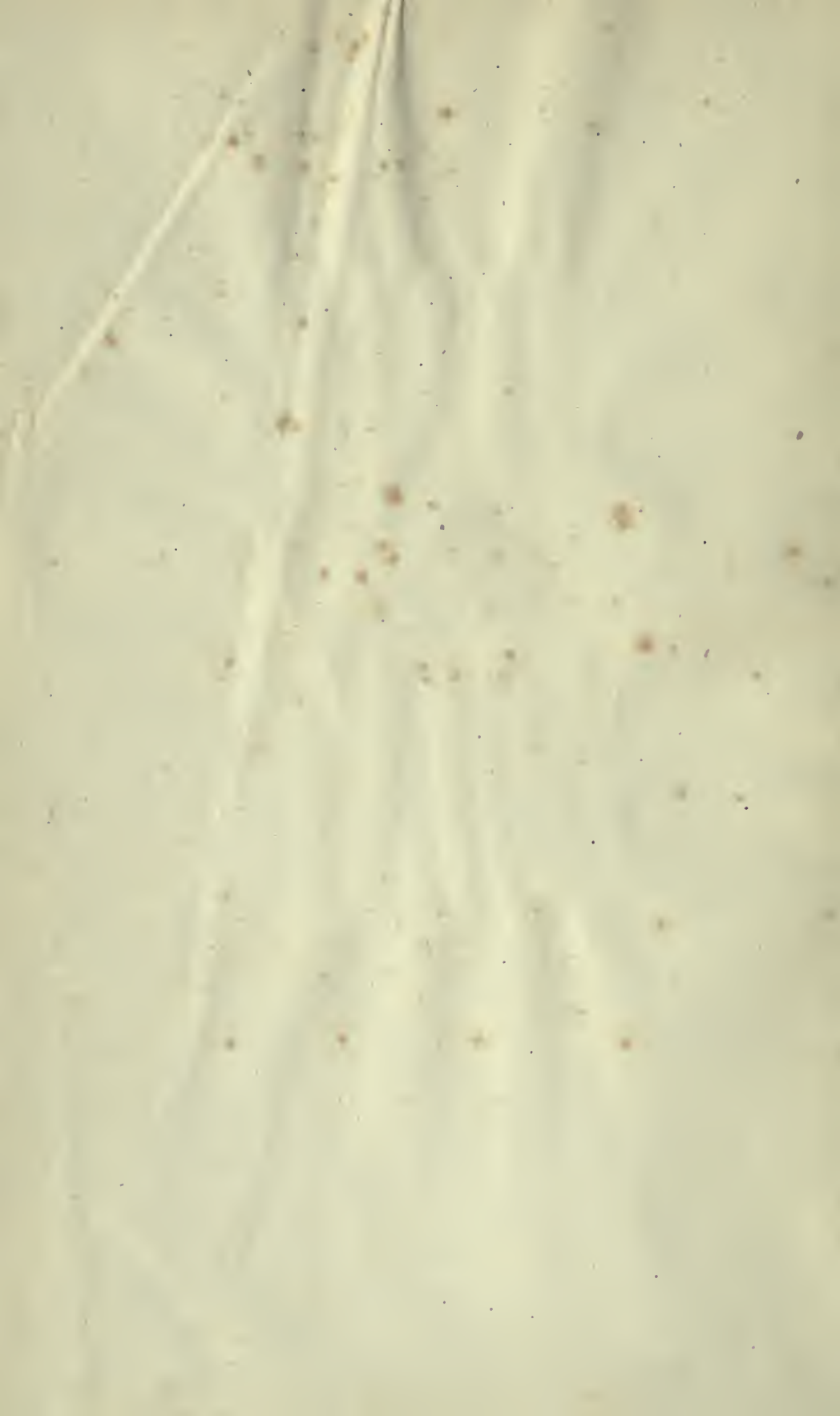






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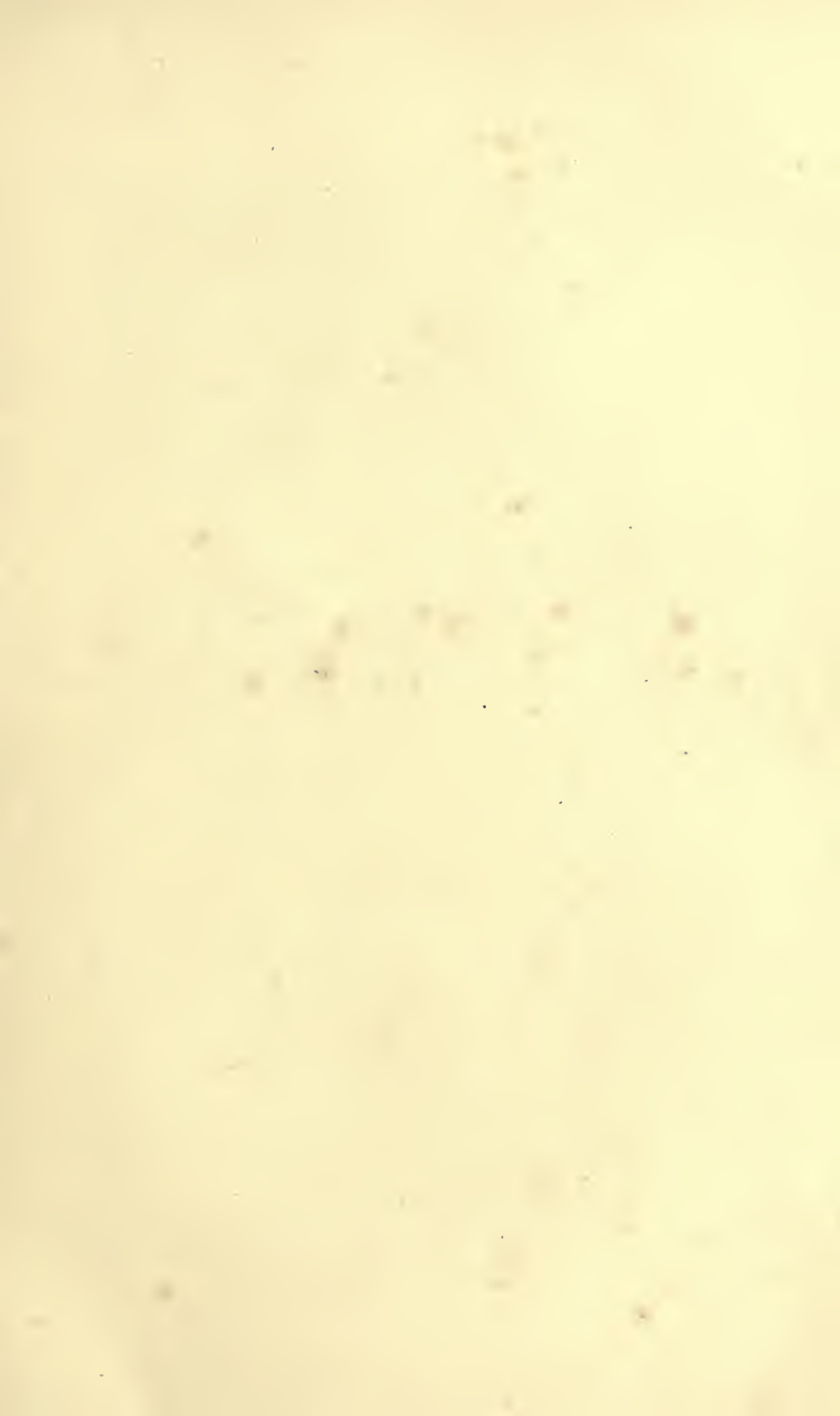


*F. C. Tolmie*

FAIR LUSITANIA.



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BAR OF LISBON, FROM THE CAES DO SODRÉ.



# FAIR LUSITANIA.

BY

CATHERINE CHARLOTTE LADY JACKSON.  
"

*WITH TWENTY ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.*



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FAIR LUSITANIA.

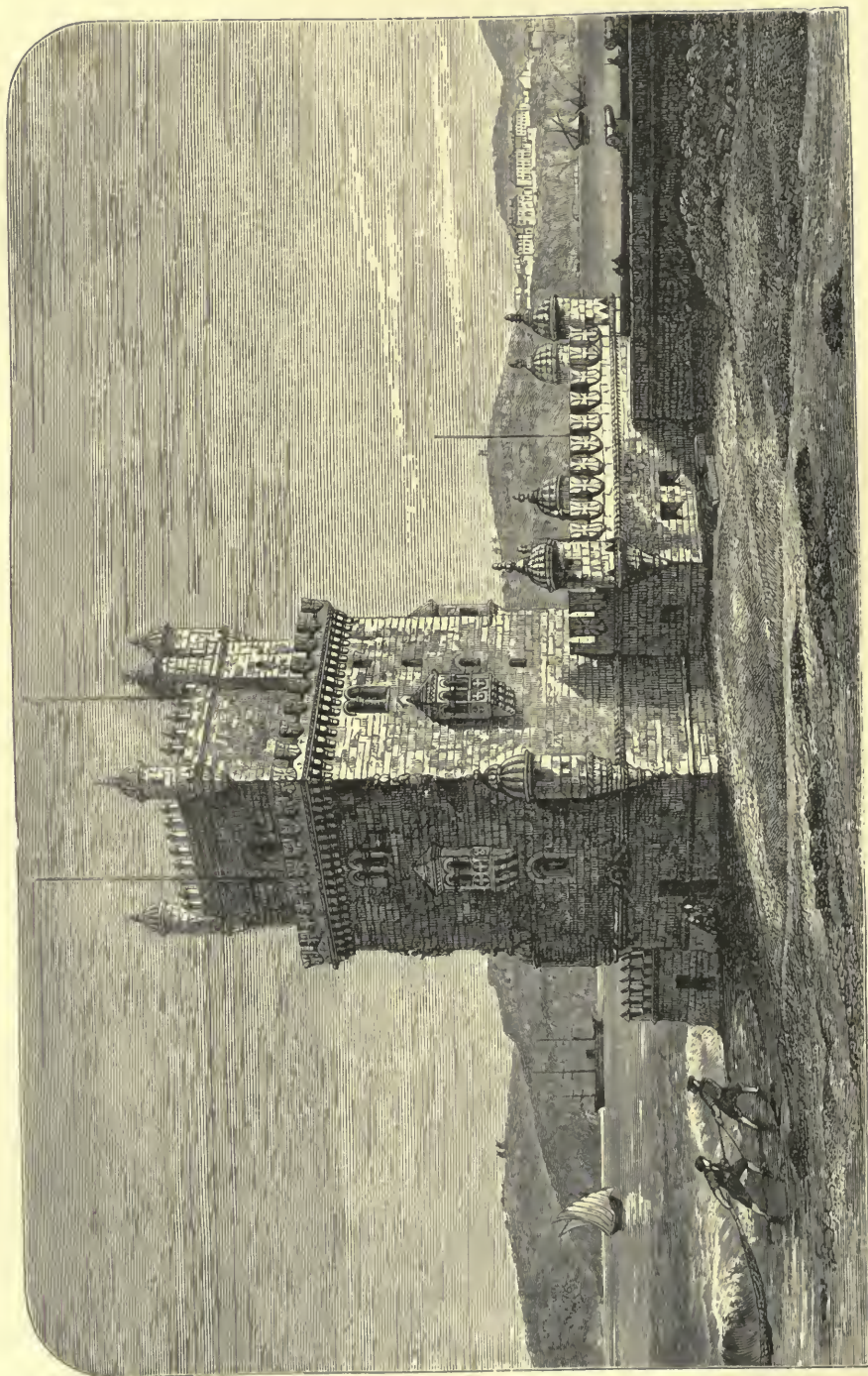
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“ Venus bella,  
Afeiçoada a gente Lusitana,  
Por quantas qualidades via nella  
Da antiga tam amada sua Romana,  
Nos fortes coraçoens, na grande estrella  
Que mostraram na terra Tingitana ;  
E na lingua, na qual, quando imagina,  
Com pouco corrupção crê que he a Latina.”  
— *Lusiad.*

Fair Venus  
Loved the Lusitanian people,  
For in their dauntless hearts,  
And valorous deeds in Tingitana,  
She saw again displayed the spirit  
Of her much loved Romans of the olden time ;  
And in their language, so near akin to that of Rome,  
She seemed to hear once more the Latin tongue.







TORRE DE SAN VICENTE DE BELEM.

# FAIR LUSITANIA.

## INTRODUCTION.

“You have some object then in coming to Lisbon?”

“Certainly. Portugal is not a country one visits simply for pleasure. The Tagus may be compared to a beautiful gauzy veil that hides the face of an ugly woman. For Lisbon is a disappointment; it has neither monuments nor magnificence, neither civilization nor society, and the country remains just as Byron left it—a land of barbarians in frock-coats and beaver hats.”

Such are the words which, in a recent work, the popular novelist, Camillo Castello Branco, puts into the mouth of two of the personages of his story. The one who speaks in terms so disparaging of the fair land of Portugal is an Englishman and an author, who has flitted through the cities of Europe, and is about to give to the world two octavo volumes of his observations on the manners and customs and distinctive characteristics of each nation; with notes, copious and critical, on its literature, its laws, its



religion, its politics, &c. &c. &c. And the above-quoted paragraph is hardly an exaggerated statement of the general opinion respecting Portugal, even now, current in England. But a few months ago the writer heard language, no less depreciatory and unjust, held by one who might have been supposed to be tolerably well informed on the subject. "What, going to Portugal! A country no one cares a straw about, except for the wines it produces! A country that still clings to her old-world ways and customs; that progresses, if progress it may be called, only after a snail-pace sort of fashion, and would stand still altogether were she not jerked forward a little by the rapid onward movement of all other nations! A country that can claim but one writer of genius—the poet Camões; and whose so-called modern literature consists almost exclusively of translations of trashy French novels; a country, therefore, whose language no one cares to study, except, perhaps, a few Oporto merchants' clerks, or engineers employed on the two or three railways *we* have constructed, and which the Portuguese are not yet able to manage for themselves!"

Even in Portugal itself this prejudiced and contemptuous view of the actual state of the country exists amongst its foreign population, especially amongst the English part of it. If you chance to meet in Lisbon or Oporto with any of Queen Victoria's loyal subjects—exiled for a time by their occupations from their own dear land of fogs—seldom can five minutes be passed in their society without hearing disparaging remarks on Portugal and her people. And as, accord-

## INTRODUCTION.

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ing to the adage, the weaker side must always go to the wall, so the Portuguese, occasionally patronized and constantly abused by "their great and powerful ally," seem meekly to have accepted the humble position assigned them.

There is therefore but little real sympathy between the two nations, and the English character is, consequently, as much misunderstood and misrepresented by the Portuguese as is their own by the people of England.

"The cause of all this," says a well-known Portuguese author<sup>1</sup>—half in irony, yet somewhat apologetically—"is that we are a small nation, and but little in vogue. We are become insignificant; are inexperienced in the ways of the great and enlightened society of European nations—into which by courtesy only we are admitted—and consider ourselves highly flattered when foreigners benevolently deign to cast an approving glance upon us. We are, in fact, wanting in a certain usage of society that teaches each one to occupy his proper place in it. And, though it is trying to the national vanity, it must be confessed that like those provincials who, when they gain an *entrée* to the social circles of the capital, talk of balls and theatres, *prime donne*, and the latest fashionable scandal, and are ready to die with shame should it appear that they retain a remnant of the bad taste that induces a love of trees and meadows and country life; so the Portuguese, timid, and discouraged in the European circle of nations, dare not breathe a word

<sup>1</sup> Julio Diniz.



in commendation of what is beautiful, rich, and great in their own country; though they can, *por convenção*, be loud in the praises of any insignificant thing, of whatever kind, which the vanity of the foreigner proclaims as perfection. And they will even carry their complacency to such an excess as to thank him with effusive sensibility for any chance word of praise he may, on rare occasions, concede to them or their country."

"If," continues Diniz, "we presume to speak of Camões when Tasso and Dante and Milton are named; if we venture to place our port-wine on an equality with that of Xeres, of Château Lafitte, or Tokay, it is because others have impressed the seal of eminence upon them. As for ourselves, we, of course, should continue in silence to read one and drink the other, without well understanding the value of either, or, at least, without presuming to assert that *we* thought our poet sublime, and our wine delicious."

At a *table d'hôte* in Lisbon, a few months ago, the writer heard the superiority of England, not only to Portugal but to all other countries, proclaimed in a rather amusing manner by an Englishman who had come to that city on some railway business about three weeks before. Talking with one of his countrymen, just arrived from the coast of Africa, and quite regardless of whether he was understood by his Portuguese neighbours; he said—

"Now, I dare say, compared with that dreary part of the world you have been living in, Lisbon seems to you like Great Babylon itself?"

## INTRODUCTION.

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"It seems pretty lively," was the answer.

"Lively!" he cried, with scorn. "Now to me, who am just from Liverpool, it seems like the city of the dead. For the last eleven days there have been no letters, no newspapers from England, to enliven this deadly lively place. *That*, you may say, is partly owing to this cursed Spanish business; but they've got the cable here, and the Tichborne trial is still going on in London; yet not a word of it do they give us in their papers. I yesterday asked two men, who ought to know a little of what is passing in the world, if Kenealy had yet finished speaking. Now, would you credit this, if I didn't give you my word that it's true?—neither of them knew who Kenealy was! and, more than that, actually one only out of three or four others who were with us had ever heard of Sir Roger! Why, your blacks, I should say, wouldn't beat that in ignorance. And this is called a civilized country! It's a pity, when this world was made, that our island was not shoved down something nearer to the Bay of Biscay. We could then more conveniently have set this country to rights, and have kicked or licked the Portuguese more into the shape of Englishmen."

"If," answered his friend, who was suffering from the effects of tropical heat, "England had had the same climate as Portugal, I doubt whether the English would have been more energetic than the Portuguese."

"Now don't say that, my good fellow," retorted the other, "it makes me savage to hear you. Climate, I tell you, would never have sunk an Englishman to the level of a Portuguese. No, no; England would

always have been the foremost nation of the world if the island had been placed in the heart of Africa ; for there's that sort of stuff in an Englishman's composition that he must have been, as he is now, an Englishman everywhere and all the world over. There's *no* country like ours ; America comes next, but the Yankees are a bit too bombastic. *We* are the head of all—there's no doubt of *that*,” he said, snatching up his tumbler of wine, swallowing its contents at one gulp, and bringing down the glass to the table with a bang that seemed to denote that the question was finally settled.

But a swarthy-faced, bright-eyed little man, who sat near our British patriot discussing a plate of figs, while listening attentively to the above *tirade*, suddenly lifted up his face and his voice, and, responding to the last words, exclaimed—

“ And we are the tail, I suppose ? ”

The Englishman started back in the utmost surprise, and everybody laughed—even those who did not comprehend the words which had so electrifying an effect upon him.

“ No offence, I hope, Senhor—as no offence was meant, I assure you. If I had known you spoke English, I—I——” he stammered out.

“ You have not offended, but much amused me,” was the answer, in very good English. “ I have lived,” he said, “ for many years in your country, and think better of it than you do of mine. But we don't quite deserve to be kicked out of the European family. So I appealed to your generosity, as the head of it, to



## INTRODUCTION.

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allow us poor Portuguese to come in as the tail." He had a good hearty laugh, much to the discomfiture of the Englishman ; and, having finished his dessert, took up his hat and, bowing ceremoniously to "the head of all," went his way.

But our countryman was not to be so easily silenced. He shook his head gravely, and, with a contemptuous smile, whispered : "That was a sneaking fellow not to let us know he spoke English. But I have read him a pretty good lesson, and he knows now, if he didn't before, what the world thinks of his country."

Of course this man was an exceptional specimen of the British lion in Portugal. Generally the noble animal on his travels is tame and subdued enough. If business or professional objects take him to those outlandish parts, probably he knows something of the language ; this at once sets him at ease, and he is then sufficiently good-tempered and pleasant. But if he has been rash enough to seek *pleasure* there, without having five words of Portuguese at his command, then he is, usually, eloquently silent, his countenance expressing the disgust and contempt which his tongue cannot utter, or does so only in such exclamations as "Ah ! pah ! phew !" His manner denotes nervous impatience, and he is utterly intolerant of the volubility with which the natives pour forth an unceasing torrent of words, which, to his ears, is nothing but one of unmeaning gibberish.

A tour in Portugal can hardly be profitable or pleasant unless the tourist chance to possess some knowledge of the language. To suppose, as many

persons do, that this is knowledge not worth acquiring, is an error founded on mere prejudice; for the cities of Portugal abound with interesting memorials of the past, deserving of more attention than they have hitherto received; and she can point to a long list of talented writers, both ancient and modern, on historical and scientific subjects, as well as dramatists, powerful romancists, and other authors; who charm by the grace and elegance of their style, their poetic fancies, their wit, and the vivacity displayed in their writings. And in these days, when both public and private collections of papers are ransacked for evidence that may throw a light on past events, or correct the many falsified statements that have come down to us as history, the national archives of a people once the foremost of nations, as navigators and discoverers and the first conquerors in India, whose sovereigns have been famous either for their learning or their magnificence, their encouragement of the arts, or their warlike achievements, must necessarily be most interesting, and should not be overlooked.

• Poor little Portugal! How is it that a country so lovely, whose capital is second in beauty to none of the cities of Europe, whose people are so courteous, so kind-hearted, so hospitable, so free from the gloom and the bigotry of the Spaniard, is pooh-poohed, as it were, by the rest of the world, and accounted the least important and interesting of European kingdoms? Why do not our artists in search of fresh subjects for the pencil, seek them in 'Fair Lusitania,' on the attractive shores of the Minho, amidst the wild



## INTRODUCTION.

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beauty of the banks of the Douro, the Mondego, or the Tagus? Why do not our tourists, weary of the well-beaten routes, and who have been everywhere but to this comparatively avoided land, bend their steps thither? Verily they will have their reward if they do. The scenery has the charm of newness and freshness and great variety—craggy mountains, deep ravines, broad slopes of woods and copses, groves of chestnuts and spreading cork-trees; the olive, the orange, and bright-leaved citron; long sweeps of the trellised and festooned vine; steep hills, clothed to their summits with shrubs, the foliage varied in tint from the dark shadows of the bay to the tenderest green; vast masses of moss-grown stones; picturesque ruins of Moorish castles, and Gothic monasteries; rushing rivulets, overhung with drooping willows, and bordered with aromatic herbage. From almost every lofty height, many leagues inland, the rugged rocky coast, with its deep sandy coves or recesses, may be discerned; beyond, the wide expanse of the Atlantic, its waves now glowing with opal tints as they reflect the glancing beams of the sun, at other times crested with foam, and rushing impetuously onward to break in cataracts of spray against broken masses of rock, rent by the fury and pressure of the ocean into a thousand fantastic shapes.

Although this work is by no means intended to serve as a guide-book, it being merely a collection of extracts from a desultory diary, with letters written during a recent visit to Portugal after an absence of several years—in which interval the changes and improvements in the cities and towns have been so numerous, and

are indeed so striking, especially in Lisbon, that Portugal may be said to be a new country to those who have known it sufficiently well to compare what *is* with what *was*, say twenty, fifteen, or even ten years back—yet, it may be mentioned that the traveller in Portugal, who would see not only its cities and their many interesting monuments of the past, but the country in all its beauty and variety of seascape and landscape, must not be content merely to run through it by rail.

It is, however, unnecessary that he should wander about on foot only, or be continually on horseback, as some persons have recommended ; but he must often leave the direct roads, and stray from the beaten tracks—taking his chance of a place in the *diligencia* or other conveyance, and sometimes be prepared to put up with but poor accommodation. If rough, it is generally clean, and the people are friendly. A little inquisitive, perhaps—desirous of knowing if he has a family ; why and where he has left it, or if he is on his way to visit relatives, and a good deal surprised to learn that his travels have no object in the world, save pleasure ; for the Portuguese have only of late years begun to be travellers in the sense that the English are.

Great politeness of speech and courtesy of manner are indispensable to one who would have things made comfortable for him. As he will always be addressed as “ *Vossa Excellencia* ” or “ *Vossa Seignoria*,” he must not be chary in the use of those terms when he himself addresses either gentle or simple ; and his wishes will be attended to with greater alacrity if, at his inn or

## INTRODUCTION.

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hotel, he does not disdain the claim of even the waiters and chambermaids to similar civilities, and prefaces his requests to them with "Ho, *Senhor* Manoel," or "*Senhora* Joaquina, *faz favor*," &c. For the rest, any reader of these pages to whom Lusitania is yet an unknown region, is recommended to make acquaintance with that interesting corner of Europe. There still lingers there enough of quaintness, and diversity of manners and customs, and of picturesqueness of costume, to give piquancy to the scene, and to inspire that sense of strangeness and newness which is not the least of the pleasures of foreign travel.

The troubled state of Spain has prevented the carrying out of a plan for the extension of the railroads to the frontier of that kingdom in order to make Portugal more accessible from the north by land; but the sea passage, which perhaps deters some persons from visiting the Peninsula, is but a short one, whether it be made from Southampton or London, and rarely proves otherwise than pleasant.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE VOYAGE.

*Lisbon, July 1873.*—VERY delightful throughout has been our five days' voyage from London. Smooth seas, cloudless blue skies, and the air most enjoyably soft and balmy; so much so that I confess I felt something very like real regret, when the Rock of Lisbon was said to be in sight, that we so soon were to reach our destination.

The evening was lovely. A gentle breeze wafted us onward—so gentle, that it only rippled the surface of the sea, which was sparkling with golden light beneath the last rays of the setting sun. A gauzy violet-tinted mist had crept over the distant mountains of Portugal. Already, pale gleams, whose soft lustre grew brighter as the purple splendour of sunset faded away and the short twilight deepened in gloom, betokened the rising of the moon. Gradually she appears—she has cleared the hills—

“The moon is up, and yet it is not night;  
Sunset divides the glory with her.”

Her broad disk is red, almost as the sun's at his setting; but as she rises higher in the heavens the fiery hue quickly fades, and she shines forth in un-



dimmed beauty, illumining sea, sky, and mountain with her silvery beams.

The Portuguese who inhabit the villages near the coast have a fondly-cherished tradition that Noah came to their country many years after the Flood expressly to see a really fine sunset. He certainly could not have chosen a more favourable spot for the purpose. And these people take great credit to themselves for the magnificence of the spectacle, which, they say, rewarded the patriarch for his long journey "Westward, Ho!" as though it had been prepared by their forefathers—who, as the story goes, were messengers sent on beforehand by Noah, and finding the country so beautiful, settled in it—to delight and astonish him by their great skill in sky painting. From the pride with which some of these peasantry speak, or rather boast, of their sunny clime, one would fancy there are among them those who really believe, that by some indefinable magical process, they have a hand in getting up those bright skies and gorgeous scenes; amidst which the regretful sun, as they say, every night bids a forced adieu to the land he so loves. "*Sol e dò*" is the *refrain* of one of the national songs of the people; and it speaks well for them that they can, if only in song, look on sunshine as a set-off against the evils of poverty. "*Sol e dò*" is far better than the popular "*Pan y toros*" of the same class in Spain; but both are, in some degree, illustrative of the national character.

Steadily, but slowly, we glided along the coast; the sublimity of the scene somewhat marred by the



abominable noise of the relentless thumping and bumping screw. Our captain had feared he would have to lay to, outside, until morning; but late in the evening the white sail of the pilot-boat was espied. Although it was past midnight before we had crossed the bar, yet I could not go to my berth without looking at the "Sultana of cities," as the Portuguese sometimes call Lisbon, as she lay before us in the dreamy light of the moon. Her forts and her towers; her groups of white houses piled one above another; her hills, crowned with stately mansions, with palaces and churches, stood there clearly defined in bright outline. All these were familiar to me; but the details of the picture, half hidden as they were in deep shade, left much for fancy to fill in; captivating it the more, like Camões' beautiful Dione, who, of her charms, as he says,

*"Nem tudo deixa ver, nem tudo esconde."*

Light still gleamed from the windows of several houses, and, at times, sounds like the echoes of distant voices rose in the air, then died murmuringly away; proclaiming that Lisbon no longer keeps the early hours she used to do—and that not many years back—when between nine and ten o'clock, except on some special occasions, darkness and silence reigned throughout the city.

On the broad glittering waters of the Tagus—more like a miniature Mediterranean than a river—lay many a tall ship, and a whole fleet of smaller craft; every mast, every spar, and every line, distinctly

traced against the deep azure sky. Fitful shadows played on the picturesque range of low, dark hills on the river's right bank; the Lazaretto and the little port of Almada looking far more important than when seen in the full light of day; while from sandy nooks in the rock, from amidst patches of verdure, or beneath a sheltering tree, peeped forth the cottages and small villas scattered between Almada and the little town of Cacilhas. There was a fascination about this moonlight and midnight scene, to which both I and my only fellow-passenger—a nice Portuguese youth of fifteen, returning home from an English school—unwillingly, said *boa noite*, and descended to our cabins.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE LANDING.

THE morning beamed brightly. A boat, despatched from the hotel at which I was expected, was very early alongside, and I then bade adieu to the *Cadiz*—a very fine vessel, of whose arrangements, except in one point, and of all on board, from captain to steward, I have nothing but praises to record. The one exception is the penance, in the shape of cork mattresses, provided by the owners for their passengers. These articles are intended, in case of necessity, to serve also as life-buoys. They are composed of bits of hard cork, than which a bag of smooth pebbles would be a softer bed, and a rough plank, with a stone or block of wood for a pillow, a luxurious couch. Whether a single life would have been saved by their means, had there unhappily been occasion to trust its safety to them, seems to me doubtful; for not only are these mattresses cumbrous things, beyond, at least, a woman's strength to manage, but, as I was informed, assistance is required to buckle them to the body—assistance, which, in the event of a disaster at sea, when each person would naturally be anxious to save his own life—one could hardly hope to receive. But

even if efficient as life-buoys, they are still, as mattresses and cushions, most diabolical contrivances, and for a long voyage, could not possibly be endured. They ought to be banished from every vessel, and a swimming-belt be supplied in their place to each berth. The lacerations and indentations of the back which resulted from lying on these instruments of torture could not have been worse had one been condemned to toss about for six nights on the coral reef described by the Earl and the Doctor in "South Sea Bubbles."

The steward did the best in his power to remedy the misery in my case, by lending me his own mattress, which had been made slightly less torturing than the others by means of a thin layer of horsehair laid over the lumps of cork. The *palha de milho*, or Indian-corn straw, is employed by the Portuguese for making summer mattresses. It is both rough and hard; but my painful experience of a cork bed makes me look forward with much satisfaction to reposing to-night on a straw one.

Our baggage in the boat, a custom-house officer stepped in to accompany me and my boy companion to the *Alfandega*. Passing through the custom-house used to be a very long and vexatious affair; and as everybody had assured me that just as things were managed there a century ago so they were still, I looked forward to affording a nice morning's amusement, in the ransacking of my boxes, to a *posse* of indolent officials; for taking up whose valuable time I should have something considerable to pay. I, however, found that the Portuguese of to-day *avaient changé tout cela*.



The luggage was landed without delay ; there was no peering into everything as of old. *Pro formá*, keys were turned, lids raised and closed, but with a sort of apologetic bow for the liberty taken, and the business was ended. There was nothing to pay ; no passport was asked for, and, in reply to my inquiry, I was told that none was needed, except on leaving the country by sea.

The old leather-curtained *seges*, with their mules and booted and spurred postilions, have also disappeared. The antiquated jolting vehicles, into which one had formerly to scramble with difficulty to a height above a yard from the ground, are replaced by open and close carriages with a pair of good horses. The public carriages of Paris are inferior to them ; those of London are left far in the rear. In fact, it was a very decent turn-out that conveyed me to the hotel ; though the luggage—of which there was little enough, so that it might have been taken with me—was transported from the *Alfandega*, after the fashion of the good old times. And indeed, from the circumstance of its being known that I was an *Ingleza*, and, as a matter of course, *mui rica*, a patriotic feeling induced me—as it could be done on such easy terms—to go to the expense of a few shillings, in order not to tarnish the reputation which the sons and daughters of Portugal's faithful ally have here acquired of possessing a superabundance of pelf and willingness to part with it. The belongings of "*Sua Excellencia*" were therefore placed on a square board with a cord at each corner ; these cords, looped together, are



suspended on a pole, each end of which rests on a man's shoulder, the burden hanging in the centre. In this way two men, often bareheaded and beneath a burning sun, will toil, barefooted too, with slow and equal steps, carrying some heavy weight along the sandy roads, and up and down the steep hilly streets of Lisbon. Truly, it is by the sweat of their brow they earn their bread; for often on reaching their destination, panting and blowing, and with the perspiration streaming down their mahogany-coloured faces and necks, they have the appearance of having just walked out of the river. A hard life indeed is theirs, poor beasts of burden!

Years ago, it was attempted to introduce a better system of carrying heavy goods; a more expeditious one, less toilsome to the men, less expensive to their employers; but it was resisted, as an attempt to take from the poor labourer his means of livelihood. And in the troublous times through which Portugal has passed, it generally was thought expedient in this, as well as other measures for the public good, to yield when the people resisted; as opposing political factions often took advantage of the discontent and ignorance of the lower classes, and made them a means of furthering their own objects.

But those evil days are past, and the present generation has fallen on good and prosperous ones. This morning I heard in the *Alfandega* that the extensive warehouses of that establishment are becoming insufficient for the great and increasing trade of the country; and that the fulfilment of the French prophecy,

that "Lisbon in the twentieth century is destined to be the capital and centre of commerce of the world," is commencing!

Before that event happens, I suppose the old oxen-carts, that still creak and groan so execrably through the streets of Lisbon, on two circular pieces of wood with a hole in the centre, which serve for wheels, will be banished for ever. They hold their ground wonderfully, for they must be antediluvian; made after specimens preserved in the Ark and brought hither by Noah when he paid his sunset visit to Portugal. Well, as the rails are being laid down for the American tramway through Lisbon to Belem, and the narrow, stuffy omnibuses are to be ousted from the road by the roomy and airy cars, perhaps, as one improvement usually leads to another, the days of the lumbering oxen cart may be numbered. Yet, when its four bare poles are banded together with willows, and interlaced with vine leaves and branches, in the form of a large basket, and the centre is filled with ripe grapes, it is a picturesque object. And the patient, plodding ox is an appropriate animal to draw the primitive vehicle and its load of ripe fruit. I have seen it thus laden, and by its side a bright-eyed peasant girl, in broad-brimmed hat and gay kerchief. They were standing in one of the back streets of the city—a line of poetry in a page of prose.

## CHAPTER III.

### A STROLL UP HILL.

PERHAPS more or less of disappointment is generally felt on revisiting after the lapse of some years places associated with the memories of a former eventful or happier period of our life. Where is now the beauty seen in them then, and with which imagination has decked them during absence? It has passed away with the adventitious circumstances and exaggerations of fancy from which it was derived. We look now on these objects and scenes with changed feelings, and find them shrunken and mean, compared with what they seemed to us when we sojourned among them in brighter days. No disappointment, however, of this kind, though it had been predicted, awaited me here.

The morning after arrival I set off betimes for a stroll; for the heat is always tempered in Lisbon by a cool breeze, enabling you even in the hottest season of the year, to walk out for an hour or so in the early part of the morning. There is then a shady side to most of the streets; and though many of them are excessively steep, if instead of attempting to scramble up them, *à l'anglaise*, in haste, they are leisurely mounted at an easy, sauntering pace, the top may be reached



with but little fatigue, and the morning ramble, by the same means, be pleasantly prolonged until nine.

The Rua do Alecrim, or Rosemary Street, whence I set out, is one of the principal streets of the city. The lower part of it branches off from the centre of the Caes do Sodré (part of which is shown in the view of the Bar of Lisbon); thence it is carried on arches, Arco grande and Arco pequeno, over two other streets, and ascends in a straight line to a considerable height; crossing several *praças* and squares on its way, until it reaches the Passeio and Jardim de S. Pedro de Alcantara. If, when this point is reached, you turn and look back on the long steeply-inclined plane you have mounted, you will see the river flowing at the bottom, and the roofs of the lower houses, and even those that stand midway, lying far beneath your feet.

The Passeio, or Alameda, is a nice level walk, planted with rows of shady trees, and with benches beneath them. A splendid panoramic view of the eastern part of Lisbon may here be obtained. A flight of steps leads down to the garden, whence the view is even more extensive and varied.

Spread out before the ravished eye are at least five of the seven hills on which Lisbon is built. On the extreme right, reflecting the morning sunbeams, flows the broad Tagus, like a stream of liquid gold. There is the grand old cathedral; above it, the ancient castle of St. George, with its old chapel of the Santa Cruz de Castello; and, rising still higher, the extinct convent and vast church of the Graça. Crowning the next lofty mound is the church of Nossa Senhora da Penha



de França, to whose shrine the seafaring people and their families resort in such numbers, to crave her protection on their voyages, or to make vows and present offerings when danger seems to threaten the fishing-smacks at sea, and to pray her to avert it. Beyond this, on the summit of another towering height, is seated Nossa Senhora do Monte. Thence, the ground slants gradually downwards; again it rises and falls, the view extending as far as Bemfica, the intervening space being diversified by quintas, fields, and vineyards, groups of peasants' cottages, small villages, gardens, and orchards.

On the hill-slopes are many fine houses, with plantations or gardens, and roads bordered with trees. Nearer, and on more level ground, you look down on streets, new and old, broad and narrow; the fine square of the Rocio, with its tall column and statue of Dom Pedro the Fourth; and there, also, where once stood the Palace of the Inquisition, is the principal theatre—that of Donna Maria Segunda. Nearer still, just beneath, though the tops of its tall trees do not reach this height, is the long garden, with its fountains and lakes, its swans and its statues, its flowery parterres and shady avenues—known as the Passeio Publico, the *tout ensemble* forming a picture majestic as pleasing, and upon which few could gaze without exclaiming, as I did, enraptured with its beauty, “Lisbon is truly a splendid city!”

And the Pedro Alcantara garden itself, whence this lovely panorama is surveyed, though of no great extent, is perhaps the most beautiful in Lisbon. This little

Eden is filled with a variety of flowering trees and plants, which blossom and bloom luxuriantly and in the wildest profusion, each tree, each plant being a mass of brilliant colour. Shrubs and plants of every kind flourish amazingly here. The geraniums in this garden are, alone, almost worth making the voyage to Lisbon to see. They cover a large space on the high wall that the hill forms on one side of the garden, and on a projection of which it is planted; the three other sides being enclosed by an elegant light iron railing. These geraniums climb to a height of twenty or thirty feet; their chief stems are as thick as those of small trees, and their branches are in proportion. Their flowers are mostly of a beautiful crimson, or of a deep pink colour. Occasionally white blossoms streaked with mauve may be seen; but all are double, and in clusters, large and full as those of a fine rhododendron. These bunches, or *bouquets* of blossom, grow so thickly together that when the plants, or rather trees, are in full bloom, they droop one over another on their long stalks, and almost entirely conceal the foliage. Here and there, a few large bright green or variegated leaves contrive to struggle into sight, and add the charm of their freshness to the beauty of the grand floral display.

The lily of the Nile flourishes and flowers in this garden like an indigenous weed, and the heliotrope—generally a small, puny plant in a northern clime—here rivals the geranium in luxuriance of growth; covering high walls, and shading verandas, and scenting the air with the delicious fragrance of its masses of rich purple blossom.

The garden is well tended, well watered, and kept in excellent order. Affixed to the wall side is a large half circular stone basin, into which, from a gracefully-formed shell, falls a stream of clear water, gurgling over ferns and rockwork. Aquatic plants grow round the basin, and in its waters a shoal of gold-fish disport themselves. One end of the garden is partly fenced off by tall thick bushes, and is planted with trees, forming shady walks. Seats, too, you find—free seats—beneath the shelter of spreading branches, and placed in the most favourable positions for contemplating the lovely view.

Hours I have spent in that delightful retreat, so pleasantly cool in the most sultry day. Gentle zephyrs whisper among the trees, and birds warble sweetly, sheltered in the foliage. If you are out of temper with the world, go there; the troubled spirit will be soothed and misanthropy leave you. And it is now more lovely than ever; the trees are taller, their shade is denser, and the prospect, too, is more beautiful; for many desolate places and squalid huts—the abodes of misery, dirt, and disease that once blotted and marred the fair scene—exist no longer. The change is so great, that it may be said, what once was a desert now “rejoices and blossoms as the rose.”

At sunset the garden gates are closed, but from the Passeio above a very animated scene presents itself when Lisbon is lighted up. The gas in the streets, the lights shining from every open window, or flickering fitfully through the trembling foliage of surrounding trees; the flashing rays of the lamps from a passing



vessel's stern; the murmur of mingled sounds rising from the city, at this hour when thousands stroll forth to enjoy the evening air. Perhaps a guitar is tinkling on the Alameda, or the strains of a military band in the Passeio strike loudly on the ear, then die away with the breeze. Above, glitter myriads of stars in the clear blue heavens, shedding by their light a pale glow on the earth—the whole scene forming a picture rivalling in interest, by its liveliness, that of quiet beauty presented by the early morn.

I lingered so long in the old familiar spot that I became, unconsciously, an object of annoyance, and some suspicion to a pair of young lovers, besides myself, the only morning saunterers there. Though scarcely noticing them, and occasionally jotting down a few words in my diary, I had yet, mechanically as it were, followed their movements, and finally taken the further end of the same seat they had selected. Awaking from a sort of *rêverie*, I met the eyes of the young man; they glanced daggers at me. His pretty companion, a Spaniard, as I knew by her veil, hung her head, and looked more alarmed than vexed. I guessed that it was a stolen meeting, as it is not at all customary for young damsels above the lower *bourgeois* class, as this one evidently was, to wander about alone with a lover. The *caballero* was a handsome young fellow, and as I wished to relieve him and his fair Dulcinea of the idea of the possibility of my being engaged in playing the spy, I pointed to a large building in the distance and asked him if he knew what it was.



“He did not.” He was an *estrangeiro* he told me. “He presumed *sua excellencia* was also.”

I replied in the affirmative; adding, that the loveliness of the view had brought me up to the garden, where I felt I had stayed too long, as it was growing very hot. The same attraction, he told me, had detained him and his *sister*. A terrible fib! Perhaps it reassured the *senhorita*; but from the smile and glance he and I exchanged at parting, I think it was mutually understood that, although I was not deceived, yet I was *sympathica*, and, if need were, could well keep a secret.

I daresay there was some accommodating wicked old *duenna* not far off, though discreetly out of sight, who would take charge of the fair damsel when the tender *tête-à-tête* was ended.

The fiercely glowing sunbeams that met me as I left the shady bowers of S. Pedro de Alcantara warned me that it was time to seek shelter within doors; but a desire to see further how Lisbon has embellished her waste places induced me—armed, too, as I was with a large parasol and the indispensable fan—to turn my back on the Rua do Alecrim. Taking the turning called Rua do Moinho do Vento, or Windmill Street, I went on, still ascending, as far as the once desolate heap of rubbish known as the Patriarchal Queimada; but now called the “Praça do Principe Real.”

There are but few streets or squares in Lisbon that do not rejoice in two names, the old and popular ones, and those by which they have been more or less recently christened; though only in rare instances have

the new names obtained general acceptance. This double nomenclature is most puzzling to strangers; for in some cases, as in that of the Rua Augusta, which is also Rua dos Mercadores, both names appear at the corners of the street, while in that of the Rua dos Fanqueiros, the name by which it is generally known, there is written up in various parts of it only Rua Nova da Princesa. You will seek in vain for the Rocio you hear everyone speak of, for it announces itself as the Praça de Dom Pedro, and even the Praça do Commercio—the Black Horse Square of the English—still retains among the people its old name of Terreiro do Paço, from being the site of the royal palace destroyed by the great earthquake.

On the summit of the hill towards which I was bending my steps once stood a large ancient church called the Basilica de Lisboa. Some time during the last century it fell a prey to the flames, and its site has ever since retained the name of the Queimada, or burnt place. For years it remained as the fire had left it, a heap of ruins. It was then proposed to build there a new Treasury Office. The ground was cleared, the foundations were laid, but no building was raised upon them.

After another long interval, it was suggested that on this breezy spot a large public market might with advantage be established. But the inhabitants of Lisbon opposed it; they thought the pull up the hill was too great a feat to perform each time provisions were needed, and the cooks and the housekeepers took the same view of the matter. So the project fell

through; and the lofty mound, which commands a splendid view of the western part of Lisbon, the opposite bank of the Tagus, the Bar and the ocean beyond, remained a piece of waste land covered with rubbish and weeds, until it fell into the hands of the Water Works Company. They now have there an immense *reservoir* of water, a sort of lake with a lofty *jet d'eau*. The ground around it is laid out as a garden, and planted with flowers and shrubs; and on one side is a broad, straight walk, with four rows of trees, forming a double avenue. There are plenty of benches, so that when you get up there you may "rest and be thankful," while you gaze on a scene as lovely as any the eyes ever rested on. But in what direction will you turn them in this beautifully picturesque city without seeing fresh charms in the grand panorama as it unfolds itself before you; each new point of view having some especial fascination of its own, and each seeming to claim for itself the palm of beauty?

Several fine houses have been built in the Praça do Principe Real, and others are building. It is a very charming spot for a residence, and perhaps the most healthy in Lisbon. In the immediate neighbourhood are several public establishments, educational and scientific, and the edifices in which they are located have put on so imposing an appearance that this quarter of the town, with its now blooming garden of the old Queimada, is become one of the most elegant and *distingué*.



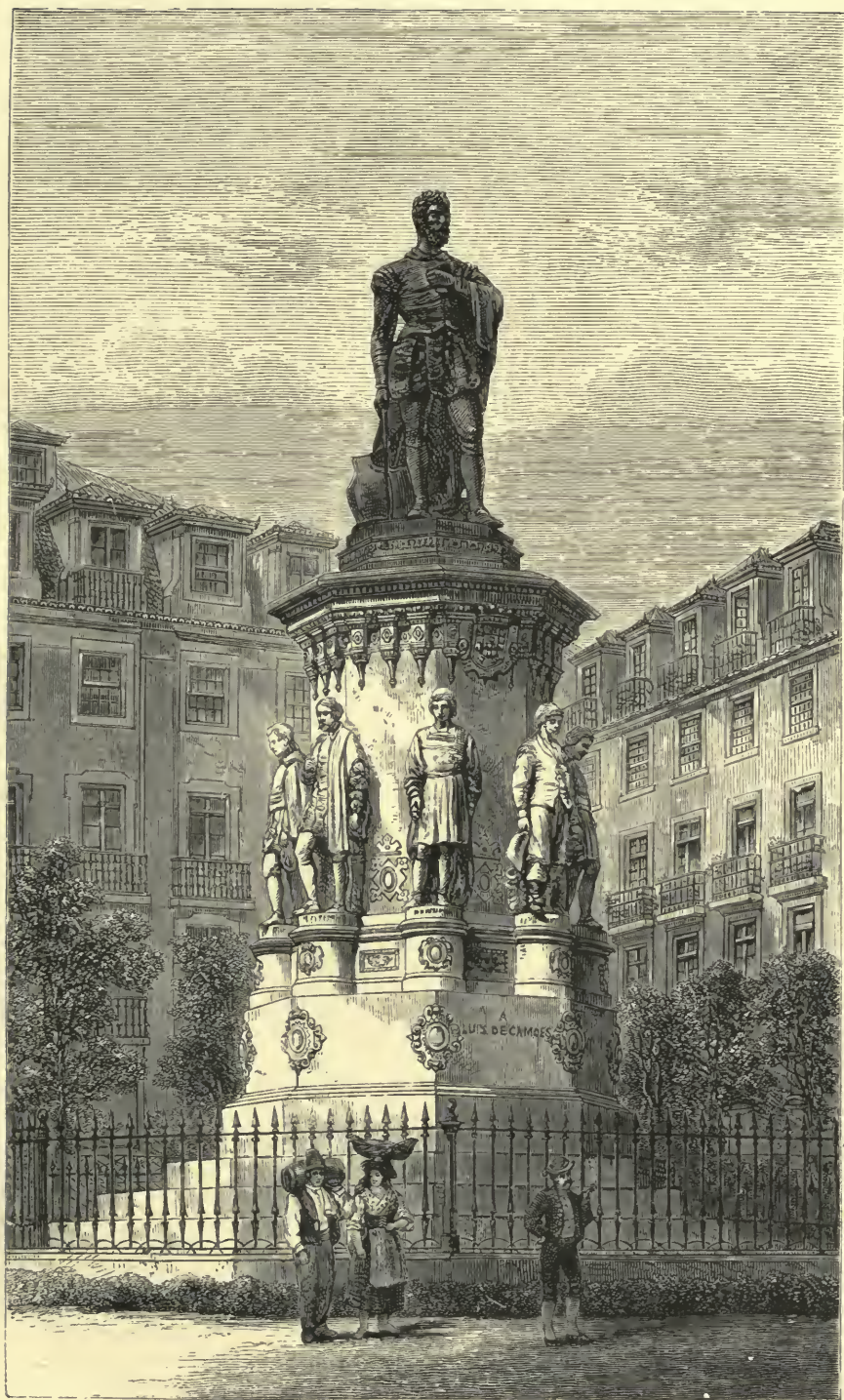
## CHAPTER IV.

### DOWN HILL.

It was ten o'clock ere I reached the hotel. The walk back was down hill all the way, *caloroso bastante*, but I took it very leisurely ; noting things new and old as I passed them.

Of the former, the pleasant little square dedicated to Luis de Camões could not escape notice. It stands immediately opposite the opening known as the Largo das dois Egrejas—the square of the two churches—and on a piece of ground formerly occupied by the miserable, tumble-down tenements of a tangled web of the narrowest, crookedest, dirtiest little alleys and passages in Lisbon ; and one of its greatest nuisances, being close to the central and best part of the business quarter of the city. This eyesore was completely swept away a few years ago, and the vacant ground, then surrounded by good houses, was encircled by a handsome iron railing, and a row of those gracefully-drooping South American *pimenteiros*—pepper-trees—which thrive here so wonderfully. There are seats all round this inclosure ; and in the centre was placed, in 1867—218 years after his death—the first statue of the great national poet, erected by his compatriots.





STATUE OF LUIS DE CAMÕES.



The statue is about fifteen feet in height, and stands on an octagonal pedestal of twenty-three feet. At each of the eight angles is a plinth on which is placed a smaller statue, of the height of seven feet. These are statues of eight of the principal early Portuguese writers—poets and historians. It is considered a very fine monument. It was designed and executed by the Portuguese sculptor, Victor Bastos. The outer circle of this square is one of the stations of the public carriages—*trens de aluguer*—and a very creditable show they make. I wish London could furnish one equal to it.

Of old friends, the Galician *Aguadeiro*—water-carrier—still remains. His prolonged A-aû!—A-aû!—strikes familiarly on my ear. But his barrel?—that is not the gaily painted one that formerly caught the eye. Three or four of these men have I met on my way down, and all carried barrels of a gloomy leaden or brownish hue. One had a faint streak of red at either end, *triste* reminder of the time when they were brilliant with stripes, bands, or chequers in every variety of colour. And the Gallego himself is become as dull and dowdy as his barrel. Time was when his costume had something characteristic in it; when a group of *Aguadeiros* resting on their parti-coloured barrels, or reclining on the steps of some public fountain, formed a very pretty picture; cool, too, and refreshing to look at. Perhaps the *Aguadeiro* is conscious of being gradually effaced, washed away by the Waterworks Company.

“Have you water laid on in the house, Senhora



Maria?" I inquired of the chambermaid soon after I went in. "*Sim, sim, Vossa Excellencia,*" she replied; somewhat surprised at my question. "Has not *Vossa Excellencia* been supplied with as much as you wish for?" "Oh, yes; but it no longer comes from the fountain, I fancy." Senhora Maria, a sturdy, industrious woman from the neighbourhood of Oporto; never, apparently, taking any rest herself or allowing those under her direction to be idle if she can help it, is yet sometimes disposed for just a short bit of chat with her "*hospedes*"—her lodgers, as she says—concluding always with "*Agora, Vossa Excellencia ha de escusar me, com licença, eu vou por outra parte.*"—"Your Excellency will now excuse me; with your permission I am going elsewhere." Senhora Maria, then, at once explained to me that all the water required for drinking or cooking was still brought by the Gallegos from the *Chafariz*, or large public fountains. No one cares to use for those purposes the water that flows through the Company's pipes, as it is considered less fresh and less pure; even disposing to cholera and other diseases; and therefore to prevent such evils, it is not yet very generally introduced into private houses.

One set of pipes laid down in Lisbon some years ago—as I was informed—was entirely destroyed, though never used; so great was the prejudice against water passed through street pipes. The present Company use a new set, of improved material and construction, I hear; and as the economy and convenience of it is felt, by degrees all houses will probably be supplied from the waterworks.



There are yet three thousand Galician water-carriers in Lisbon. The price of the barrel of water is increased, I am told, from a *vintem* to thirty, or even forty *reis*—twopence—according to the distance it is carried. Their long narrow barrels do not appear to hold more than four or five gallons. The trade of the *Aguadeiro*, though less thriving, is not, however, likely to become extinct in a country whose inhabitants are such excessive water-drinkers as are the Portuguese, and while so many handsome fountains exist from which flows the favourite beverage; so sparklingly clear, so luxuriously cool. But one of the principal fountains *has* been removed. It stood in the Largo dos dois Egrejas, close to the old Peninsula Hotel. It was thought rather ornamental at that time; and the groups of people who used to assemble there made the place lively. The Camões Square and other improvements led to a change in the kind of company that frequented it. The *locale* became aristocratic, and the *Aguadeiro* and his fountain were banished from the precincts of the fashionable Chiado, which adjoins the above-named Square of the Churches.

Another old cry that too often assailed the ears as I came down the hill, was that for an *esmola* or an *esmolinha*—in coaxing and very flattering terms too; “*Minha riquíssima menina*”—“My very rich young lady, for your health’s sake; for your soul’s sake; in pitying remembrance of the wounds of Jesus Christ, bestow an alms on me.” They tell me, there are now fewer beggars in Lisbon than there were some years ago; because the healthy and strong are no

longer allowed to prowl about idly as beggars, but at once are taken in charge by the police. This is well; still they are so numerous that one must too generally give the old response to the old appeal—" *Paciencia; não pode ser agora*"—"Patience; it cannot be now;" or " *Paciencia homem, e vai com Deus*"—"Patience, man, and go with God."

But I was induced this morning by one of them to listen favourably to his application, chiefly from the very original and amusing manner in which the man made his wants known. He was most decently dressed too—as indeed are many of the Lisbon beggars, both men and women. As I came down by the Garden of S. Pedro de Alcantara, I crossed over into the shade of the Alameda; this man was leaving it, but seeing me cross over, he came back and, in a loud, hurried whisper, said " *Excellencia!*" I turned towards him, inquiringly. Looking at me most earnestly, he drew from his pocket a snuff-box; opened it, and, with an expressive gesture that seemed to say, "Behold! it is empty; not a single pinch left," he held it up before me. For the moment I felt confused by the suddenness of his action; but the man's eloquent look—for not a second word did he utter—and the steadiness with which his empty snuff-box was held before my eyes, soon awakened me to a sense of my duty; which was, of course, to replenish his box with rappee. I therefore produced a small coin, sufficient for the purpose, and dropped it into his box. Instantly it was closed and pocketed; and with a very low bow and a heartily expressed wish that good health might be my

portion both in this world and the next, and that in neither might I ever be in want of a pinch of snuff, he walked off; and, as I then rather fancied, laughing at me as he went; while, on my part, I felt doubtful whether I had really relieved a beggar or merely amused some half-crazy fellow. A gentleman to whom I have mentioned the circumstance tells me the man is really a beggar: that he has heard of him before; that his snuff-box is always empty, and that it is to ladies, *par préférence*, that he addresses himself for funds to replenish it, and that his eccentric mode of begging probably often obtains for him a silver coin, instead of the pence which an ordinary appeal would only produce.

Though beggars abound, they are, I think, generally less importunate than in some other countries, and some of them seem to take life easily enough. Very well dressed, walking beside you in the public gardens, or reclining on the benches, they suddenly startle you with a whispered appeal for charity; or, gazing in the shop windows—perhaps commenting with a friend on the style or quality of the dresses displayed—one unexpectedly turns round and urgently implores you to assist her; then, whether successful or not, resumes her conversation with her companion and saunters on to the next shop window. The lower section of this part of the community—those who lie about the streets, or sit in shady corners, making no secret of their woes and wants—might in most cases receive food and shelter in the charitable institutions of the country, did they not prefer a life of freedom and



*vagabondage.* The climate is favourable for out-of-door life, and the Portuguese are a very charitable people. Much misery, doubtless, is endured by many of these beggars; but, on the other hand, many more pick up a very good living in the streets—better far than that of some of the poor toiling labourers. Once, passers-by used to be horrified by the exhibition of dreadful deformities and sickening sores. I have not yet seen enough of Lisbon to say that this blot on her beauty is removed; but I am told that it is.

Many blind people I have already observed, but there has always been a large number thus sadly afflicted—the gritty summer dust, and the glare of the sun, too often affecting the sight of persons who by their occupations are much exposed to their baneful influence. Those who need the protection of eye-preservers, of course do well to wear them; but is it not fashion or affectation, rather than necessity for any aid to sight, that makes the double eye-glass and its elegant chain so generally in use among the ladies? A Spanish gentleman gallantly says, “it is in tender pity to his sex that the Portuguese ladies thus dim the lustre of their brilliant dark eyes.”



## CHAPTER V.

### THE CHIADO.

“SHALL we turn to the right or the left?” says the friend who accompanies me, as we are leaving our hotel—we were going to the Regent Streets and Bond Streets of Lisbon to look at the fashionable shops—and I decide for the left, although it leads upwards. For after mounting a part of our street, which is straight, direct, and smooth as asphalte can make it, our walk will afterwards be all down hill, or on level ground; bringing us, finally, to the spot whence we set out.

We cross over, then, into the shadow of a very high stone wall, on the top of which grow some trees, as you may see if you hold back your head far enough. “How came they there?” you will say. It seems rather puzzling; but if you were acquainted with the intricate geography of this city, you would be able to climb round, by a few ins and outs, and find yourself standing beside them, on the summit of the very next street. Such is Lisbon: a piece down here, another up there; fragments thrown up-hill and down-dale in all directions. Looking at these hills, whose number, small and great, must surely be nearer seventy than

seven, one cannot but think of the years of patient toil and plodding labour that were needed to rebuild the city; to cover those heights and slopes with the substantial houses, churches, palaces we now see everywhere rising around us. If only the ground here and there could have been levelled a little, the hill-tops cut off and turned upside down to fill up the valleys, how much more comfortably we might have rambled about—with this disadvantage, certainly, that to ease and comfort must have been sacrificed the picturesqueness of the ramble.

Such thoughts naturally suggested themselves as we wended our way upwards, as far as the square or garden called the Largo do Barão da Quintella, facing which is the stately mansion (*palacio* they call it) that belonged to the said Barão and his son, the celebrated late Conde de Farrobo. It is now in the possession of a literary association, *O Gremio literario*, and is the resort of all the *literati*, native and foreign, of the capital; the present Count, who inherited little more than his title, though his father had been one of the richest nobles of Portugal, being unable to keep up either this expensive and splendid town residence, or the lovely suburban one of As Laranjeiras.

Adjoining it, and appearing at the side to be part of the same building, is the church of the Encarnação. The entrance is round the corner, in the Largo dos dois Egrejas. Perhaps you would like, *en passant*, to step in for a minute. Most of the smaller churches of Lisbon have the appearance of large halls decked out for some festive occasion. They are cool, pleasant

retreats, neatly swept and garnished, and as such are attractive; but they are not religiously impressive. Generally they have two or three, or more, good pictures; but I fear the cleaning process has been too busy with some of them. Often there are very fine carvings, both in wood and stone, the work of Portuguese artists, who have always shown much excellence in that way.

Opposite is the Italian church of the Loreto, the most fashionable one in Lisbon. It was once of great splendour, but has been twice destroyed by fire. In its present state its decorations are still handsome. It forms a *pendant*, of about equal attractions, to its neighbour, the Encarnação; a little further down is the Martyres, one of the *dois egrejas* from which the square takes its name. The Martyres is the oldest church in Lisbon. The famous "conqueror" Dom Affonso Henriques, the first king of Portugal, founded it in commemoration of his conquest of Lisbon. The martyrs to whom it is dedicated, and who were buried there, are the foreign knights, crusaders, who having put into the port of Lisbon on their voyage to the Holy Land, fought under Affonso's banner against the Moors, and fell in the taking of the city. At noon all the churches are closed. Until that hour a man stands outside dressed in a long loose garment, something between a coat and a cloak. It is made of red serge, and has a green cotton cape. He holds in his hand a box or plate to collect offerings from passers-by, and those who enter the church. When his church is closed he goes forth, in the same costume, calling from house

to house, upon those who have stayed at home, for offerings to the patron saint of the *Irmandade*, to which he belongs. Generally an old woman or two stands about the church doors, so wizened, so wrinkled, so withered, that one almost refuses to believe their poor old faces could ever have been young. Having given an *esmola* "for our soul's health," we peeped into the Martyres also. The venerable old place looked just as when I last saw it, years ago, with the exception of the new and pleasant feature I find everywhere—very great cleanliness.

But methinks I hear you say, "You began your letter by telling me that the object of your expedition was a survey of the shops, a visit to the Lusitanian Regent or Bond Street; and, instead of an account of them, you give me a sketch of your journey up Rosemary Street, with a glance at the houses and churches on your way." 'Tis true; but, *paciencia*—as we Portuguese are so fond of exclaiming—for shops there are none until we have passed the church of the Loreto, where the Chiado may be said to begin. To what it owes its strange name I know not; for *chiado* means the shrieking or grating noise of coach or cart wheels on their axle; and that noise, I presume, is not heard here more than in any other steep part of Lisbon. Since the days of carriages on springs, it must less frequently grate on the ear; as our old friend the oxen cart, the wheels of which often shriek hideously, does not frequent this aristocratic thoroughfare so much as in former times, the times when the Chiado probably first received its quaint name. But, be this as it may,



the fashionable Chiado—you would be surprised, could you see it, and probably disappointed to hear—lies straight before you, down there, a steep short street. But it is a lively spot; and, as no photograph of it, I believe, is to be had—and indeed from its situation it would be difficult to take one—I will attempt to describe it.

By those who could never have seen our Regent Street, or even imagined its extent, the Chiado even years ago—when the shops were greatly inferior to those of the present day, and there was far less animation and stir than now, because rarely frequented by ladies, who seldom, then, went out at all—was called the Regent Street of Lisbon. But imagine yourself standing in Bond Street, in the middle of the road, just by Conduit Street, and fancy if you can, that it runs down to Piccadilly in a steep incline. The Chiado has the advantage a little in breadth, Bond Street perhaps in length; but the width of the pavements and style of the streets are similar. There are as good shops on the Chiado as there, and most of them display more of the manufactures of France and England than of Portugal.

There are silks from Lyons; Valenciennes' and Brussels' laces; Swiss and English muslins, and *lingeries de Paris*. Musical instruments and American sewing-machines; Spanish fans; gloves from Oporto, rivalling those of Jouvin; *bijouterie* and *articles de Paris*. Whence comes the "wealth," as fine writers phrase it, of wavy dark hair, on sale at the Court *coiffeur's*? I pretend not to say, but bands and braids

and flowing curls are there in abundance, and some of them black as jet. Golden-hued tresses are quite in a minority. Madame Marie, the Mdlle. Virginie of Lisbon, has her *atelier* in that favoured *quartier*; and double eye-glasses may be had there of a first-rate optician. Also, *bottines de Paris* and pretty *chinellas* for the *pés pequenos* of Portugal and Spain—the *senhoras* claiming to place themselves in this matter on a smaller footing than either the French or American ladies; while they generously credit our countrywomen with a larger proportion of understanding than has been awarded to them by either of those rivals. But to this claim of theirs I take occasion to put in a “demurrer,” having recently been favoured with a sight of the boots of a *bella condessa* and a pretty *senhorita*, and I solemnly protest that some Englishwomen of the same stature might have put both their feet into them. So much for *prestige*. *En revanche*, I allow that the said boots had heels twice the height of the highest of any I had seen before. It is a prevailing fashion here for the ladies thus to exalt themselves; but I would assure their *Excellencias* that it is one which detracts from, rather than adds to the grace and elegance of their carriage, as with tottering steps they pick their way up and down the steep Chiado. The height gained by the heel is lost in the stoop, which often gives a comical and undue prominence to the “*pouf*” of the dress, and much exaggeration to the “Grecian bend,” thus affording amusement, as I have sometimes observed, to profane lookers-on of the opposite sex.

Carriages, open and closed, public and private,

throng the Chiado ; and a strange quaintness is given to the scene, reminding you that this is not the fashionable world of either London or Paris, by the occasional passing of a team of six or eight mules. Their striped woollen hamper bags hang low on either side, and a bell or two on the head of the leading mule cheers on the rest ; the drivers or muleteers wearing jackets with large clasps and silver chains, and broad-brimmed and be-tasseled hats. Sometimes, too, the unwieldy oxen cart is seen, side by side with a coroneted carriage and lace-bedizened livery servants. It is plodding along with perhaps a large slab of marble or stone, the poor ox kept with difficulty on the right side of the road by the tugging and pulling of the noisy, excited driver, at a string fastened to the animal's horns.

Parties of Portuguese ladies, generally in threes and fours—but never young ladies alone—crowd the narrow pavement. This is quite an infraction of old customs ; and it is still only ladies of advanced ideas, who have begun to think of “emancipation,” that show themselves much out of doors. They are dressed in the lightest and brightest of colours, and after the extremest fashion of the figures in the latest *Journal des Modes*. Hats and bonnets of the newest Paris shapes, brilliant with flowers, feathers, and ribbons, crown the lofty edifices of plaits and rolls, and bands and puffs, at present in vogue. The Spanish ladies, too—half the population of Portugal just at this moment must be Spanish—rival the Portuguese in their display of finery. And what a fluttering of small fans dazzles the eyes ! The



Chiado ought to be a breezy place. But the veil, the graceful and becoming Spanish veil, is rarely seen, except in the case of new arrivals from the South, or when worn by some lady of old-fashioned tastes or inferior rank; and *they* generally make haste to discard it, and adopt in its stead the hideous, disfiguring bonnet.

At most of the shop doors, and inside the *cafés*, is a knot of loungers, *os genottos*—the dandies of Lisbon—and amongst the motley throng is a plentiful sprinkling of beggars, both male and female. To these last appears to be left almost all that we now see of the old Lisbon costume—the long cloth cloak and muslin handkerchief. It was once the out-door costume common to all classes; the quality of the cloak material, and the fineness of the laces, and embroideries of the handkerchief, forming the only distinction.

There are two good hotels, the best *casa de pasto*, and the principal *café* on the Chiado. In the streets branching from it are theatres, public libraries, the museum, and other institutions, as well as the quarters of the troops; all, except the first-named, established in extinct convents and monasteries. The Chiado, in fact, is the heart of the city; the centre of a network of streets and squares, the liveliest and most frequented thoroughfare in Lisbon.



## CHAPTER VI.

### ON LEVEL GROUND.

HAVING threaded our way to the bottom of the Chiado, I will ask you to fancy that you have strolled, or rolled down your imaginary steep Bond Street, and that you find there a Piccadilly not half so wide as the one you have been accustomed to see. And here the strain may be taken off your imagination, for stretch it as you may, you will probably discover no further likeness whatever in that part of London to this part of Lisbon. The street on either side is a steeper descent than that of the Chiado, the bottom of which is, as you perceive, the top of another hill of lower elevation. There is no opening before you, these sloping streets being connected by a large building, inside whose handsome porch stand two or three servants in livery. It is one of the extinct convents, converted into a private mansion, and now belongs to a Portuguese *fidalgo*.

