto. Oporto rose in rebellion in 1891 and, although it was suppressed without great difficulty, the rising marked the beginning of the end of the monarchy. Dom Carlos was assassinated in the Terreiro do Paco—the old palace square—on February 1, 1908, when returning to Lisbon from Villa Vicosa with his Queen and the Crown Prince. They were met at the quay by Prince Manoel, the second son, and Senhor João Franco, the Prime Minister. As the party entered an open landau they were shot at, and Dom Carlos and the Crown Prince fell back dead, riddled with bullets. Eye-witnesses have recorded lasting impressions of Queen Amelie standing up in the carriage and waving her flowers in a desperate effort to deflect the aim of the gunmen. "They have killed my son," said the aged dowager Queen, Maria Pia. "And mine," was Queen Amelie's reply. Two years later, at the Castello da Pena, a magnificent house which stands 1,700 feet above sea-level, the widowed Queen heard the guns of Lisbon booming. On October 4, 1910, the Republic was born. In sixteen succeeding years, Lisbon knew eight presidents, forty-four ministries, witnessed twenty-four uprisings, one hundred and fifty-eight strikes, and bomb outrages and assassinations by the score. Yet the ordinary people went about their business fairly quietly, helping to load and unload the ships of all kinds that came into the river. Throughout the night ox-drawn carts rumbled into the city with loads of fresh fruit and vegetables for the markets. Cows were driven through the streets every morning and evening. Strawberries arrived in May, melons and grapes in the summer, the first autumn violets came and the chestnut sellers with their smoking baskets, the olives, and, as

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Christmas approached, droves of turkeys reached Lisbon and threaded their way through the traffic. While ministries rose and fell, and one party followed another in (almost) pre-arranged rotation, Lisbon retained its pageantry, its irregular old grey-tiled roofs, its cobbled squares, its narrow stone staircases, little shops, dark taverns, its terraces and its street-names, its swarms of children, its refuse and the smell of burning, scented brushwood. And from morning to night, the year round, rose the cries of the fish-wives, the lottery ticket sellers, vendors of this and of that, making Lisbon the noisiest city in Europe.

In 1916, a Portuguese Expeditionary Force of 100,000 ill-equipped and partly trained soldiers went to the Western Front. Over 7,000 of them were killed and nearly 14,000 were wounded; in other words, there was one casualty in five among serving officers and men. In 1926 there occurred the military *coup d'état*. In 1932, the year in which Dr. Salazar became Prime Minister, another Napoleon was climbing to power in Europe. In 1940, another Duke of Kent<sup>9</sup> was in Portugal, representing Great Britain at an exhibition held to commemorate the foundation of Portugal in the twelfth century and the restoration of 1640. Germany, France, Italy and other nations were also represented. Until the debate on Norway in the British House of Commons, in May, 1940, Portugal held out the promise of continuing to be the peaceful backwater of Europe it had been throughout the first winter of the Second World War. The government was adhering to its declared policy of neutrality and was displaying no intention of departing from that attitude—the memory of the experience of the Portuguese Expeditionary Force in Flanders was fresh in the memories of the older generation. Business in the capital was brisk if not as usual. Fewer boats were putting into the river, but some business was being done. But, paradoxically, while the rest of Europe was being plunged into darkness, and the lights of its cities were being put out one by one, the Portuguese people were giving themselves up to pageantry. Buildings throughout the country were hung with emblems, the seaside resorts were thronged, the bathing beaches, the casino and the golf course at Estoril were well patronised and the hotels and the pensions were packed. The war, and its ramifications, seemed to be a long way from Lisbon, Oporto and the provinces.

There was some shaking of heads over Norway, and there was more when the meaning of the story of Dunkirk began to filter

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through the Lisbon "lines." But it was not until the German armies crossed the Marne and entered Paris that the drums of war became audible in the flag-bedecked streets of the capital.

Mr. Winston Churchill's great broadcast on the day on which France surrendered restored a sense of proportion and brought a measure of comfort. "Let us brace ourselves to our duties," said the twentieth-century Pitt on that occasion, "and so bear ourselves that, if the British Empire and its Commonwealth last for a thousand years, men will still say, 'This was their finest hour'." As good Europeans, owners themselves of an empire of 800,000 square miles, the Portuguese then knew that the qualities and the elements in living they prized most were in peril and that the flags of other nations were bloodstained and in ribbons. It was during Britain's hour that the first refugees trekked westwards across France and Spain and clamoured for admission at the Spanish-Portuguese frontier. Once again, as in 1807, the shadow of a great European dictator lay across Lisbon. It was with this knowledge that the Portuguese went about their own tasks, not unduly apprehensive, but realising that once more in their long and chequered history they were facing the threat of invasion from the land mass that lay to the east. The full blast of Axis propaganda was turned on them, and news-hungry crowds gathered in the Rossio, morning, afternoon and evening.

I did not arrive in Lisbon until late in 1940 and I am unable, therefore, to write as an eye-witness of the circumstances in which the first refugees reached Portugal in search of a haven. Their stories, though, persisted and became current property. There were moments of excitement in Lisbon and elsewhere in the country, but this is not to suggest that the drift of displaced humanity had either the dimension or the acquisitiveness of an avalanche. The flight into Portugal from the east may have seemed like an exodus at the time, but, more soberly, it was the sudden, unheralded arrival of some thousands of unhappy people in search of safety, food and a roof. Even so, the Story of the Refugees, or the Lisbon Scene of 1940, was noteworthy. Writing factually, 38,697 refugees were registered as having entered Portugal in 1940, the population of an English country town. All of them, regardless of race, received assistance from the Portuguese authorities. Long waits had necessarily to be endured at the frontier in order that formalities could be completed. Only a few of them could be given

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accommodation in Lisbon, but all of them were made as comfortable as the limited resources of Portugal would permit. Not all were grateful for what they were given, but it is never fair to criticise any person in distress. Portugal, strictly neutral, might have been justified in closing her doors to the many who demanded admission, although without passports, papers of identification or means. It is to the credit of Portugal that very few were refused entry—not all who reached the frontier were genuinely in flight.

Throughout the winter the refugees besieged the offices of shipping companies and air lines in an effort to get away either to the United States or to South America, as though escape to the New World represented the only avenue to a safe and permanent harbour. Queues waited hourly from daybreak until nightfall for vacant berths. Fantastic sums were tendered for even deck space, and during the "peak" period of this unusual traffic as much as £100 (or its equivalent) was being paid for a third "cot," in a two-berthed cabin.

Spain, desperately short herself of bare living necessities, afforded not even a temporary halt for those in flight, so that the burden of providing relief fell heavily upon Portugal. Some of the refugees appeared to have means. They were to be encountered in bars and in hotel lounges, developing by their presence, and their languages, an atmosphere of mystery, intrigue and fear. Most races were represented. There were French, Belgians, Poles, Czechs, Roumanians, Bulgarians, Dutch, Austrians and others, together with a sprinkling of Americans and British. Nearly every type was met, from the displaced foreign "diplomat" to the adventurer, the engineer, the oilman, the cosmopolitan and the proverbial girl-friend. "Big Business" was well to the fore in the queues for air and sea passages and in the bargaining for priority. Some of the refugees were pathetic, others were a shade too plausible, a number who could not resist enveloping themselves in the cloak of mystery, but, in general, they were rather tragic, threadbare and drab-looking individuals whose main wish was to get away from Europe, its darkness and its machine-gunned highways in the hope of beginning life all over again in a glittering, brand-new world.

For my part, it was pleasant to be out of London and to be able to walk about at night without difficulty. There was plenty



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of good food to be had and, as a stranger invariably notices on arrival, wine seemed to be more plentiful than water.<sup>10</sup> There was an atmosphere of unrest among the foreign communities, a fear of something about to happen, but the city was orderly and people were enjoying themselves on the whole. Under the influence of good light and wine it became possible for an Englishman to take a detached view of even a German dining at an adjoining table. Days slid with ease into weeks and passed quickly. The spate of refugees became a trickle. "Very Important Persons" came, put up for a night or two, and passed on to unknown destinations. A sense of rumour remained. We were not regaled (as in nineteenth-century Lisbon) with tales of Anglo-Russian landings, but there were twentieth-century variations which took the form of the massing of German troops in Spain and of giant, ocean-going U-boats lying in wait in the green swirling waters of the Atlantic. Strangers, and some Portuguese, talked mysteriously and knowingly of the "invasion," when it would come and the form it would take. Arm-chair critics sprang up like mushrooms. It was all good fun, and grist to the scaremonger; even Japanese, members, apparently, of a naval mission, flitted silently across the Lisbon scene on their way to Berlin in those crazy days of make-believe! From London, in news, by radio and by word of mouth, came big and little stories in increasing numbers of individual and mass heroism. They were grim reminders of the courage and endurance of the British people. Then one forgot, or failed to notice, the pearly red of the Lisbon morning sky as the sun came up behind the castle and picked out the gold in the swiftly running river. The imagination strayed instead to the pearly red of the sky of London under fire. From Berlin and Rome, in news, by radio and by word of mouth, came stories describing the endurance of the British people and detailing the destruction of Coventry, Southampton, Bristol, London, of course, and the ports and the railway stations. And from Paris one heard far too often of the strength, discipline and fine appearance of the German troops in occupation. Britain didn't seem to have a dog's chance on those occasions.

December 1 was a national holiday, held to commemorate the rising of the Portuguese people against Spain in 1640. Christmas approached and in churches and homes the crib was prepared, the newly-born child lying on hay in the centre and, kneeling before

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Him, the Mother smiling at her Son. There were the rites of Yuletide and other old customs with which to while away the time before Midnight Mass. Lisbon dined late and went to bed in the early hours of the morning. An American newspaperman looked in at the bar and called for a double rye. He was on his way back home to the U.S.A. with his version of Christmas in London under fire. He spoke loudly and confidently and helped to restore morale. Listening to him, in a corner of the bar lounge, were a small group of blond, broad-shouldered, square-headed young men. When they spoke it was in the English of the educated German. An American woman from Paris called for a "carbon copy" of the drink she had just finished. A banker from Zurich spoke engagingly, if inaccurately, of the golf courses south and east of London. Perhaps he was fishing for news. A little Belgian girl, aged six, ran about the hotel waving a Union Jack. Her guardian, an Irishwoman, talked of Brussels under German occupation in the First World War. Some Bulgarian women spoke of the hats they were going to buy in New York. Englishmen called for another round of drinks. The Portuguese barman—he was called "Jesus"—served everyone, Americans, Germans, Bulgarians, English, Swiss and the others, politely, efficiently, smiling, listening and saying nothing. Outside in the cold little Portuguese children glued their noses to toyshops, fought over the remains of tiny wooden replicas of British bombers and begged. Somewhere in Germany, Hitler was reaching full agreement with Mussolini and was preparing his New Year's message to the victorious German armies. Christmas passed, and on the last evening of the Old Year we heard a British broadcaster say that fire-watching was to be made compulsory on business premises. German bombers had fired the City of London, destroying nine churches, three hospitals, leaving the Guildhall a charred and blackened frame, but missing St. Paul's. We heard the broadcast over dinner at Estoril in sight of moonlit Atlantic rollers.

