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THE LISBON GUIDE,

OR AN

HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE VIEW

OF

THE CITY OF LISBON

AND ITS ENVIRONS,

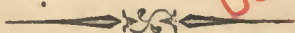
WITH NOTICES OF THE CHIEF PLACES

OF INTEREST IN PORTUGUESE

ESTREMADURA.

Second edition.

COSTA LOBO



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THE HISTORY OF THE

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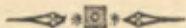
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COSTA LOBO



INTRODUCTION.



The want of a small work descriptive of Lisbon and its environs has been long felt and complained of by travellers. The following pages are intended to supply in some measure this desideratum. In giving an account of the Portuguese capital, the writer has endeavoured to combine accurate and ample information with suitable brevity. He flatters himself that the varied information scattered through this little volume will be at once useful and interesting to those for whose convenience it has been compiled.

THE LISBON GUIDE.

HISTORICAL SKETCH,



ORIGIN OF LISBON.

The origin of Lisbon, like that of many other cities, is involved in obscurity. The popular belief on the subject is that it was founded by Ulysses after the destruction of Troy, and that it received from him its name Ulyssippo. § It is related, on the authority of a writer quoted by Strabo, that the hero, after long contending with the tempestuous ocean, entered the Tagus for the double purpose of repairing the damage his ships had sustained in a storm, and of giving an interval of repose to his weary followers; that after a considerable delay, when he proposed to resume his voyage, he found few or none willing to exchange the security of a delightful harbour

§ Pliny and Gruter assert that the ancient name of Lisbon was Olisipo or Olisippo, a word of Phenician etymology meaning a pleasant bay.

for the stormy perils of an unknown ocean: that in this emergency he adapted himself to circumstances, and in accordance with the wishes of his men, traced out the foundations of a new city, and built a temple to Minerva; that the predatory habits of these conquerors of Troy soon drew upon them the hostility of the natives, and that the prudent chief representing to his followers this opposition as an insurmountable obstacle to their plans of permanent colonization, induced them to abandon the place, and to sail with him once more in search of Ithaca.

“That other chief th’ embroidered silk displays,
Tossed on the deep whole years of weary days,
On ‘Tagus’ banks at last his vows he paid.
To Wisdom’s God-like power, the Jove-horn
maid,
Who fired his lips with eloquence divine,
On Tagus’ banks he reared the hallowed shrine.
Ulysses he, though fated to destroy
On Asia’s ground the heaven-built towers of
Troy,
On Europe’s strand, more grateful to the skies,
He bade th’ eternal walls of Ilishon rise.

Lusiad n. viii.

THE CARTHAGINIANS AND ROMANS.

But leaving the regions of fiction we find that the first certain event recorded of Lisbon is its reduction with the rest of Spain under the dominion of Carthage. In the wars which the African republic waged against Rome, its citizens joined the standard of the victorious Hannibal. The lasting hatred against the Romans infused by that general into his followers afterwards displayed itself in the singular struggle which the Lusitani maintained under the immortal Viriatus; and, long after Carthage had fallen beneath the power of her rival, they still fought for independence under the conduct of Apimianus and Sertorius. The unequal contest at last terminated in the destruction of Lusitanian liberty, and the whole of further Spain was reduced into the form of a Roman province. Under the emperors good military roads were constructed, connecting Lisbon with the other principal towns of Lusitania; its ancient name Ulyssippo was changed into the more classical one of Felicitas Julia, as that of Beja was into Pax Julia. Both appellations were bestowed by Augustus; and the same emperor gave to Lisbon the privileges of a Roman *Municipium*.

THE GOTHS.

From the time of Augustus nothing worthy of notice occurs, till the reign of Honorius, when the Gothic invaders of the Roman empire, after desolating the fairest provinces of Italy and Gaul, scaled the Pyrenees, and scattered their countless legions over the Peninsula. Lisbon soon attracted the attention of the barbarians. The terrified inhabitants, following the temporizing policy of Rome, met with a calamity similar to that which befel the Italian capital. A prodigious sum procured the departure of the foe; the same year witnessed his return. The interval had been employed in providing additional means of defence, and the garrison had been raised to twice the number of men. For three months all the efforts of the barbarians to force an entrance had proved unavailing. At length a termination was put to the struggle by the treachery of Lucidius the commander of the garrison. The besiegers were admitted, and the city was given to be plundered. Yet, whatever Lisbon may have suffered from the rapacity of the invaders, she could not complain of preeminence in disaster; every city of Spain bore its share in the general calamity. The Gothic invasion, however, was not without its advantages. Impoverished by the

successive exactions of Roman governors the country had little to lose, perhaps much to gain by a change of masters. The Goths by incorporating themselves with the natives gradually spread among them ideas of independence, all tendency to which the suspicious policy of Rome had been careful to suppress; and thus, if the people under the Gothic sway retrograded in civilization, the evil was partly compensated by the onward move they made in liberty. Among the nations, which had followed the standard of Alaric, the principal were the Goths, properly so called, the Vandals, the Suevi, the Alani, and the Siligni. Each tribe had its own chief, and professed independence. These distinctions soon proved a fertile source of discord, and the conquered country, after being exposed to the miseries of invasion, was doomed to experience the horrors of civil war. Lisbon was a second time besieged and taken. The Goths, under Theodoric finally gained the ascendant; and during a space of two hundred years thirty Gothic kings successively wielded the sceptres of Spain and Portugal. Roderic closed the series; a man remarkable only for his shameful irregularities, which after having earned for him the detestation of his subjects, finally occasioned the loss of his crown and life in the year seven hundred and twelve.

THE MOORS.

The followers of Mahomet had at this period extended their power from the eastern borders of Arabia to the shores of the Atlantic. One only fortress bade defiance to their arms. This was Ceuta. Before this important place Musa, the general of the Caliph, appeared with an army of one hundred and forty thousand men. For a considerable time the efforts of the infidel were without success and his army would probably have wasted away before this impregnable rock had not the governor himself treacherously given him admission, to revenge an insult which Roderic had offered him in the person of his daughter. Count Julian not only became an Apostate and a traitor, but offered to head the expedition which had for its object the subjugation of the peninsula to the Mahometan yoke. The appearance of the forces after landing on the coast of Spain under Yarrick the lieutenant of Musa is thus described by Southey.

There on the beach the misbelievers spread,
 Their banners flaunting to the sun and breeze:
 Fair shone the sun upon their proud array,
 While turbans, glitt'ring armour, shield en-
 grailed
 With gold, and scymitars of Syrian steel,
 And gently did the breezes, as in sport,

Curl their long flags outrolling, and display
The blazoned scrolls of blasphemy.

The landing of the Moors was an event the more appalling as it was unexpected. No adequate means of checking the progress of the invaders had been provided; town after town was either forced or terrified into submission, and within the space of two years from the appearance of the Moslem fleet, the standard of Mahomet waved from every principal city in the Peninsula.

The dominion of the Moors forms a long and gloomy night in the history of Lisbon. In the year 793, after a Christian army had rallied round the king of Asturias, a successful effort was made by Don Alonzo, surnamed the Chaste, to wrest the city from the hands of the infidels. But though he gained, he was unable to retain possession of it. During a period of nearly 300 years, the Christians and Moors were alternately its masters. The importance of its position was equally felt by both parties, and many and bloody were the contests carried on either within the city itself or its immediate neighbourhood. In the mean time its population decreased, the appearance of its temples changed according to the religion of the victors, and its public buildings and ancient monuments were remorse-

lessly pulled down to aid in constructing works of defence. Even its name was destined to undergo a change. The ancient appellation of Lispo, the abbreviation of Ulisippo was transformed into Lisbo, an alteration easily accounted for, by the fact that the letter P does not occur in the Moorish alphabet.

AFFONSO HENRIQUES.

Such was the situation of Lisbon, when in the year 1101, Don Alonzo VI. king of Castile gave, with the hand of his daughter, the investiture of the whole kingdom of Portugal, to the valiant prince Henry, duke of Burgundy. This prince, by a series of victories over the Moors, had well nigh succeeded in realizing, before the end of his long reign, a title which when bestowed was only nominal. At his death he left a son, whose achievements were to form the first and brightest page in the history of the Portuguese monarchy. This was Affonso Henriques. Assuming the reins of government when only eighteen years old, he first combated and quelled an unnatural cabal in the regency, which had for its object to deprive him of the rights which he inherited from his father. His next efforts were

directed against the Moors. They were his avowed and natural enemies. Putting himself at the head of an army he advanced into Estremadura, crossed the Tagus, and carried devastation into the country south of that river. To arrest his progress, the infidels united their forces. Five Moorish kings assembled their respective armies on the plains of Ourique. Victory declared for Affonso, and he returned laden with spoil and with glory. His chief object in this expedition had been to strike terror into the enemy by ravaging the open country as he passed. An unsuccessful attempt on Lisbon closed the campaign. The great battle of Ourique was fought in 1177.

After a short repose he again took the field. From Lamego, where he had been proclaimed by the three estates, he marched once more in the direction of Lisbon. Leiria and Santarem were taken by assault; the smaller towns surrendered at discretion, and no further opposition was attempted till he came in sight of the Moorish capital. Here the infidels had determined to make a final stand. Having concentrated within the walls the best and bravest of their forces, they bade defiance to all the efforts of the besiegers. A strong wall defended by seventy-seven towers surrounded the place. Stores of every kind had been abundantly provided, and the energies of the

Christian army would probably have wasted away in as vain attempts as those that had been made the preceding year, had not a fortunate and unexpected occurrence taken place which ultimately decided the contest in favour of Affonso. This was the arrival of a numerous fleet, provided with every species of warlike stores, and having on board a Christian army. It is said to have been first descried from the rocks of Cintra by Affonso himself. To the king's emissaries it was replied, that the fleet which consisted of about two hundred gallies, was conveying to Palestine an army of crusaders, composed principally of English, French, Germans and Flemings, and that they had made for the Tagus for the purpose of watering, and repairing the damage which they had sustained at sea. The golden opportunity was not lost upon Affonso. He represented to the Commanders of the expedition that the infidels whom he was besieging were in effect the same as those whom they had bound themselves to conquer, and that to aid him in expelling from his dominions these enemies of the Christian name, was as meritorious and honourable an enterprise as if they had landed on the shores of Palestine. His arguments and entreaties prevailed. The forces amounting to twenty thousand men were landed, and the siege was

continued with the combined strength of both armies. §

The Moors spared no efforts to succour the place: they collected a considerable force and were marching on the besiegers when they were met, and forced to retreat.

At length on the 21st. of October after a siege of five months and a bloody assault of

§ Who the leaders were of the expedition which so opportunely appeared in the Tagus has been long a *vexata quæstio* among historians. Whilst all agree that the adventurers consisted of English, French, Germans and Flemings, only two coincide in their account of the person in command. Herreras and Faria y Sousa assert, that it was William Longsword who was assassinated in the year 942, more than a hundred years before the event in which he is said to have taken part. By others several distinguished names are mentioned,—such as Eric, king of Denmark, the Duke of Burgundy, and the count of Flanders. Roger and Henry of Huntingdon suppose the expedition to have been under the command of no particular chief, but that it was composed of an heterogeneous multitude who had taken the cross in different countries, and trusted more to the guidance of Heaven than to that of their leaders.

six hours the city was taken. Among other prodigies of valour performed on that memorable day, it is related of Don Martin Moniz that having succeeded in forcing his way through one of the passages leading to the citadel he singly retained possession of it against a host of assailants from within, and fell just at the moment that his men rushed through the opening.

The first care of Don Affonso after his victory was to bury the dead. The remains of his own followers he caused to be interred on the spot where he had fixed his encampment, on the eastern side of the city, and he erected a church over the place. By a similar disposition he consecrated to God the resting place of his allies who had fallen in the siege, on the western declivity, whence they had advanced to the assault. The former spot is now covered by the church of St. Vincent, the latter by that of our Lady of the Martyrs.

In return for the effectual service rendered to him by the Crusaders, Affonso bestowed on all who chose to remain, lands, which extended along the north bank of the Tagus as far as Villa Franca, and another tract at Almada, on the south side. Numbers, principally English, accepted the reward; the rest reembarked for Palestine. It is perhaps owing to the above circumstance that the first per-

son nominated to the bishopric of Lisbon after the expulsion of the Moors, was an Englishman. His name was Gilbert. He had quitted his native country with the Crusaders, and having remained with the English who accepted lands, was selected by Affonso to head the list of Lisbon's prelates. He was universally respected and beloved. Many instances of his talents, zeal, and piety are recorded in a Portuguese memoir of his life which is still extant.

The final conquest of Lisbon from the Moors forms a grand epoch in the history of the city, and was an event of the utmost importance to the infant monarchy. The Moors, in their brave but unsuccessful efforts to defend it, did not overrate its value. No less than 200,000 of them are said to have perished in the struggle.

BURNING OF THE CITY.

From this time, the history of Lisbon presents scarcely any event of importance till the reign of Ferdinand, towards the close of the fourteenth century, when the greatest part of the city was burned by Don Henrique, king of Castile.

On the death of Peter the Cruel, king of Castile, Ferdinand of Portugal laid claim to

the vacant throne, as great grandson of Don Sanchez. It was however seized by Don Henrique, the bastard brother of Peter, and his supposed murderer. A bloody and protracted war ensued between the two claimants. At last, Ferdinand was prevailed upon to accept the mediation of Pope Gregory XI., and a treaty of peace was solemnly entered into at Evora on the last day of March, 1371. Ferdinand, however, broke through his engagements, repudiated his queen Donna Leonor, the daughter of Don Henrique, and in open defiance of law and common decency, and in spite of the clamours and remonstrances of his subjects, married Donna Leonor Telles de Menezes, wife of João Lourenço da Cunha. Hereupon Don Henrique enraged to the highest degree at the insult offered to his daughter, and still farther inflamed by the pressing instances of the wretched husband, who had fled from Portugal and taken refuge in his court, entered Beira with a powerful army, declaring that he would not sheath his sword till he had taken a terrible vengeance. After reducing that province almost to a desert, he advanced into Estremadura, and meeting with but a feeble resistance, took possession of the unfortified part of Lisbon, and inflicted on its innocent inhabitants all the cruelties which a capricious and insatiable

revenge could invent. Finding himself unable to reduce the castle of St. George, the only part of Lisbon not in his hands, he resolved to draw off his forces to some distance: but, before he retired, he destroyed all the outworks that had fallen into his power and burnt the city to the ground. § The desolation which he caused is thus hinted at by Camoens,—

“The stern Castilian drew the vengeful brand,
 And strode proud victor o’er the trembling land.
 How dread the hour, when injured Heaven in
 rage

Thunders its vengeance on a guilty age!
 Unmanly sloth the king, the nation stained;
 And lewdness fostered by the monarch reigned.
 Such was his rage for beauteous Leonore,
 Her from her husband’s widowed arms he tore.
 Then with unblest unhallowed nuptials stained
 The sacred altar, and its rights profaned.
 Alas! the splendour of a crown how vain
 From Heaven’s dread eye to veil the dimmest
 stain.”

§ Some historians assert that Lisbon was set on fire by its inhabitants in order to rid themselves of the hated invaders, and force Ferdinand to come to terms with Don Henrique.

This terrible blow had the effect of hurthling the pride of Ferdinand, who had during this time been safely lodged with a small army in Santarem, and he reluctantly submitted to the conditions of peace dictated by the conqueror. Returning to Lisbon, he ordered its walls to be rebuilt. The work was begun on the thirtieth of September 1373, and terminated in July 1375.

PROCLAMATION OF JOHN I.

Upon the death of Ferdinand, his queen or paramour, Donna Leonor Telles assumed the reins of government, as regent for her daughter Beatrix, who had been married to the king of Castile. At the same time, Don John, the son of Peter and the unfortunate Inêz de Castro, was proclaimed in Lisbon. Upon this, that ill-fated prince was seized and imprisoned in Spain, and shortly after the king and queen of Castile were proclaimed by Donna Leonor in Lisbon to the great dissatisfaction of the people. This woman, whose character is one of the most infamous in history, so exasperated the Portuguese by her iniquitous rule, and the decided preference she always showed for foreigners, that a report spreading through the city that Don John, the brother of the late king, and Grand Master

of the order of Aviz; had assassinated in the palace her chief adviser and favourite, a Spaniard of the name of João Fernandez Andeiro upon whom she had bestowed the title of Conde de Ourem, the populace of Lisbon rushed to arms, and meeting the bishop Don Martinho, who was also a Spaniard and one of her creatures, they pursued him to the cathedral. Here he ascended the tower, and began to ring the tocsin, as a signal to the troops to come to his assistance, which so infuriated the populace that bursting open the doors of the church, they hurled him headlong from the roof. They then rushed to the palace (now the prison) of Limoeiro, and elected Don John regent by acclamation. Upon this the king of Castile entered Portugal with a powerful army, and besieged Lisbon, while his fleet took hostile possession of the Tagus.

The regent although destitute of a fleet, and almost without troops and money, resolved to make a determined stand for his country's liberties. He was indefatigable in his exertions; and owing to a secret correspondence he maintained with several Portuguese who surrounded the Castilian monarch, he anticipated all his attacks with vigour and success, and made several sorties which spread consternation through the camp of the besiegers. He commissioned the Prior of Crato to raise

an army in the north and invade Castile, and that brave patriot gained several brilliant advantages over the generals opposed to him. In the mean time, a strong squadron which had been equipped in Oporto, sailing out of the Douro captured several of the enemy's ships, and at last blockaded the Spanish fleet in the Tagus. The king had now grown weary of the siege, when a pestilential disease appeared in his army and swept away vast numbers of his troops. Notice was also brought that Alvares Pereira, the Lord High Constable, was approaching with a strong force from Evora; upon which he broke up the siege in great haste, and covered with ignominy, led back the miserable remnant of his army to Spain. In the beginning of April 1385, the regent was, by a solemn act of the Cortes assembled at Coimbra, chosen to fill the throne, which was considered vacant by the imprisonment of Don John in Castile, and which was declared to have been forfeited by the Castilian monarch, owing to his hostile invasion of the realm. He took the name of Don John I, and shortly afterwards gained the famous battle of Aljubarota, in which 6,600 Portuguese completely routed 30,000 Castilians, who lost in the battle and the pursuit one third of their entire army.

DEPARTURE OF VASCO DA GAMA.

The year 1496 was remarkable for the discovery of the passage to the East Indies round the Cape of Good Hope. For some time previous the enterprising spirit of the Portuguese had prompted them to undertake voyages along the coast of Africa. When they commenced their first voyage of discovery, it is probable that they had nothing farther in view than to explore those parts of the coast of Africa, which lay nearest to their own shores. But success animated them to fresh exertion, and prompted them to advance along the western shore of the African continent far beyond the utmost boundary of ancient navigation. At length they became more adventurous, despised dangers which formerly appalled them, and overcame difficulties, which they once deemed insurmountable. When, in the torrid zone which the ancients had declared to be uninhabitable, they found rich and fertile countries occupied by populous nations, and perceived that the continent of Africa instead of extending in breadth towards the west, according to the opinion of Ptolemy, contracted itself inwards to the east, more extensive prospects opened before them, and inspired them with hopes of reaching India, by continuing to hold the same course.

After several unsuccessful attempts to accomplish this object, a small squadron sailed from the Tagus § on the 20th. of March 1497, under the command of Vasco da Gama. × Though the abilities and courage of this officer fitted him to conduct the most arduous

§ On the brow of the hill which rises from the sands on which the castle of Belem is built is an old chapel in which it is said, this brave officer and his adventurous companions passed the night previous to their embarkation in prayer for the success of their perilous enterprise; and from that beach they quitted their native land amid the tears and prayers of thousands of their countrymen, who regarded them as devoted to certain destruction.

× Vasco da Gama was born at Sines, a seaport of Algarve, and was descended from an illustrious family. Don Emmanuel, as a mark of his esteem for his merit, and of gratitude for his services, made him Count of Vidigueira, and conferred the title of "Admiral of the Indian, Persian and, Arabian seas" on him and his heirs for ever. The enterprising Admiral set out from the Tagus on a second voyage with a fleet of twenty vessels on the 16th. of February 1502, and after revenging the insults which he had received in his first expedition,

enterprise, yet as he was unacquainted with the proper season and route of navigation over the vast ocean, through which he had to steer his course, his voyage was long and dangerous. At length he doubled that cape, which for several years had been an object of terror and of hope to his countrymen. Thence after a prosperous navigation, he arrived at the city of Melinda, whose inhabitants he found to be so far advanced in civilization and the various arts of life, as to carry on an active commerce, not only with the nations of their own coast, but with the remote countries of Asia. Conducted by their pilots, he sailed across the Indian Ocean, and landed at Calicut, on the coast of Malabar, in 1498, four months and two days after his departure from Lisbon.

Here he was exposed to numerous dangers from the open attacks or secret machinations of the Indians; but he extricated himself from them all with singular prudence and dexterity,

bombarding several strongholds, and dispersing numerous fleets of the native princes, he returned with thirteen ships, laden with eastern wealth, on the 1st. of September 1503. Don John having named him Viceroy of the Indies in 1524, he set off thither for the third time, but hardly had he laid siege to Cochin, when he died on Christmas eve 1525.

and at last departing with his ships laden not only with the commodities peculiar to that coast, but with many rich productions of the eastern part of India, he arrived in the Tagus, after an absence of two years, and landed amid the enthusiastic greetings of the whole population of Lisbon. The discoveries made in this arduous voyage led the way to all the great results which modern enterprise has effected; whilst to the Portuguese they opened an avenue to wealth and power far beyond their loftiest aspirings. From this time all the treasures of the east were poured out for centuries in one unceasing tide on the banks of the Tagus; and so rapidly did Lisbon rise in splendour and commercial importance that it soon became one of the richest and busiest emporiums of Europe.

In grateful acknowledgement to Heaven for the prosperous termination of this memorable voyage, king Emmanuel built the magnificent monastery and church of Santa Maria de Belem which will be fully noticed hereafter.

REVOLUTION OF 1640.

The next event of importance was the conspiracy against Spanish domination which broke out in Lisbon on the 1st. of December 1646, and ended in the revolution which

seated the Bragança family on the Portuguese throne.

After the death of Cardinal Don Henrique, who had succeeded the unfortunate Sebastian, no fewer than five candidates laid claim to the vacant throne. These were Philip II. of Castile, the duke of Savoy, the Prior of Crato, the Prince of Parma, and Don John, the seventh duke of Bragança. The people of Lisbon declaring for the Prior, he was proclaimed at Santarem, on the 24th. of June 1580, and immediately advancing to the capital, he issued laws, coined money, and opened the prisons, as if his claims had been acknowledged throughout the whole realm. He met however a powerful and successful antagonist in Philip of Spain, who after taking Setubal crossed the Tagus, attacked and defeated his troops, and after forcing him to flee from the kingdom, was solemnly enthroned monarch of Portugal in 1581. Philip dying in 1598, left the crown to his son Philip III, who in the twentieth year of his reign visited his Portuguese dominions: upon which occasion the inhabitants of Lisbon voluntarily incurred an enormous expense in preparations for his reception, hoping thereby to conciliate his esteem, and induce him to relax the odious oppression, under which they were groaning. He remained among them only four months, and dying in

1621, was succeeded by his son, Philip IV. This prince never once visited Portugal; and it would seem that he and his creatures, in whose hands were placed all the offices of state and posts of rank in this unhappy kingdom, studied to provoke the wrath of Heaven, and goad the Portuguese into rebellion by their open and shameless violation of almost every one of the privileges, which had been solemnly guaranteed to them by his royal grandsire.

At last so universal did the detestation of the Spanish government become, that a numerous body of the Portuguese nobles entered into a conspiracy to throw off the odious yoke. Their measures were taken with the greatest secrecy; they held numerous conferences before they proceeded to action, and it was agreed that they should, after clearing the palace of the execrated foreigners who had so long tyrannized over them, proclaim Don John the eighth duke of Bragança, king, and then unite in one grand effort to expel the Spaniards from the country. Having selected the 1st. of December 1640, for the glorious enterprise, they met as soon as it was dark, in the Terreiro do Paço, and as soon as the clock struck nine, which was the signal agreed upon, each one attacked the position which had been assigned him with such vigour and success,

that in three hours the whole revolution was accomplished. In this short space of time, the Spanish minister, Miguel de Vasconcellos, was seized and slain; the queen Regent, Margaret of Savoy, duchess of Mantua, who was entirely in the interest of the foreigners, was imprisoned in the palace, and forced to sign an order to the governor of the Castle to surrender it to the conspirators, Philip IV. was deposed, Don John proclaimed legitimate and sole king of Portugal, and the Spanish domination overthrown, after it had for sixty years been a scourge to the country. This great event, which placed the present royal family on the throne, is still commemorated by an annual procession in Lisbon on the first of December.