How many substantial dwellings, palaces and fine gardens, spacious quarters for troops or for charitable asylums, magnificent halls for the various scientific institutions, national libraries, museums, and other collections, fell into the hands of the nation by Dom Pedro's suppression of the monasteries and convents! From the great number of those extinct religious

houses, one would suppose that half Lisbon had dwelt within their walls. However, those recluses, for the most part, led an easy, careless sort of life, according to all I have heard and read on the subject. And if the priests and the Inquisition were severe towards the poor and the mean, in respect to religious duties and morals; on the other hand, the widest latitude on those points was accorded to the rich and the noble. What a priest-ridden country it was! And especially after the death of King José, when, to the disgrace of his successor's memory, the great Minister, the Marquês de Pombal, "the Richelieu of Portugal," was degraded from his high office, his able plans for the rebuilding and beautifying of the city—plans which it is now the boast of the Portuguese that they are endeavouring gradually to carry out—were set aside, and the good he had already accomplished as far as possible undone. And this, too, at the suggestion of corrupt courtiers, who feared and hated the stern incorruptible Minister, and of an insidious priesthood, that swayed the weak mind of Dom José's daughter, Donna Maria primeira.

But let us leave the Chiado. The stream of pedestrians here divides. The street to the right is Rua Nova da Almada; and halfway down, on the right of that, is one of the steepest streets in Lisbon. Its ascent is facilitated by the road on one side being terraced, as it were, or cut into low broad steps. There are fine houses at the top, and a very extensive view, to see which it may be worth while making the toilsome pilgrimage of getting up there. On the opposite side is a turning, by which you may slide down to the

Rua do Ouro, and at last get on level ground, not far from the Praça do Commercio.

My friend de F. suggests that we descend on the left, the Rua Nova do Carmo. Though we have but part of the throng yet, from the narrowness of the road and the pavement, and the greater height of the houses, it looks more crowded here than on the Chiado. There are in these streets several good shops of modern appearance, the rest are of the old-fashioned kind; mere stalls, or dark passages, according to their depth, and of the width only of the door that gives entrance to them. They have no window, except the few panes of glass in the door, which is closed only at night or in bad weather. Some of these little boxes or sheds remain just as they were when first made, a century ago; but in a few, the glove shops, for instance—for gloves are a national *spécialité*—an attempt has been made to improve and decorate the small space, by scooping out a bit from a passage or cupboard at the back; putting up a small half-circular counter, a glass, to give an appearance of depth, mahogany pigeon-holes for the glove boxes, and engaging a pretty *dame de comptoir* to preside. Room too is found for a chair or two, which serve for the ladies who purchase there in the morning, and for the gentlemen later in the day, when they lounge into these pretty little alcoves, oftener, perhaps, to pay compliments to the *senhora* as they smoke a *cigarette*, than to buy any gloves. When we reach the end of the street, a few steps bring us to the immense Praça del Rocio, or the square of Dom Pedro IV.; and here also we find level ground.



It just occurs to me that I have not seen, during this or a previous stroll, the pots of water which formerly the tradespeople were obliged to place at their doors in the hot season, for the refreshment of the numerous dogs that prowled the streets. Many years ago, the dogs roamed about in hordes or packs, seeking what they might devour; each pack keeping to its own quarters of the city; terrible fights sometimes occurring when perchance provisions ran short, and one pack intruded on the preserves of another. At that time every kind of refuse was thrown into the streets, and the dogs cleared them of all the offal that was eatable. For performing the work of city scavengers they were rewarded by a drink of water, which they found at every door whenever they sought it.

I do not myself remember a state of things quite so bad as that, but I know that only a few years since the number of ownerless dogs prowling about was one of the especial annoyances of Lisbon. I then thought the pot of water at every door was to prevent these wretched animals from becoming maddened by thirst in the dusty, parched streets. But de F. tells me that hydrophobia was unknown here until the dogs' occupation was gone. Now that the streets are swept every night, watered in the morning by the old-fashioned water-barrel, in the afternoon by means of the hose on wheels, as in Paris, and that the scavenger's cart calls every day, all stray dogs are poisoned, the water-pots have disappeared, and hydrophobia is no longer unknown.

In consequence of the last-named circumstance,



some of the lower class of people, who yet continue very ignorant, have murmured at times at the stringency of the law which compels the discontinuance of the disgusting practices that made the services of a pack of hungry dogs so valuable. According to their ideas, certain kinds of dogs are in hot countries the heaven-appointed scavengers; any attempt to exterminate them is sinful, as showing contempt for the decrees and gifts of Providence; and the punishment for it is the calamity that sometimes falls on one of their number from the bite of a rabid dog. Well—who shall say that the poor dog is not the last survivor of some flourishing pack, that lived, if not in clover, at least, happy amidst its offal-heap in the now dog-forsaken streets that are impiously cleansed by the hand of man?

A case of hydrophobia occurred the other day at Ameixoeira, in the outskirts of Lisbon. A young man of that neighbourhood had been bitten by a strange dog a week or two before, when, instead of having the wound cauterized—as it was suspected that the animal was mad—he offered a taper or two to Santa Quiteria de Méca; begged her to avert any ill that might result from the bite, and went away satisfied that he had done all that was needful or possible to secure himself from harm. In the course of ten days or so, symptoms of hydrophobia showed themselves. Still no aid was sought at the hospital, or from any medical man of the neighbourhood; but more tapers were offered to the saint—perhaps the last were not sufficiently weighty to secure her intercession—and further to move her to

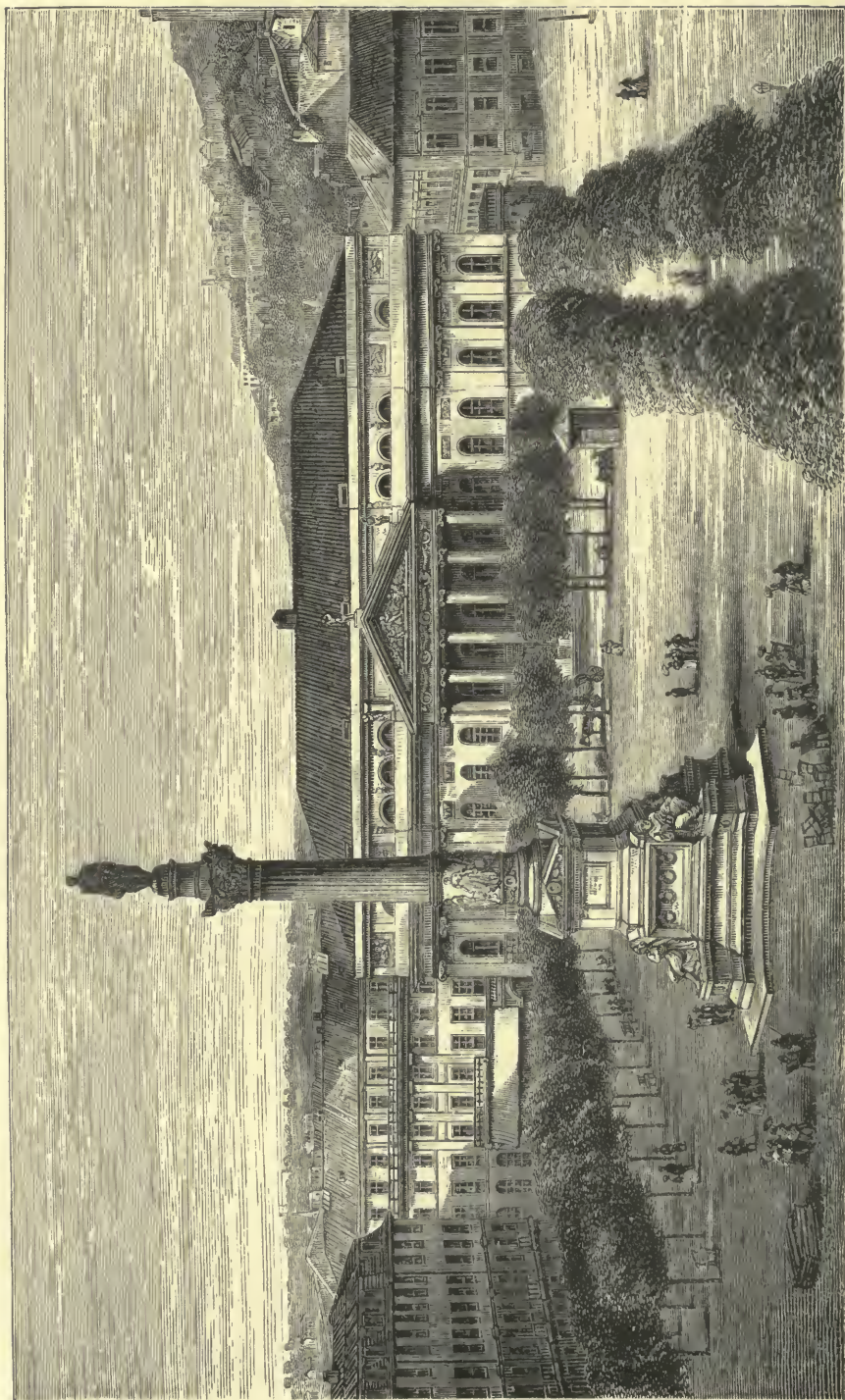
comply with their request, the poor sufferer himself was carried by his friends to the shrine of this wooden doll ! Of course he grew rapidly worse and, although no human aid could then be of any avail, some one less benighted than the people about him sent for a doctor, who arrived only to hear his ravings and to see him die in agony.

This is an instance of superstition as gross, it appears to me, as any of the recorded rites of the savage tribes. Our African blacks used, when anything ailed them, to flour their faces, throw themselves on the ground, and call on their hideous idols from sunrise to sunset for the relief that came not. Convinced, then, of the obduracy or incapacity of these stocks and stones, they rose up and taunted them with it, threatening them—and keeping their word too—that henceforth they would address themselves to more powerful gods than they. If there be any difference in these two cases, the advantage is surely on the side of the poor savage, who returned not to gods of whose incompetency he had had proof.

The Portuguese government may well be anxious as they are, for the wider spread of education, that is, for giving opportunity to everyone to acquaint himself at least with the art of reading and writing his mother tongue. But already there are many elementary schools of the first and second order supported by the State, also by charitable associations, and by private individuals. Of a higher class, in every branch of education, there are numerous public establishments, where professors of great eminence attend.







THEATRO DE DONNA MARIA SEGUNDA, IN THE ROCIO OR PRAÇA DE DOM PEDRO IV.



The water-pots have led to this digression, if digression it may be called, when my object is merely to note down what strikes me in the course of my rambles about the ups and downs of this dear old place; whether of things good or evil, old or new, or changes for the better or the worse.

At last we arrive at the Rocio. What a fine square it is! They say that it is the largest in Europe; its length is 270 yards, its breadth 165. At all events it is larger, and, though its buildings are less *grandiose* and there is no view of the Tagus, livelier far than the Commercio. When the emperor Dom Pedro of Brazil was here on his European visit, a year or two ago, he used every morning to drive twice round this square, hat in hand, with his eyes fixed on the statue of his father, as if saluting him. The statue of Dom Pedro IV., "*O ré soldado*," the soldier king, as the Portuguese call him, was erected here in 1870. It is of bronze, on a lofty column of white marble placed on a granite pedestal. At the base are four allegorical statues representing Prudence, Justice, Fortitude, and Temperance—the qualities with which the hero is credited. Above are the arms of the sixteen principal cities of Portugal. The emperor is in a general's uniform, and holds in his hand the *Carta constitucional*. The marbles and granite are from the national quarries; the statue and column are the work of French artists.

There are shops on three sides of the square, large and good, generally; book and music sellers, upholsterers, silk mercers, confectioners, &c.; and on

the west side is a *dépôt* for the sale of the fine glass made at the Royal manufactory of Marinha Grande.

Few persons, perhaps, are aware what beautiful specimens are sometimes produced at those glass works. At least, I am inclined to think they are little known out of Portugal, though the manufactory was established so long ago as the middle of the last century, originally by an Englishman named Stephens, and under the patronage of the Marquês de Pombal. My own knowledge of it, so far as relates to its production of articles of great artistic beauty, was acquired very recently, while visiting a Portuguese friend who has a fancy for collecting rare and beautiful china and glass. It happened that an Englishman, a *connoisseur* of those things, was there at the same time. Naturally his eyes wandered often in the direction of the cabinets containing my friend's precious treasures, amongst which was a glass vase of exquisite shape, delicately engraved with wreaths of flowers and arabesques. After a time it was brought out for inspection and admiration, my friend remarking, as it was placed before the *connoisseur*, "I bought it in Portugal, but I shall expect to learn from you its real nationality."

A long pause ensued. "Very fine, very fine," he then murmured slowly: another pause—"I doubt its being either French or Portuguese. I saw one at Vienna something like it; but that was from one of their own manufactories. This, I should say, is probably English."

"How very provoking," said my friend, smiling, "I always believed it to be Portuguese."

"Then I regret to have raised a doubt of it in your *Excellencia's* mind. But remember, I do not assert that it *is*, I only believe it to be English—most probably it is English."

"Then I assure your *Excellencia* that it is *verdadeira Portuguez*," replied the owner of the crystal treasure, triumphantly, as she restored it to its place; "for it was made at *Marinha Grande*."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the *connoisseur*. "I thought that manufactory produced only articles of a useful kind—of a high quality, of course."

"Yes, and sometimes precious trifles such as that you have so much admired."

"Where is *Marinha Grande*? I will go there to-morrow," he said.

"It is in the district of *Leiria*. The railroad will not carry you very near it; neither will you find there a stock of such things on hand. A pair of vases was produced for the *Paris Exhibition*; one, by some mischance, was broken; it was too late to replace it, and the remaining one, that which you have seen, was sold here for five hundred *milreis*."

"About a hundred pounds, I think; far less than its value," responded the *connoisseur*. "I shall not leave *Portugal* without paying a visit to the *Real fabrica* at *Marinha Grande*."

Whether he is gone or going, I know not; but speaking of the *dépôt* brought the circumstance to my mind.

Our manner of progressing in the stroll which de F. and I are taking, and which we have invited



you, in fancy, to take with us, may remind you of that of a couple of old men you may sometimes have observed, walking and gossiping as they go; one suddenly comes to a standstill, seizes the other by the buttonhole, and holds him fast until he has explained all about the sudden thought that has struck him. Then both jog on again, to repeat the same thing at twenty yards' distance. We, then, having halted at the door of the *Deposito da real fabrica da Marinha Grande* to talk about the glass, will now also jog on again.

The theatre of Donna Maria segunda forms the north side of the Rocio, or Dom Pedro Square. It is a handsome building in spite of its heavy roof, which it was once intended to alter, or to mask by a light balustrade. There are nine theatres in Lisbon, and this is the principal one; it is not quite so large as the Dom Carlos, or Opera-house, in a square near the Chiado, but is more elegantly decorated. At present it is closed, as are the rest of the theatres; for the play-going season is not until autumn. The opera season begins on the 29th of October, the birthday of Dom Fernando, the great patron of music and the arts, and himself a musician and composer of the very highest merit. The principal *façade* of the Rocio Theatre, as the "Maria Segunda" is sometimes called, is most elegant. It has a broad flight of steps and a lofty portico, supported by six Corinthian pillars. Above it are groups of statuary, allegorical figures, the work of the most eminent sculptors.

Beyond the carriage road of the Rocio a broad pathway encircles the square, planted with a double row of trees, and provided with seats at short intervals.



The centre is paved, as is common in Lisbon, in mosaic work, with small black and white stones, forming in this square a sort of undulating pattern, which has a singular effect in the regularity of its outlines over so vast a surface ; for in crossing it one feels impelled to lift the foot uncomfortably high at every step, in order to clear the apparent elevations of the ground. The English sailors, I am told, perceiving this effect, have given the Rocio a third name—"Rolly-pooly Square." However, poor Jack ashore is himself so often in a "rolly-pooly" condition, that, so far as he is concerned, that name might too generally apply to most of the ground he passes over.

If you look up from the eastern side of the square to the tops of the houses on the opposite corner, just where we entered, you will see, high above them, outlined against the blue sky, the beautiful pointed arches of the ancient Gothic church of *enhora do Carmo*, or *do Vencimento*. It is now merely a picturesque ruin, but in much the same state as the great earthquake left it—threatening to fall, but yet a solid mass of stones, owing to the great strength of its original construction. The archæological museum has been stowed away in a part of it, which yet remains standing pretty firmly, if a little out of the perpendicular ; but the principal curiosity of this museum, as is truly enough said, is the *locale* itself. This interesting relic of the past was founded by the great Constable of Portugal, the brave Dom Nuno Alvaro Pereira, to commemorate the victory of Aljubarotta, and in accordance with a vow he had made before beginning the attack on the

Castilians. His tomb was in the church formerly; but the body of Dom Nuno now lies with the rest of the Braganza family at S. Vicente de Fora. The ex-convent has been converted into barracks for the municipal guard. It stands in a pretty shady square, half-way up to the clouds. There is a fine fountain of cool water in the centre, trees and seats around it, and once a week the band of the 5th Caçadores—a crack regiment—plays there in the evening. The “Club Lisbonense” is established in this square, and often gives splendid balls and other entertainments in its fine saloons. The Spanish ladies, who have begun to take the lead in such matters, have made it the fashion to go there; and now the little patio, or Largo do Carmo, for it is not one of the *praças* or squares, is always thronged, and there is chatting and laughing and flirting—not merely the flirting of fans—from seven o’clock in the evening till ten, as in a large private *réunion*. A new *galope*, by the Portuguese composer Almeida, has made its *début* at the Carmo, and has caused quite a *furor*. (See Appendix.) It is going the round of the public gardens on the band nights. “*Galope burlesco*” it is called, but “*Galope cantante*” is its popular name; there being a chorus, which is sung, and when taken up by nearly the whole of the company is so lively and exciting that one can hardly refrain from joining in it. The words are something to the same effect as “We won’t go home till morning.”

In the Praça del Rocio, as I said, there is more *mouvement* and *vie* than in that of the Terreiro do Paço;

the latter being chiefly frequented by those who have business to transact at some one of the various public offices surrounding it; the former by the *rádios* or *flâneurs* of Lisbon. Between these two squares lie the four principal parallel streets of Augusta; do Ouro; da Prata, and dos Fanqueiros, or drapers; and these are intersected and traversed at right angles by minor ones, named, for the most part, after the different trades whose occupations were once exclusively, and are now, more or less, carried on in them—as gilders, leather-workers, haberdashers, &c.

If you leave the Rocio on the west side, it will bring you to the handsome entrance of the Passeio Publico, the Passeio *par excellence*, where a large part of the *Lisbonense* take the air, and promenade on summer nights till eleven o'clock—listening, perhaps, to the strains of a military or private band, playing on the platform in the centre. Or, better still, “whispering soft nonsense” in ladies’ willing ears; or it may be, favoured by that uncertain flicker with which mingled starlight and gaslight pierces through the foliage of shady bowers, casting passionate glances that catch passionate responsive ones, darted from behind a fluttering fan, whilst mamma’s, or duenna’s, attention is engaged by a gossiping friend. Pray do not think this is scandal, or merely the strait-laced suggestion of a too rigidly severe censor, imbued with that high-toned morality pervading English Society. For I actually beheld such iniquitous proceedings as I sat in the Passeio last night; and of course I was shocked. De F. was with me, and was also an eye-witness.



"Can such things be," I began; but the quotation was nipped in the bud by the old *refrain*, "*Paciencia, paciencia, senhora*; 'such things' can be, and our daughters be as virtuous and good as those of your own land, where, naturally, 'such things' also are. And there is no difference between them," he continued, "but that which results from climate. For the demure sauciness of a sly flirtation in your park, on a cool summer's morning, you have warmth and *espiéglerie* in the furtive glances exchanged beneath the stars on a balmy summer's night in our Passeio."

Sometimes, also, those madly distracted lovers, who—far outdoing the despairing beings who agonize in "the crazy column" of the *Times*—pour forth, in the Lisbon morning papers, in eloquent prose or soul-thrilling verse, their ardent vows of never-dying love, contrive in the evening to elude the vigilance of their keepers and attend an assignation in the Passeio. There, in the haze of the twilight, or convenient obscurity of some leafy side-avenue, they snatch a brief moment of bliss—fleeting foretaste of the earthly heaven which, if cruel fate will but be moved by the prayers, tears, and throbbing hearts of the anguished couple she now divides, even yet may be theirs. You may easily know they belong to the soul-stricken class, with whom "the course of true love" runneth not smoothly, by their terrified start when an unexpected footfall is heard. By the sob, the deep sigh, the hurried fond word, the appealing look you may surprise, should you come upon them unawares at some turn in the *allée*. Their interview is short; there is a clasping



of hands, perhaps a furtive kiss, and the *senhora*, or *senhorita*, glides off quickly by the bye-paths to a *coupé* that awaits her, and drives swiftly away—her lover peering anxiously through the trees until the last fluttering fold of the silk *mantilla* is out of sight. It is in such cases as these, that the *mantilla* and fan seem to come most usefully into play. When the *senhoras* wrap up, in a quiet mysterious way, in the one, and adroitly screen themselves with the other, the disguise is as complete as that of a *domino*.

These are but a sample of the *coisas de Lisboa* which you may see and hear going on around you in this and another Passeio, if you stay long enough, and diligently make use of your eyes and ears. What you will not see, even in the dimness of starlight or moonlight, is gaily bedizened vice flaunting itself, as it flaunts in the fashionable season in the walks, rides, and drives, and in the full glare of daylight, amidst that wonderful mob in Hyde Park; where it is eagerly gazed upon as the arbiter of fashion to aristocratic dames, and is the cynosure most attractive there to husbands, brothers, and sons. Here, as elsewhere, doubtless, there is no lack of poisonous weed, which seeks insidiously to spread itself amongst the flowers; but it is not yet accepted as one of them; and if it would flourish, as most probably it does, it must be content, until the Portuguese ladies have flung aside their antiquated prejudices—as they will do no doubt in good time—to flourish and live in the shade.

## CHAPTER VII.

### DULCAMARA.

WHILE we have been lingering in the Passeio, the sun has been mounting higher, and the air has become rather warm; almost too warm. The women and girls who sell water in the square are doing a thriving trade. There they stand, under the trees; their porous earthen water jugs in the shade beside them, and swinging in their hands a frame, something like a pickle-jar stand, and which holds two pint glasses. "*Água fresca? água fresca, senhor?*" If you are inclined for a glass the price is only five *reis*, or a farthing. But to make it worth your while to take more, if you can swallow three pints—as some of their customers can—you may have three for ten *reis*, or a halfpenny; and remember, the draught you are smilingly invited to take is pure, sparklingly clear, and just fresh from the fountain.

But a crowd is collecting. People are running in all directions towards a carriage drawn up to the inner pathway of the square, under the most shady of the trees. It is not a trumpet call whose summons they thus eagerly obey, but an excruciating sound that should make each one put his fingers in his ears and fly. It is the sound of an instrument whose inventor

I am fully persuaded was no less distinguished a personage than his Satanic Majesty himself. I call it an instrument of torture, but have heard it not inaptly named an "infernal machine." These machines are borne about, and for the most part in our own great Babylon, by a legion of imps, diabolically commissioned to stir up quiet-loving souls into towering passions and betray their tongues into the expression of anathemas wholly unfit to reach ears polite. It is the execrable sound of a barrel-organ. For the first time in my life I see it ground by a gentlemanlike-looking young man, who drives with it in a carriage and pair. Thank heaven! its groaning has ceased, and I suppose we shall hear no more of it; for its cover is replaced, and the young man casts a satisfied glance on the gaping crowd, of at least two or three hundred, he has gathered around him. He is handsome, and he is well dressed. For a moment he sinks back on a comfortable-looking cushion, crimson covered, and with yellow cords and tassels; and with a snowy white handkerchief wipes his brow. He draws off one glove—did you ever see an organ-grinder in faultless kid gloves? Here, then, is one; and more than that, as the ungloved fingers are passed through the curly black locks, which the slightly-raised broad hat permits you for an instant to see, you are dazzled by the flash of a sparkling ring—a diamond of the first water, of course. Not a word has yet been uttered, but he glances upward, as if seeking inspiration from above. The crowd is silent, attention is riveted. It is well that the genus *gamin* has no existence, apparently, in

the streets of Lisbon, otherwise we might, by a *mal-à-propos* word or cry, be rudely brought down to the ridiculous, from the sublime height to which some master spirit of the age has raised us during the past few minutes.

“ *Quien e ?* ” I inquire, in a whisper, of de F., who stands beside me, doubting whether I ought not to have said, “ Who is his *Excellencia* ? ”

“ A Spanish mountebank,” was the abrupt reply. “ One of the *Dulcamaras*, a race as inextinguishable as the line of Duncan.”

During this speech our man had risen from his seat, and with his right arm held aloft, and handkerchief gracefully agitating to and fro, was calling upon his hearers to listen to an explanation of the true nature of magic. The explanation was given with great volubility in Portuguese, here and there interlarded with Spanish. If very grandiloquent, it was also very short. I did my best to understand it ; but, like the rest of the audience, soon found that it was too deep a matter for the uninitiated to comprehend. However, I made out from the conclusion that its object was to show us how, why, and wherefore he was able to go about the world as a philanthropist, offering the poor in purse the luxuries of the rich ; or, more plainly, how he could supply each person of the group that surrounded him, with a handsome gold chain of the latest Paris pattern, for the small sum of two hundred *reis*—about tenpence-halfpenny.

A glittering mass, as if by magic, for no one saw whence it came, instantly dangled before the eyes of



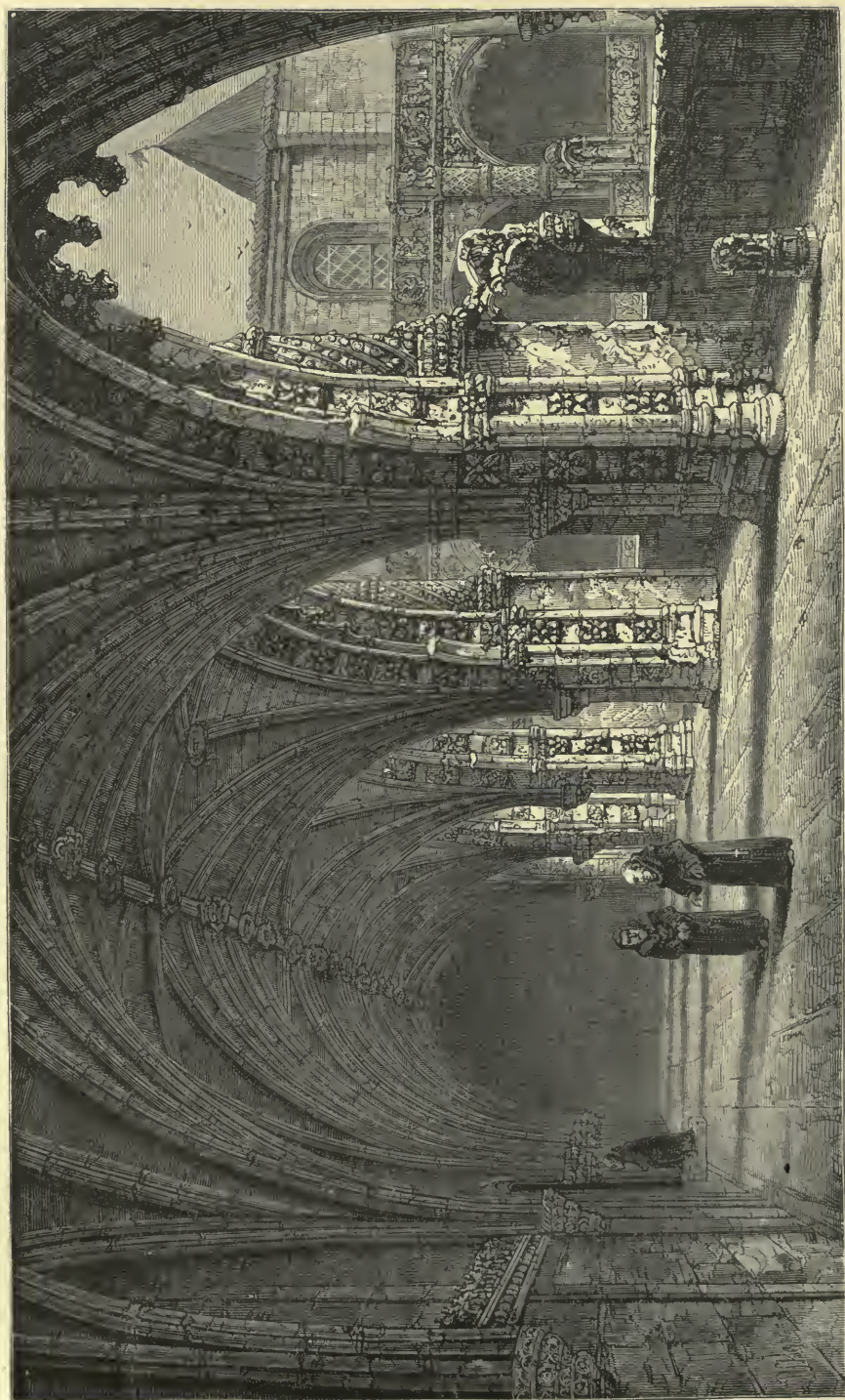
the admiring crowd. Everyone's hand instinctively sought his pocket. I wanted de F. to step forward and buy one for me; but he shook his head, and said, "No, no; rubbish, rubbish;" and as we were quite on the outskirts of the rather rough assemblage, amongst whom were two women only, and they of the cloak and handkerchief class, I did not dare be defiant and walk forward to purchase for myself. But a man who had stood beside us, as soon as he had secured one of these bargains handed it to me for inspection, saying, according to the Portuguese custom, "*E para sua Excellencia.*" The chain was really not a bad production for its price. When I returned it, the man urgently repeated that it was for me; but of course I could not accept it, and as I thought it might be offensive to put tenpence-halfpenny into his hand in exchange for it, I could only decline the proffered gift with thanks. Each chain was guaranteed to be good gold for a twelvemonth; at the end of the year the philanthropist promised to return to buy back all the chains that might be brought to him at 150 *reis* each. Many dozens were soon disposed of, when, by way of grateful acknowledgment of this good stroke of business, he proposed to show all present how to light a candle with water. A candle and small phial were then produced, the latter containing a clear liquid, which he assured us was nothing but water. A few drops of it poured on a piece of paper set it in a flame, and with it he ignited the candle, to the great admiration of the spectators. "*This,*" he said, "is no magical performance; it is the latest secret that Science has wrung

from Nature. It has gained me an enthusiastic reception at every Court in the universe, and not only your applause, my enlightened friends, but the applause of the scientific world."

With this magniloquent peroration his discourse ended. He threw himself languidly back on his cushioned seat, waved his hand to his driver, bowed with a lofty graciousness to the crowd that opened for his carriage to pass out, and drove off to repeat the same farce elsewhere. Behind him he left a laughing throng, amused by his grandly gracious pomposity, if not more enlightened than before by his wonderful revelation of the secrets of Nature. And this kind of exhibition—the mountebank paying his visits under various disguises—appears to be much in favour with the idle lounging multitude.







CLOISTERS OF SANTA MARIA DA VICTORIA—KNOWN AS BATALHA.



## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE STREETS AND SQUARES.

THAT part of Lisbon which most impresses the English and other foreigners who often land here for a few hours, or perhaps a day or two, from vessels that touch at this port, outward or homeward bound, now lies before us—"Gold Street, Silver Street, and Blackhorse Square." Many persons seem to think they are thus called by the Portuguese themselves, and that, with "Belem Tower," they constitute pretty nearly the whole of Lisbon. They are at once inquired for, and are expected to present something of an English aspect.

Those streets, and the Rua Augusta, which lies between them, are undoubtedly the finest of the business part of the city. They are wide, well paved, and the houses—all of which have shops—are high, and regularly built. They extend in a straight line the entire length of the space between the two principal squares. Unfortunately, the Rua Augusta, at the end of which is the handsome arch that forms the grand entrance to the Praça do Commercio—opposite to it standing the fine statue of Dom José, with the Tagus and mountains of Alemtejo beyond it—faces the *side* of the Rocio Square; had it faced the

centre, with the statue of Dom Pedro and the principal *façade* of the Maria Segunda Theatre, neither London nor Paris could have shown so fine a thoroughfare, terminating at either end so grandly.

In the Rua do Ouro, the shops are still chiefly jewellers'. They used to be, until quite late years, small and mean, such as those already described. Even now they are not large, though two or three have, in some cases, been thrown into one; but all have well-arranged windows and glass cases at the sides of the doors. Great embellishments, too, have been made outside—the spaces between the windows and doors and from house to house, being faced with polished grey or pale yellowish marble, as on the Chiado; and it really looks very handsome.

The large *café*, called "Aurea Peninsular," is in the Rua do Ouro; but as the Lisbon *cafés* do not fill up the pavement with chairs and tables, they are not so remarkable as those of Paris. Their attractions lie inside, in the way of billiards, cards, &c., and, *on dit*, some private gambling.

One side of the Banco de Portugal is in this street. It is constructed chiefly of stone and iron, as a precaution against fire, the ravages of which are very frequent and extensive in this city.

In the Rua Augusta there is a greater variety of trades than in the Rua do Ouro—several large book-sellers, opticians, and mathematical instrument makers, watch and clockmakers, &c., whose premises are extensive and handsome. Old curiosity shops were once numerous in Lisbon, and two or three still remain

in this street. Formerly, very curious, rare, and valuable articles might be met with; scarce old books and engravings, ivory carvings, pictures, choice china, antique plate, jewels, and laces, and they could then be purchased for trifling sums. Now, there are fewer of these collections for sale and they are also less valuable, but the prices asked are exorbitant—as I ascertained yesterday when looking over the stock of one of the largest dealers, and trying ineffectually to bargain with him for an old print.

There seems to be less silver than I remember, once upon a time, in the Rua da Prata—called also Rua Bella da Rainha; perhaps, like some other tradespeople, the silversmiths, since the great extension of Lisbon, have migrated westward, in which direction there are now some very good shops.

These streets have not the busy aspect one expects to find in the principal thoroughfares of a large capital. It is to be regretted that fashion has not selected for its morning lounge the broad and level Gold or Augusta Street, instead of the narrow pavements of the steep Chiado. Both *beaux* and *belles* might have promenaded here more at their ease, and have displayed themselves and their *toilettes* to far greater advantage. However, if the throng is not great, those who do frequent them make up for the want of numbers by noise; for the screaming and bawling of itinerant vendors of fish and fruit and other eatables is something astounding. What wonderful lungs those people must have! And the women's voices even outdo those of the men, in depth and volume and sustaining power. Then, there is



the knifegrinder's monotonous piping—"most musical, most melancholy"—and, chiming in continually, as a sort of *refrain* to this noisy morning song, we hear the words, "*O illustrado ; As noticias ; A popular,*" &c. They are the names of the newspapers most in request, and their distribution seems to be the privilege, chiefly, of a set of poor women and girls.

Those and other newspapers are sold in the streets by thousands. Their cost is only ten *reis*, or a half-penny each. They are edited by some of the most able literary men of the day, and their lively *feuilletons* are the contributions of well-known and popular writers. The chief literary journal is, *Lettras e Artes* ; but this is not bawled about "for the million." It is a very superior monthly ; well edited and illustrated, and has a staff of distinguished contributors.

But I hear another cry—one that frequently breaks on the ear soon after dawn ; swells the full chorus of street cries later in the morning ; continues throughout the day, and often ceases not till past midnight. Two boys are running, as if for their lives, up and down either side of the street ; and just now you might see, in all parts of the city, men and boys going to and fro in the same "hot haste." In their hands they carry a packet of small papers, and the two that approach us are calling out lustily, on that side, "*Mil, seis centos setenta e nove*"—1679—responded to on this side by, "*Oito centos noventa e dois*"—892—the chorus, in which both rave out their loudest, is, "*Hoje anda a roda—h-o-j-e—a—r-o-d-a—a-r-o-o-da !*" Now, what wheel is that, about whose turning to-day there is all



this noise and ado? It is the wheel of fortune. At noon it spins round and decides the fate of the holders of tickets for this lottery. Up to ten o'clock it is permitted to buy tickets and shares, and probably more will be sold during the next half hour to those persons who are impatient of suspense than have been disposed of during any previous day. Fortune's wheel turns round here every ten days, and if you choose to risk the sum of five *milreis* (1*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*) you will have just the bare "shadow of a shade" of a chance of winning the *premio grande*—the grand prize—five thousand *milreis* (1,100*l.*).

What a blessing it would be were these lotteries abolished! Many persons think so, and some who are in power would like to help to do it. Yet they fear to take the initiative, because the measure, at present, would be so unpopular, and so strenuously opposed by those who find it to their advantage to keep up the pernicious system.

"The lotteries," say those who favour them, "are sanctified by the fact of their being got up at the *Santa Casa da Misericordia*, for the purpose of obtaining funds for charitable uses; while further good is done by the employment which the selling of tickets in the streets affords to a large number of poor men and boys, who would without it be beggars." True; but, on the other hand, many dishonest transactions have taken place in connection with them; and the evils they lead to, in fostering a gambling spirit amongst the poorer classes, are great. As to the cause of charity, surely it might be more effectually served by some less objectionable means.

But this preaching is useless ; it converts not even the preacher, who herself feels tempted by the sound of those numbers, to woo fortune to-day, and invest a few hundred *reis* in the purchase of shares.—“*Ho, rapaz !—venha cá—ho, rapaz !*”—Do not suppose that it is I who thus hail these boys in the streets of Lisbon. It is my friend ; and perhaps you know that the Portuguese and Spaniards always use this word, *ho !* when they call to a servant or any inferior—“*Ho, Senhor José.—Ho, Mariano ;*”—it reminds one of the “What, ho !” of the olden time.

Both boys have answered to the call. While I am buying of both, a man steps up, and says, “*Loteria Hespanhola, Excellencias—Cautelas de Madrid.*” Now, the sale of these Spanish lottery tickets is strictly prohibited in Lisbon ; but as the purchase of them is not, the prohibition to sell is entirely disregarded, and everybody buys—Dom F. himself, led astray by my bad example, is buying *cautelas* ; and Spanish ones *par préférence*.

Another number—eleven hundred and two—and it is cried by the “*pobre cego,*” the poor blind man who is led about by a boy. It is thought that the numbers sold by this man more frequently turn up prizes than those bought elsewhere ; and when it does happen that a number of his proves a fortunate one the event is invariably advertised in the papers. I presume that Fortune, herself being blind, is supposed to feel so much sympathy for him, as to make him the medium of dispensing her favours to others. At all events, he is the most popular seller of lottery tickets, and is, therefore,

more likely than others occasionally to sell one that is not a blank. So, following the multitude in their superstitious veneration for blind Fortune's blind agent, we let not the opportunity pass of buying of him also. I have now six *cautelâs*, or shares; their cost has been six hundred *reis*—or two shillings and ninepence. Time will show what I am to net.

Our little speculation has detained us in the Rua da Prata longer than we intended; but the Praça da Figueira is just opposite, so we will cross over and look at it; though the thrifty *senhoras*, who do a little diletante marketing there in the early morning must have already left or be leaving. There are six or seven markets in Lisbon, where corn, wine, and oil, fish, meat, and other provisions are sold, either wholesale or retail. The Figueira is the principal central market, and covers, I should say, as much ground as that of Covent Garden. But it is very differently arranged; and besides vegetables, fruits, and flowers; game, and poultry, eggs, cheese, milk, meat, &c., are sold there, and it is generally well supplied. There is a covered way on each side of the quadrangle, to shelter the market-women and their wares, and there are trees in the centre. Those who do not find a shady place there make tents of their immense umbrellas. The iron gates are locked every night at the same hour as those of the Passeio, except on Midsummer's Eve and St. Anthony's Day, when the market is brightly illuminated, and a rather gay fair held in it.

As soon as we enter the market we are besieged by an army of Gallegos, carrying large hamper-baskets, and



who solicit the honour of taking home the provisions which they cannot but believe—though we bid them wait, *com paciencia*, for our patronage until some future day—that our *Excellencias* came hither to purchase.

A curious old custom is kept up in this market—I know not the origin of it—of giving a bountiful breakfast of corn to all tame pigeons that come for it on Christmas morning. Hundreds of these birds, I am told, then make their appearance here, and it is most amusing to see them fed. But the people would have you believe that these pigeons are not only aware of the existence of the custom, but that their instinct, or, as it should be, intelligence, is so great that it enables them to distinguish Christmas Day from all others, and guides them hither in flights for the annual dole. As pigeons, I think, are not supposed to live many years, information respecting the Christmas breakfast is probably handed down from father to son. I confess myself a sceptic in this matter, and believe, though assured to the contrary, that the pigeons are brought in by their owners, the market people.

Walking round the market, I observe that the trees which look so green and flourishing in all other parts of Lisbon, here appear to languish and droop. Their foliage is scanty and less fresh, and the boughs afford but a poor shelter from the sun's fierce rays. "Why is it so?" I say to an old man, who has some fine prawns here for sale. I remember him years ago, and fancy that either he or his brother was called "king of the fishermen"—I am right; it is his majesty himself. In reply to my inquiry about the trees, he says, "How can



*Sua Excellencia* expect trees to flourish here ? they have no earth for their roots to spread in and grow ; for beneath us, and not far from the surface lie many of the houses and churches of old Lisbon.”

“ This,” he continues, “ is one of the spots where in 1755 the earth gaped wide ; and a still wider opening was just where the ground makes that steep and sudden fall near the *Correio Geral*—General Post Office. I have often heard my grandmother, who was then a bit of a girl of ten, and who escaped, as if by miracle, the fate that befell so many thousands on that terrible All Saints’ Day, tell of the sad calamity, and of the misery that followed it. Yet that morning was as bright a one as ever rose in the heavens, and thousands went out to hear mass and to pray for their dead ; little thinking, poor souls, how soon they were to join them.”

At about nine o’clock, a strange rumbling as of thunder was heard—thunder in the bowels of the earth. Every heart was terror-stricken. Louder it thundered, and the ground rocked violently. The people fled from the churches and houses, and as they fled fell on the quivering earth. The sun was obscured, the sky became livid, a tempestuous wind arose and filled the air with clouds of black dust, and the Tagus heaved and foamed like a stormy sea. Again, one long terrible moan—the ground is torn asunder by those pent-up fires ; and amidst shrieking appeals to heaven for mercy, amidst cries of anguish that rise above the awful roaring of the heaving earth, down together into the abyss sink the rich and the poor, the aged and the young, the mother and her babes ; palaces, churches,

monasteries, and public buildings, the dwellings of both the high and the low, all disappear, and the ground closes over them. The broad river rises to a great height with a hissing sound, and rushes onward like a wall of water towards the shore, dashing in pieces or engulfing beneath its seething waves many a vessel, small and large, that, less than half an hour before, had lain in peaceful serenity on its unruffled bosom.

It was indeed a dire calamity; unequalled by any similar one that has occurred since the destruction of Pompeii and Herculaneum. More than fifteen thousand people perished on that fearful day, as well as innumerable houses and twenty-four public buildings; while many fine edifices, shaken to their foundations, remained only as tottering heaps of ruins. Where once were smiling plains arose rugged hills, and lofty mounds sank into the earth, leaving deep valleys in their stead.

For months after this awful convulsion of nature, the ground continually trembled and quaked, spreading fresh terror amongst the miserable, homeless, and destitute inhabitants. All the horrors resulting from famine were endured by them, and frequent fires consumed what the earthquake had spared. It is gratifying to know that 100,000*l.*—the largest grant of the kind, I believe, that had then ever been made—was voted by the British Parliament for the relief of those suffering people.

The old fisherman did not narrate these particulars. They were brought to mind by his remark, "God pre-

serve us from such another calamity ! ” Many persons think its recurrence very probable ; and the aspect of the country is that of one which has been often riven and rent by volcanic commotions, whilst the sudden shiverings of the earth that one sometimes is conscious of, though they have been hitherto harmless in their results, are yet uncomfortable reminders that the long-smouldering fires beneath one’s feet are still far from being extinct.

But it is time that we leave the market. The Gallegos, who, though standing aloof have kept a sharp eye on our proceedings, make out that we have bought a dozen or two of prawns (if you like prawns, come to Lisbon ; there are famous ones here), and applications crowd upon us for the honour of carrying them. “ *Obrigado ; obrigado*, Gallegos. We intend to bear this burden ourselves. Sorry for your disappointment. But *paciencia, homens, paciencia* ; it is a sovereign remedy for all disappointments.” Poor Gallegos ! What would the *Lisbonense* do without them, common as it most unjustly is, here as at Madrid, to call out, with projected lip and with upturned nose, of anything or anybody unusually stupid or contemptible, “ Ah, quite Gallego, that ; ” “ Only a Gallego could beat that.”

Yet there are few houses of any importance in which a Gallego is not the *major domo*, and the keeper of the keys ; and rare indeed are the instances in which he has been found unworthy of the trust reposed in him. The most industrious, honest, sober, and faithfully attached servants are the Gallegos ; and they are



the steadiest and best waiters and porters at the hotels. They are the water-carriers, and for the most part, the bakers of Lisbon; and if you want a trusty messenger, you call a Gallego. Any menial services the Gallegos are willing to perform, and they are contented with moderate gains. But from their habits of industry and frugality, they often save money and establish themselves in some business.

Why, then, should the term Gallego be used as a bye-word and a reproach, and the possessor of so many good and useful qualities be continually brought on the stage, or made to figure in fiction as an object of ridicule and contempt? I know not; but so it is. The Gallego himself, however, does not seem to take the matter much to heart. Perhaps he may sometimes be moved by it to exclaim "*Paciencia! paciencia!*" but generally he closes his eyes and ears to what he cares not to look at or listen to, plods on in "the even tenor of his way," and thrives. Long may he do so. "*Adeus, Gallego; e sê prospero.*"

We returned to the hotel by the Rua dos Fanqueiros, where many of the drapers' shops are still of the old-fashioned kind. At the end of it, turning to the right, leaving on the left the cathedral and the *Alfama*, or *Mouraria*—the old Moorish quarter of Lisbon that escaped destruction by the earthquake, and which is a most interesting part of the city—we entered the Praça do Commercio, passing under the colonade by the Ministerio da Guerra. The Commercio is a magnificent square, with its colonades, its triumphal arch, its splendid public offices, fine sculp-



tured *façades*, and grand equestrian statue, its rows of acacias, and its quay called the *Caes das Columnas*; whence there is a splendid panoramic view of the opposite banks of the broad Tagus. All this central part of Lisbon was rebuilt on the ruins of the earthquake by direction of the indefatigable Marquez de Pombal, and from plans either suggested or approved by him.

The merits of the equestrian statue of the great Dom José—great only in the greatness of his minister—have been much contested. An amusing anecdote with reference to it, relates that a party of critics, assembled in the *atelier* of the sculptor Machado de Castro, the designer of the bronze statue, had been expressing opinions which, if not altogether disparaging, were little in favour of the artist's work. The horse, they said, wanted animation; there was no fire in the action, no spirit in the form, or in the *pose* of the head. If the ears had been differently placed, the head more erect, the legs in another position, and so on, the animal would have had a more natural and life-like air.

Machado, it is said, was more annoyed by the free criticisms of his candid friends than convinced by them of any errors in his work. Presently, however, there was a scratching and whining at the door. It was opened, and in bounded a dog belonging to one of the company. Seeing the horse, he started back and began to bark furiously; as he did so, advancing towards it a step or two, then dodging backwards again, fearing, apparently, that the raised foot of the horse would descend upon him if he ventured too near. "*Senhores,*"

said Machado, " behold a competent critic ; whose judgment of my work is entirely opposed to yours, and consoles me for the little favour which you have shown to it. *He* sees, and feels, that it is both natural and life-like, and does not hesitate loudly to proclaim it such."

In the museum of the Academy *das bellas artes* there is a plate, or dish, that formed part of the service prepared expressly for the sumptuous banquet given by the Marquez de Pombal to the nobles, on the occasion of the final placing of the statue on its splendid pedestal. Each piece bore a representation of the finished monument, which was erected by the people of Lisbon, and each guest was presented with a plate, or other portion of the service, as a *souvenir* of the auspicious event. A bronze bust of the great Marquez adorned that side of the pedestal facing the Tagus ; but on the accession of poor crazy Donna Maria I., it was torn off, at the suggestion of the intriguing courtiers who then came into power, to be restored to its place only in 1833 by Dom Pedro IV., after Dom Miguel's expulsion from Portugal.

Crossing over to the Arsenal, which extends from the corner of the Praça do Commercio to the end of the Rua do Arsenal, our way lies through the Largo do Pelourinho. In the centre of it is a spiral column of fine marble, exquisitely chiselled, and surmounted by a hollow sphere composed of narrow bands of metal. On this spot the Portuguese nobles condemned to death for any crime, political or otherwise, used formerly to be executed. The iron paraphernalia for this horrid ceremony was removed many years ago.

A very handsome building is being erected on the east side of the square for the Camara Municipal. The stone carvings of the principal *façade* are fine specimens of skilled native workmanship. The surrounding houses are of lofty height; but cast your eyes towards their tops, and you will see others rising so far above them that the street doors of those aerial dwellings are something higher than the roofs of these below.

We proceed along the Rua do Arsenal; now, as it often is, unpleasantly crowded. Two streams of pedestrians going in contrary directions generally come into collision near the Arsenal gates, or are brought to a standstill by another stream issuing from them—dingy dock labourers, perhaps, or still dingier carriers of coals, with their baskets swinging in their hands. The pavement becomes narrower, and makes an awkward angle just here, owing to the projection of the porch that gives entrance to the Arsenal; and progress is further obstructed by the frequent momentary stoppages of acquaintances as they pass in and out, just to raise hats, grasp hands, touch fingers, or to exchange a hurried word or two *en passant*. Perhaps two or three naval officers meet here; a sailor recognizes an old shipmate; two soldiers espy their comrade, and the sentinel at the gates forgets his duty, stands still and stares at them, obliging you to step off the pavement to pass him. A merchant captain comes hastening along, broad-shouldered, florid, and English; and clerks from some of the many shipping agencies in the neighbourhood dart across the road with their hands full of papers. A party of country folks, just dropped from



an omnibus or landed from a steamer, stop and peer in at the entrance. An old woman with newspapers under one arm, a basket of fruit hanging on the other, and a half-knitted stocking in her hand, contrives to linger about, and yet to attend to her threefold occupation. A lottery-ticket boy dodges in and out amongst this moving motley throng, bawling out his numbers and thrusting his tickets in your face. Beggars, too, both male and female, are not wanting here.

Perhaps a staid middle-aged *senhora*, or a younger one, under convoy, returns home by this route; but the mob is generally a black or dark-coated one, relieved only here and there by the red or orange-coloured shawl and printed silk or cotton handkerchief, which, with the working-class women, have supplanted the neat cloth cloak and white muslin headgear.

National prejudices take a long time to die out. That against ladies appearing abroad unattended, though considerably modified, yet prevails in Portugal. Therefore most of the streets still wear that dreary aspect which you at first can hardly account for, because they are by no means deserted. Soon, however, it flashes upon you that unpicturesque man is too prominent in them—for what sight can be more deplorable than that of a number of black-coated men lounging about together, or dining together, or forming any sort of isolated group? You perceive that the sprinkling of bright-coloured dresses, flowers, ribands, and such-like feminine *chiffons* is not yet plentiful enough to spread much beyond the Chiado. Yet when I remember that, but a few years ago, the streets of this



fair city were as deserts compared with what I see now—so far as regards the appearance of womankind in them—I must acknowledge that the *premier pas* has been made; though the influx of Spanish families, which Lisbon owes to recent events in Spain, has probably had the effect of drawing many of the *senhoras* from their balconies and the shelter of their *gelosias*. For, notwithstanding the troubled, unsettled state of their country, the Spaniards of both parties seem to enjoy life here amazingly. They are delighted, not only with Lisbon but, as is reported from all quarters—for everywhere there is quite an invasion of them—with “fair Lusitania” generally.

To nine-tenths of the Spaniards Portugal was *terra incognita*, until it became to them a place of refuge. They are now surprised to find that her capital city is a much finer one than their own; that there are better roads here than in Spain, and that they are free from brigands; therefore, that they may travel whither they list in perfect comfort and safety. The peaceful state of the country generally, the loyalty of her people, and the freedom they enjoy, are such pleasant *traits*, compared with the discord, oppression, and bloodshed which are now the distinguishing features of Spanish rule, that, to quote the words I heard spoken by a Spanish exile of some consideration, in exchanging Spain for Portugal they seem to have “escaped from *inferno* and reached *paradiso*.”

The chief business of life with the Spanish *senhoras* is, apparently, to display their brilliant *toilettes* and to enter into all the amusements which their new-found

paradise affords ; but at this season, with the exception of *al-fresco* amusements in the evening, they are not very numerous. 'Tis they who most frequent the public gardens and promenades, and are most regularly in their places at the bull-fights, who attend in greatest numbers the receptions and *réunions* of the various philharmonic, literary, and other private societies and clubs—at which all foreigners receive most courteous welcome, when introduced by a member. The example thus set them, the Portuguese ladies—the younger ones especially—begin to show themselves well disposed to follow.

At last we have reached the Caes do Sodré, its proper name is Praça dos Romulares. A large circular space in the middle of it is paved in mosaic, like the Rocio, but in a less perplexing pattern. Around it are trees, and it is well lighted with gas. There are hotels, *cafés*, and billiard-rooms on either side of the Praça. It is the Rialto of the merchants and seafaring part of the community ; and here they congregate in large numbers to discuss their affairs, as they stroll up and down in the evening, or assemble in groups under the trees.

We turn from it, and ascend the Rua do Alecrim. The round we have taken has been rather a long one for a hot summer's morning. If we had not kept chiefly to the level ground of the Cidade Baixa, or lower city, I should, probably, before we had wandered half so far, have had to confess myself thoroughly “knocked up”—pardon my use of that phrase, as it exactly expresses my sensations at this moment.

A telegram meets us as we reach the door of the hotel. It is an answer to one despatched to Cintra as we passed the branch Post-Office in the Praça do Commercio. I had thoughts of going to Cintra this evening; for Lisbon is getting terribly hot. But the telegram tells us, "Cintra is full; no rooms anywhere for the next few days." Well, *en attendant*, we will amuse ourselves; for Lisbon is preparing to celebrate with due *éclat* the anniversary of the expulsion of Dom Miguel, and the triumphant entry into the capital of the Conde de Thomar—afterwards Duque de Terceira, and his victorious army, on the 24th of July, 1833.

## CHAPTER IX.

### AT HOME.

SHUT up in a dark room during the hottest hours of the day, the most natural thing in the world would seem to be to take a *siesta*. Many persons do so, and find themselves, they say, refreshed by it—more wide awake and ready for any amusement the evening may bring with it. Yet there is little need here of an afternoon nap; nor are you gently soothed into a drowsy state, even at a distance from the city's hum, as in a tropical climate, by that mysterious solemn stillness which impresses you with the idea that all nature is sleeping, and that you must sleep too. There, not a bird is on the wing; not a butterfly is fluttering in the air; not a leaf is stirring; the innumerable insects and reptiles lie motionless, or have retreated to their dark holes and corners. Even the noisy tongues of the blacks are hushed, and the only sound heard, and even that has a treacherous ring of sleepiness in it, is the monotonous droning of the ever-wakeful mosquito.

*Within doors* the heat in this country is bearable enough, even in July and August; and if the glare of the sun be well excluded, the afternoon is a con-



venient and pleasant time to sit quietly in a shady corner and read. You may form a fair estimate, in this way, of the power or ability of your author, by noting whether he has been able so to rivet your attention that the book has not once fallen from your hands or your eyelids drooped into a doze.

During these afternoon hours of seclusion, I have made acquaintance with many modern Portuguese works—the light literature of the day. Amongst others, the novels and romances of that most popular and prolific author, Camillo Castello Branco; one of whose tales contains more of plot and incident than are to be found in half-a-dozen of some three-volume sets I have read. They generally run through four or five editions. The subjects are sensational and, to my taste, not always pleasing. The author dwells frequently on the sin and misery that has resulted from a system, no longer existing, of forcing young girls of noble birth into convents to become nuns, in order to increase the heritage of some other member of the family. The vices and lax lives of the priesthood are prominently set before us. And his women, who have generally contrived to be sad sinners before they have developed into saints, do not always awaken sympathy. Where he most excels is in the skill with which the intricate plot is constructed, and the able manner in which the numerous characters introduced are made each to help gradually to bring about the *dénoûment*—the author allowing no thread of the tangled web he has woven to be prematurely broken off, or to fail at the conclusion to fall into the place which you then

perceive he had from the outset designed for it, and through all its windings and unwindings has never lost sight of. In this he is admirable.

Far more pleasing are the novels of the late Julio Diniz; because the incidents are less improbable, and come more within the experiences of every-day life. It was said lately that one of his tales, "*As pupillas do senhor reitor*," was being translated into English. But I doubt whether it would be received with any favour in England, while there exists in that country the amusingly unaccountable fancy that all which relates to Portugal, though it is the very region of romance, possesses no interest and is little worthy of attention.

What writings can be more charming, both poetry and prose, than those of the late Visconde Almeida Garrett? How exquisitely graceful, how flowing the style; and how beautiful is the character of Joanninha in the "*Viagens na minha terra*,"—a work that has gone through five or six editions, but which is but a fragment of what the author intended his work to be.

But the spaces of my diary are so limited that to-morrow's page already warns me not to intrude upon it with my criticisms of to-day. Yet the graphic descriptive writing of Antonio Vasconcellos; the sprightly *folhetims* and pleasant "*Contos e descrições*" of Pinheiro Chagas; the lively sketches of Cæsar Machado and Eduardo Coelho claim a word of remembrance from me, *en passant*, if only for the many pleasant half hours they have afforded me.

Lady writers are as scarce in Portugal as they are plentiful in England. A novel by a lady writing under the *nom de plume* of "A Forneirina de Avilar," was published in Oporto very recently, and report speaks most favourably of it.

The sun now darts upon me only sidelong glances, so that one of the *gelosias* may be raised, and I can look on the terrace that lies opposite, on a level with my window. There is less noise, or at least noise of a different kind, on this side—the Rua das Flores—than on that called the front of the house. For the Rua do Alecrim is the *route* taken, in this *quartier* from the lower to the upper part of the city, by almost all oxen carts, and others drawn by miserable worn-out horses and mules—mere bags of bones, and tottering on their last legs. To see them toil and strain, in their efforts to drag up the hill with the antiquated cart, often heavily laden with stones for the new buildings, is a very painful sight; though it often happens that there is a ludicrous side to it.

The driver or carter, always walks, guiding the poor animals by a string tied to their heads. Sometimes they cannot, occasionally they will not move, or the old, heavy cart wheels refuse to turn. By and by they get forward a few paces, or it may be backward—the weight of the load being as likely to pull the horse or mule downhill, as he, wretched creature, to drag it up.

When this occurs, the carter throws up his arms in despair, dashes his whip on the ground, and with both hands tugs at the string with all his might;



generally without any effect. Then he rushes frantically from side to side, surveying the position of the cart, and imploring the aid of any likely passer-by. And it must be acknowledged that he seldom fails to find willing helpers; for sometimes two or three men on either side, and the same number at the back, with the driver in front—after he has screamed himself hoarse with threatening the poor beasts, in language that ought to stir them up to do their best—will make a united effort, and perhaps send the cart and mules altogether, by a sudden jerk, a yard or two up the hill.

But these mules—for such scenes rarely occur with the stronger, and more patient and plodding oxen—retain to the last, it would seem, that firmness of will, called stubbornness, for which they are proverbial; and worn out as these animals are they can yet, if they do not choose to be moved, stand their ground, for a time, firmly enough. The men may have moved the cart, but it slips back again, for they have not moved the mules; and when the carter rushes up and stares them in the face, and pours forth a torrent of horrid imprecations upon them, they will eye him, if they are not blind, poor things, with a devil-may-care sort of glance, which seems to say, “Do your worst,” &c.

At last, however, when the patience of helpers and lookers-on is exhausted, and the driver, worried out, has thrown himself sadly on a doorstep to rest, the mules, taking a sudden freak, or being satisfied at having been conquerors so far, dash off in a zig-zaging way up the hill, and, perhaps, having saved



their small remains of strength for this supreme effort, reach the top before their driver can overtake them. Following after, run men and boys with the whip and the hat, and the jacket and neckerchief, all which have been thrown aside during the fray; and so we get rid of this unpleasant scene. All the ravings and imprecations of the carter, fortunately, are mere sound and fury, rarely leading to any whipping or savage treatment of the animal. The cruelty consists in employing such worn-out, half-starved creatures, often with their bones protruding almost through their skins, for such laborious work. When they return, they often come down the hill at a rattling pace; for, urged on by the weight of the cart, they must either run or be crushed, *pobres diabos!* In the Rua das Flores there is far less annoyance of that kind. The ascent is less steep, and the street lies lower, so that the second floor of the hotel in the Rua do Alecrim is the third floor in the Rua das Flores.

Forming the roof of part of a large corner house opposite is the terrace I so much delight in. It is about as long and as broad as New Burlington Street, and is paved in large squares with flat white stones. A light iron rail incloses the narrow end—that which my balcony looks upon—and a stone balustrade the side. A long room, raised upon the other part of the house, fronts the balustrade, and five French windows open upon the terrace. On either side of it are rows of orange-trees in large green-painted boxes, and between them stands of bright-hued flowers of various kinds, arranged in groups of differ-

ent colours. Vases, filled with large variegated leaved plants, are placed in the corners and along the balustrade. At the further end you perceive winding walks overshadowed by trees—there is a garden there adjoining the terrace. It is made on a piece of rising ground that has been levelled to the same height. An opening between the houses affords me a peep of the western part of Lisbon, and from the balcony may be seen the tops of the hills on the opposite shore of the Tagus. The rooms above mine command a beautiful and extensive view; but, for home purposes, the terrace pleases me better.

At about the hour when the sun sinks fast in the western sky, an old lady and her son come forth to promenade, accompanied by a white dog, that invariably thrusts his head through the rails and salutes me with a hearty bark. But it is a kindly one, for he wags his tail and seems to say, “Good evening, neighbour; why not come over and join us?” If his mistress would but second his proposal, I should not hesitate to accede to it. However, the terrace is a pleasant object from this short distance—for the gulf between us, though deep, is not wide, and, sitting back in the room, it seems to be but a continuation of my balcony. But when at sunset the terrace, with the houses and hills beyond it, is bathed in a flood of golden light, or when a mass of rose-coloured cloud sheds a soft halo upon it during the brief twilight, it is then, in my eyes, “a thing of beauty and a joy,” if not for ever, at least so long as I gaze upon it.

Perhaps, too, the chimes—the far-famed chimes of

Lisbon—break pleasantly on the ear in the evening hour, in a merry tune. And they are so lively that they set the children dancing on the lower terrace of the hotel. Waltzes, polkas, galops, and sprightly opera airs are played by skilful *carillonheiros*, and often to the astonishment as well as delight of foreign visitors. But of late the alarming sound of the fire bells has been heard from every church tower oftener than the merry peal of the chimes. It startles you two or three times in the course of the day, and sends a thrill of terror through you in the night, as, suddenly roused by it from sleep, you anxiously count the number of strokes that tell whether the catastrophe be near or far from you.

Fires have become so frequent in Lisbon—the cause of most of them remaining an unravelled mystery—that they are believed to be the work of the secret agents of the Spanish *Internacionalistas*, who are said to have vowed to carry fire and sword into Portugal to compel her to rise up against her present rulers, and make common cause with revolutionary Spain. It is difficult to understand how such projects could be furthered by setting fire to the dwellings of private individuals. It would seem more likely to frustrate them; so great is the resentment of the people towards “*os petrolistas*,” the supposed destroyers of their property. And it is true in several instances, where the fire has been perceived before it had time to spread, and has therefore been easily extinguished, that rags and straw steeped in petroleum have been found on the staircases and in corners where they would readily



have ignited and conveyed the flames to other parts. But whoever, or whatever the cause, an unusually large amount of property has recently fallen a prey to fire; many lives have been lost, many families reduced, at least temporarily, to distress, and others to beggary.

Indeed, quite a panic has spread throughout Lisbon. Everybody is hastening to insure his possessions, whilst, from the circumstance of the greater part of the fires having taken place where no insurance had been effected, some persons have had the folly to declare that the insurance offices have had a hand in these incendiary proceedings, in order to secure an increase of business. Street doors that once stood open are now carefully shut; where there is a porter, he keeps a vigilant eye on all comers and goers, and fancies that every unknown person smells of petroleum. But I often see the Portuguese—the gentlemen, not the *senhoras*, they are less addicted to puffing clouds than are their sisters of Spain—recklessly “flinging about fire” in the shape of partly consumed but still burning cigars and *cigarrettos*; yet it never seems to occur to them that where everything is as dry as tinder, a fire may sometimes owe its origin to carelessness of that sort.

A load of straw, whether or not soaked in petroleum I cannot tell, was, the other day, discovered to be on fire. It was the cargo of one of the old oxen carts. The scene of wild hubbub and frenzied confusion that ensued, before the oxen could be loosed and a stream of water be brought to bear on the smoking mass, who shall relate?—I will not attempt to describe



it, but will leave it to your imagination to realize, for I hear a bell—one of no uncertain sound. Its jingling scream, resembling the running down of the bell of an alarum clock, announces that in five minutes, when we shall hear its querulous voice again, all things will be ready for the daily feast at the *meza redonda*, or round table, as we call the *table d'hôte* here.

This dinner is a very long affair; from soup to coffee and *cigarrettos*, a full two hours' sitting. The heat, too, most oppressive, for we dine at five o'clock. Indeed, but for the amusement which the manners and conversation of some of the diners afford, this *table d'hôte* dinner would now be insupportable, in spite of the brisk gale we contrive to get up with the fans. Our permanent party—if a party of strangers and pilgrims sojourning in the land for no definite period can be said to be *en permanence*—is chiefly Spanish. But there are also people from the islands, Madeira and the Azores, with whom it is customary to come to Lisbon for the summer; a Frenchman or two, and a few *habitués* of the house; unsettled Portuguese who oscillate at this season between Cintra and Lisbon.

We are all gems of the first water—*marquezes*, *pars do reino*, *condés*, *condessas*, *barões*, *baronezas*, and so on, though from our dinner-table habits you would never suspect that. We have several *senhoras* of different nations; but the least pleasing to look upon, when eating her dinner, is the Spanishwoman. But let that pass; we have now dined together long enough to have ceased to wonder at and to tolerate each other's peculiarities. We all bow graciously—some of

us gracefully—and murmur “*Excellencia*” when we meet daily at the “round table,” which, by the way, is long and narrow. And so, at our ease, we talk, we smoke, we laugh, with our elbows on the table propping up our chins, our toothpicks in the corners of our mouths; or perhaps with a fork grasped in the hand, like Neptune’s trident, we every now and then stab an olive, a turnip-radish, a fig, or anything within our reach we take a fancy to. Or, maybe, we beguile the leisure moments of a gap during dinner in rolling up our *cigarrettos* and dissolving bowls of ice (the artificial ice from the Lisbon manufactory) with our portions of *vinho de pasto*; while some go off, for a minute or so, to the terrace, and return with freshened-up appetites.

But the casual diners—often Anglo-Portuense who have run down south, on business or pleasure, for a few days; or perhaps a loving young couple on a wedding jaunt, who sit with hands clasped in each others’ and fancy no one perceives it, because the hands are under the table; or they may be people just landed from some vessel in the harbour, to look at Lisbon for an hour or two, and who have dropped in to dine, and one among them, at least, to complete notes for his projected work, “Sketches of Life and Manners in the Peninsula”—towards these chance customers we residents assume a severe and lofty mien.

We make them feel that they are nobodies, by staring them out of countenance. We watch them narrowly when they help themselves, to deter them, if they have any sense of shame, from appropriating the

tid-bits, which, of right, belong to *us*; and we make them so thoroughly uncomfortable that, unless they are of the strong-minded sort, who show that they care not a fig for us, they generally decamp before the banquet is ended. Then, their *gaucheries*, their *mauvaise honte*, or the eccentricities of their travelling toilettes, give rise to a few compassionate remarks, which are complacently supposed to be both good-humoured and witty.

Presently, as if a sudden thought had struck the whole of our party at once, down go the knives or the forks, the ends of the cigars, or whatever each one may have been trifling with, and up we all jump. Some rush out to get a whiff of fresh air on the terrace, the waiters following with chairs, and coffee for those who have not yet taken it; others step into the carriages that wait near the doors, and go off for an evening drive.