Spring blossomed. The Atlantic began to wear a touch of the traditional, picture-postcard blue of the neighbouring land-locked Mediterranean. The countryside burst into bloom. Woods and moors were carpeted with wild flowers. Fresh blooms lightened the Rossio. Patches of colour returned to the markets, the streets and the city squares. Street cries sounded more melodious. Tempers frayed less easily. With the sun came back a sense of

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humour. There were walks to be had over moors alive with blossom. There were excursions to the sea, visits to Sintra and to Palmella. The Estorils began to live up to their reputation. Light tweeds replaced the sombre overcoats. The people began to smile more readily, but fewer and fewer boats were putting in at the river and overseas trade was beginning to reach a standstill. Life remained pleasant enough. Infinite variety lay at one's doorstep. It was possible to leave a Lisbon bank in the centre of the city and to be looking (within the hour) at fishermen in whose veins ran Liguric and Phœnician blood. Within thirty minutes or thereabouts, by metro, it was possible to be walking through the old fish market at Caescais, along the corniche road to the junction of the river and the sea, inland through the mimosa-scented Marinha, thence to a country lane and so on to the one-time Moorish stronghold of Sintra. In the city time (and gossip, rumour and intrigue) ran on wheels. Outside Lisbon, faces, manner, clothing, habit and probably speech, were of the fifteenth century. In the *rasca* with two lateen sails, in the *calao*, the long craft with one sail, in the light, rhythmic steps of the fish-seller, his belt, his cap and flat baskets attached to the ends of a stick, in the high-sea and net fishermen from the Alfama and Boa Vista quarters, in the sing-song of the street vendors, and in the villages, time stayed still. The great pile of Jeronymos at Belem told again the story of Prince Henry, Bartolomeu Dias, Vasco da Gama, Cabral and the magnificence of Manoel the Fortunate. In the Palace of Queluz one walked in the courts of the eighteenth century. The Convent of Carmo spoke eloquently of the disaster of All Saints' Day, 1755. The story of a marble quay could be read again as one sat in the sun in the Praca da Commercio, watched the penny steamer come in from the other side of the river and threw crumbs to the snow-white, fluttering clouds of seagulls rising and falling against the glint of the river. Here it was that great crowds had foregathered and knelt in prayer, clutching reliquaries and carrying "drops of some saint's blood" as a Portuguese king fought death on a bed of sickness. He recovered, and 40,000 silver pennies were distributed among them. The years pass. Great crowds are again in the square, looking on while an open carriage is driven slowly away with a weeping queen and the bodies of a king and a crown prince. Estoril told the story of a country at peace, while in the faces of the refugees there could be seen some of the folly of a second great world war. War took

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peace by the hand and dragged it through the streets as the months flew by. More and more German newspapers began to appear in the kiosks. Every shop-window was carrying pictures of Allied and Axis effort. The din of the professional propagandist grew louder. Crowds grew bigger and bigger as the news poured in. "Invasion-fever" reached a climax. We heard of the sinking of seven Italian warships at Matapan, the scene of a Portuguese naval victory in 1717. Stories reached the city of a "gold-rush" taking place in the north, of peasants being offered the equivalent of from three to five pounds for small basketfuls of surface wolfram. The hotels became full again. More and more newspaper correspondents passed through. There were indications that the British were beginning to break out from their island fortress. There was a rush to buy land as a post-war investment. Rumour became more strident. There was heartening as well as heart-breaking news. And Lisbon began to concede Britain a chance. Against this backcloth of propaganda, noise, rising prices, the clang of the traffic and the grinding of brakes, the street cries and the roar which heralded the birth of the evening papers, staid, elderly British businessmen stuck to their routine, the embodiment of common-sense in a city of fiction and fantasy. They held little "defiance" parties, began to talk of cricket, the growth of the Royal Air Force, of bigger and better bombers, and of Lisbon in the good old days. As families, some of them had been there for centuries. Somewhere between their phlegm, their good common sense, the attitude of the acutely sensitive Portuguese and the hysteria displayed by many of the refugees, lay the correct appreciation of the circumstances in which Lisbon, for the second time in its long history, became a gateway to occupied Europe and a way out of it.

Lisbon, to-day, is a fine, modern and growing capital. It is keeping its good looks, it is retaining its tradition and as of old it continues to express itself through its inhabitants. But there is something else about the city and I find it hard to explain what I have in mind. I remember a friend who passed through Lisbon early in 1941. He remained for a week at the most. He is a normal individual, robust, with a fine sense of humour. He enjoyed Lisbon for the first day or so, but he became worried and unusually anxious about something he could not explain. He said he felt he ought to be moving on. He thought Lisbon "sad," but he was looking for another description and he could not find it. He left

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suddenly without saying "good-bye." He returned to London and wrote saying how pleased he was to be back again in the "black-out." I have met him often since the war and we have tried to analyse the feeling that came over him in Lisbon, but without arriving at a satisfactory explanation. It is an odd city, Lisbon, strange, modern and well-equipped, but there is an air of vanished splendour about it. Some twenty, thirty, forty thousand men, women and children, and probably more than that, were crushed or burnt to death or buried alive in the earthquake. Many bodies were never recovered and they lie buried in the old city beneath the new. Could it have been this knowledge that so disturbed my friend? No, the very thought of it is too unlikely, yet, strolling through Lisbon on a warm, almost tropically hot day, it is possible to feel a sense of chill stealing over one when the imagination strays and wanders back through the centuries.

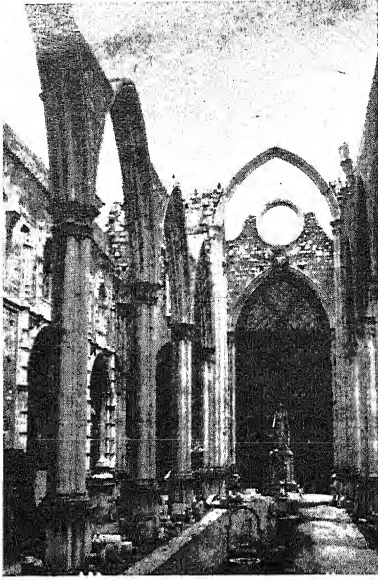
Oporto, or Porto as it should be called, the prefix "O" meaning "the," "The Port" that is, is grandly situated upon hills that rise abruptly from the edge of the water and overlook the north bank of the dark, green and narrow Douro gorge some three miles inland from the Atlantic. Personal memories are of a lively, noisy, bustling city of tall, closely-packed buildings and of red roofs, grey walls, little gardens and fine squares perched so high up on two steep hills that the boats in the river below look like toys. Crowning one of the hills is the Romanesque cathedral, a bleak, grey, granite structure of twelfth-century origin with two old towers which nowadays is hedged about by buildings. On the other is the highest building in Portugal, the eighteenth-century Priests' Tower, the Torre dos Clerigos, 246 feet high. Narrow streets, in places but flights of steps, descend almost perpendicularly to the river to the Praca da Ribeira, a long quay which is thronged with *gallegos* from Galicia, seamen of all nationalities, colour and dress, and the laughing, shouting boatmen, fishwives and children whose prototypes are to be met with at Lisbon and every other port and fishing centre. "Here, better than in palace, church or peasant hut, better than in green pine-wood or flowering charneca, we can lay our hand on the throbbing pulse of the race, share their pleasures and their sorrows, feel the measure of their exuberance and their pathos, and appreciate the courage with which they face the countless problems of existence. Here, above all, we may apprehend that humane, because so intensely human, spirit which is the hall-



THE PRACA DA COMMERCIO, LISBON. *Otherwise Terreiro do  
Paco, scene of the assassination of Dom Carlos and the Crown Prince.*



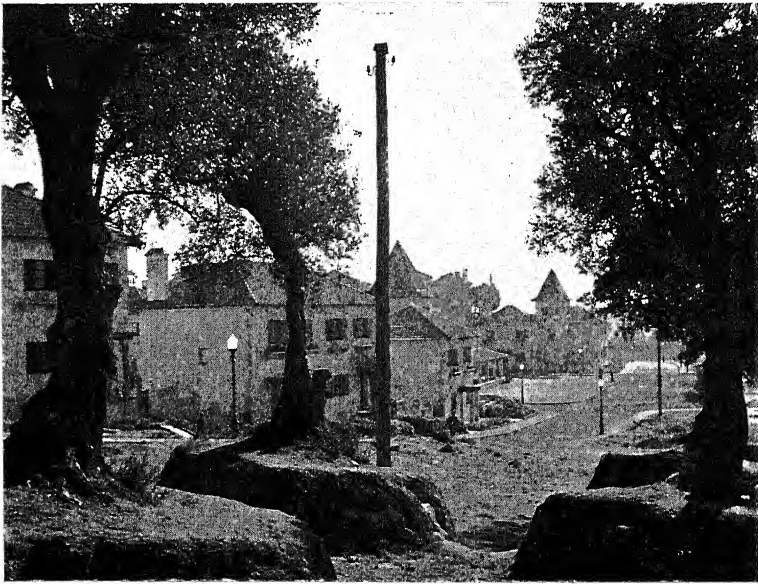
THE AQUEDUCT, LISBON. *Built by Dom Joao V (1706-1750).*



CHURCH OF THE CARMO  
*The Museum in the ruins.*



THE MONASTERY  
of the JERONYMOS



ENCARNACAO. *A modern suburb of Lisbon, sponsored by Dr. Salazar.*

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mark of the Portuguese outlook and the richest contribution of the race to the philosophy of mankind".<sup>11</sup> Here the women are to be seen working as hard as the men, unloading ships and carrying heavy loads in baskets on their heads, discharging cargoes into ox-drawn wagons with elaborately carved yokes two feet high and five feet across, no two alike, set upon great wooden wheels with solid axles, living and working on a pittance and spending their brief hour of leisure in nearby wineshops that look like caves. Around the bend, the Ribeira quay, facing the Atlantic and extending for two miles, is a fine esplanade of gaily-coloured villas. This is the residential quarter. Across the river, on the south bank and reached by two lofty iron bridges, the Ponte de D. Luis Primeiro and the Ponte de Maria Pia, lies Vila Nova de Gaia, a royal borough which dates from the reign of King Sancho II. Here, in the cellars and the great wine lodges of the port-wine merchants, is to be seen the staple trade of Oporto.

Oporto is not rich architecturally. It is very noisy, and in places it is tawdry, but it teems with life and industry. There are not many good hotels and restaurants. The heart of the city, the Praca da Liberdade and the Avenida dos Aliados, is pretentious in style. It is possible to dine on cliff gardens overlooking the river at the Palacio de Cristal, built in imitation of our own Crystal Palace, to savour the pleasures of a ballroom and a theatre and to listen to a band on a warm night tempered by a cooling breeze. The spirit of the twelfth century can be recaptured in the church of Sao Martinho de Cedofeita and it is possible to imagine that it might have been built (as legend says it was) by Theodimir, the greatest of the Suevian kings. The palaces erected by the great eighteenth-century Italian architect, Nazzoni, the churches of the Misericordia, of Carmo, of Sao Francisco and of Santa Clara, are all worth visiting, but three impressions remain: the activity of the city, its coal smoke, and the city under a sunset. "When I first entered the town there was a rosy sunset glowing in the west, which bathed the whole scene in an almost magical splendour. I have seldom in my life been more moved and excited by the first view of a great city, and throughout my stay in Oporto I took every opportunity of returning to the bridge (of Dom Luis) in order to fix the picture on my memory".<sup>12</sup> My own memory is not so much of the Oporto which lies behind the hills overlooking the river, but of the view of the river itself from the bridges. Necessarily the steamers and the



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boats that are tied to the quay are small, for Oporto itself can only be visited by ships of 2,000 tons and under owing to protecting sandbanks and the bar. Seen from the bridges they look (as I have said) like toys, some so old that one can imagine oneself being in the heart of the great empire created in the East by Albuquerque in the sixteenth century. The people on the quayside look like ants.

For all practical purposes, Oporto and Vila Nova de Gaia are one and the same city, and so narrow is the Douro when it reaches the sea that looking across from one bank to the other, from the cathedral, say, to its rival eminence, an Augustinian convent, Nossa Senhora do Pilar, not only is it impossible to see the Douro but it is difficult to realise that a river even exists.