Under the wise and politic administration of the new monarch, the whole kingdom, and particularly the capital, recovered by a slow but steady progress from the injuries which had been inflicted on them during the galling tyranny of Spain. The commercial spirit of the people received a new impulse from the revival of national independence; new fleets were equipped; and the wealthy resources, that had been for sixty years turned from their natural channel into the insatiable coffers of the Spanish monarchs, once more flowed into the exhausted treasury of Lisbon.

But it was not till some years after the death of the "Restaurador," (as he is to this day styled by the Portuguese) and the accession of his grandson Don John V., that the kingdom regained its pristine power and splendor. During the reign of this fortunate monarch Lisbon was enriched and beautified by many works of art and public utility. Of these, the most remarkable was the great Aqueduct, erected for the purpose of conveying the waters of Bellas over the deep valley of Alcantara. This structure had been long in contemplation; but its accomplishment was reserved for Don John V, surnamed the Magnificent, who laid the foundation of it in the year 1713.

THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE.

From the period of the revolution of 1640, Lisbon enjoyed comparative quiet, being neither attacked from without, nor disturbed by commotions within, till the year 1755, when the greater part of the city was destroyed by one of the most tremendous earthquakes on record. Five years previously an unusually severe shock had been felt. During the four years that succeeded there was so excessive a drought that several springs, which till then had yielded plentiful supplies, were totally

dried up. The predominant winds were north and north-east, accompanied with frequent though very slight tremors of the earth. The first part of the year 1755 proved very wet: the summer was cooler than usual, and for forty days before the earthquake, the weather was clear. On the first of November, early in the morning, a thick fog arose, but was soon dissipated by the heat of the sun; and the whole atmosphere became perfectly serene and clear. At thirty five minutes past nine A. M. a low rumbling noise was heard resembling that of distant thunder, which gradually increased until it became as loud as the roar of artillery. It was at that moment that the first shock of the earthquake took place. The buildings rocked from side to side like a ship in a heavy sea, and such was the violence of the commotion that the upper stories immediately gave way, and fell, crushing their occupants to death, as well as those who were passing in the streets below. The motion of the earth was so great, that it was impossible to stand, and the terrors of this awful and unexpected calamity were still more fearfully aggravated, by the extreme darkness which succeeded to the light of day. Numbers precipitated themselves from the windows, to avoid being buried in the ruins of their falling habitations. All who could, forced their

way over the masses of ruins, to the open squares, or to the river side, in order to escape the stones, and pieces of timber that threatened to fall upon them from the houses in the narrow streets. As the first of November was the great festival of All Saints, the churches were crowded, and in them perished great numbers, crushed under the falling buildings. Most of the churches in the city were destroyed. A mingled multitude rushing to the quays raised to Heaven the loud cry of supplication, "Mercy, mercy, O Lord, have mercy!"

In the midst of this desolation, a second shock, almost as violent as the first, completed the work of destruction. Shrieks of agony and despair resounded from every side. The church of St. Catherine, already much injured by the first shock, fell to the ground with a tremendous crash, killing vast numbers who had fled for safety to the height on which the building stood. But the most dreadful consequences of this second shock were felt by those who had congregated in the neighbourhood of the river, which, from being in a state of the most perfect calm, was suddenly elevated at its bar, and thence came rolling onward in one mountain wave, overwhelming in its course, the streets and quays along its banks. In vain the crowds attempted to fly; the irruption

was too rapid to allow of any escape, and they were all buried beneath the waves! At the same time a magnificent stone quay at the Terreiro do Paço, which had been recently finished sunk by the opening of the earth, and totally disappeared, with all who were on it. A number of boats and small craft, that were anchored near, and attached to the quay, and which were filled with persons who imagined that the river would afford a place of safety, were at the same moment swallowed up.

Several of the vessels at anchor were dashed from their moorings, and driven ashore, and against each other; while others were engulfed in whirlpools, or capsized by the violence of the wind, and the heaving of the water. A captain of a ship that survived these perils, and who witnessed the phenomena, stated, that the city appeared to him as if waving to and fro, like the waves of the sea, when agitated by a rising wind, and that such was the commotion under the water, that the anchor of his own vessel became visible at the surface.

The river rose three fathoms, and as suddenly fell again. The calamity now appeared to be at its height, when a third shock succeeded. Though this was less violent than the preceding ones, it had the effect of making the river rise, and retire, with the same rapidity, and impetuosity as before, so that vessels

anchored in seven fathoms water, were suddenly stranded. This alternate rise and fall of the river, continued at intervals for a considerable time, and each time caused fresh damage and loss of life. The terrified inhabitants believed that the final day of doom had arrived, or at least, that their city was being swept away from the face of the earth.

At length however, the shocks ceased, but only to be succeeded by a calamity no less awful, and destructive. A fire burst forth in several quarters with such fury that in a short time the whole of Lisbon appeared in one vast blaze. As the fire simultaneously appeared in various quarters, it is supposed to have originated in the churches where by the rocking of the buildings the drapery was probably brought into contact with the candles that were lighted for divine service, while all the attendants were too intent on seeking their own safety to think of preventing or extinguishing the conflagration. The destruction of property caused by the fire was not less than that occasioned by the earthquake. It was not till the close of the sixth day that the progress of the flames was checked.

The king, queen and royal family fled from the palace only a few moments previous to its fall. The Spanish ambassador, with nine persons belonging to his family, was buried

beneath the ruins of his residence. The only Englishman of note who is recorded to have lost his life on this occasion, was the Rev. J. Mauley, President of the English college.

The losses sustained by the different foreign nations on this fatal day were computed at the time to amount to 10,000,000 pounds sterling, in the following proportion:—

The British islands	6,400,000
Hamburgh	1,660 000
The rest of Germany	80,000
Italy	1,000,000
Holland	400,000
France	160,000
Sweden	120,000
The rest of Europe	320,000

Total L. 10,080,000

The losses of the Portuguese were immense. In the royal palace, the Patriarch's establishment, the custom-house, sete casas and theatre they are calculated at 10,000,000: in churches and private houses at 23,000,000: in furniture, stores and other goods at 480,000,000 besides 1,230 000, in church ornaments, sacred vessels, marbles, candelabra, statues and paintings; in coined money 1,000,000: in diamonds, jewels and precious stones 4,000,000; besides 2,000,000 in diamonds belonging to the crown. Adding these enormous sums to

those lost by foreigners, as above stated, we shall find the grand total to amount to the sum of L.536,360.000.

Out of 20.000 dwelling houses scarcely 3.000 remained that could be inhabited with safety, and beneath the ruins of those that were thrown down, were buried from 24,000 to 25,000 persons.

We cannot close our sketch of this catastrophe without recording the zealous and energetic exertions of the English nation to alleviate the distress of the wretched sufferers. King George II. no sooner heard of the fatal calamity, than he sent down a message to Parliament, suggesting the propriety of sending speedy succours to the inhabitants of the ill fated city. This appeal to English generosity was nobly and liberally responded to; and a munificent sum was voted out of the public purse for this benevolent purpose: it was transmitted with all possible dispatch to Lisbon, partly in money and partly in food, and every variety of stores: and the latter proved to be the most welcome portion of the present §

§ It is a remarkable fact, says Mr. Baker in his chronological and historical exercises, that at the time of this calamitous event, the waters of Loch Lomond and Loch Ness

THE MARQUIS OF POMBAL.

Lisbon soon rose from its ruins. Through the energy, talents and persevering exertions of the marquis of Pombal, the celebrated minister of king Joseph I, those portions of the city, which had apparently received the most irreparable damage, were reconstructed in a modern and altogether superior style. The prosperous state of the finances, owing to the prodigious sums which were annually drawn from Brazil and the eastern colonies, enabled the government to repair the ruined edifices in an incredibly short space of time. The wealth of the court, and the devotion of the citizens soon produced rich palaces, spacious churches, and splendid monasteries in every

beautiful lakes in Scotland, were agitated in an uncommon manner. The last continued ebbing and flowing for the space of an hour, when a wave much greater than the others terminated the commotion by overflowing the north beach of the lake to the extent of thirty feet. At the same period a singular phenomenon happened to the hot well in Bristol: the water became as red as blood, and so very turbid that it could not be drunk. The water also of a common well, which had been remarkably clear, at once turned as

quarter : whilst in the centre of the town, instead of the irregular houses, among which wound narrow, crooked, and ill-paved streets, might be seen long and symmetrical rows of buildings, intersected by wide and open thoroughfares, which were bordered by neat foot-paths, and laid out with taste and method. Thus a temporary disaster was by the genius of Pombal converted into a source of lasting benefit to the capital.

Having said thus much in praise of the despotic minister, who for a long period ruled the destinies of Portugal, we must here close the brief catalogue of his good qualities. As for the rest, his administration was a tissue of flagrant enormities and unparalleled cruelties. To depress the nobility, to acquire an

black as ink, and continued unfit for use for nearly a fortnight. The tide likewise in the river Avon flowed back contrary to its natural course ; and various other effects of some unknown convulsion in the bowels of the earth were perceived in different places. But all conjecture as to the cause of these extraordinary circumstances was in vain, till the news arrived of the earthquake at Lisbon having happened on the same day, which gave a satisfactory solution to the several phenomena.

unlimited ascendancy over the mind of king Joseph, and thus to make even the royal authority subservient to his arbitrary purposes, to fill every post, military and civil, with his own creatures, and amass an enormous fortune out of the confiscated estates of the victims of his oppression were the guiding principles of his policy. Every one that gave him umbrage was mercilessly, immured in one or other of the many prisons which he erected, and left there to pine away without a trial, and often without being even informed of the crime which was laid to his charge. §.

But one of the foulest blots on his moral as well as his political character was the conspiracy which he formed, or at least abetted; for the purpose of ruining some of the first families in the kingdom.

§ When, upon the death of Joseph, Pombal was disgraced, and the fatal prisons were opened, 800 persons, who had long before been supposed to have perished, were liberated; they were the miserable remnants of about 9,000 victims, whom the minister had buried in his subterranean dungeons. Among the survivors was Father Ailworth, an English man, who during the long space of nineteen years had been immured in the Castle of St. Julian.

On the night of the 3rd. of September 1758, the king was attacked in a solitary spot, not far from his country palace at Belem by a band of desperadoes, and narrowly escaped assassination at their hands. Hereupon the crafty minister who may be said to have owed his long tenure of office to his *detection of feigned conspiracies*, persuaded the king that the attempt at assassination had been plotted by several noble families, who unable to brook the exercise of royal authority, had resolved to free themselves by this guilty act from his *paternal guidance*. The weak monarch, disturbed and terrified by the late outrage, gave credit to the base fabrication: and every noble family which was obnoxious to the minister, beheld its principal members, of both sexes, either exiled or imprisoned, its estates confiscated, and its name declared infamous. Nor was this all: tortures were employed to extort from the noble victims a confession of guilt; and when this did not succeed to the minister's satisfaction, he fabricated statements which he denominated evidence; and the ill-fated nobles were condemned to the scaffold. The sentence was executed upon most of the accused, and they perished in frightful torments on the quay of Belem on the 13th. of January 1759. Their bodies were burnt, their ashes cast into the Tagus, and their palaces

razed to the ground. § After the fall of the execrated minister, their innocence was, after a patient and searching scrutiny, solemnly and authentically declared.

Another object of the jealousy of Pombal was the Church. Against this he plainly saw that he could deal a ruder blow, than by suppressing the order of the Jesuits, whose highest encomium is, that they have ever been selected as objects of attack by the advocates of infidelity, and the abettors of tyranny, and by all those who have either, like Pombal, shamelessly upheld despotism in all its naked horrors, or like modern freethinkers in France and elsewhere, disguised their real purpose under the sacred names of "Liberty and constitutional freedom." The conspiracy which he had framed and detected, afforded him a favourable opportunity for executing his design. Three Jesuits were, accordingly, arrested at the same time with the unfortunate nobles ;

§ The most illustrious of these families were those of Aveiro and Tavora. The first was extirpated: the second, which had incurred the enmity of Pombal by one of its members declining an alliance with his son, was stripped of its titles for ever! Persons are still living in Lisbon, who have seen the descendants of this noble house begging in the streets.

but, in Portugal, the Pope's Nuncio had alone the right of pronouncing judgment on the clergy. Pombal instantly applied to Rome to dispense with this right. Some delay took place in the reply, and the unscrupulous minister at once determined to cut the knot. He issued a decree by which all the Jesuits were banished from the dominions of Portugal, and their property confiscated for the use of the crown. He next expelled the Pope's Nuncio from Lisbon, and recalled the Portuguese ambassador from Rome: and not content with these acts of violence, he caused Father Malagrida, whom he had in vain attempted to involve in a charge of treason, to be accused of heresy, and burnt in a solemn *Auto da-Fè*.§

§So absurd and unfounded was the charge of conspiracy which the Marquis brought against the Jesuits, that Voltaire himself, his fellow conspirator against Christianity and social order, could not but turn it into ridicule. *Plaisante conspiration*, wrote that enemy of the order, *unique a coup sûr dans l'histoire de tous les siècles! Ourdie tout-à-la fois par des Capucins, des marchands, des nobles, des militaires, des évêques, des Jesuites existants a Goa, au Bresil, a Lisbonne, des Allemands, des Hongrois, des Polonais, des Italiens, des*

On the death of Joseph, in 1777, he fell into disgrace, and though one universal burst of national execration called for vengeance on his crimes, the queen, out of respect for her father's memory, allowed him to die in peace. He was, however, banished twenty leagues from the court, and in the year 1782, he died in his country residence at Pombal, in the eighty third year of his age. His unburied remains may still be seen in the church of the Franciscans in the same town. The exemplary virtues of his present descendants favourably contrast with the character which truth has compelled us to draw of this talented but unprincipled statesman.

THE FRENCH.

The close of the year 1803 presented a new and interesting phenomenon in modern history, the migration of an European court to a western hemisphere. It had been long a topic of serious consideration between the cabinets of great Britain and Portugal, whether in the case of an actual invasion by France,

Portugais, &c. S'il ne fut jamais de mensonge plus atroce et plus ensanglanté, il n'en fut pas non plus de plus grossier, et de plus ridicule.

the Portuguese court might not be advantageously transferred to its dependencies in South America: and the assembling of an army of 40,000 men at Bayonne, for the avowed purpose of invading the territories of the house of Bragança, threatened speedily to demand from the prince Regent this weighty sacrifice. In vain had Portugal exhausted the royal treasury, and made innumerable sacrifices to preserve her neutrality: in vain had she closed her ports to the ships of an ancient ally: & the French were preparing to march into the interior of the kingdom, and the French ambassador having failed in his endeavours to involve the prince Regent in the war against England, had quitted Lisbon. These events were notified to the chamber of Commerce for the information of the British residents; and the preparations which had been previously begun by them for settling their affairs and withdrawing from the country, were now continued with redoubled urgency. The activity and confusion in the Custom house and port of Lisbon were extreme; the most extravagant terms were demanded for the conveyance of residents with their families, to England in vessels but ill adapted for their ac-

§ By the decree for the exclusion of English ships, dated Lisbon, October 22nd. 1807.

commodation, or even for security, and towards the end of October scarcely anything British, except British feelings remained in the country.

In the mean time the Portuguese navy was equipped with all possible expedition. The preparations were made on a large scale, and stores provided for a long voyage. Lord Strangford, the British ambassador, was indefatigable in his exertions to confirm the wavering purpose of the court, and effect a speedy embarkation. A strong reluctance, however, to quit his native shores was manifested by the prince; and in proportion as the time approached for a definite decision, the less inclined did he seem to make the momentous sacrifice. So far did his wishes to conciliate France prevail, that on the 8th of November, he signed an order for detaining the few British subjects, and that small portion of British property, that still remained in his dominions. On the publication of this decree, Lord Strangford demanded his passports, and, presenting a final remonstrance to the court, proceeded to join the squadron under Sir Sidney Smith, which had been sent to the coast of Portugal to assist in saving the royal family, or, in the worst event, to prevent the Portuguese fleet from falling into the possession of the enemy. A most vigorous blockade of the Tagus was

immediately resolved upon; but after a few days the intercourse of the British ambassador and the court was renewed, at the request of the former, who, on his proceeding to Lisbon, found all the apprehensions of the prince now directed to a French army, and all his hopes to a British fleet. To explain this singular change in the politics of the Portuguese court it must be observed, that in the interval between the departure and the return of Lord Strangford, the prince had received intelligence that Bonaparte had fulminated against him one of those edicts which had almost invariably been followed by the subversion of thrones. The proclamation "the house of Bragança has ceased to reign," § had gone forth, and to this alarming denunciation, which cut off all hopes of compromise, even by the most humiliating submission, was to be ascribed the complacency, with which the renewed intercourse with England was accepted. So great was the panic that prevailed in the court that it now manifested as much avidity to effect a departure, as it had previously shown hesitation and reluctance towards it. The interview with the English ambassador took place on the 27th of November, and on

§ The Moniteur of the 11th of November 1807.

the morning of the 29th the Portuguese fleet sailed out of the Tagus with the whole of the royal family of Bragança, and a considerable number of faithful counsellors, and respectable and opulent adherents. The fleet consisted of eight sail of the line, four large frigates, and several other vessels of war, besides a number of merchant ships, and amounted in all to thirty six sail, containing about 18,000 Portuguese subjects.

So critical was the juncture that before the Portuguese fleet quitted the Tagus, the French army, under general Junot, with their Spanish auxiliaries were in sight, and on the following day the invaders entered Lisbon without opposition. x

From the deep rooted aversion of the Portuguese to the French, Junot soon discovered that all his exertions would be required to preserve the public tranquillity. By the con-

x On the arrival of the French and Spanish army on the Portuguese frontier, the invaders wrote to the Marquis of Alorna, the commandant of Elvas, to enquire whether they were to be "received as friends or as enemies?" to which the Marquis laconically replied:

"Sir, — We are unable to entertain you as friends, or to resist you as enemies. Yours &c. — Alorna.

stant blockade of the port the inhabitants experienced much inconvenience: the horrors of famine began to be felt; trade was entirely destroyed; money was so scarce that there was no sale for any goods but those of the most pressing necessity; scarcely any merchants paid their bills, or accepted those which were drawn upon them; the India House was closed; and every thing bore the appearance of gloom and despondency. From all these causes the minds of the people were excited to an extreme state of irritation; disturbances frequently took place in the city; and in the surrounding country assassinations were daily committed. The hoisting of the French colours aroused the populace against the invaders of their country, and the soldiers were obliged to fire repeatedly upon them before they could be compelled to disperse.

There can be no doubt, however, that the French force would have eventually brought the inhabitants of Lisbon under complete subjection, had not the general and determined opposition of the Spaniards to Bonaparte's views, the rising in the north of Portugal, the revolt in the city of Oporto, and the disembarkation of a powerful English force under Sir Arthur Wellesley in Mondego bay, fortunately conspired to set them free. The battles of Roliça and Vimieiro were now fought and

lost by the French; the disgraceful convention of Cintra was signed; and the invaders and plunderers of Portugal with all their booty, were allowed to be transported at an enemy's cost to their native shores. On the 15th of September 1808 Lisbon was completely freed from the presence of the execrated French, who for ten months had devastated the country, plundered its wealth, destroyed or carried off its artistic productions, desecrated its temples, and demoralized its inhabitants. §

CONSTITUTIONAL CODES.

The French in their progress through the Peninsula had industriously spread revolutionary principles. In the absence of the court the affairs of government were conducted by a Regency, named by John VI. which consisted of five members. Up to this period Portugal had been ruled by hereditary monarchs, whose power was controlled by a National representation consisting of Clergy, Nobility, and People, called the Three Estates of the realm. The nobles and the higher orders of

§ The total number of French troops who embarked from Lisbon in virtue of the convention of Cintra, amounted to 24,035 men.

the clergy were members of the Cortes in virtue of their rank or office; the people sent their deputies elected by the cities and towns. They were called together and dissolved at the Royal pleasure. §

§ They were first summoned in 1143 by Alfonso Henriques, the founder of the monarchy, and have been generally termed the Cortes of Lamego.—As proofs of the power vested in these representatives from the earliest times and of the noble spirit of national freedom and independance which characterised its exercise, the *Englishman* will read with pleasure the following extracts from their history.

In 1143. after they had proclaimed Alfonso king and sworn allegiance to him, Lourenço Viegas (the speaker) then said, — “Do you wish that the king Our Lord should go to the Cortes of the king of Leon, or pay tribute to him or to any other person, except the Pope, who confirmed him in the kingdom?” And they all arose, holding their naked swords in their hands, and standing up, they said, — “We are free—our king is free: our own hands freed us, and the Lord who shall consent to any such thing, shall die, and if he should be the king, he shall not reign over us.” And the king again rose up, and with the crown on his head, said to all, — “You know how

Whatever may have been the evils of the ancient regime, and however liable to occasional abuse the power which it conferred on the sovereign, still it cannot be denied that under it the Portuguese had been on the whole an united and happy people. Under it had passed

many battles I have fought for your freedom; of this you were good witnesses, and so also are my arms and sword. If any one should consent to do so, he shall on that account die, and if it should be a son of mine, or a grandson, let him not reign." And they all said—"Good pledge, let him die. The king, if he should act so as to consent to a foreign dominion, shall not reign, &c."

Again, when Don Affonso IV. succeeded to the throne, he so far addicted himself to the pleasures of the chase as to sacrifice to it all attention to his royal duties: Entering the council-chamber on one occasion, he related with much pride a long and circumstantial account of his hunting feats, when one of the members of the Cortes thus addressed him. "Sire, the Cortes and camps, not woods and deserts were made for kings: when they are lost in amusements, a grievous injury is done to public business; and that nation is hastening to utter destruction whose sovereign is more intent on his pleasures than on the duties

the palmy days of their history, and with it were linked the glorious feats of their enterprising and chivalrous forefathers. But the new philosophy of France here, as well as in other countries, secretly but effectually gained ground. The first attempts at innovation were

which he owes to his people. We are not here assembled to listen to an account of your field sports, which may be all glorious in their way, but deserving only the applause of hunters. If your Highness be desirous of relieving the necessities of your people, and of correcting existing abuses, you will find in them humble and obedient vassals, if not". The king, stung by this insinuation, angrily answered, "If not, what then?" "If not" replied the member in the same tone as before, "they will choose another king." On this Don Alfonso lost all patience, and after venting his indignation in the most violent language, rushed out transported with fury. But he shortly returned, calmed and tranquil, and said to them: "I have found what you said to be true: he who governs not as a king, cannot long possess subjects. From this day forward you will find me not Don Alfonso, the hunter, but Alfonso, the king of Portugal."

The most important and celebrated meetings

unsuccessful, and those who prominently engaged in them fell martyrs to the cause. In the year 1818, on the 18th of October, General Gomes Freire de Andrade was executed, as were also some others of less note for conspiring to overthrow the established order of things.

Two years later a fresh attempt was made and succeeded. On the 24th of August, 1820, the constitution was first proclaimed at Oporto, and on the 15th of the following month in Lisbon. The Regency was dissolved, and

of the Cortes were in the year 1145, when they swore allegiance to Affonso Henriques; in 1385 when they proclaimed as sovereign the Master of Aviz, and did him homage to the exclusion of the king and queen of Castile; in 1640 when they elevated Don John IV. from the dukedom of Brangança to the throne, after the yoke of the Castilian Philips had been shaken off: and lastly, in 1828, when they declared Don Pedro and his descendants excluded from the crown, and Don Miguel called thereto, &c.

It does not seem probable that these *old* Cortes will be ever again summoned, hence perhaps this short notice of the national representation under the ancient regime may not be uninteresting to the English reader.

in the name of the king, who was at Rio de Janeiro, a provisional junta was established.

The first efforts of the recently installed government were directed to frame a code in harmony with the new views. It was proclaimed and sworn to on the 11th of November following. In the year 1822 the king returned from Brazil, and on the very day of his landing was made to swear himself the First Citizen of the kingdom.

The fundamental change that had taken place in the government was followed by very material alterations in almost all the laws and institutions of the country. These changes were embodied in what was termed the *Nova Lei Fundamental*, § which was proclaimed and sworn to in 1822. By this code the sovereignty was declared to reside essentially in the people, and the title of Majesty was given to the Cortes. But before these novel experiments in legislation had time to take root in the affections of the people, who could not be made to understand what they had gained by the change, an end was put to them by a counter-revolution brought about by the king's second son Don Miguel, who was Commander-in-chief of the army.

In the year 1824, was beheld the novel

§ New fundamental Law.

spectacle of the Portuguese king seeking refuge on board an English ship of the line (the Windsor Castle) from a real or feigned conspiracy. How far the Infante Don Miguel was innocent or guilty in the affair, his friends and his foes are not agreed; but before the king left his asylum, he signed a decree for expatriating his son, who was conveyed in a Portuguese frigate to Brest, whence he went to Vienna, in which city he continued till after the death of his father, which happened in March 1826.