But I hear the second bell—I hear, too, the voice of my next-*chair* neighbour. He has his bottle, no doubt, under his arm. He is a great connoisseur of wines, and, I believe, a grower of the finest kinds of sherry. His absence from his country just now, like that of most of the Spaniards in Lisbon, is an enforced one; but he has managed to bring with him, or in some way to get supplied with, the choicest wine Spain produces.

He has sometimes at dinner filled my glass as well as his own. “*Vino puro*,” he says; “*vino de Xeres*.” Then he tells me that it is wine of a quality that does not go to England; that its price in Spain is at the

rate of two pounds per bottle ; that it is “*puro, puro, p-u-r-o !*” I taste it. He watches my countenance as I do so ; and I contrive that it shall not be to him an index of what is passing in my mind. “Ah !” he says, “*muy bueno ! Eh ?*” I answer, fibbingly, “*O muy bueno ! delicioso !*” He smiles his satisfaction, and I take another sip—the thought of my heart being “What stuff ! how very like camomile tea !” So much for a vitiated taste. But I must go. Senhor Romão still shakes that little vixen of a bell, and will do so until he has gathered in all his flock.



## CHAPTER X.

### AN EVENING DRIVE.

WE had a long and charming drive last evening. Escaping early from the *meza redonda*, we went down to the Caes do Sodré and engaged an open carriage, with a pair of fine horses, such as you rarely find elsewhere waiting on a stand or at the door of an hotel for the chance of being hired. Turning to the right of the Caes, we drove along the Aterro de Boa Vista, a fine, broad, level road, with an *alameda* planted with four lines of trees on the river side, and having rows of handsome houses and two prettily laid out public gardens on the opposite one.

Of the many improvements of late years in Lisbon, few perhaps are more striking than that of the Aterro. For this fine embankment, already extending 1,000 mètres along the river, and which it is intended to carry on as far as Belem, was, some years ago, a most wretched place—a mere dirty, offensive morass. The Aterro, in its full extent, will be the realization of one of the many plans of the great Pombal for improving and beautifying the city.

On summer evenings a band plays once or twice in the week in the gardens, and attracts thither many

promenaders. But it is in winter afternoons that the sunny *alameda* is most frequented, the Queen having set the Portuguese ladies the example of walking there, which, with her children and the ladies and gentlemen of her household, she does almost daily. Of course this brings out their *excellencias* in full force and in *grande toilette*, and has made of this once dirty, damp river's side a fashionable parade—the favourite resort of the aristocratic *beaux* and *belles* of Lisbon.

On leaving the Aterro, we bore away to the right up the hill, and taking the Rua das Janellas Verdes—the Street of Green Windows—we passed the old church of the Santos o Velho, and the handsome palace of the Marquez de Pombal, in front of which is one of the finest sculptured fountains in Lisbon. The palace was for some time the residence of the Empress Duchess of Braganza, the widow of Dom Pedro IV. Since her death it has been closed; but the sale by auction of her rather extensive library, consisting, I am told, chiefly of religious and theological works, is announced to take place in a few days. It is customary to speak of the late Empress as “that excellent and pious princess;” yet the rigorous seclusion in which she lived, and also brought up her daughter—the Princeza real, who died of consumption in Madeira—never allowing her to partake of any amusements, even those of the Court, considerably diminished the popularity she at one time enjoyed amongst the Portuguese as the widow of their “Soldier King, the restorer of liberty.”

Continuing our *route* along streets sometimes



THE DOURO—FROM FONTAINHAS.





wide, but more frequently narrow, and uphill and downhill, we came at last to the Marine Invalid Barracks, at Alcantara. The entrance to this fine building is in a *largo* or square, having on one side a fountain, surmounted by a figure of Neptune. On the other is a small garden; which is so neatly kept, is so pleasantly green, and so bright with flowers, that this verdant spot, with the groups of sailors standing under the trees, or reclining on benches, and all so clean and smart in appearance, is as refreshing to the eyes, when you come unexpectedly upon it on issuing from the long narrow dull streets just traversed, as an oasis in the desert.

Alcantara is a very busy spot; a miniature Manchester, having several large manufactories of cotton and woollen goods, with which it supplies some parts of Spain. There are also works for the refining of sugar, of saltpetre for gunpowder, for the making of glass, and many other important industrial establishments, giving employment to thousands of hands. The late King, Dom Pedro V., founded in Alcantara the *Asylo da infancia*, where the young children of women employed in the factories are taken care of during the day while the parents are at work. Several other charitable institutions and societies have their home in Alcantara. It is a little world in itself; has its own *festas*, and rarely seeks amusement beyond its own limits. It is also a very musical district, having five local bands; one of them, a boys' band, of flutes and mandolins, the others of stringed or wind instruments—the musicians being the workmen and youths

employed in the factories. Alcantara works hard all the week, but takes its full meed of pleasure on Sunday, and here the popular *Sol e do* is more frequently heard than elsewhere.

Alcantara bore once a very bad reputation, before Lisbon spread itself so far west, and occupied the waste places that then lay between the city proper and its suburbs. In those days robberies were not unfrequent, and the assassin sometimes lurked after night-fall in those dark streets and roads. No lamp then cast a ray of light on them, except where, at long intervals, a dingy flame made indistinctly visible the image of a *santa virgem*, or saint. And this uncertain glimmer served rather to perplex the benighted wayfarer, should he have strayed from the direct path, than to guide him on his way. The roads were full of ruts and hollows, and no sooner was he out of one abyss than he plunged into another; stumbled over heaps of stones, or fell flat on his face amidst rubbish and mud. Even the most frequented streets of the city itself seem to have been but little better lighted; and a solitary straggler returning home at night ran a risk of being seized by the throat at every dark passage or corner he passed.

Yet the police of Lisbon is said to have been good even then, so far as the maintaining of decency and order in the streets by day; but the crimes committed under shelter of the darkness of night it was powerless to prevent, and dared not pursue the perpetrators to their haunts, or be active in bringing them to justice. "When persons were robbed," says

a Portuguese writer, "instead of making the theft known to the police, they immediately sent the particulars of the robbery and the property stolen to an old lame beggar, who was generally to be found stationed near the entrance of one of the public offices in the Praça do Commercio. This man, who was careful to abstain from actual theft himself, was yet the known head and director of a band of thieves, and the receiver of their booty. With him bargains were made for the restoration of the stolen articles; ending almost invariably in the matter being hushed up, and both thief and receiver escaping with impunity." A pleasant state of things truly; but probably not worse than that which prevailed in the suburbs of London until nearly as recent a date. Besides, those were the days in which Portugal was distracted by political factions, and when, from time to time, as one party displaced another, the *Limoeiro*—once a royal palace, now the public gaol of Lisbon—was thrown open, and, with the political prisoners, a band of lawless ruffians was let loose on the city to rob and to commit deeds of violence.

An amusing anecdote of an encounter with a thief is told of Senhor Domingos A——, a well-known wit and humourist, still living. When he was a young man, the guardian of the street doors in the vicinity of Lisbon, it appears, was most frequently a cobbling shoemaker, who had his dwelling and followed his calling in a little box fixed in the corridor at the foot of the staircase. At houses where no such trusty watchman was sheltered, the street



doors were carefully barred and bolted at an early hour, and the lower windows closed. In a house of this kind lived Senhor Domingos. Returning home late one summer's night, much oppressed by the heat, he opened wide his windows, which were on the lower floor, threw himself on his bed, and, knowing the necessity for precaution, placed a pair of loaded pistols conveniently near to hand. Between one and two, a slight noise without announced the expected nocturnal visitor, who shortly afterwards made his appearance at the window. Very cautiously he peered into the room; listened attentively; and having satisfied himself, from the heavy snoring with which Domingos was feigning sleep, that all was safe within, noiselessly entered.

Softly he turned a key and had opened a drawer, when Domingos started from his bed, seized the thief by the throat and pointing a pistol at his head, said, with all seriousness—

“What money have you brought with you, and what besides have you got about you?”

The terror-stricken thief tried to sink on his knees, but Domingos held him upright in his powerful grasp. “Stand up,” he said, “no attitudes; but tell me what you have about you.”

“I have nothing, *senhor*,” he said, “but eighteen *testões*” (about 7s. 6d.)

“Is that all?—well, down with it, then, on the table.”

“But the money is my own, *senhor*.”

“If you don't want a bullet through your head, instantly put your eighteen *testões* on the table.”



The much mortified thief emptied his pockets as ordered, then endeavoured to wrench himself away and escape by the window. But Domingos still held him fast, and assuming a mock-courteous tone and manner, said, "I cannot allow your *excellencia* to leave by the window, but shall do myself the honour of conducting you safely to the door. As both my hands are engaged, I shall trouble your *excellencia* to carry one of your phosphoric lights."

The thief seemed inclined to resist.

"I fear," said Domingos, "I shall yet have to send this bullet through your head, when I wish only to see your *excellencia* safe out of my house, and to assure you that if you are disposed to continue to pay me a nightly visit at the rate of eighteen *testões* per night, you will find me always as well prepared to receive you, and with the same ceremonies to take leave." The thief saw that his safest course was to obey. Downstairs they went. At the street door the thief was released; Domingos quickening his exit by a vigorous kick.

Alcantara now differs from other districts of Lisbon only in being far busier, and perhaps a little more noisily mirthful on the occasion of its *festas*. Some few of the vagabond class called *fadistas* are still to be found there. They are a kind of *improvisatori*, great tinklers of the guitar; and their songs, which are peculiar to Portugal, are called *fados*. Some popular national air is taken up; if words belong to it the minstrels begin their performance with them, afterwards varying both words and music as fancy or ability

enables them, returning at last from their long and capricious wanderings to the air and words with which they began. The *fadistas* wear a peculiar kind of black cap, wide black trousers, with close-fitting jacket, and their hair flowing low on their shoulders. They are held in very bad repute, being mostly *vauriens* of dissolute habits. Often they are in league with the keepers of low taverns in the neighbourhood of the factories to entice the workmen on their pay-days to spend their wages in drinking and gambling.

Sometimes, late at night, I hear a *fadista* tinkling his guitar and, with two or three companions, singing—more *sotto voce* than in Alcantara—some popular air as they walk with quick yet measured step up the Rua das Flores; returning probably to their own *quartier*. The quaint melody, and the harmonious but subdued voices of the singers, are then very pleasing to the ear, as the sound gradually approaches and recedes in the stillness of the soft summer night.

Arrived at the ancient gates of the city—for Alcantara is the extreme western part of Lisbon, *intra-muros*—we turned northward and drove for some distance by the old city wall. Having reached the small gate leading to the broad level road now constructing by the side of the Cemiterio dos Prazeres, we stopped the carriage, before re-entering Lisbon, to look back on the full extent of the grand panorama which had gradually unfolded itself before us as we ascended the hill.

Oh! that I could adequately describe that lovely landscape; that vast garden-ground, with its fertile valleys and its sloping vineyards, where the trellised

vines heave high their luscious fruit to meet the sun's kiss ; the white cottages clustering round the green grassy mounds, and sheltered by the orange tree, the citron, and the lime, whose perfume was borne to us by the soft evening breeze ; the rough rocky hills in the distance ; the picturesque assemblage of crag, wood, and water, and the glory of the setting sun, then just sinking into the wide expanse of sea. The Tagus, the Bar, and the ocean beyond it glittered with a rosy-coloured light ; and as the sun sank the sky became gorgeous with streaks of burnished gold and azure, delicately tinted with pale green and orange near the horizon ; while above, large masses of bright purple and flame-coloured clouds, their edges tinged with gold, floated in majestic beauty, or seemed to repose on broad lines of crimson, mellowing into rose colour. It was a truly sublime spectacle. We gazed long and silently on its glory, until, almost imperceptibly, it faded into pale twilight and the stars began to glitter in the clear blue heavens.

I thought of the fire-worshippers, and of some negro tribes whom I have seen bowing themselves reverently before the splendours of a tropical sunrise and sunset ; and it seemed to me, as it has ever done, not only a pardonable but a natural action, to fall down and worship before this glorious picture painted by the heavenly hand of the Creator.

As we passed through the gates, the *octroi* officials came forward, apologetically, to peep into the carriage. We then drove along by the Cemiterio dos Prazeres—the cemetery of pleasures or joys—a name that shocks



most people when they first hear it. But though it is really less inappropriate than it seems to be—for life is certainly a burden heavy enough to some persons to make them look forward even with pleasure to death and the grave as a release from it—yet the name of dos Prazeres did not originate in any sentimental views of life and death, but was bestowed on the cemetery because, in the centre of the ground now enclosed, there stood a small chapel dedicated to Nossa Senhora dos Prazeres—Our Lady of the pleasures or joys of heaven. It contains many finely-sculptured marble monuments; the one perhaps of greatest pretensions being that of the Duque de Palmella. The ground is planted with cypresses, and the reconstructed chapel is large and handsome.

A name very different to dos Prazeres, *Val escuro*—the dark valley—is given to a cemetery on the other side of the city. And it has a double signification; not only is it the “dark valley” of death, but also the place appointed for the burial of those in whom reason has become darkened—it is the graveyard of lunatics.

On leaving the Prazeres, we—my guide, philosopher, and friend, Senhor Dom F. and myself—contrary to the advice of the driver, elected to proceed on our way by the new road, as far as was practicable. The consequence was that the carriage wheels on one side suddenly sank into the soft upturned ground of the yet unlevelled road. Fortunately, the earth was dry and loose, and the wheels not so deeply embedded but that with a little exertion they were soon clear of their



difficulty, and the carriage was then backed until a convenient spot was found for turning it. Then we again took possession of our seats—for the mishap had obliged us to alight, and compelled de F. literally to put his shoulder to the wheel—and drove quickly along the lower road, which is broad and level, and nicely planted with trees like a fine *boulevard*. We passed through the *pateo* and the *calçadas* of the *Palacio das Necessidades*; so named, as you probably know, from its having been built on land belonging to the adjoining chapel, which was dedicated to *Nossa Senhora das Necessidades*—Our Lady of distresses or needs—to which miracle-working image Dom João V., by whom both chapel and palace were erected, attributed his recovery from a serious illness.

Since the mysterious deaths of the young king Dom Pedro V. and his brothers, the Infantes Dom Fernando and Dom João, the palace has not been inhabited. The principal *façade* is modern, as is also the elegant fountain and red granite obelisk in the *pateo*, or courtyard. There are many objects of interest and value in the private museum, and the library contains some very rare books and manuscripts. The grounds of the *Necessidades*, I remember, were beautiful; and in the gardens, which I fear are not now so well cared for as formerly, were numerous fine specimens of the choicest exotics. There were, too, well-stocked aviaries, and quite a flock of aquatic birds on the ornamental water.

In this neighbourhood stands also the vast extinct convent of San' Bento, in the spacious halls of which

the *cortes* hold their sessions. The chambers where the peers and deputies assemble are large, convenient, and elegant. That of the peers, from the richness of its decorations, the extreme beauty of its marble columns, its exquisite carvings, and especially those delicate ones, in wood, of the throne, is considered superior to the senatorial chamber in the Luxembourg. The library is also a fine room, with a beautifully-painted ceiling.

In another part of the convent is preserved that wonderful collection of ancient State papers known as the *Archivo real do Torre do Tombo*. They were deposited there after the fall of the castle tower at the great earthquake. These papers date from the beginning of the Portuguese monarchy, and comprise not only the records and charters of the kingdom, but all documents connected with the infamous proceedings of the Inquisition. What a world of romance and sensational incident must be contained in these historical records ! For the history of Portugal is certainly the most romantic of histories.

With these archives are still deposited the famous Jeronymite Bible, which was presented by Pope Leo X. to Dom Manoel I., who at his death left it to the monastery of the Jeronymos at Belem. It is in seven folio volumes ; is beautifully written on vellum ; splendidly illuminated, and richly bound in crimson velvet, with elaborate ornaments in silver. These priceless books were abstracted by Junot when the French occupied Lisbon, and on the restoration of peace the Portuguese Government claimed them. Louis XVIII.

admitted the claim, and having obtained them from Junot's widow, on payment of 80,000 francs, restored them to Portugal.

Our driver reined up at the gates of the Jardim da Estrella; but as night was drawing near, and I had already paid it more than one early morning visit, we stopped but for a minute to admire those lovely oleanders, which I never can pass without doing homage to. They grow here to the height of twenty or more feet; are, in fact, large spreading trees, beneath which you may sit in a dense bower of crimson and bright pink blossoms. In full flower they are exquisitely beautiful, rounded in form at the top, like an immense bouquet with only a few leaves visible, surrounding the edges. There are two or three very fine ones near the entrance of the garden of the Estrella.

This garden is the most extensive of the public pleasure grounds of Lisbon. It is laid out with less formality than the Passeio Publico, and has cascades and conservatories, flower beds, and winding walks overshadowed by trees. There is an artificial grotto, and a mound whence a charming view of a part of Lisbon and the Tagus may be obtained.

Besides these attractions, a fine lion has a hermitage all to himself, poor fellow, in these gardens. He looked most earnestly at me this morning, and yawned most frightfully, as if thoroughly weary of his retirement. I said to him, "Would you like to come out?" The creature immediately started up as if he understood me, and seemed to say he was ready to come out with a bound, if I would but open the door. I turned



to the man in charge of him, who, fancying that this sudden movement of the animal had frightened me, said, "*He muito manso, minha senhora. Não tem duvida.*"—"He is very tame. Don't be afraid." "It is cruel to keep him there," I answered; "why not let him out?" The man was almost as much startled by my words as the lion himself. He looked at me suspiciously, though he laughed, and I believe began to think I was crazy—as indeed he well might. But I was not alone, and that perhaps quieted any fears he might have had of my making a rash attempt to set the caged lion free. Poor brute! Yet by a slight stretch of imagination, if he is gifted with any, he might fancy himself in his native woods; for he has many spreading trees around him, trees of wonderful growth for the short time they have been planted there. Indeed, the whole of this flourishing garden is of comparatively recent formation. It was laid out on a tract of waste barren ground, which in the course of a few years has become one of the most ornamental of the public promenades of this fine city.

The principal entrance is directly opposite the Basilica do Coração de Jesus, or church of the Estrella, exteriorly the handsomest church, except that of the Jeronymos, in Lisbon. Its stately dome is visible from almost every part of the city. The interior is equally beautiful—the finest Portuguese marbles, of various colours, being used for the floor and the chapels and altars. The tombs of the foundress, Donna Maria I., and the Archbishop, her confessor, are also superb. The church was built after the plan of that of St.



Peter's at Rome, and was erected, as so many others have been in this country, in fulfilment of a vow on the birth of an heir to the throne.

Leaving gardens and church, we turned off to the left, by the Estrellinha or military hospital, which has some very pleasant grounds for the recreation of convalescent patients who are able to take exercise, and passing many fine houses and palaces of the nobility, we came to the English cemetery and chapel. Near the entrance gates is one of those enchanting views of Lisbon which so often meet the eye as we ascend or descend in the course of a short ramble.

The chapel is a large lofty room or hall, perfectly plain, but neat and clean, and furnished with rows of cane-seated benches. The windows are placed very high on either side, and are partly shaded by the boughs of tall trees that grow near the building. But at this season, going to church is warm and fatiguing work, even for those who live in the neighbourhood. I drove up last Sunday to morning service. There was a fiercely glowing sun; but as I had omitted to bargain with my driver before I set out, I could not succeed in bribing him either to wait for or to fetch me. He said he was engaged in the *cidade baixa*—lower city—not liking, I suppose, to wait two hours in the sun, or to mount the hill again. His conscience allowed him to tell me the fib that carriages might be hired close by. However, I was in some degree consoled as I sauntered back on foot, at finding that several others of the small congregation had to undergo the same penance as myself.

The chapel seemed to be tolerably well ventilated, and the temperature was by no means overpoweringly hot; yet there was a certain dozy warmth in the air which pressed heavily on the eyelids. And this, as the seats have comfortable backs, would not have been unpleasant, had it been allowable to give way to the dreamy obliviousness of surrounding objects that ever and anon stole over the senses. But as this might not be, many had to adjust and re-adjust themselves in their seats, straighten their backs, and determinedly hold up their heads. There seemed to be a willing spirit in all to resist the insidious attacks of Somnus; but, under the circumstances, if the flesh proved weak and a few succumbed, it was not to be wondered at, and I trust they were pardoned. As for myself, to keep my eyelids from closing I kept open my ears, and listened to the warbling notes of the birds, many of which were enjoying the cool shade of the branches that a light breeze waved to and fro near the windows, and where they were caroling forth *their* morning service in the sweetest of little ditties and joyous trills.

The cemetery surrounding the chapel is generally known as "Os Cyprestes," from the number and magnitude of its cypresses. It would be a gloomy place, indeed, were not the solemn aspect of those tall dark trees relieved by the groups of flowers and plants which grow beneath and twine around them, and by the fine geranium bushes, the bright blossoms of which, by contrast, seem to bid the mourners who visit these graves to "sorrow not, as those without hope."

Some years ago I was returning from this chapel, accompanied by a little girl of ten years. It was at a different season, the month of February, and the walk, which is downhill all the way to the Rua do Alecrim, was then pleasant. It was also the Sunday before Lent, and the first of the three days called here the *dias da intruda*, when the follies of the Carnival are at their wildest height. Unmindful of this, we were quietly pursuing our way home when, at the first house we came to, there descended upon us from the balcony, like a cloud of butterflies, a handful of the petals of flowers. From another a shower of small sugar-plums rattled down on our heads; and further on we found less refinement in the missiles, for dried peas and beans were poured thickly upon us. We quickened our pace, but at every window and balcony people were on the look-out for the purpose of pelting passers-by. They threw rice, salt, flour; and sometimes from the upper stories a stream of water, as if from a watering-pot, came trickling down.

My little companion began to cry, and I was myself much alarmed, for there were many masks about, though they did not speak to us. We peeped into several small houses; but everywhere there were either dominos, or ridiculously-dressed masks, prepared rather to enjoy the fun of our fright than to offer us shelter. No carriages were to be seen, except those conveying a motley set to the more frequented parts of the city, and we poor persecuted, frightened creatures had yet a long way to go. Our only hope of rescue from the sad predicament we were in was the chance that a servant



would be sent from home to meet us on the road. However, none appeared, and matters seemed to be growing worse, when an *undisguised* gentleman who had seen our distress came from one of the doorways, and offered us shelter until a carriage could be found; and his servant, he said, should go in quest of one. Meanwhile he introduced us to two very sympathizing ladies—his mother and his wife.

Twice the servant returned with the unwelcome report that no carriage was to be had, some of the owners not caring to let their vehicles go out at all, except with a party of masks and at a high charge. A third time the servant was despatched. He returned with a message from a man who was willing to take us home for a specified sum—about three times the usual fare, and this offer was gladly accepted. Soon the lumbering turn-out rolled up to the door; for the old *seges*, with the shaggy mules and rough-riding postillions, were not then abolished. Our kind protector helped me to scramble up, and lifted the little girl in. The heavy leathern curtains were securely closed, and off we clattered, on all sides vigorously pelted as we drove along; whilst the postilion cracked and flourished his whip to scatter the masks, who sometimes attempted to stop the carriage, or to climb up at the sides to peep in at us through the round glazed holes in the curtains.

When we reached home we found our friends in some anxiety about us, and heard that a servant, whom we must have passed on the road, had been sent to see us safely back. I reminded de F. of this little



carnival adventure—whence our acquaintance dated; for it was he who rescued us from the importunity of the masks.

Lisbon was just lighted up, as we came out by the Rua do Moinho do Vento, and passed by the Passeio de Alcantara and Jardim de St. Roque. I proposed that we should drive down the Chiado, for the streets were bright with gas, and the shops lighted up looked remarkably gay. Promenaders were numerous; all the world seemed to be abroad, except here and there a veiled *senhora*, fan in hand, leaning over a balcony—probably on the look-out for the passing by of her *namorado*. The breezy evening had dispelled all the languor of the warm morning; animation had taken its place, and the lamps of the many carriages that were everywhere flitting about added to the general liveliness and busy *mouvement* of the scene. Some of the carriages were filled with very gaily-dressed ladies, others with gentlemen only—an arrangement I often remark, but do not quite understand or approve of. It reminds one of the old Portuguese custom of the *senhoras* huddling together on one side of a room, and the *cavalheiros* on the other. But most of the occupants of the carriages were going to some one of the public gardens to hear the military bands, when, no doubt, a more natural and sensible distribution of the sexes would take place.

After passing down the Chiado we made the tour of the Rocio, which looks bright and pleasant at night, with its shops, and its numerous gaslights twinkling through the fluttering foliage of the trees. As we

passed the end of the Rua do Ouro, it occurred to me that we might inquire there the result of our investments in the lotteries. Marvellous to relate, de F. has gained five *mil-reis*, 1*l.* 2*s.* 3*d.*, for his *cruzado*, 1*s.* 10*d.* As for my numbers, "*Branços ! todos brancos !*" was the answer. Well, well, I will woo Fortune no more. This is not the first time I have paid my *devoirs* to her in the same manner, and she has never yet smiled on me. Farewell, then, fickle goddess, farewell !

We returned up the gay Chiado and were set down at the Gremio, the gardens of which the Spanish ladies have of late much frequented, and whither they lead it is now the fashion to follow. There were several there last night. Most of them lively and flirty ; a few might be called pretty, and one or two really *spirituelle*. But in abandoning their own becoming costume for the extravagant style of dress designed in Paris—by no means for Frenchwomen of good taste, but to suit American whims, and for exportation—the Spanish ladies lose that indefinable charm which the flowing silk robe and the graceful mantilla impart, even to an ordinary face and form, and which harmonize so well with the fan they so coquettishly and dexterously wield.

A few Portuguese ladies were also at the Gremio, but, as a rule, their presence makes itself less felt than that of their Spanish sisters. They have not the *prestige* of beauty which makes the Spanish women so vain, and do not seem to expect the homage which the others apparently look for as their right. Yet there are some charmingly pretty faces amongst the Portuguese *me-*

*ninas*, and their figures, generally, are *svelte* and elegant; though, like the Spanish women, as they grow older they often become enormously stout. This may be owing to their confining themselves so much to the house, indulging in the easiest of *déshabilles*, and allowing a lounge in the balcony to do duty for out-door exercise. But their habits in this respect have of late years undergone a great change, and the ladies of the younger generation are, in looks, education, and manners, in no way behind those of Spain. Indeed, as regards manners, they are distinguished by a suavity and courteousness which form a pleasant contrast to the *brusquerie*, not unfrequently amounting to rudeness, observable at times in the Spanish ladies, and especially when they fail to monopolize the attentions of all mankind present. I was much amused to see they did not succeed in doing so last night, in spite of their coquettish airs and graces, and the feathers, flowers, and streamers of their *Rabagas* bonnets—poor, very poor substitutes for the elegance, piquancy, and mystic grace of the Spanish veil.

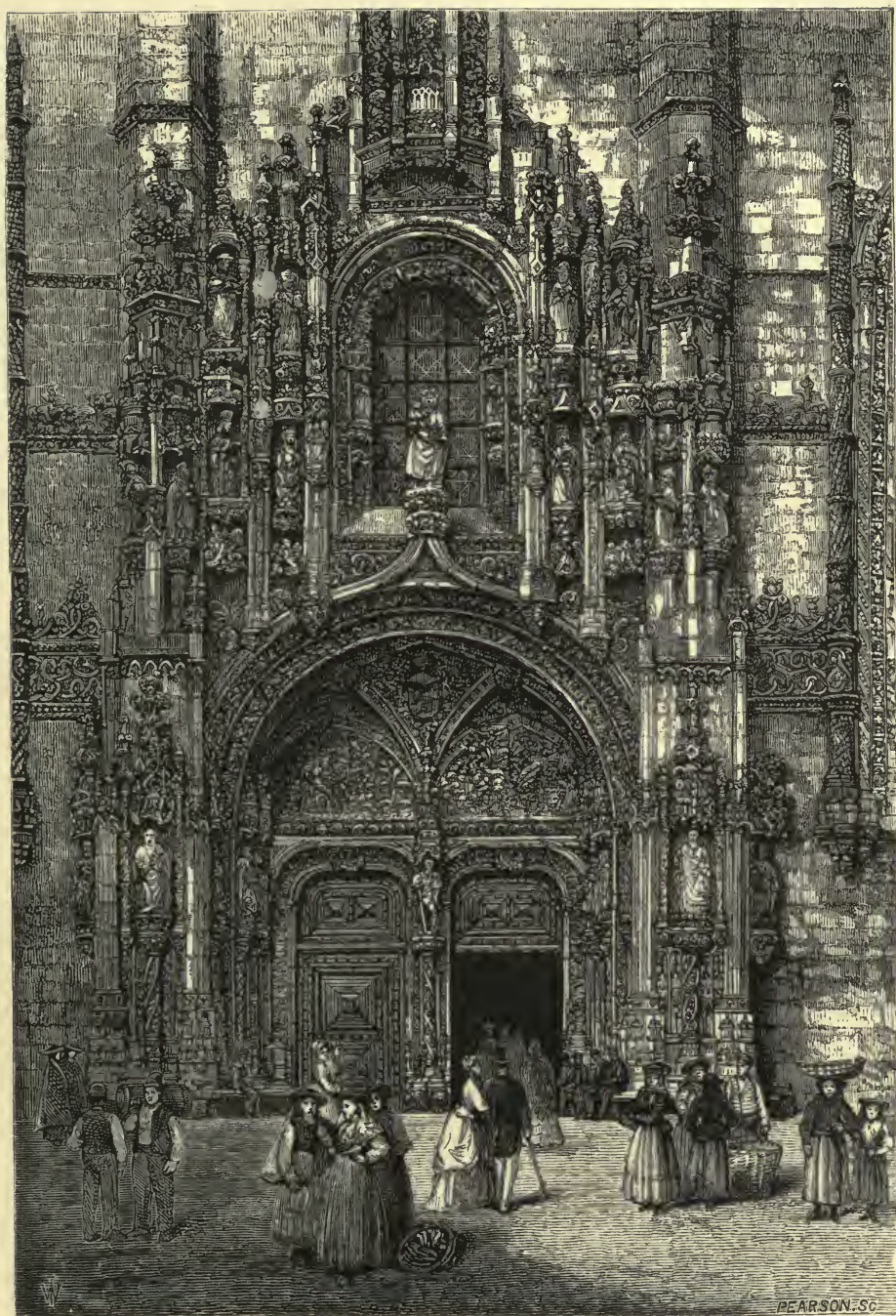
## CHAPTER XI.

### A CHAPEL AND A BULL FIGHT.

I SUGGESTED this morning to the companion of my walk—an intelligent youth of fifteen—that we should go up to the church of St. Roque, and see the famous chapel erected there by Dom João V., and dedicated to his patron saint. This suggestion was greatly approved by my young friend, who, though living in Lisbon, had as yet only heard of the marvellous beauty of this far-famed chapel. For as it is open to the public only on certain days, the opportunities of seeing it, without a special visit, are rare.

I had seen it myself years ago; and even again lately, but with a party of ladies who had prevailed on me, against my will, to accompany them, and who, as is woman's wont, had chattered so distractingly that the faded impressions my memory retained of this beautiful chapel were rather dimmed than revived by the visit. In the enthusiasm of their admiration, they called upon me to turn this way and that way, and to look not only at what was before me, but behind, and above, and below all at once: so that I felt as if twirling round in a whirlpool of columns and carvings, and gildings, and pictures, and candles, of which it was im-





PRINCIPAL PORCH OF THE CHURCH OF "OS JERONYMOS," OR SANTA MARIA DE BELEM. P. 391.



possible to distinguish where one ended or the other began. Even the sacristan himself stood mute and confused ; overwhelmed by a torrent of questions poured upon him in execrable French, which these ladies—unable to express themselves in Portuguese—thought the poor man could not fail to understand. He had with him a packet of printed papers, containing, in various languages, some information respecting the chapel. It is customary to give one of these papers to each visitor ; but not being able to discover of what nation or tongue these voluble ladies were, he turned inquiringly to me, and said, “ *Senhoras Allemãs ?* ”—German ladies—I shook my head, when, in despair he thrust the whole packet into their hands, saying, in Portuguese, “ Ladies, search for yourselves. Is your language there ? ”

A party of wandering, unprotected females is always a *triste* and humiliating spectacle ; whether composed of strong-minded spinsters bent on improving their minds, dauntless and unshrinking before difficulties that affright the less resolute, and who, unencumbered with luggage, and arrayed in battered hats and soiled waterproofs, are wholly independent of the creature man ; or, of the weaker purposeless sisterhood, travelling only for what they call pleasure—each leaning on the other, like so many broken reeds, yet seeming ever to be in each other’s way.

If one must travel, and can neither command the congenial companionship of a husband, son, brother or nephew, nor afford to pay for the services of a clever courier and maid, it is far better to set out alone.



I have always found, even in this country, where it rarely occurs that a lady takes a journey without due protection, that much more courtesy and attention are shown to the lone traveller than to the wandering females who go forth in twos, threes, and fours. They are naturally supposed to afford each other that aid and support which the solitary one, as naturally, seems to claim from the kindness of those with whom for the time she is associated. However, the ladies to whom I have referred were not a female exploring party in Portugal, but were on their way to join relatives in South America, and had landed only for a few hours, "to see all that is to be seen in Lisbon;" as many people fancy they can do in that short space of time.

Imagine that during this digression we have ascended our hilly street, and have reached St. Roque. Adjoining it is the Santa Casa da Misericordia, where we are told we must seek out an old man with white hair, whose business it is to obtain permission for the chapel to be opened.

At this Santa Casa foundlings are received, and the aged poor of both sexes get relief from the funds derived from the lotteries. There is a crowd of people waiting downstairs for a supply, I believe, of lottery tickets; those bought at this Holy House being supposed to have luckier chances than even those sold by the blind man. A number of decrepit old women, in cloaks and kerchiefs, are ascending and descending the broad stone staircase. Above are many more aged folks, apparently waiting for alms, and at the end of a long wide corridor there is not only one



white-haired man, but three or four; sitting, pen in hand, at a large writing-table. What with the gambling business below stairs, and that of charity above, the Santa Casa seems to be a very busy place.

Having given a satisfactory reply to the question whether we were aware that for opening the chapel expressly for us a fee would be required, we go off as directed to the church, where two portly individuals, one bearing the keys the other the packet of papers, make their appearance from a curtained recess communicating with the Santa Casa.

From description, at least, probably, most persons know all that can be told of the splendour of the chapel of Sao João o Baptista. It is indeed a priceless gem; the costly whim of the builder of the stately Mafra, Dom João V.—the most extravagant of Portuguese sovereigns. To distinguish him from others of the same name, he is often styled “The Magnificent, the Magnanimous, and the *Rei edificador*,” or the builder king.

I have made many inquiries for a photograph of the chapel, but not one is to be had. Rocchini, the best photographer in Lisbon, or more correctly speaking, in all Portugal, is anxious to take it, but cannot get permission to do so. It is supposed that visitors who now pay a fee to see the chapel, would buy a photograph instead, and that the church would thus lose the benefit of the privilege it enjoys of making a show-place of it. But this surely is a mistaken notion; for what photograph could convey an idea of the great beauty of the deep-blue *lapis-lazuli* of which the eight elegant columns of the chapel are composed; of the exquisite

colour of the *verd-antique* of the altar; the artistic interlaying of amethyst, carnelian and Egyptian alabaster; the steps of porphyry, and the mosaic floor of jasper, ancient jaul, granite and Roman marble?

The sculptured panels of Carrara marble, on the ceiling, are of the most delicate and finished workmanship; but chiefest amidst the wondrous treasures of art which this little *bijou* chapel contains, are its three celebrated mosaic pictures—the “Baptism of Christ,” after Michael Angelo; the “Annunciation,” after Guido; and the “Descent of the Holy Ghost,” after Raphael Urbino. For fifteen years the ablest artists of Italy were employed on them, and each picture is an acknowledged *chef-d’œuvre*—smooth as the finest painting, and with the same harmonious blending of tints and perfection of lights and shadows. If, where all are so excellent, a preference may be given, perhaps the altarpiece, the Baptism, should have it; though the angelic expression of the Virgin, in the Annunciation, makes that picture the most attractive to some persons. In the centre of the mosaic floor is the representation of a globe, which the men who show the chapel tell us is intended to indicate that “the world possesses nothing more famous than the above-named mosaic pictures.”

The pendent lamps and massive candelabra are of silver gilt, most elaborately ornamented—the latter are between six and seven feet in height. The chapel was entirely constructed at Rome; and that it might be consecrated by the Pope, Benedict XIV., it was temporarily set up in St. Peter’s, and His Holiness said the first Mass in it, for which, it is averred, Dom

João sent him 200,000 *cruzados*—about 10,000*l.* The entire cost of the chapel is said to have exceeded a million sterling. It was erected in the church of St. Roque in 1746, nine years before the great earthquake. It seems almost marvellous that St. Roque with its famed chapel should have so entirely escaped the destruction that fell on all around it, and on its mightier neighbour, the splendid church of the Carmo, at the terrible visitation of 1755. Nor is it less extraordinary that no spoiler's hand, either to rob or to mutilate, was laid on the treasures of the chapel while the French held possession of Lisbon. It is said, and perhaps truly, that Junot was so struck by the beauty of the *tout-ensemble* that he determined, when time and opportunity should offer, to transport the chapel and its precious possessions to France. Fortunately, leisure for the work was never afforded him.

To pay a visit to the chapel of Sao João was not the chief object of our early walk. We had accomplished that before entering St. Roque, it being nothing less important than to secure, if possible, good places for the bull-fight in the afternoon. The bull-fight, both professional and amateur, is just now the most popular amusement with all classes. It is, in fact, the height of the bull-fighting season; and the hotter the weather the better the entertainment may be expected to be, as the bulls are then wilder and more excitable.

A number of *fidalgos curiosos*—gentlemen bull-fighters—were lately invited to Oporto to display their prowess there, and they seem to have won “golden



opinions" in the "*leal e invicta cidade*"—the loyal and unconquered city, as its inhabitants delight to call it. For this especial occasion, the *senhoras* who accompanied the bold heroes of the hour, actually sent for their dresses to the celebrated Parisian *atelier* of that great *man of fashion*, M. Worth. For those who were not so fortunate as to be favoured with a sight of them, a full description of these "*merveilles* of Parisian taste and elegance" was sent to the Lisbon newspapers—even to the width and number of the "*volants et rouleaux, length of queue,*" &c. &c.

The party made the journey in two "splendid" saloon cars; and several carriages and four, the horses decorated with ribands, awaited their arrival at the terminus, where a brilliant reception was given them. The streets and squares through which the procession of *distinctos curiosos*—distinguished amateurs—was to pass were dressed out with flags and garlands. The *praça*, or bull-fighting ring, was ornamented in a style worthy, it was said, of the aristocratic performers and spectators. The bulls were pronounced to be magnificent animals; and no doubt they behaved as it behoved them to do when contending against "*cavalheiros de alta jerequia*"—knights of high degree.

An eye-witness wrote to me that "the bulls showed much gentlemanlike forbearance; the *cavalheiros* much skill and dexterity in flying from the slightest appearance of danger; not a scratch was inflicted on either side; the bulls made their exit crowned with laurels; the *cavalheiros*, bearing a clothes-basket full of branches of flowers, pocket-handkerchiefs, and other missiles



which excited ladies had showered upon them, and the entertainment concluded with tumultuous applause.

“After the fight there was a grand dinner—I send you the *menu*—after the dinner a ball, at which Lisbon and Porto danced together till long after daylight. The next day there was a procession of carriages and four to take leave of the *Portuense*, and at night we returned in the state saloon cars. The *senhoras* looked fearfully haggard as we got into Lisbon in the bright morning sunlight. At the station a crowd had assembled to greet us. They felt, I suppose, that the glory acquired by their illustrious fellow-citizens shed a pale gleam even upon them, and as the carriages of the brave ‘*fidalgo* bull-fighters’ drove off, the air resounded with loud *vivas*, hearty and prolonged.”

By this account you may perceive that bull-fighting is practised here as an aristocratic pastime; and it is a favourite one with the young men in all parts of the country. Well, it is a less cowardly one, and, according to the Portuguese system, which differs much from the Spanish, less cruel than that of shooting poor pigeons. But an amateur bull-fight is as trying and stupid to witness as is, generally, an amateur play.

During the season, there are bull-fights in Lisbon every Sunday, and occasionally on Thursday. When the Spanish bull-fighters visit the city their exhibitions are usually well attended; but if any celebrity is among them, then the boxes and *cadeiras*, or stalls, as well as every other part of the building, will be crowded, and probably the royal family will not be absent. The Spaniards must, however, conform to the Portuguese

system, which, compared with the Spanish, is what fencing with foils is to a deadly combat with swords. The bulls are never killed; they live to fight again; some of them are quite old campaigners, and, I am told, are supposed rather to like the sport; at all events they seem to have no objection to it when their antagonists are *curiosos*. It is then a mere game of play for them, though now and then, perhaps, rather a rough one.

It was a famous Spanish *matador de Espada*—one who gives the bull the *coup de grâce*—whom we went to see to-day. These bull-fighting stars are generally well known in Lisbon, as in Madrid and other parts of Spain, by some favourite *sobriquet*; and when the men are handsome, or fascinating in manner, they are sure to cause a terrible flutter in the hearts of susceptible *meninas*. Then, what flowers and sighs, ribands and soft glances, poesy and silken sashes, are lavished upon them! And better still, what full boxes, what enthusiastic plaudits they command! From their first appearance in the arena to their final exit is one scene of triumph, which, should evil befall them, might end in an apotheosis—so excited are the feelings of their admirers.

The Praça de Toiros is in the Campo de Sant' Anna, a short distance from the city on the north side. To reach it in time for the beginning of the fray we left home rather early. Carriages were in great request, and the drivers made their own terms for the journey, as they never fail to do on these occasions. However, we drove along at a famous pace, and rattled up the

hill leading to the Campo, side by side with other carriages mostly filled with ladies. A number of people on foot were going in the same direction, and amongst them were several *senhoras*, wearing their Spanish veils.

The Campo, which is a large open space planted round with trees on the top of a steep hill, was thronged with various kinds of vehicles that had already set down the early arrivals. Soldiers were posted at the entrances of the building, and an eager crowd surrounded each little pigeon-hole where tickets were sold for the *sombra* and *sol*—the shady and sunny sides of the amphitheatre. Though large, it is neither an elegant, nor, in appearance, a substantial erection. There is a scratchiness about its ornamentation, and a certain pasteboard flimsiness in the style of its construction that makes one fancy it may tumble to pieces before the performance is ended. But it is far more solid than it looks; and it is pleasant to be assured of this, for it holds, and on most Sundays contains, several thousand people.

Our seats—in the front row of the stalls—to which we had ascended by a very rough ladder-like staircase, were about the best that could have been chosen; being above the reach of a visit from the bulls, and nearer the arena than the boxes, which have the disadvantage of overlooking the performance from too great a height. The king and queen being at Queluz, and Dom Fernando at Cintra, they of course could not be expected to grace the gay scene by their presence. It was therefore the fame alone of the hero of the day that had drawn thither the vast assemblage that quickly filled



every seat in the amphitheatre. What wonder, then, that the *meninas* who had not elsewhere obtained a glimpse of him should be anxious for his appearance. His very *sobriquet*—that of “*El Póllo*,” which is Spanish slang for “a pretty fellow”—was enough to excite curiosity and raise expectation. And besides, it was announced that in this pretty fellow’s contests with the bull, “*maravilhas de habilidade e de atrevimento*”—marvels of skill and daring—might be looked for.

The *rough* part of the spectators had no sooner taken possession of their places than they began to whistle and hoot, and to call for “*El Póllo*,” and refused to be soothed into silence by the “so so” music of a band of blind musicians. Several small rattles were swung round at intervals, and two or three men leaped over the barriers and chased each other round the arena. All this occurred on the shady side; on the other the sun still glowed fiercely, and there was quite an encampment of umbrellas. Two bulls, shut up just underneath us in narrow cells, whence when their turn came they were to make the first rush, were kicking and roaring and making efforts to get out. They had brass shields on the points of their horns to disable them from goring man or horse.

But at length the cause of the delay—the sun—had vanished from the arena; its bright beams resting yet on the motley crowd of men and women on the sunny side; which, on so hot a day, must have been a very trying situation, bespeaking, in those who could so long and patiently endure it, an extraordinary love of the



*toirada*. A flourish of trumpets, announcing that the director of the *corrida* was about to enter the tribune, was also the signal for a call—" *Abaixo os chapeos do sol*,"—down with the umbrellas; and it was readily obeyed.

From a gateway facing the tribune—a projecting box below the royal one—there entered a horseman, bearing a lance, and dressed in a coat of dark green, with deep cuffs and broad lappels. He wore ruffles, frilled shirt and long laced cravat; a three-cornered feathered hat, white breeches, and riding boots to the height of the knee. He was young and good looking, and as, hat in hand, he gracefully ambled his horse round the arena, bowing to the assembled throng, and especially low to the *senhoras*—who were in full force in the *cadeiras* or stalls—his whole appearance was that which a romantic fancy might picture to itself a Paul Clifford's, or other fascinating highwayman of the olden time.

Accompanying this captivating *cavalleiro*, and also making their best bow to the company, were the *Mata-dor de Espada* and six *bandarilheiros* and *capinhos*, who attack the bull on foot. Following them were the *moços de forcado*, who seize the bull in front by the horns, and jump between them upon his head; and lastly came the *andarilhos*—little boys, apparently apprentice bull-fighters, whose office seems to be to scamper about distributing darts, picking up broken ones, or any stray fallen *capas*. From this "*magestoso cortijo*," as the programme termed it, stepped forward a pace or two, the *Espada*, *El Pôllo*—and a remarkably pretty fellow, indeed, he proved to be. He was received with

a shout of applause, a clapping of hands, a springing of rattles, a tossing of hats and caps in the air, a thumping of umbrellas, a beating of floor and seats, a waving of handkerchiefs, and the reiterated *vivas* of the gentler sex. It was a startling, an astounding reception. And then the expressions of admiration from the ladies who were near us, "*O, que cara sympathica!—que elegancia!—que bom gosto!*"—What a sympathetic face! what elegance! what good taste!" &c.—and fans fluttered faster, and bright eyes sparkled more brightly from the excitement.

Our hero wore a tight-fitting dress of violet satin, richly embroidered in silver. A crimson silk scarf was twined round his symmetrical waist; his dark curly locks were covered with a little three-cornered hat with feathered edges; his hair was tied up in a bunch at the back with a black riband, which gave it something of the appearance of a bag-wig. But this appendage, I presume, was about as real as a lady's *chignon*. The six *bandarilheiros* were similarly dressed; but the *moços de forcão* wore loose scarlet stuff jackets, yellow breeches, white stockings, and long hanging green caps. Having made the round of the circus, the whole party withdrew; the band struck up a lively air and the director gave the signal for the entertainment to begin. It was divided into two parts, during which thirteen bulls and four horses were to enter the ring.

The first bull was for the *cavalleiro*. He came cantering in attended by two of the Portuguese *bandarilheiros*, and rode briskly round the arena. The

bolt was withdrawn, and in rushed one of the impatient bulls. He tossed his head defiantly; pawed the ground; but on reaching the centre stood still, and gazed wildly at the throng which surrounded him. He was a very fine animal, one of a special breed of bulls for the ring; and it was said to be the first appearance there of those which took part in the *corrida* of to-day.

Recovering from his first surprise, as the horse ran past, the bull made a sudden rush at him. The poor thing's eyes were bandaged, and he seemed to quiver in every limb as he galloped as if for his life, with the bull in close pursuit. But no harm happened; for just as the bull came up, with his head lowered to inflict such injury as he could, the *cavalleiro* very adroitly plunged his dart into the back of the animal's neck, and he turned aside with a roar. This feat elicited immense applause.

The bull could not be incited to a fresh attack on the horse, but turned his attention to the *bandarilheiros*, who nimbly leaped the *trincheira* or barrier, when hard pressed by his pursuit of them, or checked his rush by casting their *capas* in his face and striking their short barbed darts into his back. These darts are decorated with frilled paper and ribands, and before the bull is weary of the sport and the director gives the signal for his departure, he will have eight or ten of them hanging from his neck like an ornamented mane. A group of *homens de forcada* then enter, hooting and throwing up their arms to attract the bull. Generally, he looks round bewildered on this blazing array of scarlet and yellow, and makes a plunge at the man who stands at a short distance from him, bending forward with his



hands on his knees, and staring the animal in the face. If quick and clever, as the bull lowers his head the man springs between the horns and holds on, resisting all attempts to toss him, while the rest, sometimes ten or more of them, jump on the bull's sides, hold him down by the tail, and fairly overpower him while their companion releases himself. But on this occasion, the first man that strove to take the bull by the horns was thrown flat on the ground. He jumped up and, encouraged by sympathetic plaudits, again essayed to mount the animal's head, and again was thrown off with great violence. Whether he was seriously hurt or not, I cannot say, but he lay on the ground prostrate and motionless, until carried from the circus by his companions. When the spectators are satisfied with the performance of the *moços de forcado*, a plentiful shower of copper and silver coin descends upon them, which one of their number collects in his long green cap.

After this, at the sound of a bell, a door is opened, and in trot half a dozen very tame-looking oxen, each with a jingling bell at his neck. A man drives them once or twice round the circus; the bull joins this peaceable party and they all make their exit together.

But now and then it happens that the bull cannot so easily be got off the stage. He declines to fraternise with his tame brethren. And he is then pursued with poles, a door of escape being left open for him, but of which he rarely avails himself; preferring to turn on his pursuers, whom he sends scampering in all directions. The *lasso*, which is always at hand, is then

brought forth, and is sometimes very skilfully thrown, and the brave bull which scorned to fly is with some trouble dragged from the arena.

Until the sixth bull was disposed of, these and similar manœuvres were repeated by the horsemen, *bandarilheiros* and *capinhos*, with slight variations—such as a few awkward tumbles; and some very narrow escapes, when a bull more wild, wicked and active than others appeared; leaping the first barrier, and attempting the second; thus causing great commotion amongst the occupants of the lower seats. On this occasion the determined attempt of a bull to plunge in among the spectators, so alarmed a party of Spanish ladies who, having failed to secure tickets beforehand, could obtain no better places, that two of them fainted, and a considerable time elapsed before the elder one could be restored to consciousness.

The seventh bull—the last in the first part of the programme and one of the wildest of the set—was reserved for *El Pólo*. He had not yet appeared in the arena. When he did show himself, “alone in his glory,” what pen could describe that thrilling cry of mingled admiration and greeting which, on the instant, as with one voice, went forth from thousands of tongues! When he doffed his little jaunty feathered hat, shook back his curly locks, pressed his hand on his heart, heaved a soft sigh, and, as he bowed himself towards the earth, told the *senhoras*, in speaking glances, of his unutterable gratitude, did it not seem to us all that not merely *El Pólo*, but the divine Adonis himself, stood before us? For my own part, I trust

that this pleasing illusion which haunts my fancy may never be dispelled by the sight of the be-silvered and be-satined god-like hero, arrayed in the coat, trousers, and hideous hat in which ordinary mortals delight to deck themselves.

The director of the Praça, though himself, perhaps, not so much moved by the affecting scene as he ought to have been, was yet sufficiently considerate of the feelings of others to order the blind musicians to go on with the air which had been broken off on the entrance of *El Pôllo*. During its continuance the idol and his devotees regained their composure.

A bell now rings. A low chair is brought in and placed in the arena, just opposite to us, but further back than the centre, to allow the bull a longer space for his rush. *El Pôllo* takes his seat, and his *bandarilheiros*—one of them his brother, and remarkably like him—hand him a pair of barbed darts, while his *capinho* throws a little crimson silk cloak over his shoulder.

This pretty fellow is so clever, surely he can be in no danger; yet I hear a tremulous whisper behind me—"Santa Anna, protect him!" Could the prayer be heard, a solemn Amen would resound throughout the building.—The bull has become dreadfully restless in his narrow cell. But the door is opening,—now for the rush! Actually, the creature only thrusts forth his head and glares threateningly on the multitude. Ah!—now his eye falls on the brilliant *Pôllo*; and he seems enraged at the sight, for he roars most unmusically, lashes his tail, and, lowering



his head, rushes madly towards him. Santa Anna! what a thrill runs through every nerve! With lightning speed *El Póllo* steps aside, plunges his darts in the animal's neck, and with a bound leaps the *trincheira*; whilst the enraged bull tosses high in the air the chair which the *matador* had but the moment before risen from!

It was indeed a wonderfully clever feat, requiring unflinching nerve, unerring precision, quickness of eye, and activity of body to accomplish.

A little blood trickled down one side of the bull's neck. But though these barbed darts inflict no deep or serious wounds—and some healing remedy is always applied to them as soon as the animals leave the battle-field—yet doubtless they are painful at the moment. And this bull, whether from pain or rage, tore up the earth and roared terribly.

But once more *El Póllo* leaps into the arena and rushes across it. The bull eagerly pursues him; but he turns suddenly round, throws a cloak in the animal's face, and plunges a pair of darts in his neck. The cloak is torn savagely to shreds. The bull raises his head; his antagonist stands firmly before him, and he, staggered as it were at being thus boldly confronted, retreats. *El Póllo* steps slowly backward, the bull again advances, and thus, step by step, and brandishing his small *capa* from hand to hand to baffle the bull's attempts at attack, he leads him the entire round of the arena. He comes to a sudden stop, and his hand is on the *trincheira*, but he does not leap it. He and the bull are looking steadily at each other, and the latter,

after a few seconds of earnest gaze into the unflinching eyes that are upon him, turns round and ignominiously trots off. In theatrical phrase, this "brought down the house." It reminded me of Rarey, whom I once saw subdue a savage horse.

As soon as *El Póllo* disappeared the courage of the bull revived; and seeing no enemy near, he leaped the *trincieirs* in search of one. This brought the whole of the bull-fighting corps quickly into the arena; and when the animal, having scampered round and made all fly before him, reappeared through an opened door, they all as quickly leaped back again; creating a scene of great confusion. But the *neto*, whose business it is to interfere when the director seems too prudent, or the combatants too rash, summoned in the herd of tame cattle, which the bull eagerly joined and led the way out.

Then came *El Póllo's* reward. A shower of *bombons* and flowers rained thick and fast upon him, and a torrent of gloves, fans, veils and pocket-handkerchiefs. A deluge of hats and caps and cigars poured down from the men, and he was almost annihilated by an *avalanche* of coats, cravats and waistcoats. Such enthusiasm is catching; and, having nothing more worthy of him to bestow, I aimed my fan at his head. Luckily, it fell at his feet just as, *péntré d'émotion*, he had bowed himself nearly to the earth. So that it fell most conveniently for him to pick up. He stuck it in his girdle, in the place of honour on his left side, and pressing it closely to him, disappeared.

There was an interval of ten minutes between the

first and second parts, during which I remarked that many very young children were present, both boys and girls, of from five to twelve years of age. They seemed to enjoy the sport greatly; but one little urchin seated near us, and not more than six years of age, kept up a whining complaint that the bulls were not savage enough: "*meu pai; os toiros não são bravos.*"

Of the second part of the spectacle I shall relate but one feat, and that only because it is considered a most rare and distinguished one; for I fear that reading about a bull-fight does not kindle enthusiasm like witnessing it. Besides, the account of a Portuguese *toirada* must necessarily be tame in comparison with that of a Spanish one. There is nothing shudderingly effective in it; nothing, as the phrase is, to "make the blood run cold" at the horrid details of the dying agonies of slaughtered animals. Bull-fighting, as practised here, even by Spanish bull-fighters, is a mere exhibition of great skill and daring, *adresse* and dexterity. There is just a *souppçon* of danger, which so far excites the spectators that every movement of the performers is followed with anxious interest. And if, by the plunging of a dart by a vigorous and sure hand, a thimbleful of blood is now and then shed, no more injury or pain to the bull results from it—indeed, often less—than is caused by a spur to the sides of a horse.

The feat I have referred to excited the utmost admiration and enthusiasm, and is said to be quite a new episode in the annals of Tauromachy. *El Póllo* had again exhibited in an encounter with a bull that



*audace* and *sang-froid* for which he is famed, and had received another ovation, when it became the turn of the first-named *cavalleiro* to display once more his prowess in the arena. The eyes of the horse he rode on this occasion were not bandaged. It was a pretty, graceful animal, and pranced and curveted as if rather pleased than frightened at the contest before him. The bull had been most noisy and obstreperous before he was let out, and unlike the others, which seemed rather to avoid the horse, this bull attacked him as soon as he entered. Twice he had been turned aside by the *cavalleiro's* *farpas*, or lances. But he was a wily, cunning creature, and appeared to watch an opportunity of driving horse and rider against the *trincheira*, when injury might have resulted to both.

I really believe that the bull, as he stood eyeing them askance, was measuring accurately the distance between them; for with a sudden and tremendous rush he darted across the arena. That he would stop them ere they could pass seemed inevitable. But contact was avoided, and the bull foiled by the horse easily and gracefully leaping over him. And the *cavalleiro* not only did not swerve in his seat, but contrived as he passed to plant another *farpa* in his antagonist's neck! You must imagine the plaudits. They had not nearly subsided when we left; and it would have been a great offence to show any impatience to leave, or desire to turn one's back on them. But there was little to follow, and that, after such a feat, could possess very scant interest.

The open sky above us was glowing with the golden

gleams of sunset—the hour at which these entertainments usually conclude; so, to avoid the crowd, we made our way out.

The Campo de Sant' Anna was thronged. Far more so than when we came up the other day to the weekly "*feira da ladra*," or thief's fair. The English call it "rag fair," and it deserves that name. It used once to be held in the Campo on the first Tuesday in every month, and it was a sort of lounge, which most persons made a point of sauntering up to. You were sure to meet some of your friends wandering amidst the collections of rubbish displayed there. But the glory of the thief's fair, like that of many better institutions, is departed. Little beside rags and rubbish can now be found in it. Formerly, curious old books, valuable pictures, precious old lace, ivory carvings, rare antique plate, priceless china, and other similar treasures might be picked out from the heaps of old iron, old shoes, old clothes, old odds and ends of all sorts.

We secured the same equipage we came up in, to the great satisfaction of the driver; for by means of furious driving he was able to get back again in time for another fare. So we rolled down the steep hills at full speed, in the reckless way that is usual here, and fortunately arrived at the bottom of the Rua do Alecrim without having sustained any damage to life or limb.

Be not shocked at my bull-fighting propensities; for as "*l'appétit vient en mangeant*," so, I think, that were the *toirada* to be repeated to-morrow, my young companion and I should be found in the Praça de Sant'

Anna, in the front row of *cadeiras*. We certainly shall, if *El Pôllo* appears there again. But report says "his soul is grieved," that engagements elsewhere for the present deprive him of the happiness of obeying the wishes, so graciously conveyed to him, of the "enchanted *senhoras*" of Lisbon. *Veremos!*



## CHAPTER XII.

### THE FESTAS OF THE 23RD AND 24TH OF JULY.

FOR the last two days—23rd and 24th of July—we have been *fêting* the downfall of tyranny, in the expulsion of Dom Miguel in 1833, and the restoration of liberty, in the proclamation of Queen Donna Maria Segunda and the *Carta Constitucional*. In consequence of what is now going on in Spain, and of the rumours afloat that efforts are secretly making to induce the Portuguese to throw off their allegiance to their sovereign and make common cause with the *Internacionalistas*, more *éclat* than usual has been given to the celebration of this anniversary.

On the morning of the 23rd there was a Mass at the Martyres—the Cardinal Patriarch of Lisbon officiating—for the repose of the souls of the “*heroes de liberdade*” who fell in the expedition of 1833. Under the command of the Marshal Conde de Villa Flor, afterwards Duque da Terceira, they put to flight the troops of Dom Miguel at Cacilhas and Almada, and on the following day crossed the Tagus and took possession of Lisbon, amidst the acclamations of the people; to whom their entry brought release from the oppression and cruelty they had groaned under during the usurpation of the tyrant Miguel.

The church of the Martyres is by no means large, and afforded scarcely standing room for the crowd packed in it. Those who went early to get a place near the altar were so wedged in that they were nearly stifled, and on the point of becoming martyrs in a struggle for liberty themselves. The Mass lasted full two hours, and, apart from the bodily discomfort which made the solemn service a severe penance to not a few, was fairly impressive.

Outside, a throng that had in vain attempted to enter the church was waiting to see the many distinguished men, military, political, and literary, who had attended the Mass, and who were to proceed thence to S. Vicente de Fóra—the magnificent church founded by the conqueror of the Moors, Dom Alfonso Henriques, and dedicated to the memory of those who had fallen whilst fighting with him for the deliverance of their country.

The Duque da Terceira is buried at S. Vicente; and it was his tomb which the Duque de Loulé, the Marquez de Sà da Bandeira, and several other nobles and eminent men, were about to visit, for the purpose of placing on it a crown of "*immortelles*" and delivering an oration. After speaking of the patriotic sentiments that had ever guided the late Duque's conduct, the orator, in energetic words and solemn manner, declared that "such are the sentiments that now animate the Portuguese nation. His countrymen would unite," he said, "as one family, to resist any interference with their liberty, any attempt to undo the glorious work they had fought and bled to

accomplish, and were resolutely resolved to defend and maintain."

*Vivas à liberdade* then echoed through the vaults, and resounded amidst the tombs of the kings. It seemed a strange cry to raise in the abode of the dead. They tell us it denoted the alliance that exists between the principles of the old Portuguese monarchy and the liberal democracy of the present form of government as established by the *Carta Constitucional*. But the possible result of the Carlist movement, and the effect its success might have in raising the hopes of the small yet still existing Miguelite party, as well as the known presence, in Lisbon and other cities, of many of the Spanish Internationalists, cause a significance to be given to every word and every act of public men which would not, in ordinary times, be attributed to them. And it is asserted that the government desire thus to make it well understood that they will be found fully prepared and thoroughly determined to crush every attempt, whether it arise from within or without, to disturb the peace of the country.

The Portuguese, generally, are most determinedly opposed to the very idea of the union, which it is sometimes suggested would be an advantageous arrangement for both countries. "*Nunca! nunca!*"—never, never!—they cry out, whenever it is even hinted at. They are an independent kingdom, they say, and will never consent to become a province of Spain—even should it be proposed to receive their own king with them. And as for any hostile attempt on the part of Spain to incorporate Portugal, they exclaim, "*Perse-*



*guidos podêmos ser, vencidos, nunca !*”—persecuted we may be, conquered, never. “At the great battle of Aljubarota, the Spanish yoke was thrown off for ever.”

Setubal, Almada, Cacilhas, and other parts of the Alemtejo—the route by which the Duque and his troops, after landing in Algarve, travelled on to victory—held their preliminary *festas* on the 23rd, and the steamers, which run every half hour between Lisbon and Cacilhas, carried over an immense number of persons to witness them. The little vessels were decorated with flags from stem to stern, and to enliven their passengers during the ten minutes’ voyage, there had been engaged for the day a most distractingly noisy band. They celebrated, also, their departure and arrival by the discharge of a volley of *foguetes*—rockets. *Foguetes* play always a principal part in Portuguese *festas*. All day long they may be heard; though in the bright sunlight not a vestige of them can be seen. We heard in Lisbon those of Cacilhas, and at night they were let off there by hundreds at a time, which, with the illumination of the little town, had a pretty effect seen from the river-side.

In Lisbon the 23rd was a day of busy preparation for duly celebrating the crowning event of the Duque da Terceira’s expedition; for the taking of Lisbon not only put an end to the twelve months’ siege Oporto had sustained, but led to the speedy emancipation of the whole of Portugal from the iron rule of her oppressor. On the 24th Dom Pedro IV. is the especial hero of the day; on the 23rd the Marshal Duque da Terceira—the faithful friend of the soldier-king, and of his daughter,

poor Donna Maria Segunda. It may be said of him, that though many sworn friends proved faithless to her, he was faithful even unto death.

It is related that when oppressed by age and sickness, and his last hour near at hand, his confessor, at his own request, was sent for. To serve the ends of some miserable political intrigue, it was contrived that a priest in the interest of Dom Miguel should be substituted for the expected one. This man, on approaching the bedside, began by exhorting the dying veteran, in the name of God, before whom he was about to appear, to repent and seek forgiveness of the sin he had been guilty of in so often drawing his sword in defence of an unrighteous cause, and against his legitimate sovereign, the rightful king of Portugal—the illustrious Dom Miguel de Bragança.

The failing spark of life seemed to rekindle as the old *maréchal* listened to these hateful words. The closed eyes opened, and, with an expression of the utmost scorn, were fixed upon the priest. A momentary gleam of the energy that had ever characterized him returned, and he stretched out his hand and rang a bell that was near him. The chamber door was instantly opened. The Duque imperatively waved his hand towards it, and the priest left him. He then fell back on his pillow exhausted, and a few minutes afterwards life was extinct.

The pleasure-seekers, returning between twelve and one in the morning from the *festas* at Cacilhas, arrived

on this side the Tagus just in time for the beginning of the Lisbon rejoicings. For "the witching hour of night" had not long passed, and quiet folks had but just dropped comfortably into their first sleep, when a startling sound, that must have roused the drowsiest sleeper whose head then lay upon a pillow, awakened me. "Is it an earthquake? another house on fire? or are the Spaniards bombarding Lisbon?" I exclaimed in my fright. Hastily I left my bed, rushed to the balcony, and there beheld, ascending and descending, flying this way and that way, crossing each other at right angles, and wheeling about in every direction, hundreds and thousands of *foguetes*. The air was full of them. It seemed as though all the stars in the heavens were falling. And as if this grand explosion of joy were not in itself noisily glad enough to usher in the auspicious day, there clanged forth from every church-tower in Lisbon, "ding-dong, dingle-dong — ding-dong, dingle-dong," with which sounds were mingled the vociferous *vivas à liberdade* and other uproarious demonstrations of the delight of the people, who in parties of twenty or more were parading the streets.

What thought the intriguing Spaniards now amongst us of this burst of loyalty and liberty? Surely, as they turned in their beds, they gnashed their teeth, and growled an anathema on these freedom-loving Portuguese, their *Carta*, and their *Constituição*.

These preliminary rejoicings lasted upwards of an hour. There was then a short lull—even silence for some minutes; during which many besides myself doubtless composed themselves for another nap. But it was not



to be; for daybreak was nigh, and suddenly there thundered forth from the Castello de S. Jorge a *salva* of twenty-one guns, to which an answer came booming up the river from the corvette *Bartolomeo Dias*. This was also the signal for firing off simultaneously, but at different parts of the city, ten *girandolas de foguetes* of a thousand rockets each. You would have thought a powder magazine had exploded. As the rockets flew upwards, several military and other bands, which were stationed at the points where these *girandolas* were let off, struck up the constitutional hymn. Every loyal Portuguese, of course, sang it, or made his best and loudest efforts to do so; while at the same time the *carillons* of Lisbon also pealed forth the song of liberty.

The effect of the sudden bursting forth of this combination of sounds was as overwhelming as a Wagner overture. It occurred just at the hour at which the streets are swept, and the wild uproar so inspired the sweepers of our street that they cried out, "*Viva a Carta! viva a liberdade! viva o Rei!*" and then wielded their brooms with such frightful energy that a terrible dust was also kicked up in honour of the day. Probably but few persons had been to bed, for the streets were thronged before sunrise, and draperies hung from many an open window. It therefore seemed to be a duty to cast aside all thoughts of indulging in further slumbers, and at once to prepare for enjoying such pleasures as a day so promisingly begun might be expected to bring forth.

Every vessel in the river was dressed out gaily with

all her colours; Venetian masts, triumphal arches, festoons and garlands of flowers, and lines of flags, decorated the principal streets; the blue and white banner of Portugal fluttered from almost every house, and grand explosions of *foguetes* succeeded each other at short intervals throughout the day.

“The upper ten thousand” of Cacilhas, Almada, and the Barreiro, returned at an early hour the yesterday’s visit of the Lisbon grandees; most of the *senhoras* and *meninas* being arrayed in blue and white dresses and ribands. The peasantry and fisher-people also of those districts, as well as those of the villages within a considerable distance around Lisbon, came in in throngs; every river-steamer, ferry-boat, omnibus, and nondescript country vehicle bringing its contingent, to play unconsciously a part which could not with advantage have been omitted from the festive scene—that of giving picturesqueness and variety to the crowds in the well-filled streets. And besides this, their quaint remarks and inquiries, which ever and anon met the ear, were often far more amusing than the sights or ceremonies that called them forth; while their lively inquisitiveness imparted real *naïveté* to their evident hearty enjoyment of the great national holiday then celebrating throughout the land by all classes of people—from the king to the peasant, and even to the beggar. For, to the credit of the Portuguese, neither the prisoners in the gaols; the sick in the hospitals; the paupers in the asylums; the very poor in their own wretched homes; nor yet those who begged their bread in the streets, were forgotten. Something to

shed a gleam of gladness, if but the briefest, on the dreariest abode and the most wretched lot in life, was provided; and thus the national festival was hallowed and honoured—far more, indeed, than by the most imposing pageant of the day.