Portuguese "table" wines, not port as we know it to-day, were introduced to Britain in all probability by fishermen who, under the Anglo-Portuguese Treaty of 1352 (in the reign of Edward III), were permitted to fish for cod off the British coasts. It is likely that during those trips the fishermen took wine to England in skins and small casks and exchanged it for British products. Those wines did not come from the Douro, but mainly from Viana do Castello, the port of the province of Minho, some fifty miles north of Oporto. Neither Oporto nor Lisbon were at that time the centres of international trade they subsequently became. A British Consul was first appointed to Oporto by Oliver Cromwell in 1658. Twenty years later, two young men were sent to Portugal by their father to learn the wine trade. While on holiday they visited Oporto and were entertained at a local monastery, "where they tasted a wine which they had never seen before and with which they were so delighted that, after adding a little Portuguese brandy, they shipped all they could procure to England. This you may consider really the origin of Port Wine. In those days the traders did not visit the Douro district itself, from which these wines came, but they bought them through factors or agents in Oporto, who in turn dealt with the farmers of the Douro district themselves. It was at this time that the beverage Minho wines went somewhat out of favour, as the wines from Oporto were preferred. In December, 1703, a Commercial Treaty, known as the Methuen Treaty, was signed with the Portuguese which admitted Portuguese wine into the British Isles at a lower duty than that charged on French and German wines, and Port became a very

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popular drink throughout the British Isles, as it suits the climate admirably. This Methuen Treaty was the first landmark in the history of Port. Portuguese Wine Brandy was first used in order to give the wine, which in those days was somewhat heavy and sweet and of the Burgundy character, the extra strength to stand the journey to Britain, and it was subsequently found that the best results were obtained by using the brandy as an intrinsic part in the making of Port, as by this means the natural sugars of the grape would be maintained with all their virtues. In olden times the particular flavours of any wine were always recognised by the fact that it came from the vines of some particular district. Thus the original name of Port was Vinho do Porto, which when translated means the Wine of Porto. In Portuguese, Porto means harbour and even to-day the Portuguese name for the city is not Oporto but Porto, and thus we find this particular Portuguese wine denominated as Porto Wine or, for short, Port Wine. Owing to the peculiarities of the soil and climate of the Douro district, it is impossible to copy the wine of this district in any other part of the world. . . . Port can only come from Oporto".<sup>13</sup>

Grafting, the grafting of national vine to American stock, begins in January and continues until March. By July the white grapes are turning a pale golden colour and the red grapes go purple. Harvesting starts late in September or early in October, according to weather conditions. The primitive method of crushing the grape by foot is still largely in use as it is found that the warmth of the human foot promotes even fermentation and does not damage the pips and the stalks. The Douro valley, from the point where the river enters Portugal to Oporto, springs to life during the vintage. "All day, men and women toil in the vineyards, plucking the dark grapes and carrying them down to the press. With baskets on their backs, they march in single file, the leader blowing rhythmically on a whistle to mark the step. All night they tread out the ice-cold must. The great event is the breaking of the first lagar (a large stone trough in which the grapes are placed). The bruised grapes are heaped up in shallow cement tanks. With guitars or accordions the treaders line up knee-deep on either side and advance to the middle. To keep up their spirits they sing, dance and shout unceasingly. To the honoured guest a drop of spurting liquid is offered on a bare, upturned heel. To his relief he learns that it may be declined without giving offence. After the treading,

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for twenty-four hours or more, the must is left for the sweetness to ferment out of it. When the desired strength is reached, it is poured into huge casks, already one-sixth full of raw brandy. A few months later, it is taken down by ox-cart or river boat to the wine lodges at Vila Nova de Gaia, where time and treatment change the thick cloudy liquid into the ruby or tawny wine that we like so well".<sup>14</sup>

Oporto was never destroyed by an earthquake. The Moors visited it in the eighth century, but they never remained either in great force or for long. The city grew up with Portugal, quietly, on the whole, after a stormy feud between Crown and Church, going (as it were) from the ruby of adolescence to a tawny old age, acquiring in the process a "bouquet" as distinctive as that of the wine which has made Oporto world famous. The bouquet of Oporto is one of sturdy independence, and although it has never been the capital of Portugal, the city, in some respects, is the home of the nation. Chartism appeared in Portugal first in Oporto. It is the birthplace of Socialism in Portugal, and just as Oporto represented the spearhead of Portuguese nationalism in the dark days of the Napoleonic Wars, so it reacted against the *laissez-faire* monarchy of Dom Carlos, the last but one of the Braganzas.

As we know, Oporto is the centre of the port wine trade, but it produces other things as well: linen, silk, cotton and woollen fabrics and cloth of gold, for example. Oporto makes silk and cotton hosiery, lace, buttons, gold and silver wire, cutlery and hardware, pottery, glass, leather and paper, tobacco and soap. The great wine industry, with its ramifications and various processes of growing, grafting, harvesting, piping, coopering, maturing and shipping, dates from the seventeenth century; but merchants from Oporto, Gaia, Viana do Castello and elsewhere along the northern coast were in Britain as early as 1203, travelling under "safe-conducts" against pirates and bartering wines, salt, dried fruits and oil in exchange for cloth and luxury wares. And some idea of the age of the city and its deep roots in the history of the Peninsula may be gathered from the fact that as early as the 'seventies of the fourteenth century a Portuguese king thought it advisable to equip Oporto with brand new walls.

Oporto has matured gracefully, and seen from the left bank of the Douro, it is in appearance much as it was when Wellington forced the passage of the river and evicted the French in 1809.

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On the left bank are the offices of the centuries-old port-wine firms, the great lodges, the galleries in which the full-bodied wines lie maturing, the rooms where the wine is tasted, where it is clarified and blended, corked, labelled and bottled, the whole making up what can only be called the very aristocracy of trade and forming the essence of a community which can have but few counterparts anywhere else in the world. It is British in every sense, going about its business and minding it, maintaining the friendliest relations with the Portuguese yet remaining apart from them, going home at set times in years of peace, sending its boys to the same schools, and, generation after generation, recruiting its own kind ; a self-contained, efficient and hard-working colony which has been unique in the Peninsula since the days of Queen Anne. The river, overlooking which the shippers have their houses and gardens, typifies as strongly the physical delineation of northern Portugal. It rises in Spain nearly five hundred miles away from the sand-bar at its mouth, which with the rapids and inundations make its lower courses extremely difficult for navigation. The Douro's source is in the Pico de Urbion, south of the Sierra de la Demanda, nearly 8,000 feet above sea-level. It then crosses the Castilian plateau in a westerly direction, finally reaching the Atlantic at Sao Joao de Foz, just three miles below Oporto. The port-wine district is the Alto Douro, a region alongside the river some forty miles long and ten miles wide, of mountains and gorges, terraced vineyards, olive groves, the big quintas of the growers and small white-washed towns and villages. Thereabouts the river falls from gorge to gorge, cascading through scenery that is both wild and magnificent, until it reaches the quiet country above Oporto. The summers are intensely hot, the air thin, the winters cold and wet. It is against this background of tier upon tier of stone-walled terraces, so built to keep in place the clay-schist, granite-like soil, extremes of climate, almost bacchanalian harvesting and a river which seems to rise in the clouds, that the wine-shippers have gone about their business for over two hundred and fifty years, year in and year out : son following father, buying, blending, racking, storing, tasting and shipping, essentially British in their outlook and way of life yet as much a part of the river and Oporto as Oporto is traditionally Portugal's " City of Labour " and source of national inspiration. Some of them have learned to grow their own wines and for generations have taken part in the age-old

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processes by which the grape is crushed, the juice fermented, the must removed, the all-important brandy added and the casks sent down to Oporto. There, at the mouth of the river, are to be seen the thousands of men and women who are living witnesses of the extent to which the enterprise of this unique colony of British businessmen have fashioned the economy of Oporto and the Douro valley; the labourers who put the wine into bottles, the women who cork them, label them and wrap them by hand, the blenders, the porters and all the others who live on the product of the vineyards of the Douro mountain-sides.

There have been occasions when the British of Oporto and the Portuguese have not seen eye to eye and they have quarrelled. Some of the spaciousness of living in days gone by has disappeared. The time when the wine boats carrying the casks made their adventurous journey down river has also gone, as this journey is now made more quickly and economically by rail. Otherwise life among the shippers and the growers doesn't seem to have changed overmuch and the British colony and the factory is much as it was in Wellington's time. And one thing must always be remembered—port wine can only be obtained from that "City of Labour" which has become a little England in Portugal yet has remained as intensely and proudly Portuguese as the colony is British.

<sup>1</sup> The name, Portugal, is generally accepted as deriving from Portus Cale, on or near the site of modern Oporto.

<sup>2</sup> *De Expugnatione Lyxbonensi*, the Narrative of Osbert, the manuscript of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, edited and translated by C. W. David (New York, 1936).

<sup>3</sup> One of the first acts of Dom Affonso Henriques on taking Lisbon was to transform the big Mosque within the city walls into a Christian Temple. In accordance with that wish he summoned a meeting of the Royal Council at which were present his chief adviser, the Bishop Dom Joao Peculiar; the Bishop of Oporto, Dom Pedro Pitoes; the Bishop of Lamego, Dom Mendo; the Bishop of Viseu, Dom Odorio, and the Bishop of Coimbra, Dom Joao. All paid tribute to the bearing of the English priest, Gilbert of Hastings, at the siege, and in recognition of his quality he was consecrated Bishop of Lisbon and given living quarters in the castle. This was turned into a royal palace, in 1300, and Kings of Portugal lived there until the Ribeira Palace, in the Terro da Paca, was built by King Manoel. The castle was under the Patronage of St. George on or about 1398, and as St. George's Castle it has been known ever since.

<sup>4</sup> *Dictator of Portugal*, by Marcus Cheke (Sidgwick & Jackson).

<sup>5</sup> As in 4.

<sup>6</sup> *Portugal of the Portuguese*, by Aubrey F. G. Bell (Pitman).

<sup>7</sup> As in 4.

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<sup>8</sup> The visits to Portugal of William Beckford of Fonthill, Robert Southey, Lord Byron, Tennyson, Henry Fielding, George Borrow and others are described in detail by Miss Rose Macaulay in *They Went to Portugal* (Jonathan Cape). Beckford made four visits in all: from March, 1787 to December of that year, November, 1793 to October, 1795, December, 1795 to March, 1796, and from December, 1798 to July, 1799. Robert Southey, whom Miss Macaulay has called "A Romantic Among the Philistines," first went to Portugal in January, 1796, remaining for three months. He revisited Portugal in April, 1800, and stayed there until May of that year. Lord Byron passed through Lisbon in July, 1809, and it was then that he made his "regrettable discovery" of the people of Lisbon. Henry Fielding died and was buried in Lisbon in October, 1754, two months after his arrival.

<sup>9</sup> The late H.R.H. the Duke of Kent represented the British Government at the celebrations held by the Portuguese Government in 1940 to commemorate 800 years of independence and the 300th anniversary of the Restoration of 1640. A Duke of Kent, accompanied by a Duke of Sussex, paid a prestige visit on behalf of Britain in 1803.