The next phase of this eventful period was the regency of Donna Izabel Maria who shortly after received from her brother Don Pedro, then emperor of Brazil, what afterwards proved an apple of discord for this unhappy country, the Constitutional Charter, of which our minister Sir Charles Stuart was the bearer.

Then followed the return of Don Miguel in February 1827, and his trampling on the Charter, as well as on the claims of his niece Donna Maria, to whom her father Don Pedro had made over whatever rights he himself possessed to the crown of Portugal. The war of succession ensued: which commencing in the island of Terceira in 1830, continued with varied success to the contending parties, but invariably to the prejudice of the country at large, till the year 1833, when the duke of

Terceira, having landed in Algarve with 2,000 men rapidly marched to Caçilhas, and on the 24th of July entered Lisbon, which the duke of Cadaval, the timid commander of the forces in the city, had precipitately abandoned the night previous. The war lingered on for some months, till the arms of Donna Maria, supported by the Quadruple alliance, finally prevailed, and Don Miguel was compelled to sign the convention of Evoramonte, and to quit the kingdom.

The events that followed are too well known to require that we should detail them in the present sketch: we shall, therefore, conclude by pointing out the prominent features of the Constitutional Charter, as it emanated from the hands of Don Pedro in April 1826, previously to the numerous remodellings which have subsequently been made in its provisions.

By this Charter, 1st the sovereignty, which by the Constitution of 1822 was declared to reside essentially in the People, was restored to the crown, and the monarch thus became something more than the First Citizen of the Realm:— 2nd, a new National Representation was established, consisting of two chambers (*Camaras*), one of Deputies, who were to be elected indirectly by the People, and another of Peers, hereditary and for life:—

3rd. to the three Powers, Legislative, Executive and Judicial, was added a fourth, called the "Moderating Power," (*Poder Moderador*,) which was seated in the sovereign and gave him an absolute *Veto* upon all public measures.

ILLUSTRIOUS MEN.

Lisbon has given birth to many illustrious men. For the holiness of their lives, and their enlightened and disinterested zeal for religion may be mentioned St. Anthony, surnamed of Padua, St. Alvaro de Cordova, St. Olympius, Bartholomew de Martyribus, Pedro Negles, and Thadeu, who was styled the Apostle of the Canary Islands. In scholastic and moral Theology few have been more celebrated than Don André Almada, whose masterly treatise *De Incarnatione*, has ever been greatly esteemed. To him may be added Fr. Francisco Fereira, who collated the Portuguese translation of the Scripture with the Hebrew, and Fr. João de S. Thomas, who on account of his numerous learned works has been styled the St. Thomas of his age. For an intimate acquaintance with Ascetic or mystic Theology, Fathers Alexander de Guzman, Manoel Bernardes, and Manoel Guilherme have been justly celebrated. Lisbon has also produced

several distinguished orators, the most eminent of whom were P. Antonio Vieira, and Fr. Timotheo de Seabra. Luiz de Camoens, the well known author of the *Lusiad*, was also a native of this city. §

Here also were born Antonio Bacelar, Antonio Perreira, Estevão Rodrigues de Castro,

§ Luiz de Camões was born in 1517, and was descended from a noble family originally Spanish. At an early age he lost his father by shipwreck; after which his mother, though poor, sent him to the university. Afterwards his talents gained him favour at court; but some of his uncourtly satires caused his banishment from Lisbon. In his retirement at Santarem he commenced his *Lusiad*; but, his ardent temperament ill brooking inactivity, he joined an armament fitted out by John III. to succour Ceuta in Africa, and in an action with the Moors he lost an eye. While in the camp, he continued his great work, when, as his muse sings, —

“One hand the pen, and one the sword employed”

The heroism which he displayed in various expeditions restored him to the favour of the court, but intrigue blasted his prospects, and in 1553, disgusted with Lisbon, he sailed for India, sighing his adieu in the words of Scipio Africanus's epitaph, *Ingrata Patria, non*

Don Francisco de Mello, Fr. Manoel de S. José, all distinguished cultivators of the Lyric Muse. Some of the best historians of Portugal, as Antonio Paes Veigas, P. Balthasar Telles, Fr. Bernardino da Silva, Diogo de

possidebis ossa mea! Here again he lost by his satires what he gained by his genius: and was exiled to China. His next appointment was to a commissariat in the island of Macao, where he prosecuted his literary labours in peace. Having acquired a small fortune, he sailed again for Goa, but the ship was wrecked, and he saved nothing but his poem, which, like another Cæsar, he held above the waves with his right hand, swimming with his left to the banks of the Mahon. At last reaching Goa, he soon conciliated the friendship of the viceroy, Don Constantine da Bragança, and during his administration spent the happiest days of his chequered life. But persecution and imprisonment ensued, under the new viceroy Rodondo; and at last he quitted the east for ever, bringing with him his poems as his only treasure. Dedicating his *Lusiad* to king Sebastian, he published it in Lisbon, in 1572, and from this prince received a pension of 4000 reales. But fortune did not long smile upon him; and he had to depend for subsistence on alms, collected by a faithful black

Couto, and, in late years, the Viscount de Santarem, § were also natives of this city.

The second of the Popes, to whom Portugal has given birth, was born in Lisbon, in the parish of St. Julian, and was successively created Archdeacon of Vermium, Prior of Guimaraës, and finally Archbishop of Braga,

servant, who had been his constant attendant abroad. Chagrin and poverty hastened his death, which happened in 1674. His devotion to his country was faithful to the last. In one of his letters he writes: "Em fim acabarei a vida, e verão todos que fui afeiçoado á minha patria."

§ The chief works of this highly talented and patriotic nobleman are: *Memorias para a Historia e Theoria das Cortes Geraes, que em Portugal se celebrárão, pelos Tres Estados do Reino, ordenadas e compostas no anno de 1824, &c.* and, *Quadro Elementar das Relações Politicas e Diplomaticas de Portugal com as diversas potencias do mundo, &c.* The first of these works is an abridgement of the history of institutions, constituting the pride of the Portuguese, in the best period of their history. Clear, concise, and supported by the best authorities, it is a work of patient industry and unwearied research.

when he was named Cardinal along with St. Bonaventure, by pope Gregory X. in the general council of Lyons in 1274. He succeeded Adrian V. in the pontifical chair, and took the name of John XX. or, according to others, XXI:—the difference arising from the exclusion by some authors of the antipope John XVIII. from the list of popes. The new pontiff did not long enjoy his honours: he was taken ill at Viterbo, and owing to want of proper medical treatment, expired in six days, in May 1277: having reigned eight months. He was contemporary with Don Alfonso III; was a munificent patron of literature, and wrote several works.

We should be guilty of a gross omission were we not to mention the two most eminent literary characters in Lisbon at the present day, — Alineida Garrett and Antonio Feliciano de Castilho.

The former is of Irish extraction, and has distinguished himself by his talent in debate and by his cultivation of the muses. He is a member of many literary societies, and is looked up to by his countrymen as an oracle in histrionic criticism.

The history of the latter is so remarkable that it will plead our apology for introducing him by a more circumstantial account to the acquaintance of the reader.

Antonio Feliciano de Castilho was born in Lisbon in the year 1800, of a family in which the love of literature is hereditary. At three years of age he had the misfortune to be so far deprived of his sight as to be able only to distinguish very brilliant colours from dark ones, but not to see the forms of the objects that are presented to him, and consequently he has never learned to read. It was at first believed that this calamity would be an effectual bar to all literary pursuits in the young Castilho. But a decided passion for study which early developed itself, and the extraordinary talents with which he was gifted, overbalanced this natural defect. He attended all the lessons which were given to his brothers, and with no other means than that of oral instruction, so rapid was his progress as to be a subject of astonishment to his masters. At fifteen years of age the blind youth had completed a preparatory course of Grammar, of Rhetoric, of History, of Philosophy, of the Greek language, and what is still more surprising of Geometry.

With the help of his fondly attached brother Augustus F. de Castilho, who afterwards entered holy orders, he made himself acquainted with all the classic authors ancient and modern, both of his own and other countries. His poetical genius displayed itself as

early as his thirteenth year in several Latin poems, which excited general admiration. Shortly after he composed in his native tongue an Elegy on the death of Queen Mary I. But he was far from dedicating all his time to the Muses: he applied himself to Botany, History and Physics, and went through a complete course of law in the university of Coimbra. Whilst engaged in this last study, he composed his first essays in pastoral poetry, "The letters of Echo and Narcissus," and "a Poem on Spring." The first of these works went through four editions in the course of a few years, and this, be it remembered, in Portugal. His brother having been nominated to an incumbency in a romantic part of the country, our author accompanied him to this retreat: where in the enchantment of solitude, and amid the beautiful scenes of nature, all which he saw through the eyes of his brother he continued without interruption his literary labours. He translated into Portuguese the Metamorphoses of Ovid, and the greater part of the tragedies of Duncis. We should have mentioned that he is a perfect master of the French and many other living languages. Here also he published a poem entitled '*A Noite do Castello*,' (The Night of the Castle) and a variety of other pieces.

Castilho has been married twice. The history of his first marriage had in it something of romance. A young lady with a very long name, Donna Maria Isabel da Buena Coimbra Portugal, had been placed under the tuition of the Benedictine nuns at Varião, four leagues from Oporto. After finishing her education, she remained for some time in the convent, and in the interval enthusiastically applied herself to the perusal of the ancient and modern classics. Some of the works of Castilho fell into her hands, among which were "the Letters of Echo and Narcissus." After reading this work she addressed to the author, who was then at Coimbra, a letter which contained only these words, — "If there were found an Echo would you imitate Narcissus?" The answer of the poet was not calculated to undo the impression which the reading of his works had made. A very active correspondence ensued; though for some months Castilho was entirely ignorant who his fair correspondent was, as in her letters she had been careful to assume a feigned name. Their letters became at length more and more expressive; and Castilho discovered between himself and the *Echo* such a sympathy of character and similiarity of tastes, that he was persuaded, that his happiness or misery depended on her responses, and he entreatingly

begged a disclosure of her real name. His reiterated prayers were at length heard: he obtained the desired interview, and they were shortly afterwards married in the year 1834. Their happiness was of short duration: a premature death snatched her from him in the year 1837. He consecrated to her memory a poem which may challenge a place by the side of the most touching verses of Petrarch.

The second lady who gave her hand to Castilho was Miss Charlotte Vidal, a person of distinguished talents, and well acquainted with the languages of Northern Europe. In the midst of a poetical circle she may be seen reading and translating the bards of Scandinavia; and her most delightful occupation is to pen down the effusions of the poet of her choice. — It is with great pleasure that the writer of these pages, who has had the honour of their acquaintance during several years, pays them this tribute of his respect.

LISBON.

*First view of the City—the River—Cova da
Piedade—General features of Lisbon.
—Streets—Cleanliness—Environs—
South side of the Tagus.*

What beauties doth Lisboa first unfold,
Her image floating on that noble tide
Which poets vainly pave with sands of gold?

Childe Harold.

The first appearance of Lisbon to a stranger as he enters the Tagus is certainly beautiful, and justifies Byron's eulogium. The noble river, broad, deep, and majestic, with its vine-clothed banks, crowned with villages, *quintas*, and windmills. To the left, the blue rocks of Cintra.—On the right the Arabida mountains extending along the horizon to the sea as far as Cape Espichel—Belem with its old tower, recalling the memory of Emmanuel the Great, and the enterprising Vasco da Gama; and in later years associated with

the sighs of an Aveiro, and the tears of a countess of Tavora, who pined in its darksome prisons—the elevated palace of the Ajuda, which speaks of wealthier days—the hill and fortress of Almada,—all these successively meet the eye, till the City expands to view, spreading like ancient Rome, over an amphitheatre of seven hills, and covering the intervening vallies.

From the opposite side of the Tagus, the view of Lisbon is likewise very imposing.—The noble river itself from one to four miles broad—the shipping—the widely extended city with its many churches, and public buildings—the Aqueduct over the valley of Alcantara—the busy windmills on the nearer hills, and away in the distance the lines of Torres Vedras, recalling the stirring scenes of the Peninsular campaign, form together a coup d'œil of rich and varied beauty.

The Tagus, which washes the foundations of the city through its whole length, extends towards the south-east into a spacious bay, called Cova da Piedade, and *eleganter* by the English sailors “Jackass Bay,” probably from the numbers of the long-eared race that are constantly waiting at the landing place near its commencing point, to carry visitors into the country. The whole length of the city along the banks of the river, reckoning from Belem

to the eastern extremity, cannot be less than eight English miles,—houses and villas continually succeeding each other to the bend of the river, so that a stranger can scarcely perceive at what point the city terminates. The breadth of the town is extremely irregular; in many parts it is so inconsiderable as scarcely to exceed that of a single street; and it never stretches beyond a mile and a half. The city, though not walled in as formerly, has barriers at the principal thoroughfares, and is meant to be considered fortified by a line of defences, which were hastily thrown up in 1833 to prevent the return of the Miguelite forces.

From the extent of the city, it might be supposed that its population was very considerable. But many of the houses have large gardens attached, and cultivated fields are seen even in the heart of the city.

Of late years Lisbon has considerably improved in point of cleanliness, though much yet remains to be done, particularly in the old city. In many streets there is no common sewer; and the refuse is carried away in carts, the approach of which is duly notified by a little bell, which the conductor rings as he passes along. The refuse of the kitchen is thus easily disposed of:—not so that of the sleeping apartments, — this is carefully preserved

till night-fall, when woe to the heedless passenger, who if he be not actually inundated through the tender compassion of the housemaid who may perhaps wait till he has passed, or caution him by an *agoa vai*, will at least be regaled by the spray of the descending mass. By a municipal regulation, it is prohibited to throw anything into the street till after ten o'clock at night; and it is also kindly directed, that on such occasions a triple warning be given of what is going to take place. But these regulations, like most others, are often disregarded; and in the broad light of day, liquids and solids of the most offensive nature force themselves on more senses than one, as they come down in frequent discharges from above, or reascend in odorous vapours when acted upon by an ardent sun.

It is but just to remark that the present and late Municipal chambers have exerted themselves in a most laudable manner in cleansing and improving the city. Several of the chief thoroughfares have been drained and macadamised;—though in streets hot, dry and dusty as those of Lisbon, it may be doubted whether any thing has been gained by introducing the system of Mac Adam.

The houses in Lisbon are in general lofty, and sometimes raised to the height of five or six stories; a fearful elevation, particularly in

a country in which earthquakes are not uncommon. Each floor is laid out for the accommodation of an entire family, and contains bedrooms, parlour, sitting rooms, &c. as well as kitchen. The ground floor is usually employed as a stable, a shop or warehouse, and is rarely occupied by any part of the family. This method of building houses, and letting each floor to a separate tenant is doubtless profitable to the owners, but attended with many inconveniences to the inmates. To mention one—the danger of fire—whatever precautions a person may take in his own family, he cannot answer for the same, in the occupants of the floor above and below him. Their culpable negligence, may at any moment consign himself and property to the flames, an event that actually occurred some few years ago, when thirteen human beings were destroyed by the most horrible of all deaths, through the fire having caught in a lower apartment of the building, while unconscious of danger they were taking their nightly repose.

Every traveller on reaching a city for the first time should view it from the summit of some tower, spire, or neighbouring eminence, in order to gain an acquaintance with its characteristic features, the situation and relative bearings of its principal buildings. The best

points for viewing Lisbon and the surrounding scenery are the dome of the Estrella, the Castle of St. George, the heights of the Graça, of Nossa Senhora do Monte, and of the Penha de França.

The effects of the earthquake of 1755 are still visible in many parts of the city. This temporary evil like the great fire of London, produced a permanent good. The Marquis de Pombal, then minister of state, sanctioned a plan for rebuilding the city, presented to him by the able architect Eugenio dos Santos, and spared neither exertions nor expense to carry it into execution. All the streets built according to this plan are spacious and regular, with convenient pathways for foot passengers, and the squares, and public quays subsequently formed and embellished are not surpassed by those of any other city of Europe.

The most useful ornaments of the city are its numerous fountains, which supply the city with excellent water, and some are worthy of notice as presenting fair specimens of architecture. From these fountains the water is hawked about the town by Gallegos, who carry it in small elaborately painted barrels on their shoulders. Their cry of *Agoa . . . a* (water) is that which first rouses the stranger from his slumbers in the morning, which rings in every variety of tone in his ears the whole day, and

is the last sound that breaks indistinctly upon his senses as he drops off to sleep at night.

The environs of Lisbon are in general more elevated than the town, and, on the east and north sides are covered with extensive gardens or *quintas* which supply the city with abundance of vegetables. On the west the country is not so well cultivated, and consists generally of barren rocky hills. But even here may be seen specks of cultivated soil, and on the elevated range known by the name of *Monte Santo* may be found many delicate plants and flowers, which it would be difficult to rear in England, but which spring up spontaneously there. The trees, of which there is a great scarcity in the vicinity of Lisbon, are with few exceptions confined to the olive, the lime, and the orange; but the deficiency is amply repaid by the richness and beauty of the last mentioned. There is not perhaps a more delightful feast for the eye to dwell upon than an orange grove laden with golden fruit, and at the same time shedding round the odoriferous perfume of its lily white blossoms.

The south side of the Tagus presents a succession of undulating hills, precipitate to the river, having their sloping sides clothed with vineyards. The soil beyond is dry and sandy, and is covered with extensive heaths, and

forests of pines, stretching as far as Azeitão at the foot of the Arrabida mountains. Occasionally small hamlets and fishing towns are situated at distant intervals on the edge of the river; but none of them, with the exception of Almada and Cacilhas are worthy of note.

Nobility—Clergy—Merchants—Lower orders—Costume—Gallegos—State of the army.

But whose entereth within this town,
That sheening far, celestial seems to be,
Disconsolate will wander up and down,
Mid many things unsightly to strange ee.

Childe Harold.

Among the various classes of which society is composed in Lisbon the nobility claim our first attention. The ancient nobles, or those whose pedigree dates from some great name famous in story, and who are designated as descending from blue blood, form a body distinct from those whose titles are of a more recent standing. Of this patriarchal aristocracy Murphy writes; "They are not, compa-

ratively speaking very rich: for, though their patrimonies are large, their rents are small. Few of them have perhaps ever seen a map of their estates, or exactly know their boundaries. Were they to turn their attention to the construction of roads and canals, and not consider agriculture a pursuit unworthy of gentlemen, they would become the richest nobility in Europe."

"The lives of the old nobility are for the most part an even tenor of domestic felicities, not remarkable for brilliant actions, and but rarely stained by vice. The fame of their illustrious ancestors justly entitles them to every honour and respect; but whilst they glory in the remembrance of their achievements, they seem to forget their maxims. It must be allowed that they possess many amiable qualities. They are religious, temperate and generous, faithful to their friends, charitable to the distressed, and attached to their sovereign whose approbation or a peaceful retirement constitutes the greatest happiness of their lives."

As an instance of the kindness with which they treat their inferiors, it is a rule among the ancient nobility never to dismiss an old servant, unless for some fault, that merits this chastisement. When age or infirmity unfit their domestics for service, they are still con-

sidered as part of the family, and are not only provided for themselves, but their wives and children are also supported. Hence it often happens that a nobleman's establishment comprises large families of dependants, often running through two or three generations. Almost all the old aristocracy are connected with one another by intermarriages, and it rarely happens that they contract alliances with persons of ignoble blood. Though their houses are spacious, and dignified with the name of *Palacios*, they are in general gloomy and comfortless; and till lately very few of them were ever cheered by a fire in winter.

The Lisbon clergy since the suppression of the religious establishments has lost much of that high and lofty preeminence which it formerly commanded. Degraded by state patronage, and ill supported by scanty government stipends, it is no longer able adequately to fulfil its sublime mission. In the midst of the political struggles that have convulsed this unhappy country ecclesiastical preferments have been but too often bestowed on worthless characters, as rewards for services rendered not to God, but to ministers of state, for exertions undergone not in the cause of morality or religion, but in canvassing votes at the elections. By such men as these it cannot be expected that much should be done in

the way of religious instruction, or virtuous example. Yet waiving these abuses, there are among the clergy individuals, whose moral conduct is irreproachable, and whose talents are as distinguished as their virtues.

The great and crying evil of the Portuguese church is the thralldom in which it is held by the state, — an evil which has been increased to a tenfold degree by the absurd suppression of the tithes. Lisbon is perhaps the only capital in Europe that has presented the spectacle of the ministers of religion begging their bread from door to door, and actually dying from starvation, while the property which once was theirs, was being put up to auction, and knocked down for less than half of its value. It is even a matter of surprise that, notwithstanding these attempts to enslave and degrade the clerical body, the religious feelings of the people at large should not have been undermined to a greater degree than has actually happened. For even still, the attachment of the Portuguese to the creed and religious practices of their forefathers is undeniable.

An attempt was some time ago made by a certain missionary society in England to *evangelize* the benighted inhabitants of Lisbon. For this purpose a great expense was incurred,

and the country was inundated by a large importation of Bibles, printed in London. A Spanish renegade friar, who had married a wife and had a large family, opened a conventicle under the auspices of the society. After preaching in favour of the principles of the Reformation in various localities of the town, he quarrelled with his employers, and quitted the scene of his labours without making a single convert; though at the time, many of the organs of the society in England gave pompous accounts of his wonderful success, in return for the money that had been cajoled out of the pockets of John Bull. As for the London bibles, they may be purchased on any Tuesday in *rag fair*, with their backs warped by long exposure to the sun, at the price of about sixpence each; the Portuguese have several much superior editions of their own.

Perhaps the wealthiest and most influential class of society in Lisbon are the untitled gentry and the more respectable merchants. As a body they have little to distinguish them from the same classes in other cities. It is chiefly by them that the principal offices of state are filled; and it is they who figure as leaders in the house of deputies. Their establishments are generally distinguishable from those of the nobility by a stricter economy, and less expensive display.

Of late years there has arisen among them a spirit of association, and several companies have been formed with a view of introducing local improvements, and giving a stimulus to national industry. As instances of this, may be mentioned the Company of Public works, (*Obras Publicas*,) the Steam-packet, and Insurance Companies, the Fishing Company, the Azambuja Canal Company, &c. &c.

The common people of Lisbon and its environs are remarkable for temperance and frugality, if not for intelligence and industry. Both sexes are passionately fond of gaudy apparel:—even the fish and fruit women wear trinkets and ear-rings of considerable value. The common dress of the women is a *capote e lenço*, by which are meant a large cloak of cloth, usually blue or brown, and a white kerchief on the head, pinned under the chin. When they assemble together, as at church, the effect of so many heads all presenting the same appearance, is novel and striking. It is a rule among the female part of the congregation never to stand in the church, and as there often are no pews or benches they are obliged either to continue kneeling, or to squat in the Moorish or oriental style, on the ground,—a practice attended with extreme inconvenience to ladies who come from other countries. As for the Portuguese women it is as

natural to them thus to squat themselves on the ground as well at home as at church, as it is awkward and inconvenient to foreigners. In the simple dress of the *capote e lenço* there is something motherly and modest; yet even in the use of this, female vanity has discovered a method of stiffening and elevating the kerchief so as to leave visible the hair and neck.

A friend of the writer related to him a rather ludicrous anecdote connected with the *capote*. At a certain church-feast, where the female part of the congregation was as usual closely squatted in the principal aisle, a fair *chevaliere d'industrie* had during the sermon dexterously cut away from her piously attentive neighbour the whole lower part of her cloak, leaving her nothing but the cape, and successfully decamped with her prize. Unconscious of the theft, the poor woman continued her devotions till the end of the service, when rising to depart, she was astounded by a general laugh, when it was discovered that she was *minus* one half of her outer garment. Her chagrin at the strangeness of her figure, and the amusement she afforded, was not less than what she felt for the loss she had sustained.

The use of the *capote* is not peculiar to the women; it is still used by such of the men as have not degenerated by the adoption of foreign

costume. A genuine Portuguese of the old school will not lay aside the favourite cloak, even in the hottest day in summer; and singularly enough, the practice is but an exemplification of Dr. Black's theory of heat;—for, from the non-conducting nature of the material, combined with the slow motion of those who wear it, it as effectually keeps out the heat in summer, as it does the cold in winter. In point of dimensions the Portuguese cloak is usually much smaller than the Spanish.

The dress of the peasants consists of a broad brimmed sugar-loaf hat, a vest of gaudy colours, and shorts open at the knees, or trousers which they tie up with a red sash, about eight inches broad and four yards long. Over the left shoulder is thrown the jacket with pendant buttons; the shirt front is often richly embroidered, and held together by gilt clasps: they usually wear boots, and carry a long strait cudgel, having at its lower extremity a heavy brass ferrule, which proves on occasion a powerful weapon, and in the use of which they are remarkably expert. By a municipal regulation the peasants are not allowed to carry these cudgels in the city; but are obliged to leave them at the gates as they enter.