The sun's rays, even at early morn, were so intensely hot that only the great enthusiasts in the cause of liberty—and there certainly seemed to be legions of them—could venture to encounter out of doors the glowing heat of the atmosphere later in the day. The wind from the N.W., which some persons would fain have persuaded us tempered the heat, in reality only made it more unbearable by raising thick clouds of dust, as those who have experienced what a cloud of dust means in these parts, and at this season of the year, will readily believe. However, at about half-past four we drove over to S. Domingos, by way of the Ruas do Arsenal and da Prata, passing under an almost unbroken line of flags and banners, and triumphal arches of flowers and evergreens. The constitutional hymn resounded on all sides, vocally and instrumentally.

Many a gay group we passed that I should have liked to have sketched or had photographed;—many parties of country-folks, the men—who still retain more of the old Portuguese costume than do the women in *their* dress—wearing their best betasselled and tufted hats, bright scarlet waistbelts, the snowiest of linen, and liberty-blue neckties; black or brown cloth or velveteen trousers and jackets, ornamented with elaborate silver Brandenbergs, some of which are quite antique, beautifully chased and pierced, and are heirlooms in



their families. The countrywomen—who, the further their home is from Lisbon the more picturesque is their costume—generally wear fewer gold ornaments than is customary in the more northern and southern parts of Portugal: yet for this occasion they had apparently brought out all their possessions in the way of earrings, chains, beads, and crosses. They had donned, too, their gayest of petticoats and shawls, and covered their heads with their brightest-coloured flowered silk handkerchiefs; and the handkerchief is not an unbecoming headdress, when deftly arranged, and tied under the chin of a comely, fresh, rosy face.

S. Domingos, the largest church in Lisbon, is on the right hand of the Dom Pedro Square, as you enter it from the *cidade baixa*. It was very grandly decorated for the *Te Deum* and thanksgiving service—outside, with abundance of blue and white banners; inside, with innumerable lamps and tapers. The grand altar, which has some fine marble pillars and well-executed figures in alabaster, was splendidly ornamented, and was brilliant with light. The centre space, or floor of the church, was carpeted; twelve hundred chairs were placed there for expected visitors, and there were many seats arranged at the sides, before the chapels.

The chairs for the king and queen were of blue and gold damask; their frames elaborately carved and gilded. They stood on a dais in the principal chapel, the patriarch having his seat there also, but on a separate dais. Whether his chair was as resplendent as the royal ones I was unable to discover, for his

grand gala robes concealed it, and were so handsome they claimed attention themselves. He displayed some very rich antique lace, which the ladies much envied him; for it irreverently occurred to more than one that it would be a charming addition to a velvet dress.

The queen, though not pretty, looks interesting, and is amiable—*mui sympathica*, as the Portuguese say. She wore a handsome white silk dress with light blue satin stripes, and a white bonnet and wreath. The king wore a general's uniform, as he had afterwards to review the troops. He is very much like his mother, the late queen. His fair face and light hair looked fairer and lighter—almost remarkably so—from the generally dark tinted complexions and black or brown locks of his *entourage*. He is inclined to *embonpoint*, which makes his likeness to Queen Donna Maria the more striking.

Dom Fernando and Dom Augusto—the latter tall, and more in his father's style than the king—came in together, before the arrival of Dom Luis and the queen; and this seems to be the *etiquette* usually observed on public occasions when the king and *king dowager* both appear. Dom Fernando is grown a little grey, but I noticed the same easy manners and gallant bearing as of old. He is, as he deserves to be, as popular as ever; for, apart from the beneficial influence which in various ways may be attributed to his artistic tastes, Portugal owes much to him. He has ever shown himself the true friend of his adopted country; and in many a crisis his wise and moderate counsels have been instrumental in saving the kingdom from the

state of anarchy and ruin with which the strife of opposing political parties often threatened it during the troublous period of the reign of Donna Maria Segunda. By the manner, too, in which he and his queen brought up and educated their numerous family, they set an example to the noble and wealthy of Portugal which happily has been very generally followed. The result is the wider spread of education, the beneficial effects of which are gradually extending themselves to both sexes and all classes.

I recognized many Spanish *senhoras* amongst the numerous ladies who assisted at the *Te Deum*, and generally, as I was glad to see, they paid a compliment to the day, and their city of refuge, by wearing a blue and white riband or dress; though those attached to the Carlist party probably did not stretch *obsequiosidade* to that extent.

The gentlemen who attended the *Te Deum* were, in some respects, a more brilliant throng than the ladies. Their uniforms, military, naval, and diplomatic, and the profusion of orders they displayed, made up a most dazzling show; whilst those who had no ornamentation of that sort to exhibit, contented themselves with an improvised decoration—a *bouquet* of *immortelles* attached by a blue and white riband.

The *Te Deum*, the arrangement of a Portuguese composer, was grand and solemn, and was heard to much advantage in the spacious church of S. Domingos. There were ninety trained voices in the choir; the solo parts were taken by singers of repute, and at the conclusion, "*In te, Domine, speravi*" was



sung to the music of the constitutional hymn. It was half-past five before the religious ceremony ended, and, according to the programme of the day's proceedings, the parade was to take place immediately after. I wished much to see it—being fond of “the pomp and circumstance of war”—but there was so much difficulty and delay in getting out of the church, that the parade was nearly ended by the time we reached only the first stage of the journey; the Praça de Dom Pedro. The Praça was crowded, and every balcony was filled with ladies and children. A part of the troops were to pass through it and salute the statue of the “*Rei soldado* ;” we therefore accepted the offer of a friend, who had a carriage waiting, to drive us to the Rua do Alecrim.

Up this steep street marched part of the infantry; the artillery and a division of cavalry following. The Portuguese are said to make excellent soldiers, yet they do not readily enter the military service; indeed, so much the contrary that it is not uncommon for young men to inflict some personal injury on themselves in order to avoid it. In the Azores, the new law compelling every eligible person to serve in the national army for a certain number of years is likely, if not soon rescinded, to convert the fertile and beautiful isles of the west into mere desert places. The people, as every account relates, are leaving in large numbers, either for Brazil or the United States, preferring to expatriate themselves and seek fortune elsewhere—an alternative they consider less likely to prove ruinous to them than leaving their homes and possessions during

the best years of their lives—to taking military service in Portugal.

But the Portuguese army is reputed to be now in a more efficient state than it has been for many years—better disciplined and better equipped. Lately there have been received 30,000 Remington rifles from England, and a further supply is expected. Several field-pieces, also, have been or are about to be purchased in England or Germany, and both infantry and cavalry regiments are being brought up to their full number. In short, the Portuguese are preparing for whatever the fortune of war may chance to bring upon them on the side of Spain.

The cavalry, I thought, had rather a dashing appearance. They are very well mounted, and the Portuguese are excellent riders. The *Lanceiros da Rainha*—Queen's Lancers—form a *corps d'élite*. Their uniform is handsome, and altogether they seem worthy of the distinction conferred on them. They are commanded by the Infante Dom Augusto.

The infantry, as they toiled up the Rua do Alecrim, looked very worn and weary; and well they might, poor fellows! for they were formed in the Praça do Commercio by four o'clock, and the king and his staff could not reach the ground before a quarter to six. But the parade was a short affair. Six thousand only of the garrison of Lisbon were present, and in less than half-an-hour they were on their way back to their barracks. Some of the men were *basané*, *bronzé*, almost to blackness.

The "Veterans of Liberty," the heroes of 1833, of

whom only a few now remain—as the army itself with which the Duque entered the capital was but a small one—were present at the parade. Some of them appeared there in their old uniforms, which they have carefully preserved, and looked wonderfully *antique*. One poor old fellow wore the decoration of the order of the *Torre e Espada* on the uniform of the *Asylo da Mendicidade*, or workhouse dress. This was looked on by many as a terrible blot on the military spectacle, and some steps are to be taken to efface it. *Pro tem.*, the old hero has his share of the sum, 100%, distributed amongst the seventy or eighty veterans now living. A salute from the Castello, taken up by the men-of-war in the harbour, was fired when the parade ended; and the king and queen, with their two children—the elder child, ten years of age, wearing the uniform of the Lancers—then returned to Ajuda by the Rua do Alecrim, in an open carriage with two outriders, but without any escort.

The prettiest and most effective part of the decorations of the city had yet to be seen. While we were at dinner, Lisbon was illuminated, and the towns on the opposite side of the river soon followed suit. Of course all the world was in the streets, except that part of it that had crammed itself into the theatres, which were opened to the public gratuitously and expressly for the occasion. It was one of those treacherously cool, north-windy nights, after an excessively hot day, which are so frequent in Lisbon, and which make its climate so trying at this season. But, notwithstanding, after looking at the statue of



Dom Pedro illumined by the electric light, it was decided that to see the full effect of the general lighting-up no place was so suitable as the river. On the river, then, we went, and nothing more beautiful can well be imagined than the "Sultana City," on her throne of many hills, thus brilliantly illuminated.

Scarcely a house but had its single or double row of lamps or lanterns. Here and there were especial devices, such as *Liberdade*, and the date of the event commemorated; or, as at the *quartel* of the 5th *Caçadores*, the lamps were arranged to simulate a castellated wall. Along the *ribeira*, and amongst the trees and gardens of the *Aterro*, were Venetian masts and a profusion of Chinese and Venetian balloon lanterns; so that from the river's edge to the summits of the hills the city glittered with light.

Every vessel, small or large, in the harbour was more or less illuminated, and, reflected in the water, had a charming effect. But perhaps the prettiest part of the evening arrangements was a water procession of ten large boats, lighted by arches of coloured lanterns and lamps. Each boat contained a party of musicians and singers, who played and sang the hymn of the *Carta* and other national airs, as they glided down the Tagus as far as the *Caes* at Belem, and returned to the *Praça do Commercio*. They were accompanied along the shore, as far as was possible, by a large number of persons, who waited their return and greeted them with loud *vivas*.

Above all this, the deep blue heaven shed the illuminating beams of its many brilliant stars, which,

from the exceeding clearness of the atmosphere, looked like pendent globules of fire; whilst, stretching far across the sky, gleamed two long streaks of the Milky Way, fitfully glowing and sparkling, as if strewed over with diamond points.

The Caes do Sodré—the scene of the last act of Miguelite cruelty and tyranny—was one blaze of fire throughout the evening, and *Liberdade* was perhaps *fêted* there with more numerous explosions of rockets, and *vivas* more loud, prolonged, and triumphant, than elsewhere. The act above referred to is the execution of eight or nine young men—students at Coimbra and officers then quartered there. They were *suspected* of being concerned in a plot whose object was to effect the downfall of the hated Miguel, and, accordingly, they were seized, carried off to prison, and condemned to death as traitors; their heads to be afterwards exposed on poles on the Caes do Sodré.

Dom Miguel had familiarized the people of Lisbon with such scenes of horror; yet the fate of these young men excited great commiseration. The friends of one of them, the Conde d'Avila de T., a peer of the realm, had bribed a part of the guard and the men who had charge of the prisoners, to facilitate his escape, which they proposed, if possible, to effect in the confusion which was sure to ensue on the arrival of the young men. The execution was to take place at sunset, but when the victims were brought out, one of their number was missing. Aided by the dimness of the very short twilight of these latitudes, the Conde's friends hoped he would reach a place of safety unobserved. A horse

was in waiting ready for him to mount; but scarcely was his foot in the stirrup when those who were on the watch announced that a guard of cavalry was in pursuit.

He spurred his horse, and, flying for his life, galloped up the Rua do Ouro. Though espied by his pursuers he very soon distanced them, and on reaching the Rocio—then, like the streets leading into it, dark, solitary, and dreary after nightfall, and a very different place from what it is now—instead of continuing his course onward, he turned into a bye-street, and came back by the Rua dos Fanqueiros to the Praça do Commercio. Knowing that he had, temporarily at least, foiled his pursuers, the Conde hastily dismounted, tied his horse to the rails of the statue of Dom José, and, disencumbering himself of his sword-belt—his sword had been taken from him—and changing his uniform jacket for a coat which, tied up in a handkerchief, had been thrust over his arm by a friend, he fled away on foot, and reached a sure asylum in safety.

Meanwhile, a young man—a Frenchman, it is said—crossing the Praça, was attracted by the plunging and kicking of the horse in his efforts to free himself, and on going up to him noticed the discarded belt and clothing lying on the ground. He had picked up the belt, and was examining it by the feeble light of the solitary lamp, when the soldiers, who were again on the track of their fugitive, rode up and seized on the young Frenchman as their prisoner. In vain he protested that he was not the person they were in



search of; that he was not a Portuguese; and that he had not, as they asserted, assumed a disguise. The belt in his hand was fastened round him, and as it happened to fit, that was declared to be conclusive evidence against him.

He was taken to the place of execution, where his remonstrances, his entreaties, availed as little with the men whose business was to see the sentences carried out as with the guard who had arrested him. They were responsible for a certain number being put to death; if one of the culprits had escaped, why a substitute had been found for him, and under circumstances that justified his condemnation. He was accordingly beheaded, protesting to the last his innocence of any participation in, or even knowledge of, the crime for which he was to suffer.

The events just commemorated followed almost immediately upon that infamous act. The blood-thirsty oppressor was expelled, and the concealment of the fugitive was no longer necessary. He died only a year or two ago. The friend who told me the story of his escape had heard it from his own lips.

The last sounds that reached my ears of this long day's rejoicing—which had begun before daybreak on the 24th and ended not until near the same hour on the 25th—were frantic *vivas* for *liberdade* and *independencia nacional*, roared out to the accompaniment of a tinkling guitar, and which were, no doubt, due as much to deep potations of wine and *cerveja de Baviera* as to the enthusiastically proclaimed patriotism of those noisy brawlers. But beyond an occasional extra vehc-

ment demonstration of this kind towards night, nothing whatever occurred to call for the interference of the police. And the good temper and good order that prevailed amongst the people may be considered, in this country, as a test of the genuineness of the patriotic and loyal sentiments that were so eagerly expressed during the celebration of these *festas*.

The only accident known of occurred to an aged dame in her ninety-ninth year. She lived in a street branching off from one of those through which the royal *cortége* and military processions passed and repassed during the day. In her eagerness to see them—for the events commemorated were fresh in her memory—she leaned so far over her balcony that she lost her balance and fell into the street. Luckily it was from the first floor, and the full force of the fall was greatly broken by the efforts of the many people who were standing about to save her. She was carried in senseless, but beyond a bruise or so and the fright, it was hoped the old lady had sustained no great injury, and that she might yet survive to complete her full century.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### TO CINTRA, BY THE LARMANJAT.

FEW persons stay in Lisbon at this season who are not detained there by official duties or business of some sort; yet during the past month of July, in the full fierce glow of summer, the city has been thronged. And it is still—every hotel crowded—in spite of the scorching rays of the August sun, which hardly allow of a gleam of light or breath of air being admitted into the house, so laden are they with suffocating, sultry heat. But the evenings are breezy enough to brace up the nerves and dispel all the languor of the day, and the promenade in the public gardens is always enlivened by the exhilarating strains of a military band.

Perhaps it is the difficulty of getting away that makes everyone so restlessly anxious to leave; for, except in the narrow streets of the lower city, it is hardly hotter in Lisbon than in many of the places of fashionable resort. It has its baths, too—though the bathing season can scarcely be said to begin till September—mineral baths, and the floating ones on the Tagus; besides those of Cacilhas and Pedreiro, as salt, they say, as those of Paço d'Arcos, Caixias, or Cascaes,



which little bathing-towns are already fuller of visitors than they ever were known to be. Indeed, wherever you go, or rather think of going, the news is, "The place is full of Spanish families." Or, if you would secure at a hotel or private house, an apartment for any length of time, you are sure to be met with the reply, "After such a date it is taken for the season by a Spanish family."

A Portuguese gentleman who went over to Caldas da Rainha, to secure a house there for three months, told me that on remonstrating with the owner, who was a "retired blacksmith," on the exorbitance of the price he asked for it, was answered, "No doubt for Portuguese families the prices this season are exorbitant; but we expect to let only to Spaniards, who have all brought full purses to Portugal, and are able and willing to pay well. Would your *Excellencia* have us reject the ripe golden grain that Providence casts in our lap, for the chance of picking up the straw by the wayside?"

"And what did your *Excellencia* say," I inquired, "when thus politely compared by your own countryman to a wisp of straw?"

"What could I say," he answered, "to such a man? I merely shrugged my shoulders, turned my back, and walked off; for another such spark from his anvil might have set the straw on fire."

We are literally thrust upon the *paré* by these Spaniards. Cintra has its full quota of them; and those who are not of the fortunate few who possess *quintas*, small or large, of their own, are fain to put up

with any quarters they can find, for the sake of breathing a cooler, fresher atmosphere. Yet it is in the evening rather than in the slight difference of temperature during the day between this and Lisbon that the change is so sensibly felt. Instead of the searching wind which sends a shiver through the whole frame, chilling the blood that has been at fever heat during the day, the evening air here is deliciously soft and balmy, and without a particle of damp. But we have too many people—a gay pleasure-seeking mob, whose thoughts seem to be wholly given to balls, plays, and races, present and prospective—pastimes quite out of harmony with the kind of enjoyment you naturally seek amidst scenes of such grandeur and sublimity as these.

The new Larmanjat railway, which was opened but a few weeks ago, is expected to transform Cintra into one of those junketing-places where “a happy day may be spent” by those Lisbonense who have neither time nor cash to spare for seeking happiness further from home. However, from my own experience of “the Larmanjat,” I should say that only those to whom the saving of an hour and a *milreis* or two is of the utmost importance would ever take a second journey by it. It is constructed on a system which, I am told, has been tried in France with but little success. It is not in great favour here; and I have heard engineers say that it must ultimately prove a failure, as the rail, which is of wood, will swell in the rainy season, and throw the carriages off the line. Yet there is another line on the same system nearly completed to Torres Vedras.

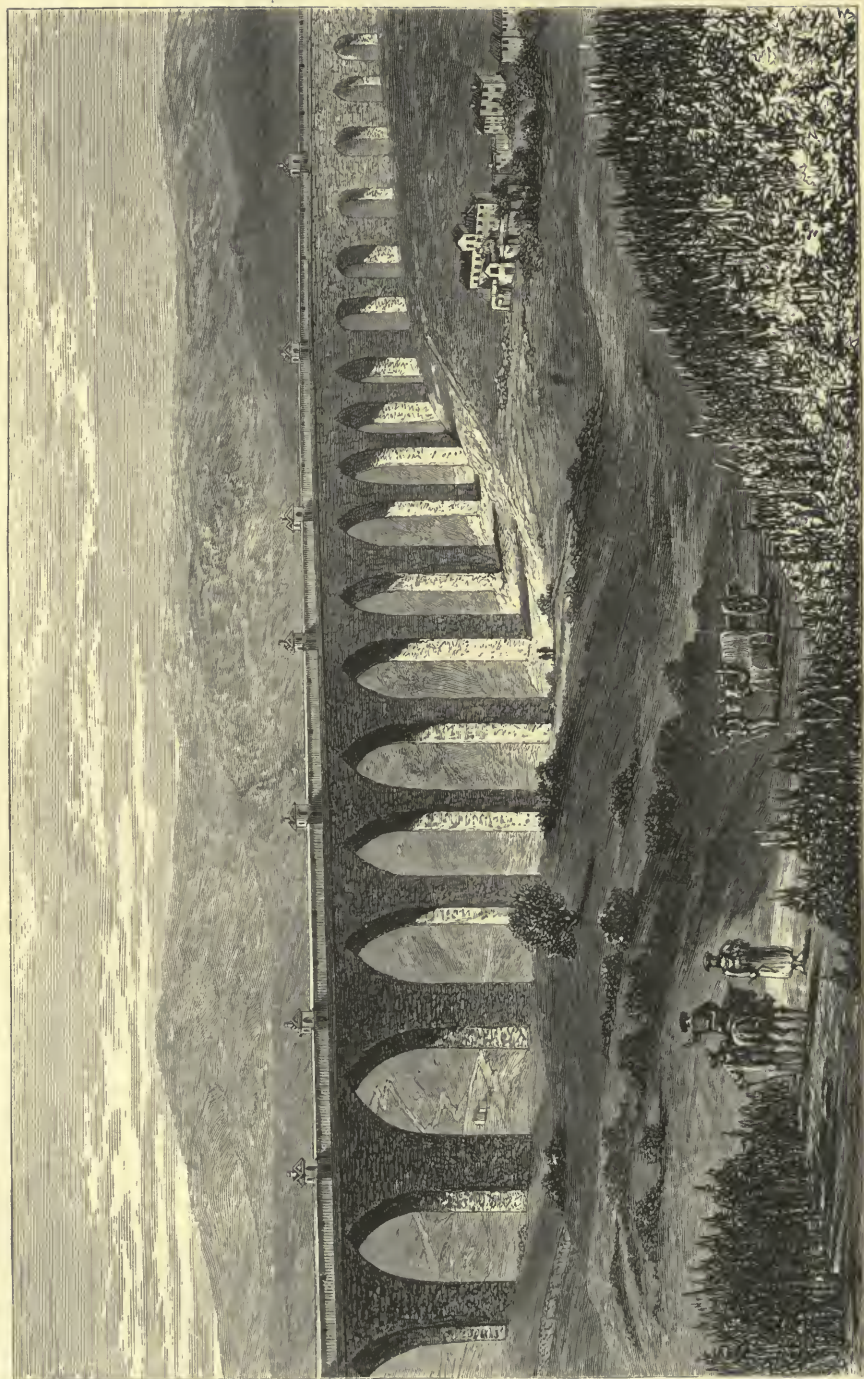
The carriages are of two classes, first and *third*—the second is to be introduced by and by. Two benches are placed down the centre back to back, separated by a partition reaching within a few inches to the roof of the carriages, which are entered by two doors on either side; and there is a window, with a curtain, in front of each passenger. In the third class there is neither partition nor glass sash, a thick curtain supplying the place of the latter. These carriages have a small centre wheel, which runs on the single rail. They are also furnished with a brush, which, moving from side to side, clears off the sand and stones, or other impediments to safe progress. The speed is not great—the journey of about sixteen miles occupying two hours and a quarter.

We were not long in discovering that it was impossible without being suffocated to sit with closed windows. And as a loose sandy dust, to the depth of at least a foot, lies at this season on the roadside where the rail is laid, in a very short time we were literally covered with it from head to foot; the curtain, from being loose at the bottom and of a thin gauzy stuff, affording not the slightest protection. Our eyes and mouths were also filled with this irritating gritty white dust, which came in clouds against the face with a sharpness like pulverized glass. Everyone appeared to wear a powdered wig, or to have turned very grey during the journey; and we all sat with handkerchiefs before our faces to prevent, what otherwise seemed probable, being blinded and choked.

Then the jolting! I shall never forget it, so unmer-







THE GREAT AQUEDUCT.

cifully were we bumped and knocked about! Now, tossed up to the roof of the carriage; then only not brought upon our knees because of the narrowness of the vehicle, but getting them, instead, beaten and battered and bruised black and blue against its sides. And all this time the engine was thumping and panting and screeching and roaring, as I never heard engine before. An enormous bell, too, was constantly ringing, to warn foot passengers and the drivers of carriages to keep out of the way of "the great Larmanjat."

Of course we could see but one side of the road. But this mattered not; for had we been passing through the loveliest scenes in nature, who under circumstances so wretched could have seen any loveliness in them? Dust was what we chiefly saw from the beginning to the end of the journey. The stopping-places were numerous, and as "the Larmanjat" is still a novelty, the country people turned out of their cottages, or left off their work, to look at and laugh at us. A crowd of beggars, of all ages and both sexes, seemed to be waiting at every station the arrival of the train. A wretched set of objects they were—all crying out for an "*esmolinha para sua saude*;" some whining, some grinning, some stoutly demanding it.

I believe I did get, *en passant*, just a glimpse of the great arches of the aqueduct, and another of Queluz when we stopped at that dreary station. Our travelling companions were Brazilians, who talked as only Brazilians can talk, and smoked in a similar way. There was with them a little impish spoiled child, who, not unnaturally, got into a passion with the dust; and a black



nurse, who gabbled continually, and tried to wrap up her fractious charge in a cloth cloak ; but it would not answer. The child was nearly smothered, and so the dust was triumphant over all to the end.

If you should ever be tempted to visit Cintra, come early in the month of May ; and if the excursion be made from Lisbon, whatever the season, eschew “ the Larmanjat.” Hire a carriage, with a pair of good horses, and an intelligent, civil driver. The journey will then be a pleasant one, if “ the Larmanjat ” does not frighten the horses, smash the carriage, and nearly or quite kill you and your driver—it performed such a feat last week, in the case of a party of people going to Cintra. But such things will probably not occur often. The road is an excellent one ; and there are pretty bits of scenery by the way. Yet an aridity which is not without a certain degree of picturesqueness of its own is its prevailing feature, until the green hillocks that form the outworks, as it were, of that region of romance you are entering, and which they yet conceal from your sight, first meet the eye. A very pleasant contrast they are to the sandy hills, whose fantastic outlines you have so long been looking upon.

As you advance, these hillocks or green knolls are interspersed with orchards, vineyards, and gardens, full of ripe fruit and bright flowers ; and with occasional groups of trees of finer growth than any yet seen on the road, the foliage is denser, the green tints more varied and vivid. Soon after, the once famous palace of Ramalhão and its citron and orange groves are passed, and winding along through a fertile and beautiful

country the foot of the mountain is turned, and the little town of Cintra is seen. It lies close to the base of that huge rocky range, once called "the Mountains of the Moon," where, lifted up towards the skies, on their loftiest peak, stands the *Castello da Peña*; and at a short distance from it, crowning another stony height of the same mountain ridge, the *Castello de Mouros*.

The town, or more properly the village, of Cintra, has sometimes been called "the Portal of Paradise." If a carriage has brought you up, you may think it so too, for you will have had an opportunity of feasting your eyes on the beauties that lie around, above, and beyond it. But if you have travelled by "the Larmanjat" all beyond the portal will have been hidden from you, and you will probably be inclined to think a more prosaic appellation better suited to that collection of mean old houses and shops, crooked, narrow, and ill-paved streets, which you have had to trudge up to. For "the Larmanjat" sets its passengers down in a sandy road, about half-a-mile away, and neither fly nor omnibus from any hotel is in waiting to convey them the distance that separates the terminus from the town. A troop of dirty ragged fellows, men and boys, hang about the place and offer themselves as guides and porters, or to engage donkeys, should you desire to go up to the castles and convents. If their services are declined, they will pray you to bestow an alms for the good of your soul.

When we arrived, and were released from "the Larmanjat" boxes, so worn, weary, and travel-soiled were

we, that the walk up to the town, though so short, seemed as a long and weary pilgrimage before us. A man at the station was so obliging as to help the friend who was with me to shake me and brush me, and beat away the sack of dust and sand I carried on my hat and cloak, that my appearance might not astonish the natives, or shock the sensibilities of the *beau monde*, should we perchance meet any of them on our way. To go down to the station to see "the Larmanjat" come in and discharge its dusty cargo, is one of the amusements of Cintra; just as at Folkestone and Boulogne the idlers amuse themselves by assembling at the landing-place to laugh at the woe-begone-looking travellers who have been suffering from a rough sea-passage.

However, by going early we escaped this ordeal—for it is an afternoon amusement—and, unnoticed, wended our way upwards by the gradually ascending and winding pathway, overshadowed by the far-spreading branches of the tall trees on either side. We passed several *quintas*, the high walls of which are partly covered with mosses and wild flowers. It was market day, which gave quite a business-like aspect to the quaint little town. I cannot say much for the market-place. It has the appearance of a line of low-roofed cells; but the fruit and vegetables, cheese and butter—the latter a luxury in Portugal, and in Lisbon and many other parts to be had fresh only in small quantities from Cintra, Ireland supplying the rest—looked remarkably tempting. The finest strawberries, peaches, and apricots come from Cintra, where some pains are



bestowed on their cultivation ; elsewhere little attention is given to anything but the vine, so that fruit, with the exception of grapes, figs, and oranges, though everywhere abundant, is rarely fine. Then the baskets or pens of white chickens—which seem to be generally more esteemed than those of coloured plumage, and are always separated from them—were numerous, and the market-women, as we passed, loudly called our attention to them. It was the same with the women in Lisbon. Whenever we happened to stroll into the Praça da Figueira they seemed to think we were always in quest of white chickens—“ *Veja, senhora, são todas brancas, et mui boas.*”

There is so much to interest and amuse in the course of the short walk to the town that before it is reached the horrors of “the Larmanjat” journey are forgotten. To your right is the *Palacio Real*, the Alhambra of the Moorish kings of Portugal, partly rebuilt and used as an occasional summer residence by its Christian sovereigns. Reminiscences of the most romantic kind, as well as of great historical interest, are connected with it.

There appear to be many more *quintas* nestling amongst the rocks and trees, than when I last saw this lovely spot. And Sant’ Estephania, which some years ago was partly built and afterwards abandoned, has revived its pretensions to notice. A new town is springing up there, and a handsome hotel is shortly to be opened. If but a part of what is promised in this new establishment be carried out for the accommodation and comfort of visitors, Victor, whose hotel is

now the best in Cintra, must look well to the arrangements of his house, if he would continue to stand first on the list. Estephania is about three-quarters of a mile from Cintra, on the new Mafra road. Its situation is most lovely; and pretty villas are scattered about amidst groves and gardens traversed by streamlets, whose pure crystalline waters nourish on their banks a herbage so fragrant that at every footprint a sweet odour exhales from it. Beautiful Estephania! *On dit*, that "the Larmanjat" rail is to be carried up to it. If so, even the purgatory of that journey one might willingly endure with the prospect of such an Eden at the end of it—were there no other means of reaching it. It was proposed about sixteen years ago to make a railroad from Lisbon, starting from Pedroços, just beyond Belem, and ending at Estephania, where some very pretty houses were then erecting with the view of establishing a suburb to Cintra. The line of rail was marked out, and a company formed to complete it. Some portion of the embankment at the Lisbon end was begun, when Cintra grew jealous, foreseeing, probably, that visitors to these enchanting regions would prefer to take up their quarters at Sant' Estephania, which is so much more beautifully situated, rather than in the little old town itself. The new rail and the pretty new suburb met, in consequence, with great opposition; certain powerful influences were brought to bear, and the two-fold project was abandoned.

Better success, I understand, is likely to attend the lovely rival of Cintra in her present attempt to win the patronage of visitors. She has many advantages to aid

her—the level walk to Cintra, which as the trees and shrubs, that grow apace here, yearly extend their shadows, is becoming a favourite promenade; then the new *Praça* for the bull-fights—a distraction one would hardly think that Cintra felt the need of—is close to Sant' Estephania. The *douche* baths establishment, for which some people come expressly to Cintra, is on the Mafra road. The Conde de Ferreira's schools, which interest many persons, are close at hand, and the journey to Mafra itself is shortened by making Estephania your headquarters.

Cintra has several hotels, but, after Victor's, Mrs. Lawrence's is the one most patronized by English visitors. Mrs. L. is an elderly woman, and has lived in Portugal, if not in Cintra, nearly all her life, I am told. Led by one of the boy guides, we made the mistake of entering her house at the back by a sort of low-roofed kitchen, where an old dame, whom I supposed to be the cook, sat shelling peas; but she lifted up her head, and peering through her spectacles, said, "Well, marm! and what may be *your* pleasure?"

"*Queremos almoçar*," said my hungry companion, somewhat impatiently; while I replied by inquiring—"Are you Mrs. Lawrence?"

"Yes, to be sure, marm; and ain't you English? for the young gentleman speaks Portuguese."

"We want breakfast directly," he said, in good English.

"Well, sir, if you'll walk up stairs and order your breakfast, you'll get it directly. And are you come by 'the Larmanjat,' marm? If you have, you'll be



glad of a wash, I s'pose? And I s'pose you want rooms, too? But I ain't really got none for the present, at least none but what people who's not here now is paying for to make sure on 'em."

After a little conversation the old lady, who was at first rather abrupt, softened off into wonderfully kind speeches, and became amiably inquisitive respecting us. Her daughter and grandchild, whose history she told me, having made their appearance, I was shown over the establishment. A more bare and comfortless-looking one could scarcely be found. Some of the sleeping rooms are on the lower ground floor. One of the adjoining sitting-rooms, looking on nothing at all, was furnished with three or four small oblong tables, full dressed in white muslin petticoats and dimity covers, after the fashion of toilette-tables; a long, deep-seated, straight and high-backed sofa, with round bolsters, the whole covered with dimity; and three or four arm-chairs, high and deep-seated, straight backed, and covered *en suite*. A few staring old prints, and a little crockery and glass, made up the ornamentation.

This state-room was furnished, I imagine, according to some dim reminiscence of a fashion prevalent in Portugal in days of yore, and occasionally to be seen in some old mansions even now; that of covering tables, chairs, brackets, and shelves with draperies of crimson or other coloured damask. I have often seen this elaborate sort of decoration at San Paolo da Loanda—where, as in most colonies, old fashions and customs linger long, even after they have become

obsolete in the mother country—indeed, we ourselves had there a spacious, barn-like *sala* thus conveniently adorned. Rough deal tables and chairs became, so disguised, splendid pieces of furniture; the sideboards were magnificent as high-altars, and, with their candelabra, &c., much resembled them.

However, Mrs. Lawrence's muslin and dimity were clean and white; and having cleanliness, a genuine enthusiast might be supposed to care for no more, or even be prepared, for the sake of sojourning amidst the picturesque scenery of Cintra, to wink at the want of it. But according to my philosophy, after contemplating with rapture the sublime and beautiful in nature, one should return to pretty and harmonious surroundings indoors; to digest, as it were, to contemplate anew, and fix on the tablets of memory the pleasing visions still floating distinctly before the mind's eye. Mean, wretched quarters are often fatal to the retention of vivid or lasting impressions of scenes of grandeur and loveliness, poetic beauty, or romantic wildness. For thoughts of personal discomfort in connexion with them will glance into the mind, perhaps unconsciously; yet they blur the picture, and when memory in after days would recall it, it is cloudy and indistinct and awakes no pleasant recollections; whilst had it been seen under happier auspices—that is, while taking your ease in a good inn or hotel—distance of time would only have lent new “enchantment to the view.”

There are persons who profess to like what they call “roughing it.” The manly part of the gentler

sex will even declare they find enjoyment in that rude state of things. But they are people who are incapable, I conceive, of seeing or feeling beauty in nature, though they may agree with you in calling beautiful what is pointed out to them. They are a sort of *athlètes*: they tell of the feats of pedestrianism they have performed, of dangers they have braved, of the mountains they have climbed, the huts they have slept in, and the bread and cheese they have devoured; but rarely tell of anything they have seen. Probably they do not often see anything or anybody more interesting to them than themselves, or they have not had time to notice it, having—as a “fast” lady and gentleman, travellers of this species, lately informed me—“found roughing it in itself enjoyment enough, and awfully jolly work for a change.” This couple asked me to join them in rushing about the country for three or four days, but it did not suit me to do so; and when, after some conversation, the lady discovered that my ideas of pleasant travelling differed much from theirs, she said to her husband, “Don’t you perceive, dear, she goes in for the slow and sublime?”

But to return to Mrs. Lawrence. In justice to her I must say that her house, if not so finely situated as some others, is clean; her breakfasts and dinners are excellent, though the myriads of flies dispute with you the possession of every morsel you put into your mouth; and her charges are moderate.



## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE CASTELLO DA PEÑA, ETC.

WE had finished our breakfast of coffee, *pão Hespanhol*, fresh Cintra butter, strawberries, peaches, and figs, before the *burrinhos* had yet made their appearance. They had been ordered on our way, before entering the "*Hospedaria* Lawrence;" but the man who owned them of course concealed the fact that the animals were then in the market-place, and had been employed since the early morning in carrying market produce to and fro. He, however, informed us of it as an excuse for the delay, forgetting that he had exacted much more than he was entitled to, on account of the greater extent than was usual, as he hinted, of the excursion we then proposed to make. But the donkeys were more honest than their owner. Evidently they had an inkling of what was before them, and not being disposed to carry us up to the Peña, they absolutely declined to be mounted. We dismissed them, but it cost them a flogging, poor brutes. Being provided with fresh ones, we set off on our expedition, at a trot.

Why one should be obliged to go jolting up the hill on donkeys I cannot conceive. The road is much

improved since I last climbed it, and is so good—for, though winding, the ascent is very gradual—that pony-carriages or donkey-chaises might be used. I very soon dismounted, and walked more than half the way up, using the donkey only at the steepest parts; for the wretched old seat that did duty as a saddle could not be kept in its place, and I was obliged, therefore, to be ever on the *qui vive* to avoid getting an awkward fall.

We were soon overtaken by a party of ten or twelve Spanish ladies and gentlemen, and exchanged *vivas* with them. Two of their number followed my example of walking, and were, they said, relieved by it. Truly, we had in some parts of the road a good depth of sand to wade through; still it was less fatiguing than jolting up the whole distance on donkey-back. We were more at liberty, too, to look about us than when engaged in checking the meanderings of our beasts, or urging them forward when it was their good pleasure to stand still.

Some parts of the ascent are thickly shaded by lofty forest trees, and at intervals there are grottoes, and fountains with large drinking-troughs, and seats where weary pilgrims may rest a while under the waving branches of the graceful pepper-trees, and be not only thankful but happy; for, Cintra,

“Quem descando à fresca sombra tua  
Sonhou senão venturas?”

ALMEIDA GARRET.

“Who, Cintra, e’er rested beneath thy shady bowers  
And dreamt of aught but happiness?”

On the right are the lofty and jagged mountain peaks; beneath them, that wondrous *mélange* of massive grey stones, clusters of pines, hanging shrubs, sparkling waterfalls, and luxuriant vegetation, through which is traced the castellated wall leading to the Castello de Mouros. On the left, a vast stretch of undulating ground lies below, fertilized by many a streamlet that has foamed down the mountain's side, and covered with a succession of gardens and orange groves—forming a picture less wildly romantic than the first, yet not yielding to it in poetic beauty.

A party of English lately from Cintra excused their want of admiration of its beauties by saying they were familiar with the scenery of the Isle of Wight. Doubtless the scenery of the little island is, in certain parts, bold and beautiful; but it bears no resemblance to that of Cintra, whose rocky heights are far loftier and grander, and its vegetation far richer and more varied. You might with as much propriety compare the view of London from Greenwich Park with that of Lisbon from Almada—as it has been compared by an extremely British John Bull, giving, of course, the preference to the Greenwich view. Probably both views are finer now than when the invidious comparison was made, for I read it in an old book of travels of 1816 or 1817.

Some persons, too, contend that Cintra owes to the enthusiasm of Byron and other modern poets its *prestige* for beauty. But it is more probable that it owes it to its beauty alone. Before Byron wrote, both Lisbon and Cintra were better known and more fre-



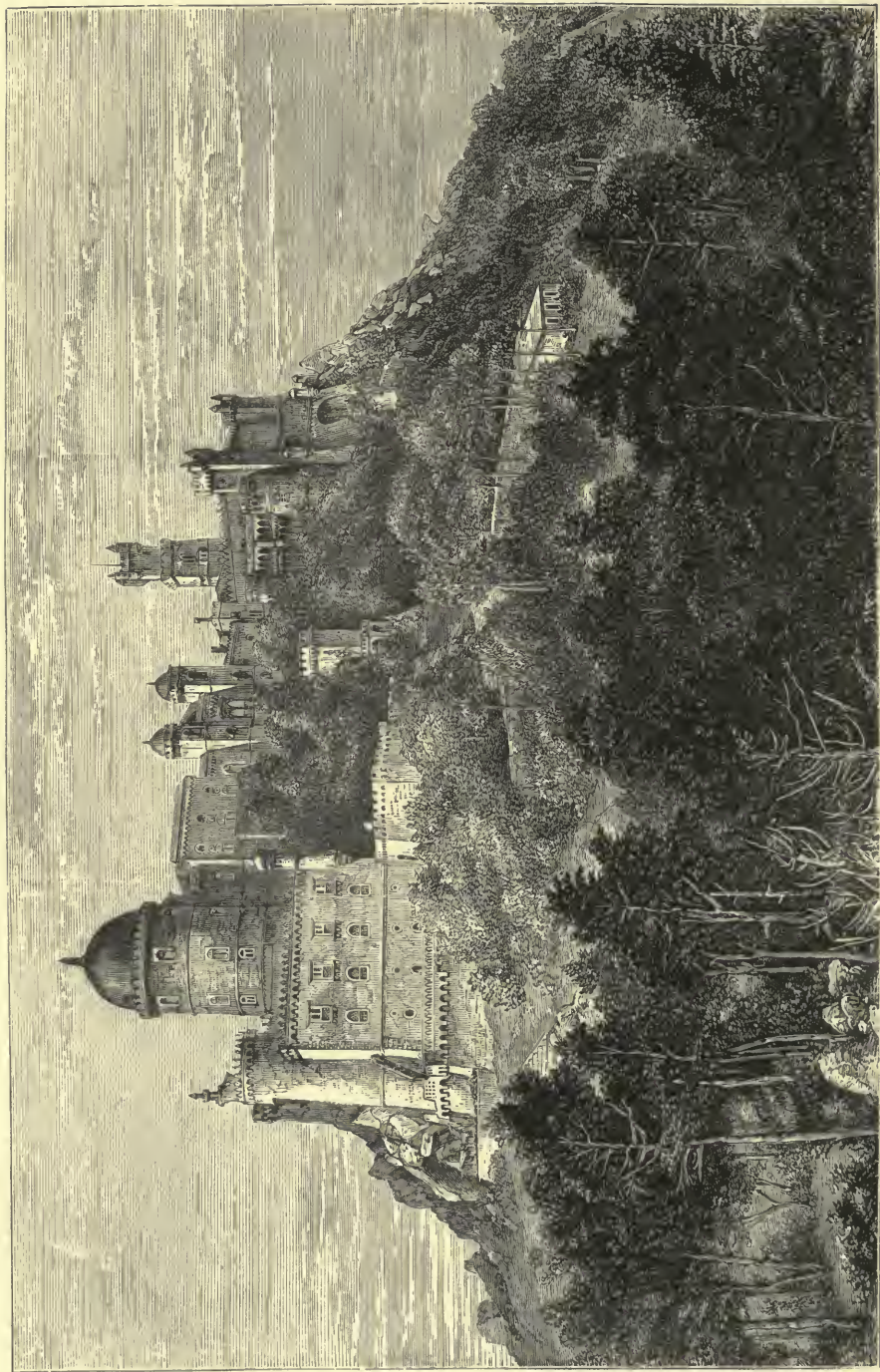
quently visited by the English than they are now, except perhaps by mercantile people; for it was then customary for consumptive persons to seek relief from their malady by wintering in Lisbon, and few probably extended their visit far enough into the spring without spending some time at Cintra. I have some letters written by a lady who was here with her daughters in 1791. She says: "While staying at this enchanting spot I have read Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' and have been much struck by his description of Paradise, from its resemblance to this place. It is, in fact, a description of Cintra, and the only one I ever read that at all does it justice." And in many respects this is true; for of Cintra it might truly be said—

" And overhead upgrew  
Insuperable height of loftiest shade,  
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,  
A sylvan scene; and as the ranks ascend  
Shade above shade, a woody theatre  
Of stateliest view."

This and much more that follows may apply to Cintra; but in the description of Eden there enters not that of the bold crags and cliffs of a rocky coast, and the view, so grand and sublime, of the boundless ocean.

Many pens have attempted to describe Cintra—I know of none but Beckford's that has succeeded in making its beauty *felt*; and he does not so much attempt to describe the place, as the effect of its spell-like loveliness on his sensitive and poetic temperament. He wrote of it between 1788 and 1794, and I can imagine that Cintra was even more lovely then than





THE CASTELLO DA PEÑA



now—at least it was more out of the reach of pleasure-seeking invaders. There were neither races nor bull-fights, but probably there were fairies and wood-nymphs, or you might fancy so; for it is just that sort of enchanted and enchanting region where, if anywhere, the existence of such beings may be believed in. The glowworms and fireflies that perhaps lighted the fairy revels still linger here. You may see them in the summer evenings, and as you saunter along the “Passeio dos Amores”—the Lovers’ Walk—or other shady grove. But not sauntering alone; for the beauties of nature seem more beautiful still when a companion of sympathetic tastes shares with you in your delight in and admiration of them. There, as you listen to the warbling of the nightingales, while the moonbeams are peeping through the foliage, and the softest of zephyrs are stealing through it laden with the odours of the orange, the jasmine, and myrtle-blossoms, mingled with the perfume of roses and lavender and heliotrope and all other sweet things, you may fancy, as you breathe this balmy atmosphere, that seems too pure, too ethereal for earth, that you have at least reached the threshold of Paradise.

At last we have climbed the hill, and without much fatigue, considering that we are a thousand *mètres* above the level of the sea. We enter a fine broad avenue, a vast leafy bower formed by the stately forest trees that unite their long branches overhead, and a few paces bring us to the castellated Palace of the Rock—the *Castello da Peña*—the mountain home of the *rei artista*, Dom Fernando.

For a time we kept up with the Spanish party, and had some snatches of conversation with two or three of them; for Spaniards and Portuguese often converse together with perfect facility, each in his own language, yet each, in the pride of his distinct nationality, professing ignorance of the language of the other. These people were both lively and courteous. They suggested that we should make but one company of pilgrims; for which suggestion, without acceding to it, we thanked them in the usual high-flown, complimentary, conventional style. Gradually we lagged behind, for we expected a member of the king's household to admit us to parts of the castle usually closed to visitors when Dom Fernando is residing at Cintra. Just at this moment, also, a very wary eye is kept on all Spaniards visiting the palaces, churches, and public institutions; for the number of fires that occur every night in Lisbon rather increases than diminishes, and as the cause of them is rarely discovered, they are attributed to the concealed emissaries of the Spanish revolutionists; consequently the attendants at the public buildings have strict orders, as one of them informed me, never to leave a party of those "*malditos Hespanhoes*"—cursed Spaniards—for one moment alone.

A drawbridge leads to the principal entrance of the castle. On the gates are the arms of Portugal and Saxony, and surmounting them is the figure of an armed knight with spear and shield, the latter bearing the arms of the Baron Echwege, under whose direction the engineering works pro-

jected here by the king, Dom Fernando, have been carried out.

It is usual on entering the grounds to take a guide, to lead you through all the windings and turnings of this charming labyrinth of shrubberies and gardens. The donkeys are taken by their drivers to the other side of the castle, by a pathway cut round the mountain; and on leaving the grounds by that side you find your *monture* waiting for you outside the gates. Two or three men presented themselves as guides, naming a large fee for their services, and protesting it was very little before even they were questioned about it. But there was a youthful guide among them, a tall, slim lad of about fourteen, in a dark blue woollen dress and red belt. He was barefooted, and stood apart silently and modestly, with his long red woollen cap in his hand, waiting the result of what must have seemed to lookers-on very like a quarrel between his older and rougher companions. But they were merely vehemently supporting each other's pretensions, and so that one of their number was engaged on his own terms they would have been well enough contented; for they share their gains, I believe, and are privileged to get as much as they can from visitors. I liked the appearance of the boy guide. His dark, soft, gazelle eyes, intelligent face, and quiet manner formed a pleasant contrast to the noisy, raving men, and their "much ado about nothing." My choice fell upon him as our conductor. The men shrugged their shoulders, and seemed to imply that he was an *ignoramus*. I thought him picturesque and *sympathico*. "*O! sim,*



*senhora, sim,*" he answered, when I inquired if he knew well all the ins and outs of the grounds. That was enough; the stories and legends of the castle were already known to us—and besides, it is not always pleasant to be too much guided.

"And what shall we pay you?" I asked. "Whatever the *senhora* pleases," he almost whispered, glancing timidly at the men. But they heard him, and up went their shoulders again. This time it was in contemptuous pity for the poor young guide, whose simplicity they, of course, thought we should take advantage of to the extent of a *vintem* or two.

It is scarcely possible, at least for my pen, to give an adequate idea of the varied beauty of the pleasure grounds of the *Castello da Peña*. Every rise and fall of the mountain summit has been turned to account, and the grandest views are obtained from different points—the plains and fertile valleys stretching for miles away; the mountains of *Alemtejo* and *Estramadura*; the *Estrella*, and other buildings on the heights of *Lisbon*; and, most sublime of all, the bold cliffs and crags of the *Cintra* range, and, beyond them, the broad, boundless expanse of the *Atlantic*.

What glorious sunsets may be seen here! There is nothing to interrupt the view, for the towers and turrets of this aerial abode rise high above the peaks of the mountain, and when the gloom of approaching night has overspread the valleys of *Cintra*, they still are tinged with the lingering golden gleams of the setting sun.

There are plots of verdure, green as the green hills

of Kent, and hedgerows of geraniums—a mass of pink, white, and violet blossoms—of itself a beautiful sight. The gardens are most tastefully laid out, and kept in perfect order. North and south; the torrid, frigid, and temperate zones, seem to have contributed their choicest flowers, shrubs, and trees for their adornment; and when transplanted to this favoured spot they attain to a size and beauty unknown in their native soil.

Broad walks are cut in the soft parts of the rock, and little rills flow along the side of pathways densely shaded by the intertwined boughs of spreading trees, forming long cloistered avenues of foliage, impervious to the sun's fiercest rays, and pleasantly cool in the hottest season. Where the rills swell into rivulets they are crossed by pretty rustic bridges, or some graceful fountain is supplied by them. There are kiosques, pavilions, aviaries, and summer-houses, and seats placed to command some beautiful sea view or landscape, or to afford shelter from the glare of sunlight while you rest beneath an archway of leaves and flowers.

As we passed along the winding path down to the greenhouse and the flower-beds called the *Jardim de Madama*—*Madama* being the Condessa d'Edla, the wife of Dom Fernando—a snake lay coiled up close to the edge of a small pool. Our guide sought for a stone to throw at it, but as soon as the creature espied us it darted into the water. It was full three feet in length, and finely mottled, but whether venomous or not I cannot say. It was not a familiar sight to the

boy, who was anxious to wait and watch for its reappearance that we might endeavour to kill it. However, this was not sport to my fancy, so we wandered on, admiring by the way the tufts of flowers, so artistically scattered amongst mossy grey stones and projections of rock that they seem carelessly flung there by the hand of nature.

Many bushes of white and tinted camellias flourish in these gardens, and other plants so rare in these latitudes that the specimens found here are the only known ones either in Portugal or Spain. The collection of greenhouse exotics is of surpassing beauty. The gardener who showed them, and who seemed to take great pride in them, was so much delighted with my reiterated "*Bellissima! bellissima!*" that he gave me the history of several of his floral treasures, and promised me full particulars of his method of treating others when he should have, as he said, "*o mui grande prazer*" of seeing the *senhora* again. But I fear all his horticultural erudition was thrown away upon me, for when I left his glass palace I remembered only the exquisite loveliness of his flowers.

Perhaps I need scarcely tell you that the magnificent Norman-Gothic castle, perched, as if by magic, on these lofty peaks, is partly constructed from the ruins of the old convent founded in 1503 by Dom Manoel, for the Jeronymite monks, and dedicated to Nossa Senhora da Peña—Our Lady of the Rock. While my companion, accompanied by the boy guide, went in quest of the *cicerone* who was to show us some part of the castle, I sat down on a stone tablet, under



the windows of one of the private apartments, and beside some steps leading to an open door, over which was a projection of stone, carved in the most fanciful and capricious designs. Presently, I heard voices in conversation; then snatches of song to a piano accompaniment. After a little of this preluding, a female voice, of no great power, but sweet and thrilling and evidently well cultivated, sang an air of a somewhat tender, melancholy cast. On that spot, where all around was so well calculated to excite the imagination, the voice of the unseen songstress seemed to me as that of some enchanted or spell-bound inmate of the magic palace. Flowers bloomed at my side, and before me a creeping plant, trained on plaited twigs or trellice-work, formed a wall of leaves. There were towers and turrets in sight, and a very monastic-looking archway—the sort of surroundings to induce a pleasant dreamy state of mind, and to favour indulgence in it for a brief moment. Suddenly the singing ceased. I heard it no more; and saw no one until the return of my companions, when I learned that I had been listening to the singing and playing of the Condessa d'Edla and Dom Fernando, and that they had probably left the castle by some other door, as they were going down to the lakes to fish.

When the monastery was purchased by Dom Fernando from the person into whose possession it had come after the secularization of religious houses in Portugal, it was fast falling to ruin. But such portions of it as remained in a fair state of preservation or could be repaired—such as parts of the outer wall and the

turrets—were retained and turned to account in the plan sketched out for the rebuilding and remodelling of the edifice. The high tower—from which, it is said, Dom Manoel used to watch for the return of the fleet of Vasco da Gama from the exploring expedition to India—had fallen in, and has been rebuilt; and there have been added square turrets and cupolas, castellated walls, courts, and arched passages, a drawbridge and fosses.

The carvings which adorn every archway and entrance, every projecting window, and framework of the doors, both within and without, are most elaborate, elegant, and full of inventive fancy. The style of the furniture corresponds with that of the architecture. The principal dining-room is of large size; the centre is supported by pillars, and contains a large horse-shoe dining-table.

The castle terrace commands a prospect of great extent, but it is not so pleasing as the view from some other parts, the country being less fertile in that direction and very slightly undulated. It reminded me of the view from the terrace-walk at Saint Germain, which, I think, is celebrated more for its extent than for beauty or diversity in the landscape.

From the terrace, a lofty flight of steps leads to the church and cloister, which are those of the old convent, and remain in their original state. They are small, but exceedingly interesting. We were urged to examine closely the beautiful *sacrario* of the high altar, and were led, or rather pulled, in between it and the altar table. I thought it an irreverent, if not a sacrilegious act.

However, it was a Roman Catholic's, not a Protestant's suggestion that led to it.

The *sacrario* is of transparent alabaster, beautifully sculptured in *basso relievo*. The subject is the Passion of our Saviour. It is designed with so much skill, and the workmanship is so delicate and highly finished, that, of its kind, this altar-piece is considered unequalled in the kingdom. It is supported by long garlands of flowers, carved from the same precious alabaster, and gracefully festooned on pillars of black porphyry. I was told that when a lamp is placed in it the effect is beautiful, and that sufficient light is emitted for the priest officiating at the altar to read by. It was made in Italy for Dom João the Third, the son of Dom Manoel, and presented by him to the Peña convent in 1529. It is extraordinary that the French, who despoiled the convent of everything worth carrying away, did not contrive to remove this beautiful work of art.

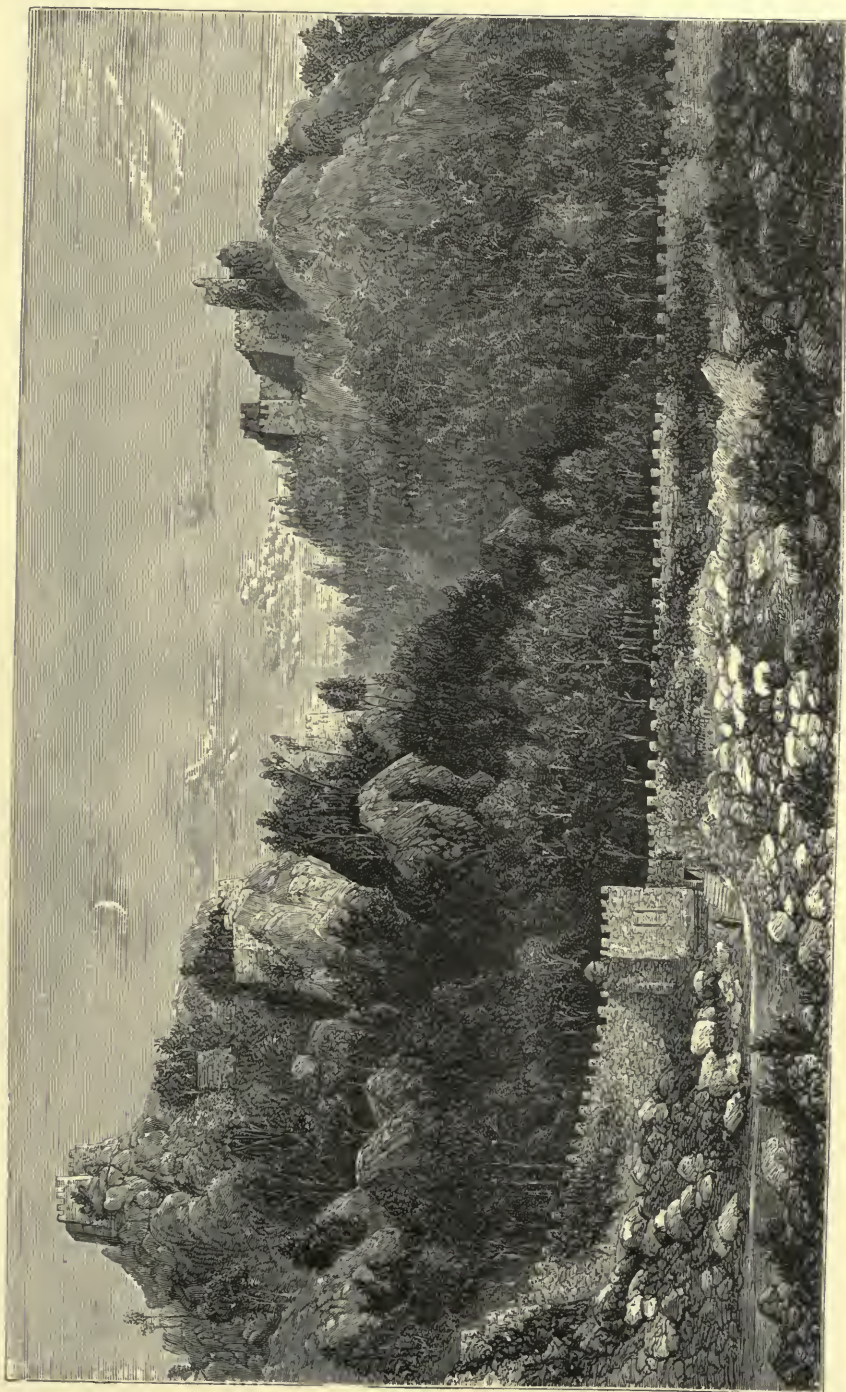
There is a small painted window in the church, said to be of the same date. It represents Vasco da Gama on his knees before Dom Manoel, who holds before him, as if for his admiration, what looks something like a bird-cage, but is meant for a model of the *Torre de Belem*. In the cloister is another small painted window, and two or three curious ancient pictures. The church and cloister now form the private chapel of the castle.

Returning to the terrace, I noticed the little Swiss farm in the plain below. It is called "the *Chalet de Madama*," and is something in the style of the *chalet*



of the *Petit Trianon*. From the terrace we went down to the lakes. They are picturesquely pretty. Here and there on their banks are large drooping willows and immense bushes of fuchsia, planted close to the water's edge, and leaning forward with their bunches of pendent flowers lying on the surface of the lake. Here we again fell in with the Spanish party, whom we had not met with in our rambles through the pleasure grounds. They were waiting to see Dom Fernando and his Condessa, who had not yet made their appearance; but the little skiff, with the fishing tackle and all needful appurtenances, and the boatmen in charge, were in readiness for them.

We did not wait for the embarkation of the fishing party, but after strolling through some prettily laid out garden ground near the lakes, we took leave of our boy guide—he, I believe, as well satisfied with us as we had been with him—and, passing through some large iron gates, went on to the *Castello de Mouros*. It is on a lower eminence, not far from the *Peña*. There is but little to see there except the cistern, or vaulted Moorish bath, which I am told is forty-five feet in length and sixteen in breadth. The water that flows into it is beautifully clear, and remains always at the same level. The outer wall of this castle has been repaired by the king, Dom Fernando, within whose princely domain it falls—a more enviable possession than that offered to him in the tottering throne of Spain. Various animals, among them the stag, the gracefully-bounding gazelle, the horse, and the ox, enjoy themselves here in full liberty. There are also peacocks, a pair of small



THE CASTELLO DE MOUROS.





ostriches, swans, and gay-plumaged ducks. The ancient mosque still remains. Excavations, in connexion with the works then in progress, were made in it a few years ago, when several skeletons were found. Their bones were collected and buried beneath a half-moon shaped stone, with a cross and a crescent as emblems, and the inscription, "*O que ficou junto, Deus separará,*" to denote that it was unknown whether the bones there buried were those of Christians or Mohammedans. The stones are defaced by the scratchings and scrawlings of such persons as have a mania for disfiguring places and objects they are permitted to see by placing their initials or names on them, and by inscribing sentences, pious or sublime, for the edification of less gifted individuals. It is to be hoped that the latter, at least, *of whatever nation*, may see so eloquent "a sermon in," or on, "these stones," that they may be taught by it to abstain from the sin of using pencil or knife in further defacement of them.

There is a narrow pathway by which, if traversed on foot, you may, by a cross cut, get down from the Castello de Mouros to the town in a very short time. This path we proposed to descend, instead of then going on to the Peña Verde; for I had been thrown once on the road by the abominable donkey, aided by the abominable saddle, and was resolved not to mount the brute again, at least for that day. The donkey-driver chose to look on this arrangement as a great affront to him and his donkeys. He entreated, he expostulated; said I was "very little damaged"—which was very near the truth, for I was not damaged at

all; but his eloquence was not so persuasive as to induce me to take a long round for the sake of soothing his wounded feelings. And so we then and there parted company; he in great dudgeon, and we much amused.

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE QUINTAS, SANTA CRUZ, &C.

BEAUTIFUL is the sight in the early morning in summer, when the thin gauzy mist that sometimes rests on the *serra*, concealing the castles and convents on its peaks, is first touched by the sun's bright rays. The mist does not roll off, as from some thick, cloud-covered mountains, but becomes rosy and transparent, magnifying the objects perceived through it. Then gradually it grows thinner and clearer; expanding and melting away into space, as it leaves the lovely picture it had veiled revealed in full beauty.

You must be up and abroad and in shady places very early if you would see—and it is a far more refreshing sight in these southern climes than in the chilly north—every leaf and flower sparkling with dew-drops; for they are kissed away by the first ardent sun-beam that greets them. The fresh breezes which then stir the foliage soon die away, to revive only in the evening; and the richer perfume with which the air is then laden lasts but while the blossoms are moist with the odours distilled by the night dews. Birds are on the wing, or are twittering, as they dress their plumage, in the laurestinus and jasmine hedgerows.



The busy hum of the insect world is heard; the bee seeks the fragrant wild thyme, the bluebells, and hyacinths; long gauzy wings of brilliant hues flash and glance in the morning sunshine, and tiny butterflies hover lovingly over the wild flowers that embroider the ground, and whose little gem-like stars and bells, now fully expanded, will be slowly rolled up and hidden under some leaflet or blade of grass, long ere the fierce glare of noontide can reach them. The dawn, here, bursts somewhat suddenly into day with a beauty too fleeting, but all its own.

There are many *quintas* in Cintra and on the Colares road that are open to visitors, and afford—where admission can be obtained at so early an hour—a delightful morning's stroll before setting out on some more distant or toilsome expedition. The *quinta* of the Marquez de Vianna is a celebrated one, and, with reference to its situation and the general beauty of Cintra, has been compared to the antechamber of a romantic fairy palace. It has very fine gardens; pretty grottoes and cascades, shady walks and arbours. But far more beautiful, to my thinking, is the *quinta* of the Marquez de Vallada.

"In shadier bower  
Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor nymph  
Nor Faunus haunted."

It has a plantation of forest trees, forming a labyrinth of groves, and is a favourite haunt of the nightingales. There are long and densely-shaded avenues bordered with bushes of blue and pink hydrangea, which flourish and bloom most luxuriantly beneath the vast, cool,

leafy canopy. There are glade-like openings, mossy and verdant, adorned with statues and fountains, and at one end there is a ruined battlement. Some of these romantic *allées* lead to a beautiful flower-garden; others open upon a lake of some extent, where there is a boat and a bridge, and where swans of the snowiest plumage disport themselves on its waters, which are of purest crystalline clearness. A pathway runs round the lake, which, except at one end, where a few trees droop over it, is bordered with flowers—roses, lilies, geraniums, carnations and fuchsias, with many others of bright tints and sweet fragrance. A castellated wall terminates the grounds on the lake side, and a most enchanting view of the country is obtained from it. It is indeed a very charming place—a spot one could be contented to live and die in.

There are many other *quintas*, each having some rival attraction to offer—all of them being more or less beautiful. Those of the Baroneza de Regaleira and the Marquez de Pombal are favourite promenades; but perhaps the most fashionable evening resort is the *Campo* of the Marialva Palace, called also the *Seteais*. The Cintra Convention, it has always been supposed, was signed in this palace; but lately some persons have discovered that it was not—without, however, discovering where it was signed. Spots of ink on the floor used to be shown, scattered, it was said, from Junot's pen, thrown down by him in anger after signing his name. Should not it rather have been that of Wellington? The name *Seteais*! I have been told, is also due to the signing of the Convention; of which, when

the officers and soldiers who then filled the building were informed, they gave seven loud *Aies* ! or hurrahs—not sharing, it would seem, in the vexation of Junot—and in commemoration of the event dubbed the Duque de Marialva's mansion the Palace of the *Seteaies*. It is otherwise accounted for by there being an echo in the building which repeats seven syllables.

A pilgrimage to the tiny convent of the *Santa Cruz* is *de rigueur* ; and no less so is a visit, *en passant*, to the *Peña Verde*, the *quinta* of its founder. Accordingly, *burrinhôs* are again in request for this mountain ride, and as the companion of the former one has returned to Lisbon, I join three other pilgrims, more of strangers than myself, and thus complete *uma partida quadrada*—too many by two, unless your *tête-à-tête* companion be a most uncongenial one ; for rarely is any clear idea retained of an object of interest—at least, such is my experience, when visited under the distracting influences of a numerous accompanying sight-seeing party. However, in this instance, it is but revisiting old familiar scenes, and besides, the *quartette* is a sedate one ; two parts Spanish, one French, and one English—a very happy mixture ; not sufficiently acquainted to be too hilarious, all “unattached” and not likely to become otherwise, yet each disposed, as it seems, to do his or her best to play the agreeable.

The saddles, or side seats, are in better order to-day, and my donkey is a foot, or a hand, at least, lower than the former one ; as the donkey man, with many an expressive nod and smile, bids me observe. He has himself selected this animal, the pride of his stud—



for it is a point of honour with him that I should be superbly mounted on this occasion. "A tall donkey," he says, "*não presta—não val nada*"—is good for nothing—a fact I was not before aware of.

The *burrinhos* are fresh and frisky—they have not been to market to-day—so they get over the ground quickly, pass the *Seteais* in no time, and almost as soon reach the Peña Verde—the *quinta* of Dom João de Castro, the famous viceroy of India. He left it to his heirs, to whose descendants it still belongs, on condition of its remaining a pleasure garden, and that no fruit-tree should be planted in it or any pecuniary advantage be derived from its produce. Yet it is said that the first orange-trees known in Europe were planted in these gardens. In the house, a few old Indian curiosities are still preserved, and an original portrait of Dom João de Castro, who died here in 1548. An avenue of magnificent trees leads to a hermitage, or small oratory on the rock of Alviçaras, whence you look over a wide extent of beautifully-diversified country.