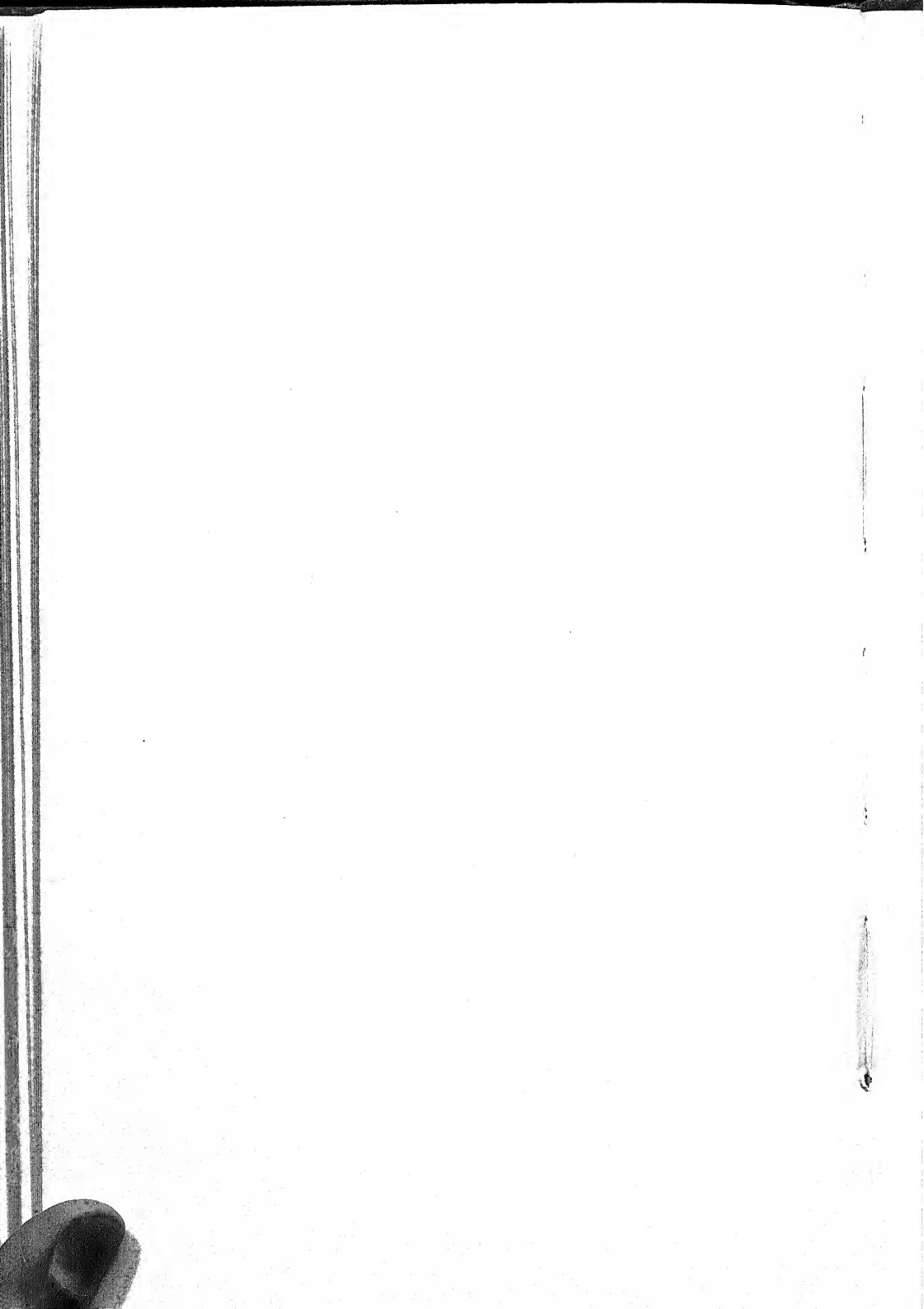
<sup>10</sup> At first sight wine appears to be more plentiful than drinking water in Lisbon. There is—obviously—excellent water to be had, but householders living in the upper parts of the city still buy their drinking water from street vendors who call on the inhabitants in the same way as other tradesmen. Drinking water is sold in the streets during the hot summer months.

<sup>11</sup> *Portugal, a Book of Folkways*, by Rodney Gallop (Cambridge University Press).

<sup>12</sup> *To Portugal*, by Douglas Goldring (Rich & Cowan).

<sup>13</sup> From a lecture, by Mr. F. A. Cockburn, one of a series given in the Hall of the Vintners Company under the auspices of the Education Committee of the Wine Trade Club. Mr. Cockburn's lecture was reproduced in Bulletin No. 16 of the Anglo-Portuguese Society, April, 1948.

<sup>14</sup> As in 11.



## CHAPTER IX

### *GREAT PORTUGUESE*

EARLY PORTUGUESE history is very largely a record of the achievements of the few in an age in which personality counted for nearly everything. They are the legendary heroes, warrior-kings of the calibre of Affonso Henriques and Dom João I, men of military genius like Nun' Alvares and princes who dubbed themselves knights, steeped themselves in the Arthurian tradition and helped to form the illustrious pattern of a new order of chivalry in Europe. From this school graduated the Infante Dom Henrique and the line of great ocean-going navigators.

Later on appeared other men of character in different walks of life, and if some of them did not live to see their greatness recognised, all that can be said is that they suffered the fate of most pioneers. Who in Portugal in the sixteenth century, for example, could have forecast the lustre that Luis Vaz de Camoens was to bring to his country? Camoens died penniless of plague in Lisbon on June 10, 1580, unmarried, the last of his line and "without a sheet to cover him". He was then buried with other victims of the plague in a common grave in the cemetery of Santa Anna, near a little cottage in which he spent the last years of his life. Yet the third centenary of his death was made the occasion of a national apotheosis. In June, 1880, remains believed to have been his were conveyed in state to the national pantheon, the Jeronymos at Belem, and were reinterred together with those of Vasco da Gama, to whom he was distantly related. This was fitting, as, without the genius of the writer, Vasco da Gama's great journey to the Indies and the voyages of the other discoverers might have gone largely unsung.

Camoens was not alone in suffering the fate that befalls some great men. Bartolomeu Dias, for instance, when drowned in a storm at sea off the Cape he was the first to discover, died in part unrewarded. One of the last acts of the great Affonso d'Albuquerque was to write a letter to his king vindicating his administration in the East and claiming, on behalf of his son, "the honours and rewards due to him"; even the policy of the Infante Dom Henrique was being criticised in some quarters when he died in



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self-sought seclusion at Sagres. But Portuguese history is by no means unique in this respect ; great men of all nations have gone unrewarded or unrecognised in their lifetimes. The *Lusiadas*, Camoens' "epos of discovery" of ten cantos and over 1,000 stanzas, became a national monument, and nowadays he is as universal as Homer, Virgil and Goethe.

He was born<sup>1</sup> in 1524, three years after the death of King Manoel the Fortunate, at the end of a period into which was crowded "a bewildering array of fighters, writers, poets, historians, administrators, men of science to such an extent that no brief summary of Portuguese history can even record their names. Large tracts of Asia and Africa now acknowledged Portugal's sway, and all the kings of the East sent costly presents, gold and spices and precious stones, to their suzerain in the West. The name and the fame of the Portuguese extended throughout all lands in mixed fear and admiration. Foreign adventurers and merchants and men of curiosity and learning flocked to Lisbon, which for a brief period appeared as the true centre of the universe. The Pope and Cardinals gazed in wonder at the unprecedented gifts from the East sent by the King of Portugal . . . Unfortunately, the age of King Manoel did not provide a fresh crop of heroes equal to those who had grown to manhood under João II, and when he died in 1521 the disquieting symptoms were many. In Portugal the real prosperity had been replaced by a garish and deceptive luxury, and the old simple pleasures and jollity had vanished with the old austerity of life . . ."<sup>2</sup>

Camoens spent his early youth at Coimbra in study at the College of All Saints, designed for "honourable poor students". There he steeped himself in literature and the mythology of the ancients. He became a Bachelor of Arts at the age of 18, and on leaving Coimbra he went to Lisbon, arriving at the Court in 1543. On Good Friday, in the following year, he saw for the first time the thirteen-year-old daughter of the High Chamberlain, Donna Catherina de Ataide, a lady-in-waiting to the Queen, and fell in love with her. He was then a young romantic, aged twenty. He was also very rash, and three years later, after a duel with one of her brothers, he was banished from Court. He then became a soldier. He was at Ceuta in 1547, losing his right eye in a skirmish. We then find him back in Lisbon, being mocked by women and

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being called the "devil" and the "eyeless face." He seems to have lost what little money he possessed and to have given himself up to sadness, despair and *saudade*. Another crossroads was on Corpus Christi, 1552. Joined by two masked friends, Camoens permitted himself to become involved in a street row near the Convent of St. Dominic which resulted in the wounding of a servant of the royal household. He was imprisoned and only pardoned on condition that he left Portugal. He enlisted again, said "good-bye" for the last time to Catherina, and on Palm Sunday, 1553, he sailed from the Tagus and there began for him a period of exile which was to endure for seventeen years . . .

"Already, one by one, my country's hills  
are slowly exiled from my sight, and fall behind ;  
behind me flows my dear beloved Tagus  
and on the cool crests of Sintra  
my eyes still linger.  
Behind us, in our homeland dear,  
our hearts, with saddest longing stay,  
until, when all is lost to sight,  
nothing but sky and sea remain."

Camoens sailed on the *Sao Bento*, the flagship of a fleet of four vessels commanded by Fernao Alvares Cabral, a kinsman of the great Cabral who discovered Brazil. It was during the journey to Goa that there came to Camoens the idea of writing, "as a maritime epic", the history of the Portuguese, the Sons of Lusus. Thus were the *Lusiadas* born. Camoens was on active service on the Malabar coast, in the Red Sea, at Ormuz, Cape Guardafai and at Mombasa. There followed two years' service in the Moluccas, at Ternate and at Macao. There he appears to have been once again the innocent victim of intrigue and he was again imprisoned. Then occurred the most dramatic incident of his highly-coloured life. On the way to India for trial, he was shipwrecked at the mouth of the Mekong River on the coast of Cambodia, "by the waters of Babylon". He saved himself by swimming ashore with one arm. In the other hand he held aloft the manuscript of the *Lusiadas*. While in prison at Goa news reached him of the death of Catherina. It was then that he wrote the famous sonnet, *Alma Minha Gentil*. Not until April 7, 1570, did he return to Lisbon. In that year plague killed nearly a quarter of the

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inhabitants. Very few of his old friends were living. His mother, his only relative, was very old and living in straitened circumstances. But Camoens persevered and continued to write. He obtained a royal licence to publish the *Lusiadas* and in September, 1571, he was granted a ten years' copyright. When Camoens returned to his beloved Tagus, Portugal was but a shadow of her former glittering self. The great men, Affonso d'Albuquerque, Dom João de Castro, Vasco da Gama and the others, had long since died and their achievements were dying as surely as their memory was fading. The chapter of the House of Avis, begun so illustriously in the Arthurian tradition established by the triumvirate of Dom João I, the Holy Constable and the great jurist, Dom João das Regras, and carried on by the Men of Sagres, was approaching an inglorious end. The boy, Sebastian, was on the throne, but he accepted the *Lusiadas* as a gift, and in return for a work that had taken almost a generation to write, the author was awarded a yearly pension of fifteen milreis, about five pounds by to-day's reckoning. On this pittance, not always regularly paid, Camoens was obliged to live. At one period, for instance, it lapsed owing to an error on the part of a clerk at the treasury, and for eighteen months the poet received nothing except charity. The pension was renewed by King Sebastian on the eve of the disaster of Alcacer Qibir. The *Lusiadas* end on a note of prophecy, the greatness of the motherland. Ever a prophet, Camoens wrote in March, 1580: "All will see that I so loved my country that I was content not only to die in her but with her." The battle was fought on August 1 and first reports of it reached Lisbon on August 10. The people then knew that their king was missing, believed killed, and that the flower of their army had perished. Camoens was taken dying from his cottage in Rua Santa Anna to hospital on June 8. He died two days later. Not only did his few remaining friends have to provide a burial sheet, but they discovered that for months he had lived on the proceeds of alms begged in the streets at night by the servant he had brought with him from India. Camoens died—Portugal fell, but "Sebastianism" lived.