The porters who do the laborious work of the town are Gallegos. They are natives of

Gallicia, a hardy and robust race of men, who leave their poor country, and emigrate, some into the other parts of Spain, and some into Portugal to earn money by the severest species of labour. They may be called the "hewers of wood and drawers of water" of the metropolis, as they perform almost the whole drudgery of the city.

It has often been remarked that pride and poverty are first-cousins, and this is certainly true with regard to the lower orders of the Portuguese in Lisbon. Rather than submit to certain menial and laborious occupations, which he considers fit only for a Gallego, a Portuguese pauper will either beg, borrow, steal or starve,—while the less fastidious Gallego, by habits of industry and economy, lays up a provision for his family, and often rises to a respectable station in society.—To illustrate the above observation, it may be mentioned as a fact of frequent occurrence, that a Portuguese servant will go the length of a whole street to fetch a Gallego to carry a bundle across the way, and if you expostulate with him on the absurdity of his conduct, he will indignantly reply; *Eu não sou Gallego!* "I am not a Gallego!"

These Gallicians were, till within the last few years, patient, inoffensive, honest and faithful to a proverb. Sometimes when they have

scraped together a little money, they settle in Portugal, and set up roadside taverns or small grocers shops: but most return with their savings to their own country.

One of the principal employments, in which they are engaged, is as we have seen, the retailing of water, which they sell at the rate of ten reis (half-penny) per barrel; but the price is often raised to two pence, or three pence in the dry season. Every Gallego in this service is obliged, by a police regulation, to carry one of these vessels filled with water to his lodgings every night, and in case of fire to hasten with it, at the first sound of the fire-bell, to assist in extinguishing the flames. Any neglect in this respect is punished by a fine, while a reward is given to him who arrives first at the spot.

They are also obliged to wear a brass medal, bearing two numbers, indicating the fountain and division to which they belong. As the credit of these water carriers has of late years been on the wane, the stranger, when he has occasion to employ them on any errand where fidelity is important, such as carrying his trunks, &c. would do well to make them deposit with him the above mentioned badge; as it would be a sure means of discovering them in case of need.

In the houses of foreigners the Gallegos are almost the only male servants employed, and many of the Portuguese prefer them to their own countrymen. They are often perfect *factotums*, and can adapt themselves with wondrous facility to any species of service.

The soldiers in the capital, as they are generally better paid, usually present a more respectable appearance than those in the provinces, and some of the regiments perform their evolutions in a manner that would not disgrace the finest troops in Europe. We wish we could say as much for their *morale*, but the frequent change of government, and consequently of principles has shaken that strong feeling of self respect which formerly animated them.

Were it not for this stain on their character they would deserve unqualified praise.

§ The author of 'The Civil War in Portugal' thus writes: "The *morale* of that fine army which so brilliantly returned as conquerors from France, the admiration of Europe, was reduced to the lowest. The soldiers frequently say in the streets—Give us five *vintens* a day and *viva* the Constitution; give us a *vintem* a day more, and death to the Constitution."

Their sober and temperate habits, as well as their courage and patient endurance of hardships and fatigue were witnessed and eulogized by the greatest captain of the age.

*Manners—Politeness—Religious practices—
Customs—Peculiarities, &c. &c.*

The manners, customs, policy of all
Pay contribution to the store he gleans,

Cowper.

Semota à nostris rebus, sejunctaque longè.

If civility were synonymous with civilization, Lisbon would bid fair to be the most civilized City on the earth. Even among the ordinary classes two acquaintances never meet in the street without an interchange of compliments. A Gallego, doffing his cap, will address his friend with *Salve o Deos* or *Deos lhe dé bons dias*: then follows a regular enquiry into the state of his health and that of his family, &c. and the compliments and protestations are as regularly renewed at parting. Whenever a stranger appears in company, he is instantly saluted by every one present; and

If they be seated, all rise to pay him respect. The master of the house will go to the door to receive him, and as if he were a mere master of ceremonies, will usher him into the room, himself remaining behind, with *Tenha a bondade d' entrar: a casa è sua.* (Have the goodness to go in: the house is yours.) On leaving the room, the order is reversed; and then the host precedes his guest. The parting ceremony usually commences at the top of the stairs, and consists in ordinary cases of an *Adeos*, a bow and a scrape, -- then the guest descends, and is followed at a convenient distance by the master of the house. Before reaching the street-door the former will turn round and again salute his entertainer; which ceremony is sometimes repeated a second and third time, till the door at last put a termination to the bows and scrapes, and the visitor departs in earnest.

On occasions however of more than ordinary interest, as at the meeting of long absent friends, their mutual sympathy expresses itself by a warm and hearty hug, one party lifting the other fairly from the ground, and this for two or three times; a process which is rather embarrassing to a foreigner when he is first subjected to it. The salutations of ladies among themselves at meeting and parting, are not less ardent, and express themselves on

both occasions, by a mutual profusion of kisses. In addressing each other the Portuguese pay great regard to distinction of rank; and perhaps in no language are titles so precisely determined. Every *Fidalgo* must be addressed by *Vossa Excellencia*, and this term is extended to all those who hold any office of rank under government. Bishops are similarly addressed; a simple clergyman is entitled *Vossa Reverencia*, all other persons of respectability *Vossa Senhoria*, a superior speaking to an inferior, over whom he has no control, addresses him by *Vossa mercé*; a master his servant by *Tu*, which term is also one of familiarity among equals of all grades. In speaking to ladies *Vossa Excellencia* is the title given.

A Portuguese writing a letter from his own house inscribes it *Desta sua casa*. (From this your house!) All persons entitled to *Excellencia* are addressed in epistolary correspondence by *Illustrissimo e Excellentissimo Senhor*, or *Illma. e Exma. Snra.* all others by *Illustrissimo Senhor*, or *Illustrissima Senhora*. In writing to a superior, etiquette requires that you sign your name at the very bottom of the page. The superscription is generally written in lines running at right angles with those of English directions. The name is preceded by the invariable *Illustrissimo* or *Excellentissimo*.

or both, and followed by three *et ceteras*, and if sent by private hand, the name of the writer is inscribed at the bottom.

We might mention many other customs of a Christian and religious character, which the sapient regenerators of the land have succeeded in partially abolishing, but which still linger fondly in the memory and practice of the more unsophisticated of the citizens. A generation has not passed away since it was the invariable custom on leaving the quay in a passage boat, for the man at the helm to call on all present to breathe a prayer for the departed faithful, which call was always responded to, and every head uncovered. No Portuguese would pass a church, a cross or sacred emblem without respectfully saluting it; and at the sound of the Angelus bell, at morning, noon and night, every individual joined in the usual short but solemn memento of the great mystery of the Redemption.

Ave Maria! Blessed be the hour!

The time; the clime; the spot; where I so oft
Have felt that moment in its fullest power
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,
And not a breath crept thro' the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seemed stirr'd with
prayer.

Byron.

At nightfall too, the fathers of the present generation were seen in every street and from the windows of each house responding to the chanted prayer, addressed to Christ's most blessed Mother, and none but the stranger of another creed kept aloof from this piously closing act of the day.

But these things have passed away; and men are taught that practices, which in the golden days of Portugal constituted the glory and the happiness of their heroic forefathers, would retard the onward progress of civilization, and be degrading to the enlightenment of the nineteenth century.

There are however occasions, when the religious feelings of the people, as if in defiance of rationalist and utilitarian doctrines, strongly and unequivocally manifest themselves. Instances of this are the procession of *Corpus Christi* in May or June, of *Senhor dos Passos* in Lent, and of the *Viaticum* or Blessed Sacrament as it is carried from the Parish church to the bed-side of the sick.

On the feast of *Corpus Christi* all the parochial clergy with their respective brotherhoods, the knights, officers of state, public functionaries, &c. &c. resident in or near the capital, assemble at the Cathedral, and thence form a long and rich procession. First walk

the guilds or brotherhoods, clad in their respective dresses, bearing torches, and each brotherhood is preceded by a cross. Then follow the clergy clothed in their richest vestments; after them proceed the various orders of knighthood, the canons, and patriarchal clergy and choir; next the nobility and the ministers of state, and with them the king who bears one of the poles of the canopy under which walks the patriarch carrying the Blessed Sacrament. The queen does not walk in the procession but views it from a tribune as it leaves the church. The troops, who line the streets, kneel with their heads uncovered and bayonets turned to the ground as the canopy passes. When the cortege leaves and reenters the church, a royal salute is given from the castle and the ships in the river. Immense crowds never fail to attend this national festival.

The procession of the Viaticum to the sick may take place at any hour of the day or night. A signal is given by a bell at the parish church for the assembling of such of the brotherhood or attendants as are necessary to form the cortege. The approach of the procession is announced by the sound of a bell, and every head is uncovered and every knee bent as it passes along. If it happen to be at night, all the windows are illuminated as it goes by, and an appropriate hymn is sung by

the attendants. Its effect in these circumstances, as it slowly and solemnly winds along the streets in the still hour of midnight, is touching and sublime. — Very lately as the Viaticum was carried past the theatre of St. Carlos, those within, hearing the sound of the bell, immediately interrupted the performance, and the whole assembly turning round remained standing till the procession had passed. We are sorry to remark that puppyism or insane bigotry sometimes induces the professors of a different creed to insult the religious feelings of the people by refusing to pay even an outward demonstration of respect on these occasions.

The custom of spontaneously illuminating the city with lamps at the windows, bonfires in the streets, skyrockets, fireworks, &c. &c. on the eves of the festivals of St. Anthony, St. John Baptist, and SS. Peter and Paul, though of late not so enthusiastically kept up as formerly, has still its admirers and supporters principally in the juvenile portion of the community.

A scarlet hanging may be frequently seen at the doors of the churches. This is to give notice that Exposition or the devotion of the "Forty Hours Prayer" is going forward within, where on a lofty throne, brilliant with the radiance of many lights, the Blessed Sacra-

ment is exposed during two days and two nights to the adoration of the faithful. All the principal churches in and about Lisbon take up this devotion in turn, so that before it ceases in one, it has already commenced in another; and hence it is called the *Laus Perennis* or perpetual praise.

Funerals are conducted in Lisbon, as elsewhere, with pomp or simplicity according to the rank or wealth of the family of the deceased, but surviving relatives never take part in the funeral procession. To make amends, they have a singular custom of sitting at home for eight days in a darkened room, to receive the compliments of condolence. The person who comes to pay his respects has nothing to do but to make a bow to the chief mourner as soon as he enters the room, to sit in lugubrious silence for some minutes, and then making his obeisance, retire. A curious story is related of a certain English ambassador who went to pay his condolence to a Portuguese family of his acquaintance, which had lost one of its principal members. Passing into the darkened chamber from the glaring light of the sun, and unable to distinguish clearly the objects before him, instead of advancing towards the chief of the mourning circle, as etiquette required, he gravely walked up to a large china vase, that was standing

in one corner of the room; made to it a low bow, and then groped his way to a chair. After being seated with his back to the company for some minutes, he rose up, once more respectfully complimented the vase and retired, while an involuntary titter among the astonished mourners showed that he had done more to dispel the gloomy thoughts that oppressed them, than if he had read them a long lecture on patience and resignation.

The Portuguese have a very peculiar method of attracting attention, when they wish to call after a person in the street. This consists in a hissing noise somewhat like *hish! hish!* It is at first very puzzling to a foreigner to be thus civilly and respectfully hissed; but he soon grows accustomed to it, and is able to hiss his friends as loudly as any native. Even the brute creation here understand the call: and a horse or mule, will invariably stop if hissed at.

They have many other customs which appear to us very singular; for example, women generally sit on horseback with the left side towards the animal's head; a tailor sits at his work like a shoemaker; a tavern is known by a branch of laurel hanging at the door; a house to be let by pieces of blank paper fastened to the windows. An accoucheuse's residence is discoverable by one or more white

crosses painted on the door: a barber's shop by two pieces of green cloth hanging at the entrance. In the same category may be placed the custom of assigning almost exclusively to blacks the office of whitewashing walls and houses. The primitive practice of washing linen in the running stream, and beating it on a stone till it is clean, is also a novel sight to an untravelled Englishman.

The habits of the lower orders in and about Lisbon are extremely filthy. A favourite occupation with them is the relieving of each other's heads of certain denizens of the creation which must not be named to ears polite. "Man must have prey" writes Lord Byron, and the dexterity which these people display in the pursuit of their game, and the zest with which they enter into it can only be the result of long and constant practice. This disgusting exhibition in the open street, and other practices still more offensive to public decency, loudly call for some municipal regulation.

The attention of a stranger will soon be attracted by the heavy lumbering carts, drawn by oxen, which would be considered no decided improvement by a resuscitated Antediluvian. They move with a dull lifeless motion, and the wheel and axle-tree turn together. The oxen, which are often remarkably fine

and stout animals, are urged onwards by a goad, by which is meant a sharp iron point inserted in the end of a stick, and the indescribable harsh and discordant cries of their drivers. The brutality of these men in urging the poor animals to draw loads beyond their strength up the hilly streets is most disgusting. We have seen them drive the goad into the flesh by pressing upon it with their whole force till the noble beast has piteously moaned under the torture.

*Quid meruère boves, animal sine fraude dolisque,
Innocuum, simplex, patiens tolerare labores!*

Ovid.

Where sinned the ox, devoid of fraud or guile,
Harmless and simple, patient under toil!

The attention of the municipal board has, much to its credit, been lately turned to this abuse, and a decree has been issued, forbidding the strength of the animals to be taxed beyond a certain limit, which decree only requires to be enforced to put an end to the cruel and revolting spectacle,

The dogs, till lately, were the scavengers of Lisbon; at present their numbers are much diminished, as a price has been set upon their heads: yet still, multitudes of them are constantly prowling about. If one discontented cur sets up a bark at a passenger, troops of

others come pouring in from all quarters to the attack: they are arrant cowards, however, and the flourish of a stick, or the threat of a stone is sufficient to put them to the rout.

Rats also abound, and in some parts of the town may be seen feeding at night along with beves of dogs and cats in the greatest harmony. These cats are even a still more intolerable nuisance than the dogs. Two, or even three of them will sit for an hour together screaming and spitting at each other in loud and dismal rivalry, which usually terminates in a furious pitched-battle, or by the sudden breaking up of the meeting in consequence of an unlooked for missile coming upon them from some one whose patience has been exhausted by their hideous caterwaulings. They mostly parade the roofs of the houses, from which they frequently fall when engaged in combat; and as these noisy rencounters generally occur at night, they occasion no slight annoyance to the luckless occupant of the bedroom, in the proximity of which they take place.

*Salubrity—Population—Commerce—Police
—Courts of Judicature—Municipality
—Board of Health.*

Sunt bona, sunt mala quædam, sunt mediocria
plura.

Some things are good, some bad, but middling
more.

Lisbon is situated in 38 deg. 42 min. 25 sec.
North Lat. and 9deg. 4 min. 40 sec. Long.
West of Greenwich.

The air is temperate and salubrious. It has
even been stated to be beneficial to consump-
tive patients: but many facts that have come
under the writer's observation lead him to
adopt a different opinion. Certain it is, that
the hottest and most sultry days are generally
followed by strong, chilling breezes from the
Atlantic or the north: and one would ima-
gine that such great and sudden changes in
the temperature cannot be favourable to pul-
monary invalids.

There must be something peculiar in the
atmosphere of Lisbon; for it is a remarkable
fact that though dogs without number bask
the whole summer in the sun, not a single
instance of hydrophobia is on record. It may
also be mentioned as another peculiarity, that

wounds and sores in the leg, are most difficult of cure, while bruises on the head heal rapidly without medical aid.

Although the winters here are in general very mild, slight falls of snow have taken place, as in the years 1815, 1829, and 1836. We may here remark that, though Lisbon and Lexington in the United States are in the same latitude, yet the peach tree and cherry tree are in blossom in the former full two months earlier than in the latter city.

The average temperature is supposed to be about 63° in the shade. The number of fair days in the year is reckoned at two hundred, of cloudy at eighty eight, and of rainy at seventy seven.

The autumnal rains generally commence in October, and are succeeded by an interval of fine weather, which from the certainty of its occurrence about St. Martin's day, the 11th. of November, has received the name of St. Martin's summer. From the end of June to the middle of September the traveller may securely reckon on finding in Lisbon dry weather and a cloudless sky.

We have found it almost impossible to obtain any accurate and satisfactory estimate of the population of this city, and as no official census has been published, it is not surprising that no two writers can be found to agree in

their conjectures. Professor Link has set it down at 300,000. Senhor Chianca at 203,449: the map attached to the electoral law, promulgated in 1836, at 220,000 §; Balbi at 260,000; Colonel Franzini in the year 1843 at 241,500.

Lisbon has long lost that high commercial importance which it once possessed, and which its situation, its port, and the natural products of the country entitle it to hold. Various causes have concurred to this decline; but perhaps the severest blow given to its trade and consequently to its wealth was the separation of Brazil from the parent country. The monopoly of exportation to so large an extent of territory as constituted the Portuguese colonies in South America, is but poorly compensated by a favourable treaty of commerce, and the near consanguinity of the respective sovereigns. Another cause of the decline of trade in Lisbon is the impolitic measure of raising the tariff to what almost amounts to an exclusion of articles of primary necessity, such as cottons, cloths, and in general all manufactured

§ The numbers in this map were not the result of any direct census, but were based on calculation drawn from the average number of births during the five preceding years.

goods, under the plausible but erroneous notion of protecting national industry. Portugal is essentially an agricultural country, rich in the natural productions of its fertile soil and genial climate, its wines, its oil, its corn and fruits. To these it must look as to the chief source of its wealth and aggrandizement, and nothing but a petty and shortsighted policy would overlook the great and national duty of protecting the agriculturist, for the purpose of upholding a few manufactories, the produce of which will not in general stand competition with imported goods in point of quality, and cannot be wrought without a large outlay of capital, which the mere home consumption will never repay. By raising the duties to an excessive amount the temptations presented to the smuggler are proportionally increased. To prevent the contraband introduction of goods, under these circumstances, severe precautionary measures must of necessity be adopted, and these cannot fail more or less to embarrass the honest trader, and thus leave the produce of the land without purchasers. These causes, added to the insecurity occasioned by political embroilments, have almost annihilated the commerce of Lisbon. The great commercial houses which, at the beginning of the present century, spoke so much for the city as a mart of great trade and importance

have successively disappeared, and have left not even their name behind. The large warehouses that line the river are generally empty, and their owners have nailed to the doors white hits of wood, instead of wafering upon them pieces of paper, according to the usual practice, as if they were in despair of ever meeting with a tenant.

By a decree published on the 2nd of March 1834, the port of Lisbon was declared free for the ships and merchandise of all nations; and goods may be deposited in the Custom House free of expense for the term of one year, with the exception of combustibles, which yet may be deposited in private warehouses. Merchandise thus bonded may be reexported on paying one per cent duty, which is doubled when the goods are reshipped in a different vessel.

By a fiscal regulation all merchant vessels that enter the river for the purpose of discharging goods at the Custom House must cast anchor in front of that building, within a square space which is marked out by gunboats stationed at its four corners. All vessels lying within this square are incommunicable from the shore; even the owners and consignees are not allowed to visit them unless they previously obtain permission from the Custom House authorities.

The inspection of the following statistical returns may prove interesting to the reader.

List of vessels that entered the Tagus in 1851.

Nation.	Ships.	Tons.
Austrian	1	425.
Belgian	3	394.
Brazilian	14	3,436.
Bremenese	5	1,667.
Danish	18	2,575.
English	382	50,955.
French	21	2,159.
Greek	-
Hamburghese	4	902.
Hanoverian	9	1,300.
Neapolitan	4	1,171.
Prussian	8	1,835.
Roman
Russian	37	6,843.
Sardinian	8	1,161.
Spanish	2	87.
Swedish	99	17,914.
Tuscan
United States	9	2,649.
	624	96,273.
Portuguese	{ Coasters 249	39,684.
	{ Sea vessels 978	57,175.
	1,851	192,132.

Grand total 1,851

G

The receipts of the Custom House during the same year, (1851) were as follows,—

January	Rs. 212,234,445.
February	172,393,654.
March	215,588,007.
April	220,830,607.
May	213,424,489.
June	169,320,921.
July	238,578,491.
August	174,327,015.
September	183,254,564.
October	186,681,789.
November	190,982,025.
December	124,741,693.

Rs. 2,302,371,595.

or £611749. 4s. 1d. reckoning the pound at 4,500rs.

The value of exports from Lisbon to Rio do Janeiro in 1851. amounted to 802,261,050Rs. The whole was conveyed in twenty eight vessels all of which bore the Portuguese flag.

The value of imports to Lisbon from Rio do Janeiro in the same year was 2,760,949,780Rs. They were brought in 80 vessels, of which 47 were foreign and 33 Portuguese.

The chief articles exported were Wine, Salt, Oil, Snuff, Onions, and Olives.

The principal imports were Sugar, Copper, Rice, and Hides.

Statistical account of the Imports and Exports between Great Britain and Portugal in the year 1842, since which no authentic return has been published.

Imports.

	Rs.
Foreign wines, spirituous and fermented liquors, &c.	2,140,000.
Salt fish, whalebone, spermaceti, &c.	169,748,900.
Horses, dogs, sheep, &c.	34,004,809.
Butter, lard, tallow, &c.	162,984,000.
Hides, leather, &c.	35,494,000.
Silks,	9,222,000.
Woollens,	631,907,320.
Linens,	137,215,400.
Cottons,	2,839,612,200.
Paper,	10,517,800.
Wood;	4,848,700.
Chemical drugs,	44,903,200.
Paints, tannin, &c.	52,231,500.
Gums, resins, &c.	44,462,200.
Articles of medicine;	1,641,100.
Colonial produce, tobacco, &c.	32,655,400.
Malt, pulse, fruits, seeds, &c. &c.	4,428,700.
Wrought and unwrought metals,	475,699,465.
Glass,	41,060,630.
Coals, flints, &c.	102,563,700.
Various manufactured articles,	53,303,600.

Total Rs. 4,941,405,362.

In the above sums are not included the imports from—

Gibraltar, amounting to	108,802,740.
Newfoundland	657,226,000.
Mauritius,	1,809,000.
Malta,	6,700,000.

Grand total Rs 5,715,945,103.

or L 1,236,087.

Exports.

Wines, spirituous liquors, &c.	2,277,148,066.
Fish,	2,400.
Live stock,	112,600.
Animal productions; hams, honey, &c.	5,002,000.
Bees wax, and feathers,	2,163,000.
Hides,	1,517,320.
Silks,	72,000.
Wool,	45,182,000.
Flax, &c.	1,841,350.
Cotton,	75,200.
Wood,	57,982,000.
Chemical drugs,	22,134,600.
Paints and tannin,	3,477,500.
Gums, resins, &c.	38,773,000.
Leeches,	40,000.
Sweetmeats, cocoa, coffee, tea,	1,542,500.
Potatoes, corn, &c.	958,700.
Oranges, lemons, grapes,	332,185,500.
Metals,	421,327,300.

Glass,	10,600.
Earths and stones,	59,000.
Matting,	2,207,220.

Total Rs 2,217,030,856.

Exports to Gibraltar,	39,479,395.
" " Newfoundland,	35,476,495.
" " Canada	316,800.

Grand Total Rs 3,292,308,750.

or L. 710,768.

In the Brazil trade the same year—

The value of Exports was Rs 1,443,160,235.

D°. " of Imports was 1,275,591,440.

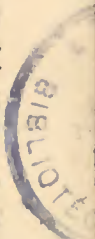
Compare the above account of the present state of the trade of this port with what it was at the commencement and in the middle of the last century.—

In the London Gazette from Saturday September 30th. to Tuesday October 3rd. 1710 occurs the ensuing,—

“Extract of the journal of Captain Culverden, commander of the Queen packet-boat.

“On Saturday the 23rd. of September, I sailed from Lisbon at noon and met the Brazil fleet on the bar going in, consisting of about 100 sail; part of the fleet, they told us, was gone for Oporto, under convoy of

COSTA LOBO



three English men of war, who met them at sea."

In a printed statistical account of the Lisbon trade in 1758 and 1759, are found the following returns:—

In the former year (1758) "The fleet from Bahia brought gold in dust, bars and money for the king 58,279,300rs. for private individuals 728,025,503.

Silver 260 marks, 2 ounces, 4 drachms, and 5,088 pesos § in money, the whole being worth in Rs. 792,139,433.

Sugar 10,016 boxes, 1,217 mats, 125 loaves. Tobacco, 14,558 rolls, 143 bales, each of 42lbs 70 casks, and 10 boxes.

Hides dried 5,489, tanned 3,968:—and a great quantity of wood and other articles of value,

On the 28th of May 1759 the fleet from Gram Pará entered the Tagus bringing, in money 220,403,495: Sugar 11,289 boxes, 1,150 mats, 156 loaves: leather, 171,000 *meios de sola*: 96,644 dried hides, 29,000 tanned ditto: 24,000 quintals, each 126lbs, of Brazil wood: besides a great number of other valuable articles.