From the Peña Verde we took the Collares road, along the side of the mountain, and one of the most charming of the many walks and rides in this lovely region. Its surpassing loveliness is difficult to depict. All epithets of admiration, all words descriptive of beauty, will have been exhausted and re-exhausted on Cintra, probably, before this fairest spot of earth has been visited—a spot which the coldest, the most apathetic of earth's sons, the one in the world least impressed by the beauties of nature, could not look

upon unmoved. What more shall I tell then of Cintra and Collares? If I should fill my letter with an attempt to convey an idea of the sensations which the contemplation of such scenes has excited in me, or of the emotion I have witnessed in others, I should write of ecstasies and raptures that might perhaps raise a smile, without awakening that corresponding glow of enthusiasm which but a glimpse of the fair scenes themselves would enkindle. Nor by becoming familiar to the eye does their beauty impress you the less; it rather grows upon you, every day, every hour, at every fresh footstep, just as admiration grows and intensifies till it becomes love. I invite you, then, to our Lusitanian Eden. Its beauties must be seen, ere their magic charm can be felt.

And now we will wake up the *burrinhos* and get on. But they answer not to the “Eciho! eciho!”—which is Portuguese for “Gee up!”—they hang their heads, and are immovable. Surely they also are entranced. Have they caught something of their riders’ sensations? Though deep they were not loudly expressed; but there are indications that the pent-up feelings of one or more of these *burrinhos* are about to be vociferously brayed forth.—Heavens! that such discordant sounds should awaken the echoes and rend the air, amid scenes where only the songs of nightingales and such sweet warblers are wont to make it vocal! Our driver is frantic with indignation. “*Malditos brutos!*” he exclaims, and grinds his white teeth. But peace is restored, and we trot onwards.

Ere we begin to climb the *serra*, to wind amidst

huge masses of broken rock, which seem to have been tossed *pêle mêle* out of some volcano, to ascend the steep incline, to scramble down the rugged, stone-strewed slope, to rise again, catching at the tufty grass, as if that would save us should we chance to tumble down as we turn some sudden angle of the intricate pathway—but no fear of that, the *burrinhos* are sure-footed, and will bear us lithely over this oft-trodden road in safety to the mountain top—yet, as I said, ere we go let us rein up our steeds and admire the charming *quinta de Montserrate*, once the mountain-home of “England’s wealthiest son;” now the abode of another Englishman, Mr. Cook—in these parts, Visconde de Montserrate.

Whether the modern villa, or *palacio* as it is called, is built in the same style as Mr. Beckford’s, I know not; but from a description I have read of the latter, I should imagine that at least Mr. Cook’s house much resembles it. It had fallen into a most ruinous state when he purchased the property. Its extreme dilapidation has been accounted for by its having been hastily built—owing to Mr. Beckford’s impatience for its completion—also by the wanton destruction of the building at the hands of the soldiery during the French occupation of Lisbon and Cintra. I have seen only photographs of the interior; but its decorations and furniture are said to be of the most costly kind, as well as in excellent taste, and it contains besides a valuable collection of objects of art and *virtu*.

The situation of the *quinta* is extremely beautiful. It occupies a projecting mound which commands an uninterrupted view of the valley of Collares, the ocean,



and the *serra*. Near the house are broad, smooth, slanting lawns of the freshest green, and an avenue of trees leading up to it. There are plantations of fine old oaks and cedars and a grove of Tangerine orange trees. There are lakes and fountains, and a cascade which in the rainy season becomes a rushing, roaring cataract, dashing down from the mountain-top to the lowest depths of the valley. Ferns of the rarest kinds, beautifully laid out gardens, wooded slopes and park-like grounds, are some of the attractions of the *quinta de Montserrat*. But it is not easy, I am told, to obtain admission to it.

"I think I can manage it for you," a gentleman said to me the other day, "if you have a wish to see the interior of the palace and its treasures."

However, I have not availed myself of this *quasi*-promise to get the gates of Mr. Cook's palace unbarred for me; for report says he does not like to have his pretty things looked at, or to be intruded upon by *curious* people. In this he only imitates his predecessor, Mr. Beckford, and he has certainly full right to do as he will with his own. Greater strictness, I hear, is now observed than formerly, in consequence of a lady having had the misfortune to trip her foot against something that lay upon the floor and to fall against a valuable china vase, which was thus broken to pieces. Extremely vexatious, no doubt; yet Mr. Cook should not be so ungallant as to suppose that a *faux pas* is likely to occur in the case of every lady who may effect an entrance into his palace.

I have been shown some amusing verses, or rather

doggerel rhymes, *apropos* of the closed doors of the Montserrate Palace. A party of four Englishmen having landed from a vessel touching at Lisbon, and with but one day allowed to look about them, thought they could not better employ it than in visiting the Castello da Peña and the Quinta de Montserrate. They were informed that there would be no difficulty in obtaining admission; but as both the king and Mr. Cook were at Cintra, they thought it better to "make assurance doubly sure" by first sending a telegram of inquiry. The answer was, they could see the king's palace, but not Mr. Cook's; so they determined to be satisfied with seeing the castello, and set off accordingly. The civility of the attendants, and the obliging manner in which, as strangers with but a few hours to spare, they were allowed to see more of the castle than they had expected, as Dom Fernando was residing there, so delighted them, that on adjourning to a hotel, and while dinner was preparing, each felt himself inspired, by his gratified feelings on the one hand, and indignation on the other, to sit down and pen a bitter philippic, in which kingly courtesy was contrasted with the churlishness, as they termed it, of a cook.

Why they could not ease their ruffled minds in humble prose it is difficult to say. Perhaps they had been refreshing themselves with fine old Collares, unmindful of, or not knowing, its potency: or, being Englishmen, old port may have heated their brains to a state of poetic fervour; unless rhymes were adopted as having in themselves a peculiar force and

stinging power that might serve, in case of need, as barbs to the somewhat dull shafts of satire aimed at poor Mr. C. When I read these epigrammatic effusions they were immortalized on the leaves of an album. I remember two lines of one of them. The first ended in "a grain of common sense"—that, of course, was the poet's own; after which followed, by way of completing the rhyme, and at the same time characterizing both the k—g and the c—k, the title of one of Landseer's well-known pictures. I would rather not be more explicit; but if you think it worth while, no doubt you will soon guess the title and understand how the epithets were applied.

I told this anecdote to my companions to deter them from besieging the gates of the *quinta*, as they had proposed doing. But that Mr. Cook might not undeservedly be held in *mauvaise odeur*, I thought it right to add that he had expended immense sums in Portugal; that he had employed in the decoration of his *quinta* the first artists and best workmen of the country, and had been most liberal in all his arrangements with them; so much so that, as I was informed, his Portuguese title was conferred on him in acknowledgment of the many benefits which those connected with art and industry owed to him, and that he was generally much esteemed.

How well the *burrinhos* know the road to Santa Cruz! They thread their way up the rugged road unerringly. As for the crosses, so far as they now serve for guiding posts, they might all be removed, the donkeys being the surer guides of the two. As soon as the top



of the *serra* is reached, they immediately make for the short descent, for they know whither you are bound, and the poor little convent lies in a sort of hollow. They will carry you to the entrance, which unaided you would scarcely detect amidst the huge masses of rock rising up around; it is, in fact, a hole rather than a door. The convent was the smallest and poorest in the kingdom. Its cost to Dom Alvaro de Castro, who constructed—it cannot be said erected—it, in 1560, in compliance with his father's dying injunction, was a hundred *cruzados*, between 10*l.* and 11*l.* The few materials required for it were nearly all on the spot—a rocky cavern, abundance of grey stone, clay, straw, and the bark of the cork-tree, which was to be had on the mountain side. From ten to twenty Franciscan monks passed their lives there in dirt and poverty. One of their number, the “blessed Honorius,” lived to the age of ninety-five, of which the last thirty years were spent in a self-imposed kind of martyrdom, in a wretched stone cave into which he was obliged to crawl on his hands and knees, and when there he could not even extend himself to his full length.

Descending one day to the valley, the holy father chanced to meet on his way a beautiful young girl, who accosted him, and begged him to confess her. He refused, but told her to go to the convent if she really wished to confess. But the girl persisted in her entreaties that he would confess her then and there; and gave signs of being a wilful as well as a winsome lass, who was determined not to be said nay. St. Honorius, remarking the beauty of the fair suppliant,

though he could not entirely withhold the tribute of admiration which beauty must ever command, began to suspect his Satanic majesty of assuming this fair form for the purpose of tempting him.

As soon as the thought flashed across his mind, he made the sign of the cross, fell on his knees, and said a *pater noster*. Immediately the young girl fled!—"proof positive," said our informant, "that she was a devil incarnate."

Honorius, on returning to his convent, sought around it for a retreat that should be even more wretched than his miserable cell, which was, itself, hardly larger than a coffin. The cave, that had been unobserved by him before, stood there—ready for him, it would seem. In it he took up his abode for the rest of his life, hoping, by that long penance, to have expiated, when he died, the crime of having for one moment cast an admiring eye on lovely woman.

The Frenchman of our party, when the old man in charge of the ruins had finished this tale, exclaimed "*Comment donc! le bonhomme s'effrayait tant que cela d'une jeune fille et sa beauté du diable? Que Dieu lui pardonne! car il était plus naïf que saint.*" The Spanish lady—who was, I suspect, *un peu dévote*, for she had listened with most serious attention to the old man's story—on hearing the Frenchman's exclamation raised her arched eyebrows still higher, and turning towards me, her dark eyes gave me a glance that spoke "unutterable things." I returned it as sympathetically as was convenient; but had I been requested to give







ON THE COLLARES ROAD

my opinion in words, I must have agreed with the Frenchman.

There are ruins of other convents still further on—the *Serra*, *Penha Longa*, and *Peninha*, the latter once of far more importance than the *Santa Cruz*. It possessed a wonderful miracle-working image of “Our Lady,” of the miraculous finding of which on the *peninha*, or little rock, tradition tells a most marvellous story. Only the most determined explorers climb up to these ruins. Years ago it was said that the cork convent was to be restored; but I find it in the same state still. If about the altar and other parts of the interior there is a slight appearance of further dilapidation, it is not that caused by the hand of time, but by the breakings and chippings of those idiotic people who are afflicted with a propensity for purloining from such places fragments of stone and wood. Report says that Mr. Cook has lately bought the Santa Cruz and the ground around it, and intends to restore the convent to its original state. Would not it be wiser to leave it as it is?—a heap of stones, that will last as long as the mountain of which they formed a part, and a *souvenir* of a state of society that can never, it may be hoped, be restored.

Our party wishing to see the famous *Pedra d’Alvidrar*, we descended the mountain on the side towards Collares; leaving the grandeur of rocks, peaks, and cliffs for picturesque mountain streams, pine woods, and shrubberies, the bay, the myrtle and laurestinus. The hill slopes, now brown or bare, in spring and early summer, or after refreshing rains, are bright with



verdure mingled with flowering heath, pink and white lilies, the wild purple crocus, and hyacinth of many hues. But when the noontide sun glows fiercest you may seek here the chestnut-wood—majestic trees of densest shade that tower above Collares.

As we approach the lovely valley of the Varzea, stretching far away before us are olive-grounds and vineyards, from whose rich fruit the Burgundy of Portugal is produced; *quintas*, embosomed in their orange groves and gardens; Collares' far-famed orchards, the peach, the plum, the pear, the almond, apricot, and cherry; and issuing from the lake, or Tanque de Varzea, and winding through apple grounds and banks of fragrant verdure, the bright little Rio das Maçaãs, or apples' river, glides onward to the sea.

Near the town of Collares is a celebrated *quinta*, known as the *Quinta do Dias*. Few persons who visit Collares fail to go through its lovely gardens and grounds—remarkable even where all around is loveliness—or to ascend its lofty *Belvédère*; whence there is a prospect so extensive, beautiful, and varied, that once seen can hardly be forgotten. Wildly grand, enchanting, romantic, it must remain engraven on the memory, “a joy for ever.”

Some of our party had the folly to add to the mass of nonsense scribbled over every part of the *Belvédère* where a word or letter could be squeezed in. Examining these effusions, the Frenchman's eye lighted on the following:—

“*Do espirito de poesia  
é a morada encantadora.*”

“It is the enchanting abode of the spirit of poetry.”



Some one less fluent had written beneath it "*é verdade*" —'tis true. Our friend, remorselessly clearing away the next effusion to make room for his own, wrote beneath the above, "*Erreur ! erreur ! L'esprit n'existe pas ici ; les prosateurs l'ont chassé.*"

This was *meant* to be keenly cutting and *spirituel*. I was so dull as to think it a *niaiserie* rather than a witticism ; of course I did not say so, but assumed an expression of "dear me, how clever !" The Frenchman handed his pencil to the Spaniard. Thus invited, with true Spanish courtesy, he wrote in French—" *Partout, où se trouve un Français, là l'esprit existe.*" The Frenchman bowed, and, seeking perhaps another compliment, prayed the *senhora*—the sister of the Spaniard—to write a line also. She declined ; "she feared to venture after the display of "*tant d'esprit.*" It came lastly to the Englishwoman's turn. "Would she write the thought of her heart at that moment ?" She had a strong objection to such defacement of walls and windows ; but as they were already so thoroughly scrawled over that a word or two more or less could not in any sense do further damage, "if *monsieur* would be her amanuensis she would dictate two words." Of course he could not refuse ; indeed "he felt himself honoured. What should he write ?"

"Immediately under *Sua Excellencia's* line write *c'est possible.*" He smiled, and wrote the words in a large bold hand ; then, with a very low bow, said, "*Maintenant, je vais signer pour madame.*"—" *Perfide Albion !*"

After this display of small wit and much folly, which

perhaps amused us all, we looked once more, long and lingeringly and loth to turn from it, upon the lovely panorama spread out for miles around. Then, leaving the Quinta do Dias, we hastened on to the *Fojo*; for time had slipped away with marvellous quickness, and there yet remained the *Pedra d'Alvidrar* to get, if possible, a glimpse of.

But, except for the grandeur and sublimity of the coast view, neither *Fojo* nor *Pedra* need detain us long. The cliffs thereabouts are broken and shattered into a thousand fantastic shapes. You might fancy those crags, splintered and wave-worn and apparently grotesquely carved, the fragments of ruined pillars and broken arches that would be swept away by the force of the wave now rolling in—a wall of waters that breaks furiously over them in cataracts of foam. The Rock of Lisbon, terminating the Cintra range, stands boldly forward, as if defiant of that wild Atlantic which roars and thunders at its base; tossing itself madly amongst the huge grey stones, scattered in picturesque confusion on the rugged beach, and rushing with headlong fury into clefts and caverns, issuing from them in long streams of froth and showers of spray. And this is but the fretting of the ocean against its rocky barriers on a breezy summer's day. How grandly awful, then, must be the scene when the storm is raging, the lightning flashing, and the pealing thunder reverberating in the mountains!

“*O Fojo ! excellencias. O Fojo !*” exclaims our guide; then turns away and slyly crosses himself. I caught him in the very act. “*Não tem duvida minha,*

*senhora*," he says. He would have me not be alarmed. It is a mere habit of his to cross himself when he comes to the *Fojo*. There is nothing in it, he assures me, *sotto voce*, lest it should reach the ears of the "*Hespanhola*," whom he probably considers more sensitive touching such matters than myself. For the English, as "Protestant heretics," are generally supposed to be infidels, believing in nothing, and caring for nothing that is looked upon here as religion; yet, very good-naturedly, allowed to worship God in their own "temple," and in their own lax way without let or hindrance, and as they have never been allowed in Spain. However, here we are at the *Fojo*; and our man draws off to a safe distance with his *burrinhos*.

The *Fojo*, or *cavern*, is a deep natural cavity in a large rock. Round and large at the opening, it narrows as it descends perpendicularly to the sea, which rushes through it with a roaring sound that is really deafening. The rock is a favourite resort of sea-birds, whose shrieks and wailing cries, mingling with the tumult and wild commotion of the waters beneath, form a horrid din that often shakes weak nerves, and warns off the visitor rather than invites his approach. No wonder, then, that the country people of this district regard the rock with some degree of superstitious dread, and tell strange legends connected with it, in which they evidently put implicit faith. According to one of these fabulous tales, the bottom of the *Fojo* is far, far down beneath the sea; even so far as the mouth of the bottomless pit: and the wild sea-birds which congregate upon, or hover over it, often making both day



and "night hideous" with their sharp, shrill, querulous notes, are spirits—not of the blessed—who in sea-bird shape are permitted for a short space to revisit earth, and with the whirr of waters in their ears and the taunting voices of demons crying to them from below, to bewail and lament on that lone rock the crimes committed by them in human form. I like not the *Fojo*; yet with its angry roar, its flock of screeching sea-birds, and its dreary legends, it lends a weird, romantic interest to a wild sea view.

Nor are the Blondin-like feats performed at the *Pedra d'Alvidrar* by men and boys of an adjacent village pleasant to witness. The *pedra* is a grand rocky headland projecting over a confused heap of broken, sunken rocks, and rising with a slight incline to the height of a hundred and seventy-five feet. Its surface, though somewhat rugged, furrowed, and rucked by the storms and tempests it has for centuries faced, affords no projection or ledge broad enough for a resting-place for the sole of the foot; yet up and down its sides, following each other with rapidity, men and boys run in monkey-fashion, clinging to the rock with their thumbs and great toes, and never lowering the heel. All this they will do unrequested, in the expectation of receiving a few *vintems* from lookers-on. It is a spectacle that excites most uncomfortable sensations of anxious terror; for one failure in step or touch hurls the adventurous climber to certain death in the yawning abyss beneath the rock. But accidents are almost unknown, and the children are trained to this climbing from very early years, practising

at first, probably, on less perilous rocks in the vicinity of the *pedra*.

Why this rock is called the Arbiter, or Judgment Stone, I cannot learn. It is not a modern appellation, and the men of the village of Almoçageme have for generations past made it their boast that they were able to descend and to scale with impunity the sides of this dangerous *pedra*. To make the attempt must, at all events, have been a test of courage, and the rock may thus have acquired the name of the Stone of Judgment. But it is growing late; so we hasten to bid adieu to the *pedra*.

We are on our way back from Collares to Cintra. And what a lovely road it is! Day is declining. The moon is up, but her rays do but palely gleam through the lofty tops of the fine old cork and chestnut trees. The air begins to be more sweetly perfumed by the breath of flowers, and soft zephyrs flutter amidst the foliage. Evening is not yet, 'tis approaching only. The hour of departing day—for twilight can here be hardly said to exist—is loveliest of all. The sky is painted with “colours dipt in heaven;” and as the first fresh odorous breezes of the balmy night are inhaled, a draught of life's elixir seems to run through the veins, giving fresh vigour and buoyancy to the spirit, and enabling you, for a time at least, to cast aside all cares and anxious thoughts and “burthens of humanity.”

As we rode by the Marialva Palace the *beau monde*, who now throng Cintra, had congregated in full force on the *promenade* to enjoy the lovely evening. The

usual dinner-hour had passed when we arrived, and as fine old Collares, resembling rich, ripe Rousillon, with the famed Cintra cheesecakes, had been our sole repast, we dined *en partie carrée*, and as we sipped our coffee and smoked our *cigarettes*, arranged a new excursion for the morrow.



## CHAPTER XVI.

### PALACIO REAL—HIPPODROMO—MAFRA.

A REPORT, almost daily circulated and as often contradicted as premature, that the king, Dom Luis, and the queen, Donna Maria Pia, may be expected immediately at Cintra, induced my new friends to propose a visit to the *palacio real*, which, in case of the arrival of their majesties, would in great part be closed to visitors, if not entirely so to Spanish ones. But at present the royal family continue at the palace of Queluz, and it would seem to be their favourite summer residence; the gardens and grounds, planned after those of Marly, and considered the finest in Portugal of their kind, probably compensating for the otherwise dreary situation of that royal abode.

This morning, however, we directed our steps towards the *palacio real*, intending afterwards to pay a visit to Mafra. The real interest of the palace, *selon moi*, lies in the mine of sad and romantic history connected with it, to exhaust which scarcely would the pages of a volume suffice, much less those of the longest letter. You will not, therefore, expect me to enter into any minute description of its confused style of architecture, the well-marked traces it yet retains

of its Moorish origin, or the additions and reconstructions of its later Christian kings. Probably but a small part of the present edifice is really the work of the Moors. Dom João the First almost entirely rebuilt it, and several of his successors have added to and repaired it; though in all these changes and modifications the original Moorish designs may have been more or less preserved—as, indeed, its terraces, its gilded fountains, its baths, oriental windows, &c., bear witness.

It has its Hall of swans, of magpies, and of arms or shields—deriving their names from the subjects of their finely-painted ceilings, and with all of which some romantic tale or legend is connected.

The *sala das pegas*, or magpie saloon, owes its curiously-painted ceiling to an act of gallantry on the part of Dom João the First, a mighty hunter, and the conqueror of the Spaniards at Aljubarota.

Going off early one morning on a hunting expedition, as he came down the terrace he gathered a flower from a rosebush. Chancing to meet one of the young maids of honour as, with the rose in his hand, he passed through the *sala*, he presented the flower to her. She curtsied on receiving it, and the king stooped and kissed her on the cheek, at the very moment that Queen Philippa—the English Princess of Lancaster—was entering the *sala* by a side door. Naturally, she did not look on this interesting scene with much approval; but the royal Dom João, bowing low to his consort, exclaimed, laughingly, as he left the *sala*, “*é por bem, minha senhora, por bem*”—

meaning that it was from good feeling only, and that no wrong was done to her.

Probably Queen Philippa was not too well pleased with the king's mode of showing his good feeling towards her ladies; for it got whispered about the palace that the young maid of honour was much in the king's good graces, and spiteful tongues repeated, with many expressive nods and smiles, "*é por bem, por bem.*" This coming to the king's ears, he determined to rebuke and silence this palace gossip and slander. The *sala* by his order was closed for a time. When it was reopened, the queen and her court came to see its new beautifully-painted ceiling. Behold, it was covered with magpies!—just as we see it now. Each bird has a rose in its claw, and holds a label in its beak inscribed with the words "*por bem,*" which with great gallantry the king assumed as a motto, applying it to the incident of the rose and the kiss in the sense of our "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*"

The *sala das armas* is a splendid saloon, added to the palace by Dom Manoel in 1515. The ceiling is dome-shaped, and was painted by the heraldic painter, Duarte d'Armas, by command of the king. In the centre are the royal arms; around, are grouped the seven escutcheons of the *infantes*, and surrounding these, in two circles, are seventy-four shields bearing the arms of the peers of the realm, each shield depending from the neck of a stag *couchant*. They are arranged in circles and in alphabetical order, to denote that none take precedence of the others. On the four



walls, just beneath the cornice, is written in large golden letters—

*“Pois com esforço, e leaes serviços forão ganhados,  
Com estes e outros taes, devem de ser conservados.”*

“As these by valour and loyal services were gained,  
By them and others like them must they be maintained.”

The arms of several noble families were omitted, because they had not yet been determined with sufficient accuracy; for until Dom Manoel conceived the idea of putting an end to the confusion that existed respecting the armorial bearings of the Portuguese nobility, very little attention had been given to the subject. Monuments, chapels, and archives were by his order inspected for the purpose of ascertaining with correctness what heraldic devices had been borne by the families of the nobles then composing his court, and these, with such additions as at the time were granted, were newly designed and illuminated, and placed in a book which was deposited in the archives of the *Torre do Tombo*. The arms were, in 1759, erased from the shields of the Duque d’Aveiro, and the Marquez de Tavora, who were accused of being concerned in the plot to assassinate the king, Dom José, and who, with the Marqueza and other persons, were put to death with extremest cruelty on the *caes* at Belem, in the same year.

There is in the palace a magnificent marble chimney-piece, with carvings by Michael Angelo. It was a present from Pope Leo the Tenth to Dom Manoel, who in 1514 sent his ambassador, Tristão

da Cunha, to Rome, with so numerous a retinue, and with so much pomp and state, that nothing to equal them had before been seen in Europe. This period is known in Portuguese history as the *idade de ouro*—the golden age; and the king, Dom Manoel, is surnamed "*O venturoso*"—the fortunate. For Vasco da Gama had then discovered India and other places; the treasures of the East—its gold, diamonds, and pearls—poured into Portugal, and the smallest of European kingdoms became the richest.

The first fruits of these great discoveries had been sent to Pope Leo—jewels, rich vestments, and costly spices; and amongst other things are mentioned a tame onça and an enormous elephant, the first that were brought to Europe. In return for these gifts the Michael Angelo chimney-piece was sent back. With his own share of the first fruits of the conquest of India, Dom Manoel began to build the splendid church of Santa Maria de Belem, and the adjoining monastery, for the Jeronymite monks, as a thankoffering to God.

A spiral staircase in the palace leads to a large court or hall, decorated with a pretty trickling marble fountain. Upon this court open several of the private apartments, which are all simply yet elegantly decorated and furnished. Others look upon an exceedingly pretty terraced garden, whence there are charming views of the mountains, the village, and the sea. Throughout the palace are numerous fountains, reservoirs and baths. A shower-bath room, of singular construction, and said to be one of the Moorish remains, projects its waters from unseen sources in fine showers

from the walls and ceiling to the centre of the room. There is shown also the chamber in which the famous Dom Sebastian held his last council of state, during which the crown fell from his head—a forewarning as was supposed, but which the king refused to give heed to, that the African expedition his ministers had assembled to consult with him upon, and from which he never returned, would terminate fatally. You may, too, look into that small room with the tiled floor. The bricks are worn away by the pacing to and fro of Dom Affonso the Sixth, who was imprisoned in it for several years, and was only released by sudden death, while hearing mass, from the captivity in which—at the instigation of the Jesuits, whom he had hated and perhaps oppressed—he was held by his wife and brother, who, without waiting for a dispensation from Rome, had married; the latter governing the kingdom, during Dom Affonso's life, as regent.

The kitchens are on a grand scale. Those two gigantic tapering towers, having something the appearance of minarets, and which so strike everyone who sees the building for the first time—for whether they are intended as useful or ornamental appendages to it seems difficult to decide—are the chimneys. They descend to the floor and divide the whole space of the kitchen between them. They are furnished with windows, and thus serve to admit light as well as to carry off smoke. How they were used formerly was not explained, but the smoke is now carried up them by an iron pipe connected with a row of stoves.

I believe, that with the little knowledge we already



possessed of the mysterious ins and outs, labyrinths, and vaulted passages, the stories, the legends, &c., of this Portuguese Alhambra—the subdued splendour of whose richly variegated marbles has been by some persons more admired than the golden grandeur of the Moorish buildings of Granada—we should have seen more, and have known more concerning it when we left, had we been allowed to walk through it alone, than we did after being led from room to room in follow-my-leader fashion, with the three-thousand-times-told tale of a guide droning in our ears. But of course, that could not be. The Frenchman's stock of Portuguese, too, was small, so that the guide's information frequently required translating for his enlightenment, and that did not diminish its irksomeness. Generally, however, the guide's story had a somnambulistic effect on me; and only when through half-closed eyes I became aware that anything of particular interest was before me did I wake up. Then I hung back a little; sought to linger in the rear, to contemplate fancy free, and out of earshot of that hated guide's monotonous twang, the objects that had arrested my attention. But it would not do, for the man kept too sharp an eye on us. Fearing that he might have to go over his story twice, he held us well together, and no sooner perceived that one or the other lagged a little, than he turned back in pursuit, and with a most polite "*Sua excellencia ha de perdoar me. Suas excellencias estão esperando sua excellencia*"—"Your Excellency will pardon me. Their Excellencies are waiting for your Excellency"—brought on the stray sheep to the flock.

It was too late when we left to think of Mafra, which is distant at least three leagues from Cintra, and the road, as soon as the confines of Cintra and Collares' fertile valleys are left behind, dreary and desolate in the extreme. We therefore took a pleasant stroll through a lovely green lane, and by a pathway branching from it got into a sort of woodland glen. Amongst fine old chestnuts, walnut, elder, and cork trees were a variety of beautiful ferns, mossy stones, and willows drooping over the now dry bed of some rivulet that in the spring comes leaping and foaming from the mountain top.

Suddenly our Frenchman bethought him of the *Hippodromo*, now constructing for the Equestrian Club, and proposed that we should retrace our steps and have a look at it. I believe he was growing rather weary of the ecstasies of his companions, and thought us—as, indeed, he said we were—hopelessly romantic. So we yielded to his suggestion, and turned back from the lovely wooded pathway we had chanced upon to learn how *le sport*, or according to the Portuguese “*o sport*,” was prospering at Cintra. Luckily we met our donkey-man returning from an expedition with half-a-dozen of his choicest animals—so he assured us—and “all the fresher for having just taken the air for an hour or so before we wanted them.” And the choicest of them—as he observed in a gallant “aside” to me—was for “*A illustrissima senhora Ingleza*.” There is something pleasant as well as advantageous in knowing oneself to be a favourite—if only of a donkey-man at Cintra. For here it is no mean privilege, I

assure you, to be able to command the services of the steadiest-going, surest-footed *burrinho*, and the watchful attention of his owner while on your journey. My companions complimented me on having so well established myself in Antonio's good graces. For I had no need to call out on the road, "*Ho, Antonio! venha ca, homem*"—"Come hither, man"—Antonio walked near me, like a faithful squire, and when opportunity offered told me stories or legends of certain fountains or strangely-shaped masses of rock that we passed on our way. But he assured himself occasionally that his words were not wasted by inquiring, "*Sua Excellencia intende o que euquer dizer?*"—"Her Excellency understands what I am saying?"—for my being able to understand Portuguese evidently excites his admiration, in both senses of the word. He is a good, honest, civil fellow, this donkeyman, and the humble servant of the *senhoras*. A *preux chevalier* is poor Antonio, in his way.

It is not easy to find an eligible spot for a racing ground in Cintra. But races there are to be. They are fixed for the latter end of next month, and to take place at a spot called the *campo raso*, or the plain. "*Os jockeys*," says the programme, are all to be "*gentlemen riders*;" which words, with "*O stand*," and "*O turf*," have become naturalized Portuguese, and when pronounced, à *Portugueza*, you would doubt that they had had an English origin.

At the *Hippodromo* there is a ride of 1,300 *mètres* in extent, and 16 in breadth, and at one end of it an amphitheatre, with seats for 800 persons. The tribune



and royal boxes divide it in the centre, and above them is a large orchestra for a band—for nothing is complete in Portugal without a military band and thousands of rockets. “*O stand*,” which will be sacred to the members of “*O club equestre*,” of which the Infante Dom Augusto is president, will be very elegantly decorated. The stables and all the usual offices are extremely well appointed.

The heat, of course, makes it necessary to put off the races to as late a period of the Cintra season as possible. I am sorry for it, as I must be elsewhere. I should like to see the races, for the Portuguese are excellent riders, yet not quite in the style, perhaps, likely to make good jockeys. A few fine horses from the royal stables will run, and others which are also well spoken of. It is to be regretted that amongst all the improvements that have been, and are to be made in Lisbon, its numerous ups and downs preclude the hope of our ever seeing there a *Bois de Boulogne*, or Rotten Row. Yet when the *Aterro* is carried on nearer to Belem they might contrive for us a “Lady’s Mile.” It would add greatly to the attractions of that lovely city if you could only canter up and down the centre of the present *Passeio publico*. The Queen and a few English ladies there could set the example, and I know several *senhoras* who would very willingly follow it.

Numerous balls, *al fresco festas*, and other entertainments are promised at Cintra for the ensuing month. It is still something of a novelty for the Portuguese ladies to assemble much beyond their own family circles or *re-unions*. But this is owing rather to the

yet existing influence of old customs than from any exclusiveness, or reserve of manners and disposition. They have, indeed, a talent for society, a natural ease and grace, which springs from the best source—kindly and amiable feelings, and a desire to please.

We rode into the little town, and there left our *burrrinhos*. While settling our accounts with Antonio we were surrounded by a tribe of beggars, many of them, I fancy, *amateurs*, induced to solicit an alms by the sight of money passing from hand to hand. These were mostly women and children; and they were as persistent and clamorous in urging us, “for the sake of the Mother of God,” or “by the wounds of Jesus Christ,” to make sure of our souls’ salvation by bestowing *esmolinhas* all round, as were an idiotic and a blind boy, and two or three tottering old men. A few *vintems* to these, and “*Paciencia, paciencia*”—“Go with God; it cannot be now”—to the others, scarcely sufficed to disperse them.

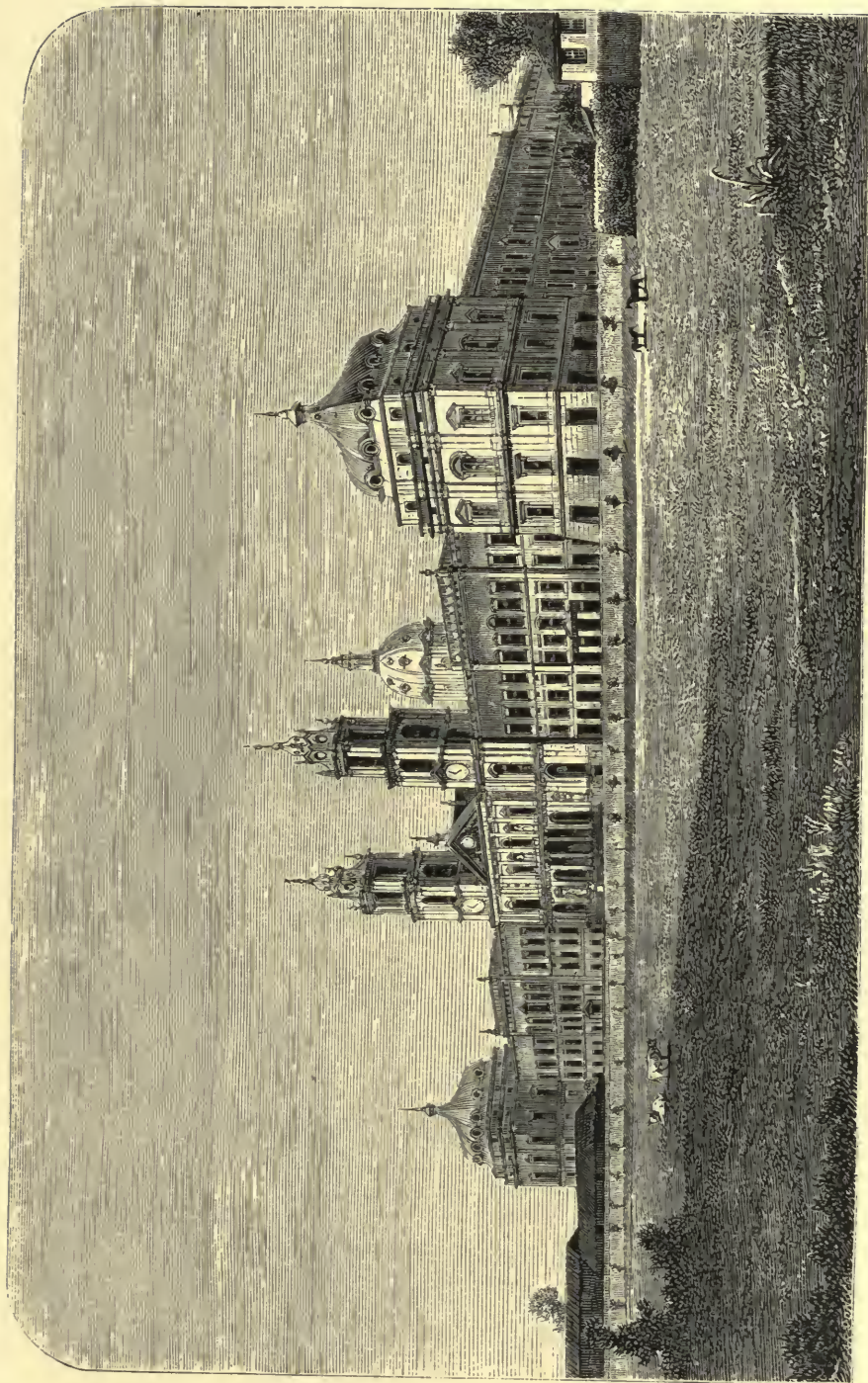
One woman begged for the gaol, which was close at hand; and several of the prisoners, with their heads thrust between the iron gratings, were holding a very animated conversation with people outside. A basket, let down by a string, was being hauled up, filled with tobacco and other small luxuries, for which one prisoner had thrown down money to a woman below to buy for him at a shop opposite. In the cells, or rooms on the ground-floor, there was a terrible uproar—such howling and rushing about, as if some rough games were being played. Three or four of these ruffians came to the windows or gratings, and called to us, and

made signs that we should give them an *esmolinha* also. Two soldiers on guard were pacing to and fro before the gaol, but gave no attention whatever to what was going on. The gaol is really a sad blot on the little town. It reminds one of the Portuguese gaol at Loanda.

Our expedition to Mafra has been given up—at least so far as I am concerned. I have already seen, though not on this occasion, the famous Portuguese Escorial, so unfortunately situated in the most sterile and uninviting spot that could have been selected, had Portugal been searched from north to south. I have seen, too, the King's *granja-modelo*—model farm—established some years ago, and latterly with very good results, I am told, in a part of the park, eleven miles in extent, surrounding the Palacio and Basilica of Mafra.

The erection of so grand a building in so ineligible a *locale* was, doubtless, owing to the nature of the vow of its founder, Dom João V. For not only did he vow to S. Antonio that, if through his intercession, an heir to his throne should be vouchsafed, he would raise to his saintship's honour the most magnificent temple in Portugal, but that it should be erected on the site of the very poorest religious house in the kingdom. The saint's intercession, as soon became evident, prevailed, for in due time a babe was born. But Dom João began not yet to build; he wanted a son, and the little stranger was a girl. Again he worried the saint with prayers, and the next year the answer came in the shape of a fine boy; and Dom João then despatched his





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agents throughout the land to search for the very poorest monastery.

Two years had elapsed and the search was yet incomplete, for innumerable were the monkish retreats with which 'fair Lusitania' was then grievously burdened. Just at that time, too, little Dom Pedro took the measles and died. Luckily, however, Dom José had made his appearance three months before the death of his brother; yet Dom João thought it prudent to defer taking any further steps towards the dedication of a monastery to Saint Anthony until the baby prince should have completed his third year. Meanwhile, the king's agents had discovered twelve Capuchin monks of Arrabida inhabiting a mean dwelling on the dreary arid table-land of Mafra, about 700 feet above the level of the sea. Nothing surpassing the austerity of their lives or the poverty of their bleak abode could be found; and accordingly, Dom José having got well over his three years, the first stone of the magnificent building was laid by the king, in November 1717, with all possible state and ceremony. The royal princes and grandees of the kingdom followed, each with his stone; the Patriarch of Lisbon also assisting, and blessing the sacred spot—supposed to be the one most approved by the saint.

For thirteen years not less than 25,000 workmen were daily employed on the building, and during the three months of the preparation of the interior of the church for the ceremony of consecration, 20,000 additional hands were set to work. But Mafra, even then, was not finished. For more than a year this



army of workmen, many of them sculptors and artists of eminence, continued their labours ere it was announced that this stately pile, comprising convent, basilica, and palace, was complete. The event was then grandly celebrated by the Court; open house was kept for eight days, and all who chose to dine at the king's expense were made welcome.

What a change for the poor monks of Arrabida!—from their dreary hovel on the heath to this regal monastery, for whose adornment the rich quarries of Pero Pinheiro had furnished the finest specimens of variegated porphyry; those of Collares the much admired black marbles, and the mountains of Arrabida the choicest coloured jasper! The priests of that order were forbidden by the strictness of their vows of poverty to officiate in vestments decorated with gold, silver, or precious stones; and Dom João was far too good a Catholic to desire any relaxation of austerity to gratify *him*. The ecclesiastical wardrobe, therefore, instead of glittering with gems, as it otherwise probably would have done, was composed of the richest silk that could be manufactured for the purpose, and each garment covered with embroideries of the most elaborate designs and perfect workmanship. So exceedingly sumptuous were they, that it is asserted as a fact—though one can scarcely give credit to it—that these church vestments, the draperies for the altar, and other similar decorations, cost a sum equal to the expense of the entire edifice, and that the time it took to build it was insufficient for the completion of their embroideries. Some portion of these rich vestments yet

remain; but the French not only admired but appropriated them to a great extent when they occupied these parts. The actual cost of Mafra has never been really ascertained. It has been guessed at about five millions; the marbles being taken from quarries close at hand, the jasper and other stones all within the kingdom.

The stupendous works, such as the great aqueduct; the marvels of art, the chapel of Sao João in S. Roque, for instance; the many palaces and *quintas*—Belem, the Necessidades, and the magnificent Mafra—which owe their origin and completion to Dom João V., together with the naval squadrons he fitted out to free Venice from the depredations of the Turks and the corsairs of Barbary; his munificent patronage of learned men and artists, and his own sumptuous style of living, are said to have so ruined Portugal that at the death of this *grand monarque* scarcely had she a *conto of reis*, 200*l.*, in her treasury. Dom João V. has been called the “most magnificent of modern Solomons;” his resemblance to his Jewish prototype consisting not merely in his having erected a beautiful temple. However, in 1748, two years before his death, Pope Benedict XIV. conferred on Dom João, for his services to the Church, the title, now borne by the kings of Portugal, of “*Fidelissimo*”—Most Faithful. To his successor, Dom José, this must have been a most gratifying set off against empty coffers.

Mafra had quarters for a regiment of soldiers. Now, the military college is established there for the orphan sons of officers of the army; who, if their circum-

stances are needy, receive there a military education at the expense of the State.

The first view of the principal *façade* of Mafra would be impressive, if only from its extent; for it is 800 feet in length. It faces the west, and its grand portico, filled with exquisitely-carved figures of saints, is approached by a very noble flight of marble steps. The dome, which is finely proportioned, is surrounded by a broad balustrade, and from its lightness and elegance is a very striking feature in the building. On either side rises a tower surrounded by pillars, and at each end of the building is a pavilion. The famous chimes, of fifty-one bells each, are in two other turrets. They were manufactured at Liège, are of most curious and complicated construction, and cost an enormous sum. On entering the building, the magnificence of the coloured and polished marbles, the porphyry and mosaics, of the floors, the ceilings, the pillars, the walls, is dazzling, bewildering; even now when the stains and discolorations of time and neglect are in many parts so apparent. There were, and I believe still are, six organs in the church. The altar-piece is considered a fine work—the subject, Saint Anthony adoring the infant Jesus. The library is nearly 300 feet in length; it is paved with pink and white marble, and contains about 25,000 volumes and a few rare MSS. The throne room has still its heavy draperies of rich velvet and silk, said to be the veritable ones of the grand days of Dom João. The style of the building is classic Italian. The architect, Frederico Ludovici, was a German with an Italianized name.



On the whole, Mafra strikes you as wonderful in its vastness and variety, rather than as beautiful. Perhaps few grander scenes of the kind can be imagined than those which the combined ecclesiastical and courtly splendours of its palmy days must have afforded. When its spacious and comfortably-furnished convent cells were tenanted by its 300 picturesquely-dressed monks; when that pious and magnificent monarch and gay Lothario, Dom João, with his queen, her maids of honour, and their train of grandees, filled the two palaces or pavilions; when mass was daily performed at that superb altar, with all possible solemnity and splendour; when the ladies of the Court and gay cavaliers strolled through its park and gardens; when religion and pleasure walked there hand-in-hand, and the imposing ceremonies of the church alternated with *fêtes* of regal grandeur. All these royal and priestly pomps and vanities are now at an end, and the stately Escorial of Mafra stands on that desolate plain a memorial of a corrupt, prodigal, and profligate age.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE OMNIBUS.—SETUBAL.—THE ALFAMA.

*Lisbon, August, 1873.*—"I loathed the idea of leaving," as somebody—Beckford, I believe—has said, on tearing himself away from the beauties of Cintra. However, I plucked up courage, made a sudden resolve to depart; and that my firmness might not give way on reconsidering the question, acted on that resolve at once. Larmanjat travelling I had for ever forsworn, and no opportunity of securing a carriage on its return journey to Lisbon that day presented itself. But I had seen in the Praça a little stuffy thing called an omnibus, and found on inquiry that it was to take its departure in something less than an hour. Having taken leave of my Spanish friends, with the hope of soon meeting them again, our Frenchman escorted me down to the town, and a few minutes before the starting time I stepped into the low-roofed vehicle and took the centre seat at the further end, to the evident surprise of the omnibus man and two or three male passengers already seated.

They lifted their hats, according to Portuguese custom, as I entered, looked inquiringly at me, then thrust their heads out of the side windows, peered around, and looked at me again, as much as to say,

“Where’s your companion? Surely you’re not rambling alone through the wide, wide world?”—so slow are these people to believe that decent womankind, however old and ugly, can safely be trusted out of leading strings. But no lordly protector, or even servant-duenna, appearing, they looked meaningly at each other, bestowed another glance on me, shrugged their shoulders, made themselves up as comfortably as they could in their uncomfortable seats, closed their eyes, and gave me up as an unfathomable mystery.

A very gentlemanlike-looking man then got in. He, too, raised his hat, but his manner seemed to ask, “What are you doing here?” Evidently he was somebody of consequence; for the driver, who had waited for him, instantly mounted his box, the conductor took his seat at the door, and, after some preliminary flourishing and cracking of the whip, our four-in-hand got started. Presently we drew up at the gate of a *quinta*. Another gentleman joined us, and shook hands fervently with the last arrival. He was good enough to add to the customary salutation a “*viva minha senhora*.” A glance at his friend plainly said, “Is this one of your belongings?” A suppressed smile, and the slightest possible shake of the head, sufficed to disclaim all knowledge of or interest in me.

The little square box of an omnibus with three narrow benches is intended for nine thin passengers to squeeze into. We already were six—two decidedly fat and well-liking, and the rest by no means lean kine. I flattered myself that we were fully packed up for the journey, but no—a stoppage; and a janty-looking



fellow of a comfortable size and wearing a grey "wide-awake," thrust himself in. Instantly the first gentleman moved to the seat beside me. But as we were going off again, in blundered a thickset Gallego, who was thrown prostrate before me, his large feathered and betasseled hat falling on my knees. He was kicked up and niched in between two others, while a heavy, striped woollen *poncha*, and an abominable dog he had brought in with him, were stowed away under the bench.

As we turned off at the bottom of a hill, I caught through the side window a last glimpse of beautiful Cintra, bathed in a flood of golden light, and with a thin, vapoury, rosy-tinged mist playing about the peaks and mountain tops. The high road to Lisbon is one of the best in Portugal, and I was glad to find that the horses dashed along it, up hill and down hill, at a very fair pace. For five of the seven men were smoking, and the dog, which had crept from beneath the seat, was piteously whining and snapping at himself, poor brute—being, as are all dogs and cats in Portugal, tormented and half devoured by fleas.

Some few miles on, one of the party left, and the man with the "wide-awake" got out to refresh himself at a wine shop we had stopped at, and where a crowd of beggars had assembled to greet us and remind us of "God's Mother" and our souls. As soon as this man left, the gentleman beside me, glancing at the other passengers, evidently not wishing them to understand him, said to his friend in broken English, "Dat marn my co-o-ke." "Ah! co-o-ke!" said the other, scarcely

understanding him, I fancied. "Yees, my co-o-ke. Co-o-ke not bad; but marn dat like too vell change. He go from me, and I see him no more to now." "Ah! ah!" was the only response. Presently the cook returned with a supply of tobacco and paper, which he made up into *cigarettes*, but, restrained perhaps by the unexpected presence of a former master, he did not attempt to smoke. Bye-and-bye he grew bolder, and lighted one. I already felt so sick and faint from the smoke and the closeness of the omnibus, that I ventured to say to my English-speaking neighbour, "Does your *Excellencia* think I could have a place outside?" He started so, you would have thought I had shot him. "Ah! Eenglish lady!" he cried, as if those words solved a mystery. I repeated my question more deliberately. "Cold too much for lady to-night," he said; then, as though some thought suddenly occurred to him, "You *marido*, you husband, lady, outside?" "Oh no," I answered; "it is because the air here is so close and smoky that I wish to go out. Instantly down went two windows, and in rushed such a torrent of keenly cold air that we were glad to have them closed again; but the cook and another man being made to understand what was the matter, gallantly cast away their tobacco, so that with the whiff of breezy air we had let in, the close atmosphere of the omnibus was slightly purified.

The Gallego and his dog, the cook and the rest of them, with the exception of the two gentlemen, had left us a mile or two before reaching Lisbon. At the Praça de Dom Pedro, the end of the omnibus journey,

the Anglo-Portuguese—the Conde de J., as I have since learned—was much surprised and concerned to find that no one was waiting to meet me. However, as a *trem*, or carriage, was all I required, he was good enough to hail one that was passing.

“Where shall de coach take you *Excellencia* home to?” he asked. “To the Praça do Commercio, the station of the *caminho de ferro de l’este*.” “*Pois então!*” he exclaimed, in astonishment; “the voyage of you *Excellencia* not finish den?” “No, I am going to Evora.” “*A Evora!* You *marido*, you husband, is dere den?” “Oh, no, I am going only to look at the old churches.” “In de world,” he exclaimed, “dere is no lady like de Eenglish for corage! Good night, and good *viagem à vossa Excellencia*.” And so we parted.

I was but barely in time for the steamer that carries passengers over to the Barreiro station for the evening train. But my courage had partly evaporated as the shades of evening came on, and therefore I took a ticket for Setubal only, promising myself to go on to Evora by the first morning *comboi*. I had the railway carriage to myself. On arriving at Setubal, or St. Ube’s, as the English have named it, I inquired of the most grave and important looking of the railway officials which was the best hotel. This worthy individual on learning that I was a roving Englishwoman, and an unprotected female to boot, was extremely civil; would not allow my small quantum of luggage to be in any way disturbed, and gave me a seat within view of him until he could spare



a man to take me to a clean, decent inn in the neighbourhood. The hostess was informed that I was "*uma estrangeira Inglesa*"—an English foreigner. The being on one's travels alone, and not bound for house, or *quinta*, of either relative or friend—a circumstance of which they invariably manage to assure themselves—struck her, as it strikes most Portuguese and Spaniards, as a very crazy fancy indeed, but one which was rather amusing than otherwise. So the people nodded and smiled at me in the most good-humoured, patronizing manner; gave me a variety of fruits and sweets and nice things with my meal, and treated me, generally, as though I had been a flighty young thing out for an *escapade*.

I had a clean, but dreadfully hard bed, which I was fain to leave very early, and being provided with a carriage and a *cicerone*, set out—to see all that the charming little town of Setubal has to show. I ought to say city, as it has lately been raised to that dignity. It has a beautiful *praça*, and straggles picturesquely along the banks of the Sado for a considerable distance. The centre part is Setubal proper, its right and left parts are its agricultural and fishing districts. The harbour is very fine; deep and spacious, and defended by—what, I suppose, in case of need would be no defence at all—a small fort and a ruined tower. Pretty villas are dotted about; and extensive *quintas* are numerous in the *environs*, with orchards and vineyards and orange groves, that produce the luscious muscatel and the finest oranges of the whole Peninsula. Large quantities of these fruits

are exported, and to this trade and its extensive one in salt, Setubal owes its present prosperity and rising importance. Its fine railway station also gives it an air of consequence.

I saw two or three old churches in the Manoelino style, one of them containing several ancient pictures, all of which are said to be by Gran Vasco; to whom every old picture in Portugal, possessing a grain of merit, is attributed. Pictures of any value are not numerous in this country. The Portuguese themselves have exhibited a talent for sculpture rather than painting, and they have several sculptors of eminent ability. "A dead Christ," of exquisite design and workmanship, may now be seen at a studio in Lisbon. It has been bought, I am told, by Dom Fernando. I do not at this moment remember the artist's name.

Setubal has a pretty theatre, named after the poet Bocage—the famous *Improvisador*, of whom the Setubalense are so proud, and to whom they have erected a neat, pretty monument in one of the *praças*. The *praças* of Setubal are very pleasant places; that of the Senhor de bon-fim is especially charming, having a garden in the centre, fine shady trees and sparkling fountains. Of course there is a circus for bull-fights; but I understand that it is of recent erection. The Portuguese seem to be much more addicted to this kind of amusement than formerly.

I was taken to two or three spots whence charming views both of land and sea are obtained. There is a celebrated stalactite cavern called the *Portinho de Arrabida*, and an ancient convent on the mountain

of the same name. But these I did not see; I may look at them perhaps another time. For the excessive heat and the information I received from a gentleman who arrived in the morning from Evora—to the effect that I should find it a perfect furnace and nobody there—induced me to defer my visit to that interesting old city, with its Temple of Diana, its twelfth century cathedral, and numberless other remains of ancient days, until the more convenient season of spring, when I may at the same time make a dip into Spain.

The Setubalense are a pleasant-tempered people. Had I stayed long enough I might have visited all their *quintas*. But, although I found the little city busy and lively and its outskirts pretty and pleasing, after Cintra the scenery, generally, seemed tame. The acquaintances I had made during my few hours' stay, all shook hands with me and wished me *muita boa viagem* at least a hundred times. The fashion of shaking hands with *everybody* certainly prevails here to a much greater extent than in England. A "shak-hands" is a partly adopted phrase in this country. I have met with it in works of fiction, though usually employed to characterize an English man or woman. Yet I have noticed that when you are not sufficiently acquainted with your Portuguese friend to fall into his arms and be warmly embraced, the hand is seized, and pressed with a fervour that I fear would not be *comme il faut* in polite society in France, and would be considered ungenteelly demonstrative in England. However, if it be necessary to shake hands at all, a good friendly grip is better than the torpedo touch



of an icy palm, which is almost as offensive as a box on the ear.

The scenery between Setubal and Barriero appeared to me more picturesque in the sunlight than I had thought it in the light of the waning moon. A pleasant breeze tempered the heat as we crossed the Tagus, and quite early in the evening I was again in Lisbon and driving with de F. towards the *Alfama* and *Mouraria*—the old eastern part of the city which was spared by the earthquake, and where many traces of the Moors yet linger.

Having determined to set my face northward, we were on our way to the central station to make inquiries about the trains to Coimbra. Passing the Alfandega, we took the narrow street to the left called the Rua dos Bacalheiros—the street of salt-fish-sellers. For I wished to look once more at a house in that street, having a very curious *façade* composed of grey stones of about a foot square, each stone being cut to a point and projecting to the same distance. The effect is remarkable, and there is nothing in the neighbourhood resembling it. The only answer I could get when I have asked for some information respecting it was, “*não sei nada minha senhora.*” The people, in fact, in the sheds and shops around took no interest in it, and wondered what I could want to know. “It was different from the others, certainly,” they said; “but it was the fancy of the builder”—and who he was, Christian or Moor, nobody knew and nobody cared. At last my curiosity roused that of another person, who has picked up a strange history, vouched for

being no less true than strange, but we have no means of discovering whether it is so.

We are told that long, long years ago, in the early and palmy days of the African slave trade, when there was no surer way to rapid fortune than to engage for a few years in that inhuman traffic at Angola or Brazil, there appeared in Lisbon a certain slave dealer whose wealth was reported to be of almost fabulous amount. Like many others of his class, this man had left his country with scarcely a *cruzado* in his pocket—some indeed, and that not so very long ago, have returned from Angola *millionaires*, who were sent out there as *degradados*, or convicts. This man was also of low origin, and had, when a boy, been employed at a fish stall on the spot where the house now stands. The pursuits he had afterwards engaged in had not tended to elevate his mind in the same ratio as his fortunes; and though ambitious of being in some sort a shining light in his country, he yet did not well know, notwithstanding his wealth, in what way he could distinguish himself from the common herd of rich men. He bethought him one day of building a house and of being his own architect, or at least the designer of a splendid *façade*. The site selected for this artistic *chef d'œuvre* was as little eligible as any that could be found in Lisbon, yet it had, in the eyes of the architect, an advantage no other possessed—that spot had known him, a poor hard-working lad, a despised *nobody*; it should know him now, a wealthy man, taking his ease, rolling in riches—Portugal's "wealthiest son," in fact, whom the world should esteem a

*somebody*. And in this respect I think he showed a certain kind of greatness of mind rarely displayed by *les nouveaux riches*, who generally prefer to avoid, and forget the places and persons that remind them of the days of their lowly fortunes.

The ground was bought, the foundations laid, and the house, with its stone *façade* in squares and points, as described, was built to a certain height, when, alas! the rich man died. He had intended, when the front was completed, to affix a diamond of large size and purest water at the end of each point. A bright thought, indeed! However, the inheritors of his wealth were not minded to carry out that brilliant scheme, or even to go on with the building. It was roofed over as it then stood, and is now a warehouse, or shed for ropes and other ship's stores. Beside it rises a very lofty mansion with a double flight of steps, handsome balconies, numerous windows, and carved stone copings. Probably, it has its history also; for in such a locality it can only be inhabited, as it now is, by a number of families of the poorest classes.

A narrow opening between the opposite warehouses leads to the Ribeiro Velho, where there is a row of small open-fronted shops like the sheds of a market place. They are gaily painted inside, and open at the back on the river—conveniently for the deeds of darkness that in days of yore were too often perpetrated there. Many small wares are displayed in them, and at this season thousands of melons are piled up there from floor to ceiling, and swarthy damsels in bright-coloured shawls and kerchiefs sit in the midst of circles



of melons rising gradually like a wall at their backs. Pretty pictures they sometimes form—the green rind of the melons showing off very becomingly the high colour and sparkling black eyes which many of these said damsels possess. You would fancy that the whole population of Lisbon lived upon melons—and indeed most of the poor people at this season do—for tens of thousands are now heaped up in small vessels moored close up to the municipal *alfandega*, where they will be unloaded in the morning.

Further on is the Corn-market, a fine building of the time of Pombal; the Meat-market, and that of the dried fruits of Algarve. There are mineral springs, Moorish baths, and fine fountains. On the left are many winding mysterious passages; here and there picturesque verandas, or the sculptured doorways of old, often almost tottering, edifices, in narrow crooked streets that you might literally and with perfect ease shake hands across; warehouses, whose stone porches bear the arms of noble families who once had their palaces in this quarter of the city. You pass beneath the rampart of the *Castello de S. Jorge*, and by many lofty houses where, in the balconies in which *fidalgas* once sunned themselves, women may be seen washing their linen and hanging it out on lines or over the balustrades. The *saloias*, or laundresses, inhabit the higher part of this eastern quarter. They form a distinct class, having manners and customs peculiar to themselves, and keeping their own *festas* quite independent of those held elsewhere. They wear, too, a kind of Moorish earrings, called *brincas das saloias*.

The church of S. Vicente de Fora stands on one of the seven hills, which are higher in this part of Lisbon than in the west. The views here are most beautiful and extensive, and this eastern district of the city, with its many relics of the past, is perhaps more interesting than the newer and fashionable *quartiers* of the west. It once bore as bad a reputation, as did Alcantara in bygone days. At best, its inhabitants were considered but a rough set of people, amongst whom it was not advisable to venture incautiously. But all that is changed since gas, steam, and electricity became known in the Alfama. The principal railway station is in this direction; there is even more traffic on this road than others, and the people of the neighbourhood now differ from the rest of the Lisbonense only in being rather more hardworking, and something more picturesque in appearance.

The extent of our drive was the Central Station. The Portuguese are proud of this building, and say that few cities contain a finer one of its kind. It is sufficiently spacious, and is more like a French than an English station. Being close to the river side, goods can be landed on, or shipped directly from its quay.

We returned by the same route, stopping only for an instant on the Ribeiro to admire again the beautiful carvings of the ancient *façade* of the little old church of the Conceição Velha. The streets were beginning to look lively, though it is said all the world is gone to drink mineral waters, or to bathe in the sea. "Let us drive round the Rocio," I say to my companion.

“Now up the Carmo and Chiado.” There is no lack of company. The Spaniards have certainly made the dull season of Lisbon a gay one this year——.

But here we are at the Ruo do Alecrim, where I will say *Boa noite*, for I am off early in the morning to Coimbra.



## CHAPTER XVIII.

### BY RAIL TO OPORTO.

*S. João da Foz, Porto.*—I expected to be jaunting about Coimbra to-day instead of sitting down rather weary to pen an epistle to you from S. João da Foz. De F. had urged me to travel by night; the heat and the smokers, he said, would be intolerable by day. And that although many passengers might at this season be leaving Lisbon in the evening, and there were no carriages exclusively for ladies, yet, by slipping a *milreis* or so into the guard's hand, he would secure me from intrusion by the label "*reservado.*" I did not follow his advice, for I dislike travelling in darkness. It is pleasant to get a glimpse of the country you pass through. As for the smoking—well, if the tobacco is good, in moderation it is very endurable, especially if their *Excellencias* take the trouble to spit out of window. "The more, the merrier," applied to the Portuguese, is a very true saying; therefore, the more amusing would it be to travel with as many passengers as could be comfortably taken in, without squeezing.

At half-past six, then, we arrive at the station. The morning rather cool than warm, the sun being en-

veloped in mists as I have never seen him since I left cloudy England. Though my *bagagem* does not exceed in weight the quantity allowed free of payment, it is labelled, registered, and taken charge of, and a receipt given for it, for which I pay one *vintem*, or a penny. This I think a much better arrangement than the scrambling unmethodical one of the English railways. But the last bell rings, it is a quarter to seven, "goo-de bye," says my old friend de F. "You shall take mooch care of yourself, and send a *despacho tele-graphico* if you shall have want of me." A shriek, and off we go, though at no great speed. Railway travelling here is slow, but, for the most part, sure. The carriages are sufficiently lofty and roomy; each has ten seats—a *poltrona*, or arm-chair, in the centre, and double seat on either side. But they are the dingiest, dreariest first-class carriages I ever travelled in; uncomfortable too, and little adapted to the climate. Cushions and backs are covered with a dowdy striped thick cotton rep, like some old hack country fly; curtains of the same hot clumsy material; no dust-blinds, though at this season the dust lies on the roads a foot deep, and the heat does not allow of the windows being closed. There are no slings for the arm, no support for the elbow; and in this lolling, lazy climate, and with the sun, who has cast off his morning wrapper of clouds, peering into our faces, it is a penance to sit up without some occasional relief of the kind. There is a piece of grimy floor-cloth at the bottom of the carriage, gritty with the sand that each new arrival brings in with him, and which grates unpleasantly at

each movement of the foot. These dismal carriages are of English construction, and so are those of the second class, which are not so luxuriously furnished—no cotton covers, divisions in the seats, or floor-cloth. The third class are roofed, but are open all round, and I believe have few, or no seats; for except those who were lounging over the sides, the men and women seemed to stand huddled together in a crowd. They were mostly country-people and labourers, who were going short distances, from one village to another; and as we get further from Lisbon, some picturesque costumes might be often seen among them.

My fellow-travellers were six in number, all apparently well acquainted with each other. The Portuguese talk so incessantly, and have such a habit of openly discussing their concerns, as if the world consisted of but one united family, that I very soon knew who they all were, and to what part and on what business they were going. Three of them were *beaux militaires* on an expedition to Torres Novas to buy horses. This business was gone into in full detail with an elderly Conde, *de não sei que*, and another gentleman, whose wife accompanied him. The Conde soon left us. A very quaintly caparisoned horse, and a groom with tagged jacket, red belt and broad-brimmed hat, were waiting for him at one of the small stations. His *rossinante* was restive, and only after much coaxing, many caresses and loving epithets, allowed himself to be mounted. A spoiled pet nag, evidently. But once on his back, and his feet encased in the wooden box stirrups, his *Excellencia*, waving his hat, cantered off



gaily—his tagged, tasseled, and feathered Galician groom running by his side. What a gallery of pretty pictures might be collected in the course of a journey, if they could be photographed as they present themselves, illustrative of provincial manners and customs in the different grades of society!

But onward we go, and again we stop; for stoppages are numerous, and while the *officials* have a quiet chat you would have time, if so disposed, to dine at each stopping-place. The guard feels the heat; he sits down in the shade, takes his fan from his pocket and fans himself, and otherwise improves the time by flirting a bit with one or more of the pretty girls, who offer glasses of *agua fresca*, grapes, melons, and pears to the passengers at every station. And very pretty stations some of them are; not so trim and neat perhaps as many in England, but with lovely oleander trees scattered about, beautiful roses, carnations, and other sweet flowers, which for size and exquisite colour would take the first prizes at a London show.

But the guard has tossed off his third glass of cold water; eaten a melon; pocketed his fan. Now he jumps up, arranges his belt, sticks his cap on one side, and looks fiercely around him. He seems to say, "Why are we waiting?"—"Ding, dong" goes the bell. All who have been drinking water, eating grapes, or stretching their legs, return leisurely to their seats, and onward we jog again, to repeat much the same sort of scene a few miles further on.

We are in the Valle de Santarem; amidst the famous Santarem olive grounds. The rail passes along

the right bank of the Tagus, not yet a mighty river, but a fine broad stream. It is bordered on the opposite bank by a line of magnificent drooping willows; on this, by a thick hedge of tall rustling canes. It is full tide. Two small vessels, with gaily painted prows and tall lateen sails are gliding gracefully along. There, high above us, lies the fine old city of Santarem, like most Lusitanian cities, set on a hill, and deriving its name from Santa Irene—the holy Virgin of whom so many quaint legends and miraculous stories are told. Santarem was taken from the Moors by Affonso Henriques in 1147, and by the troops of Dom Pedro from the Miguelites in 1833. I grieve to pass by it. I so love all these old places, their traditions and legends, their ruined remains of palaces, Moorish castles, churches, monasteries, and mosques. And who, that has read Almeida Garrett's "*Viagens na minha terra*," can fail to feel an interest in Santarem, and a wish to visit the scene of his charming story of "Joanninha"?

On approaching Santarem the soil is less sandy and the landscape begins to be pleasingly diversified. But my attention was distracted from the scenery by an eloquent *tirade* which the youngest *militaire* was pouring forth in praise of a certain Baroneza. Never before did I listen to such a torrent of talk; such a rapid unintermitting stream of fine phrases. The subject perhaps lent him unwonted animation—the *esprit*, *espièglerie*, *coquetterie*, *viveza*, &c., of the said *bella donna* who had made a complete conquest of her panegyrist, it appeared, in the course of an evening spent in her society. Such was the force of his elo-

quence, that the gentlemen part of his audience gazed at him in silent, smiling entrancement, with the *cigaretto* held between the thumb and forefinger, but not within the lips; for they were slightly parted in spell-bound wonder. The orator's tongue ceased wagging for one moment—it broke the spell—and his listeners burst into a hearty laugh. When their hilarity had somewhat calmed down, he resumed, with much seriousness, "*é tudo verdade*"—it is all truth. This produced even a heartier laugh than the first. The *senhora* joined in it, and I could not forbear smiling myself; for never were woman's perfections and praises proclaimed with greater fluency, animation, and enthusiasm than in the lengthened and vigorous oration we had been favoured with.

I had not spoken to anyone, and de F.'s parting benediction having made it clear that I was an *Ingleza*—dumb most probably, as far as the *lingua Portuguesa* was concerned—nothing had passed between me and my fellow-travellers but a polite pantomime as to whether smoke, dust, or sun incommoded me, and an answer in the same form on my part that they did not. But observing that I smiled, our orator, who was my *vis-à-vis*, said, in a tone of accusation, "*Vossa Excellencia* understands Portuguese." "*Algumas palavras*"—a few words, I answered. "*Vossa Excellencia* is acquainted with the *Senhora Baroneza*?" he asked. "I have not that pleasure," I replied. This seemed a relief to him, and further questioning was put an end to by a sudden jolt and the stoppage of the train. "Torres Novas!—Torres Novas!" called out the men



at the station. It was the destination of our gallant companions, who, after much laughing and shaking of hands with their friends, who were going further on beat a hasty retreat.

Before we reached the next station—the *Entrocamento*, or junction of the Porto and Badajoz lines—I had made acquaintance with the two remaining passengers. They were very nice, friendly people; a Portuguese gentleman and his wife going to their *quinta* at Vizella. There is a *buffet* at the junction, and an exceedingly good one—large, airy, neat, and very clean: excellent refreshments, and most moderate charges; altogether much better than the English railway *buffets*, and, in some respects, than the French. The junction stoppage is an unusually long one, for which there seems no object but that of allowing the various *employés* time for a long gossip. But there is no fear of a collision arising from delay; for the line is a single one, and there are only two trains in the day—the morning and evening ones to and from Lisbon and Porto—and they wait at a certain point for the passing of the opposite trains.