"It was indeed a piece of good fortune that the *Lusiadas* were published on the eve of the fall of Portugal, for their effect was to keep alight the flame of Lusitanian nationality during those dark days so that, on regaining its independence, its light could be seen burning more brightly than ever. Between the two countries of

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the Iberian Peninsula this great masterpiece raised an invisible but none the less effective frontier, such as Don Quixote would have built for Spain had Portugal, at the time, been the dominating power. There is no doubt that the spirit of nationalism remained ever alive with the legend of King Sebastian whose return Portugal awaited for nearly a century. But this Sebastianism, as it is called, was already to a large extent the creation of the *Lusiadas* themselves. The voyage that Vasco da Gama undertook to India is but an episode of this poem, and both the divinity to which it is dedicated, and the hero which it sings, are but the embodiment of the noble Lusitanian breast whom both Neptune and Mars obeyed. As is the case with all truly national poems, the *Lusiadas* describe a circle made up of the separate legends of the nation. Each of these, when intoned as a hymn to the glory and the valour of a people, stands for its most important link. In the *Lusiadas* he summarises the endless incidents of all the voyages of Vasco da Gama's caravels from Lisbon to the Indies. His version of the Portuguese nation is mythical, and legendary the battles between Moors and Spaniards—the meeting of Queen Maria with her father, Affonso IV—the story of Inez de Castro—the innumerable epitaphs for the heroes who fell in far distant lands—the pilgrimage of the envoys of João II in their search for the road to the Indies, and the figures he hewed in life size. Pure poetry are his swift sketches of Portuguese scenery or of some far-off dominion of the small Lusitanian home as he tenderly calls it. The second impression which the *Lusiadas* create in us is that it represents the poem of the oceans. Camoens spent endless years at sea at a time when navigation in fine weather or foul created that bond between the sea and the sailor which to-day has ceased for the reason that the kingdom of the winds is entirely ignored and unknown to us. This lengthy, silent and profound communion reveals itself at almost every moment . . . It is a poem to be read on the quarter-deck of a caravel in the shadow of a sunlit sail . . .”<sup>3</sup>

Three editions of the *Lusiadas* were published in Lisbon between the fall of Portugal in 1580 and the Restoration in 1640. They were printed (as they were written by Camoens) in the Portuguese tongue. In addition to reminding the Portuguese people of their homeland, of the beauty of the Tagus, of the glories of an early dawn—“and on the flowers, slowly the shadows into icy dew distil”—of the formation of empire and sea-power and the alliance

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of the West with the East, the *Lusiadas* kept alive not merely the spirit of "Sebastianism" (a dangerous cult in many respects) but the very spirit of the nation. Camoens portrayed the very soul of Portugal and he became her finest propagandist and her greatest stay . . .

"The world continues to be carried away by the names of ancient Greece, Rome and the Italian Republics of the Middle Ages, which in turn reflect ever fresh renown on the Iliad, the Aeneid and the Divine Comedy. After all is said and done, it is the wheel of fortune that remains the most powerful influence with men as with nations, and nowhere in so great a degree as in fame."<sup>4</sup> The wheel of Portuguese history began to turn on the afternoon of July 24, 1128, when there emerged at Sao Mamede the first great Portuguese figure and military genius in the person and rugged, ruthless personality of Affonso Henriques. Here in action, if one but knew it, was one of the great passions that beset Camoens, an intense love of his country. The wheel continued to turn until other landmarks were reached on another battlefield at Ourique and before the walls of Lisbon. There was thrown up Diniz, the "tiller-king," and another great king in Dom João, a natural son of Pedro. It was a bright and sunny afternoon when this Master of Avis, the first of the Arthurians of Portugal, prepared to defend his people at Aljubarotta against the fifth Castilian invasion in sixteen years. It was also the Day of the Vigil of the Assumption. He chose a site where the great Serra da Estrela finally sinks into the plain. In the foreground was a shallow ravine through which ran a narrow thread of water. Nun' Alvares, the Holy Constable, commanded the vanguard of a small Portuguese force of a few thousand knights and their men-at-arms, some infantry, crossbowmen and a few hundred English archers. As the Castilians, many French among them, advanced towards the centre, they were received by a steady line of lances, while from both flanks a withering discharge of arrows a cloth yard long, crossbow bolts and javelins was poured in among them. The arrows were shot so fast and so close that it looked as if a snowstorm was beating down upon the smiling, August countryside. The arrows and bolts nailed the helmet, pierced brigantine and breastplate, head, arm and leg. It was past vespers and the sun was dying when the main Castilian army rode in. Arrows and bolts found their mark again, nailing helmets to the head and driving horses

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mad. So many horses were shot down that evening that in forty places the shallow ravine was fordable over heaped-up carcasses and through the ravine ran a wide stream of blood. What was left of Castile reeled to the rear and fled in hopeless, undisciplined disorder. The van perished. Two years later, thanks to the brilliance of the pleading of João das Regras, his devotion and that of Nun' Alvares, the Master of Avis ascended the throne at the express wish of the people. "The knights of John of Avis were no longer the old feudal lords who had accompanied the rise and decline of the House of Burgundy. The rakish, unorganised feudal court gave place to a respectable, orderly centre of the new middle-class nobility. The old autocracy had lost its prestige and often its property to those who had supported the new dynasty with their strength and abilities and risked their wealth in its favour . . . The discipline of the court was severe. To some extent the alteration in outlook was due to the English Queen Philippa, austere, bounteous and pious. John himself, neither surpassingly great by his understanding or by his power of decision, yet possessed ample good sense and followed the influences of his time expressed in the personalities of Nun' Alvares, Alvaro Pais and João das Regras. The maxim, Fear to Misrule, put before Prince Duarte and his brothers (among them Prince Henry, of course) was a new precept in the education of princes . . ."5

The wheel continued to turn, to preparations for battle, dreams and celestial signs, to Ceuta . . . "The King largely rewarded all the lords who had accompanied him, and he also gave great largesse to those of the common people who had done well, each according to his trade. And all were content. From Algarve the King and the Infantes went first to Evora, where the Infanta Isabel received them, surrounded by noble ladies. And wherever they passed the people welcomed them with great joy. And as for the manner in which they were received (throughout the country) and the joy of the people, I will not speak of them at greater length ; for all those who shall read of the so virtuous deeds of this great prince (the King Dom João), and the pains he was at, and the exploits which he accomplished, for the safety and honour of his people, will well be able to conceive with what love he was welcomed wherever he passed, above all after winning so great a victory . . ."8

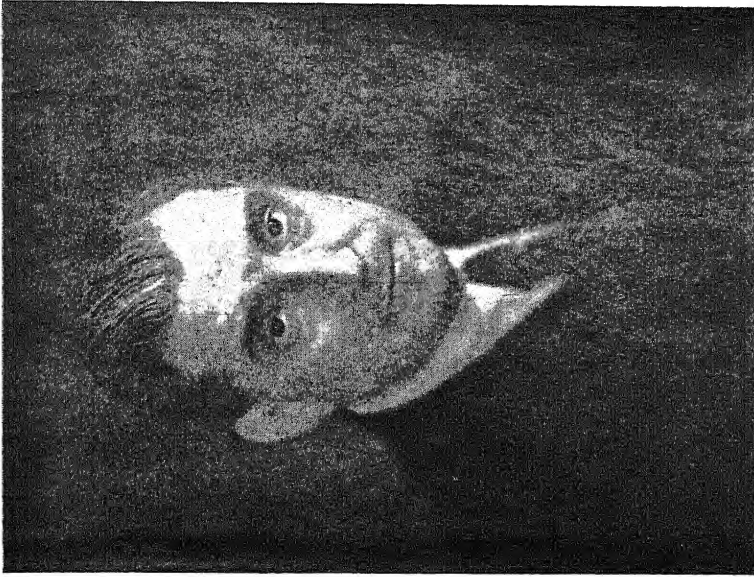
The wheel continues to turn. Prince Henry at Sagres, Gil Eanes at Bojador, Diniz Dias at Cape Verde, Diogo Cao at the mouth of

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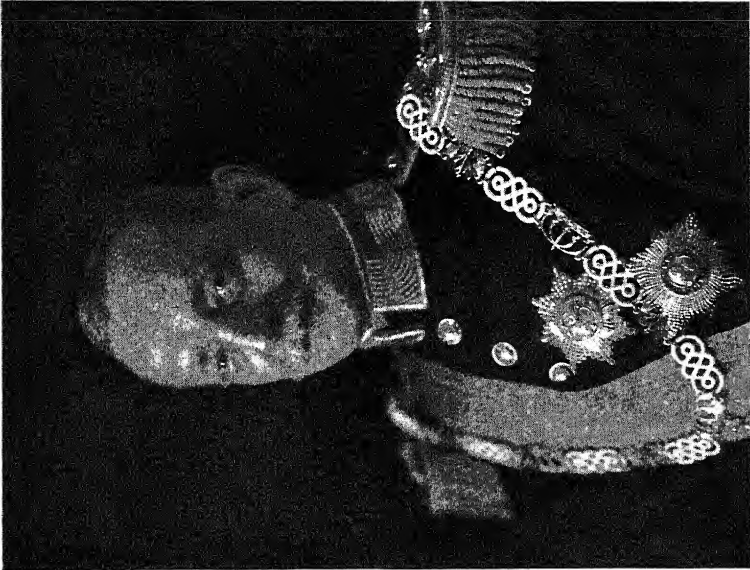
the Congo, the spokes getting longer and longer as Bartolomeu Dias, a kinsman of an earlier explorer, Joseph Dias, leaving Lisbon with three ships passes Diogo Cao's farthest point south near Cape Cross in the modern German South-west Africa, erects a pillar bearing the arms of Portugal at a point twenty-six degrees south and proceeds southwards for thirteen days without sighting land. Failing to find land after several days' search, he turned north and so struck the south coast of Cape Colony at Mossel Bay (Dias Bahia dos Vaqueiros) half-way between the Cape of Good Hope and Port Elizabeth on February 3, 1488. Thence he coasted eastwards, passing Algoa Bay (Dias Bahia da Roca) and reaching the estuary of the Great Fish River. The north-east trend of the coast became unmistakable and the way around Africa had been opened. Twelve years later he died, in sight of the Promised Land and unrewarded; Vasco da Gama had preceded him in the search for the wealth of the Indies.

Affonso d'Albuquerque, surnamed "The Portuguese Mars," followed Vasco da Gama to India. He was born in 1453 near Lisbon. Through his father, Gonzalvo, he was given an important position at court, being educated by Affonso V and becoming, after a period of service in Africa, equerry-in-chief to Dom João II. Sailing to India with his kinsman, Francisco d'Albuquerque, he remained (but for one short visit to Lisbon in 1504) to lay the foundations of the Empire of the East. He died at sea, possibly of a broken heart, after having been superseded by a personal enemy, Soarez. For many years after his death both Hindus and Moslems visited his tomb in the Church of Our Lady at Goa to invoke protection against the injustice of his successors.

But for the genius of Camoens, and the mould in which his life was cast, the wheel might have turned a full circle and stopped. Other writers and poets preceded him, but he is the first figure, by far, in Portuguese literature, one of those rare geniuses that can be called universal and comparable perhaps only with Goethe. Dominating all culture of his time, he was gifted with such power of expression that it enabled him to write masterpieces on the most varied themes. Without mentioning the *Lusiadas*, his epic work, and which speaks for itself, his lyrical writings are unsurpassed in the merit of their diverse styles; sentimental and philosophic. The *Lusiadas* are not only a national Portuguese poem, but they assume also the character of the victory of man over nature—that

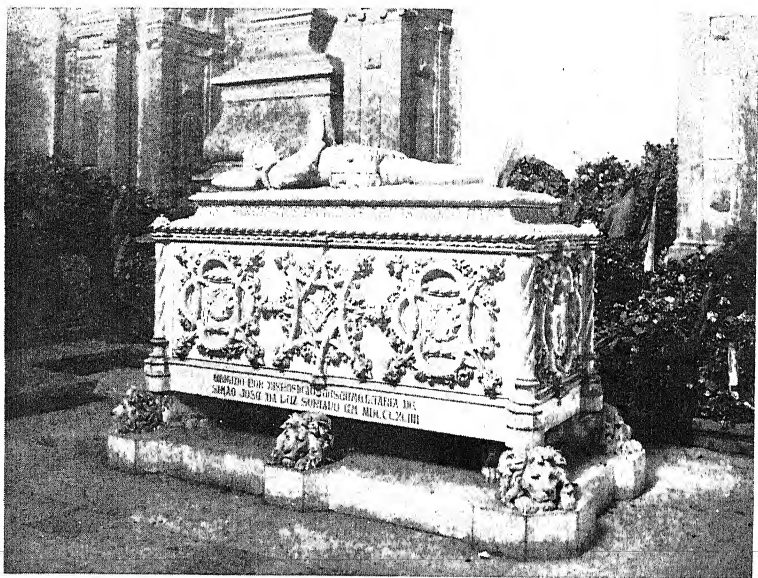


DR. SALAZAR



PRESIDENT CARMONA





THE TOMB OF CAMOENS. *In the church of the Jeronimos.*



A MILITARY PARADE IN LISBON

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is, the passing from the terror of the Middle Ages to the audacity of modern times. In the late fourteenth century, Nun' Alvares adopted Sir Galahad as his ideal, as in the sixteenth Sebastian, a throwback to the fourteenth, essayed to become the Portuguese King Arthur. "Sebastianism," the cult of the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries among the simple people, represented a yearning for the return of a Portuguese hero-king. Camoens, bringing the Portuguese language to the height of its perfection, translated Sebastianism into a yearning for the return of the greatness of Portugal, and by stimulating the people during the years in which they were under the yoke of three Spanish princes kept alive the spirit of the nation and made possible the movement which reached its climax in the recovery of independence in 1640. More than that, Camoens' work bridged the gap of those sixty lost years. Another great contributory factor was the conduct of Sao João de Brito and the hundreds of other missionaries and evangelists who left the Port of Lisbon and preached the Gospel throughout the world of the great discoverers.