§ *Peso*, a Spanish silver coin worth about 4s. 6d.

As we are on the subject of statistics, we subjoin the following, which may perhaps prove interesting to some of our readers.

The duties paid into the Custom House amounted in the years beginning

June 1848 to	2,453,502,424Rs.	or	L.545225.
” 1850 ”	2,218,597,125.	” ”	493022.
” 1851 ”	2,413,566,780.	” ”	526304.

The amount of duties paid into the subordinate Custom House, called the *Sete Casas*, through which articles produced in the country, and intended for home consumption, have to pass, amounted in the year beginning

June 1850 to	902,077,928Rs.	or	L.200462.
” 1851 ”	879,394,035.	” ”	195421.

The tax on fresh fish brought into Lisbon market in the year 1851 was Rs. 18,707,435. or L. 4157.

Amount of coinage during the year 1851. Gold crown and half-crown pieces 57,319: one milreis pieces 12,099, weighing 3,476 marks 0 oz. 3 oitavas 70 grains; amount in Rs. 444,554,500.— Silver, five testoon pieces 91,153 weighing 5,879 marks 1 oz. 5 oitavas 65 grains, amounting to Rs. 45,576,500.— Copper five reis pieces 50,408: ten reis ditto 1,236,899: twenty reis ditto 849,574 weighing 81,103 lb. amount in Rs. 29,602,540.

Amount of coinage during the last hundred years. —

In gold, Rs. 37,537,396,600.

In silver, „ 31,535,076,680.

In Copper, „ 1,111,427,627.

Total Rs. 71,415,595,507.

The city is under the protection of an armed police, (*Guarda Municipal*) the commander of which acts in concert with a Civil Governor, (*Governador Civil*). The duties of this latter functionary, who is subordinate only to the minister of the interior, are to watch over the tranquillity of the town, and the due execution of all police and municipal regulations, to apprehend delinquents, to issue passports, publish proclamations, &c. He is aided in his office by a permanent board, or council, (*Conselho de districto permanente*) and a general *Junta* which meets every year for fifteen days. He has besides six subordinate administrators of whom he has the nomination, each of whom presides over a district, or division of the city termed a *Bairro*. They also preside over the proceedings of the local boards or councils, and have a subordinate functionary in each parish, known by the

appellation of the *Regedor da Parochia*, who in turn takes the lead in the lowest of the boards, which is the *Junta da Parochia*.

The principal police office called, indifferently *Governo Civil* or *Administração Geral*, where the civil governor transacts business, is in the *Rua da Parreirinha*. Here the traveller if he come by land must immediately on his arrival present his passport, which, if his stay is to be but of short duration, will be returned to him, and he will only be required to have it visad by the consul of the country to which he belongs, and to present it again at the police office before his departure.—If he come by sea he will have to give up his passport on landing, and will receive a provisional permit which he must present within twenty four hours at the general police office, where his passport will be returned to him if his stay is only temporary. When however a foreigner comes to fix his residence in Lisbon, his passport will be retained in the police office, and he will be required to take out a ticket of residence, for which he must pay one thousand two hundred reis — about 5s. and 6d.

The highest judicial tribunal in the kingdom is the "Supreme Tribunal of Justice," *Supremo Tribunal de Justiça*, whose jurisdiction extends over the whole country and

its dependencies. It is composed of eleven members, who are called *Conselheiros*, and are addressed by the title of Excellency. A functionary, *Procurador da Coroa*, corresponding to our Attorney General, is attached to this tribunal. There are in European Portugal three tribunals of *Relação*, inferior to the above, one in Lisbon,—one in Oporto,—and the third in Ponte Delgada, the capital of the island of St. Michael. The two former are composed of twenty one members and the latter of seven. Each of these tribunals is called *Relação da Segunda Instancia*; and to them there lies an appeal in almost all causes tried in the inferior courts, denominated for that reason *da Primeira Instancia*. The jurisdiction of the Lisbon *Relação* extends over the whole of the country South of Leiria. Each *Relação* has a *Procurador Regio*, a functionary whose duties correspond to those of Solicitor General. The next inferior courts are those of the *Primeira Instancia*: of these there are six in Lisbon. corresponding to the six wards (*varas*) into which the city is divided. A judge presides over each of these tribunals: but civil suits only are carried on in them. There are besides three judges of the *Primeira Instancia* for criminal cases; one for commerce; and in every two *bairros* one for orphans. To each tribunal of the first *Instan-*

cia, is attached a *Delegação do Procurador Regio*, a sort of Crown lawyer, whose duty it is to petition the authorities for the discovery and punishment of offenders, as well as to plead in all cases in which the Exchequer is interested.

Besides the above tribunals, each *Vara* has one or more *Juizes da Paz*, or Arbitrators, through whose hands all causes must pass before they can be tried in the *Relação*. All the various tribunals hold their sittings in public. The *Supremo Tribunal da Justiça* is in the *Praça do Commercio*, as is also the tribunal of Commerce.

The tribunals of the First and Second *Instancia* meet in the building called *Boa Hora* formerly a convent of Augustinians. The *juizes de Paz*, or Arbitrators, reside and carry on business in various parts of the city.

When a criminal has gone through his trial and has been found guilty by the jury, or otherwise, sentence is immediately passed upon him; but in all capital cases, by a wise and beneficent regulation, the execution of the criminal is expressly forbidden till the expiration of twenty days after the sentence is passed, in order that thereby he may have an opportunity of reviewing his trial, and protesting against such points as do not exactly bear upon the offence. This law was first

promulgated by Affonso III. at Coimbra, in the year 1211. Several persons have, owing to this decree protracted their lives for many years. §

There is one great defect in the administration of the criminal law, which calls loudly

§ A striking instance of this appeared during the administration of the Marquis of Pombal; this minister ordered a return to be made of all the prisoners in the kingdom, with the nature of their alleged crimes, and term of confinement. The abuses practised by the officers of the prisons gave rise to this enquiry, for it had been customary for the goalers to liberate the prisoners on their parole on receiving a proportionate gratuity.

Among the number thus enlarged there happened to be one, on whom sentence of death had been passed seven years previously, during which interval he lived in the country and earned his bread very honestly. The gaoler now summoned him to return; he instantly appeared, reentered the condemned cell, and was ordered for execution; but on a representation of his conduct being made to the king, he was pardoned in consideration of his punctual regard to his promise, and the blameless character he maintained in the neighbourhood where he had worked.

for redress. Prisoners committed on alleged crimes are suffered to remain many months in prison before they are brought to trial. This, even if they are guilty, is a grievous punishment, and if they are innocent, is both unjust and demoralizing since they generally leave the prison initiated in deeper vices than those with which they were charged, and ready to hold at defiance all law, on account of the wrong done them by a defective portion of it. Moreover should an innocent man die before his trial comes on, he sinks into the grave with all the infamy of a delinquent.

Formerly the Clergy could only be arraigned by the canon law; but this privilege has been set aside, and they are now amenable to the civil courts.

All causes relating to British subjects formerly went before the Judge Conservator, who was chosen by themselves, and accepted by the crown, and from whose decision no appeal was granted save to the highest court where lawsuits must be determined within the space of four months: but this privilege and several other immunities enjoyed by us, have been bartered away by a treaty in which most of the advantages were on one side, and all the sacrifices on the other.

The Municipal Chamber (*Camara Municipal*) is composed of a president and twelve

members, called *Vereadores*, who are elected by the Municipality. They hold their deliberations weekly, in the *Praça do Commercio*, and are aided by thirteen counsellors, so that the whole municipal body may be said to amount to twenty six members, including the treasurer and secretary. In the election of the *Camara*, which is renewed every two years, almost all the citizens have a right to vote. Its principal duties are to watch over the good order, police, and cleanliness of the city, the paving and lighting of the streets, the prevention or removal of public nuisances, the ornamenting of the town, the extinction of fires, and the inspection of the prisons, public buildings, fountains aqueduct, &c. The expenses are defrayed by revenues arising from fines, licences, sales and letting of lands, and occasionally by direct imposts on articles of consumption; and the accounts are annually audited by the council of the district.

The expenditure of the Municipal chamber for the year ending in June 1845. was 279,101,269rs. the receipts were 279,511,058.

The lighting of the city cost	Rs. 43,100,000.
Cleansing the streets, &c. . . .	40,588,400.
Paving	30,176,540.
Aqueduct and fountains	7,034,167.

The board of health (*Conselho da Saude*) is composed of three Physicians, two Surgeons and one Apothecary. Its duties are to take cognizance of the sanitary state of the town, to give bills of health to vessels that leave the port, and to inspect such as are brought by ships that enter: to examine the quality of provisions exposed for sale, to give certificates for the burial of the dead, &c. &c. The power of this board was so far extended in the administration of Costa Cabral as to excite heavy complaints and much dissatisfaction. It was even empowered to make inquisitorial visits in the dwellings of the liege subjects of Her most faithful Majesty, and, as might be expected, these visits of the faculty, were never gratuitous; but the exorbitancy of this system of levying contributions led to its downfall, and as one extreme is often followed by another, the result has been, that the really useful provisions in the constitution of the board have been set aside, together with the petty tyranny which had rendered it unpopular.

Praça do Commercio.—*Custom House.*—*Exchange.*—*Ministerial Offices.*—*Tribunals &c.*
—*Largo do Pelourinho* — *Bank.*— *Arsenal.*

The warrior horse his ample chest uprears,
His wide red nostrils smoke, his eye-balls glare,
And his fore-boofs, high pawing, smite the air.

Mickle's Lusiad.

The best square in Lisbon is the *Praça do Commercio*, called by the English "Black Horse square." It is also named *Terreiro do Paço*, Court Parade, from its having been formerly the site of a royal residence, which was burnt down at the time of the great earthquake. The Tagus bounds the south side of this square; its other sides are formed by uniform ranges of buildings, which are elevated in front over arcades or piazzas of stone, and are terminated by two salient wings, overlooking the river, and built likewise entirely of stone. The square is six hundred and fifteen feet long by five hundred and fifty broad. It is approached on the north side by three of the principal streets of the city—*Rua Augusta*, *Rua Aurea*, and *Rua Bella da Rainha*, commonly called *Rua da Prata*, and



J. B. N. del. N. P. N. 1794

Equestrian statue of King Joseph.



on the east and west by *Rua do Arsenal* and *Rua Nova da Alfandega*.

In the centre of this square is an equestrian statue in bronze of Joseph I. — a work of no inconsiderable merit, and the only one of the kind that was ever erected to any one of the sovereigns of Portugal. It stands on an elegant pedestal, between two colossal groups, with a basso relievo of the highest taste and finish.

When we consider the humble state of the arts in Portugal and the difficulty of executing such a magnificent statue, we cannot but admire the genius of those who planned and accomplished the work. The model was made by a sculptor, named Joaquim Machado de Castro, who was born in Coimbra in 1732 and died on the 3rd. of December 1822. This artist also designed and executed the emblematic groups at the side of the pedestal. It is from these latter that every artist and amateur will judge of Machado's merit as a sculptor, particularly from the group at the east side, which undoubtedly displays great taste, delicacy and spirit.

In the western group the figure leading a horse in one hand and holding a palm branch in the other is an alegory of Victory, trampling upon the enemy and winning the trophies of war.

The eastern group represents Fame trumpeting abroad the achievements of Victory. It has been often asked why the elephant is placed so conspicuously in this group;—several reasons are given, but the best seems to be that it denotes the land where a portion of the heroic deeds of Victory, intended to be thus commemorated, were achieved: while the horse in the other group refers to the military glories of Europe. Some have supposed that the horse denotes Europe, the elephant Asia, and the prostrate figures the other two quarters of the globe; but this opinion has been generally exploded on the ground that it is inappropriate to represent the most civilized portion of the globe by irrational animals, and the least civilized by human figures. Some critics have also remarked that the horse is not exceeded in bulk by the elephant; but had not this been the case, the disproportionate sizes of the group would have caused a great and visible deformity in the work. On the front of the pedestal were placed the royal arms of Portugal, pendant from which was the effigy of the Marquis of Pombal, the great promoter of this work, who thereby intended not only to honour his royal master, but at the same time to add a sprig of laurel to his own brow. When he lost his master, and his place, his portrait was torn down by the very per-

sons who a few days previously had paid homage to the original. It has, however, been since replaced; and under it is seen the following inscription.

Josepho I.

Augusto. Pio. Felici, Patri. Patriæ.

Quod. Regiis. Juribus. Adsertis.

Legibus. Emendatis

Commercio. Propagato, Militia.

Et. Bonis. Artibus. Restitutis

Urbem. Funditus. Eversam. Ter-

ræmotu. Elegantiorem.

Restauraverit

Auspice. Administro. Ejus. Mar-

chione. Pombalio.

Et. Collegio. Negotiatorum. Cu-

rante

S. P. Q. O.

Beneficiorum. memor

A. MDCCLXXV.

P.

Joachimus. Machadius. Castrius. Pinxit.

Et. Sculpsit:

Bartholomæus. Costius. Statuam. Equestrem.

Ex. Aere. Fudit

We cannot but admire the indifference evinced by Pombal when informed of the

removal of the portrait. "I am glad of it," said he, "for it was not like me." §

On the north side of the pedestal is seen a panel of basso relievo on which Regal Generosity is represented by a female with a crown upon her head, and clothed in royal robes: she is descending from a throne, and is in the act of granting her protection to the city of Lisbon, also figured by a female in a swoon, clinging for support with her left hand to an escuteheon, on which are emblazoned the arms of the senate. Generosity has her symbol the lion at her feet. On the right side appears a man clad in mail, armed with a lance, and holding in his hand a branch of olive, by which is denoted State-Government in the act of endeavouring to raise the fallen city. Virtue is represent by a Genius, crowned with laurel, having a star over his head, and holding three crowns of laurel in his left hand. With the right he conducts State-Government to the presence of Regal Generosity to whom he communicates the design he has formed of raising the city.

Regal Generosity seems to approve the design and with the left hand points out the site for the work, which is seen commencing in

§ On its restoration the following date was added — 12 de Outubro 1833.

the erection of poles and columns, while its right discloses the means for this purpose, which are Commerce, Industry, and Architecture. Commerce is personified by a man richly habited, who on his knees presents Regal Generosity with an open coffer filled with immense riches, and near him are his peculiar symbols the stork and mill-stones. Industry is represented by a female crowned with ripe ears of wheat, holding in her hand the rudder of a ship and two keys. She is addressing herself to Commerce, to whom she discovers Architecture, also figured by a female, having in her right hand a square and compass, and holding with both, the plan of the city.

The figures above the pedestal rank among the very first productions of the kind: but in casts of metals we must not look for excellence in the details, as the delicate touches of the chisel are always lost in the foundry: if the general form and the masses will bear the test of criticism, we can expect no more, and in this respect Machado has acquitted himself in a masterly manner.

Nor is less praise due to Bartholomeu da Costa who presided over the casting of the statue: he founded the whole in one piece, without failing even in a single member, a circumstance which probably has not occurred since the restoration of the art of casting

equestrian statues in bronze, in any work of equal magnitude until very recently in England. Da Costa not only cast the statue, but conveyed it from the foundry and raised it on the lofty pedestal on which it now stands. The liquid metal contained the enormous mass of six hundred and fifty six and a half quintals of bronze. The quintal is 128 lbs. English. After the loss of metal sustained in the polishing was subtracted, there remained five hundred quintals of bronze. The skeleton or *armação* of iron in the center weighed a hundred quintals, making the whole weight of the equestrian statue six hundred quintals of bronze and iron, or 76,200 lbs. The statue was cast on the 15th of October 1774.

The founder, as well as the sculptor, was a native of Portugal; the former was honoured and rewarded for his ingenuity by being promoted to the rank and pay of brigadier in the service; but the latter, who has an undoubted claim to the principal merit of the work, was neglected and forgotten. It is true that his sovereign created him a knight on the occasion; but after that, he was left to pine in an attic. It is related that he petitioned a gentleman high in office to have the floor of his wretched apartment repaired; and a few years ago a public subscription was raised to rescue his surviving relatives from starvation.

The costly magnificence displayed at the inauguration of this statue deserves to be mentioned. The ceremony commenced on the 6th of June, on which day the monarch attained his sixty first year, and lasted during eight successive days. All that Lisbon possessed of wealth, rank and beauty was brought together on this memorable occasion. The first day was entirely occupied by the ceremonial of the inauguration, during which the court, nobles, and knights, as well as the civil and military bodies, successively paid their respects to the image of their sovereign. On the second day, their Majesties and the royal family came to the square in a grand procession, in which were carried on magnificent cars representations or emblems of the four quarters of the globe, of the ocean, of the arts and sciences, and of the kingdom of Portugal. After viewing the splendid arrangements in the square, the royal suite withdrew to apartments in the Custom House, where they were entertained with concerts and other amusements, after which a sumptuous banquet was served up in the large hall, *Sala Grande*, such as no Lord Mayor's feast ever surpassed. Our readers may be able to form some idea of the magnificence of this fête from a glance at the expences which amounted to 40,722,600rs. or £9,167. During the remaining seven days

repetitions of the first day's ceremonies, processions, spectacles, illuminations and concerts continued to delight the immense crowds of spectators that flocked from every quarter.

The east side of the *Praça do Commercio* contains the office of the minister of the Interior, the Custom House and its dependencies, the Exchange, and the Tribunal of commerce. The two latter occupy the square building at the southern extremity. The Exchange is a large and commodious hall which is entered from the arcade, and is intersected by four rows of marble columns. It contains compartments for various companies, such as the Insurance company, Steam company, &c. and is furnished with a commodious reading-room. Above the Exchange and communicating with it by a staircase, is the Tribunal of commerce.

The Custom House of Lisbon, whether we consider its internal arrangements, its decorations, strength, or capaciousness, is perhaps not surpassed by any other edifice of the kind in the world. "Here" says Murphy "are no palaces for commissioners to dwell in nor dark cells for clerks to write in, nor cellars floating with water to hold dry goods." Every stranger should visit this edifice. Ascending a broad and noble staircase of two flights he will enter a magnificent room of

a hundred and seventy three feet long, by sixty nine broad. At the four corners of this vast apartment are passages leading to the various store-rooms and offices, all of which correspond in spaciousness with the principal room. The whole building, including the India-house, forms a square, the interior of which is planted with trees and contains a fountain surrounded by seats for the accomodation of idlers. In this square is kept, as a kind of curiosity, a small brass cannon, so situated under three lenses as to discharge itself exactly at the hours of nine, twelve and three o'clock by the rays of the sun concentrated in the focus. It may here be remarked to the credit of the Portuguese that, in spite of the depressed state of their finances, much elegance and even magnificence is displayed in many of their public offices. It would be well if we could add that equal attention had been paid to improve and simplify the method of administering the affairs that are transacted within them, instead of creating unnecessary impediments to the dispatch of business.

The north side of the square contains the offices of the minister of Justice and Ecclesiastical affairs—the Junta do Credito Pnblico—the Supreme Tribunal of Justice, and the Municipal Chamber.—The west side contains the office of the minister of Foreign Affairs

—the treasury—the offices of the ministers of Finance, of the Marine and of the War departments.

Passing along the *Rua do Arsenal* the termination of which forms the north west entrance to the *Praça do Commercio*, we enter the *Largo do Pelourinho*, (Pillory Place). This square contains in the centre a twisted column of stone, supporting an armillary sphere. Instead of this quiet ornament, the column was formerly surmounted by several iron spikes, intended to hold the heads of criminals after execution. As significant emblems of justice, similar columns, or *Pelourinhos*, are erected in those towns of Portugal, which possess judicial tribunals. For the substitution of the armillary sphere in the *Pelourinho* of Lisbon, in place of the horrid points, stern mementos of guilt overtaken by the law, we are indebted to a humane order of Don Pedro soon after his arrival.

On the south side of this square is the Arsenal. This building is remarkable for containing a magnificent room, termed *Casa do risco*, in which is a model ship, completely rigged, and serving for the exercise of the young men, who are learning nautical tactics. It also contains apartments for the Board of Health, and a naval school. Attached to it is a dock for building vessels of war. The last

line of battle ship that was lannehed from this dock was the Vasco da Gama, which after being twenty years on the stocks, was set afloat about twelve years ago, since which time it has only once been out of sight of the shores of Portugal.

In the Arsenal yard there is a fountain of mineral waters, principally containing sulphuretted hydrogen, which have been lately used with much success for medical purposes.

The bank of Lisbon forms the east side of the *Largo do Pelourinho*; the other sides are formed of regular buildings, consisting of dwelling-houses, four stories high. At the north west corner of this square is the office of the only Omnibus Company in Lisbon, which amongst its shareholders reckons no less a personage than King Ferdinand, who soon after his arrival in the country entered his name with a laudable view of stimulating his subjects to engage in national improvements.

Largo do Corpo Santo.—*Caes do Sodre.*—*Fish market.*—*Fort and largo de S. Paulo.*
—*Mint.*—*Esperança.*—*Palacio das Necessi-*
dades.—*Royal Family.*

To observations, which ourselves we make,
We grow more partial for th'observer's sake.

Pope.

Advancing along *Rua do Arsenal*, we come to a small square, called the *Largo do Corpo Santo*, the southern side of which is open to the river, and the western is formed by a church and convent belonging to the Irish Dominicans. This religious foundation, being under the protection of the British flag, escaped the avaricious grasp of the reformers of religious houses under Don Pedro in 1833. It was commenced in the year 1659 by Donna Louisa de Guzman, the celebrated queen of Don John IV. surnamed the *Restaurador*. The building was entirely destroyed by the earthquake of 1755 on which occasion it is recorded that one of the good fathers

featlessly rushed into the midst of the falling ruins, for the purpose of rescuing the sacred pix; and having succeeded in doing so, bore it in procession to the Church of St. Elizabeth, attended by a vast concourse of people imploring the Divine mercy. Some years elapsed before the fathers were enabled to build their seminary and little church. Some respectable families in Ireland gave munificent donations for this purpose: the rest of the expense was generously defrayed by the Portuguese, whose humanity was excited in favor of men, whom a cruel, and disgraceful code of sanguinary laws, had then excluded from the common rights of citizenship in their native land. Many illustrious men, afterwards promoted to the mitre in Ireland, and elsewhere, were educated in this convent, not to mention a number of others, who by their enlightened zeal, self devotedness, and charity, have merited well of their country. By thus sending forth faithful pastors to a faithful people, this religious seminary, has nobly performed its part towards assuaging those evils which an unjust and oppressive system of government, during two centuries of misrule has accumulated on unhappy Ireland.

A little further on is the *Praça dos Romulares* otherwise called *Caes do Sodré*, both which appellations are derived from the names

of former proprietors of the surrounding buildings. This square is remarkable for its tessellated pavement, laid down by prisoners sentenced to labour in works of public utility for various crimes.—This system of turning to general benefit the idle hours of incarcerated criminals is productive of good not less to the culprits themselves, by accustoming them to habits of industry, than to the community.

Passing onwards in the same direction we come to the fish-market, *Ribeira Nova*, which is large and commodiously arranged. Perhaps there are few places so well supplied with fish as Lisbon; and notwithstanding the heavy duties levied on its entrance into the market, fish may be purchased at one half the price it sells for in London. Contiguous to the fish market is the fort of St. Paul which serves as a convenient depôt for ship cannon, and contains lodgments for disabled soldiers.

Passing the square and church of St. Paul's which possesses a handsome front and is spacious and elegant in its interior, we come to the mint. This edifice contains a powerful steam engine and machinery for coining, but the objects in it, most attractive to a traveller, are a collection of rich gold and silver ornaments, which were taken from the suppressed convents and are here deposited. Amongst

others may be mentioned a golden cross weighing twelve marks, four ounces, given by Don Sancho I. to the church of the Holy Cross at Coimbra in 1212; — a large ancient cross of silver, — another of gold inlaid with precious stones, and a large pix, also set with stones, from Alcobaça; — a magnificent silver remonstrance or sepulchre for Holy Week, of Gothic design, taken from the house of the religious knights of Thomar; — a remonstrance taken from the Patriarchal church, which cost one million two hundred thousand crowns; — another from the chapel of Bemposta, which is worth by weight seventeen contos de reis, about £4,250, exclusive of the diamonds and other precious stones with which it is inlaid; — a third remonstrance taken from the church of Belem, and which was made by order of king Emmanuel out of the first gold that was brought from Quiloa; — an ancient exquisitely wrought chalice taken from Thomar; — two others from Coimbra; — a royal sceptre made of gold gathered from the sands of the Tagus; — with several other rich and beautiful specimens.

For admission apply to the director (*Provedor*) or his substitute, who is usually on the spot.