The confabulations of guards and porters are ended, and we get off again. We arrive at Píalvo—the station of the interesting little city of Thomar. The *environs* are lovely—such delightful green lanes, and the ground all about so beautifully undulated. The trees are magnificent. How refreshing to the eyes are these masses of foliage! There is a great change in the aspect of the country generally as you approach Santarem; there is no longer that glare produced by the glistening

white sand, and which is so fatiguing to the sight. Vegetation is rich; there are flowers and fruits here in abundance. I wish you could have seen the splendid bunch of grapes I bought at this station of a bright-eyed rosy girl in a broad-brimmed hat decorated with myrtle and carnations. The bunch must have weighed nearer two pounds than one. Every grape perfect; large, green, and faintly tinged with a bluish bloom. “*Quanto é?*” I asked, as she held it up before the carriage window. “*Uma pataca, minha senhora.*” A *pataca* is forty *reis*—twopence-farthing. I might have had it for thirty, if I had bargained; but I merely shrugged my shoulders, *à la Portugaise*, and replied, “*Caro, muito caro*”—dear, very dear; to which she rejoined, very truly, “*Porém è tão boa*”—but it is so fine. No hothouse ever produced a more perfect picture, and the flavour was delicious.

Thomar was the extent of my previous journeying in Portugal in this direction. The city has several ancient edifices, and other most interesting remains of antiquity. On one of its highest hills stands the Convento de Christo, once inhabited by the Brothers of the Military Order of Christ. It is an immense building. Its church is remarkable for its numerous and masterly carvings in the fanciful Manoelino style. A part of this great ecclesiastical domain was purchased by the Condes de Thomar. The Castello of Gualdino Paes—the first Master of the Templars, who took the castle from the Moors—is now the residence of the Thomar family. There are extensive cotton-mills at Thomar, and a large paper manufactory. The winding

river Nabão flows through the city, dividing it almost in the centre, and, with the wide canal, making Thomar a kind of miniature Venice—the inhabitants using small boats to convey them from one part to another, and to the many small islands in the river. The canal forms a cascade in one part, rushing with force over a shelved embankment. These watery highways are delightful in summer, whether you stroll along their flowery banks, or glide down the clear bright stream in a boat. In winter the Nabão often overflows its banks, and inundates streets and houses. But in the summer months Thomar is a pleasant place to sojourn in, and you may live there, on the ambrosia and nectar of its fruits and flowers, almost for nothing. In the freshness of early morn you may make the pilgrimage up to the *Piedade*—a pretty old chapel on a steep hill, to which you ascend by two hundred and fifty steps. At every tenth step there is a landing-place and a stone seat, where you may rest and give thanks to “Our Lady” that you have approached so much nearer to her shrine. For to reach it is no slight feat in this climate; but having accomplished it you are well repaid—the chapel being interesting and the view most charming.

How I linger at these places! I ought not to complain of the dawdling habits of our guards and station-masters. Indeed the sun is so broiling, it is wonderful that they, or any of us, have energy enough left to get on at all. But we have darkened the sunny side of our carriage, and get glimpses of beautiful bits of hill and dale landscape on the opposite one.

We are at Chão de Maçãas—the apple plain—where



those who go to Alcobaça and Batalha take the *diligencia*—if they, perchance, find it waiting. Between this place and Pombal the character of the scenery is not unlike that of the lower Cintra mountains. There is not the same verdure, but the same large masses of stone, tossed in all directions, as if from the crater of a volcano. The hills are varied, and picturesque in form. Huge fragments of bluish grey rock lie embedded in the dark brown earth, with heaths, clumps of short grass, and straggling plants intertwining amongst them.

The ruined castle of Pombal stands on a hill very prominently before us. From this town the great Mar-quez derived his title, and here he who had laboured so zealously to make his country prosperous and great died in banishment, at the age of eighty-three.

As we pass on, I notice long sloping tracts of ground covered with vines; not trellised in the usual way, but looking, except for the bunches of ripe fruit with which they are laden, like straggling currant bushes. My fellow-traveller informs me that this mode of planting the vine is becoming general in Portugal; that on these dwarf vines the grapes are larger, and ripen better than when trained and festooned in the old graceful fashion. In a picturesque point of view, this is an undesirable change. Still, in their straggling wildness—for they seem to be unsupported by sticks—they have not the unpleasing stiffness of “the vine-clad hills of Germany,” of which fancy draws a picture of grace and beauty, but which in reality are like so many formal bean-fields.

In the midst of our confab on vines, the *senhora*

exclaims, "*Estamos perto à Coimbra!*" Yes—there stands the fine old city, the ancient capital of the kingdom. This is not the season of full-flowing rivers, yet the sands of the Mondego are well covered, and the Lusitanian Athens rises majestically above it, curving round on either side like an amphitheatre. Here my journey, for a day or two at least, was to end. And, indeed, nine hours of travelling on such hot August days as these is almost more than enough; but my fellow-travellers and I having discovered that we were *mui sympathica*, had no inclination to part. They proposed to break their journey at Porto; I therefore determined to go on with them, and to visit Coimbra and Busaco on my return. There is a long stoppage at Coimbra; for as there is a very nice *buffet*, and the train does not arrive till near four o'clock, many of the passengers dine there. Having taken a new ticket, claimed and re-booked my luggage, I dined with my new acquaintances, Senhor and Senhora T—a, and we began our journey afresh, as one party. Unluckily, we had two intruders—an immensely tall fat man, and a great fat boy. The former at once gave us the interesting information that the boy was not yet seven years old; that he was exceedingly delicate, and that it was necessary he should eat whatever he pleased, and as often as he pleased. The pangs of hunger it seemed were upon him then; for the man having delivered this speech, looked at the boy, who nodded his head, and forthwith a tin case tied up in a handkerchief was produced and opened. One of the larger seats was then spread over with meat, pudding, fruit, sweets, and

other dainties; upon which, with the addition of a bottle of water, this delicate young giant feasted, on and off, and without uttering a word, for above two hours. His father, meanwhile, looked on with anxious interest, puffed away at a huge cigar, and, occasionally glancing towards us, muttered, "*Ainda não tem sete annos*"—he is not yet seven years old.

Between Coimbra and Esterreja—for beyond this station we could see only the blue, starry heavens—the scenery is very fine. For some distance the road is cut through pine woods, olive grounds, and plantations of spreading cork-trees. The white, sandy soil is no longer apparent, but earth of a gravelly or red hue. In the distance is a bold mountain range. The nearer hills are wooded from base to summit, and in the fertile valleys numerous small villages nestle amongst gardens, vineyards, citron and olive grounds. Two long tunnels were passed through between Coimbra and Villa Nova de Gaia. We did not reach this station, which is the terminus of the Porto line, until near ten o'clock, and then were detained some time in the carriage by a dispute between the fat man and the guard, who on asking for the boy's ticket was answered, "He never pays; he is not yet seven years old." "Children under seven pay a half-fare," said the guard; "but that boy is not a day less than twelve." "I appeal to their *Excellencias*," was the reply. "Have not I already said that my boy is not yet seven years old?" Words began to run high, when Senhor T. advised the man to refer to some higher authority than the guard; and in the end he was let off on payment of a quarter-fare,



with the assurance that that fat, long-legged fellow, who so well filled a seat, should never travel on the line again without paying the full fare. The elder giant lifted up his hands deprecatingly. "The full fare!" he exclaimed, "and he is not yet seven years old!"

There was a very strict search at the customhouse, far stricter than when I landed at Lisbon. What the search was for I know not; but a *cruzado* was charged for making it. Dozens of dirty, ragged fellows were in waiting to snatch up each package as it was passed from the hands of the searchers. Had not Senhor T. looked after my belongings, they would certainly have strayed away without me; for the *senhora* and myself were both thoroughly "*frappées en haut*," as some Englishwoman is said to have expressed herself, when wishing to translate into genteel French the English vulgarity "knocked up."

At last we were liberated, but had still some distance to go, and to cross the Douro, before we reached Porto—or Oporto, as the English will have it so. One small square box of an omnibus was the only conveyance to be had, and into that we three and two others, with innumerable boxes, bundles, and bags, were with difficulty stuffed. Slowly we ascended and descended a very steep hill, and crossed the suspension-bridge, lighted by the glimmer of a few scattered lamps. A gleam of moonlight began to play on the water, and gave a fantastic form to the shadows of objects as we jolted along towards the city, which rose high on the hill before us. It was past eleven before we got into Oporto. The narrow streets we passed through were



THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE, BETWEEN OPORTO AND VILLA NOVA DE GAIA.





dark, silent, and deserted, and except that here and there a solitary flickering candle made "darkness visible" in some little low shed of a shop in a dreary, winding street, you would have thought the whole city was buried in deep sleep. This still, mysterious, old-world-looking place brought back to my drowsy memory some half-forgotten tale, I had somewhere read, of London, and the dim farthing rushlight illumination of its little poking shops and obscure back streets of two hundred years ago.

But our jolting vehicle at length came to a halt before a dark, open shed, which we were informed was the *bureau central*, where the omnibus ended its journey. The driver had been desired to take us to the Hotel de Frankfort, but had chosen to pass by it. When remonstrated with, the proprietor of the omnibus, whom we had seen at the station, answered for his man, that, seeing as he passed that the hotel was closed, he had not allowed our *Excellencias* to be disturbed, his own hotel being close at hand, where we could be quite as well accommodated. He had already sent on word that we should most likely go there; while the lateness of the hour, and the profound stillness that made it seem later—for not a voice or a footfall was heard—favoured the man's adroit trick to transfer us to his own hotel. Senhor T. grumbled a little; the *senhora*, who took snuff, comforted herself with a pinch of rappee, and I professed myself ready to follow their fortunes. But oh!—horrid news for weary feet and aching heads—we had to trudge the distance on foot. Our host—a smiling, jovial, cheery-looking fellow—

pleased with the success of his trick, buoyed us up with the assurance that it was but *dous passos*. But his two steps included two long streets—very narrow and dark, and with very high houses, that looked like two rows of prisons.

At last we came to a mysterious passage, dimly lighted by the smoky flame of a small oil lamp. "*O Hotel de suas Excellencias*"—Their Excellencias' Hotel—was blithely announced by mine host. "*Aqui?*"—here—we exclaimed, in a chorus. "*Sim, Excellencias, aqui,*" he answered, with a low bow, and taking the lead. His victims followed, toiling up I know not how many steps; but so many that to weary, way-worn travellers it seemed like the pilgrimage to the *piedade*, but without the resting-places. At the top of the ascent two grimy grooms of the chamber welcomed us with many bows and smiles, and our host ushered us into a large room, whose whole furniture, apparently, consisted of a folding screen and a small jug and basin on a chair. But we were deceived. Our host stepping forward a little, drew aside the screen, and behold there was a bed. What more could be desired? Yet Senhor T. complained, and grumbled in a way that would have done credit to any Englishman. The *senhora*, more resigned because more weary, shook her head, sighed, put the basin and jug on the floor, drew forth her *tabaqueira*, and meekly sat down.

The apartment reserved for me was a little slip of a room by the side of the last one. When shown into it, a young man very scantily dressed was putting

straight the sheets of the bed, from which he had, very evidently, just turned out, and upon which was placed a small flat pillow with a red cotton cover. "*Sua Excellencia's* bed is being prepared," said our host. "I shall not sleep in that bed," I answered. "There's a fine view from the window," he rejoined, beaming with smiles. "But I want a clean bed," I said; "and if you have only this one to offer I will sleep in a chair, and leave early in the morning." "I have a large *sala*, with a view that will enchant her *Excellencia*." "And the bed?" "*Excellentissima!*" "Let us see it," said Senhor T.

Immediately our host seized the one solitary light—a small tallow candle in a dirty flat candlestick, and holding it high above his head to light his followers, the whole party set off to the top floor to view the grand *sala*. I did my best to maintain a stern and dignified air; but the scene was altogether so absurd that I could scarcely refrain from laughing outright. The double doors of a long, low room were thrown open with a grand air. "*A sala de sua Excellencia*," said our bland host. An immense old cane sofa stood on one side, two antique wooden bedsteads with footboards more than a yard in height were at the end, and on the other side a long thing like a shop counter. "Is the bed clean?" I inquired. "Could I doubt it, when he knew that *sua Excellencia* was *fastidiosa* on that point?" Thus assured, I proclaimed myself satisfied, said *boa noite* to my railway friends, whilst mine host and his myrmidons, after much calling and bawling and running about, having obtained another candle,



wished me pleasant slumbers and bowed themselves out.

I was preparing to lie down on the hard, prickly straw mattress, on which there was nothing but a little dingy red cotton pillow, as flat as a pancake, when in walked a man with two decanters of wine, white and red, a large loaf, and a spongecake. He also announced the advent of the chambermaid. A strapping wench, without shoes, came tittering in, with two long, narrow strips of cotton in her hand. These she laid on the mattress, and, nodding and smirking and seeming to say, "See, how sumptuously you are going to lie in state to-night," was about to cover all with a heavy, dirty woollen *poncha*, striped with every colour in the rainbow. This I begged to dispense with, and having got rid of the sturdy handmaid, was again about to lay me down, when—good heavens! "Travellers," it is said, "sometimes meet with strange bed-fellows." At least a dozen strange bed-fellows were already waiting to welcome me!—and probably there were dozens beside that I did not see. In my despair, I took to drinking, and half emptied one of the decanters; then spreading my cloak on the old sofa, and with a travelling-bag for a pillow, I laid me down, and—tired nature being able to hold out no longer—slept soundly till morning.

As soon as I awoke I got up to view the enchanting prospect I had been promised. It was the centre space of a square block of houses, in the small back

verandas of which much morning domestic work was going on. In the slovenly little gardens and yards were a few straggling vines and oleander bushes; here and there an orange or lemon-tree, a carpenter's workshop over which a purple heliotrope had spread itself; and mixed up with these were cinder and dust heaps, pigs, cats, and rosebushes, dogs, hens and chickens, apple trees, dirty children, and other odds and ends. A long distance was needed to lend enchantment to such a view. I turned from it to survey my apartment. The bare boards were dark with age and dirt; there were five heavy double doors, all bolted and barred like those of a prison, yet with such wide apertures that to see and be seen through them was almost unavoidable. From the smoking, and the creaking of boots, I knew that my four neighbours were men.

To my surprise, I was served at this dirty hole with a most excellent breakfast, and I have since learned that it is a second-rate commercial house, with a certain reputation for good eating and drinking, much civility, and dirt. In my short experience of it, it answered fully to its reputation. When I announced my immediate departure, both host and hostess came to lament that I could not "make myself happy" in so delightful a home. They proposed to give me a *vaso de flores* in my room every day, and to put a "*bonita esteira*"—a pretty mat—before the sofa; and they wondered, I dare say—good-natured, civil creatures as they seemed to be—that such luxurious arrangements could not tempt me to stay.

Senhor T. and his *senhora* who, as well as myself,

had been annoyed by a troop of strange bed-fellows, also resumed their journey very early. Having thanked these friendly people for their civilities and attentions, I left the dingy commercial house; and, with mine host and hostess and their staff in attendance, all smiles, and bows, and civil speeches, drove off to a hotel, that had been much recommended to me, at S. João da Foz.



## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE DRIVE FROM OPORTO TO S. JOÃO DA FOZ.

BEFORE leaving Lisbon, I had been assured by an Englishman who had just left Oporto, after three days' stay in that city, that there was nothing in it particularly worthy of notice. I should have to acknowledge, he said, on my return, that I had had "a dusty, disagreeable journey, and nothing but disappointment at the end of it." But my informant seemed unable to give any reason for his dissatisfaction beyond that of the want he had felt at his breakfast of "a good steak or chop, cut from well-hung beef and mutton, and," as he expressed it, "the far too heavy hand with the oil and garlic in their cookery." And from my first night's experience, and the little I could see besides dark, narrow streets, in the gloomy hour of our arrival, I began to fear that my grumbling countryman had, perhaps, dwelt so much upon his unsatisfactory meals because he really had not met with any objects of much interest to divert his thoughts from them. I had ventured to say to him, "It must be a fine city; all who have been there, except yourself, say so." "Ah, yes!—the *Portuguese* tell you so. You know they are famous for bragging of themselves and their

country. Have you," he asked, "a continental Bradshaw?" "Yes." "Well, I had no other guide; for as I was not much bent on exploring, I thought Bradshaw would help me to find all I should care to see. Now look at his description of the good city of Porto."

I did so; and all the information given respecting the second city of Portugal is its English name "Oporto." Then follows the address of a fourth-rate hotel—for aught I know, that which I went to—said to be "reasonable and comfortable for English visitors." Oporto, too, according to the Bradshaw arrangement, would seem to be in the island of Madeira.

As for the Portuguese part of the map, some cities—Santarem for instance—are set down on the wrong line of railway. But probably persons wandering in these parts would consult higher authority than Bradshaw. They would provide themselves with a Handbook, the very latest edition, and so get directed to consuls and agents who have been for years in their graves, and be told they can get from Carregado to Oporto, per diligence, in thirty-six hours. To be sure, they would find out by their means, on arriving in Portugal, what progress the country has been everywhere making during the interval of ten or twelve years since those guide-books were written. In the case of Bradshaw, probably it does not often fall into the hands of persons who rely so implicitly upon it as to believe, like the Englishman above referred to, that because Bradshaw knows nothing of a city but its name, there is therefore nothing in it worthy of notice.

However, after leaving the dirty, dreary hotel, a







THE TORRE DOS CLERIGOS, OPORTO.

few minutes sufficed to show me that the "*leal e invicta cidade*" was at least very busy and lively, and quaintly picturesque. For even in the narrow street from which we turned into the Praça Nova, the high-storied houses were decorated with elegant balconies, their rails painted of a reddish brown, green, blue, or dust colour, and many of them gilded. The Camara Municipal is in the Praça. It is surmounted by an allegorical figure, representing the gallant city of Oporto under the form of an armed warrior. King Victor Emanuel presented the chamber with the portrait of his father, Charles Albert, who died in Oporto, at Entre Quintas. The centre of the Praça is adorned with an equestrian statue of "the soldier king," Dom Pedro IV., whose memory is almost worshipped by the *Portuense*. Since its erection, the square has been called Praça de Dom Pedro, but, like the Rocio in Lisbon, is better known by its old appellation. It is a cool, pleasant place, planted on two sides with trees, beneath which there are chairs and garden-seats. They are generally well filled, for the Praça is in the very heart of the city, and, with its shops and *cafés*, its *camara*, its loungers, and carriage-stand, has a very animated appearance.

Opposite the Camara Municipal there rises, on either side, a long, steep street, broad and well paved. That on the left is the Rua de S. Antonio, and at the top of it stands the splendid church of Santa Ildefonsa. On the right is the Rua dos Clerigos, surmounted by the church with the famous tower, the Torre dos Clerigos. It is 250 feet in height, and serves as a



landmark many a league away. The houses in these streets are lofty and substantial, and many of the shops are large, and well supplied with fashionable goods. Those in the Clerigos are especially bright and gay, being generally on one side of the street, open shops, without windows, and displaying at their doors quantities of silk handkerchiefs, *fichus*, petticoats and shawls, all of those bright tints most in favour with the country people of the *environs*. The broad pavement of the Clerigos, like the *boulevards* of Paris, is planted with trees, which adds much to the general air of cheerfulness. Altogether, this part of Oporto may be called really handsome, much handsomer than the Chiado; indeed, I know nothing in Lisbon, of its kind, to equal it. The Praça, forming as it were a valley, and the two long streets rising from it, each eminence crowned by a fine old church, make up a picture which is very attractive, and coming upon it unexpectedly you are charmed with it.

It was yet early, pleasantly warm only, and the streets, which, like those of Lisbon, are kept remarkably clean, had just been well watered. It was market-day, too, and numbers of the bright-eyed, handsome women and girls of these parts were selling their wares in the streets, gossiping in groups, or making purchases in the shops. I thought of the Englishman, and wondered whether one of his three days at Oporto had chanced to be a market-day; for though he was rather of the crabbed genus, and decidedly past the age of romance, yet, had he seen nothing else he considered worthy of his attention, surely the faces of the greater



part of the women—for those of this province are famed for their beauty—could hardly have failed to attract his eye and excite his admiration, though he had even been on an anxious quest after “well-hung beef and mutton.”

My road lay by the Rua dos Clerigos. All the open, windowless shops in that street were thronged. I stopped the carriage in front of one of them, to ask the price of a gay-coloured handkerchief—my object being to get a nearer view of a fine young girl I had remarked, in a handsome costume, and who, with a young man, also in his Sunday best, was making purchases at the counter—laughing, and apparently bargaining over them a good deal. She wore the usual white bodice or corsage, but of linen of very fine texture, and trimmed with the openwork and lace of which so much is made at Peniche. The handkerchief, pinned in close folds over her bosom, was of red silk bordered with white; and her petticoat, which fell in full folds around her, was of a red and white checked material. From under her broad hat—which was bound with a shaggy silk trimming resembling feathers, with tufts of the same and tassels of red silk and beads—fell a fine muslin handkerchief, embroidered, and bordered with lace, covering the back of her neck and her shoulders. For a wonder, she wore stockings as well as the usual *tamancos*, or wooden shoes. But what was most remarkable about her was her jewellery. She wore two or three long, thick gold chains, and above them a row of small pearls, from which was suspended a large, pierced,

heart-shaped locket ; very large heart-shaped earrings, and depending from them a second pair formed of three or four pearls. Several rings of plain gold and silver, or set with stones, completed this holiday *toilette*. The wearer, for these parts, might be called a blonde beauty. She had chestnut hair, lovely dark blue eyes, clear complexion, and finely-formed features. Probably she had seen eighteen summers.

Her companion was a young man of about five-and-twenty, dressed in a black cloth suit—very short jacket, much tagged and braided, and with silver filagree buttons ; shirt of spotless white, coloured silk waistbelt, and a hat which, with the exception of the beads, was scarcely different from that worn by his *senhora*. They were a newly-married couple, probably of the well-to-do farmer class, and were purchasing what I have always understood was a part of the bride's dowry—table-linen. It may be that it was of a finer kind than that which their elders had thought good enough for them, for both appeared very anxious that it should be of the finest quality. I bought the silk handkerchief, after lingering some time over it, and looking very much at the bride. This, evidently, did not displease her ; for she gave me a very sweet smile and a friendly nod, and her *caro sposo* a salam when I left.

The dress of this young woman is the usual costume of the district of Porto, varying, however, in colour and quality according to the taste and means of the wearer, and whether the occasion be festive or otherwise. Rarely, however, do you see even the *carreteiras*,

who carry heavy burdens on their heads—the usual mode of carrying things here—without a row of gold beads on the neck, and long dangling earrings in the ears.

We pass on by the church of the Clerigos; by the vegetable and poultry markets; and by another that may be called the dry goods' market, where pots and pans and earthenware, woollen and cotton goods, vests, stockings, and nightcaps; threads, tapes, and buttons; pictures and images of saints; crucifixes and holy-water vases; toys for children, cakes from the country, white bread and *broa*, and a thousand other etceteras are displayed.

We have now reached the lovely garden of the *Cordoaria*. On the other side of the road, in the shade of some far-spreading trees, are hundreds of oxen and a crowd of rustic carts, belonging to farmers and others, who have brought to the chief market the produce of the gardens and grounds of the country around. The oxen are yoked together by a long, stout piece of wood passing over their necks. It is about a foot in height, is pierced or carved in fantastic devices, and has tufts of hair or bristles fastened along the top, something resembling a brush. Draught-oxen are more in use in Oporto than in Lisbon; the women mostly drive them—indeed, the women seem to do nearly all the work here. Men and boys are lying down, resting beside the animals they are guarding, or sitting on baskets or low stools, and eating their morning meal. Here and there you see a woman or girl, but most of the womankind belonging to this



rural-looking party are away, busily employed in the markets; or they are trudging off with such large, heavy packages on their heads that you would think they must inevitably be crushed or sink under them. I really shudder to see these industrious, sturdy little women bend to receive their burdens, but as soon as they are placed and well poised they walk briskly along, with a free, firm step, the click of their *tamancos* beating regular time.

Passing on to the entrance to the *Cordoaria*—nearly opposite which stands the magnificent Hospital Real de S. Antonio—a cloud of dust announces that “the *Americano*”—the American tramway car—is coming up the steep ascent. It ends its journey from Mathozinhos to the upper part of the city at this garden entrance. A number of people are there waiting its arrival. It is very fully freighted, but no sooner has it discharged its cargo of bathers from Foz than again it is laden and off with another.

Oporto is built on two high granite hills, and just at the part we have reached, the ground dips rather suddenly towards the river-side, and the lower city. As you descend, and at a short distance beyond the hospital—or as it is generally called, the Misericordia—you pass the garden wall of a fine large house, when there bursts on the sight one of the most beautiful river views conceivable. The lovely Douro glides placidly before you, blue as the blue heavens its bright waters reflect. It has a beauty of its own, quite different from that of the Tagus. The Douro is a narrower but deeper stream, and near Oporto, more curving



THE DOURO AND ITS BANKS FROM THE UPPER PART OF OPORTO.





and winding. The hills on its left bank, opposite the city, appear from their nearness to be higher than those fronting Lisbon. They are steeper; most picturesque in outline; green as the green hills of the Tyrol; odoriferous with lavender and myrtle; clothed with thick woods at their summits, and fringed with shrubs and plants to the water's edge.

Then the busy life on the Douro. Ships large and small, are loading and unloading, and there lies a smart little man-of-war steamer. Various kinds of boats—the ancient *barco*, with curved up point at each end; the round Dutch-built boat with an awning, and by way of contrast, the neat little skiff, and the graceful lateen sail, are crossing and re-crossing; sailing up and down, or landing their passengers, or merchandise at the jetties. Women, too, ply the oar dexterously, and sing as they row. All this and much more you distinguish as you proceed; but the general view, the first *golpe de vista* is enchanting.

When the bottom of the hill is reached, the road to Foz lies close along the river side, and for the greater part of the way beneath rows of tall shady trees. At every turn of the winding stream some new beauty presents itself in the lovely panorama, that in picture after picture is unfolded before you. On the right of the road are houses, villas, and *quintas*, small and large, old and new. Some of the more modern ones are detached, and are elegantly decorated and substantially built. Others of more ancient date form irregular groups, and a few have a rather tumble-down look, being held up, apparently, only by the tottering

support they afford to each other. But all are inhabited, and all have their veranda, balcony, or *belvédere*; some painted and gilded, others enveloped in leafy draperies. Then there are gardens, terraces, arbours and vine-trellised walks, grey stone walls, half covered with mosses or creeping plants, and, peeping above them, are seen the beautiful blossoms of the hydrangea, oleander, geranium, and other flowering shrubs. Clumps of trees stand on the rising background; still higher, a church, a chapel, or time-worn stone cross; and at one part of the road a glimpse is obtained of the Crystal Palace—crowning the lofty esplanade of the *Torre de Marco*.

You meet on the road groups of women and girls, laden with fruit, vegetables and fish. They are hastening towards the city with a quick light step, so different from the sauntering pace of the *Lisbonense*, who get through the business of life in a far more easy-going fashion. Fishermen are mending their nets or drying them in the sun. Merry, rosy, half-clad children are at their gambols near the water's edge; too near, it seems, for some of the little urchins cast aside their scanty clothing, and chase each other with much daring in and out of the water. Oporto has always boasted of her seamen; perhaps they are formed from such bold little river-imps as these. For it is not where the Douro glides most peacefully that they best love to sport, but they will splash and dash about quite fearlessly amidst the spray, and the foam, and the shingle near the sea, and the treacherous neighbourhood of the Bar. Now we pass the ship yards, and the ships

in course of building. Oporto-built vessels used to be, and perhaps still are, famed for their fleetness. In the palmy days of slave-trading, few, if any, were the cruisers that ever, except by surprise, made capture of one. But the *Portuense* have a more honourable boast than this—from Oporto, they say, first went forth those good ships and energetic, dauntless men who led the way to discovery and conquest in Asia, Africa, and America.

But we are come to the foot of a steep, stony hill, at which men and women, bronzed almost to blackness, are toiling with pickaxes, in the full glare of the sun. Some of them have put up two or three sticks, and stretched a sack or a cloth across them, to shelter themselves from his powerful rays ; others have used for the same purpose, their coats, petticoats, and even their jackets—poor defence, indeed, against the scorching glow of an August sun for the poor toilers who have to bear the burden and heat of the day ! They are employed either in widening the road, or in breaking pieces for building purposes from the base of this massive rock. The blocks as they accumulate are carried away in oxen carts, of which several are now waiting for their loads. The stone is of a pale pink hue, veined with a dark colour—perhaps it is marble, for half Portugal seems to be made of marble of various colours.

A short distance beyond where the poor stone-breakers are at work is a large granite fountain. It stands in the shade, and at least a dozen women and girls are grouped around it. Some have just filled their earthen pitchers and are placing them, with the aid of a neighbour's helping hand, upon their heads.



Away they trip, knitting as they go—a very clever feat, I think. The women who remain are *lavan-deiras*. They are washing their linen in the stone troughs beneath the fountain—a better system for the owners of the linen than that I saw in practice a little higher up, where the *lavandeiras* were beating the clothes to death on the stones by the river-side.

This is a very lively road ; would that it were less dusty. The constant passing and re-passing of oxen carts, of donkeys, and those small, curtained cars, filled with country folks, or bathers who have missed or have not found a place in the *Americanos*, keeps up a continual cloud on the road. Every ten minutes or quarter of an hour one of these *Americanos* glides by at great speed, so smoothly does it pass along the rails. They have three horses or mules abreast, and at the foot of the hill two leaders are added to the cars that go *acima*, or to the upper part of the city. Occasionally a horse-man passes us, or an open carriage ; but carriages and horses, either private or for hire, are few in Oporto, which in this respect differs greatly from Lisbon, where both are very numerous and good.

There is a sudden turn in the road. A much broader strip of land now lies between it and the river, which also widens greatly at this part, and may almost be called the sea. For there lies the famous Bar of Oporto, and beyond it are seen the foaming, tossing waves of the Atlantic. And this broad sandy plain is the *Praia*. It is planted with trees, whose foliage, at this season, is covered with sand and dust, giving it a dry and withered aspect. Several

narrow, ill-paved lanes branch off from the main road hereabouts, some nearly straight, others running cross-wise or zigzag, but all, after various turnings and windings and ins and outs, reaching the high ground above. They are lined with houses of all sorts and sizes, intermixed with trees, gardens, and vineries. Along the road many of the houses are mere huts; others are small, but of decent appearance, and not a few are large and handsome. In the distance are a castle, a church, and a lighthouse—the pharol of *Nossa Senhora da Luz*; Our Lady of the Light. The air is now more breezy, it has an odour of the sea, and there is a far-off sound of long-rolling waves and their furious rush upon the coast. We are arrived at S. João da Foz.

## CHAPTER XX.

AMERICANOS—SERRA DO PILAR—VALLE D'AMORES, ETC.

I HAVE now been a week at S. João da Foz ; running about pretty nearly the whole day, in spite of the heat, which though modified here by the breezes that blow from the Atlantic is yet as great as can well be borne in the middle of the day. In Oporto it is much more than that ; it is the heat of a furnace. But so lively, so amusing, is that charming, quaint old city, that I spend all my mornings there ; going up and down in the *Americanos*, which are exceedingly convenient—travelling the two miles between Oporto and this suburb in about a third of the time that a hired carriage takes for the journey. The charge is six *vintems* (sevenpence-halfpenny). There is plenty of space and air, no sun or dust, and all the world uses them. They began running only last year, I am told, and are a great success. Some of these *Americanos* go as far as the Rua dos Ingleses, in the lower part of the city ; those that take their passengers *acima*, stop at the summit of the hill, near the Misericordia. It is worth something to be carried up that hill. It is so steep that I have two or three times seen ladies so fearful that the



cars would run backward that they have got out and toiled up on foot in the sun and dust. Such an accident, however, has never occurred; but in Lisbon, where the *Americanos* are also to run in a few weeks, the fear of a similar accident at certain steep parts of the journey is entertained. The old rickety *trens*, as the hired carriages are called, must be ordered beforehand, if wanted at Foz, and will not stir out under two *mil*, five hundred—eleven shillings and threepence. In Oporto about a dozen shaky old vehicles stand on the Praça Nova. The drivers will ask where you are going, and what you will give; and if you propose to pay only the proper fare, and the road you are going is not to their liking, they decline to take you. Twice have they refused to take me for two *mil* (five hundred), because they calculated that the drive I proposed would occupy them for two and a half or three hours. And when I ventured on a few words of remonstrance, they answered, with a shrug of the shoulders, “*Està assim. Que quer minha senhora?*” Thus it is: What would my *senhora* have?

From the extreme steepness of the streets, much walking is out of the question, especially at this season; and a ramble on foot in the country, unless conveyed to some pleasant spot by rail or carriage, could hardly be attempted. When the drivers on the Praça refuse to go in the direction desired, I take a carriage from a neighbouring yard, where a private conveyance can be hired, as the *rémisses* are in Paris. The charge is three *milreis*—thirteen and sixpence—for three hours; a large price for the antique turn-out they

usually give you. It ought not to be forgotten, however, that in some parts the hills are so long and so steep that they make very hard work for the poor horses.

The *environs* of Oporto are very lovely, the scenery rich and varied. Had I a riding companion, I should much prefer to make these excursions on horseback. I expected to be able to do so ; but of the three Portuguese families to whom I brought letters two are away, and the third are not riders. Therefore many a pretty narrow valley amongst the hills, many a winding road and shady green lane, that with horse or mule might be explored, I have been able only to look at with yearning eye from a distance. But I console myself with the thought, and not the thought only, for it is fact, that the pleasantest season for such equestrian rambles is not now, but, as nearer Lisbon, in the latter part of winter—winter only in name—and the fresh, genial days of lovely spring.

Then, the numerous small rivers that water Portugal and make the country so fertile, the mountain cascades, and the lesser rills which leap and sparkle down the green hill-sides, are in full play. Where now in many parts the earth is parched and brown, then 'tis clad in verdure and enamelled with bright flowers, and the golden-fruited orange-groves are in their greatest beauty. Still I have had some charming drives on both sides of the Douro. I know not to which to give the preference, both are so beautiful. On the Villa Nova side hardly, I should think, can the exceeding loveliness of the river scenery be surpassed.

As in Lisbon, and indeed in all the cities and towns of Portugal, there existed before Dom Pedro's suppression of the religious houses an immense number of monasteries in Oporto; and here, as elsewhere, the holy brethren had selected for their pious retreats the most fertile and picturesque spots in the neighbourhood. Perhaps no finer site could have been chosen than that on which the church and convent of S. Agostinho of the Serra, more generally called "the Serra do Pilar," were erected—one of the highest of the high hills that rise so steeply from the Douro's banks, and just at a bend in the river; so that both up and down it the view from the convent is extensive, and commands both Oporto and Villa Nova. On the other side of the hill, or mountain, as it may be called, a broad path, once thickly planted with shrubs and shaded by lofty trees, winds from the convent-door round a hillock and over rising ground, whence the lateral valley—through which flows a bright and rippling stream—is seen lying beneath. A lovely scene, indeed! Stretching far away into the vale, then climbing upwards to the wooded hills that inclose this happy valley on the opposite side, are gardens incircling little white red-roofed cottages, pasture lands, orange and citron groves, fields of rye and Indian corn, vineyards, and olive-grounds; while crowning those heights and completing the fair picture is a village, with its church in the midst of clustering cottages, and embosomed in trees. It is the village of Avintes, where the *broa*, or Indian corn bread, is made, of which so much is consumed in Oporto. It is brought to the city in boats, rowed by



the women of Avintes, who amongst the many handsome women of this part of Portugal are the *belles par excellence*.

The church and convent of the Serra belonged once to the *frades cruzios*—Brothers of the Cross—who were all of noble family. The church had a large revenue; the pleasure-grounds, gardens, and *quintas* of the convent were of great extent and beauty, and contained groves of magnificent oaks and chestnuts. But these were cut down or destroyed during the Portuguese war of succession, in 1832–3—for the place, from its commanding position, had become one of great importance. It was held in turn by both Miguelites and Pedroites, the latter finally driving out their opponents. But during the struggle the shot and shell of the contending armies ruined the buildings, and the fine grounds were laid waste. Marshal Soult occupied the Serra convent in 1809; but having omitted to fortify it he was unable to oppose Lord Wellington's passage of the Douro, and was in consequence compelled to make a speedy retreat from Oporto. Dom Pedro, happily, did not fall into the same error; and thus was enabled successfully to resist the attempts of the Miguelite army to get possession of the Serra or to retake the city. When the civil war of 1846 was put an end to, the fortifications, which had been greatly increased and strengthened since the siege of Oporto, were destroyed. But the Serra convent is still considered one of the principal fortresses; it has a governor, and is garrisoned by a detachment of artillery.

Through all its vicissitudes, the church has pre-

served the famous miracle-working image of "Our Lady" of the Serra do Pillar. The *romaria*, or pilgrimage to her shrine takes place in August, when the peasantry and country people flock in from far and near to do homage to her in fulfilment of their vows, as well as to sell their wares at this great annual fair and *feira*. Small images and pictures of "Our Lady" are then sold by hundreds. I saw there some very pretty baskets and boxes of dyed grass, and curious footstools, which could be made lower or higher to suit the height of the seat. Everything was adorned with "Our Lady's" unlovely portrait, or with an appropriate inscription. Except on the occasion of the three days' pilgrimage to the shrine of the rival miraculous image of "Senhor bom Jesus dos bouças"—good Jesus of the barren lands, or sands—at Mathozinhos, when the concourse of pilgrims is far greater, there are few better opportunities of seeing the various costumes of this and neighbouring districts, than that which the *feira* of the Senhora do Pilar affords. All are then *en grande toilette*, and the variety of colour, the coquettish *pose* of the janty hats, often adorned with flowers, and varying much in size and shape, and, above all, the grand display of gold ornaments and other jewellery, to say nothing of the part which the men with their silver buttons and chains, coloured waistbelts, &c., contribute towards the general effectiveness of every group, make up as lively and interesting a scene as can well be imagined.

Baskets full of melons, and peaches, and figs, and grapes, dried fruits, *broa*, and cheese are dotted about amongst the gay throng—the vendors sitting under

large umbrellas or small tents, and as picturesquely dressed as their customers. There is water in earthen jars for thirsty souls, too, in abundance. Then, the *locale*--there stand the massive, grey, moss-grown walls of the old convent, crowning a steep-wooded height; Villa Nova de Gaia with its villas and quintas, rising still higher on the left; and stretching far away on either side are the green hills that border the Douro. Many boats freighted with fair devotees are sailing or rowing on the glittering waters, and long lines of merry pilgrims are crossing the suspension-bridge. What a clatter they make with their sabots! But observe them well; you will perceive that they really do possess a large share of the beauty for which they are famed, and that a painter might find here perfection of feature and gracefulness of costume unsurpassed by any models that Italy can produce.

It is the boast of the *Portuense* that all that remains in the present day of the energy, the daring, the enterprise, the activity, and other sterling qualities attributed to the Portuguese of the *velha cunha*--the old stamp--and which once made the little nation so great, is to be found only among the natives of Oporto and the neighbouring districts. "It is here too," say they, "that you meet with Portuguese *de puro sangue*--the handsome race, whose beauty has not been deteriorated by intermarriages with the black and swarthy races of whom our forefathers were the conquerors." This would seem to be but a vain boast yet it is true that a decidedly negro cast of feature, and an inclination to crispness in the hair are often



observable in some of the more southern Portuguese. And these defects too frequently fall to the share of the female part of the family. In the slave-trading days it used not to be uncommon for a subaltern officer, or needy government *employé* in the African colonies, to marry for the sake of a large fortune, the dusky daughter of some wealthy slave-dealer. This, as I learn, is considered an abomination, but a reminiscence of the Moor in the countenance is not thus despised; for it is generally found in brilliant black eyes, or other mark of beauty, and it tells too of ancient lineage.

It is, however, certain that the *Portuense* have a larger share of vitality than is accorded to their brethren of the south, and that Oporto is a much more animated, bustling, and business-like city than Lisbon. The same "old stamp" which is said to mark the people, is impressed on the place itself—on its houses, its streets, its shops. They are quaint, irregular, picturesque, charming. Lisbon is more stately and courtly; the people have a more leisurely way of speaking, and doing things, and in one day expend more words in mere complimentary speeches than you would hear here in a twelvemonth. Lisbon is gracious, courteous, and queen-like—Oporto merry and pleasant; a *piquante dame de province*.

I was very near missing the glimpse I have had of the lively *festa* of the Senhora do Pilar; for I heard of it rather late in the day, and was then told it was merely an assemblage of "common people," similar to the throng on a market-day. Luckily, my Portuguese friends thought otherwise, and came down to Foz to

fetch me. It was proposed afterwards to visit some of the immense cellars at Villa Nova de Gaia where the finest wines of the Douro are stored; but as it was left to me to decide between that and a drive to the Valle d'Amores—the Valley of the Loves—I chose the latter. This lovely valley lies between the summits of two high hills that overhang the left bank of the Douro. It has a little history of its own.

On the ruins of its old convent of Santo Antonio a large soap manufactory has been established. It is related that when the convent was built, and the ceremony of its dedication to St. Anthony was about to be performed, the monks were suddenly struck with the profanity of the name—"St. Anthony of the Valley of the Loves!" The holy men feared that these light zephyr-winged divinities might obtrude on their religious meditations, and that their eyes, which should ever be fixed on Heaven, might, by the frail tempters of the vale be sometimes drawn down to earth. What should they do? Banish the Loves from the valley whose loveliness so fitted it for Love's abode. They did so; believing, it is said, that in excommunicating the Loves, and substituting for the profane name that of the Valle de Piedade, they had happily expelled from their earthly paradise "the world, the flesh, and the devil." And there unmolested the pious brethren lived, amidst their orchards, and gardens, and fertile fields—literally in clover—until the siege of Oporto, when their convent was destroyed by fire. It afterwards fell into the hands of the Visconde de Castro Silva, who built on its site the present steam soap-works. Piety, in its turn,

was then expelled from the valley, which has resumed its old name of the Valle d'Amores.

I returned to Foz rather late on the evening of the *feira*. The day had been excessively hot, and after sunset a very sirocco-like wind—heating, irritating, anything but a refreshing breeze—had begun to blow. Instead of the usual clear, calm, blue sky with its myriads of glittering stars, there were large patches of smoky cloud flying about, and an occasional rush in the air raised the deep sand of the *Praia* most uncomfortably. But notwithstanding these indications of a probable change in the weather, the promenaders were there in full force.

The *Americanos*, which from five until ten in the morning come down from Oporto crowded with bathers, in the evening are filled to overflowing with people who live in or near the city, or between it and S. João da Foz, and who regularly take their after-dinner stroll on the *Praia*, where they are sure to meet all their friends and acquaintances, and sit chatting and smoking under the trees for hours. And it is not the *cavalheiros* only who congregate on this deep, dusty plain, it is also a favourite resort of their *Excellencias*. All the rank and fashion, beauty and commerce of Oporto and Foz are to be seen there, arrayed in the latest Paris fashions. It is a great place for flirtations and stolen meetings. Its only attractions, at present, are the company, a pleasant fresh breeze, and once a week the strains of the municipal band; yet on moonlight nights the *Praia* presents a most stirring and animated scene, and on other nights too, before dark—



ness becomes too visible ; for the lamps on the road are but "few and far between." But by next season, *on dit*, a casino is to be built. The *Hespanholas*, for the most part, dress here in black, and wear their long veils. They walk up and down the dusty *allées* with a very stately air, fluttering their fans. Some of them are followed by two or three pretty children, always most elegantly dressed, and attended by perhaps as many picturesque nurses, with red roses, bunches of jasmine, or other natural flowers twined in the massive braids of their jetty hair. A *nursery-man* accompanies them. He generally wears a brown braided dress, crimson belt, and broad hat. His duties appear to be to carry the little ones, to run after their balls, and to bear submissively the petty tyrannies of his group of fractious *niños*. At other times he acts as footman, dividing the duty with the *senhora's* waiting-maid ; and they saunter on together at a short distance behind their mistress, he, whenever he can do so unobserved, taking a few whiffs at a *cigarro*. At eleven o'clock the last cars leave for Oporto, when there is a general rush for places, and the *Praia* is partly cleared ; but the dwellers at Foz are in no hurry to leave, and often at midnight there are still a few lingerers there.

The evening of the *festa* was not an inviting one for a stroll, but I walked with my Portuguese friend beyond the *Praia* to the hill near the castle. There was no moon, and a broad arched band of black cloud spanned the heavens. The waves dashed furiously on the Bar, with a fearful roar, and high in the air rose the spray and the glittering white foam, while out at

sea there gleamed and glanced in the darkness long lines of phosphoric light. I fancied it rained, but presently found that it was only spray mixed with particles of gritty sand, borne towards us by the sudden gusts of hot wind. There was no thunder, though lightning, vivid and brilliant, played about the sky; now, broadly flashing, and momentarily enveloping castle, hills, and sea in intensely bright violet-coloured light; now, in wavy, zig-zag lines darting down to the ocean, from a glowing mass that opened and closed with dazzling rapidity in the midst of black, lurid clouds. We were not the only spectators of the gloomy grandeur of the night. Several persons had been attracted by it, and stood about in groups on the hill. Near us were a Spanish lady and gentleman, the former wrapped up in a silk mantilla. Presently, as I was talking with my friend, I heard her say, "*Si, si, es la señora Ynglesa.*" I turned towards her, and had the pleasure of again shaking hands with the persons I had most desired to meet—my Spanish Cintra friends. It was then too late for much conversation—just eleven; the last *Americanos* were filling, and Senhor de S. was barely in time to find standing room at the back of one. The Spaniards, however, were not so much pressed for time; they had come down in a carriage from the Hotel de Louvre, where we arranged to meet on the morrow, and then, as the night began to grow dreary, said *buenos noches* at the door of my hotel.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### MATHOZINHOS—HOTEL AT FOZ, ETC.

THE morning dawns, and the stormy signs of last night have vanished from the sky. The wind has subsided, but the air is fresh and breezy, and the rain, which everyone dreaded so much—though a goodly downpour during the night would have greatly improved the dusty paths of the *Praia*—no longer threatens to disturb, for the present, the daily routine of our life at Foz. A thin bluish mist hovers over the sea. It is five o'clock, and the inmates of the hotel—chiefly Spaniards—are going forth, in costumes the reverse of becoming, to take their morning bath. There go the *caballeros*, *señoras*, *niños*, *niñas*, *servidors*, and *servidoras*, laden with towels and woollen wraps. In the courtyard are three sturdy women, bare-legged, and in coarse blue freize petticoats and very broad hats—a bathing woman for each party, and a bathing man waiting for each on the beach. Generally the women carry down the unwilling children, or some part of the mountain of shawls, cloaks, and towels. I, too, am off; but not to the bathing-place, for it is rough, shingly, and unpleasantly crowded, and not only by bathers, but by idle, quizzing spectators of both sexes. Yet almost



everyone bathes, at least once, and sometimes twice, or even thrice a day, according to the number of baths that make up their course. It may be twenty-one and upwards, even to a hundred and one, and not one must be omitted, however short the seaside visit may be, for there would then be a falling off in the wonder-working effect on the constitution which the Portuguese and Spaniards almost superstitiously attribute to a course of sea-bathing. Generally the number of baths taken is an odd one, perhaps because there is said to be luck in odd numbers. But it sometimes happens that weakly constitutions are further impaired by the excessive use of the baths by which they are supposed to be strengthened. And I imagine this to be often the case at Foz. The force with which the great Atlantic waves rush into these narrow shingly coves and creeks and little sandy bays, is seen in the thousand fantastic shapes of the projecting wave-riven, jagged rocks. They almost beat the life out of you at the first blow. I confronted them once, and was tossed, half dead, into the strong arms of an old bathing man, to whom I clung with all my might until he laid me down under one of the little white tents which here serve for the bathers to dress in.

Since that time I have contented myself with what I think more invigorating, and certainly far more enjoyable, than floundering about breathless in the foam, or panting in the arms of an old fisherman—a trip every morning to Mathozinhos and Leça. The *Americano* that brings down the first party of bathers goes on afterwards to those lovely little towns, or twin

villages, which lie about a mile and a half beyond Foz. There is a pathway by the sea-shore when the tide is out, but the tramway of course lies above the cliffs and along a very fine road, inclining inwards on approaching Mathozinhos, from which Leça is divided by a small river of the same name. A bridge is thrown across it; and beyond it, towards the sea, the narrow stream widens a little, and forms a tiny bay—a miniature Foz.

It rarely happens that more than two or three passengers besides myself make this journey so early in the day—for the object of the *Americano* is to bring back bathers to the various bathing-nooks among the rocks, or perhaps as far as Foz. An uninterrupted view then can therefore be had of the beauty of the scenery along the road. Opposite Foz is a high dark pine-clad hill; at its base, heaped upon each other, lie masses of broken granite. Thence, stretching across the harbour, is a broad sandy bank, called the Cabedello, which, together with the unseen rocks around it, others whose crags and peaks rise above the water, and the treacherous shifting sands, forms the formidable Bar of Oporto. The entrance to the harbour is so narrow and dangerous that the arrival or departure of a vessel must ever be watched with a feeling of anxiety for her safety. For fifteen years the *Portuense* have been working at this Bar, but have done little or nothing to improve the entrance; and engineers say the harbour can never be made a good or a safe one. However, the long stretch of sand, the showers of glittering spray, the rugged rocks and wild fury of the sea as it tosses

and foams amongst them, are very picturesque, and add much to the attractions of the charming, rambling, scrambling, and eccentrically built bathing-town of S. João da Foz.

To accommodate its yearly-increasing number of visitors, Foz is extending itself far on the road to Mathozinhos, in long rows of cottages, generally of one story only. They are mostly detached, and built in the *chalet* style, with wide projecting roofs. When these are passed, you have the rugged coast and broad blue ocean on the left; on the right, wide grassy plains gently sloping upwards, until far away in the distance they are crowned with dark pine-woods. A very small *ermida*, or hermitage, containing a cross under an open archway, stands in a romantic situation on a narrow, shelving, mossy plain, half-way down one of the rocks, and is dedicated to Our Lady of Good tidings. It is held in great veneration, and is much visited by the fishing and seafaring population of the neighbourhood.

The *Americano* ends its journey in front of a grassy Alameda, shaded by several rows of fine trees. In the centre is a marble statue on a granite pedestal, erected by the inhabitants to the memory of the statesman and eloquent orator, Manoel da Silva Passos. You may alight and repose here for ten minutes only, if you return to Foz by the same conveyance you came in; but if you wait for the next car you may explore Mathozinhos, and visit the church whose boast and glory it is to possess the most celebrated miracle-working image in Portugal. It would indeed be worth while to wait



the two hours, if only to sit beneath the dense foliage of the spreading trees of the Alameda, and gaze on the charming picture before you.

Mathozinhos and Lega are built on those green slopes that curve so gracefully round the little bay; and there, amidst orange and lemon-trees, roses and myrtles and vine-covered bowers, are cottages, *quintas*, and villas rising one above another. The roofs are bright red, the fronts white and green, or faced with *azulejos*—china tiles—the prettiest being embossed with white flowers or stars on a pale yellow ground. The deep porches are filled with flowers, and vines or creeping-plants nearly cover some of the roofs. These attractive dwellings vary greatly in size and in the extent of their gardens and grounds; but all are clean and neat, and many of them elegant. On the shore are a few boats; two of them have spread their white sails and are standing out towards the sea. Hanging over the parapet of the stone bridge are two rosy peasant girls; perhaps they are admiring their faces in the clear stream, or more likely they are coquetting with the young boatman who sits beneath the bridge in his boat.

On the summit of the hill stands the church of "Good Jesus," or Our Lord of Mathozinhos. The legend tells us of the image so named that ages ago it was miraculously cast upon the sands, but with one arm wanting—torn from it by the fury of the sea. Soon after, a poor woman collecting drift-wood amongst the rocks to boil her *pot-au-feu*, met with a piece—part of a spar, as it seemed—that answered her purpose exactly. As often, however, as she attempted to get

up a cheerful blaze with it so often did the flames recoil, the glowing embers fly from it, and the fire become extinct. She then dried the wood for some days in the sun; but all in vain, for when placed on the fire there was still the same result. Naturally, she became alarmed, sought the priest, and told the strange story to him. He examined the piece of wood, and speedily cleared up the mystery. No wonder that the flames recoiled, for the supposed spar was nothing less than the missing arm of Our Lord of Mathozinhos! Great was the poor woman's horror when she heard of the sacrilegious deed that, but for the recoiling flames, she would surely have been guilty of. However, as she sinned unwittingly, she obtained absolution when the arm was restored to the maimed body. An image that had thus encountered the perils of the deep was likely to prove a protector to those "who go down to the sea in ships." Several miracles were wrought, the fame of the image spread, and forthwith from far and near came pilgrims with their votive offerings.

The *romaria* takes place at the *feira* of the *Espirito Santo*, and this year it was attended by not less than 35,000 people. The sacristy of the church is filled with terrible daubs, representing some most astounding storms and shipwrecks. The image occupies a prominent place in these pictures; and when all seems lost, Our Lord of Mathozinhos appears to still the storm or to extend a hand to the sinking mariners—for they have cried unto him in their distress, and he is there to deliver them from it. So they think, poor creatures; and whatever they have vowed in their hour of trouble to

pay him for their rescue from the fury of the elements they faithfully bring to his shrine at the great annual gathering. These pictorial offerings and their doggerel inscriptions, though miserable and absurd productions, yet do not so much excite mirth as inspire pity for the slaves of a deplorable superstition.

From the eminence on which the church stands there is a very lovely view. It is seen in its greatest beauty at early morn, when the sun's rays first tinge the hill tops with gold, and the brilliant colouring of the eastern sky is reflected in every variety of tint in the deep and mirror-like waters of the Douro. Over the Bar they roll, and there blend their rich rainbow hues with the glowing sapphire of the sea. Foz is indeed gloriously grand, both at sunrise and sunset.

About two miles beyond Mathozinhos lies the village of Mindello, which may be reached by a very charming ride along the sea-shore. It was on the beach at Mindello that Dom Pedro landed with his little army of 750 men, on the 8th of July, 1832. By a winding-path you may reach the high ground of San Gens, and the chapel which stands on a still higher eminence. From it, on all sides, far as the eye can reach, exquisitely lovely views of sea and land may be enjoyed. This chapel of San Gens, like the Mindello beach, is a spot very dear to the *Portuense*. From its walls Dom Miguel watched the combat on the plain beneath between his own troops and the small patriotic band of Pedroites. He saw his followers defeated, dispersed—his own fate sealed—then mounted his horse and fled,



and Portugal was soon after finally released from the tyranny of her hated oppressor.

The loud ringing of a bell announces to the inhabitants of Mathozinhos and Leça that the *Americano* is about to take its departure. I return in it to Foz, and thence go on to the Cordoaria and back again; thus making the journey of eight or nine miles—which occupies an hour and a half, and costs two shillings—from end to end every morning, and this for the sake of the scenery, “ever charming, ever new,” of the lovely Douro and the wild coast beyond Foz. Often, too, most amusingly odd sort of people may be met with in the American cars; for all ages, sexes, and conditions frequent them, and they have nearly driven the close, dirty boxes called omnibuses off the road. There are *Hespanholas* in their veils, *Portuguezas* in Parisian bonnets, gaily costumed country dames, and smart French and Spanish nurses; children, pretty and ugly, and quaintly dressed; perchance a young “Engleesh mees,” or a stiff, starched old one, both employing the few leisure minutes of the journey in mending their gloves, doing a little tatting or muslin cobble, or otherwise improving their minds and shaming the idleness of others. The men are Spaniards and Portuguese, and an Englishman or two. More than once I have reached the car when it was just about to start, and already quite full. On those occasions the conductor has opened the door and abruptly announced, “*Uma senhora quer entrar*”—a lady wants to come in. Instantly, three or four gentlemen have risen from their seats, and I have taken the place of

the one nearest to me, who, with a polite bow, has made his exit, to seek standing-room amongst the crowd on the board outside. I do not think there was an Englishman amongst the number of those who were willing to be thus ousted from their seats for a stray woman's sake; and probably when the Portuguese ladies have so far "emancipated" themselves as to desire, like their sisters of the north, to stand on an equality with men, that sort of polite deference and gallantry towards "the weaker vessel," which you may count on generally meeting with here, will become—as it is natural it should do—as rare as it now is in England.

One old man, a Portuguese, who usually goes up and down at about the same hour as myself, and who seems to be a well-known personage, invariably, on entering, salutes the ladies with a general "*Viva minhas senhoras.*" As soon as he has comfortably seated himself, he produces from the deep recesses of one of his pockets a substantial silver snuff-box. Having given its contents a refreshing shake or two, he presents it, saying, "*Sua Excellencia não quer rapé?*"—will not your Excellency take a pinch of snuff? For my own part, I bow my grateful thanks, but do not avail myself of the obliging offer. Some men take a grain or two between the thumb and finger, but the *senhoras*, to whom the box is first passed, always decline the proffered pinch—though a few of them indulge more privately in the unseemly habit of snuff-taking. When the box has finished its round and again comes into the hands of the old gentleman,

he dives very deeply into the pungent mixture; but before refreshing his nose with the ample *prise*, he bends forward and says, “*Com licença minhas senhoras*”—with your permission, ladies. Permission is accorded by a smile and a slight movement of the head; the old gentleman then snuffs up his pinch with much relish, dusts his shirt-front and waistcoat most carefully with a spotless cambric handkerchief, returns the box to its resting-place, and the ceremony is concluded. There is very little smoking in the *Americanos*. Perhaps the *senhores* do not feel sufficiently settled for the making up of a *cigaretto* and comfortably smoking it; or the beauty of the road is so entrancing that they forget all besides, as they lean out and gaze upon it, as many of those most familiar with its scenery do.

Bathers and rambles have all returned to the hotel long before eight. At that hour breakfast begins, and the first to appear are the English—four young men and a supercilious-looking old fellow. Their talk is of ships, and freights, and hogsheads of wine. They are staying at Foz for the baths and sea-breezes, but during the day are to be found at their counting-houses in the Rua dos Ingleses. How they growl and grumble over the tea, their boiled eggs, and their broiled steaks! and indulge in poor jests at the expense of the Portuguese, “who havn’t an idea of what a breakfast ought to be.” You will be inclined to think otherwise if you glance at the Spanish and Portuguese table and notice the array of bottles of wine and decanters of water, the



dishes of fruits, the fine white Spanish bread, the pile of plates, denoting that something more substantial will be forthcoming when the guests are ready for it—which will not be for the next two hours, for they have taken coffee and biscuits on returning from the bath.

I think I have not yet told you that the hotel I am staying at is a nice, cozy sort of a house, and in all respects as clean as that I first slept at was dirty. Had my Lisbon English acquaintance found his way hither, both beef and mutton, I fancy, would have met with his approval. The meat is much better in Oporto than in Lisbon, and so are the fruits and the wines. Everything, except carriage hire, is also something less expensive; and even that, to a certain extent, is made up for at Foz by the facility with which you can get to different parts of the city three or four times every hour by the tramway.

The *table d'hôte* breakfast and dinner are both very good, and nicely served. The table is every day decorated with fresh *bouquets* of beautiful flowers; and the waiters, who are probably Gallegos, are steady and efficient, and always wear clean white linen jackets. The maids look rather picturesque, in white bodices and aprons, blue or yellow neckerchiefs, roses in the hair, long earrings and necklaces. They wear the *tamancos*, or wooden shoes, except when arranging the rooms; then they put them off at the doors, and run about barefoot.

The hotel has a courtyard, on one side of which is a small house or cottage, quite detached from the hotel itself. It is now occupied by a Spanish family—a

young couple with the mother of the *senhora*, three tiny children, as many women servants, and one nursery-man. The young wife is almost the prettiest woman I have ever seen—so full of grace and sweetness, and without the coquettish air so usual with the younger Spanishwomen. Another Spanish family, of eight persons, three of them children, arrived yesterday; the *senhora*, a very stately personage, appropriately and most becomingly attired in flowing black silk and large, handsome mantilla. From what part they came I have not yet heard, but they travelled in a large old-fashioned carriage, with a booted and spurred, tagged and braided postilion of the same *antique* type. Their man-servant attracted the attention even of the natives here, so grandly was he belted and braided, befeathered and fancifully bedizened. Besides these, we have yet another Spanish family, with two or three children and their train of attendants, so that our nursery is a large one. In the evening the courtyard is like the playground of a school, and in all the games of ball, hide-and-seek, &c., the fathers and uncles take part. The servants are also there, assisting at least by their presence; and the *senhoras* have chairs brought out, and sit together gossiping or looking on. I think the Spaniards very domesticated. All of them seem thoroughly to enjoy these juvenile pastimes. Young and old together form very merry groups, and, apparently, very happy families.

Those who take no interest in these nursery doings walk in the gardens at the back of the hotel. They are not in the finest order, but are pleasant nevertheless.

Along the further end is a vine-covered walk, where the grapes now hang in thick clusters overhead. As it skirts the side of a low hill it has a slight wicker fence, over which roses and other flowers are trailed. There are two or three arbours in different parts of the garden; one so cool and densely shaded that a German lady, an authoress, staying at the hotel, uses it for a study, and writes there throughout the heat of the day. From the vine-walk there is a very charming peep of the Douro, and if you look over the fence you will see a strange assemblage of things lovely and unlovely—beautiful shrubs and flowers, and trellised vines, amongst which dogs, pigs, and goats, ramble at pleasure. Two or three dirty children are rolling about in the sand, and as many earless and tailless cats are quietly watching them. I always feel for the poor pussies, they look so ashamed of themselves; for it is the foolish custom here to crop their ears and tails, under the idea that it makes them good mousers. Look, too, at those one-roomed tumble-down huts. Notwithstanding their crazy condition, they really are wonderfully picturesque, with the vines scrambling over them, and those trees at the back that shade the defects with their long drooping branches. Yet they are most miserable dwellings, each one sheltering a whole family. Their flooring is the bare earth, with here and there a stepping-stone. In one of them you may now see the husband and wife and two children at their meal. They sit on the ground, round an earthen dish, and all feed themselves from it with spoons. Yet the woman has a row of bright beads round her neck, and most probably



they are gold. So capriciously has this old part of Foz been arranged that you have but to cast your eyes about twenty yards further up, where a very pretty villa is perched, with a large veranda in front of it, and you see, reclining on a sofa in the well-furnished sala, a fashionably-dressed *senhora* fanning herself, while another is playing the piano. Lean over the fence. There, just beyond the garden, is a fine oleander, and beside it another flowering shrub with a large purple blossom; they stand in front of a sort of pigstye, which has a room over it inhabited by two or three persons, whose custom it is to hang out of window and beg of any likely-looking passer-by. This seems to be a new mode of begging. It is certainly less fatiguing, and perhaps more profitable, than prowling the streets. But in the streets of Oporto beggars are far fewer than in Lisbon; it is in the outskirts of the city that they abound. There, the most deplorable objects continually meet the eye—some lying flat in the dust, others grouped together, half naked, or full of sores, tottering with age, or groping in blindness. When any person approaches, they either lie wailing and sobbing on the ground, or raise themselves and call out for an *esmolinha* in loud piteous tones.

On the road to S. Mamede, a very charming drive, so numerous were the beggars along the wayside that it made me quite wretched to see them. Many, no doubt, are got up in the extremest state of misery in order to excite greater pity; but often they overdo the parts they play. I saw one woman lying on the ground under an immense umbrella, such as the market-women use.

Three children were twined around her, and when any one, either on foot or in a carriage, came near, she raised herself to her knees, threw her arms wildly above her head, and called on God, the Virgin, and the Saints. Then, in despair, down dropped her arms heavily to her sides. Suddenly she raised her head, and would be supposed to see you for the first time; a gleam of hope then lighted up her countenance—salvation was near—her arms were instantly outstretched, and in tones most thrillingly pathetic she implored for aid. It was a fine piece of acting—a pity, for her sake, that it was not exhibited on the stage. About fifty yards further on, a man—perhaps her husband—sat crouching near a heap of stones, and covered with an old sack, or piece of coarse cloth, which seemed to be his only clothing. When the carriage was nearly opposite to him, he started to his feet, rushed into the middle of the road, and with upraised arm conjured me by all that heaven and earth holds most sacred not to pass without bestowing an *esmola* upon him. He was a tall, dark man, with a thick black beard, and bushy hair arranged to stand out in so terrific a fashion that he would have made an excellent model for the sign of “the Saracen’s Head.” His eyes flashed, and his manner was so frantic, I thought he was going to stop the horses and demand “your money or your life,” for he had stationed himself at a lonely and rather steep part of the road, and the driver, who was a black man, foolishly slackened his pace. The situation was, indeed, startlingly melodramatic, and for once could hardly fail in its object—the obtaining from the momentary vague fears of

passers-by a more substantial *esmola* than probably a mild feeling of compassion would induce them to bestow. When we returned the naked savage went through his performance again, but I did not repeat my part. Such scenes harden the heart. I wonder they are not more strictly prohibited; for immense sums are given away in Oporto in charity and for the support of the hospitals and other charitable institutions. I am told, however, that no good system has yet been organized for relieving the poor, and that the proneness of the Portuguese to liberal almsgiving encourages begging. But to return to the hotel garden. Just beyond the hovel, where the beggars sit at home and ask alms from the window, is the really handsome mansion of a Lusitanian grandee. Thus you see, extremes meet at Foz, and that it is an assemblage of incongruities. But nature not only softens them off with verdure and flowers, bright streams and green slopes, rugged rocks and bold seas, but has so gracefully blended the loveliness and variety of her own works with the inartistic eccentricities of man's, that Foz strikes you, in spite of its hovels, its pigs, and its beggars, as a harmonious and beautiful whole.



## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE SPANIARDS, CRYSTAL PALACE, THEATRE.

*Oporto*.—I fully intended, as I told you, to leave Oporto some days ago, and to get on as far as Mealhada, thence to take the *diligencia*, or other conveyance, and pay a flying visit to Busaco. I really did leave S. João da Foz, and with great regret. But we were constantly being told at the hotel that all rooms except those occupied by the Spaniards were engaged for the rest of the bathing season—until the end of October—by a Spanish family, who might arrive any day, and that there must then be a general turn-out of the English, Portuguese, and Germans. The reason for this, as the son of the proprietor told me, was that the family was very numerous, but had no objection to sleep—as it appears the other Spaniards do—three, four, or even more, in the same room. This arrangement, as he said, was of course a more profitable one to him than letting each room to one person, besides the larger number there would be at the *mesa redonda*. I immediately determined to leave at once; and the next morning at six o'clock this same young man, who is half English, half Portuguese, and is ex-

ceedingly civil, himself brought the breakfast to my room. Seeing that I was rather vexed, he said—

“Why shall you go away, Madam, when you are not willing? Now stay—do.”

“You told me to go, and now I am ready I shall do so.”

“No, no, Madam; I like much that you shall stay.”

“I don’t wish to be turned out by the Spaniards.”

“Turned out, Madam! that is wrong of you. Now stay, Madam; pray do,” he said, very coaxingly.

But being packed up, and the antiquated vehicle that was to take me to Villa Nova already at the door, I remained inflexible. At parting, my young host made me the unasked promise of the undisturbed possession of “one of the nicest rooms for the whole of next season.”

It is above an hour’s drive up and down the hills to the terminus at Villa Nova de Gaia; but having time to spare I stopped *en route* to bid a last adieu to my Spanish friends. Señor Rivas and Doña Rita—these, I must tell you, are not their real names—were just going out for their morning walk, but at my suggestion took the pleasant drive to Villa Nova instead. We arrived so early that it wanted yet an hour to the time of giving out the tickets and receiving the luggage; and during that hour I was prevailed on by my companions to go back again, and spend two or three days with them in further exploring Oporto. They had changed their hotel, but were still in town; and as there was room for me I took up my quarters in the same house.

Senhor de F——, my Oporto acquaintance, thinks them “mysterious people,” because they seem to avoid other Spaniards; and he also supposes them to be Carlists. But I have noticed, both here and at Lisbon, that where they are not actually acquainted the Spaniards are as cold-mannered and distant towards each other as are the repellingly frigid English you sometimes meet with on the continent, and who for far less cogent reasons are suspicious of everybody, and especially of their own countrypeople. Because, you know, all classes presume to travel now-a-days; and “if you were too condescending,” as somebody said, “why you might, unawares, be making civil speeches to your grocer or baker—and how wounding to one’s *amour propre* the discovery would be.” But *revenons à nos moutons*. The Spaniards are thus frigid on political grounds, as they have good reason to be just now. In conversation they usually eschew politics altogether; and it is rarely known, for a certainty, with what party their sympathies lie. Most of those who are in Portugal with their families are supposed to be chiefly anxious for the safety of their estates and possessions, and to be carefully reticent on the subject of their political opinions, because, whenever the present unhappy struggle for power which has induced them to withdraw for a time from their country shall come to an end, it may be convenient to them to declare themselves partizans of the faction that has prevailed. But however this may be, the political opinions of Señor Rivas are no concern of mine. He and his sister tell me they like the English nation; and although I can-



not aver that I am as fond of the Spaniards as of the Portuguese, yet, even with the chance of their turning out to be, as de F. suspects, "Carlist conspirators," I can truly say that I like my new Spanish friends, because they are so pleasant and genial.