As we have seen, the Portuguese produced a great king in Dom João I who, more than any other monarch, personified the will of the people. His collaborators formed a pattern of chivalry unique in Europe. His sons were all gifted : Dom Duarte, who was both learned and good ; Dom Pedro, who became the most cultured man of his age ; Dom Jaime, another man of culture ; Dom Fernando, the youngest, who preferred death by torture at the hands of the Moors to liberty at the price of the loss of Ceuta ; and Dom Henrique, whose place is assured among the immortals. Turning over the pages of Portuguese history, the eye alights on the figure of Fernao Lopes, the Chronicler of the Kings, Dom João I, Dom Pedro I and Dom Fernando, the last of the Burgundians. Fernao Lopes was another Froissart, to whom France owes the best description of her life in the Middle Ages. Robert Southey called Lopes " the best chronicler of any age or nation ". Affonso d'Albuquerque never had more than 5,000 Europeans at his disposal, yet he built a network of forts which extended from the Persian Gulf to the Straits of Malacca, and by conquests, treaties and negotiations he founded what is still the basis of the present Portuguese Empire. Father Antonio Vieira, in a different walk of life, formed for the Portuguese the pattern of oratory and wise colonial administration. His period was from 1608 to 1697. A Jesuit, a

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writer of distinction as well as orator, he was born in Lisbon and made Brazil his territory. His famous sermon of May 22, 1653, *Sermão dos Escravos*, is still fresh in the mind of the Portuguese. Slavery was then current coin and the native a mere item of merchandise. "No greater curse," said Vieira that day, "can rest on a house, or on a family, than that of being served by unjust sweat and blood. Everything goes wrong, nothing prospers, the Devil takes everything. The bread won in this way is like the bread the Tempter offered to Christ; the bread of stone which if it does not stick in the throat may not be digested." Not surprisingly he made enemies among the colonists and for a while he was expelled from Brazil . . . Some day when the history of anti-racism is written, Antonio Vieira will be recognised as one of the precursors of those who have preached the equality of all men in the sight of God.

The wheel to which Camoens gave new impetus keeps on turning and the observer is brought face to face with the personality and outstanding leadership of the Marquess of Pombal as he looks over the ruins of stricken Lisbon on the morning after the earthquake of 1755. "What can be done?" the King is reported to have asked for the hundredth time. "Bury the dead," said Pombal, "and feed the living."<sup>7</sup> "Taking leave of the king with authority to execute whatever measures he thought fit, Pombal at once hastened to the scene of the calamity. He penetrated into the midst of the ruins. For several days he lived in his carriage, scribbling proclamations and orders, despatching and receiving couriers, reassuring the populace and exhorting them to the work of rescue. During twenty-four hours on end he took no nourishment except a bowl of broth, which was brought to him by his wife, who picked her way to his carriage over the debris in the streets". Order was restored and gradually Lisbon began to rise again and resume its place among the world's great capitals. The architect was Pombal.

Great men by the hundreds have enriched Portugal in all walks of life. Many of them received the thanks of the nation while they lived. Some were banished. Some died in wealth, heaped with honours. Others died disappointed men in exile. Others lost their lives in defence of their faith at the stake at the other end of the earth. João de Brito is immortal, as in their different fields are Prince Henry the Navigator, Nun' Alvares Pereira, who died

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in self-sought retirement as a friar in the Convent of Carmo, and the poet Camoens, who conquered obscurity, poverty, privation and suffering in a small cottage in a back-street of Lisbon. The problem here has not been to select the great but to decide whom to leave out.

<sup>1</sup> Three Portuguese cities, in addition to Lisbon, claim the distinction of being the birthplace of Camoens.

<sup>2</sup> *Portugal of the Portuguese*, by Aubrey F. G. Bell (Pitman).

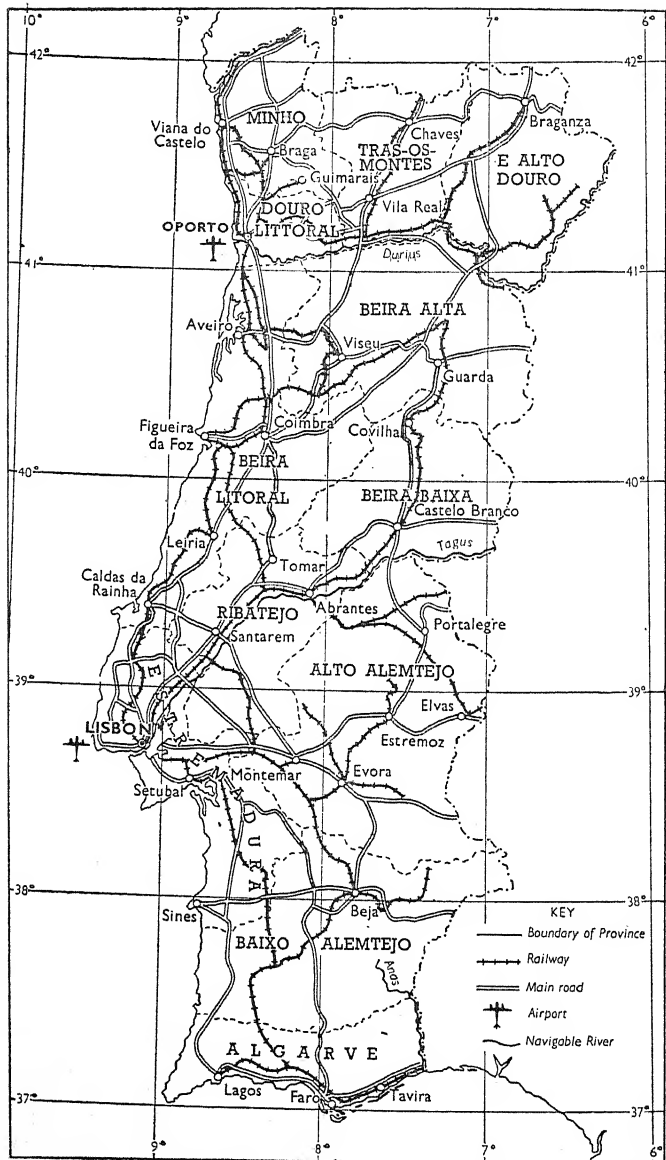
<sup>3</sup> A lecture given by His Excellency the Brazilian Ambassador to London, Doctor José Josquia Moniz de Arago, to members of the Anglo-Portuguese Society on November, 1944.

<sup>4</sup> As in 3.

<sup>5</sup> *History of Portugal*, by H. W. Livermore (Cambridge University Press).

<sup>6</sup> *Conquests and Discoveries of Henry the Navigator, being the Chronicles of Azurara*, edited by Virginia de Castro e Almeida (Allen & Unwin).

<sup>7</sup> *Dictator of Portugal*, by Marcus Cheke (Sidgwick & Jackson).



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Fig. 8—Political and Communications Map of Modern Portugal

## CHAPTER X

### *THE REGIME*

THE PORTUGUESE themselves say that the secret of their enterprise is to be found in their individualism and a moral unity arising from a common language, culture and faith. National institutions were moulded by time in the image of the nation and on a scale commensurate with national desires and ambitions. The first kings, who were influenced by Christian teaching, tried to weld the new country and the people into a living whole in order to create a well-balanced community which would enjoy, if possible, the benefits both of liberty and authority. Strong, traditional monarchy, it is maintained, did not necessarily run counter to civic freedom. It became a representative government with the power of the kings resting largely on the consensus of the will of the nation. But in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries this "balance" was disturbed: first, by the influence of imperial absolutism and later in the reverse direction owing to the influx of revolutionary doctrines from France. A great gulf developed between traditional civic liberty and rationalist liberalism. In the nineteenth century the reaction in Portugal against absolutism embraced two tendencies—on the one hand, a medieval nationalism and, on the other, a liberal nationalism which was based on the Declaration of the Rights of Man and the revolutionary principles of 1789. The latter tendency triumphed. Ancient institutions were done away with, the power and the prestige of the Crown were reduced and the tradition of corporative life was erased. The coming of the Republic in 1910, the "millennium," only made matters worse. The primary object of the new rulers of Portugal appeared to be to break once and for all with the old order of things. Surviving institutions were ruthlessly attacked, as were the discipline and cohesion of the family as a social unit. Divorce was instituted and illegitimate children were given a right to their father's name and a share in his inheritance. An attempt was also made to impair the religious life of the nation, one leader (Afonso Costa, a lawyer) declaring publicly that within two generations at the most he would "destroy religion". Political life was marked by acute disorder

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and frequent revolutionary movements. Class warfare spread. Public finance became involved and budget manipulation a common practice ; the publication of the accounts of the State gradually fell into desuetude as a useless formality. We find one Portuguese writer<sup>1</sup> asking, in 1912, whether it was possible for the nation to live "severed from its traditions, its beliefs, its uses and customs, the continuity of its historic experience ; governed by political favouritism ; with its education in the hands of pedants, its religion in those of atheists ; with its police assassins, a parliamentary majority of nincompoops, a ministry of crazy enthusiasts, a bureaucracy of ne'er-do-wells, and a diplomatic corps of dilettanti".

The Republic was launched by a proclamation which proscribed for ever the "maleficent dynasty of Braganza, wilful disturber of social peace". "Now at length," it read, "terminates the slavery of our country, and, luminous in its virginal essence, rises the beneficent aspirations of a régime of liberty." The court was held to be not wanted "because, with the exception of two or three noble houses of large fortune, it consisted of persons without money". According to science, monarchies had no *raison d'être* "because they humiliated the men who accepted them" ; the bourgeoisie became the "safe of the nation". The people, of course, were promised better conditions : better and cheaper food, better and cheaper houses and better and cheaper clothes. Roads and railways were to be repaired and built and communications restored and improved. The nation was to be regenerated and "Order and Work" became the motto of the hour. The people of Portugal, who did not really understand what it was all about and who, in any case, were the victims of national apathy and inertia, may have taken a temporary pride in feeling that at last "the sovereignty belonged to the nation", but one suspects they would have preferred more food and less jargon. National regeneration rarely thrives on an empty stomach.