Continuing in the same direction, we come to the bottom of the *Calçada do Marquez de*

Abrantes. Turning a little to the right, we enter the *Largo da Esperança*. Here is a convent of nuns of the order called "Poor Clares," and famous for very superior sweetmeats, which may be purchased at the gate. The church has little to recommend it. In the square is a fountain surrounded as usual by numbers of noisy Gallegos. Previously to the arrival of Don Pedro, there stood in this square a cross surrounded by the emblems of the crucifixion beautifully wrought in stone, the whole being enclosed within iron rails. Similar emblems were formerly often to be met with in the town and country, but beautiful and expressive as they were in a Christian land, they were torn down with as savage recklessness as pagan Goth, or Vandal could have displayed;—even the cross erected by St. Elizabeth to commemorate the celebrated reconciliation effected by her prayers and intreaties, fell beneath the iconoclastic rage of the enlightened legislators of 1833.

Returning to the main road, and passing the palace of the Marquis of Abrantes, the parish church of the *Santos*, and the residences of the Count de Murça, Viscountess d'Assêca, Marquis de Pombal, Marquis das Minas and Count of Sabugal, we arrive at the convent of St. John of God, at present transformed into barracks for soldiers, nearly

opposite which is a neat church with an elegant marble front, dedicated in honour of St. Francis of Paul. Continuing in the same direction we come to the foot of the hill that leads to the present residence of the royal family, the palace of the *Necessidades*. §

An account of the foundation of this Palace with its annexed church and convent, may be acceptable to our readers. It owes its title to an image of our Lady of Health which was brought to Alcantara from the village of Ericcira, by a weaver who had fled thither to escape the pestilence of 1593. This man lodged his image in a small chapel which he was enabled to build by the alms of the faithful, and which he dedicated to St. Mary under

§ *Palacio das Necessidades*, Palace of Want. This ominous appellation gave rise some time ago to a humorous remark in one of the daily papers. Costa Cabral, who was prime minister, was at that time living in the *Travessa dos Ladros* (Thieves' lane). The principal cemetery of the town is denominated *Alto dos Prazeres*, or Height of Pleasure. "What good" asked the writer, "can be expected in a country where the monarch lives in the Palace of Want, the minister in Thieves' lane, and where the Height of pleasure belongs to the coffin'd dead!"

the title of Our Lady Reliever of Necessities. In a short time the image became famous, and was much resorted to by the population under the impression that many wonderful cures had been obtained from God by Christ's holy Mother in favor of those who took this mode of seeking her intercession. Among others Don John V. entertained a particular veneration for this image, and attributed to the prayers of Her whom it represented his recovery from a dangerous illness in 1742. In gratitude for this cure he purchased the whole of the ground which forms the present site of the edifice of the *Necessidades*, and built himself a palace close to the chapel which he enlarged and enriched. In addition to this he constructed a convent, in which he placed clergymen, whose institute was to exercise the ordinary duties of the priesthood, and also to give instruction to youth in all the sciences. These priests who belonged to the Congregation of St. Philip Neri, and who were also known by the appellation of Oratorians, were put in possession of this convent in 1747.

The buildings are delightfully situated and possess an excellent view of the river and its banks. The palace has an imposing entrance. The staircases by which you ascend to the royal apartments are magnificent, and are panelled on the sides and ceiling with polished

marble. The conveniences of the original palace have been materially increased by the annexation of the suppressed convent, and its extensive gardens, which have been lately converted into gay and elegant parterres, and may be visited in the absence of the Queen, by obtaining a ticket from one of the Lords in waiting. The church is small but elegant and built entirely of stone, and has at its entrance a statue of St. Peter by the Roman sculptor Giusti, and another of St. Paul, by Almeida a native of Portugal. The portico itself is well worthy of attention for the beauty of its design and execution. You ascend to it by five steps, it has four columns and three arches in front, with an arch on each side, and a verandah, and ornamented balustrade. The marble statues of St. Charles Borromeo, and St. Camillus de Lellis, on each side of the great window and the image over the door in relief of the Blessed Virgin, with the infant in her arms, surrounded by attendant angels, are well worthy of observation.

On the terrace in front of the building is an elaborately wrought fountain. In the midst of the tank rises an obelisk of red marble, thirty palms high, surmounted by a gilt ball and cross of bronze.

As we are now on the subject of the ordinary residence of the present sovereign of

Portugal, a succinct account of the persons composing the reigning family may be here properly introduced. The name of her Most Faithful Majesty is Donna Maria da Gloria, Joanna, Carlotta, Leopoldina, Isidora da Cruz, Francisca Xavier de Paula, Michaela, Gabriela, Luiza Gonzaga. Her titles are Queen of Portugal and the Algarves, § Lady of Guinea and of the navigation, conquest and commerce of Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia, &c. She was born on the 4th of April 1819: in 1834 she married the prince Don Augusto Carlos, Duke of Leuchtenberg, &c. who died in March 1835: in 1836 she married her second husband, the present king Don Fernando, Augusto, Francisco, Antonio Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, who was born on the 29th of October 1816.

The following are the names of the royal offspring.

1st. The most Sereue Lord Don Pedro de Alcantara, Maria, Fernando, Miguel, Rafael, Gabriel, Gonzaga, Xavier, João, Antouio, Leopoldo, Victor Francisco d'Assis, Julio, Amalio Saxe-Coburg Gotha, de Bragança e Bour-

§ *Algarves*, of which there are two; one at present forming the southern province of Portugal the other on the African coast.

bon, the hereditary prince, who was born the 16th of September 1837.

2nd. The most Serene Lord D. Luiz Philippe, Maria, Fernando, Pedro d'Alcantara, Miguel, Rafael, Gabriel, Gonzaga, Xavier, Francisco d'Assis, João, Augusto, Julio de Bragança e Bourbon, Infante and duke of Oporto, who was born on the 31st of October 1838.

3rd. The most Serene Lord D. João Maria, Fernando, Pedro d'Alcantara, Miguel, Rafael, Gabriel, Gregorio, Leopoldo, Carlos, Antonio, Francisco d'Assis, Borja, Gonzaga, Felix, de Bragança e Bourbon, Saxe-Coburg Gotha, Infante duke of Beja, who was born on the 16th March 1842.

4th. Her most Serene Highness Donna Maria Anna, Fernanda, Leopoldina, Michaela, Rafaela, Gabriela, Carlota, Antonia, Julia, Victoria, Franedes, Francisca d'Assis, Gonzaga de Bragança e Bourbon Saxe-Coburg Gotha, who was born on the 21st of July 1847.

5th. Her most Serene Highness Donna Antonia, Maria, Fernanda, Michaela, Rafaela, Gabriela, d'Assis, Anna, Isabel, Gonzaga, Silvina, Julia, Augusta de Bragança e Bourbon Saxe-Coburg Gotha, who was born on the 17th of February 1845.

6th. The most Serene Lord D. Fernando, Maria, Luiz, Miguel, Rafael, Gabriel, Francisco d'Assis, Gonzaga, Antonio, Appolinario

de Bragança e Bourbon Saxe-Coburg Gotha, who was born on the 23rd July 1846.

7th. The most Serene Lord D. Augusto de Bragança e Bourbon Saxe-Coburg Gotha, who was born on the 4th of November 1847.

The Royal arms are, argent, five escutcheons, azure, placed crosswise, each charged with as many bezants as the first placed falterwise, and sable, for Portugal. The shield, bordered, 'gules, charged with seven towers, or three in chief and two in each flank. The supporters are two winged dragons, and the crest a dragon, or under the two flanches, and the base of the shield appears at the end of it, and two crosses, the first flowered-de-luce vert, which is for the order of Aviz, and the second patee, gules, for the order of Christ: the motto is changeable, each king assuming a new one, but is it frequently *Pro Rege et Grege*, "For the king and the people."

Bridge of Alcantara, — Calvario. — Royal coaches. — Rope Walk. — Private residences. — Belem quay — Ajuda. — Botanical garden. — Church of St. Jerome. — Casa Pia. — Bom Successo. — Belem Castle.

Glory! alas! what is it, but a name!
 Go, search the records of the years of old,
 And thou shalt find too sure that brightest fame,
 For which hard toiled the skilful and the bold,
 Was but a magic gift that none could hold—
 A name traced with an infant's finger in the sand,
 O'er which dark Time's effacing waves are rolled
 A fragile blossom in a giant's hand,
 Crushed with a thousand more, that die as they expand.

By the author of "Darnley."

Quitting the palace of the *Necessidades*, and continuing our walk to the westward, we reach the bridge of *Alcantara*, on the right parapet of which is a fine statue of St. John Nepomucen, which was erected by D. Maria Anna of Austria, whose superb mausoleum may be seen in the church bearing the saint's name. This valuable specimen of statuary was the work of the sculptor Padua, and was placed on the centre of the bridge in remembrance of the martyr having been thrown from the

bridge of Prague into the waters of the Moldaw, for refusing to break the inviolable secrecy of Confession. It was solemnly inaugurated in 1744.

At the *Calvario*, at a little distance from the bridge of *Alcantara*, in a building constructed for the purpose by Don John V. there is a collection of ancient coaches, perhaps the most curious now anywhere existing. There is a very remarkable state coach of king Alfonso Henriques, who reigned from 1128 till 1185, which has seven beautiful venetian windows, each from eight to nine palms square; the cushions are interwoven with gold thread; it contains also paintings, raised work, and ornaments of gilt bronze; these latter equal if not exceed the most beautiful works in *ormolu* of the French. Near it, is an unwieldy coach made in Brazil, and ornamented with gold. Another coach equally rich of Emmanuel the Great is in addition covered with beautiful relievos. There is also to be found here the state coach of king Dennis, who reigned in 1279, and in which no doubt must have sat his queen, the saintly Elizabeth: on the box are wrought flowers and coats of arms on a ground of gold in the highest perfection; the interior is lined with gold brocade. There is also a series of coaches constructed in Madrid of two and four seats, which brought to

Portugal the Infanta of Spain, Donna Maria Anna Victoria, daughter of king Philip V. when she espoused Don Joseph I. then prince of Brazil. These Spanish coaches are rich, but for the most part inconvenient: they are covered with velvet galloons and gilding. There are also a great number of other carriages, varying in shape from the triumphant Roman car, to our modern tilburies, and were intended to carry the images of the saints in the processions. Here are likewise to be seen a considerable variety of the *berlindas* of the *Infantes*, and little donkey carriages, ancient carts and chaises, built as clumsily as though they were carrier carts, but covered with a profusion of gilding, and differently coloured paintings.

Near this historical depôt of carriages, are the royal stables, which are admirably arranged, lofty, airy, and provided with spring water. They contain at present about sixty mules. These with a hundred and twenty horses form the royal stud. In the time of Joseph I. and his daughter Mary I. it consisted of about two thousand of these animals: Don John VI. reduced this number to one half; and Don Miguel possessed some hundreds. It would be difficult to discover the necessity for such a number of horses, were it not well known that at the time of which we

are speaking, not only all the personages attached to the service of the court, but the majority of the lords and noblemen of the kingdom, could ride all day long at the cost of the palace. A written order from the chief equerry or one of his subordinates sufficed immediately to obtain this privilege, which was frequently acted upon for whole years. True however there then existed the treasures of Brazil, which allowed of every folly, and covered every expense.

In contiguity with these coach-houses is an asylum for destitute female orphans, which gives the name of *Calvario* to this locality. Passing the residences of the Count of Ribeira, the Barons of Fulgoza and Junqueira, we approach through a long avenue of trees terminating in a garden connected with the *Porto Franco*, or depôt for bonded goods, — to the *Cordoaria*, an extensive building which serves as a rope manufactory. This yellow edifice, about five hundred yards in length, was built by queen Mary I. The cordage and sailcloth departments, occupy upwards of three hundred labourers. One half of this building was destroyed by fire in the year 1826, but was shortly after rebuilt.

A little further on, the road opens into a square formerly known by the name of *Larga*.

de Belem, but now entitled *Praça de Don Fernando* in honour of his present Majesty. Its principal recommendation is a very commodious and handsome quay. From this point passage boats are continually plying to Lisbon; and in this square the city Omnibuses stop. At the north east is the termination of a long broad street which conducts to the palace of the *Ajuda*. About the middle of this street on the right-hand side as you ascend, there is seen an extensive range of buildings, the barracks of the household troops, both cavalry and infantry.

The palace of the *Ajuda*, were it finished on the gigantic scale originally proposed, though it does not appear at all probable at present that it ever will be, would undoubtedly form one of the most extensive piles of building in Europe. Not one third of the vast fabric is yet completed: though it has already served as a residence for the royal family in the reign of Don John VI. It stands on the site of a temporary edifice of wood, hastily constructed immediately after the great earthquake of 1755, for the reception of the royal family and which was subsequently destroyed by fire. The grandfather of her present Majesty when Regent laid the first stone of this palace. The façade which looks to the south, and was intended to have been the principal

one comprises two orders of architecture, the Tuscan and Composite. The east side, which has been nearly completed, presents to the view a heavy vestibule, flanked by three porticos, supported by columns, in which are placed allegorical statues, the work of Portuguese artists, some of them by Joachim Machado de Castro. On this side the two wings, which are one story higher than the rest of the building, are surrounded by balustrades, and are each ornamented by twelve trophies. The interior of the edifice is divided into apartments, some of which are finished, and have their walls painted in fresco. The best is that representing the acclamation of the Duke of Bragança under the title of Don John IV., the work of a Portuguese artist by name Luiz da Cunha Taborda. The view presented from the top of the building will amply repay the trouble of ascending the winding staircase that leads to the summit.

Of this palace Prince Lichnowsky in his "Recollections of 1842," thus writes—

"What interest can I take in this enormous and cold mass of stone, abandoned to loneliness, without a past and without a present! — unfinished modern ruins, which offer nothing and recall nothing to recollection! The wretched style of the last century, the ugly statues, the cold marble, — all this cannot

please merely because eighty millions of cruzades were spent on the work, and because it would be a great work if it were to be completed."

Without subscribing to this sweeping condemnation of his German Highness, we may safely assert, that the money already spent in this edifice might have built a complete palace of greater taste and elegance, and more in keeping with the extent of the dominions and finances of the monarchs of Portugal. At a short distance from this palace towards the east is an ample park, *Tapada*, in which are some game and a few deer.

The next object of interest in this neighbourhood is the Botanical garden. This deserves to be visited, not for the number or variety of the plants but for two military figures of stone that were disinterred near Portalegre in the year 1735, and are said to be of Phenician workmanship.

At no great distance from the Botanical garden on the west stands a beautiful little church of stone, dedicated in honour of St. Joseph, it is usually called the *Memoria*, as it was erected to commemorate the providential escape of king Joseph I. from attempted assassination. The beauty of this little temple and its solitary position gave occasion to the

remark—"that it looks as if it had been placed there by the hands of angels." §

Returning to the *Praça de Don Fernando* we may observe a number of statues standing on the wall that bounds the north side of the square. They belong to the royal gardens denominated *Quinta do baizo*. Adjoining these gardens is a court surrounded by dens or cages for wild beasts, almost all which are untenanted. There is here also a royal palace the principal front of which is on the side of the gardens. It is remarkable for little else than a good ball-room, in which her present Majesty used to receive company. In the immediate vicinity of this palace there is a large and commodious riding school, *Pica-deiro*, which may not be uninteresting to the gentlemen of the whip.

The next object that will arrest the stranger's attention, as he continues to follow the course of the river will be the magnificent convent and church of St. Jerome. This interesting pile was commenced by Emmanuel the Great in 1499, and was completed by his son and successor John III. × It was from this

§ Kenelm Digby's Ages of Faith.

× Over the door of the entrance of the Monastery is seen the following inscription, said

spot that Vasco da Gama embarked, when he set out on that memorable voyage of discovery which has immortalized his name. That was an age of faith;—the bold adventurer spent the night previous to his embarkation in prayer in a small chapel on the strand; and his royal master reared the beauteous structure of which we are speaking, in thanksgiving to God for the success with which the expedition was crowned. An impulse had before been given to maritime discovery by the celebrated Don Henrique, and his statue, looking towards the sea, was prominently placed over the pillar that divides the main entrance, while those of Emmanuel and his queen stand over the two doors. The style of architecture is a compound of the Moresque and Norman Gothic. The principal entrance is worthy of attention for its richly ornamented sculpture, its statues, of which there are not less than thirty, and the harmonious proportions of the whole. The broad roof is supported by pillars of white

to have been written by the famous André de Rezende :—

Vasta mole sacrum divinæ in littore matri,
 Rex posuit Regum maximus Emmanuel;
 Auxit opes hæres regni et pietatis, uterque
 Structura certant, religione pares.

marble, of such surpassing lightness, that it is said that as soon as the work was finished, the architect was obliged to abscond to screen himself from the severe censures that were passed upon him by the critics of the day, who confidently predicted, that the roof would fall in as soon as the scaffolding should be taken away; and so far did these surmises influence the mind of the king that he ordered the wood-work to be removed by the hands of condemned felons, with the promise that if they escaped the presumed danger they should be set at liberty. § The scaffolding was removed, the building stood, and the architect skulked from his hiding-place. The winds and storms of nearly four centuries have passed over it, and the building stands: the earthquake of 1755 rudely shook its foundations, yet St. Jerome's stands. The only part of the church at all injured by that awful calamity was the arch of the transept, which came down to the ground the year following, but was soon after restored. The architect is said to have been an Italian of the name of

§ Something of the same kind is related of the Chapter-house of the famous convent of Batalha. The anecdote may be true of both edifices.

Potassi. § The high altar is entirely covered with silver, and on either side of it are marble sarcophagi, supported upon elephants. Within are the remains of the founder, king Emmanuel, and his queen Donna Maria, third daughter of Ferdinand the Catholic, those of his son Don John III. and of the queen of the latter Catharine of Austria, daughter of Philip I. of Spain. The inscription on the tomb of Emmanuel the Great is remarkable.

Littore ab occiduo qui primi ad limina solis
 Extendit cultum notitiamque Dei,
 Tot reges domiti cui submisère thiaras,
 Conditor hoc tumulo Maximus Emmanuel.

Behind the High Altar there is a small chamber containing the remains of Don Afonso VI. His body is dressed in the costume of the period in which he lived, and though two centuries have elapsed, the whole is tolerably perfect.

§ Abbade Castro in his "Description of the royal monastery of Belem, 1240" had stated this to be the name of the principal architect. This was contradicted by Snr. Vernhagen; but after a patient investigation of the documents on this subject existing in the *Torre do Tombo*, this impartial antiquary has acknowledged his error and subscribed to Castro's opinion.

Perhaps the most striking objects in this sumptuous edifice are the pulpits, which face each other towards the middle of the nave. They are formed of the most beautiful red and dark ash-coloured marbles, and are exquisitely carved. The length of the church is about one hundred and thirty paces; it is lighted by windows of stained glass, an improvement effected by his present Majesty D. Fernando.

The choir, which is at the western extremity, is paved with beautiful Brazil wood; the stalls are exquisitely carved with delicate Arabesque tracery. It is hung round with good paintings of the twelve Apostles. The organ was one of the largest, best-toned and most complete in the country, but is now quite in ruins. Many of the smaller pipes have been stolen and sold for the value of the metal they contained, and a thousand pounds would be required for its thorough repair. A smaller and quite inferior instrument stands on the opposite side, and is sometimes played in the summer months when the church is visited by the royal family.

The sacristy of this edifice is rich and spacious, and is entered by a short corridor on the north side of the chancel. The chief feature of interest which it now retains, and of which indeed it would be difficult to deprive

it, is the gallery of pictures on its walls, delineating various portions of the life of St. Jerome. Not long ago the sacristy was possessed of gold and silver plate of an almost incredible value; but by an order of the needy government in the time of Don Peter, the larger portion of its sacred treasures was carried off *for greater security* to the royal mint where much of it is believed by many to have seen the light in the shape of the current coin of the realm. It has been said—we know not with what truth—that the plate taken from this venerable sanctuary filled two large lighters.

Perhaps the most beautiful portion of this ancient structure in the eyes of the lovers of art will be found in the cloister, which has been declared by discerning tourists to be one of the finest specimens of ecclesiastical architecture now existing in the world. It forms a regular square, each side of which is ninety feet in length. In the centre is a court tastefully decorated with fountains, tanks, marble seats, and grass plots. Along each side of the square runs a light and airy piazza, paved with marble, teeming with beautiful tracery appropriately surmounted with highly ornamented windows which light the interior. The whole however is rapidly passing to decay, while images defaced and vacant places in the

walls where altars have stood, tell of the blind rage of men who war on that religion, to the inspirations of which so much beauty owed its origin.

The monastery itself which is attached to the church, and runs from east to west, consists of two long galleries, with cells on each side, over each of which is a Latin verse taken from the scriptures. Between the lower gallery and the choir is an oblong room, remarkable for containing the portraits of the Portuguese monarchs and which for this reason is known by the name of the *Casa dos Reis*. The pictures have little to recommend them in an artistic point of view, but are interesting for having been severally drawn from life. Observe the pale and delicate but intelligent expression of the countenance of Don Emmanuel; the stalwart John II. wielding a ponderous weapon; the juvenile and active figure of Don Sebastian, and the mixture of tenderness and severity in the features of Peter the Just or the Cruel. A beautiful piazza once ran the whole length of the building; but through a spirit of petty economy arches have been filled up by whitewashed walls and divided into tenements.

Of this convent a modern traveller thus writes: "Its poetry is gone, and the impress of degradation is being daily stamped upon its

romantic porticos. I had hoped to meet in each cell a venerable religious of St. Jerome; and the marble seats certainly looked as if they had been made only for the plaited habits of the monks. But the monastery of Belem is now transformed into an asylum for orphans and foundlings. After the expulsion of its legitimate possessors, who were scattered abroad on the world without either shelter or means of subsistence, this was perhaps the most decent purpose to which God's house deprived of its ancient tenants could be applied, and much better than if it had been converted into a manufactory or warehouse.

The establishment, *Casa Pia*, is at present conducted with admirable order, and is under the especial protection of the empress; yet, this notwithstanding, I am by no means an advocate of the utilitarian system." The interior arrangements of the establishment, as far as material appliances go, reflect credit on the conductors of the charity, but the intellectual and religious departments are shamefully defective.

The next object claiming attention is the convent of *Bom Successo*, which stands on the side of the road at a little distance to the west of the Jeronymite convent. We introduce it on account of its being occupied by Irish ladies of the order of St. Dominic. This build-

ing was founded in the year 1639, under Philip III. of Spain. These nuns having been deprived of the greater part of their income, have successfully directed their talents to the education of young ladies.

At a short distance stands the tower of Belem, known also as St. Vincent's castle. This tower was projected by Don John II. for the purpose of forming a cross fire with the *Torre Velha* built by Don John I. However it devolved on his successor Don Emmanuel to carry the design into execution, which he accomplished about the year 1521, in the same style as his magnificent convent, and as some authors affirm to serve as protection to it.

The tower was originally built on a rock in the midst of the water, but it is now connected with the village by a tract of sand, which time has deposited on the north side. This edifice, so conspicuous for its venerable architecture, is indebted to the good taste of his present Majesty Don Fernando for its restoration, by whose directions the modern whitewashed walls that so long disfigured it were pulled down, and the building repaired with scrupulous attention to its original construction. The bastions and watch towers of stone with their peculiar angular workmanship, the crenated terrace, the loop holes in the walls, the flowered crosses of the order of



Christ carved on the battlements will be all objects of interest to the poet or the antiquary, while standing beneath this interesting monument, he listens to the sounds of the waves which beat against its foundations, or to the whistling of the wind as it sweeps over its summit.

One of the greatest curiosities of Belem castle is undoubtedly the royal saloon, which formerly had a balcony looking towards the sea, above which are the arms of Emmanuel the Great. This apartment is remarkable for possessing an elliptical roof which is so constructed as that two individuals placed in opposite extremities of the hall can speak with each other, while persons remaining in the centre are unable to hear the conversation.

On the platform are mounted six pieces of cannon remarkable for their antiquity as well as for their elaborate workmanship. There are dungeons underground, the descent into which is closed by iron gratings level with the pavement.

Considered in a military point of view, this fortress cannot offer any effectual resistance against an attacking force. Indeed it was considerably shattered by a single broadside from an English frigate some fifty years ago; and so far from contributing to the defence of the river, any resistance would only draw

upon itself inevitable destruction. Hence it is the wish of a numerous and sensible class that it should cease to be preserved as a military defence, and should be employed like the tower of London as a depôt for the conservation of national trophies and curiosities. Until within a few years an impost of 3,800rs. for the maintenance of the military stationed therein, was paid by every ship passing the tower.