We declined seats at the public table, and breakfasted in a private room very merrily together, thus entirely confuting the proverb which says that "two are company, three are none." In the afternoon we took a carriage and drove to the Museum, where we did our best to go into ecstasies over the plumed cocked-hat and the field-glass of Dom Pedro IV., and the rusty sword-blade said to have belonged to that redoubtable slayer of the Moors, Dom Affonso Henriques—for these seemed to be held in greater veneration than any other of the treasures belonging to the institution. All the pictures are attributed to celebrated ancient masters. As far as numbers go, they form a very fair collection; but Señor Rivas, who appears to be somewhat of a *connoisseur*, condemns them all, with one or two exceptions, as copies, and many of them modern and inferior ones. The library, however, is a fine one, very handsomely located and well arranged. It contains near 90,000 volumes, of which 102 are of the fifteenth century. There are, besides, more than 100,000 volumes deposited in this vast building—formerly the monastery of S. Lazarus—from the libraries of several of the extinct convents. The Museum is also rich in rare and curious MSS., amongst them those brought from the convent of the Santa Cruz at Coimbra, and which are of a date anterior to the discovery of printing.

Passing along the Rua do Triumpho, and by yet two other extinct convents, San Bento and Carmo—now converted into very fine barracks, with a terrace and *alameda* planted with trees—we arrive at the entrance of the Crystal Palace, on the lofty esplanade of the Torre de Marco, the extreme west of the upper city. I had already visited that lovely spot; once I toiled up to it by the steep hill from the river side, and very hard work I found it for a hot summer's morning, though the *Americano* had brought me from Foz to Mas-serellos. But I got through it pretty well; here and there a stray stone or projection of the hill affording a resting-place, and better still, every turn of the winding road, as I ascended higher and higher, disclosing a prospect of ever-increasing beauty, variety, and extent.

There is no permanent bazaar at the Palace, and as just now nothing particular is going on there, we had to pay but a *vintem* each for admission. It is an elegant building, but small compared with our Sydenham glass-house. The walls are of Oporto granite, the dome, and roofing of the side avenues iron and glass. It was designed by an English architect, Mr. Shields. It is square, each side measuring 110 *metres*, and it has a turreted pavilion at either end of the *façade*. There is a magnificent concert-room, containing a very fine organ. A museum and picture-gallery also form part of its attractions, as well as billiard, reading, and dining-rooms, all spacious, lofty, and elegant, with a *restaurant* and handsome dressing-rooms for the use of the ladies when concerts or other

entertainments take place. The grounds and gardens are laid out in exquisite taste, and are adorned with statuary. You enter them by a broad walk, planted on either side with trees; beyond and around are flower-beds brilliant with blossoms of every hue, and there is a greenhouse for tropical plants which, indeed, scarcely need such protection. Where the esplanade ends every rise and fall of the undulated ground has been turned to account by the skilful landscape-gardener under whose direction these beautiful gardens have been planted and arranged. There are caves and grottoes in the deep cavities of the hill, châteaux and pavilions perched on the rising mounds; there are fountains and waterfalls, lakes on which majestic black and white swans disport themselves, wild woodland walks, avenues of chestnuts, drooping willows, graceful pepper-trees, and shady bowers sweetly scented with myrtle and jasmine—truly a Garden of Eden.

But I despair of conveying to you even a faint idea of the magnificence and beauty of the extensive panorama that greets the eye in every direction from this lofty eminence. There lies the bright city of Oporto, with its spires and towers and stately public buildings; below are grouped the white houses of Masserellos, peeping through the tall trees that overshadow them with a mantle of verdure. Nearer to us, and following the graceful curve of the road, are the villas of Entre Quintas, embosomed in vineries, gardens, and orchards. In one of these villas Carlos Alberto of Sardinia died; and just beyond it is the elegant little granite chapel erected to his memory by



his sister, the Princess Augusta of Montlear. In front glides the gently murmuring Douro, and on its opposite bank is the lovely suburb of Candal—a blooming garden, where, nestling amidst trees and flowers, are the most picturesque little cottages and *quintas*. More to the east is Villa Nova, rising abruptly from the river's edge; and beyond the suspension bridge are seen the yet massive stone walls of the old Serra do Pilar, frowning down from those steep granite heights—grand in their bareness and ruggedness, and contrasting finely with the lofty green hills, with their scented herbage and tangled masses of wild flowers, clumps of chestnuts and cork-trees and pine-crested tops, thence stretching far away to the horizon. Wooded hills and smiling valleys extend westward far as the eye can reach; whilst on this side the river lie Foz and Mathozinhos, and beyond them is the boisterous Atlantic. And how deeply blue are the heavens that canopy this enchanting scene!—blue in the east, where a bright star already twinkles, and blue overhead, but overspread with a rosy glow in the west; for the sun is now sinking in cloudless glory in the opal-tinted waves of the sea.

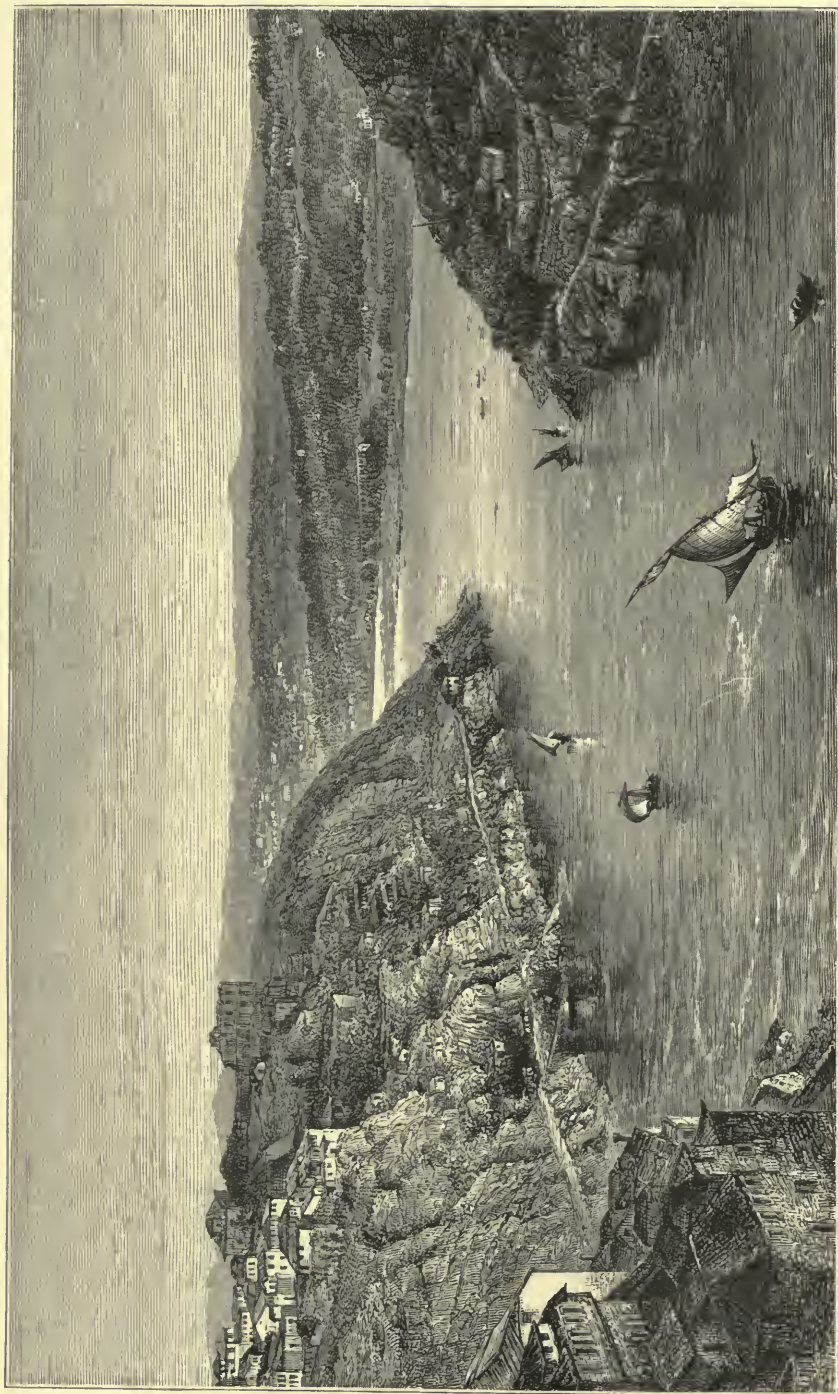
On moonlight summer evenings the gardens are much frequented, and the clearness and intensity of the silvery beams then impart to them a mystic beauty and solemn splendour which are indescribable. On Sundays and *fête* days a picturesquely dressed throng may be seen rambling in the groves and sauntering in the shade of the lovers' walks, or gathered in groups in the fairy dells and flowery nooks of these lovely grounds.

In the evening we went to the principal theatre—Teatro de S. João—to see the famous Portuguese actress Senhora Emilia das Neves. She is about to retire from the stage, and is come to Oporto to give a few farewell representations before her final season in Lisbon. Though the heat is extreme, and also it is not the playgoing season, yet there was a very full house, and a very fair show of ladies—no slight compliment to the talented actress; for those who sat out the performance in that stifling atmosphere underwent for her sake a very heavy penance. It may be said, however, that she must possess remarkable ability to have retained her audience under such unfavourable circumstances, and to have made the profound impression upon them which, doubtless, she did. Her acting is indeed most graceful, yet full of vigour. She played *Joanna* in “*Joanna a Doida*,” a translation or adaptation of the French drama “*Jeanne la folle*.”

The house is in the horseshoe form; it is prettily decorated, and has a well-painted ceiling with portraits of Portuguese dramatists and poets. Much as I wished to see the whole of the play, I could not remain. Neither fan nor *eau de Cologne* was of any avail. I seemed to be inhaling the hot fumes of a furnace, and was soon obliged to beat a retreat. There is a very nice waiting-room, off the vestibule, where ices and other refreshments may be had. Having sat there awhile, we afterwards walked home. The night was very lovely; but Oporto, though more animated by day, is less lively than Lisbon in the evening. The denizens of the town are no doubt at this season glad

to escape early to the *Praia* at Foz, or to one of the charming *alamedas* and terraces of Fontainhas, Virtudes, San Lazaro, &c., which overhang the Douro, and afford beautiful prospects, or invite to a stroll on the breezy heights of the city.





THE DOURO—FROM VIRTUDES.



## CHAPTER XXIII.

### CHURCHES—MARKETS—STREETS.

You might suppose that ere this we had thoroughly “done” the “*terra classica de liberdade e d’industria*”—one of the pet names which these “Portuguese of the old stamp” bestow on their dear old city of Porto. But the longer you dwell in it, the oftener you wander up and down its long steep streets—some wide, but most of them narrow, and few of them new—the more familiar you become with its capricious turnings and windings, and ins and outs, its lovely gardens, its fine open *praças*, its churches, its palaces, its meandering Douro, its busy people, their handsome, picturesque country cousins and lumbering old oxen carts, together with its thousand and one other attractions, the more beauties you discover in it, the more you become attached to it, and are unwilling to leave. But I must perforce tear myself from it; the wrench must be made; yet before bidding a final adieu to the “*leal e invicta cidade*,” I send you a short sketch of our recent proceedings.

We have gone over most of the churches, beginning with the ancient *Sé*, or cathedral, founded, they tell you, in the seventh or eighth century; but of course



built and rebuilt more than once since that date. The interior is handsome, and there are some fine carvings about the high altar. One of the lateral chapels has an altarpiece of pure silver, and in the sacristy is a rather good painting of the Virgin and Child. They call it a Raphael. The cloisters are fine, and in the pure Gothic style. Their sides, like the cloisters of San Vicente de fora in Lisbon, are lined with painted *azulejos*, but the subjects are more scriptural than those of the latter church. At the *Sé* they illustrate the Song of Solomon, those of S. Vicente illustrate the Fables of Æsop, and a variety of profane and comical subjects, which are extremely amusing, but seem quite out of place in the cloisters of a church.

The bishop's palace is close to the cathedral. The fine granite staircase, a painted ceiling, and the view from the balustrade round the upper part of the building, are its chief attractions. Both *Sé* and *Palacio* are on one of the loftiest eminences of the city, and nearly facing the Serra do Pilar. Both were much damaged during the siege, by the fire from that famous ecclesiastical fortress.

We were anxious to ascend the lofty *Torre dos Clerigos*, but could never find anyone to open the doors. In general, the churches in Oporto seem to be closed unusually early. At S. Bento, where there is a very fine organ and beautifully carved organ-loft, the church was invariably locked up before nine in the morning. In a court or yard belonging to it, a number of laundresses were always hard at work, a good fountain in the centre supplying them with plenty of water;

and several women, surrounded by baskets of fruit and vegetables, had turned the open part, near the street, into a small Covent Garden. Fortunately, we did get into the Capella Real de Nossa Senhora de Lapa, where Dom Pedro's heart is deposited in a granite urn on the left side of the grand altar. He left his heart to the city of Oporto, in token of his gratitude to the inhabitants for their loyalty, and their devotion to his cause. Lapa is a very handsome church. It has a large cemetery attached to it, in which are many curious tombs and monuments.

Perhaps the church which, as you enter it, strikes you as being the most splendid in Oporto, is that of San Francisco, founded in 1233, and sometimes called "the gold church." The wood carvings of the arches along the nave and side aisles of this fine edifice are most elaborate and artistic, and all are overlaid with gilding; which makes at least a dazzling show, if it does not display supremely good taste. The *Bolsa* now stands on the site of the monastery once belonging to this church, and which was burnt down in July 1832. The Fifth regiment of Caçadores was then quartered in it, and the monks—as was proved at the time, it is said—set fire to the building in the night, expecting that the greater part of the troops would perish in the flames. It was arranged that at the same hour—2 A.M.—other convents occupied by the Pedroite army should also be set on fire, so that no aid could be afforded when the alarm was given; and in the confusion and consternation so great a catastrophe would cause throughout the city, Dom Pedro—

who, as they knew, would be one of the first on the spot—might, it was supposed, with impunity be assassinated.

The over-zealous monkish agents, in their anxiety to begin the diabolical work, were no sooner aware that the regiment was in quarters and the men asleep, than they set fire to the convent at each end, though it yet wanted an hour to the time appointed for the infamous deed. But the flames were soon discovered; an alarm was raised, and the troops in the other doomed convents rushed forth to the assistance of their comrades at San Francisco. Three of the men lost their lives, and the colours of the regiment were burnt. The convent, with the exception of the cloister, was also destroyed. The ground it had occupied was afterwards given by Dom Pedro to the *Corpo Commercial do Porto*, in testimony of his appreciation of and gratitude for the services which the merchants of that city had rendered to the cause of liberty. On the ruins of the convent then arose that noble building, the *Bolsa*, or the Exchange of Oporto. Twenty years were occupied in its construction. It contains a suite of *salons* of great size, richly and elegantly decorated. Royal *fêtes* have been given in them, and the Portuguese great Exhibition of 1861 was held in its spacious halls. The cloister of the convent was preserved, and included in the plan of the new building. An elegant fountain was erected in the centre, and where friars once sauntered for recreation, merchants now congregate to transact business—a happy omen for the future of Portugal. After the fire three Franciscan monks were



arrested. Of the criminality of one of them there was evidence so strong that he was immediately shot; the other two were placed in confinement. Their church was closed, and for a long time neither the mass nor any religious service was performed in it. The attempt of the Franciscans to destroy the Pedroite army, together with many indications on the part of other religious orders of a determination to oppose Dom Pedro in his efforts to give liberty and prosperity to the people, led to the entire suppression of monastic institutions in Portugal.

I have discovered that my Spanish friends are more systematic in their sight-seeing than I quite care to be. A regular course of churches or palaces is wearisome. It is pleasanter to pop into a church when the doors perchance are ajar, and to pick up all the strange legends concerning it from some good old devotee who has been worshipping there, than to hear the cut-and-dried stories of a regular *cicerone*. Doña Rita, too, being a Catholic, is inclined to be shocked at the profanation, as she calls it, of so many monasteries and nunneries; and she thinks very harshly of Dom Pedro for the good turn he did Portugal in ridding her of her army of monks, and unbarring the doors of the nunneries. From the great number of convents secularized and turned to useful purposes, you may judge how heavy was the burden the land once groaned under. And its effects are still too evident in the gross ignorance and superstition of the country-people and lower classes. But as time works wonders, it will probably set all this to rights, and bowing down to

stocks and stones become, like burrowing in cells, things of the past, in Portugal. Let us hope there may not be a revival of them in England.

It is Saturday, and a very busy morning in this bright bustling city. Now is the time to see the pretty girls of the district of Oporto. What a clattering and pattering of wooden shoes! It is a strange sound, mingling with the hum of merry voices, gay ringing laughter, and the various noises of the thronged streets. When heard for the first time, it is confusing, for you do not at once discover whence this strange and unceasing quick pit-a-pat accompaniment proceeds. With all this liveliness, and with vendors of all sorts of wares plying their trades in the streets, there is yet none of that screaming and bawling with which itinerant dealers in even the most insignificant articles assail your ears in Lisbon. In Oporto there is more work and less noise; and as donkeys, so far as I have seen, are but rarely used here, neither are you continually regaled with "the long, dry see-saw of an ass's bray," which so often comes in as an appropriate chorus to the Lisbon pedlar's cry. We saw the busy scene probably at the busiest time. A crowd of country-people with their oxen-carts had already arrived and delivered their loads; others were unloading, while a long train of carts in single file creaked and groaned hideously as the plodding oxen slowly dragged up the steep street at the back of the Clerigos.

This being the last day we proposed to spend in

Oporto, Señor Rivas wished to look in at the church of S. Martinho de *Cedo feita*—quickly made. A singular name, accounted for in a long and marvellous story, which I spare you. It is the oldest church in Oporto, having been founded in 559, and the only one in which the Moors, when masters of Spain and Portugal, allowed the Spaniards, on payment of a fine, to hear mass. Tradition says that the baptismal font now in the church is the same in which the founder, King Theodomiro and his son were baptized. He had promised S. Martin of France to embrace his faith, if his son, who was then at the point of death, should be restored to health through his intercession; and further to induce him to plead, he sent to his saintship's shrine his son's weight in gold and silver. Many wonderful legends are told in reference to these events. From *Cedo feita* Señor Rivas went alone to the Franciscan chapel, under which there are extensive catacombs. They are of similar construction to the catacombs at Rome, and are the only ones existing in Portugal. Doña Rita and I went on to the Mercado do Anjo, one of the principal markets of Oporto, and there we were soon after joined by Señor R.

The market, as you might infer from its name, Do Anjo, "of the Angel," occupies the site of one of the old religious houses, and a very fine market it is. Facing the Clerigos is a double flight of granite steps, with a railed balcony at the top, forming an entrance to the shadiest of *alamedas*. The avenues of trees converge towards the centre, where there is a handsome granite fountain. The market-women have here



no need of their huge umbrellas. So shady and pleasant is it, that in summer, after market hours, the people resort to this grove for a lounge, or to sleep comfortably shaded during the hour of *siesta*.

But it is more attractive when filled with baskets of nectarines, peaches, and grapes—and such grapes as you see there now!—with sacks of rosy apples, and pears of delicious flavour, with piles of melons and tomatoes, with beautiful flowers, plants, and vegetables of all kinds, of such freshness and growth as would command very high prices in Covent Garden—ten times as much, at the least, as they fetch here. Then there is a grand show of white chickens, which are as much esteemed here as in Lisbon; and the market-women and girls, so rosy and comely, so smart with their ear-rings and chains, are not the worst part of the show.

We leave the Mercado do Anjo, pass down the steep Rua de Dom Fernando, in which is the Bank and the principal *façade* of the *Bolsa*; we look in at the *Feitoria Inglesa*, or “the Factory,” as it is called—a large handsome building or club-house, where in the winter season balls and other entertainments are given—and we toil up the hilly Rua de S. João, where dwell the dealers in groceries, in shops of all sizes, and the dingiest ones in Oporto. The street is built on stone arches, beneath which flows the river Villa on its way to join the Douro.

We cross from the Rua de S. João to the Rua das Flores by the Largo de Domingos, and it is really with difficulty that a firm footing is kept, so exceedingly

steep is the acclivity. If as you traverse it you chance to espy a pair or two of oxen coming in the opposite direction, and swaying about in their efforts to keep their feet and at the same time to hold back the unwieldly machine called a cart that presses upon them from behind, *gare à vous!*—give them a very wide berth, for a collision here might be fatal to you, though probably not to the oxen.

Just facing us is the little church of the Misericordia. Perhaps you would like to step in. We were so minded; the *façade* being attractive—Manoelino-like—the door ajar, and inside in the sacristy a fine picture to see; the one great picture of Oporto, so *connoisseurs* say. It represents Christ dead on the cross, the cross rising from the centre of the marble basin of a fountain. The Virgin, whose countenance is expressive of the agony of her heart, stands on the left; St. John, sorrowful too, but with hope gleaming through sadness, is placed on the right. The lookers-on grouped around are all portraits—the king, Dom Manoel, “*O venturoso!*” his family, several dignitaries of the Church, and distinguished grandes of the Court. The picture is called “A fundação da Misericordia.” It was painted by the Portuguese painter Vasco Fernandez, better known as Gram Vasco.

The Rua das Flores is the most frequented street in Oporto. It is long, and rather narrow for the traffic there is in it; but the pavement is good, and on this busy Saturday morning it is as crowded as that of any London street. In the middle, two abreast, those abominable oxen-carts go creaking along; now and

then a horseman tries to thread his way through, and to dodge in and out, and occasionally you see a *trem* or carriage wedged in amongst them, the horses fretting and fuming by the side of the patient ox. But it is all in vain; you may "hurry no man's cattle" here. What, indeed, brings carriages so far down the Rua das Flores? They do not attempt to pass over the precipice dividing it from the Rua de S. João; for the drivers are not such famous whips as are the Jehus of Lisbon, who think nothing of rattling furiously down the perpendicular streets of that city. You have only to keep quiet and, as they tell you, "*não tem duvida minha Senhora*," and in a trice, behold! there you are, safe at the bottom; the sensation of rushing down having been rather pleasurable than otherwise.

But let us look at the shops. Every morning we have passed an hour or two in *flânerie* between the Ruas das Flores and dos Clerigos. On the left are the goldsmiths, this street answering to the "Gold-street" of Lisbon; but here we have a far more profuse display of the gold filagree worn by the country-people. There are ear-rings of immense size, lockets and large crosses to match, with massive chains and rings, various in pattern but all of Moorish design. If the workmanship is not always of the most delicate kind—though beautiful specimens of the goldsmith's art are to be obtained—the gold is of far superior quality to that used in England, even for expensive jewellery, and may not be sold unstamped.

On the other side of the street are shops full of round broad-brimmed hats. Some are quite plain,



others variously decorated with tufts, tassels, tags, feathery bindings, beads, or ribands. Men and women, girls and boys, are trying them on; for all make their purchases to-day, and the shops are full. Many a pretty face looks up at the shopman, and asks his opinion of the becomingness of her hat. He smiles; what can he say but the truth?—"the bright little face looks charming under it." The woollen drapers, too, on that side are doing a very brisk trade. They have striped serge for petticoats, and all sorts of gay but warm garments for both sexes. All those shops are open, windowless ones. The goldsmiths, though they make also a great show at their doors, protect their more precious goods with glass cases. Like the rest, they seem to have no lack of customers. Look in; you will see two or three women, their heads close together, peering over the ear-rings, &c., displayed for their approval on the counter. Beside them, or behind, as he is more or less interested in the business, stands the father, husband, or *fiancé* of one of the party. He wears his best silver buttons, waistbelt, &c., as it behoves him to do when he goes to the jeweller's, and his hand is in his pocket, grasping the coin he will have to produce when his ladies have made up their minds which pattern pleases them best.

Crossing over, but continuing along the same street, you come to the tailors and shoemakers. They work at the doors of the open-fronted shops, sitting on chairs, even as other men do. Beyond, there are a few small silversmiths' shops, with forges at the back, where you may see them make the silver chain

purses, as well as brooches, ear-rings, crosses, and other ornaments of the same metal.

The road, winding upwards, is so steep, we propose to climb it no further. The walk, if not a very long one, has been, except in the Rua dos Ingleses, all up-hill work, and we begin to feel it; for the sun is now shining with that force and glow with which he is wont here to pour down his rays between nine and ten o'clock, and we find our parasols no longer equal to the occasion. But before we go I would have you glance up at that house, just where the road turns off to a labyrinth that leads somewhere in the direction of the clouds. Is not it charming? A double veranda, the second and third stories, perfectly draped with a luxuriant vine. Here and there peeps out a cluster of purple grapes, and there is quite a festoon of them on the lower veranda. What a beautiful bower!—I hope it is “a bower of bliss.” In some of the narrow, picturesque turnings and twinings up there—so narrow that a single horseman would hardly find space to guide a quiet nag through them—are houses heaped together in the most romantic confusion, some bulging out, some tall, some short, others pushed back between larger ones, with the most delightful irregularity. And most of them have vines trained up to the topmost balconies, where the inmates sit out in the evening to get a breath of fresh air. All these houses have broad projecting roofs, mostly painted red, with a white line on the front row of tiles. They are curved up at the corners, from which large trumpet-shaped spouts depend. What cascades

there must be when it rains! I have not seen it rain in Oporto; that is a pleasure to come, and I am told it is a wonderful sight when the annual deluge comes down. All the balconies in Oporto are furnished with similar spouts; and having seen one in action during the process of washing, I can fancy what a downpour there must be when thousands of them are in full play—the falls of Oporto must almost equal the falls of Niagara. The Douro, on those occasions, sometimes gets angry, and its anger, like that of a usually placid temperament, is something tremendous. Its ripples are then swollen to huge waves, that roll down towards the sea with a fury more furious than that of the wild ocean itself, driving before them the trees it has torn from their roots, the boats dashed to pieces against its steep sides; even the vessels it has dragged from their moorings, and often the dead bodies of their crews. Then, too, the Douro overpasses its banks; invades the houses of the lower city, transforms the low-lying part of Oporto into a lake, and drives the inhabitants to their topmost stories to make their escape in boats. This is the result of what is called “*a fresh*”—happily, it is a catastrophe of but rare occurrence.



## CHAPTER XXIV.

### A RAMBLE IN MINHO.

*Espinho*——Since I last took up my pen in your service I have had the most delightful ramble in the province of Minho. It was proposed to me by Doña Rita, warmly seconded by Señor Rivas, and my own inclination for the excursion led me very readily to agree to it. Perhaps—for it is a mere passing thought that has now and then flitted across my mind—there was on the part of the brother some object in making the journey beyond a desire to see that finest part of Portugal, “the garden of Lusitania”—Entre Douro e Minho. And it may, I have sometimes thought, have had reference to the affair of the Spanish soldiers who lately crossed the Gallician frontier, and are now, it is said, to be assisted by the Portuguese government to emigrate to the Brazils. However, this is mere suspicion, and perhaps an ungracious return to my companions for the pleasure I have derived from an acquaintance which, in a fortunate moment, I accidentally made. They have both been in England recently, and seem to fancy that the cause of Don Carlos meets with much sympathy there.

We left Oporto about five in the afternoon, and by

a very good road. The country everywhere exceedingly fertile; vines draped on rows of pollard oaks, clumps of cork and chestnut-trees, pine-woods on the heights, lavender-bushes and wild flowers innumerable by the wayside. We did not travel quickly, and had passed Povia—a small bathing-place, with but a poor inn, where we stopped to refresh the horses with bread and wine, which they seemed to relish greatly—only a short time before sunset. The sunset was a glorious one, and when its golden and crimson and violet hues had faded from the sky, the moon, which had reached her first quarter, gave us light enough to find our way to Villa do Conde. There we passed the night. The accommodation the inn afforded was not such as to make us regret that we had to resume our journey when morning dawned. But the supper was not bad, and the wine was very good.

It had been arranged that our journey from Villa do Conde should be an equestrian one. Our small quantum of luggage had been forwarded on to Barcellos by the *diligencia*, and from that city, near which a friend of Señor Rivas was living, three horses had been sent down for us. They had arrived an hour or two before, and very decent nags they were. At five next morning we were ready to start. We had left Oporto equipped in our habits, and I found that Doña Rita, whose equestrian skill I had been inclined to doubt—chiefly because she was Spanish—was a very good horsewoman. Neither of us, however, felt pleased with the antiquated side-saddles that had been forwarded for our use. Much better ones probably

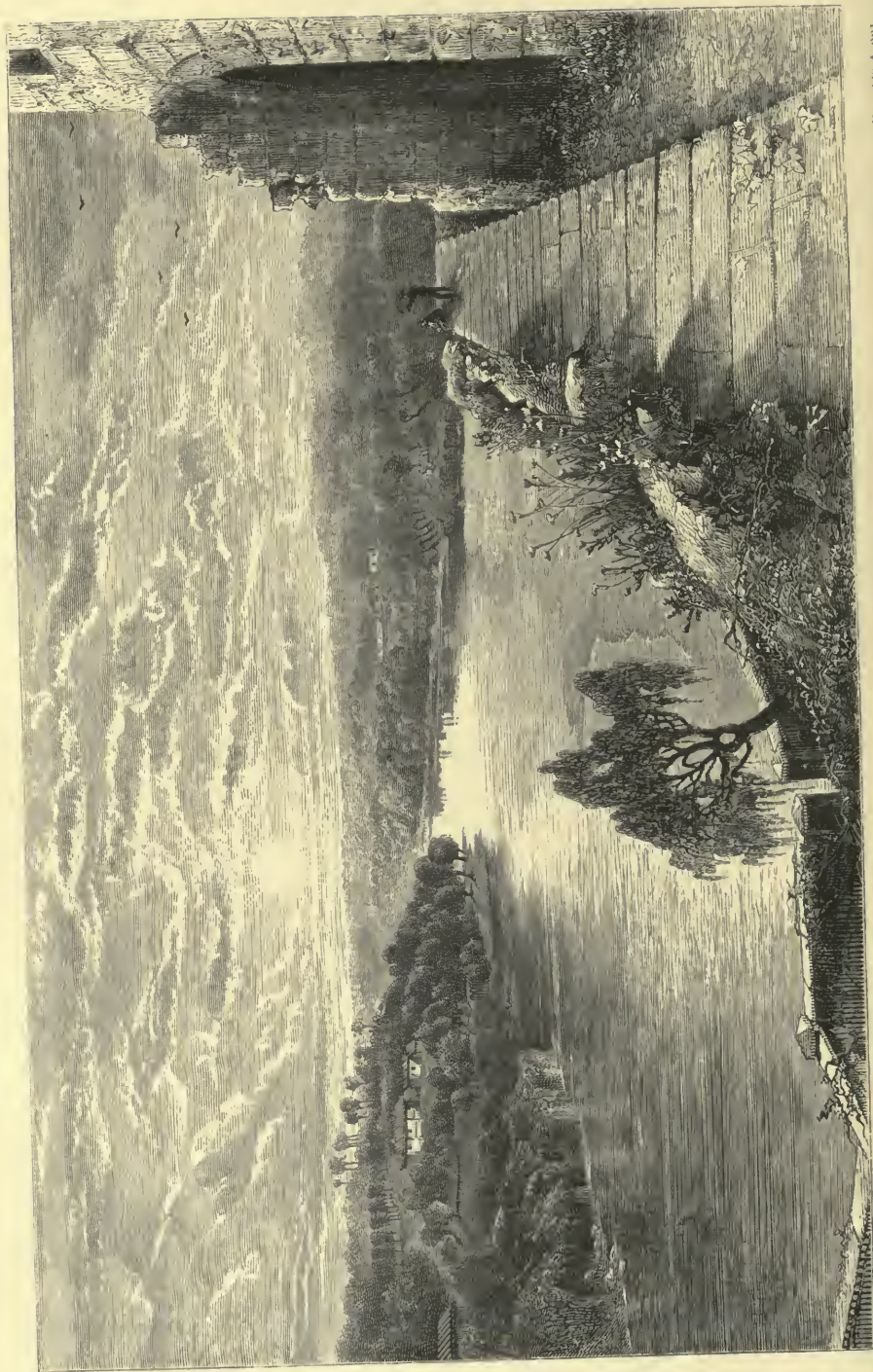
might have been had in Oporto; but Señor Rivas had assured me that his friend, the ladies of whose family rode, would furnish us with good ones; and it must be acknowledged that we found them much less uncomfortable than their appearance had led us to expect.

The people told us there was a fine view at Villa do Conde; but the morning was so misty at the early hour we set out, that we saw only the aqueduct that conveyed the water to the large convent of Santa Clara, and, rising above a group of trees, the tower of a curious old church. The country between Villa do Conde and Barcellos is full of hills, and some parts of the range are barren, rugged, and stony. Here and there solitary pines stand half-way down the hill-sides like sentinels on the projecting ledges, while higher up they cluster in dense masses, and their dark heads, crowning the summits, stand out against the clear blue sky in long, black, wavy lines. But between these frowning hills are smiling, fertile valleys, and along the road, almost continuously, light graceful vines wreath and twine around the clipped oaks, or droop and trail over the granite-pillared walls. We passed, too, many a picturesque group of ancient cork and other trees, their foliage already tinged with the rich vermilion and saffron hues of autumn, mingled with greens bright and vivid as the livery of early spring, and deepening in colour to the dark shades of the glossy bay—a harmonious blending of varied tints that would give delight to a painter's eye.

But the ride, fourteen or fifteen miles, I think—it







seemed to us not less than thirty—was too long for a first ride at this season for those unaccustomed to the country. The undulations of the road were charming to look at, most fatiguing to travel over; the horses were not trained for ladies' riding, and the saddles, to say the best of them, were queer. Few, very few, were the people we met on the road, and those few stared at us with wonder—doubting that we were women, and forgetting to salute us with the usual "*vivas*." There is a solemn stillness, too, in this region, which after a time becomes oppressive. Our voices seemed to grow loud and harsh, and were involuntarily dropped to a *sotto voce*, as if speaking in some sacred edifice; even the birds did not settle there to sing their morning songs, but skimmed rapidly across the sky, scared perhaps by the dark shadows of the pines and cypresses. Yet it is a lovely land.

Had we been even more tired than we were, the exquisitely beautiful views on the river Cávado, with the interesting town of Barcellos, would have amply repaid us for the fatigues of the journey. What a fine old place it is! I longed to alight at an inn on the *praça*, where a group of country-people greeted us with nods and smiles, and the exclamation "*Inglezas! Inglezas!*" and all *reverently* doffing their hats as we passed. But our guide—a heavy-looking Gallego, who had brought down the horses, and had contentedly plodded back on foot beside us—took us to the inn at Barcellinhos, and there a middle-aged Spanish gentleman was waiting to receive his friends—or relatives, as I found they were. An excellent breakfast was



preparing; fresh fish from the Cávado, magnificent fruit and fine wine—all the delicacies of this land of plenty and good things. Having done justice to the amply-spread board, and rested for awhile, our elderly friend proposed that we should go on to his house. I at once expressed my intention of remaining at the inn, which appeared to be a decent one, until the next day, when, as arranged, we were to jog on further. My companions were shocked at my proposal, and declared they should consider my separating myself from them during any part of this expedition as a very great affront; and as the old gentleman was also of their opinion, I cast in my lot with the Carlists, and made one of the party that soon after drove off in a kind of capacious ark on wheels—which in its palmy days was probably drawn by a team of fine oxen—and presently arrived at a charming little *quinta* a short distance from Barcellos.

“The ladies of the family,” whom I had expected to meet, were not there to receive us, and I soon learned from Doña Rita that they were in Spain; that their friend was indeed but a bird of passage himself, prepared to take flight in the course of a week; and that the owner of the *quinta* was at the baths of Foz or Figueira. A Gallician servant conducted us to two neat little rooms, where our small travelling wardrobes were already deposited. After a long *siesta* we met again at dinner, and I was happy to find that all were alike indisposed for peering into churches or seeking out any finer *points de vue* than those which the garden of the *quinta* afforded; and

these were rapturously beautiful—commanding the Cávado, up and down, and the richly fertile garden-like slopes towards the south.

At five the next morning, coffee was brought to our rooms by a man-servant—there appeared to be no women in the house—and before six we were mounted and *en route*, under the guidance of the Gallego, for the hill on which stands the church of “Our Lady” of Franqueira. It is a steep height, but the road winds round it, and the ascent is not difficult. Were it more so, the grand prospect would well repay you for the toil and fatigue. We saw it, too, at a most propitious moment—a lovely bright morning, a light wavy breeze, and the distant horizon unclouded and clear; the lofty Gerêz and the hills near Braga standing out clear against the golden gleams of the early sunshine; around us, long sweeps of verdure, picturesque heights, and the placid river gliding onwards towards the restless, rolling ocean.

Is it good for the health, I wonder, to be falling for ever into ecstasies?—for that must be your condition in this lovely land, if you are not a very stock or stone. Perhaps it is, at all events, good for the soul; for who can ramble, amidst scenes so lovely—and these surely are fair and lovely as any that nature can show—and his thoughts not rise irresistibly from the contemplation of these glorious works of nature towards the grand and glorious Being, Nature’s God?

We returned home with ravenous appetites. Our elderly friend—let us call him Señor Castella, it will answer our purpose, as I am not so indiscreet as to tell

you his right name, even if I were sure that I know it—was pacing up and down the veranda with his hands behind him, and, if politeness had allowed him to tell the truth, perhaps a little annoyed at being kept waiting for his breakfast. He was willing that we should see all the sights of the place, but *he* just then “cared for none of those things.”

Had I been alone, I should have visited most of the quaint old buildings of Barcellos—interesting if only for their historical associations. From the little I saw of the country-people they appeared to be active and industrious, and of very merry mood. I witnessed a strange scene or dance performed amongst a party of men and women, who had assembled in a field near the gardens of the *quinta*. A young woman stood in the midst of a circle of her companions, and after dancing for some time with much gesticulation, clapping of hands, and cries and calls, of which I understood not a word, she suddenly assumed an attitude of despair, and dropped to the ground. This, I fancy, represented despairing love; for a young man stepped towards her from the rest of the circle, and gave her his hand. With an expression of great delight she jumped up and danced with him round the ring, nodding and smirking to the lookers-on as they passed. This seemed to make him jealous; he let fall her hand, whispered in her ear, and both uttered cries so angry and wild that they were anything but pleasant to hear. But the interference of their friends appeared to reconcile them and set all to rights again—the ridiculous scene concluding with a general dance. I saw something of the same kind



one evening amongst the Spanish servants at the hotel at Foz. Their *Señoras* were gone out, and the noise made was so great that I complained of it; for I thought the servants were quarrelling. But it was explained to me that they were only amusing themselves with the dances of their country.

We stayed yet another night at the *quinta*--Señor Rivas having gone off, soon after our return from Franqueira, on some business of Castella's which detained him till the evening. During his absence, the old Noah's ark of a coach was again in requisition, and Señor Castella took us for a two hours' drive in and around the town. The view from the bridge is very striking. Barcellos has had its full quota of convents. Besides other ancient edifices, it has the remains of a royal palace, and a curious old colonnaded church. There are legends innumerable connected with them; and I am told that one of the superstitions is that on certain days of the year crosses may be seen in the air hovering over the town, and that children born on those days are the peculiar favourites of Heaven.

After dinner, as we were sitting in the vine-covered veranda opening on the garden, Señor Castella said to me, "I presume, *Señora*, that when in Lisbon you heard the present contest in Spain often and freely discussed?" "I never heard it mentioned by any Spaniard I met there," I answered. "But the Portuguese; what did they say of it?" "Nothing, in my hearing, beyond the expression of a resolve to keep clear of the quarrel, and to protect their frontier from invasion." "You," he said, "like the English generally, of course

wish well to the cause of Don Carlos?" I answered, jestingly, "No." He laughed. "And why not?" he asked. "Because I understand that Don Carlos, if successful, will re-establish the Inquisition."

"False! false!" he cried out, and so vehemently, that I repented of having spoken so freely. But he presently recovered himself, begged pardon for his harshness, as he termed it, and said that "although *Señoras* were privileged to hold any opinions they pleased, yet it was the duty of *Caballeros* to endeavour to set them right when it was evident that they held wrong ones." He then explained to me that what Don Carlos really did desire to re-establish was order and good government, and that England having seen how necessary it was for Spain to have a ruler whose authority would be exerted for so desirable an end, had declared her intention of supporting his claims. "Don Carlos," he said, "while repressing the *libertinage* that now too generally prevails, will give to the Spanish people *true* liberty. As to his desire to re-establish the Inquisition, or being ready to follow any course the Pope might dictate to him, as was absurdly reported, the fact was so much in opposition to it that Don Carlos, who had been brought up at Geneva, really held Voltairian principles. He admired, and would uphold the system of Christian morality; but he did not believe in Christ as God. These sentiments," he continued, "the chief men of his party share with him, so that you perceive it is a mere device of his enemies, to represent him thus bigoted, intolerant, and under the dominion of ecclesiastics. Why, have not

you been to Madrid?" he said. "Everything goes on there as usual—theatres, bull-fights, and all public amusements. The travelling in Spain may not be speedy; the inns may be bad, and you may have to pay largely for inferior accommodation; the *diligencias* may be neither too clean nor too comfortable, and their charges exorbitant; but these things only give a zest to travel. Many Englishmen are now roaming about Spain to see the fighting, and enjoying themselves there far more than in countries where they would have fewer of those little *désagremens* to undergo, but where the excitement they seek would be wanting."

"That kind of excitement would not be so pleasant to ladies as to gentlemen," I answered. "And, besides, the Carlist troops stop the trains."

"The Carlist army," he said, "is a disciplined one, and incapable of playing the part of brigands. A straggling party may perhaps stop a train now and then, to examine the baggage for papers, or to request to see passports; but you do not suppose that they appropriate purses, watches, or other valuables?—The Carlist cause," he continued, "has my sincerest sympathy, though I no longer draw the sword in its defence. If I did, and knew that any soldier had been guilty of robbery or insult, I would order him to be instantly shot, and there is not an officer in the service but would do the same."

As I did not answer, knowing, from the accounts I had heard in Lisbon, that to fall in with a party of Carlist soldiers was much the same thing as



encountering a band of brigands, he said, "What do you think of the Spanish character, *Señora*?"

"I like those Spaniards I have been acquainted with; but of the national character I have not had opportunities of forming a correct judgment."

"Then I will enable you to do so. Of our *Señoras* I will only say that, like those of other nations, each in her own way, if not quite perfect, is certainly bewitching and charming; but the character of the Spanish nation—of the men you understand—is composed of Don Quixote and Don Juan. To find a man simply one or the other is rare, but the two combined, chivalry and love, make up the Spaniard; and from the degree in which either predominates results the shades of difference in character. The Spaniards in their devotion to the *beau sexe* invest their enslavers with a certain kind of divinity, and to this our ladies owe the influential position they hold amongst us; whilst to their chivalrous feelings are due that fine sense of honour, that loftiness of principle, that general elevation of mind, which distinguish the Spanish *caballeros* beyond all other men. What say you, *Señora*?" he added.

Doña Rita, who had listened to this *tirade* with a most approving expression of countenance, exclaimed, "*Es muy verdad meo tio*"—it is very true, uncle. What then could I do but confess myself convinced. Yet I ventured to say "*Y los Yngléses, Señor?*"—"Los Yngléses; Ah! yes; the *damas* are delightful; the *caballeros* very honest; yes, good honest fellows, attached to the cause of Don Carlos."

Having thus summarily dismissed the English, he then shook hands with us, and, jumping up, said, "The sun is now off the garden ; let us take a stroll there."

We started the next morning at six. Romano, the Gallego who had come with us to Barcellos, accompanying us to Ponte da Lima. A charming and most interesting morning's ride, through a country luxuriantly fertile and grandly picturesque—cultivated valleys, and green dells watered by streamlets ; wooded slopes, vineyards, and orange groves ; the bright-leaved citron and dusky olive, and in the distance, high hills of fantastic outline, where the cedar and cypress mingle their dark shadows with that of the still gloomier pine. In the foreground, magnificent oaks, chestnuts, and cork-trees, scattered singly or clustered in graceful groups, white cottages, half-hidden amidst flowering shrubs and the thick foliage of overshadowing trees, with maize-fields, and pasture-lands where cattle are grazing, form a picture of perfect sylvan beauty. There is a dewy freshness in the air ; birds are singing gaily in every tree, and the morning breeze brings to us the odour of the lavender-bushes, the jasmine, and the banks of wild mignonette. The dark-eyed peasants of this favoured "land of joy and beauty" have a bright, happy look, and salute us with "*vivas*" and cheery "*bons dias*." The further we proceed the more luxuriant the vegetation becomes. Rich ripe fruits hang

from the trees and vines ; our pathway is strewn with flowers, and as we gaze round on the pinnacled heights that form the background to this lovely valley—the valley of the Lima—small chapels, hermitages, and old grey stone-crosses, are seen on the picturesque peaks of the hills, or embosomed in trees on the slopes.

Our morning's journey ended at an old country house a mile or so before reaching the town, so that it was not until evening drew on that we saw Ponte da Lima and its long bridge of above twenty arches. As before, we were the guests of a Spaniard, a younger man than Castella, excessively polite, but, as I thought, considering me quite *de trop*. However, he afterwards unbent considerably, and giving up his attempt to speak English with but a few sentences of the language at command, he began to converse in exceedingly good French, and in the end we became a very merry *partie carrée*. After dinner we had an hour's sail on the Lima, or Lethe, as the variously-told legend relates that it was once named, from the surpassing beauty of its scenery having had power to hold the traveller captive, and to obliterate from his memory all thoughts of friends, country, and home. When we embarked on this swiftly-gliding stream the sun was near its setting, and darting up golden rays from a bank of deep crimson and purple cloud that rested on the mountain-tops, and tinged them with a rosy glow. The moon too, then approaching the full, gleamed silvery in the east. It was a lovely evening in a lovely land. The banks of the river are beautiful—bordered with oaks and olives and sweet-scented hedgerows. We landed a little below



the spot at which we embarked, and returned to the *quinta* by another road—a charming woodland walk, and by moonlight.

I regret that, in consequence of an unexpected change in my companions' plans, we did not go on to Valência, as had been proposed, and that we saw so little of Ponte da Lima—the birthplace of the poet Diego Bernardes, who sang of the beauties of its crystal stream in "*As flores da Lima*," and the favourite retreat of another and greater poet, Sà de Miranda. From the glimpse we had of the pretty little town, I should say that it contains several interesting old buildings, and that many traces of the Moors yet linger there. We were prevented from much exploring in the morning by the extreme fatigue our ride from Barcellos to Ponte da Lima and our after-dinner excursion had caused us. We were, in truth, glad to lie by during the early part of the day, for it was arranged that we should in the afternoon go up the Lima in a covered boat to Ponte de Barca, and thence proceed on to Braga—thus shortening our ride to that city, and passing through if not a less hilly, at least as beautiful a country as by the road from Ponte da Lima. The little river Vez here unites with the Lima, which is crossed at this point by a pretty stone bridge. All around is bright and smiling—green lanes, wooded hills, and vine-wreathed oaks. But I know not that the little town of Ponte de Barca has much of interest in it. Its chief boast in that way seems to be the tomb of an old woman, Maria da Costa, who died here in the time of Dom Manoel, at 110 years of

age, and left behind her 120 children and grandchildren, whose descendants still flourish at Barca. I believe Barca disputes with Ponte da Lima the honour of being the birthplace of Diego Bernardes.

We left it before five, our Spaniard from Ponte da Lima accompanying us, also a guide, who had been engaged at Barca. Our travelling-bags had been sent on in the morning by the Gallego, who was to engage rooms for us at Braga. The road we took, though not the direct one, was good; the prospect on either side exquisitely lovely. As we proceeded, the hills became steeper, near Pico de Regulados quite mountainous, and as we approached the summit, a panorama of unbounded extent opened around us. Towards the west, where the slanting rays of the declining sun touched the hill-tops and their long shadows fell on the intervening valleys, the view was grand. And it was grander still when the rich colouring of the western sky died away, and the pure, clear atmosphere glowed with light from the intensely silvery moonbeams—revealing even more distinctly than in the day the bold outlines of the frowning Gerêz; illumining our pathway through the gloomy pine-woods, and flooding with their bright rays the spires and towers of the fair city towards which we were slowly wending our way.

Our new companion was so inspired by the beauty of the scene at one part of the road that he broke forth into an improvised song in praise of Nature's works. Then he sang impassioned love ditties, addressed to the wood-nymphs, and he sang them

well, too, for he had a remarkably good voice. Rivas at last caught a little of his enthusiasm, and joined him in a sort of trooper's song, which had a rough defiant *refrain*, ending with "*por donde vamos?—vamos por bella España.*" Hearing approaching footsteps, Doña Rita became alarmed, and prayed the singers to desist from awakening the echoes of the Portuguese woods with revolutionary Spanish songs, lest we should all get lodged in the Braga gaol instead of the inn. As the sound drew nearer it proved to be the tramp of horses, and presently two horsemen saluted us with "*Viva, caballeros.*" When they perceived that we were not all *caballeros* they doffed their hats as they passed, and cried out "*Viva las damas! viva bella España;*" which was suitably replied to. It was well for us, I fancy, that our guide was a Gallego, for these harmless songs and salutations might, in the present mood of the Portuguese government, have been construed into an attempt to raise a revolution. However, we were very silent after crossing the Cávado, where we found our Gallego waiting for us, and got safely into Braga at about half-past ten.

Our inn, where we were decently lodged, was in the Campo de Santa Anna—a very good square, with good buildings around it. In one of them is deposited the collection of rare books and MSS. forming the public library. But to see the Sé, or cathedral, was of course our first object. It is a very ancient edifice, built, it is said, on the site of a pagan temple by the Conde, Dom Henrique, in the beginning of the



twelfth century. The granite tombs of Dom Henrique and Donna Thérésa his wife are in the principal chapel. The cathedral having been several times partly rebuilt, is now, from the varied style of its architecture, a singular construction. The old choir is still a magnificent specimen of oak carving—fine dark wood, the lighter parts gilded. The organ is also grand in appearance and rich in tone. The Altar of the Sacrament is another fine piece of ancient carving. It is cut entirely from one block of pine-wood, though composed of numerous figures. In the sacristy a few pictures are shown; but none of great excellence. Good pictures are, indeed, rarely seen in Portugal, though exquisite carvings, both in wood and stone, abound. In the days when the “Primacy of all the Spains” was not the mere titular distinction it now is—though Braga still disputes with Toledo her claim to it, and mounts the double-barred cross on all her churches—the treasures of the cathedral were of immense value; the richest in Spain. Even now it possesses some fine gold and silver plate, jewels, and rich vestments; and yet retains the chalice used by the first Archbishop of Braga, San Gerald, at the christening of Affonso Henriques at Guimarães in 1109, and another of gold, of the fifteenth century, in the form of a church tower with bells.

But perhaps the greatest curiosity the cathedral displays is the body of Dom Lourenzo, its eighty-sixth Archbishop. He fought and was wounded at the great battle of Aljubarotta, and generally evinced more of the daring spirit of the soldier than the piety of the

priest. On his elevation to the archbishopric of Braga, he repaired the cathedral and added to it the chapel of N. S. do Sacramento, which he afterwards selected for his tomb. This tomb in 1663—nearly 300 years after his death—was opened, and the body found in the state of preservation it still continues in, though never embalmed. His flesh had not seen corruption; and this miracle is ascribed to the odour of sanctity in which he died. It is wonderful after this to hear that he was never canonized, or that any miracles were wrought at his tomb. The cathedral also contains the bodies of several saints; and amongst its most precious relics are a thorn from the Saviour's crown and a phial of his mother's milk. We were urged, on leaving the cathedral, to look at the Roman milestones and the oaks—"as carvalhas"—grand trees of great height and girth, but getting old. In pulling down old buildings and making excavations many interesting Roman remains and sculptures have been found; also gold coins of Titus and Nero, and other Roman emperors.

An absurd contest has been going on in Braga which does not speak well for the intelligence of some of the people in this cathedral city. It related to the cleaning of the front of the church of S. Domingos, which is decorated with several statues of saints. These statues are of granite, but have been spoiled by white-wash and paint—a defacement its clergy proposed to remove from the principal *façade* of their church. But when the person who had undertaken the work was, with his workmen, about to begin operations, he was assailed by the people of the district with a torrent

of uncomplimentary epithets, and threatened with ill-treatment if he did not desist from his impious work—those pious individuals conceiving that the saints, whose effigies were there set up, would naturally view with indignation from their thrones in heaven man's sacrilegious attempt to make clean their faces and bodies on earth, and the consequences of it to Braga be something too terrible to think of. So great was the opposition the project met with that the Archbishop, as the only person capable of settling such a question, was referred to. He at once decided that there was neither profanation nor irreverence in stripping the granite statues of their coats of dirt, dust, and paint, and that he had nothing to say to the workmen on the subject, but to recommend them to be careful not to injure the stone while removing the covering that now disfigured it. The Portuguese joke against the pious grumblers, is that the Archbishop turned *them* also into *pintados*—painted them, too—or, as I have heard it elegantly rendered into English, “sent them off with a flea in the ear.”

Two miles from Braga, there is a steep hill on which stands the church of Bom Jesus do Monte—Good Jesus of the Mount—whose *romaria* rivals in celebrity that of Bom Jesus of Mathozinhos. Thither we were bound to go, though the proper time to visit it is Whitsuntide. Then, many thousands of pilgrims attend, and a very gay as well as pious three days' *feira* they make of it. Indeed, spring is the only season when you can see anything with comfort in Portugal. The country is then robed in tenderest green, decked with flowers



of every hue, and watered with many a sparkling rill and streamlet; you have comparatively cool days for travelling, and sufficient length of daylight. Yet in these parts where vegetation is so rich, and the scenery grander than in the south, the country is even more lovely in autumn than in spring; so brilliant and varied are the tints of the changing foliage, so beautiful the ripe fruit-laden trees and vines, and the deep hues of the autumn flowers and bright-leaved evergreens. But the days of late summer and early autumn are intensely hot, and travelling, even in the early hours of daylight, is far too fatiguing and oppressive to be very enjoyable.

Romano, the Gallego, had set off at break of day on his return to Barcellos with the horses. We therefore drove to the Mount at about four o'clock, and ascended it on foot. The road is steep, but well paved, and planted on either side for some distance up with a row of cork-trees. For the purpose, probably, of diminishing the difficulty of the ascent, the pathway has been made to wind in and out, in zig-zag fashion. It is also inclosed by a wall, following these angles, and bordered with tall oaks that spread their branches overhead and form a delightfully leafy canopy. An occasional flight of steps is a further aid to the pilgrim. On both sides of the road, at regular distances, are small oratories or chapels, twelve in all, and each having at its side a stone basin to receive the waters of a fountain. These oratories contain a number of coarsely-carved wooden figures of life size, and are grouped to represent scenes in the Passion of our Lord,

from the betrayal at the Last Supper to the Crucifixion and Ascension. They are very curious, and perhaps are well adapted to impress the solemn facts they represent on the rude minds of the peasant class who resort to them at the *romaria*; yet I thought them a most melancholy burlesque of things sacred and divine.

On the summit of the Mount are several other chapels, fitted up in a similar style. Just below them stands the church of Bom Jesus, which is more simple in its decorations and in better taste than the chapels, though the altarpiece, representing the Crucifixion, is encumbered with a great number of life-size figures carved in wood. There are some portraits in the sacristy, and a finely carved ivory crucifix. But the view from the summit is worth all the rest. It is grand, extensive, and varied: there rise the rugged peaks of the Gerêz, richly wooded hills, and sombre pine-forests; below, are fertile valleys, the fine old city, with its spires and turrets gilded with sunbeams; gardens and orchards, hill and dale, and meandering streams—bright and beautiful wheresoe'er the eye rests.

We found the horses which were to take us to Guimarães—instead of Caldas de Gerêz, where we ought to have gone—waiting for us at the foot of the Mount, and we there bade adieu to Braga—I, at least, casting “a longing, lingering look behind.” Our ride was through a charming country, seen, as on the journey of the previous day, under all those effects of setting sun and brilliant moonlight which, even more

than distance, "lend enchantment to the view." Our quarters were ready for us on our arrival at the inn on the *praça*, and our supper was preparing. The next morning we visited first, as it seems to be everywhere the etiquette to do, the *Sé*, or, as it should be called, the collegiate church, Guimarães not being a bishopric.

I dare say this venerable old town is known in England chiefly from the fancifully-decorated boxes that bear its name, and which are filled with the famous Guimarães plums. In Portugal it is famous as the birthplace of the founder of the monarchy. In the ancient chapel of Santa Margaretta there yet stands the very same font, so tradition says, that was used at the baptism of this Portuguese Alfred the Great—Affonso Henriques. The collegiate church owes its origin to Dom João I., who built this and other churches in different parts of the kingdom in fulfilment of his vow, after the victory of Aljubarotta. Guimarães, no less than Braga, is worthy the attention of the antiquary. What a fertile field do the ancient towns and cities of "Fair Lusitania" still offer to antiquarian research!

There yet exist the remains of the castle where resided the parents of Affonso Henriques—the Conde Dom Henrique, and Donna Thérésa, daughter of the King of Leon, and whose dowry included the town of Guimarães and other towns and cities of the north. From the terrace of the castle the view is magnificent. The old town walls, with their towers and turrets, are most interesting, and so is the old royal palace, now used as barracks. Guimarães is surrounded by lovely



green hills, and its *environs* abound with fruitful orchards, vineyards, and pleasant gardens. Evergreens cover the slopes, and there are avenues of magnificent chestnuts and oaks. Many pretty villas are dotted about, over which cork-trees spread their leafy boughs. Two rivers, the Ave and the Vizelle, fertilize the rich valleys and embellish the charmingly picturesque and diversified landscape. It is a beautiful spot.

We passed a second night there, and early the following morning drove to Oporto, where we stopped only to take up the luggage we had left, and to breakfast with my Portuguese friends. By the afternoon train we came on to Espinho—a fishing village and small bathing place—where a grandiose building, meant either for a casino or hotel, is being erected; also a line or two of houses, with the hope of enticing a few people from Foz. But it is a dreary place, and after the scenery we have been passing through, looks like a sandy desert. Yet it is not quite so bad as Granja, another sandy village between this and Oporto, where similar efforts are making to catch a few stray visitors, now that the Portuguese have begun to ramble a little about their own country. But these dreary pretentious places can hardly hope to become rivals to gay Foz, even if that lively bathing town had not the additional attraction of being next-door neighbour to the cheery city of Oporto. Espinho is a good half-hour distant from Villa Nova by rail. We stopped here only to rest for a night, and found it, like all these sandy deserts, alive with fleas. *Grças à Deus!* we shall decamp early to-morrow.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### COIMBRA—BUSACO.

*Coimbra, September.*—We left the sandy plains and hills of Espinho by the earliest train, intending to stop at the Mealhada station. Thence, there is a *diligencia* to the hamlet of Luso, much frequented of late years for its hot springs and mineral baths, and which lies at the foot of that loftiest mountain of the Estrella range on whose summit stands the extinct convent of the Santa Cruz de Busaco. Its woods and groves are famed throughout Portugal for their extreme fertility and beauty; but the heights of Busaco are no doubt generally better known as the rugged battle-field on which the French under Ney and Massena were defeated by the Anglo-Portuguese army under Wellington, on the 27th of September, 1810.

At Mealhada we learned that “the *diligencia* would not set out until evening, and that, as it was an extra one, and therefore all, or nearly all, the places taken, we could then only, *por favor*, be niched in here and there, if perchance space could be made for us. The regular coach would leave at five in the morning, when we could probably have four places together. *En attendant*, as the village inn could not accommodate us,

there was a room in a house close by where we could sleep." It did not seem to strike the people that we could have any objection to occupying one room, as we were of one party. Having declined this limited accommodation, and ascertained that no private carriage was to be hired for Luso, we returned to our train, which fortunately yet lingered at the station, and arrived at Coimbra about noon.

The heat was most oppressive, and we thought to rest for a while at the *buffet* of this large station; but were instantly besieged by a crowd of noisy ragamuffins, who laid hands on the luggage, carried it off, and placed it on the top of a car. There are no regular railway porters, and the luggage is not delivered on the platform, as in England, but over a counter, with a crowd of fellows standing at your back ready to seize it. At Coimbra there is no *octroi* examination as at Lisbon and Oporto, where soldiers are in attendance and keep off the wild-Irish-like mob of would-be porters. Outside the station were several small, curtained cars, belonging to the different hotels; and as passengers were not very numerous, there was a hot contention among the drivers to get possession of us. We, however, had arranged to go to the Hotel Mondego; and as it was soon made evident to our persecutors that the gentlemen were not disposed to be cajoled or trifled with, the luggage was transferred from the car of a rival house to our own. But it was done unwillingly, with much murmuring, and probably imprecations on the "*Estrangeiros, Francezes, Hespanhoes, Inglezes*"—all of which names, as scornful epithets, were applied



to us. But once clear of the railway station, we had no further *désagréments* to encounter in the Lusitanian Athens.

The city is about a mile and a half from the station. It lies at the foot of a steep hill, and the approach to it, by a fine broad road bordered with limes, is exceedingly pleasing. We rattled down at a great rate, and through streets crooked and mean, and generally narrow, until our driver suddenly drew up before a house of poor appearance, and announced that we had arrived at the Hotel Mondego. This, however, was the back of the house, and though it did not look very promising, we soon found that we had no reason to be dissatisfied with the choice we had made. The Hotel Central do Mondego is an old-established, well-known house, and a good specimen of an old-fashioned Portuguese hotel of the best class. The house is a very old one; the floors are worm-eaten and slanting, as if the house had sunk a little on one side. The bedrooms are mostly small. Our four rooms—and I have noticed that the arrangement is the same on every *étage*—open, two on either side, on a central sitting-room, which has a large covered veranda, where you may gaze on an extensive and lovely panorama of the surrounding hills and country.

The silvery stream of the classic Mondego glides on before you over its golden sands. The opposite bank rises steeply from it, crowned by the vast convent of Santa Clara. The ruins of the old convent lower down are half buried in sand. It was destroyed by the inundations of the now placid but sometimes impetuous and

destructive river. On the right of the convent is the *Quinta das Lagrimas*, Villa of Tears, reviving recollections of the melancholy and romantic story of the loves of Dom Pedro I., "*O Justiceiro*," and the beautiful Ignez de Castro, who was brought from her tomb by this most ardent and constant of royal lovers, to be crowned and sworn fealty to as Queen. And close by, beneath the gloomy shade of the cypresses, is the *Fonte dos Amores*, whose waters carried down, concealed in cork, the messages of love from the prince to his imprisoned bride. On a rough stone are engraven the lines in which Camões has immortalized the tragic story of the lovely, loving, and unhappy Donna Ignez. Then there are picturesque villas with verandas full of flowers, blooming gardens, and rows of acacias and limes. Near the water's edge are patches of broom and sweet-scented herbage. The drooping willows sweep the bright stream with their long, light, graceful branches; and stretching away to the left, far as the eye can reach, the sloping banks, curving round to the north, are covered with vines and orange-groves, while thick woods of chestnuts, plantains, and oaks adorn the hill tops. Lovely Mondego! What an eye for the picturesque had the founders of these Lusitanian cities! Where could a lovelier site have been found than that on which stands this ancient university city?—the capital of the kingdom, until the conqueror of the Castilians, Dom João I., transferred the seat of government to Lisbon.

In the pleasant, neatly-matted room, overlooking the banks of the Mondego, our breakfast was served,

with more neatness and niceness than I have noticed elsewhere; clean bright silver and china, and snowy linen, very good fare, civil and attentive servants—all men, I believe, for I have seen no woman, except the proprietress, who is a widow. She paid us a sort of complimentary visit, to bid us welcome and desire that we would consider the house our own. We were much amused by the man who showed the rooms turning down the bedclothes and requesting us to give the bedding a thorough inspection. “*Estas são camas de boa qualidade—e a roupa também è mui boa, branca e fina,*” he said. And certainly not only the beds and the linen, which he was so anxious to assure us are unequalled in Portugal, but everything besides in the house is scrupulously clean, and the charges very moderate.

My room is papered in a pattern representing small slabs of marble set in a moulding; and where these begin—for the lower part of the wall is covered, as is usual, with coloured *azulejos*—every slab, up to the very ceiling, is filled with some neatly-written poetic effusion, occasionally in Greek and Latin; but all, it would seem, inspired by the loveliness of the view from the window. This view differs from that of the sitting-room. It extends a little further to the north-east, so that besides woods and groves and verdant slopes, it includes several churches; the university, with its fine tower, and the observatory, forming the crown, as it were, of the steep mount on which Coimbra is built. Many of the verses are of much merit, and are no doubt the productions of some of the Coimbra students



who have occupied the room, and who generally are not such mere youths as those of the English universities. The Mondego is apostrophized in glowing language, as a goddess rivalling in beauty Hebe and Venus. Regrets are poured forth at leaving Coimbra—" *Minha bella Coimbra* ;" and sometimes "*Os olhos escuros*" of a "*graciosa senhorita*" seem to make the parting from *Alma Mater* more bitter. There are fragments of poetic thought, and pleasant random fancies, enough to fill a volume. Truly the bright Mondego literally deserves the name so often given to it—the "River of the Muses." And it has another special charm in the eyes of the Portuguese—it flows through no land but their own. From its rise in the Estrella mountains to its ocean bed at Figueira, "the lovely Mondego is a Lusitanian river."

Perhaps the *Sé* should have given place to the university as an object of interest to visitors. However, as it was the *feira* of some saint, it was doubtful whether we could see it. The shops, too, were closed, and people generally seemed to be taking their pleasure out of doors. From our veranda we looked down on some very gay groups assembled in the large open space by the river side, and embarking in boats for the opposite bank. Numbers were gathered about the old stone bridge, which is being removed, as it impedes the flow of the river, so sunken are its arches in the sand. This is the second bridge that has thus gone down; the former one, they tell us, lies beneath the present one, deep in the sandy bed of the Mondego.

The costume of the holiday folks differs from that

of the peasants of the district of Oporto, chiefly in the shape of the hat, which has also a broad brim, but shaded off at the back. But they almost outdo them in the display of massive gold chains, some of which are long, and large enough in pattern for a civic dignitary. Besides these adornments, they wear crosses and clasps, earrings, locketts, and rings; gay-coloured chintzes, embroidered kerchiefs and aprons; *bouquets* and wreaths of flowers in their hats; natty *sabots* and sometimes stockings.

While waiting for a *cicerone* to guide us through the labyrinth of narrow, winding streets leading to the *Sé velha* (the old cathedral), we went into the dining-room of the hotel. It is long and lofty, and has over the mantel-piece an announcement on a large painted board that "No smoking is permitted during dinner when *senhoras* are present." A great and unnecessary penance, I fancy, is thus inflicted on the guests, and if students dine there, they will surely be tempted to wish the ladies at the *diable*—pardon me, I pray you, this nervous expression—for what Spaniard or Portuguese could dine comfortably without smoke? And how few of their *senhoras* would wish them to do so! Indeed, at a private table, I have seen a *senhora* enjoy her *cigaretto* after dinner as much as the gentlemen, and although I do not smoke myself, yet I have become so habituated to being smoked, that I fear I shall miss the odorous fumes of "the weed" when I leave this fair land.