The story of the sixteen years that followed the advent of the Republic and preceded the *coup d'état* has often been told. In reality a minority was in power, a clique of puff-politicians who were job-seekers, charlatans whose main concern was to prevent any economy in public administration. The disease of empregomania, the anxiety to obtain security in government posts, spread through Lisbon and the towns with the rapidity of earlier plagues. It is difficult to keep track of the extraordinary number of changes of

## THE REGIME

ministries. In sixteen years there were eight presidents. There were no less than forty-four ministries, the majority of them corrupt. Twenty-four revolutions occurred and over 150 major strikes and innumerable bomb outrages, yet the politicians, the hordes of bureaucrats and their paid cliques still talked complacently of the "identification of the people with the Government" or of the "close union of the people and the State"—in short, a people clamouring for food were regaled with promises and the clap-trap of the soap-box. Food was scarce and prices soared. Such roads as there were under the Braganzas became unusable under the new Republicans. The rate of interest on money raised outside the country rose to ten per cent. ; within the country money was unobtainable. Some highlights of Portugal under this form of liberty, or "Continental" democracy, were an inefficient, badly-equipped and disillusioned army, a discontented and in part unseaworthy navy, a beggared treasury and a series of cynically-minded administrations. It was "Rousseau defying the millenary experience of Europe".

But one really enlightened and sincere statesman came to the front during this period. This was Sidonio Pais, whose movement to decentralise public administration and to establish a system of national corporations under the supervision of a strong State might have saved Portugal in 1917. It was a form of dictatorship admittedly, and, in some respects, it can be described as the precursor of the present régime, but whatever chance of success it may have had died with his assassination shortly after it was launched. By 1926 the structure of Portugal lay in ruins and the country was at the mercy of the foreign usurer, the politician, the bureaucrat, the thug and the terrorist. The failure of this régime lay in the fact that it was fundamentally doctrinaire, a creation of the mind, having no roots whatsoever in the history of Portugal. The individual Portuguese was, as it were, taken from his rightful, traditional place in society and separated from his surroundings, his ties, his pursuits and his desire for spiritual uplift. He became a political factor, an elector in whom sovereignty was vested. Having lost their roots in the structure of their country, the Portuguese people became uncontrollable and ungovernable. It was a period of risings, riots, strikes, and outrages, during which the universal character of Portuguese civilisation was obscured and Portugal became a tiny nation without a semblance of a foreign



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policy, content to exist on the charity of the bigger powers. At the beginning of the twentieth century a serious attempt was made to restore Portugal to the consciousness of her position in international affairs. A closer understanding, for example, was brought about with Britain. A *rapprochement* was also effected with Brazil, and for a while it seemed that a new political horizon was being opened. But the instability of the first Republican governments made it quite impossible for Portugal to pursue anything remotely approaching a consistent foreign policy, and immediately the Peace Treaty was signed at the end of the First World War Portugal renounced all share in international affairs and gave herself up to internal party strife and political disorder. Action was finally taken by the army. On May 28, 1926, a proclamation was issued in Braga, signed by General Gomez da Costa. It read: "Portuguese! To men of dignity and honour the present situation is intolerable. The prey of a corrupt and tyrannical minority, the nation, filled with shame, feels it is dying. For my part, I declare myself in open revolt. Let men of courage and of worth come with me in arms if, with me, they are prepared to conquer or to die." An appeal in similar terms was issued in the south by Mendes Cabecadas, an officer in the navy. They were joined by General Carmona (the present head of the State) and on July 9 in the same year General Carmona took his place at the head of a military dictatorship. Dr. Salazar was at that time a professor of political economy at the university of Coimbra.

Salazar was born in 1889 at Vimiero, a village in the province of Beira, near Santa Comba, a small country town midway between Viseu and Coimbra. He was the son of a smallholder. There being no school in the village, he was educated privately at first, going later to a seminary at Viseu. He went to Coimbra University in 1908, the year of the regicide, and witnessed the advent of the Republic therefore as an undergraduate. At Coimbra, as a member of the teaching staff, he became convinced "that politics alone can never solve the great problems which demand solution, and that it is a grave mistake to expect everything from their evolution or from an arbitrary departure from their normal course. I am sure that the solution is to be found more in each one of us than in the political colour of a ministry. So far as I can, I try to make my students men, men in the best sense of the word, and good Portuguese of the type which Portugal needs to make her great."<sup>2</sup>

## THE REGIME

After a very short period as Minister of Finance in 1926—his tenure of office lasted a few days only—he went back to his post at the university, and in a striking article in the newspaper *Novidades* he called upon the nation to make the heavy sacrifices which he considered to be an essential step towards recovery just as, much later, he was to say to the Portuguese people : “ I have accustomed the people to face calmly and resolutely the problems which affect its collective life, and I do not repent of having done so. If there are obstacles, difficulties, dangers, all the better : in meeting and overcoming them the temper of the individual and of a people is tempered and strengthened ; nor may we flinch before tasks which, after all, are not as great as those which were accomplished by our ancestors. And we are still the same nation, the same race, the same people ”.

Dr. Salazar's principles are well known nowadays. “ One must examine in doubt, then act with faith. No lying political school and system of government, but truth, truth in word and deed, in reforms and laws and in carrying them out. Corruption easily creeps in when the responsibility of the few is replaced by the irresponsibility of the many. In public as in private life lack of sincerity displeases and wearies . . . No political régime which uses falsehood as a method of governing or contents itself with conventional truths can win the soul of the people ”. One other statement may be quoted : “ I have always,” he said, “ been in favour of an administrative policy so clear and simple that it could be the work of any good housewife : a policy so ordinary and humble that it merely consists in spending well what one has to spend and in not living beyond one's income ”.

Dr. Salazar resumed the portfolio of finance on April 27, 1928, at a time when the state of Portugal was critical not only on account of the material decline of the nation but also of the discredit which this was producing abroad. The most regrettable feature was an almost universal feeling that it was hopeless for the people of Portugal to struggle against the workings of a “ fate ” engendered by incompetence and thriftlessness on the part of the governments which preceded the *coup d'état*. There was defeatism throughout the country and a general unwillingness to grapple with the problems created. The public debt had risen without any corresponding improvement in the economic position of the country or of taxable values. The floating debt had reached proportions out of keeping

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with its nature ; the high rates of interest which had to be paid were alarming. There was also a number of bewildering public securities bearing interest at rates which bore no apparent reference to the current price of money. Tax collection was haphazard and, moreover, proper accounts were rarely kept. Of greater importance, the public did not know the position to which Portugal had been brought by years of misrepresentation. Dr. Salazar began his task by telling the people the truth. He was the auditor. He was neither pessimistic nor optimistic. He merely stated the facts as they were, indicated where the chief difficulties lay and illustrated their effect upon the nation. He demonstrated how economic security depended entirely upon financial stability and pointed out their relation to social progress. He also made it abundantly clear that the vital problems confronting Portugal could not be approached and solved without the restoration of public discipline and order. Having established the priority of financial stability over every other consideration, he then demanded, and secured, powers which would enable him to assume full responsibility : power, for example, to limit the maximum allocation for each ministry ; power to veto any increase in expenditure ; power to examine and control all undertakings likely to have a bearing on revenue and expenditure ; and power to co-operate with other ministerial departments in measures involving a reduction of expenditure. This was the auditor presenting a statement to the nation in language simple enough to be understood by the ordinary men and woman, the husband and the housewife. Having obtained the powers he demanded he proceeded logically to establish the new principles to which the budget and the system of public accountancy should conform and without which it would be impossible, in his opinion, to carry out his plan of recovery. He was attacking, in fact, the law of "necessity" which had permitted (and, indeed, favoured) expedients designed to misrepresent the plight of the country. In effect his policy was a return to orthodox methods. The fundamental principles of the new administration were published on May 14. They were : Budget unity and universality ; normal expenditure of the State to be met by its normal revenue ; the limiting by law of extraordinary expenditure ; and limitation of resource to foreign loans as a means of covering such expenditure. The rule of "unity and universality" was the basic principle on which the preparation of the budget rested. It

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laid down that a genuine budget, an honest budget, in other words, had to express one total of expenditure against one total of revenue in order that a true balance could be struck. Extraordinary expenditure was only authorised when its provision became necessary to meet special needs or to meet urgent requirements affecting national defence or security. Borrowing was dictated by common sense. Dr. Salazar also initiated new principles of accountancy in order to produce not only an honest budget but one that could be readily understood by everyone.

The decision to give financial reform priority was not agreed to peacefully. On the contrary it became the subject of serious controversy. Many were of the opinion that for preference a start should be made with increased production and that financial equilibrium should be sought later on the broad and solid base of an enriched economy. That interpretation—for the Portuguese the line of least resistance—failed to take into account two essential points. First, Portugal was without foreign credit, and financial reform, therefore, was indispensable for any development of national resources through public work undertakings. Second, reform of the nature which Dr. Salazar had in mind was that most likely to produce tangible results quickly. "I took the line," Dr. Salazar has said, "that only should it prove impossible to balance the budget and purge the administration should one abandon this project. But it was my firm conviction that with a balanced budget an appeal could be made to the public services for greater efforts and greater economies. The watchword, 'Only once—and now' rang out like an order to leap the abyss and build on firm ground. It was easy to foresee, and experience has confirmed this, that once the budget was balanced and confidence restored, many aspects of our crisis from being unfavourable would become favourable. The balance of payments was relieved of the drain of our capital resources being represented by the traditional flight of capital for investment abroad, and at the same time benefited by the inflow of foreign market money which had been encouraged by us. The suspense of payments, bankruptcies and reductions in the rates of interest, characteristics of the period between the two great wars, also brought relief to Portugal. A sufficiency at the treasury, the cheapening of money and an abundant supply of capital, the bringing home of foreign securities, stability in the balance of payments, the freedom of exchange and the strength

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and prestige of Portuguese currency were the reward of sacrifices made. The fact that Portuguese capital was at the disposal of the State and the national economy was the greatest gain of all and one of the bases of our economic recovery." As he has said time and time again, for individuals, as for nations, it is an advantage to have wealth but, clearly, it is necessary that such wealth shall not corrupt them. It is not production that corrupts the will but mistakes and lack of balance in consumption. "From this we deduce that the problem can be solved—by the creation of wealth through hard work, by consuming wealth in keeping with the principles that govern man's physical, intellectual and moral development and by wise saving both in production and consumption—in other words, by respecting that equilibrium which exists between the end and the means, between a utility and the wealth expended to create it".

The military government of 1926 restored political and public order, but Portugal was still in a state of financial chaos when Dr. Salazar was called in for the second time in 1928. The budgetary deficit had reached 642,000,000 contos in 1927. The rate of exchange to the pound had risen from 5.23 escudos in 1913 to 108.25 escudos. In the same period the banknote circulation had gone up from 85,000 contos to 2,000,000, while treasury bills had mounted from 32,000 contos to 1,246,000 and a special debt of the State at the National Deposits Bank amounted to 630,000 as against 12,000 contos in 1913. To-day Portugal is looked upon in financial circles as one of the soundest and most promising countries in Europe with a currency among the best in the world. Apart from the rehabilitation of social, political and administrative order, a vast scheme of public undertakings has been carried through ranging over roads, railways, telegraph and telephone services, ports, hydraulics and industry. A new consciousness has returned, as though the spirit of the old Portuguese pioneers had reawakened. Better still, the Portuguese people have returned to their former conception of their empire as an indissoluble political, economic and moral unit.

Dr. Salazar, the man who has guided the destiny of Portugal without interruption since April 27, 1928, first as Minister of Finance and later as Prime Minister, and throughout in association with the President, General Antonio Oscar de Fragozo Carmona, is a man of simple tastes. "I owe to Providence," he told the people of

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Oporto recently, "the grace of poverty. Devoid of goods of value, very little binds me to the wheel of fortune. Nor have I missed not having lucrative posts, riches, ostentations. And to gain my daily bread on the modest scale to which I have accustomed myself and in which I can live, I have not to enmesh myself in the tangle of business. I am an independent man."