Having thus conducted the stranger to what may be considered the most westerly point of the metropolis, we would advise him if the wind or tide should prove favorable to return home by water, and to relieve the tediousness of the passage we will tell him a story. About the year 1809-10 an extraordinary announcement was made to the good people of Lisbon that a gentleman of inventive genius had had the good fortune to discover a method of walking on the water. The means which he was to employ for this purpose were no other than a pair of huge cork boots. This novel advertisement excited universal attention, and the interest it occasioned was wound up to its highest pitch when it was found that the inventor so far from shrinking from public scrutiny, intended to subject his invention to actual experiment in the presence of all who should take the trouble to witness it, and had

fixed the time and place for its realization. He pledged himself to the whole population of Lisbon to walk from Belem-quay to the opposite side of the river. The day mentioned in this extraordinary announcement arrived, and such was the eagerness to see the feat of this wonder-working-man-of-boots, that the whole city was literally emptied of its inhabitants. Enormous sums were asked for vehicles or beasts of burden, and from early dawn the busy boats incessantly plied freighted with passengers of every description, from Lisbon to Belem. This extraordinary influx of so many thousand persons exhausted the ordinary supply of provisions in that and the adjacent *bairros*. Midday came and expectation was on tiptoe; every eye was directed to the river, but the occasion of all this excitement appeared not. An hour passed away and no one came. Another hour, and still he tarried. Slowly and sadly passed the afternoon, and not till the sun had set on the horizon could the gaping crowd be induced to believe that they had been hoaxed. Night now rapidly closed over them, and gave them an opportunity of skulking to the city without meeting the jeers and ridicule of the few who had staid at home. This ludicrous occurrence is well remembered to this day; and many still exist who were themselves duped on the occasion. It

has even given rise to a proverb, and the good citizens of Lisbon are sure to designate all attempts at a hoax as the second part of the *Homem das botas*.

Conceição Velha — *Sele Casas*, — *Baths of the Alcaçarias*. — *Chafariz do Rei*. — *Cannon foundry*. — *Caes do Tojo* — *Execution of criminals*. — *Madre de Deos*. — *Chabregas*. — *Grillo*. — *Beato Antonio*. — *Marvilla*.

“Where I see the superiority of England, (which by the bye we are a good deal mistaken about in many things) I am pleased, and where I find her inferior, I am at least enlightened.”

Byron's letters.

Taking again the *Terreiro do Paço* for our starting point, and proceeding to the eastward along *Rua Nova da Alfandega*, we come to the church of the *Conceição Velha*, which is remarkable for having been a Jewish synagogue down to the time of king Emmanuel. That prince converted it into a Christian church, and embellished it with a stone front in the same style as the church of St. Jerome. The front is the only part of the building that can interest the stranger, as the interior pos-

sesses no architectural merit. This church belongs to the knights of the military order of Christ.

A little further on, on the opposite side of the street, and at the termination of the general Custom House, stand the buildings called the *Sete-Casas* and *Ver-o-pezo*, through which all such articles as come under the denomination of provisions, as wine, oil, meat, fruits, &c. must pass paying duty before they can enter the city. There is a large quay in front of the building.

Passing a number of stalls or shambles, in which pork and *Alemtejo* cheese, made of sheep's milk, are the chief commodities we see on our left a fountain, to which we descend from the road and which flows through a number of parallel apertures. This fountain is called *Chafariz do Rei*, King's fountain, and is remarkable for the abundance of the water which it yields, the flow appearing never to decrease even in the driest summer. It is not, like most of the other fountains in Lisbon, connected with the grand aqueduct, but is supposed to draw its supplies from an enormous reservoir concealed in the hill that is crowned by the castle of St. George. The water is always of a higher temperature than that of the aqueduct, and is said to be beneficial in several disorders.

The next object that attracts the eye is the Corn market, *Terreiro do trigo*. This is a large building and contains spacious apartments for various species of grain, besides offices for the payment of duties, &c. During the hours of business great numbers of mules are usually seen waiting in the court that fronts the edifice. These belong to the millers who come there for corn, from the numerous wind-mills that every where top the heights in the neighbourhood of the town. These mules are often excessively vicious, and we would advise the stranger when passing them to keep out of the reach of their heels or mouths. However they generally give notice of hostile intentions by a sort of squeak, which circumstance is alluded to in the following proverb, which as it contains a reflection on learned ladies we will not translate:—

“Do Macho que diz *im*,
E da Mulher que sabe Latim,
Libera nos Domine.”

Opposite the Corn market are the thermal baths known by the name of the *Alcaçarias*§. They are much frequented by rheumatic patients. The letting of them produces a very considerable income. There are three; one be-

§ A Moorish word for a castle or palace.

belongs to the family of the duke of Cadaval, the other two belong to other proprietors.

After passing two other fountains, and a small fish-market, we reach at no great distance the foundry, *fundição*, and military arsenal.

This building is of an irregular construction, but its façade to the west is not destitute of elegance. It serves as a depôt for pieces of artillery and for upwards of sixty thousand stands of arms. It contains several ancient and curious guns, and other weapons, and also the famous cannon which was taken at the siege of Diu by Nuno da Cunha in 1533. This enormous gun was originally deposited in the castle of St. Julian, where it remained till it was brought to Lisbon in the reign of Joseph I. for the purpose of being melted down to form part of the equestrian statue of that monarch. It is said that an ambassador from Tunis, accidentally reading the Arabic inscription on the breech, represented the propriety of saving so memorable a trophy from the furnace; and the piece was accordingly deposited in its present situation. It is twenty eight palms long, upwards of twenty feet English measure, and discharges a ball of ninety three pounds weight. The following is a translation of the inscription;—

“From our sovereign Mahêy, king of the kings of the age, son of the noble Lady Rahân, Defender of the Mahometan law, Conqueror of the Taneous, Exterminator and vanquisher of the Ebaditas, (on the day of the memorable battle with king Salib) Heir to king Suliman, Confider in God, Father of his country, and of the sciences, King of Maderchah—This cannon was cast on the fifth day of the month of Til-Kâde, in the year 939 of the Hegira.”

This date corresponds with the 16th of Nov. A. D. 1529.

Perhaps the most attractive objects in the military arsenal are the paintings on the ceilings, which are the work of Pedro Alexandrino, Cyrillo, Bruno, Berardo. Here also is kept the original model of the equestrian statue erected in the *Terreiro do Paço*, as it was moulded in wax by the hands of Machado de Castro.

A part of the edifice is applied to the casting and boring of cannos, &c. and another portion of the establishment is employed as a school for sixty poor boys, who are denominated Apprentices of the Arsenal, *Apprendixes do Arsenal*, under the direction of the Inspector of the establishment.

A little further on we come to the Artillery barracks, a large and commodious range of

buildings, fronted by a spacious court. Passing these we arrive at the *Caes do Tojo*, literally Furze-quay, in which are usually piled large quantities of brushwood for fuel. This spot is the Tyburn of Lisbon, and has witnessed the closing scene of the lives of many atrocious criminals. When an execution is to take place, part of the brushwood is removed and a temporary gallows is erected.

The following account of a Portuguese execution was forwarded by the writer of these pages to one of the London public journals in the year 1842. The criminal was a young man of the name of Francisco de Mattos Lobo. "The circumstances of the case were briefly these;—under the plea of the death of an old servant of his own abode, he had obtained the consent of his cousin, a widow lady, to pass a few nights in her house. The family consisted of four individuals—the lady herself, a daughter about thirteen, a son of eleven years of age and a maid-servant. The monster chose for the execution of his purpose the moment when the family was retiring to rest, and treacherously assassinated them all. The daughter after receiving several stabs, feigned herself dead, and this fortunate circumstance led to a discovery. After he had quitted the place her groans drew the attention of an English family, resident in a neighbouring house,

and they communicated their suspicions to the police, who were soon on the spot. The young lady retained sufficient strength to declare the name and abode of her murderer. He was immediately apprehended, and being brought into the presence of his victim, was identified by her before she expired. In prison he twice attempted self-destruction, but was as often prevented; and on Saturday last he gave up by the hands of the executioner, that life which he had in vain sought to take away by his own."

"Now there is something so peculiarly impressive in the manner of conducting a public execution in this country, and this has been attended by a circumstance so tragical and striking, that I cannot refrain from giving you an account of it. Among the unfortunate victims, who, on the expulsion of Don Miguel, were denounced and imprisoned, was a venerable ecclesiastic, whose only crime had been an undaunted zeal in the cause of religion. During the seven years that he was under confinement, this truly apostolic man incessantly laboured in instructing and converting his fellow-prisoners. His exertions were blessed with abundant fruits; and such was his zeal for the unhappy prisoners, that, when at length he received his own liberation, he still continued in the same career of charity, and for

this purpose obtained permission to continue to reside within the gaol. Henceforward, besides attending to the spiritual wants of 500 inmates of the prison, he extended his labours through the whole city and its environs. In the pulpit, in the confessional, in private exhortation, in public instruction, his exertions and success were truly astonishing. But amid his many labours he never forgot his dear prisoners; and, among them all, Mattos Lobo, the preeminently guilty assassin, was the object that in a peculiar manner elicited his charity and zeal. Long before the sentence of death was pronounced and ratified, he had won the heart of this traitor ruffian, not only to himself but to religion and to God. I shall never forget the sensations I experienced when on Monday in Holy Week, I beheld this ferocious monster subdued to looks of humility and contrition, kneeling in silent prayer before the altar of God, assisting as acolythe at the holy sacrifice, and receiving within his lips the flesh of the Immaculate Lamb. As soon as his saintly director had finished his thanksgiving, he arose, locked the murderer to his bosom, and burst into a flood of tears."

"On Thursday last the gaoler called for Mattos Lobo, and reading to him the sentence of death that had received its final ratification, bade him prepare for his doom. Though pre-

pared for the intelligence, his subdued soul was overpowered at its announcement, and he swooned away. From the time that the sentence of death is notified to a criminal he is allowed three days to prepare for eternity. During this interval he is placed under the care of the Confraternity of Mercy, who bind themselves to provide with pious assiduity for all his wants, both spiritual and temporal. The presiding brother, who is usually a nobleman, is obliged in virtue of his office to make every exertion with the sovereign to obtain a pardon. Charity no longer regards him in the light of a criminal: he is spoken of in no other terms than as the *padecente* or sufferer. Night and day he is attended by one or more priests, who may occasionally suggest acts of compunction, or whisper in his ear words of mercy and consolation. In the apartment in which he spends these three days a temporary altar is erected; and on the day previous to his death he is admitted, if in proper dispositions, to the holy communion. When the fatal hour arrives for him to walk to the place of execution, he is clothed by the brothers in a white dress that reaches to his feet; the cord is put round his neck, and a crucifix placed in his hands. Thus arrayed he proceeds barefooted from the prison gate, accompanied by the brothers, attended by a priest on either

side, and preceded by a crucifix and a banner, on which is painted a beautiful representation of the Holy Virgin, supporting on her lap the body of her bleeding Son. The slow tinklings of a handbell announce the advancing procession, and as it passes along, the brothers are engaged in soliciting alms from the spectators for the soul of the sufferer.

When the procession arrives at the square in front of the church of St. Mary Magdalene, a public address is made from the steps of the church, after which the lugubrious train again advances towards the place of execution. All these particulars were observed in the case of Mattos Lobo: and in addition to them he was, in compliance with the judicial sentence, conducted round the house which had been the scene of his barbarity. The condemned prisoner in this country usually walks to the place of execution; but the one we are speaking of was too weak for this, and he was carried all the way in a chair. His demeanour throughout was composed and edifying, and such as might have been expected from the counsels of his saintly director. He made the fullest acknowledgment of his guilt, and at his own request the confession which he had caused to be drawn up, and which he had signed the day before, was read publicly in his presence from one of the windows of the

house in which he had perpetrated the crime. It was with difficulty that his friend and director, the good priest who had so long and so well prepared him to meet the awful moment, could be prevented from accompanying his spiritual child all the way from the prison. A serious indisposition, contracted by his great exertions during the last few days, rendered such a proceeding perilous in the extreme, and he yielded to the remonstrances of his friends. Nothing, however, could prevent him from going in a chaise to the place of execution, where, after making with the condemned man the most fervent and moving acts of resignation and contrition, he imparted to him a last blessing—it was his last! The criminal ascended the ladder; the holy man remained at its foot, and while from below he was with the deepest emotion addressing the unfortunate culprit, he fell back and instantly expired. The next moment the criminal was turned off the ladder, and the souls of priest and penitent were at the same instant ushered into the presence of God.”

“Time will not allow me to make here all the reflections which this most tragical event suggests. It displays in strong colours the wonderful influence which religion is capable of exercising in softening the heart, since it subdued and converted that of the ruthless and

ensanguined Mattos Lobo. It shows how far charity can inflame the breast of the true priest, since in its exercise towards one of the basest and most wicked of men, it broke the bonds that united the body and soul of the venerable John Estacio and transported him from this vale of tears to the bosom of his God."

At some distance from the *Caes do Tojo* is the eastern gate or barrier of the city. Passing through this, and following the high road for about a quarter of a mile, we come to the Franciscan nunnery of *Madre de Deos*. This convent was founded in the year 1509 by Donna Leonor, of the House of Lancaster, queen of Don John II., and is the resting place of her remains. Notwithstanding the injury which this building sustained in the earthquake of 1755, and its subsequent reparation by Joseph I., it still bears the impress of antiquity. Its principal attraction consists in several valuable paintings by Portuguese and foreign artists of eminence, such as Grão Vasco, Bento Coelho, André Gonçalves, Christovam de Utrecht. The best are in the sacristy.

In contiguity with this convent stands the *palacio* of the Marquis of Nisa, the descendant of the great Vasco da Gama. It is an immense building, but tenantless and rapidly falling to decay.

A little further on is the convent of *Chabregas*. This edifice belonged to the Franciscans, and usually contained upwards of one hundred friars. It possessed a handsome church, and in a side chapel a representation of Calvary beautifully executed, with figures as large as life. At the suppression of religious houses, the building and grounds were sold and converted into a manufactory of cotton and woollen goods. Sometime after, one half of it was destroyed by fire. It has since been purchased by the monopolist contractors of the soap and tobacco trade, who have erected in it expensive steam machinery, the work of Maudsley & C^o. of London.

Though the poor people in the neighbourhood have never seen Spelman's history of sacrilege we understand that there is a general persuasion among them that loss and disaster will inevitably be the portion of all those who may become the proprietors and desecrators of this house of God. Indeed it is a lamentable change to a traveller who may have passed this way some thirty years ago, instead of the deep-toned organ, and the melodious psalmody of the religious elevating his soul to heaven, to hear the monotonous clack of wheels and the hissing of steam. Nor will his disgust be lessened when, if he chance to enter the once hallowed sanctuary, he sees its beauty

defaced, its ornaments scattered, and the noble steps that once led to the altar trodden by the greasy operative who is tending the soap boiler. §

Leaving *Chabregas*, and the villa and delightful *quinta* of the duke of Lafões, we arrive at the poor convent of the *Grillas*, which is distinguished for little else than the severity of its discipline. As an instance of this it may be mentioned that a nun of this house, the moment she has made her profession, is cut off for ever from all communication with the world. None but the abbess is allowed to speak with strangers at the grate; and when news is brought of the death of a relation of any one of the inmates, she is informed of it only by the general announcement to the community, that a relative of one of their number is deceased.

From this point for several miles eastward there is no means of landing from the river at low water, a deep and broad bed of mud lying along the whole bank as far as Sacavem. When we consider that we are not above

§ It is a remarkable fact that the alienated property of the Church in Portugal instead of being productive to the purchasers, has in very many instances become wofully deteriorated, and has entailed ruin on its lay possessors.

a mile from the capital of the kingdom this fact is not very creditable to those who for a trifling expense might have rendered available, to the community here, as well as in other places, the advantages which this noble river offers.

Passing the village of *Beato Antonio*, where may be seen a house formerly occupied by the regular canons of St. John the Evangelist, but now converted into a steam mill, — and following the road which runs along the edge of the river, we come to *Poço do Bispo* (Bishop's well) where the way takes a turn and conducts to the convent of *Marvilla*. This large and splendid foundation contains at present; but few inmates, who are nuns of the order of St. Bridget.

As our walk in this direction here terminates the stranger may repose himself in the courtyard of the convent; and if he feel disposed, may purchase at the wheel, cheesecake pasties (*pasteis*), for the making of which the good ladies inside have been famous from time immemorial.

Church of St. Mary Magdalen.—Roman antiquities.—St. Anthony.—Cathedral,—Prison of the Aljube.—Limoeiro.—St. George's castle.—St. Vincent.—The Graça.—N. Senhora do Monte.—Penha de França.

Terre des orangers ! beau fleuve ! et toi, Lisbonne,
 Qu'il presse avec amour de ses flots azurés ;
 De ses bords enchantés gracieuse couronne !
 Collines ! sombres tours ! temples ! palais dorés !
 Frais jardins ! oliviers au vert mélancolique !
 Port superbe et couvert de vaisseaux orgueilleux !
 Ah ! qui n'admirerait votre aspect fantastique
 Qu'éclaire de la nuit l'astre mystérieux.

Bord du Tage.

Commencing our ramble once more from the *Praça do Commercio*, and passing up the *Rua da Prata*, the most easterly of the principal streets which terminate in the square, and taking the third turn to the right, we shall come to the parish church of St. Mary Magdalen. This edifice may be taken as a fair sample of the style of building which prevails in the churches of Lisbon. Sanctuary elevated one or two steps and forming a distinct chapel placed at one end of the main building, though not separated from the nave except

Body of the chapel modern - but a good
fluted doorway at west door, a fine
thing in Lisbon -

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ROMAN INSCRIPTION.

by a low railing of wood or iron;—side altars jutting out from the walls, or in recesses so shallow as not to merit the name of chapels; § —singing choir at a great elevation over the principal entrance, a species of porch made of Brazil wood tastefully carved, called *Guarda vento*, inside the principal door of the building. Perhaps the uniformity observed in the modern Portuguese churches arises from the fact of their having been built about the same period, viz. shortly after the great earthquake of 1755. The church of the *Magdalena* was built in 1783.

In a narrow street running parallel with with the front of the *Magdalena* may be seen, on the left hand side as you ascend, four Roman inscriptions which were found in the neighbourhood about the end of the last century. The stones containing them were placed in the wall of a house which forms part of the street. The inscriptions are in good preservation and may be easily read. The largest runs as follows:—

L. Cæcilio. L. F. Celeri. Recto.

Quæst. Provinc. Boet.

Trib. Pleb. Prætori.

Fel. Jul. Olisipo.

§ The altar of the B. Sacrament is usually an exception to this custom.

*In the site of the stable in which
St. Anthony, the saint was born.
The fitting CATHEDRAL. hand drawn*

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Following the macadamized ascent which passes immediately under the windows of the *Magdalena*. we come to a neat little chapel of stone on the left, dedicated in honour of St. Anthony. (This saint, it is well known, was a native of Lisbon. The building before us stands on the very spot on which he was born. It is on that account much frequented; and it differs in its structure from the generality of Lisbon churches in being surmounted by a dome. It contains a full-length portrait of the saint tolerably well executed, and which is so placed as to be reached from a step erected below. The veneration of the people for their favorite patron is evinced by their devoutly kissing the feet of his portrait as they pass.

We next come to the Cathedral or "Old See" It has been falsely asserted that this edifice was originally a Moorish mosque; but Padre Castro has triumphantly proved that it was built from the foundations by the first king of Portugal, Don Alfonso Henriques. From the fact of its having been thrice severely damaged, once by lightning and twice by earthquakes, it presents a mutilated appearance. Its frequent repairs have been formed after the prevailing taste of the periods in which they were made, and it would be difficult to classify them under any general term, nor would

any attempt to do so be facilitated by the patches of whitewashed walls relieved by pillars surmounted by gilded capitals. The appearance it presents on entering is heavy and sombre. The sanctuary is surrounded by a corridor lined by a number of chapels, the most interesting of which is that containing the grotto of the Nativity, the work of Machado de Castro. The present sanctuary was built by Affonso IV. whose remains as well as those of his queen are deposited in it. The monument is an interesting and curious specimen: Little, however, as the cathedral of Lisbon has to recommend it in an architectural point of view, still the historical recollections with which it is connected render it an object replete with interest. It was here that bishop Gilbert, our countryman, officiated in the capacity of first bishop of Lisbon. It was from its turrets that one of his successors was precipitated in 1384. Here too was deposited the body of the martyr St. Vincent when brought from the promontory which bears his name.

The mention of this circumstance reminds us of the ravens that are usually kept in a recess at the back of the church. Now, as these birds have been a subject of much wonderment to English travellers, and an occasion of several ingenious and original stories, it



LIB. B. N. 20. N. 17

Cathedral



may be well to give the real and authentic version of their history. §

In the beginning of the fourth century, one of the most illustrious victims of the persecution of Dioclesian was the martyr St. Vincent.

§ As samples of the ingenuity and inventive powers of the tourists above alluded to, take the following:—

“Some three or may be four hundred years ago, a party of holy individuals sailed for Lisbon, having under their charge some particular sacred relics. Fortune however did not favor them; and the vessel was driven about at sea for so long a time that every soul on board perished! Two crows then made their appearance and very handsomely towed the vessel into Lisbon by their united exertions!”

*William White Cooper M. R. C. S.
Surgeon to the Hon. Artillery Company.*

“..... The dead body of St. Vincent was conveyed to Lisbon and according to tradition, was followed by some crows who had witnessed his dying agonies; they remained by it till its interment, and then returning sought out his murderers, and inspired by holy revenge tore out their eyes.”

Summer in Andalusia.

After he had undergone the most frightful torments, his lifeless body was exposed by order of the prefect Dacian outside the walls of Valentia; but a miraculous interposition of Heaven guarded the remains of the martyr by the agency of a raven, which defended them from the attacks of beasts and birds of prey. The fact is attested by St. Augustin and other contemporary writers. Under the dominion of the Moors in Spain, the Christians of the province of Valentia were exposed to a violent persecution under king Abderamen and to escape the cruelty of the Saracen, they retired to a distant promontory in the kingdom of Algarve, and carried with them the cherished remains of St. Vincent. After the famous battle of Ourique, and the consequent expulsion of the Moors from Portugal, Alfonso Henriques, in the year 1139 caused these relics to be conveyed by sea to Lisbon. In that age of faith the translation of the body was considered an event full of interest, worthy of lasting remembrance, and likely to bring down on the city abundant blessings from the God of martyrs. St. Vincent was, therefore, chosen as the patron of the metropolis. A legend says that a couple of ravens accompanied the vessel in its voyage; and to commemorate the arrival of the relics and the connection of this bird with the martyr's history a ship, and two

ravens were adopted as the arms of the city, and a couple of the same birds were ordered to be kept at the cathedral. And now begging the reader's pardon for this digression, and for the defence of Ralph from the imputation of superstition, which his visitors seem so eager to fasten upon him, we will take our leave of the ravens and the cathedral, and proceeding along the street that passes under the north windows, pay a visit to the prison of the *Aljube* and *Limociro*.

The former of these prisons was originally destined for the detention of those criminals who were entitled to clerical privileges and immunities. It is now occupied by culprits who have been condemned to expiate their offences by labouring for various periods in works of public utility. The *Limociro* is a large, irregular, yellow building capable of containing some thousands of prisoners, and seldom has less than seven hundred. It is a curious fact that this prison was, previously to its application to its present purpose, a royal palace, and a favorite residence of the Portuguese monarchs.

The prison discipline, though under severe regulations, is not calculated to improve the morality of the inmates. The Lisbon thieves, like those of London, have signs and a language peculiar to the confraternity, by means

of which they are able to keep up without detection a correspondence with their brethren without, and instances have occurred where by making early application, and a competent reward to the incarcerated members of the profession, the stolen property has been restored to the owners. This place is the permanent residence of the public executioners, who are always criminals that have been reprieved from the gallows, on condition of rendering to their confreres when required, the service once due to themselves. Their professional skill is exhibited by clinging to the rope as the criminal is being swung off the ladder, and hastening the term of the sufferer's agonies by sitting upon his shoulders. The ferocity of some of the prisoners sometimes shows itself in deadly contests with each other, and on these occasions, as it would be dangerous for turnkeys to interfere recourse is had to the expedient of emptying from above baskets of slaked lime on the heads of the combatants. Some time ago (the 29th of April, 1847) the prison doors were forcibly opened by a party from without, who surprised the guard. The attempt was made for the purpose of freeing the political prisoners, most of whom effected their escape. On that occasion numbers of the felons made their way into the neighbouring streets, where many of them were cut down

and bayoneted by the soldiers, while attempting, as was very natural, to make good their escape.