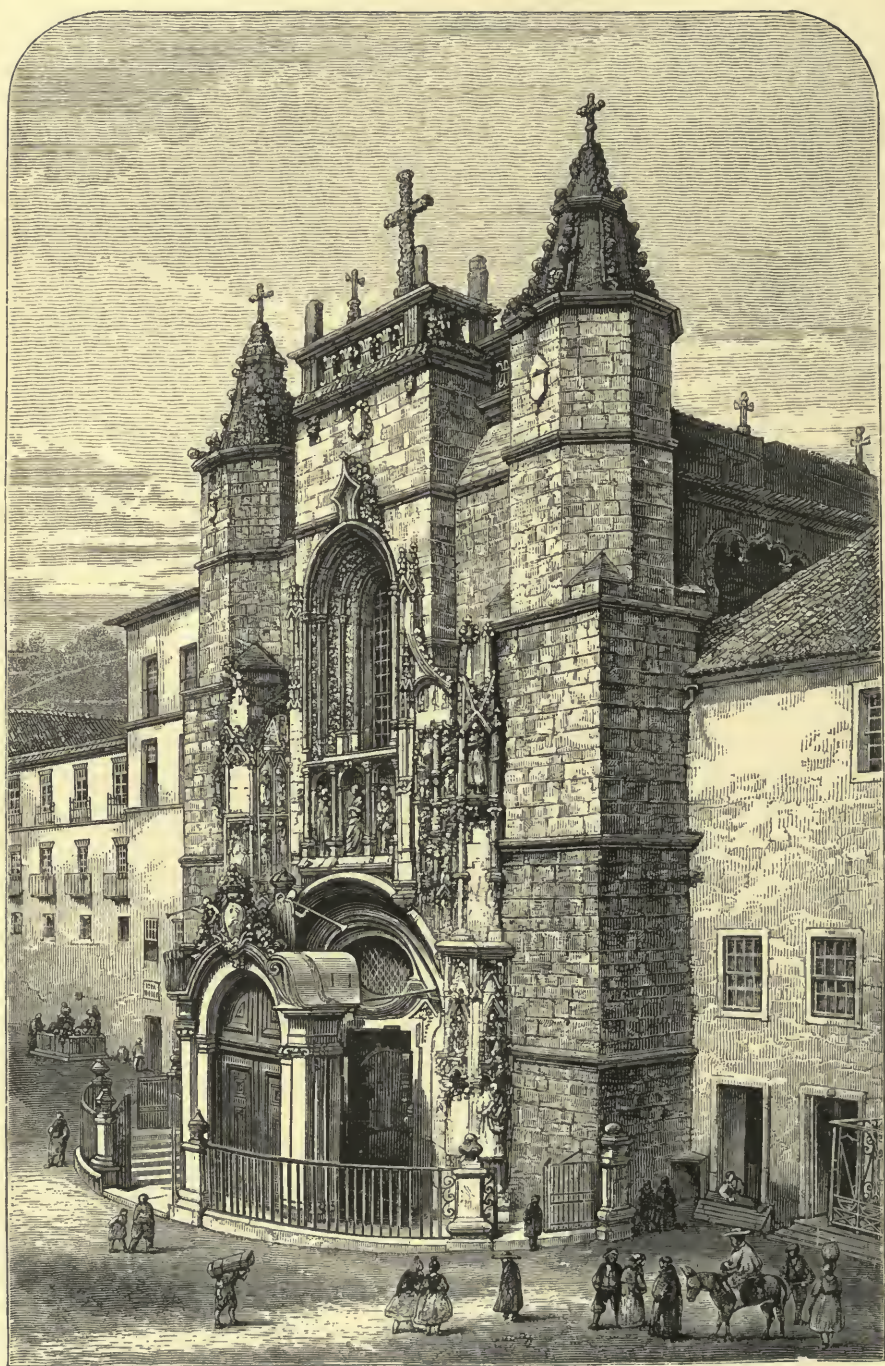
The streets of Coimbra are gloomy, many of them mere narrow lanes, often exceedingly steep—streets

of steps, in fact—and, generally paved with round pebbles, that make anything but pleasant pathways for the pedestrian. Most of them have a grimy look; but I presume that at no season of the year is there now any occasion for the students, who were, and probably still are very particular about the neatness of their *chaussure*, to appoint, as formerly, stations at different parts of the city for frequently changing their shoes in the course of the day. Lately, this sedate seat of learning has been enlivened by some exciting scenes, originating in the dissatisfaction of the students with certain new university arrangements, and with the professors who favoured them. A rapier and pistol came into play in the course of one of the brawls; but I believe no blood was really shed, and a few scratched faces was the extent of the harm done. Most of the students are now absent, but we met a few of them in their long gowns; bare-headed, too, though they have, I am told, a sort of an apology for a cap, which they carry in their hands or their pockets; for it is about as useful a covering for the head as the cap of our Blue-coat boys.

The old *Sé* is a very singular Gothic building, of a date anterior, it is said, to the establishment of the Portuguese monarchy. But the Portuguese are fond of saying of their old cathedrals and other buildings that the date of their foundation "*se perde na noite dos seculos*"—is lost in the night of ages. But the *Sé* is doubtless of great antiquity, and its old embattled stone walls give it more the appearance of an ancient castle than a religious edifice. It is







PRINCIPAL PORCH OF THE CHURCH OF SANTA CRUZ, COIMBRA.

square, and has a dome surmounted by an iron cross, but there are no turrets nor any but dormer windows, except the stone-grated one above the arch over the principal doorway. There is a side door on the left over which stands an exquisitely-carved marble arch. The *Sê* contains several well-sculptured, and most interesting tombs, and the grand choir is considered fine. Dom João the First was crowned in this cathedral. But the churches and other remarkable ancient edifices, which are numerous in Coimbra, are so fully described elsewhere, that I need not enter into minute description; and, indeed, have not sufficient architectural knowledge to give interest to such details.

I particularly admire the church of Santa Cruz, its curiously carved *façade* and singular Moorish-looking tower. The church and monastery were founded by Affonso Henriques, who, with his son, Dom Sancho, is buried here. When the church was repaired by Dom Manoel they were taken from their tombs, and their bodies, it is said, were found in the same state of incorruption as that of Dom Lourenzo at Braga. They were arrayed in royal robes, and placed on thrones, and the king and his nobles knelt before them, and kissed their hands and feet. The bodies were then re-buried in the new tombs, erected by Dom Manoel. Tradition also tells wonderful stories of their appearance at the battle of Aljubarotta.

The pulpit of this church is of alabaster, most exquisitely carved—the subject, the miracles of our Lord, in eight compartments. The form of the pulpit is octagon, and the whole is chiselled from one solid block.



We reserved the university and other places until our return from Busaco, but drove out in the evening towards the Botanic gardens and the aqueduct, and walked amongst the *fashionables* in the charming *alameda*, near the banks of the river. Many students and professors in their academic gowns, and many well-dressed ladies were sauntering up and down or sitting under the lime-trees and acacias in these prettily-planted walks. The sky was beautifully blue, flushed with rose colour in the west. The country lovely; orange groves and gardens around us, and the air fragrant with the sweet breath of flowers. In the distance, densely-wooded slopes, shady pathways winding up amongst the neighbouring hills, beyond which rose the blue mountains.

There was a distant hum of many voices on the river and river's side, for the *festa* was not yet ended. Now and then a *foguete* whizzed through the air, and lights began to appear in the long line of windows at Santa Clara. We returned to our hotel, and sat in the veranda, sipping coffee and puffing *cigarettes* until the beautiful panorama was flooded with moonlight. How dazzlingly white the houses! How brightly gleamed the lovely Mondego, as she glided on like a stream of silver between her flowery banks!

Break of day was to have seen us on our way to Busaco. Our Spanish friend, Don Antonio—only thus have I heard him named—had taken upon himself the responsibility of beating up our quarters at four o'clock. But we were all so thoroughly tired with our previous

day's work—he no less so than the rest—that when six o'clock struck the porter of the house roused us from our peaceful slumbers by a loud tattoo on Antonio's door. He announced, too, that it was his second performance, and that the carriage had been waiting for upwards of an hour. Great was our consternation; for the profound nap we had enjoyed compelled us to put off our excursion. The carriage was therefore dismissed until eight o'clock, when we set off to avail ourselves of the permission we had obtained to visit the University.

The University occupies so elevated a position that it would be worth while to go up to it if only for the sake of the view it commands. We were received there with that pleasing courtesy of manner so characteristic of the Portuguese, and conducted over the various buildings of which the University is composed. They are partly old, partly modern, enlargements and additions having been made at different periods. We ascended the tower, whence you see the whole of the city, with the river, looking like a serpent stealthily gliding through it, and the mountains, woods, and valleys of its beautiful environs for many miles round. I think this was the best; it was certainly the most lovely of the sights we were shown. We walked through the lecture rooms and museum; all were in neat order and spacious and lofty. The astronomical instruments belonging to the observatory are said to be equal to any in Europe.

But to me, the most interesting part of the university was the library. It consists of a fine suite of

rooms, with galleries, divided into compartments for books of different languages. There is a pleasant solemnity of tone in the decorations, in harmony with the purposes for which the rooms are designed—a certain repose that leads to thought and is favourable to study. There are separate rooms for those students who, having obtained certain honours, desire to pursue their studies in still greater privacy. The library is extensive, and includes many of the choicest books and MSS. from the extinct convents; such as rare black-letter volumes, illuminated MSS. on vellum, and a collection of choice engravings, many of them very ancient and quite unique.

It is not a favourable time for visiting the city of Coimbra. The vacation has just commenced, and very few students yet remain, so that the streets are dull. In term-time there are from 1,000 to 1,200 students here, and the professors, who also are now mostly absent, are very numerous. They live in the town, in houses specially appointed to receive them, and their presence lends to the old, grim, grey streets a more lively air. The university is governed by a chancellor, a rector, deans, and other officers. The laws, or rules, that regulate their appointment differ now, I believe, in some degree from those that were observed before the suppression of monastic institutions.

Information gained during the morning respecting the road we wished to take to Busaco, induced us to leave Coimbra between three and four in the afternoon. The distance is from eighteen to twenty miles, and as



far as Fornos we kept to the old Oporto road, passing through scattered villages and a charming country—fruitful, shady, and vineclad. Don Antonio sang his favourite ditties, to atone, as he said, for the scarcity of singing-birds in the Portuguese woods—though nightingales abound there, and are neither sparing of their songs nor fearful of being seen. At Fornos we turned off to the right, where, bounding the distant horizon, the Estrella range of mountains is seen, and, nearly facing us, their loftiest height—Busaco. From this point the country becomes less fertile, or perhaps only less picturesquely so, for the land produces corn, wine, and oil. We passed two villages and many scattered cottages, with their maize-fields and orchards; and after straying from the right road into impracticable pathways, we arrived, providentially, at Luso. It was not the point we had intended to make, but our driver was unacquainted with our route, though he had pretended to know, as he said, every foot of it. The latter part of the journey was rather exciting, from the roughness and loneliness of the roads and the possibility we began to foresee of having to pass the night *à la belle étoile*, unless we could get sheltered in some cottage. But at last we fell in with two peasants, one of whom undertook to guide us to Luso, which was about six *kilomètres*, or four miles, distant, and we gladly embraced his offer. We were so fortunate, too, as to find two vacant rooms at the inn, for at this season, owing to the limited accommodation the inns afford, it is generally necessary to telegraph for lodgings some days before your arrival. The safety of the

Portuguese roads, their freedom from brigands, and the anxiety of the country-people to put us again on our right track, called forth many an expression of satisfaction on the part of my companions. I infer from it that such things are not, at all events at present, to be reckoned amongst the "*cosas d' España*."

An attempt is being made to bring Busaco into notice as a rival to Cintra, as a place of fashionable resort; and its beauties are vaunted as not only greatly surpassing those of that far-famed spot, but as "exciting in the beholder mingled feelings of such rapturous admiration, and profound religious awe, that no language has words of sufficient force and meaning to give expression to them." The *prestige* which Cintra has so long justly enjoyed of being a sort of earthly Eden has perhaps been due almost as much to its proximity to the capital and to its being the only one of the many similarly beautiful spots in the kingdom hitherto tolerably easy of access to the *Lisbonense*, as to its own real loveliness. For the natural beauties of the woods of Busaco have not yet sufficed to attract any considerable number of visitors, though the railroad has much diminished the fatigue of the journey. But Busaco lies many miles distant from the main line, and if you would reach it you must be content to undergo the penance of being squeezed for some hours in a lumbering *diligencia*, or take a private conveyance, and many persons consider this a great drawback from the pleasure of the excursion. Two or three speculative capitalists have, however, bought an extensive plot of ground in front of the chapel of the monastery, and

intend to build there a very large hotel, which is to be fitted up in modern style; and as a branch rail is not likely to be constructed, they are now actively employed in making a new road, on which better appointed vehicles will run more frequently and at more convenient hours.

A vast concourse of people is expected to visit Busaco this year, 1873, at the end of September, to assist at the inauguration of a monument—a granite obelisk, surmounted by a crystal star—which, through the efforts of Colonel Costa de Cascaes, has been completed for the purpose of commemorating, and marking the site of the famous battle of 1810; when, as the Lisbon papers state, “11,000 Portuguese, aided by 23,000 English, gained a complete victory over Masséna, and thus gave the first blow to the power of Bonaparte, which, followed up, led to his ultimate downfall.”

It was further announced that the Portuguese army was to be assembled at Busaco, and put through the same manœuvres as secured the Anglo-Portuguese victory. In a grandiloquent paragraph, the whole of the British army was invited to assist at this grand sham fight on the very scene of their former triumph. Survivors of the Peninsular war—a very small band of veterans, I imagine—were especially urged to attend. But Oporto, “the mutinous,” looked on the proposed military *feira* with displeasure, and in her newspapers freely expressed her disapproval. The government was communicated with, and it was represented that Oporto thought the public money ought not to be wasted on the celebration of the victory of Busaco,



after the lapse of so many years. The war department answered that the announcement of such an intention was wholly unauthorized; the government had no thought of allowing any military display to take place at the inauguration of the monument, which was the affair of a few private individuals and therefore was not interfered with. In consequence, the uncovering of the obelisk will be the only ceremony that will take place, and many persons think it would have been as well, or even better, if the obelisk itself had been omitted. But the Portuguese say that to keep alive the memory of a nation's victories, is to keep alive the martial spirit that gained them.

We began to ascend the mountain at about eight o'clock; the morning being bright and clear. A large rustic cross, rudely formed of the trunks of two trees, stands on the right of the road. The pathway is bordered on one side only by rows of beautiful ash trees; the other side opens on a wide-spreading view, extending over the villages and small towns for many miles away, and even to the ocean. A wall ten feet in height and six or seven *kilomètres* in extent, encloses the convent grounds, which are entered by two gates. Here you meet with another cross—"a cruz alta"—standing on immense blocks of stone. An avenue of cedars leads up to the monastery, having on either side of it a dense wood of trees of various kinds—oaks, chestnuts, poplars, walnut and cork trees, tall laurels, and others, standing thickly together, and of such luxuriant growth that these woods have been compared to the virgin forests of America. The road is so broad

that two or three carriages might pass abreast up and down it; yet it is perfectly shaded by these cedars of Lebanon up to the door of the monastery. Thence, you walk under a canopy of leaves, in a vast sacred grove where the branches of the trees, whose stems form the pillars of the arches of verdure, are intertwined and laced together overhead; forming a lofty, verdant roof, through which the sun only gleams to give effect to the varying shades of green as the foliage, quivering with changing hues, is stirred by the breeze beneath his glancing rays. The mossy carpets are shaded from the tenderest to the darkest tints, and interwoven with tiny gem-like stars and bells. Trees of every clime grow here, and lovely flowers of every hue. And here, in these grand solemn groves and woods, once walked the monks—barefooted Carmelites—solitary and silent, remote from man, communing with God and their own hearts.

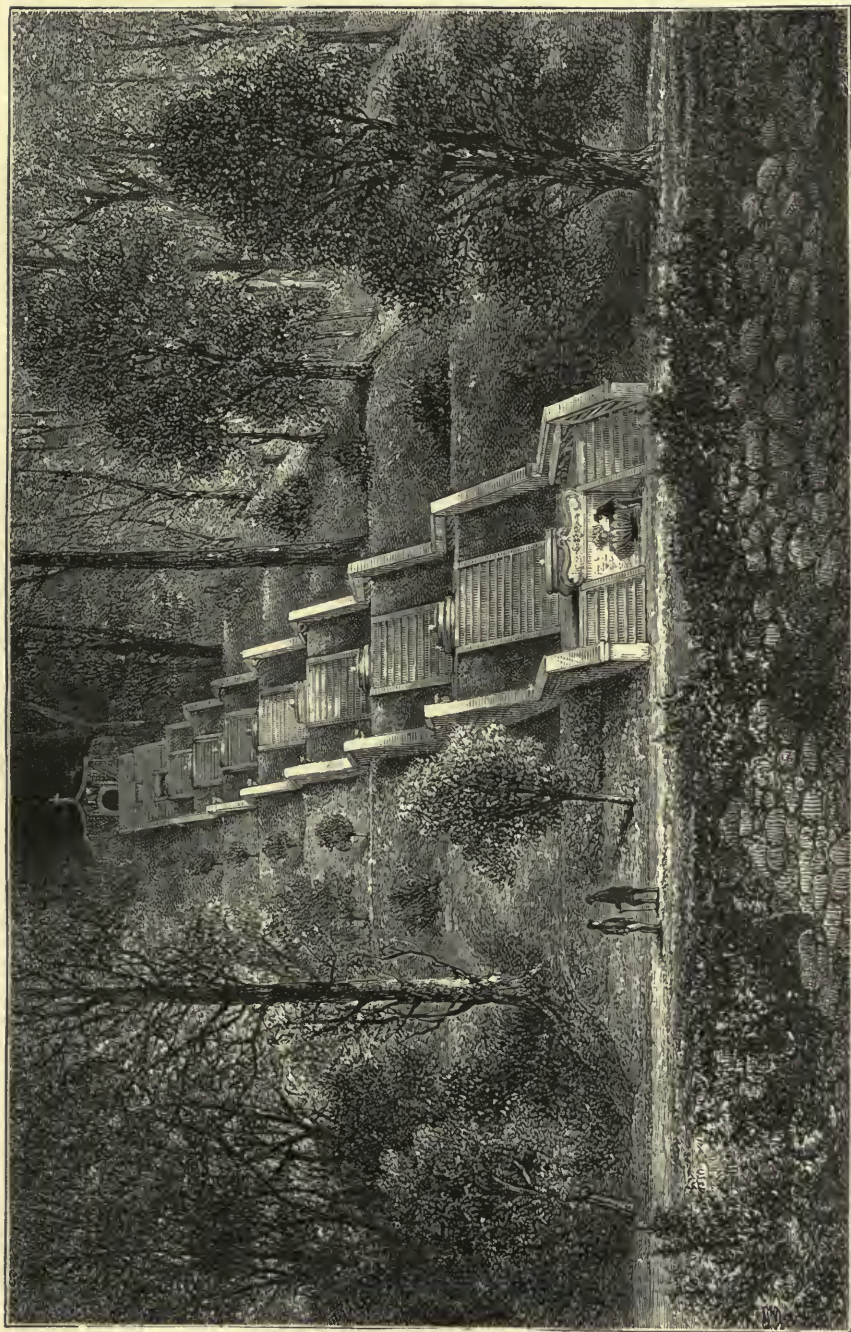
There are several chapels in the grounds; and the monks retired to them when they condemned themselves to greater solitude than their monastery afforded—avoiding even the sight of their fellow-anchorites. Small gardens adjoin each cell, and the tending of these flower-plots for a short time at stated intervals was the only recreation they were permitted, except a walk once in fifteen days in their beautiful woods. Prayer, meditation, abstinence, penance, filled up every other hour of their lives. Useless lives, surely—and yet, such austere piety and entire renunciation of the world invests them with a certain degree of sublimity. But Dom Pedro's decree drove the monks

from their retreat, and, for a time, visitors to the convent and its celebrated grounds became numerous—for though none of the outside world but a few lay priests had ever set foot within them, they had related such stories of the grandeur and beauty of these aerial groves, that a lively curiosity was aroused respecting them. The troubles of the country, however, caused them for a long time afterwards to be entirely neglected.

In the church are two busts, Saint Peter and the Magdalen, which are greatly admired for the excellence of the sculpture. Besides these busts, the church contains little worthy of notice. There are six fountains in different parts of the grounds, the most celebrated of which is the *Fonte fria*, whose waters are of icy coldness in summer, and temperate in winter. The water descends through a covered canal under several short flights of steps enclosed by stone parapets. At every sixth or eighth step the water flows through into a stone basin, then passes again under the steps until it reaches the large fountain basin at the bottom, where a semicircular stone seat is placed, and the whole overshadowed by the wide-spreading branches of many grand trees. Workmen are now busy in the woods, and probably when the promised hotel is built, all the fountains and the various chapels and other erections will be repaired—some of them either from neglect or age being much out of order.

This is, indeed, but a very imperfect sketch of the sublimely beautiful woods and heights of Busaco; whose gigantic cypresses, cedars, and forest trees amaze by their size and the density of their foliage; whose





THE FONTE FRIA—BUSACO.



groves are scenes of sylvan loveliness, where flowers and blossoming shrubs delight the eye by their profusion, and fill the air with sweet odours, while the sound of murmuring fountains mingles with the warbling of birds and relieves the solemn stillness of the scene. Then, the magnificent prospects!—for thirty, some have said forty, leagues in every direction; but far, far as the eye can reach through that clear and brilliant atmosphere. There, Nature shows you everything on a grand scale, and words do indeed seem feeble when attempting description. My companions and I gazed almost in silence on the beauty that surrounded us, and I felt with them that to build an hotel on that holy mount is nothing less than profanation. Its shady groves are not the romantic lovers' walks of Cintra; so deeply are they impressed with monastic gloom. The hotel should be at Luso. For Busaco is as a magnificent temple, whose solemn grandeur excites feelings of reverence no less than of admiration. You are glad to have seen it, but would not care to dwell there. But the smiling landscapes of Cintra delight both the heart and the eye. You have grandeur there also, but it is more enchanting than solemn; it does not seem to carry you quite so near to Heaven. At Cintra you breathe more freely than at Busaco; you feel more in love with life; you forget that its roses have thorns; you are soothed into happiness, and when you leave, it is with a wrench to the feelings—you tear yourself away.

Lovely Cintra!—Grand Busaco!



## CHAPTER XXVI.

### BATALHA—ALCOBAÇA—LEIRIA.

*Leiria*.—We returned direct from Busaco to Mealhada, where we took the train to Coimbra, and thence sent on to Chão de Maçaãs to secure for the following day six places in the *diligencia* from that village to Leiria. By this means we avoided a squeeze—the passengers *per diligencia* being generally of the stoutest build, while the space allotted to each is but barely enough for the slimmest and slightest to seat himself. When, however, it was discovered that we were but four, there was an attempt to introduce a straggling fifth passenger; but having paid for the six places, we resolutely maintained our right to fill them. There might have been more contention on the subject if our gentlemen had not been Spaniards, for just now the Spaniards are such objects of suspicion to many of the Portuguese—and the more so the nearer you approach Lisbon—that the man who would have obtruded himself upon us quite changed his tone, and evidently had no wish to join us, as soon as he became aware of our nationality. Indeed, he was profuse in apologies, saying he had not known that their *Excellencias* had *Senhoras* under their charge. Wrapping himself up in cloaks

and shawls, he then mounted to a place outside, and we saw no more of him until, with his eyes fixed searchingly upon us, he made us a low salam on leaving the *diligencia* at Leiria.

It is a pity there is not a short branch line to Leiria. No doubt it is both difficult and expensive, from the hilly nature of the country, to construct railroads here; but a few miles of rail to Luso and Leiria would surely pay. But few, comparatively, of the Portuguese have seen either Busaco or Batalha, and doubtless they, as well as many foreigners, would readily avail themselves of an opportunity of visiting more frequently these glories of the land, if they could do so with greater speed and comfort than a lumbering *diligencia*, setting out before break of day, allows of. We, though we piqued ourselves, presumptuously perhaps, on being indefatigable model travellers, yet found some hours of an up-and-down-hill journey—"cabined, cribbed, confined," in a *diligencia*—weary work indeed. If two fat men had been stuffed in between us, I verily believe that we should have been suffocated before we reached our destination. As it was, we were so thoroughly weary that we were inclined to put off our visit to Batalha until the next day. But the little inn at Leiria set out so famous a breakfast that it infused a braver spirit into us, and at the end of our repast we called for a guide and a carriage. These were soon forthcoming, and after a drive of two hours and a half, and a donkey-ride through an exceedingly pretty country—a fertile valley, watered by the river Lys, and some bits of difficult but picturesque

mountain-road—we reached the magnificent Mosteiro Real de Santa Maria da Victoria, known as Batalha.

The site of Batalha would seem to be an ill-chosen one for so grand and extensive an edifice; and indeed, from the lowness of the ground the aisles are not unfrequently, I am told, flooded with water that pours down from the surrounding hills when the stormy weather and heavy rains set in. But this splendid temple, which owes its origin to the pious vow of Dom João I., is built on the field where the victory of Aljubarotta, which it was raised to commemorate, was gained by that monarch over the king of Castile. Its numerous pinnacles, towers, parapets, and chapels strike you at first as belonging to an assemblage of buildings. But gradually, as you approach, they seem to separate, and detach themselves, as it were, until the immense pile spreads out before you in all its vastness, grandeur, and beauty. Its elegant spire and pierced battlements are strikingly beautiful; and the principal entrance is of such elaborate design and exquisite workmanship, that to examine it in detail, as I hope at some future day to do, would require more time than we were able to devote to the whole of this stately basilica. Graceful pilasters, statuary, floral designs, delicate tracings, fanciful fretwork and arabesques enrich this grand *façade*, from the stones which touch the earth to its topmost ones that rise high above the roof.

You will not then expect me to give you more than a very general idea of this gorgeous edifice, unequalled, it is said, but no doubt unsurpassed in architectural



splendour by any in Europe. It was indeed but a very general view that we had of it; but that far more than repaid us for our journey. When we entered, glittering rainbow hues and golden light—the effect of the sunbeams gleaming through the stained-glass windows—filled the lofty nave and aisles, played along the walls, and quivered on the marble floor like a mosaic of sapphires, emeralds, and rubies. What a grand effect have those lofty arches! The cloisters, too, how majestic! They inclose a square of two hundred feet, and their arched windows are filled with most delicately designed, almost infinitely varied, and exquisitely wrought tracery, much of which has been very carefully repaired. The chapter house in itself is considered a marvel. It is seventy feet square, very lofty, and with a richly-groined roof unsupported by column or pillar. It is related of this hall that it was twice roofed in, and twice the graceful arching gave way on the removal of the supports. A third time it was completed, and the architect vowed that he would die beneath the ruins if again he should fail. As the scaffolding was removed, he stood in the centre of the hall contemplating his grand work. At last all support was withdrawn from it, and no sign of collapse appeared. The perseverance and daring of the architect were rewarded—his work stood firm, a marvel of beauty and skill, and so stands at this day, notwithstanding the shock it got at the earthquake.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A similar tale is told of the roofing of the nave of the church at Belem, but with this difference—the architect, an Italian, when the third roofing was finished, felt so sure of the instability of his work that he fled the country

Then there is the wonderful *Capella imperfeita*, unfinished, because no architect was found capable of carrying out the plans of the first one, Mattheus Fernandez, who, with his wife, is buried in the nave. Its western arch in the elaborateness of its fanciful sculpture is by some considered a marvellous work ; by others, more fantastic than beautiful in style. I will not presume to give an opinion upon it. I know only that this glorious Batalha, regarded as a whole, with its many regal tombs, chapels, and saintly shrines ; its grand *façades*, stately aisles and arches, marvellous sculptures, and delicate chisellings and tracery with which it is so lavishly adorned, is a wondrous work of art, and a magnificent monument of the days of Lusitanian glory.

The French, here as elsewhere, did their best to mutilate and destroy ; but of late years, through the efforts of Dom Fernando, much has been done judiciously to repair and restore. Still, if you are familiar with the descriptions of Batalha in the palmy days of the Church—when my Lord Abbots and Grand Priors ruled as princes within its domains ; when high mass was daily celebrated with all pomp and splendour ; when a numerous train of monks frequented the now deserted cloisters, and gardens, and cool refectory, and

unable to bear the disgrace of a third failure. To remove the supports criminals under sentence of death were employed, with the promise of a full pardon if they should escape destruction. The scaffolding was withdrawn, and the roof stood firm. The coward architect then returned, and titles and land were bestowed on him. On the murderers and assassins a kind of miracle was wrought. They attributed their escape from death to the good offices of our Lady of Belem, and being amply rewarded by the King, they became worthy, pious characters, and quite model citizens ! At all events, so the story goes.

the "dim religious light" of the grand nave gave picturesque effect to the processions of white-robed choristers and priests, and a deeper solemnity to the chant or "pealing anthem" that echoed through its "long-drawn aisles"—Batalha, with all its architectural beauty and historical glory, will strike you as somewhat cold, like a grand but untenanted house. "The pomp and circumstance" of the Roman Catholic Church of those days seem wanting, to give due effect to the splendours of this once regal monastery.

There are three ways of getting to the top of the building—two by winding stairs in the thick walls of the nave, the other by a staircase in the interior. We chose the latter, as being the easiest to mount, and affording from the point it led to, the best general view of the vast edifice. Without making one of these ascents, it would be difficult to realize how immense is the tract of ground it occupies. What a forest of sharp-pointed pinnacles, and of what delicate workmanship! what long lines of embattled parapets, fringed with the richest fret-work! How lofty those exquisitely wrought spires; the dome; the grand clock-tower! How numerous the rises and falls in the assemblage of roofs, chapels, mausoleums, halls, refectories, and the various divisions of this wonderful structure—this splendid Mosteiro de Batalha!

From Batalha we went on to Alcobaça, passing through the village of Aljubarotta. Although our guide was merely an *arrieiro* who accompanied us with his mules, he knew the story of the baker's wife—the famous



*padeira* of Aljubarotta, who, during the great battle, killed, as the story goes, a baker's dozen of Spaniards with her *páo do forno*—the oven-peel. My companions laughed heartily. "There are no such bakers' wives in these days," said Don Antonio to the muleteer. "*Sim, sim,*" he raved out, "*temos aqui muitos mulheres tão valentes que ella*"—"We have here many women as valiant as she was." Then, reflecting a little, he added, "As the Spaniards will soon find out if they dare to come again to Aljubarotta." He seemed to take the doubt implied in Antonio's remark of the bravery of the present generation of bakers' wives as a personal affront; though I scarcely think he knew then that he was speaking to Spaniards.

We managed to get housed for the night at the inn. I feared, at first, that we were again about to be asked to sleep in one room; for there were two beds in that which the master of the inn ushered us into, announcing with much pride, "*Tudo esta mui limpa, meus Senhores; e as camas são boas*"—(everything is very clean, and the beds good.) But he proved to be *mais decente*, as the Portuguese say, for this state apartment he allotted to Doña Rita and me, and a second best room to the *caballeros*.

Alcobaça!—The very name of this grand royal monastery calls up a vision of jovial Bernardine monks, all men of noble birth, who lived here on the fat of the land, in the midst of their gardens, their vineyards, and orange groves. A princely revenue was theirs, and they disposed of it in a princely style.

“God’s bounties are great,” said my Lord Abbot, “it is fit we should enjoy them.” Loving the good things of life themselves, they were willing that others should partake of them also, and were therefore generous and munificent masters and landlords, as well as the good friends of their servants and the peasantry of the wide domain. Under the mild sway of the good fathers of the order of holy Saint Bernard all around them prospered, and all shared in their prosperity.

The kitchen of the monastery is described by Mr. Beckford, who paid a visit to these magnificent monks, as “the most distinguished temple of gluttony in all Europe.” I can fancy I see the sleek Lord Abbot, who was also High Almoner of Portugal, complacently contemplating the preparations for his banquet. He stands in his culinary temple. “Through the centre of the immense and nobly-groined hall, not less than sixty feet in height and a hundred in length, runs a brisk rivulet of the clearest water—a branch of the Alcoa—flowing through pierced wooden reservoirs, containing every sort and size of the finest river-fish. On one side, loads of game and venison are heaped up; on the other, vegetables and fruit in endless variety.” In this grand kitchen are also three fountains for washing vegetables, meat, &c., and the walls and ceiling are covered with *azulejos*. “Beyond a long line of stoves extends a row of ovens, and close to them are hillocks of wheaten flour whiter than snow, rocks of sugar, jars of the purest oil, and pastry in vast abundance, which a numerous tribe of lay brothers and their attendants are rolling out upon slabs of white

marble, and puffing up into a hundred different shapes, singing all the while as blithely as larks in a corn-field. The Grand Prior of Aviz, and the Prior of San Vicente are standing by, in the full glee of witnessing these hospitable preparations." Mr. Beckford, too, is there, and his "inimitable *chef*, Monsieur Simon"—so valued, so prized by my Lord Abbot for his culinary skill, and who said of this holy *gourmand* and *gourmet*, by way of compliment to him, "*Monseigneur rend la religion si aimable.*"

Not only was there good cheer, but flowing cups—Portugal's finest vintages; Aljubarotta of the growth of the monastery, and rivalling Clos Vougeot. Then, the dining-room; the fringed embroidered linen, wax tapers, and services of silver! And my Lord Abbot's bedroom, his gauze curtained bed and silk-fringed pillows! The silver ewers and basins of the dressing-rooms, the lace-bordered towels, the Persian carpets, the rich velvet hangings, and so forth. They led a pleasant life, those glorious old monks; amused themselves with plays, concerts, dances, and sanctified the whole with odoriferous incense, high mass, and prayer. I almost expected to see a whole *posse* of these genial philosophers of the cowl issue from the grandly carved doors to welcome us as we ascended to the terrace. Their number was between four and five hundred in Mr. Beckford's time—1794—though the monastery had accommodation for a thousand. At the time of the Peninsular war there remained but a hundred and sixty monks, and at the suppression, only twenty-seven were left to be turned



adrift. But they wisely buckled on the sword, and fought in the ranks for Dom Pedro and Donna Maria.

The situation of the monastery is pleasantly diversified by gentle slopes, thickly wooded, and fruitful valleys, and fertilized by two small rivers—the Alcoa and Baça. The building is stately and imposing, from the vastness of its terrace or broad flight of steps running along the entire front of the monastery. It is of older date than Batalha, having been founded by the great Affonso Henriques, after his final expulsion of the Moors from Santarem. These old conquerors always commemorated their victories by some religious foundation of the sort—thus giving God and his saints the glory of them. Dom Affonso, when about to attack the Moors, who held Santarem with a garrison of 4,000 men—his own troops amounting only to two hundred and fifty—before setting out on his enterprise, vowed to God, if He gave him the victory, to devote as much land in the direction of the sea as was visible to the naked eye to the erection and support of an abbey. He prayed Saint Bernard to be his intercessor; and to him the abbey was to be dedicated. Santarem was entered by stratagem, and the Moors routed out. Affonso then founded his abbey on the site where now stands the present grand edifice, which dates from the early part of the thirteenth century. The whole history of the foundation of the convent is quaintly depicted on the *azulejos* that line the walls of the Hall of Kings.

What a change has come over this magnificent fabric! Where now is all the splendour of its chapels

and choirs, where the treasures of gold and silver and jewels and vestments, that made it the richest abbey in the kingdom? The hand of the spoiler has been twice laid upon them. And the French devastated the sacred edifice in the most barbarous fashion; violated the tombs in search of treasure, and even tore the beautiful Ignez de Castro from her resting-place near her royal husband and lover. His tomb they defaced, but had not time to destroy it, for the Anglo-Portuguese army was fast approaching, and, with an attempt to set fire to the Abbey—which its solid construction happily rendered abortive—the sacrilegious spoilers decamped. There are many other tombs, more or less richly sculptured, but none that have the interest of these. Donna Ignez was replaced in the stone sarcophagus at the feet of Dom Pedro, the Just; by whose orders the tombs were so arranged, that he and his beloved queen may rise face to face and greet each other at the resurrection.

The view down the centre aisle of the church to the grand altar is remarkably impressive, and at the side aisles scarcely less so, from the great height and beautiful form of the arches. There is some very fine carving; and much has been done here, and generally at Alcobaça, to repair the ravages of time and neglect, and the yet more serious defacements of the destroying hand of the invader. The Portuguese still excel as sculptors. I have seen at this monastery, and in different chapels and churches now under repair, beautiful specimens of modern carving, both in wood and stone, which, when time has toned down its newness and

freshness, will well bear comparison with the old work still existing.

The library was once a splendid room, paved with black and white marble, with fanciful designs beautifully painted in the deep recesses of its nine long windows. All the rare books and MSS. were removed to Lisbon, at the suppression. The library looked upon the convent garden, which was carefully tended, filled with choicest flowers and adorned by two fountains. In one of the cloister-gardens—I believe there were five—the oldest orange-trees in Portugal yet existed some few years ago. They were said to have been planted there before those of Penha Verde, which claimed to be the oldest, were brought to Europe from China. These large monasteries make famous barracks; and perhaps it is better they should be tenanted by the fighting branch of the Church Militant than by an army of monks. There is still no lack of priests in Portugal, though you see very little of them. But they are less ornamental than the monks of old, about whom there was a spice of romance, and whose absence, as picturesque appendages of the grand monastic buildings, you can scarcely help regretting when visiting Mafra, Batalha, and Alcobaça.

We had risen very early; had seen Alcobaça, and by three o'clock were again in Leiria. It is a pretty little town, surrounded by hills, and with the river Lys meandering through its fertile valleys. The ruins of a Moorish castle stand prominently on a hill. It has a cathedral and several churches, and a charming *alameda*, the "*rocio*," where the fashionables of Leiria congre-



gate, on the banks of the bright little river. We drove to the extensive pine woods, planted by King Diniz, with whom Leiria was a favourite residence. It is a much busier place than are most of the small Portuguese towns, and has several large manufactories, and extensive glass works at Marinha Grande. A large ancient iron gate, giving entrance to a part of the glass works, was pointed out to us as having been brought from Lisbon, from the palace—to use our informant's words—of “that infernal institution, the Inquisition.” In the chapel of the Bishop's palace is a very fine picture—“Jesus flagellado”—by Vasquez. Leiria is one of the towns on which the French greatly wreaked their vengeance when compelled to evacuate the country. It is a pretty, cheery place, and has its season for drinking the waters; there being in the town and its immediate neighbourhood several hot and cold springs, esteemed for their medicinal virtues. In the fifteenth century Leiria was a city of some renown, and had its printing press, the first in the kingdom and the third in Europe. Many valuable works were printed here. Leiria was also the birth-place of the distinguished Portuguese poet, Francisco Lobo.

Bright little Leiria, farewell

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### FIRES—FUNERAL MASS—STATE CARRIAGES, ETC.

*Lisbon.*—My companions were bound for Badajoz, but were uncertain about their movements after arriving there. However, as I had a wish to see that city, I decided on accompanying them thither, taking my chance of what should follow—whether of being dragged further into Spain, or being driven out of it. It was arranged that we should sleep at Abrantes, where they expected to find letters; but, though no letters were forthcoming, their old friend of Barcellos—Castella, as I have called him—made his appearance there.

This unexpected *rencontre*, as it seemed to be, entirely changed the plans of the party, and instead of going on to Badajoz, they arranged to return to the *Entroncamento* and thence to proceed to Santarem, I of course, continuing my journey to Lisbon. This new arrangement was very unsatisfactory as far as I was concerned; for having gone thus far I should have liked to see something more of Abrantes than its fortifications and castle at a distance—even that view being partly intercepted by a hill. I contrived, however, to get just a glimpse of the very elegant railway-bridge

over the Tagus—the principal engineering work of that kind the Portuguese have as yet undertaken.

The train from Badajoz passed through at a late hour to join the evening train from Oporto, and although we were all dreadfully tired it was thought more convenient to return by it than to pass the night at Abrantes. Before setting out again Doña Rita took me a little more into her confidence than she had hitherto done, and explained to me—of course, this is a very great secret—why we, or they rather, were returning. At Santarem we parted company, not without regret on my part, and, I hope, a little on theirs, but with a mutual promise that if affairs next year should become peaceably settled in Spain, to take a much longer ramble together in that country. Castella remained at Santarem, but Don Antonio came on with me to Lisbon, where he embarks for Liverpool and Ireland. We arrived between six and seven in the morning; and the thorough search of our luggage at the station, I could not comprehend for what, ended our long, weary day and night's journey.

My old friend, Antonio de F., thinks I have done a very unwise thing in fraternizing so freely with the Spaniards, and begs me not to speak of it to anybody in Lisbon. Perhaps he fears the police will be ordered to keep a watchful eye on me. Yet our proceedings have been perfectly harmless, and if, as he fancies, I have really been "consorting with Carlist conspirators," they were certainly most agreeable ones.



There is a great outcry in Lisbon just now against the "Myrmidons of the Internationalist party in Spain." Fires have been more numerous than ever, and the "*Internacionalistas*" are said to be the cause of them—scattering petroleum about the doorways and staircases wherever they find an opportunity of doing so unobserved. The *Lisbonense* are frightened out of their wits, and I begin to quake in my shoes, so easily do the fears of others influence you when a panic prevails. Three times in the course of last evening those dreadful fire-bells clang throughout the city. Once they gave a false alarm; for the men who are ever on the look out for fires have become as nervous as the rest of us, and when they espy in some balcony a cigar puffed with more vehemence than usual, or a little stronger light gleaming through one window more than another, instantly they fancy the house is on fire, and spread the false news through Lisbon. Still, very serious fires do occur, almost every night.

22nd.—This morning, between twelve and one, I was just dropping off to sleep, when I was startled by the fire-bells, and more noise than usual in the street. I sat up and listened. I heard footsteps on the staircase and in the corridors, and the words "*Incendio! incendio! Senhor.*" "The hotel is on fire," I thought, and instantly jumped from my bed and rushed out of the room. On the long wide landing were several ladies, gentlemen, children and servants—all barefooted, and in the airiest of costumes. One *Senhora* had her long hair hanging in dishevelled locks over her shoulders; another's were tucked up under a natty

little nightcap. One wore a crimson flannel petticoat and short white jacket, another a long flowing night-dress. I, too, was similarly attired. The *cavalheiros* were equally *en déshabillé*, and all was confusion. "What is the matter?" I asked. "*Incendio! incendio!*" somebody exclaimed, and seizing me by the hand ran with me to a window looking on the Rua do Alecrim, and where already a lady, the wife of the gentleman who had brought me in, was in the balcony in her nightdress, and looking at a fire that was raging fiercely, lower down the same street.

What an uproar! What a confusion! The steep street was thronged; and everybody was talking, as loud and as fast as he was able. On the upturned faces of this crowd of eager and gesticulating speakers, the red flames threw a strong lurid glare. Soldiers were riding furiously to and fro—just as aides-de-camp dash about at a review. Torches were flashing in every direction, and throwing about such trails of fire and showers of sparks, that they seemed more likely to do harm than good. From the top of the hilly Rua do Alecrim some hundreds of Gallegos were hastening down—for the fire was by the Arco pequeno, at the bottom of the hill—and each had his barrel of water on his shoulder. Water was running down the sides of the street; ropes and hose were scattered about; furniture of every description was being thrown from the windows; engines were playing on the flames, but seemed to have no effect on them, for the supply of water was not very copious.

The firemen seemed to be walking about in the

flames, and endeavouring to reach a woman who was calling distractedly for aid at the topmost windows. She stretched out her arms; a little child was in them—horrid sight—yet there was a fascination in it that made it impossible to turn the eyes away. But they could not save this poor woman. As the flames surrounded her, two children were seen clinging to her, and just as the firemen had reached and possibly might have saved them, she sank back—the lookers-on raised a cry of horror; for both mother and children had perished in the flames.

The fire raged on until near four o'clock; burnt itself out, I believe; for the thick stone walls confined it to that one lofty house. This morning the end of the street is closed. Piles of furniture, most of it broken or half burnt, lie in the road. Several engines are still there, and a crowd of firemen, soldiers and workmen. This calamity is also ascribed to petroleum and the "*Internacionalistas*." Suspicious people, it is said, have been found loitering about the *páteo* of the Palace of Ajuda. In consequence, the *páteo* is now closed to all strangers, and the sentinels look very suspiciously on any sauntering person who stops to glance up at the palace.

24th.—There was a grand funeral mass this morning at the *Sé*, for the repose of the soul of Dom Pedro IV. Before the death of his widow, this anniversary was made as much as possible a day of sadness and gloom throughout Lisbon. From sunrise to sunset guns were fired every five minutes, and there was a



most lugubrious tolling of the numerous bells of the city the whole livelong day. The shops were closed; all the world was in mourning, and, as de F. observed, everybody had the *diabos azues*—*Anglicè*, “blue devils”—and was inclined almost to execrate the memory of the “soldier king.” But the Empress-Duchess having died this year, and it being also the thirty-ninth anniversary of the hero’s death, it was thought advisable to abolish many of those outward signs of mourning and woe. Mass, a visit to the mausoleum at San Vicente, and the attendance of the military, constituted the whole of the ceremony. All was over by twelve o’clock, and it was rather a gay morning’s parade than otherwise.

The grand altar and the sides of the cathedral were draped with black and gold satin, and two raised pews or stands, for the *corps diplomatique*, and the officers composing the king’s suite, were covered with the same material. Dom Luis, Dom Fernando and Dom Augusto were received at the church doors by the patriarch and his band of priests, all in *grande tenue*, and who led the way to the chairs placed for the royal personages on a black and gold-covered dais before the grand altar. The 5th Regiment of Caçadores marched into the cathedral, and were ranged along the side aisles; a detachment of Lancers was drawn up in the square at the entrance. An immense number of naval and military officers, generally decorated with a profusion of glittering orders, occupied the seats down the left side of the nave; on the right, they were filled with ladies, who assembled in

such numbers, that those who came long before the ceremony began were obliged to sit on the floor, when not kneeling, or to squeeze into any niche that afforded a view of the altar and the grandees. The mass was not so well sung as I have usually heard it; but as nobody seemed to attend to it, that was of little consequence.

I observed some old generals and diplomats in very animated discussion, using much gesticulation, and apparently utterly unmindful of the solemn ceremony they were *assisting* at. When all was over, and the King stopped to speak to them, they seized his hand and kissed it with such extreme fervour that it was impossible to forbear smiling at this effusive display of loyalty. And Dom Luis, with his light curly hair, always looking so boyish amidst his *entourage* of bronzed veterans, submitted with such an air of graceful gratitude to the infliction, that—well, perhaps both were in earnest. I hope they were. Dom Fernando was allowed to decamp with less ceremony; but it was a long time before everybody could get into marching order, and during the process the cathedral and its square presented as animated and brilliant a scene as I have ever witnessed in Lisbon. There were the clergy in their richest vestments; the officers of both services in full uniform, and wearing their decorations; plenty of diplomatic finery; the white plumes of the aides-de-camp and the red and white streamers of the Lancers, who always make an imposing show, both in fine horses and men. Then came the crack *corps* of the Caçadores; the crowd of ladies dressed in black, re-

lieved by coloured ribands and flowers; and dispersed amongst these and in surrounding balconies, a variegated mass of spectators of all classes. Church bells were ringing, rather than tolling, and the sound of cannon came booming up the river, and from the lofty batteries of the Castello de S. Jorge. Horses were prancing, state carriages and gay liveries were mixed up promiscuously with hired *tremes*, and trying to dash in before them, which the *égalité* feelings of the drivers of the latter sternly refused to permit. This amused the people, who all seemed mirthfully disposed, and contributed to make up so bright a spectacle in honour of the soldier-king, that if he looked down from Heaven upon it, it must have rejoiced his gallant spirit far more than the gloomy business with which it has been customary to keep fresh in the minds of the people the memory of the great Liberador.

The day was lovely, scarcely too warm—the day temperature is beginning to be pleasant in Lisbon. The general throng seemed to be scattering itself in the direction of the various *passeios* and shady streets. As we also were inclined for a little recreation after our devotions, I suggested to de F. that we might find it at the fair at Belem, which I had not yet visited.

Accordingly we hired a boat at the Caes das Columnas, and had a pleasant sail down the river as far as Pedroïças; thus gliding by the beautiful city in nearly its full extent from east to west—a charming and varied panorama which the eye never wearies of gazing on. At Pedroïças we got on shore amidst an encampment of bathing tents, and near that exquisite specimen of



Manoelino carvings and fretwork, the beautiful old Torre de Belem, and the battery de Bom Successo—a defence of the entrance of the Tagus far more ornamental than formidable. It is related, with reference to it, that during the civil war between the northern and southern states of America a vessel belonging to each of the belligerents entered the river. One of them almost immediately steamed off again; the other instantly followed and gave chase to her, in disregard of the rules laid down for their observance in the port of a neutral power. By order, therefore, of the commandant of Belem, a volley was fired from the battery as the frigate *Sacramento* passed; but without effect, though balls were used. The fire from the battery would have been answered by a broadside from the frigate, as her captain afterwards declared, had he not been unwilling, he said, that his guns should blow to atoms that pretty toy the Torre de S. Vicente de Belem.

It is but a short distance from the Torre to the *Praia*, where an annual fair is held, which continues for a month. I expected to find something *piquant* and original at a Portuguese fair, but was doomed to be woefully disappointed. After passing under the archway that divides Pedroiças from Belem, a very long line of apple stalls only was visible; hundreds of baskets of rosy-cheeked apples, pleasant to the eye, but insipid to the palate—apples being the most flavourless and worthless of Portuguese fruits; yet the pears are delicious. After this grand display of apples, there straggled on a row of booths, filled with common toys,

generally so ugly that you infer that the Portuguese have little skill or fancy in devising playthings for their children—for the ugliness of the toys induced me to inquire whether they really were of native manufacture. Then followed the jewellers' set out, and a grand show of china, very curious and pretty—indeed the only thing there worth looking at.

As at English and French country fairs, there were fat giantesses, spotted girls, a two-headed child, and a few other such like monsters. Some refreshment booths, a peepshow or two, and a temporary theatre, where it was announced that "*A gram-duqueza*"—*La grande duchesse*—was to be the evening's entertainment, made up the attractions of this annual fair. Towards evening the people flock to it in crowds, and in the morning there is a plentiful attendance of ladies and children. The king and queen, when in town, and Dom Fernando and his *condessa*, take a stroll up and down, and amiably contrive to pick out something to purchase from the collection of rubbish. During the first part of the fair, for it is now drawing to a close, the winds were so high at the breezy spot where it is held, that it was more than once doubtful whether all the booths and stalls would not be carried into the sea. The blustering weather diminished the attendance, and it is now desired to prolong this prosy fair for a fortnight. But it appears that the vested rights of another fair, an October gathering at the other end of Lisbon, forbid the authorities to grant such indulgence. The weekly "*feira da Ladra*"—thief's fair, at the Campo do Santa Anna, is a far more amusing







WEST DOOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE JERONIMOS-BELEM.

*lounge.* There, from amongst the rags and tatters, and odds and ends spread out for sale, some really curious and valuable relics of ancient days may now and then be picked up.

But if the fair has nothing to attract, there stands in front of it the magnificent church of the Jeronymos, Santa Maria de Belem, which, however frequently visited, may always be contemplated with pleasure. On its site once stood a chapel, in which Vasco da Gama and his companions passed the night in prayer before setting out on the voyage which led to the discovery of India. The place of their embarkation was also near at hand, the river at that time bathing the walls of the chapel. On the same spot, in token of his gratitude to God for the success of the Indian expedition, Dom Manoel began the erection of the splendid church and monastery of Belem, which was continued and completed by his successors. From its proximity to the river it was built on piles, which so strengthened the foundations that to that circumstance is attributed the resistance of the building to the shock of the great earthquake. The once famous Jeronymite monastery is now a *Casa pia*—an establishment for the education and support of poor children of both sexes. They are well cared for, and at a suitable age placed out in the world to gain their own living at various trades and occupations. The principal porch, on the south side of the church, with its numerous statues, wreathed columns, and profusion of ornament, is superb, and scarcely less elaborate than the portal of Batalha. But it is better to enter this beautiful temple by the west door, the



carvings of which are also profuse and handsome, and have been lately restored. The groined roof at the western entrance strikes you as exceedingly low, and the shrine, in semi-darkness, on either side adds to its air of mystery and solemnity. But on advancing a few paces, you emerge from beneath the low arch into the grand and lofty nave, and, thus viewed, this part of the interior has a singularly imposing effect—the vaulted roof rising from slender columns beautifully sculptured, twined with flowers, and enriched with the most fanciful and delicately-wrought carvings. The church contains a few pictures and several finely-sculptured royal tombs. Behind the high altar, the body of the unfortunate Dom Affonso VI. is entombed. Queen Catherine, the wife of Charles II., is buried here, and the tombs of Dom Manoel—the founder of the church—and of his son and successor, Dom João III. and their respective queens, are in the north and south transepts. There are two fine organs in the west gallery, and around the arches supporting it much exquisite sculpture. The mausoleum to the memory of the famous Dom Sebastian was erected by Don Felipe II. The human bones sent from Africa as those of the young and much-loved monarch, were not deposited in it till above a hundred years after his death. But these bones are not believed to be those of Sebastian, whose death was shrouded in mystery, and whose return to his country was looked forward to even long after it was possible that he should be living. I have heard that there still are “*Sebastianistas*”—I have never met with any—who yet look for their king’s miraculous



restoration to raise Portugal to the highest pinnacle of glory!

The cloisters of the Mosteiro de Belem are magnificent, rivalling those of Alcobaça, and, except by the cloisters of Batalha, are unequalled in Europe. It is to be regretted that the restoration of the church was so long deferred; for many parts of it are being almost entirely rebuilt, and the tower is quite new. The carving appears to be good, and the whole is probably a tolerably correct reproduction of the Manoelino work. The stone employed in these renovations is of a pale yellowish tint; soft, gritty and easy to work, and of a quality similar to that of the original structure; but its newness contrasts strikingly with the time-worn appearance of the rest of the building. With the exception of the grand southern porch and the western entrance, the interior of this sumptuous church is even more beautiful than the exterior. I could spend hours within it. But this, probably my last visit, was but a short one; for my companion reminded me that I had not yet seen the collection of ancient royal carriages, and that the building in which they are kept was close by.

When leaving the church you are generally assailed by the beggars who congregate near the entrance. On this occasion the throng was greater than I had observed before—the blind, the lame, the decrepit, the halt; all whining, and groaning, and limping after us; most painful to hear and see. The fair must have brought them down in such numbers, and have attracted a few of another set, who also infest the streets

of Lisbon. For while sauntering along by the booths, at one elbow fortune was tempting us with the golden gifts of this world, and at the other religion held out to us the rewards of the next; the former, in the shape of the sellers of lottery tickets, who urged us not to lose our chance of winning the grand prize; the latter, in that of the beggars, who implored us to secure the salvation of our souls by the bestowal of a few *vintems* on *them*.

In a large outbuilding, or vast coach-house, in the Calçada da Ajuda, and behind the Palacio de Belem, are thirty-nine ancient state carriages—one of the most curious and interesting of the sights of Lisbon. They are but a remnant of the numerous collection which the magnificence and prodigality of successive Portuguese sovereigns had in the course of three or four centuries brought together. Several were lost at the destruction of the royal palace by the great earthquake; and, considering the vicissitudes which royalty in this country has since experienced, it is wonderful that so many relics of its ancient state and grandeur should still exist.

The most ancient of these carriages belonged to the Spanish kings of Portugal. Some of them, called travelling carriages, are like small rooms, and have chairs, foot-stools, and a centre-table, and the floors inlaid with ebony and ivory. There are several very curious vehicles for one or two persons. They resemble small gigs; are lined with embroidered crimson velvet, and painted outside in various devices. Some of the richest car-

riages belonged to that most extravagant of the Portuguese kings, Dom João V.—“*O Magnifico*”—whose ambition was to rival Louis XIV. in the prodigality of his expenditure and his sumptuous style of living. Whether intended for royal marriages, christenings, funerals, or grand state occasions, all his carriages are richly and elaborately carved, their panels beautifully painted with appropriate subjects, and the linings, hangings, and hammer-cloths are of massively gold-embroidered velvet or satin. The broad, thick leather bands on which the carriages are slung are richly gilded, and enamelled in colours, and the wheels are decorated in a similar manner. All are of immense size, compared with our modern conveyances; and with their six or eight richly-caparisoned horses and the gala liveries of drivers and postilions, Dom João’s “*carruagens de triumpho*” must have made a very splendid show.

The collection at Versailles is not to be named in comparison with this one, either for splendour or historical interest, yet the two carriages which were presents from Louis XIV. are magnificent works of art. One is elaborately carved in wreaths of roses and lilies surrounding the arms and cypher of the Archduchess Maria of Austria, and was a present from the French King on the occasion of the marriage of that princess with Dom João V. The whole is gilded, and looks now as fresh and bright as if just carved from a mass of pure gold. It is lined with pale blue satin.

The other royal present from the same monarch



to Dom João, has most exquisitely-painted panels—the work of the best French artists of that day. On the back is a portrait of Louis XIV., said to be an excellent likeness. Another grand specimen of artistic painting and carving was a present from Pope Clement XI., in acknowledgment of the special mission sent to Rome, with great pomp, by Dom João to compliment his Holiness on his accession.

But with all their richness and beauty, the more ancient carriages—about which very meagre information is given—far surpass them in grandeur of design, elaboration of ornament and in interest. The allegorical groups of figures—all of life-size—on the back, on either side, in front of the driver's seat, and on the top and four corners of each vehicle are really superb, both in design and execution. And what yet remains of the embroidered velvet curtains, cushions, and foot-stools, the rich fringes and tassels, shows how sumptuous these grand carriages must have been. Their size is prodigious. A dozen horses or oxen—for, not improbably, oxen were used—must surely have been needed to move any one of them along the rough highways which even Lisbon and its immediate neighbourhood only possessed in the days when kings rode in such mighty vehicles as these.

Yet this unequalled collection of state carriages is not cared for, as such precious relics of the ancient splendour of the kings of Portugal ought to be. The building that contains them is merely a vast, lofty double shed. They are not covered, and people are allowed to finger the painted panels, to touch and to

handle in a manner very ill-suited to their preservation. Two small gold tassels had lately been cut away by a party of English from the splendid carriage built for the christening of Dom José, as the man in charge told me, and were replaced by him—to avoid possible unpleasant consequences—by bright tinsel imitations, which had been sewn on in a slovenly manner with yellow thread. I actually saw two or three hideous English names on the wheel of a carriage. My Portuguese friend was disgusted. I felt humiliated, and could not but exclaim, “Oh, my travelling countrymen! How incurable is your vandalism!” This said man greatly urged me to get into some of the carriages; thinking apparently, that I should, or ought to be, very proud of having sat in the luxuriously cushioned seat of Dom João V. I did, indiscreetly, perhaps—for it swayed about so much, I thought the old leathern slings would have parted—get into the travelling carriage of Felipe II., one of the “*intrusos*,” or intruders, as the Portuguese, ever jealous of their national independence, call the Spanish Philips; not accepting them as kings of Portugal, though they admit that “for sixty years the nation groaned under their yoke.”

Before we had nearly completed our inspection of these curious and interesting carriages, a party of Spaniards came in to look at them. The man in charge, a very gossiping personage, came and whispered confidentially that he hoped we would excuse him for leaving us, and devoting himself exclusively to the Spaniards. He had had very strict orders, he said, to look closely after them since the attempt to burn down

the Marble Palace. So the Spaniards are credited with having tried to set fire to the stately Ajuda! A blind caught fire and some few things were burned before the flames were extinguished. The commotion and alarm it caused were great, and two or three soldiers in the hurry and excitement of the moment were injured; not by fire, but by falling, in the rush to arrive in time to prevent the fire from spreading. Many vague reports have since been in circulation, attributing the fire to inflammable substances scattered about the palace by Spanish *Internacionalistas*.

The Spanish party made a very speedy survey of the carriages, and our man returned to us, nodding and smiling, shaking his head and looking very knowing. He thought that the wary eye he had kept on their every movement had dispatched them thus quickly. He told us they had cared for nothing he had pointed out to them, except "*Os Felippes*," the Philip carriages, and *that* he considered "confirmation strong" that they came with no good intentions. De F. advised him, when we left, to look sharply after the people who came armed with pencils and penknives. "*Sim, sim, Excellencia*," he answered. "*Estes são os Inglezes*," "they are the English."

Walking on towards Alcantara, whence there is every half-hour a river steamer, we came upon a numerous crowd of beggars. "I am destined to have my illusions dispelled to-day," I said, "for I had begun to believe there were far fewer beggars in Lisbon than when, formerly, I dwelt in this fair city." "And there are fewer, far fewer," exclaimed my friend. "Then



what are these ? ” and I might have added, with truth, “ so withered, and so wild in their attire.” Such a collection of old witches and hobbling old crones ; tattered cloaks, ragged breeches, grizzled pates, and dirty disheveled headgear ne’er before had my eyes beheld. And this was not all the show. Two or three antiquated obsolete *seges* were there ; but gilded and painted as gaily, if not so artistically, as my Lord Mayor’s state coach. Who would suppose they were intended for the conveyance of priests and mourners ? Close to them, congregated the weirdly, anxious-looking mob ; the bells of a neighbouring church clanged in that wearying, worrying manner, known here as ringing *dobrados* ; and all this announced that a rich man had died and was about to be buried. When the body is placed in the fringed funeral car, *esmolos* are distributed to all the poor who are present, for the good of the deceased person’s soul ; to buy, as it were, a passport to heaven from those to whom the kingdom of heaven belongs, by right of having been defrauded of their part of the good things of this life. De F. tells me that this is really an article of faith with some persons. Not exactly the mere beggars, say they, but “ the toilers and spinners, whose best efforts have scarcely sufficed to keep body and soul together, shall in another state of existence change places with the loungers.” Well, it is a comforting doctrine, change and change about ; and it accounts, simply and rationally, to those who can accept it, for the present, apparently, capricious distribution of the good and evil things of this life.

Imagine that, whilst thus deeply philosophizing, we have steamed up the river, landed at the Caes do Sodré, and, pretty well tired with the devotions and pleasures of the day, that we have wafted you an *adeos* from the Rua do Alecrim.

## CONCLUSION.

*Southampton—October.*—Many sighs and tears, and “searchings of heart,” has it cost me to bid farewell to the lovely land of Portugal.

I left Lisbon five days ago in the South American Royal Mail boat *Liffey*. We were obliged to steam over to her near the Lazaretto, as she was in quarantine on account of the yellow fever in the Brazils. It was a very lovely morning—Cascaes; then the Cintra range, with La Peña on its highest peak, all very distinct. But from that point, fog—at times very dense—continued until we were off the Needles. Then, as a curtain drawn aside, it suddenly cleared off, displaying to view the Isle of Wight and the Hampshire coast—cheerful, bright, and verdant.

Amongst the passengers was an old Spaniard who proclaimed himself a Carlist officer, but *en retraite*. He reminded me greatly of Castella. He spoke no English, but in French and Spanish was profuse of pretty gallant speeches, and amused himself by training two pet birds for a lady. I inferred from this, remembering Castella's lecture on the Spanish character, that he had his fair share of the Don Juan



part, and also that the Quixote ingredient was sufficiently mixed up with it; for he was going on some mysterious errand to Ireland, and afterwards, he said, to Russia. He was also under the delusion with which so many Spaniards are afflicted, that Don Carlos is extremely popular in England, and that he is likely very soon to achieve success in his present struggle for power in Spain.

No sooner had we landed at Southampton than a thick fog again enveloped sea and land; a drizzling rain began to fall, and smoke and mud filled the streets of the grimy town.

What a climate! what a change!—I feel chilled both in body and soul. Make up a blazing fire; draw down the blinds and shut out the leaden atmosphere. Ah! *saudades! saudades profundas* for the sunny blue skies of fair Lusitania!

THE END.

# APPENDIX.

PAGE 58.

## GALOPE BURLESCO.

By J. D'ALMEIDA.

PIANO-FORTE.

*Allegro.*

*mf*

*ff* *f*

# APPENDIX.

1st Time. 2nd Time.

Coro.

Dan-çar es - te ga - lo - pe

Com fu - ror, com fu - ror té amanha - cer, Es-



# APPENDIX.

pe - ran - do o di - a, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah,

ah, ha. Que prazer, que ale-gria, ah, ah, ah, ah,

té romper o dia. dia. D.C. *f*

# APPENDIX.



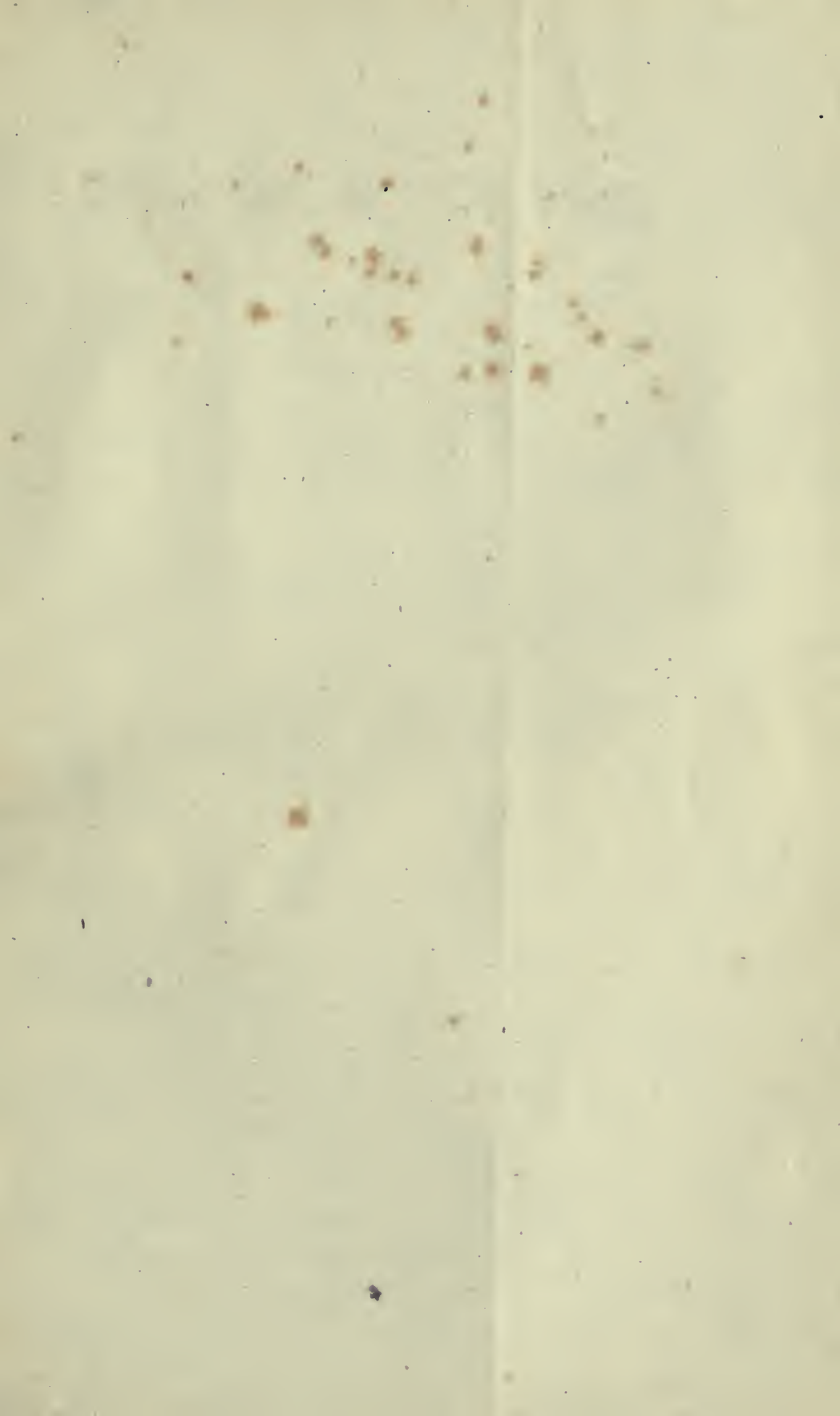
Dançar este galope, com furor, com furor, té amanhecer,  
Esperando o dia, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ha.  
Que prazer, que alegria, ah, ah, ah, ah, té romper o dia.

To dance this galope, with *furor*, until the break of day,  
Waiting for the morning light, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah.  
What pleasure, what delight, ah, ah, ah, ah, till the break of day.

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