Life, to him, has never been a jest, but life need not be "the heavy burden that some bear, bowed beneath a crushing weight, enslaved to a destiny which they cannot understand". He sees the worth of a nation not in the number of its inhabitants but in the qualities they possess, in their ability to create wealth and beauty and in their capacity to work and to suffer. The family is the purest source of moral production. It is the irreducible cell of society and the nucleus from which springs the parish, the township and therefore the nation. Its destruction "entails destruction of the house, of the hearth, of the bonds of relationship, and men are left facing the State as isolated strangers, without roots, shorn of one half of their nature; they exchange a name for a number and the life of society is essentially altered. The intimacy of family life requires comfort and isolation; in a word, it demands a house, an independent, private house of *our own*. A small independent house means quiet, tranquillity, a legitimate sense of property, a family. A hive means promiscuity, revolution, hatred and the merging of the individual in the multitude". He expects the family and the school to imprint indelibly on the young the lofty sentiments which distinguish Portuguese civilisation and a deep love of their country and of those who made it and through the centuries raised it to greatness. To Dr. Salazar, remembering perhaps his own early days in the little Beira village of Vimiero, a school is more than a place of instruction, it is "a sacred factory of souls".

"There is no biography of Dr. Salazar. The details of his childhood, of his early struggles as a poor student at Coimbra, of the formation of his political ideas, are nowhere vouchsafed to us. The very fact that this is so is itself one of the best clues to an understanding of Salazar's personality. If he is a public figure it is against his will. He is entirely without personal ambition. He occupies the position he does occupy solely because he regards it as a task and a duty laid on him by Providence, and he seems to be perpetually on his guard against every attempt of self-glorification.

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There is no shadow of pose about this extraordinary man. He has no desire to create an impression. Popularity means nothing to him except in so far as it renders it possible to make more palatable to his people the sacrifices he has to impose on them. His integrity is absolute, and this means that he is no more willing to compromise with himself than with others. He will not lie, and this means he will not allow himself to be placed in a position in which lying would be unavoidable. When he says that the exercise of power is to him a sacrifice, he implies that he will not have it otherwise. When he looks back over the last century of his country's history and marks the weakness of the men who have misdirected her social and political life, he is determined that his own conduct shall never be subject to the same reproach . . . Physically, mentally, and spiritually, Salazar belongs to the authentic Portuguese tradition. It is as though Providence had stretched a hand back into the past, into the most glorious age in Portugal's history, and reincarnated one of its most typical and noble figures".<sup>3</sup>

President Carmona is now seventy-nine years of age. Dr. Salazar is sixty. Between them they have transformed a people traditionally given to wistful dreaming into a modern, industrialised nation. Their Fifteen-Year Plan ended in 1947 and under it they expended £33,000,000 on urban improvements; £1,700,000 on building secondary schools alone; £5,000,000 on providing power; £1,000,000 on bridges; and more than £3,000,000 on ports and airfields. The national currency is now hard. National economy has been revitalised. Internal peace has been maintained and illiteracy among children of school age has almost disappeared.

Portugal has been called a "benevolent dictatorship" or a partnership organised on authoritarian principles. The formal title for the Portuguese State is a Unitarian and Corporative Republic based on the equality of citizens before the law and on the free access of all classes to the benefits of civilisation. The Constitution (of 1933) harnesses the activity of the State to the creation of moral unity and the setting-up of juridical order in the nation: to the direction and merging of social activities and to the establishment of better conditions for the least favoured classes. Civic liberty, as proclaimed by the Portuguese State, can be said to run counter to liberty under a national democracy, but it claims to protect all human rights which are just. There is, naturally, the right to live and to personal integrity, the right to defend name and

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reputation, the inviolability of religious conscience, the security of the home and of the privacy of correspondence, the free choice of a profession or of work, the right to have property and to transmit it, to reparation for material and moral damage and the right of representation. Liberty of the expression of thought is admitted, as are the liberties of instruction, reunion and association, but special laws regulate the exercise of liberty in the interests of public opinion and the moral integrity of the public as a whole. The Portuguese State, then, guarantees individual liberty, but does not have an exaggerated opinion of it, as although it allows it wide scope, it does not permit it to go so far as to jeopardise society by rendering it vulnerable to subversion. In Portugal the family unit is looked upon correctly as an elementary cell of collective life. The State is the source of racial development, the primary basis of education, discipline and social harmony and it is the foundation of all political order. It assures its constitution and defence as such by its representation in parish and municipality. The essence of the family lies in marriage and in legitimate descent. Its defence rests upon the State, whose business it is to assist in the construction of independent and healthy homes ; to protect maternity ; to adapt the system of taxation to legitimate family burdens ; to encourage the adoption of a family wage ; to assist fathers to fulfil their duties towards their children ; and to employ all measures that may contribute to avoiding vice. Primary instruction is compulsory. Religious instruction is freely permitted in private establishments. Public or private practice of all forms of religion is allowed in accordance with the principle of liberty of conscience. All religious bodies may organise themselves in accordance with their own disciplinary and hierarchical rules whose civil and juridical validity is recognised by the State. The State maintains its régime separate from the Catholic Church and from other religions practised in its territory. Amongst its fundamental guarantees, the State recognises its duty to ensure the existence and prestige of military institutions. Military service is therefore general and compulsory. In time of war the organisation of Portugal is that of a nation in arms.

In short, there can be visualised a family partnership on a corporative basis between the head of the State and the individual, in which the exercise of liberty is only restricted if restriction is in the interests of the family as a whole—that is, the nation. The



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Portuguese system of government is not totalitarian in that it tends to deify the State, the people, a given doctrine or individual. It seeks rather to establish a balance between liberty and authority, and in this respect it is totally unlike the systems tried in Germany and Italy before the last war. The organs of national sovereignty are the head of the State, the National Assembly, the Government, and the Courts of Justice. The President of the Republic (the head of the State) exercises his functions for a period of seven years. He is elected by the nation, by the direct suffrage of the people. The presidential magistracy is not submitted to the votes of the National Assembly, and the head of the State, therefore, is directly and exclusively responsible to the nation for his actions in the performance of his duties. It is his business to nominate and dismiss the President of Council and the Ministers ; to inaugurate the legislative sessions and direct messages to the National Assembly on every occasion he shall deem it necessary ; to fix the date of the elections of deputies ; to give the National Assembly constitutional authority ; to convoke the Assembly on extraordinary occasions ; to dissolve it if the interests of the State demand it ; to represent the nation and direct its external politics ; to pardon or modify punishment ; and to promulgate and publish the laws and resolutions of the National Assembly together with legal decrees and regulations. In those functions the President of the Republic is assisted by the Council of the State. The President has freedom to choose the President of the Council and the Ministers, he can dissolve the National Assembly ; he is, in fact, the head of the State. The National Assembly is composed of deputies elected by direct suffrage, special laws governing those eligible to vote. (As a general rule voters are heads of families.) The duties of the Assembly are to make laws, interpret them, suspend or revoke them if necessary and to enforce their observance ; to authorise the Government to collect revenue annually and to effect expenditure in accordance with the provisions of the budget ; to examine the annual expenses of the general administration of the State ; to authorise the Government to borrow money or undertake other credit operations provided a floating debt is not created ; to authorise the head of the State to make war or peace ; to approve international conventions or treaties ; to declare a state of siege ; to define the territorial limits of the nation ; to concede amnesties ; to acquaint itself with advices received from the head of the State ; to grant the Govern-

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ment legislative authority and, every ten years, to deliberate the revision of the Constitution.

The Empire is being re-created on two main principles : one of authority, and the other of decentralisation. Each colony is directed by a governor, and the work of all governors is controlled and co-ordinated by the Minister of Colonies in Lisbon. He is assisted by three consultative bodies : a permanent Colonial Empire Council, presided over by the Minister, and assisted for legal reasons by a Supreme Administrative Court ; the conference of colonial governors, which meets in Lisbon every three years, and the Economic Conference of the Empire, which meets every five years and is composed of delegates appointed by the governors. In addition to these three bodies, a series of technical services is attached permanently to the Colonial Ministry. The main bodies express the principle of authority. That of decentralisation is embodied in colonial, municipal and regional institutions which are framed to meet local requirements. Governors are appointed every four years. They have wide executive and legislative powers. They are the chief representatives of the home government and they are the highest civil and military authorities in their areas ; they are also the protectors of the natives, who work on a basis of freedom of faith under the protection of the State. Governors are required to care for their well-being, to defend them and their property and to preserve their customs in so far as they do not prejudice the rights of national sovereignty and of humanity. Village groups are led by native, salaried regents who are expected to encourage the learning of the Portuguese language, to see that natives under them send their children regularly to school, dress decently, go to church and report for census. Local administration through native regents adheres closely to traditional Portuguese colonial government in that it aims at absorbing everyone within the framework of the State. Native regents are as a rule succeeded by their heirs. "Heirs-presumptive" must attend school and they must (in order to succeed) learn to read and write Portuguese. There is no colour bar in Portugal overseas. The regents and the villagers they help are Portuguese.

The régime, then, is not a democracy in the British sense. Neither is it totalitarian in the pre-war German and Italian sense. It is diametrically opposed to Communism, which is looked upon (in the words of Salazar) as "caring not at all for history and the age-

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long experience of humanity so long as it can, by its false conception of humanity, succeed in enslaving man". It is a unique experiment based upon the needs of the Portuguese nation. It has been in operation since 1933, during which time Portugal has been re-established as a useful member of the brotherhood of Christian, peace-loving countries. It is neither eternal, perfect nor universal. But it is stable and it renders service. "What is it that is wanted?" asks Dr. Salazar. "That, having regard to the qualities and defects of man and of the society to which it applies, the régime should promote, with the maximum degree of order and individual liberty possible, the conditions necessary to the progress of collective life."

Only Portuguese who know their history can answer that question. Some individual liberty has had to be temporarily surrendered: but this sacrifice has been willingly accepted by most Portuguese in the interests of their country.

<sup>1</sup> *Salazar, Rebuilder of Portugal*, by F. C. C. Egerton (Hodder & Stoughton), quoting from Ramalho Ortigao, a Portuguese journalist (1912).

<sup>2</sup> *My Reply*, by Dr. Salazar, published in pamphlet form in 1919.

<sup>3</sup> As in 1.

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### DYNASTIC HOUSES AND RULERS OF PORTUGAL

#### HOUSE OF BURGUNDY

- 1095-1112 Henry of Burgundy  
 1112-28 Theresa  
 1128-85 Affonso Henriques  
 1185-1211 Sancho I, the Coloniser  
 1211-23 Affonso II, the Fat  
 1223-48 Sancho II, Capel  
 1248-79 Affonso III, the Bolonian  
 1279-1325 Diniz, the Farmer  
 1325-57 Affonso IV, the Brave  
 1357-67 Pedro I, the Severe  
 1367-85 Fernando and Eleanor

#### HOUSE OF AVIS

- 1385-1433 Joao I, of Happy Memory  
 1433-38 Duarte  
 1438-81 Affonso V, the African  
 1438-48 Regency of Queen Leonor and Dom Pedro  
 1481-95 Joao II, the Perfect  
 1495-1521 Manoel I, the Fortunate  
 1521-57 Joao III  
 1557-78 Sebastian, the Desired  
 1578-80 Henrique

#### THE SPANISH DYNASTY

- 1580-98 Philip I (II of Spain)  
 1598-1621 Philip II (III of Spain)  
 1621-40 Philip III (IV of Spain)

#### HOUSE OF BRAGANZA

- 1640-56 Joao IV, the Restorer  
 1656-83 Affonso VI  
 1683-1706 Pedro II  
 1706-50 Joao V  
 1750-77 José  
 1777-1816 Maria I and Pedro III  
 1816-26 Joao VI  
 1826-28 Pedro IV  
 1828-34 Miguel  
 1834-53 Maria II, da Gloria  
 1853-61 Pedro V  
 1861-89 Luis I  
 1889-1908 Carlos I  
 1908-10 Manoel II  
 Oct. 5, 1910 Republic proclaimed  
 1910-26 During this period the following held the office of President:—  
 Dr. Manoel de Arriaga, Senhor Theophilo Braga, Dr. Bernardino Machado (twice), Dr. Sidonio Pacs, Senhor Joao Castro Silva, Dr. Antonio José de Almeida, Senhor Manoel Teixeira Gomes.  
 Marshal Oscar Carmona, G.C.B.

1926-

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