Leaving the *Limoeiro* and taking the ascent to the left, we reach the castle of St. George, —a title which is said to be of English origin, and dating either from the marriage of Don John I. with Donna Philippa of Lancaster, or from the aid rendered by the English under the duke of Cambridge to Ferdinand I. The Castle stands on the summit of the hill, which is very steep on the north and west sides, but less so to the south and east. This hill, with the two contiguous *bairros* which skirt its base on the east and west, formed the ancient city, which was gradually extended over the adjacent valley and the opposite hill, where traces of the wall are still visible near the church of *S Roque*. The inclosure of the castle comprised within the wall and fortified turrets, denominated from tradition the towers of Ulysses, form an independent parish. It comprises dwelling houses, military prisons, and soldiers quarters. The principal entrance is on the south west side; and is denominated St. George's gate. It has a statue of the patron saint in a niche on the left hand side. On the north is another gateway through which the valiant Don Martin Moniz formed a passage in the famous siege, when the city was taken from

the Moors. The prowess of this warrior, who perished on the occasion, was rewarded by Affonso Henriques who ordered his bust to be erected in marble over the gate. Underneath, is the following inscription:—*“El Rei D^o Afonso Henriques mandou aqui colocar esta estatua e cabeça de pedra em memoria da gloriosa morte que D^o Marti Moniz progenitor da familia dos Vasconcelos recebeu nesta porta quando atravessando-se nella franqueou aos seus a entrada com que se ganhou aos Mouros esta cidade no anno 1147.*

João Rôis de Vasconcellos e Sousa Conde de Castel Melhor seu decimoquarto neto por varonia fez aqui por esta inscripção no anno 1646.

“The king, Don Alphonsus Henriques, commanded this statue and head of stone to be placed here in memory of the glorious death which Don Martin Moniz, progenitor of the family of Vasconcellos, met at this gate, when, throwing himself across it, he opened for his men an entrance, by means of which this city was taken from the Moors in the year 1147.”

“John Roderic de Vasconcellos e Sousa, Count of Castel Melhor his fourteenth male heir caused this inscription to be placed here in the year 1646.”

A little below this gate there was formerly a village known by the denomination of *Villa Quente*, which was totally swallowed up by an earthquake which happened on the 26th of January 1531.

From a turret, to the right of the entrance of Don Martin Moniz is presented a magnificent view of all the north east parts of the town. The platform, on which are planted about a dozen brass nine pounders, offers an equally extensive view to the south west. As a military point of defence the castle of St. George is absolutely worthless, though in the hands of an enemy it might inflict serious injury on the underjacent parts of the city. Its battery is principally serviceable for salutes on gala-days, and has the privilege of commencing the firing.

At some distance from the castle, in an easterly direction stands the church and magnificent convent of St. Vincent, The site of this temple is remarkable for being the spot where the founder of the Portuguese monarchy, Don Affonso Henriques, encamped his army when he laid siege to the town; his foreign auxiliaries being posted on the declivity of the hill to the south west. Tradition says, that the first erection was nothing more than a temporary hospital with a chapel and cemetery for those who might be wounded or killed in the

siege. When the monarch, who was as religious as he was brave, caused the body of St. Vincent to be transferred to Lisbon, he determined to erect a temple that might be a worthy receptacle of the martyr's remains. He himself laid the first stone, and lived to see the work completed. After the lapse of more than four hundred years, Philip II. of Spain reconstructed the edifice on a more magnificent plan. This is the present building; the façade of the church which is of polished stone, has an imposing appearance, and is ornamented with niches and well executed statues of St. Vincent, St. Sebastian, St. Anthony, &c. The last mentioned saint made his first religious profession in this house. The interior of the church is cruciform; the high altar stands in the middle of the sanctuary, and over it is erected a magnificent baldachin ornamented with figures of seraphim, the work of the celebrated sculptor Machado. On the left side of the transept is the tomb of the famous progenitor of the reigning house of Bragança, Don Nuno Alvarez Pereira, Lord High Constable of the kingdom. § His monu-

§ His only daughter and heiress D. Beatriz Pereira de Aloiin, married Count Barcelos, first Duke of Bragança, the natural son of John I.

ment, by order of her present Majesty, was transferred to this place from the suppressed convent of the Carmelites which he had founded, and in which his body had lain unmolested from the time of his death. It consists of a mausoleum of fine marble with basso-relievos, and with the figure of the hero lying upon it dressed in the Carmelite habit. Near him is a representation of a shield-bearer in armour, as if standing sentry over his remains.

Perhaps the most attractive object to a stranger, though certainly not the most magnificent, at St. Vincent's is the resting place of the remains of the sovereigns of Portugal. Crowded in a dark and narrow chamber, "where nought but silence reigns," are the coffins of all the House of Bragança, with the exception of that of Affonso VI. and queen Mary I. To each coffin is attached a silver plate, on which is inscribed the date of the birth and death of its mouldering occupant,—a sad and significant epilogue to all the grandiose titles in which they gloried when living.

The large and noble convent attached to the church, which until the suppression was held by the regular canons of St. Augustine, is now the residence of the Cardinal Patriarch. It contains the Ecclesiastical archives, and the office where business connected with the church is transacted. A splendid view of the river

softly coniform building without aisles
 placed on the summit of one of the
ruofales - Rebuilt in 1556 - almost
 and the south bank is presented from the win-
 dows. The ring of bells in the church turrets
 is probably the best in the capital.

The next object worthy of attention in this
 quarter of the city is the church and convent
 of the *Graca*. It stands on an elevation to
 the north west of St. Vincent's. The convent
 is spacious and commands a fine view of the
 city and river. It was formerly inhabited by
 the hermits of St. Augustine; but its cloistered
 sanctuary is desecrated and turned into bar-
 racks for soldiers. The church is preserved;
 which though it possesses few peculiarties in an
 architectural point of view, yet contains some
 good paintings from the fertile pencil of Pe-
 dro Alexandrino. In the sacristy is a superb
 mausoleum of one Mendes Foyos, secretary
 of state of Don Pedro II: and in the sanc-
 tuary is seen another monument containing
 the ashes of the Counts of Ericeira. This
 church is much frequented on Fridays by per-
 sons who select that day for commemorating
 the Passion of Christ; as a very beautiful
 image of our Saviour carrying the cross is here
 to aid and stimulate their devotion. Here also
 is kept a rich and curious receptacle for the
 Most Holy Sacrament, which was a present
 from the king of Ormus to the Archbishop of
 Goa.

Rebuilt in 1243,
 The next height on the same line of hills
 and named by the great earthquake -
 Chair of St. James first bishop
 of Lisbon -

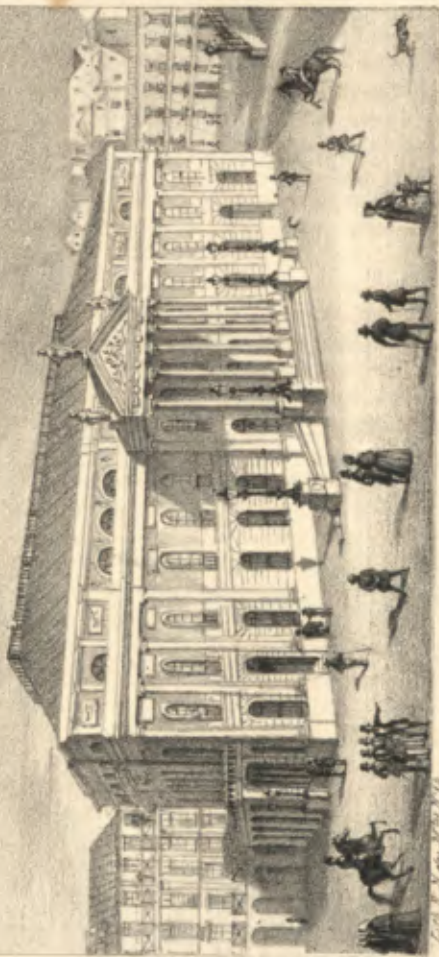
is in like manner crowned by a religious edifice, which is a chapel known by the name of *Nossa Senhora do Monte*.²⁴ Like the *Graça* it presents a noble view of the city and surrounding country; but if the traveller wishes to enjoy a really magnificent prospect, if his soul hangs with delight on rich and diversified scenery of hills and valleys, of city and country, of land and water, of fertile gardens and uncultivated woodlands, let him hasten to the last height that terminates the ridge, and seat himself on the summit of the *Penha de França*. After enjoying the view, he may if he thinks proper, enter the fast decaying convent.— Deprived of its rightful possessors, it presents little that can attract his attention, — much to excite his regret. The church, which contains some paintings by Bento Coelho, is still occasionally opened. It is a place of much devotion to the Portuguese mariners, who not unfrequently go thither in procession to testify their gratitude for the succour they believe themselves to have received, when in imminent risk, through the intercession of Christ's blessed Mother. On these occasions they carry part of the sails or masts of their vessel to the church which is dedicated to our Lady, and there redeem them for wax candles to be burnt before her shrine, or other appropriate emblems of their respect and gratitude.

As we are on this subject we might as well refer here to a custom which will no doubt attract the stranger's attention, and provoke his curiosity;—we mean the practice of suspending in the church small waxen figures or pictures. These are intended to serve as public acknowledgements of cures believed to have been wrought by Almighty God through the intercession of his glorified servants. Nor can the practice be deemed at all superstitious by those who believe in the interference of Providence in the affairs of this world, or that the prayer of the just man availeth much, or that gratitude is a duty inculcated by Religion.

Do not omit to ask for the celebrated wine — "For a Penha e não vin o lagarto" —

Built in 1577 — Rebuilt in 1625 —





Theatre of Queen Mary II

L. P. N. and R. 1711

Praça da Figueira — Praça de Dom Pedro. — Theatre of Donna Maria II. — St. Dominic's — St. Joseph's Hospital — Public Walks — Mendicant Asylum. — Hospital of the Insane. — Feira da Ladra. — Bull Circus. — Bemposta. — Arroios. — St. John's Cemetery.

By us transported, now securely stray
 Where winding alleys lead the doubtful way;
 The silent court and opening square explore,
 And long perplexing lanes untrod before.

Gay.

The *Rua da Prata*, which is the most easterly of the principal streets that have their termination at the north side of the *Praça do Commercio* conducts to the *Praça da Figueira*. This is the Covent-Garden of Lisbon. It consists of a square surrounded by regularly built sheds, in which fish, flesh, fowl and fruit, are exposed for sale. The vegetable market is in the middle of the square; it commences at sun-rise, and closes an hour after mid-day. If the traveller should happen to be in Lisbon in the month of June, he will do well to visit this square during the night that precedes the festival of St. John the Baptist. On this occasion the people from the country vie with each other

in displaying their rustic finery, and bringing forward the choicest produce of the season, which they ornament with bunches of flowers, &c. The stalls thus decorated are illuminated by many lamps, and as the weather at this season is usually fine great crowds assemble to witness or take part in the fun and frolic which cease only at the appearance of the morning.

A little to the west of the *Praça da Figueira*, lies the *Praça de Dom Pedro* formerly called the *Rocio*. Next to the Black horse square this is the largest and handsomest *Praça* in Lisbon. It forms a parallelogram and is surrounded by a wide street. Its northern extremity is occupied by the new National Theatre called after her present Majesty *Theatro de Donna Maria Segunda*. This edifice is built on the site where formerly stood the palace and prison of the Inquisition. It was completed and opened in 1845. Its external appearance is elegant and imposing, and its interior arrangements and decorations equal if they do not surpass those of any structure of the kind in the world. Yet this notwithstanding, the Lisbon National theatre is not a favorite with the public. The opening was singularly inauspicious. The piece selected for the occasion was damned, and the voices of the actors were at times

rendered inaudible to the spectators by the pattering of rain on the zinc plates which covered the roof. The building, which was raised by subscription, cost upwards of ninety *Contos de reis*, between 20, & 30,000L. independently of the stone which was furnished by Government from suppressed churches, monasteries, &c. The facade of the portico is ornamented by a group representing Apollo and the Muses, executed by the very able Portuguese sculptor Francisco de Assis.

In the summer of 1852 the first stone of a monument in memory of Don Pedro was laid by the hands of his daughter, Her present Majesty in the middle of the *Rocio*. It was intended to be raised by public subscription: but twelve months have elapsed,—

*And yet no column tower'ing to the skies
Lifts its tall head, but on the pavement lies.*

To the east of this theatre stands the largest church in Lisbon, formerly belonging to the Dominicans, and now a parish church. It is ornamented by eight columns of red marble at the altars in the transept, and by forty-six half columns in the nave. The sanctuary contains four colossal pillars of blue marble, with some bold carving by the sculptor Padua. The church is principally remarkable for being the resting place of the great Portuguese Classic, Fr. Luiz de Sousa, and for containing at

the entrance to the sacristy the tomb of the eminent ascetic writer Fr. Luiz de Granada.

At no great distance from this church stands the great hospital of St. Joseph. This establishment is conducted on a magnificent scale under the superintendance of a committee, which is nominated by Government. It generally contains about 1,000 sick. The numerous wards are lofty and well aired. The principal one is probably the largest single apartment destined for the receptacle of suffering humanity in the world. The building belonged originally to the Jesuits and was appropriated to its present purpose by king Joseph, after the expulsion of that society from Portugal. It is well attended by a numerous body of physicians and surgeons, and there are twelve clergymen always on the spot to administer spiritual succour to the sick. Connected with the establishment there is a school of medicine and surgery, a medico-botanical garden, a library, and a cabinet of pathological anatomy. Its yearly expenditure is about 35,000 L.

Returning to the *Rocio*, and quitting it by the street which runs west of the theatre, we come to the *Passio Publico* or Public walk. These gardens are surrounded by a lofty iron-railing, and are laid out partly in flowerbeds, and in part are planted with trees, whose agreeable shade is much sought by the citizens

during the summer heats. A military band of music is frequently stationed here on Sundays and festival days. The entrance to these gardens, at both extremities, is not destitute of elegance. Near the southern gate is a jet d'eau and basin, which sheds around a delicious coolness on a sultry day. In fine weather there is always a good supply of chairs standing in the walks for the convenience of the public. These chairs belong to the mendicity asylum, and a tolerable profit arises to the charity from the hiring of them to fatigued or indolent prom enaders.

This asylum, *Asylo da Mendicidade*, is the next object of note in the neighbourhood. It is approached from the north side of the public walks by a narrow street which ascends in an easterly direction. The building was formerly a Franciscan convent, and is one of the few suppressed religious houses, whose present character may be adduced as an apology for the spoliation of its original possessors. It is at present occupied by mendicants of both sexes, who have separate apartments, and are comfortably lodged, fed, and clothed; the funds are supplied partly by public subscription and occasional fines, and partly by a share in the public lottery, which in Lisbon is drawn every fortnight. The management of the affairs of the establishment is in the hands

of a Guild or Brotherhood whose exertions in favor of the poor inmates deserve the highest commendation. The health and cleanliness of the paupers speak favorably of the interior arrangements, when it is recollected that upwards of five hundred poor are here accommodated. Those who are able are obliged to work in the garden and grounds of the establishment, or at those trades or occupations with which they may happen to be acquainted. A twofold advantage arises from this system—the prevention of idleness and its concomitant evils, and the benefitting of the finances of the institution.

A little to the north of the *Asylo* is the *Hospital dos Alienados* or hospital for lunatics. The building commands a magnificent view and contains upwards of four hundred patients. It was originally a religious foundation and till the suppression of monasteries was inhabited by members of the benevolent institute of St. Vincent of Paul.

Returning past the mendicity asylum, we come to an open space known by the name of *Campo de S. Anna*. This spot is remarkable for a fair that is here held every Tuesday, and is denominated by the Portuguese *Feira da Ladra* or Fair of the woman-thief. Why the fair-sex should give the denomination to this assemblage of rags and rubbish, we are

at a loss to determine, As an object of curiosity we would by all means recommend the stranger to pay a visit to the fair of the *Ladra*. He will there find a rich feast of character and comicalities. In one place he will see a collection of broken-winded, stumbling hacks, or rather shadows of horses, mules, and donkeys, wasting their little remaining strength in obeying the furious spurring of shoeless boys, who hire themselves out to the owners of the animals for the purpose of attracting customers by riding hard. The last and lowest stage of degradation to which a Lisbon steed can descend is to be exhibited on a Tuesday afternoon at *Feira da Lodra*. At another place in this heterogeneous collection he will see old clothes of every description, from the rough habiliments of the country boor, to the laced finery of the city belle. In juxtaposition, are displayed in tasteful array lengthened rows of rusty ironware of every imaginable variety, intermingled with old truncated books, birds and birdcages, broken furniture, pictures, crockery ware, seals, medals, fruit, shoes, umbrellas, kitchen utensils, plaster-of-Paris images, portmanteaus, garden implements, &c. &c. The venders of these articles are perhaps not less curiosities in their way than the wares themselves. The "auri sacra fames" is strongly displayed in the roguish cast of their coun-

tenances, and their incessant attempts at imposition by asking for their wares at least six times more than they will accept from a practised bargainer.

After this description, it might be expected that none but the lowest classes would ever be seen at such a bazaar. Quite the contrary: *Feira da Ladra* if not a fashionable place of resort, is frequently visited by fashionables — and even the royal feet of a princess have been known to tread and linger amid the motley assemblage.

At the southern extremity of *Campo de S. Anna* stands the *Praça dos Touros*, or Bull circus. This is a wooden edifice, and was built in the time of Don Miguel. It is nearly as large as the circus at Cadiz, and is fitted up with some five hundred boxes, capable of containing eight or ten thousand spectators. It is destitute of neatness and elegance, and is not at present in a good state of preservation. Along the highest rows of benches, it is inappropriately ornamented by a series of trophies, vases, and obelisks, all made of wood. On each Sunday during the summer months the proprietors give the public a representation, which is duly announced in the most high flown language. The following may serve as a sample: "This day will be given, in the elegantly built and delightful *Praça do Campo*

Santa Anna, a wonderful and highly amusing combat of thirteen ferocious and monstrous bulls, to which the respectable public of this renowned capital are invited. The proprietors—ever anxious to realize the expectations of the magnanimous and distinguished nation of Portugal so generous in its patronage of these spectacles,—feel the greatest satisfaction in being able to announce, that they have spared neither trouble nor expense in order to secure the above mentioned animals, which belonged to the richest proprietor of *Riba Tejo*, who possesses amongst his herds the most robust and the bravest of bulls. This gentleman has consented to send them to the circus, to assist in the representation that will be given this evening." Here follows an eulogium on the coolness and unrivalled agility of the bull-fighters, and after eight lyric stanzas, extolling the ferocity of the animals, the terrible force of their horns, and the thousand dangers of the combat, the whole announcement is wound up by a description of some marvellous fire-works that will conclude the evening's entertainment.

In spite, however of these grandiloquent announcements the visitant, supposing him to have subdued the finer feelings of humanity, which if attended to would keep him away altogether from the cruel and revolting spec-

tacle, will be considerably disappointed, at least if he have the spirit of a genuine *campino*. The combat unto death both of men and beasts, has ceased since the time of Mary I., and this diversion has lost its most horrid interest and its shuddering attractions. The functions of the *matador de espada* have ceased, and good bull-fighters are now no longer trained up in Portugal, while the most celebrated of Spain refuse to visit the sister country. These fights always open, as in Spain, by a grand display on horseback, but many of the ridiculous military evolutions, so much in use in that country, have been discontinued in Portugal. When any of the royal family attends, there is an equerry of the royal household, who acts as knight or *Cavalleiro*, and some of the best horses from the royal stables are in attendance. Thus mounted he performs the steps and evolutions of the old Spanish horsemanship, at the same time saluting the court and the public, all which is termed *cortexias do cavalleiro*, greeting of the knight. The bull then bounds forth, and is received by the knight, when the most daring of the *campinos* immediately begin to annoy him with their goads and gaudy capes. Some of the mantle-bearers display great dexterity: but in general they are unwieldy and timorous, though the danger is not great seeing

that the animals have their horns tipped with little balls. When the bull lacks bravery, or affords little interest in the combat, or is greatly fatigued, the *Gallegos* or Blacks are sent against it who render a service very similar to that of the dogs which the Spanish people clamour for, with the well known cry of *Perros*, whenever the bull seems to be too tame. The *Gallegos* take part in all the Portuguese bull-fights: they make their appearance in round hats and quilted hides, and carry two-pronged forks, whence they are called 'men of the fork,' *homens de forcado*. Their place is beneath the royal tribune, where they are formed in file, and when the bull approaches too near they receive him on the points of their weapons. Near them may be seen a sort of aid-de-camp mounted and clad in the old Spanish garb, short cape and hat of plumes. His office is to transmit orders to all parts of the circus from the authorities. At a given signal the *Gallegos* cast their forks aside, and rush upon the bull: the most courageous, placing himself in front of the animal seizes the moment when with lowered head and closed eyes, he is springing upon him, to leap between his horns, to which he clings firmly, allowing himself to be flung fiercely about. The rest of the *Gallegos* then throw themselves on the brute, securing him by the legs, horns and tail,

and even jumping upon him, until the animal, which sometimes drags a dozen of them along, is compelled to stop. This is termed *agarrar o boi á unha*, seizing the bull by the hand, i. e. of the *Gallegos*, and appears to afford the greatest delight, especially to the lower classes of the spectators; hence at this moment the plaudits are most enthusiastic. A number of cows with bells now enter, which the subdued bull peacefully follows out of the circus at a trot. Its wounds are then dressed, and it is either sent home, or reserved for another occasion.

The blacks seldom appear, and it would be well for humanity if they were entirely excluded. These wretched negroes hire themselves out for the value of a few shillings to provoke the bull when he is too tame and cowardly. For this purpose they ornament their heads with feathers, in imitation of the savage chieftains of Africa, and conceal themselves in figures of horses made of pasteboard, called *cavallinhos de pasta*. Thus accoutred, they present themselves before the bull, who is sure to throw them down, and often maims and bruises them in the most shocking manner. Sometimes these wretched beings are forced by the cries of the populace and the orders of the directors to reappear in the arena, even while suffering from severe contu-

sions, and death or loss of limbs is the probable result.

Near the *Campo de S. Anna* in a north-easterly direction stands the church and palace of *Bemposta*, called also the 'Queen's Palace' from the fact of its having been built by queen Catharine, wife of our Charles II., after her return to Portugal. The church, which is neat and elegant, is built entirely of marble. The royal arms of England may be seen suspended over one of the principal entrances. The palace has large gardens behind, in which there is a magnificent tank. *Bemposta* was a favorite residence of Don John VI, grandfather of the present queen, and it was here he breathed his last.

Continuing our road to the north-east we come to the Franciscan nunnery of *Arroyos*, which stands outside the gates of the city, and being also a foundation of queen Catharine is like *Bemposta* ornamented with the British arms over the principal entrance.

Following the narrow road which diverges in an easterly direction from the barrier at the convent of *Arroyos*, we ascend the *Alto de S. João*, St. John's hill. Here is the cemetery appropriated for the eastern portion of the city. The ground is spacious and possesses some monuments remarkable for the elegance of the sculpture, more than for the taste dis-

played by those who designed them. Till the year 1833 the reprehensible practice of burying in churches was universally followed not only in Lisbon, but throughout the whole of Portugal. In that year a law was passed prohibiting any interments for the future within the city, and this spot was purchased as a burial-ground by the Municipal Chamber, as was also another at the opposite extremity of the city called *Alto dos Prazeres*, Height of joys. The unceremonious manner in which the dead are treated by the Portuguese is highly disgusting to foreigners. The corpses of the poorer citizens, so far from being privileged with a coffin, are often despoiled before interment of part of the wretched covering in which they are brought to the cemetery; they are then indecently thrown into a trench, where they are heaped indiscriminately, and covered with thin layers of earth. When the defunct has been provided with a coffin to convey him to the cemetery, the body is often taken out before burial, and the coffin returned to the undertaker, to be hired out again for a similar purpose. The fees on these occasions are regulated by an order of government; the amount varying according as the body is put into the ground with or without a coffin, or is conveyed to the cemetery by a common chaise, or by a plated hearse. The coffins are

made in the shape of a trunk or box with an arched lid, and have a lock and key. They are covered with black cloth, and have generally a cross of white tinsel on the top, but never bear the age or the name of the occupant. Before the coffin is lowered into the ground it is unlocked, and a quantity of lime is strewed over the corpse, for the purpose of rapidly consuming the flesh, a practice which, whatever it may be thought of by the untravelled Englishman, is certainly judicious, considering the heat of the climate and the shallowness of the graves.

Boa Hora.—*Chiado*.—*Ruins of the Carmo*.—*Public Library*.—*Academy of fine Arts*.—*Theatre of S. Carlos*.—*Church of the Martyrs*.—*Loretto*.—*Church of the Incarnation*.—*Church of St. Roch*.—*Chapel of St. John the Baptist*.—*Public gardens of St. Peter of Alcantara*.—*National Printing Office*.—*Collegio dos Nobres*.—*Silk Manufactory*.—*Reservoir and Aqueduct*.

The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,
 Here richly decked, admits the gorgeous train;
 Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
 The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.

Goldsmith.

Ascending *Rua Aurea*, Gold street, from the *Terreiro do Paço*, and taking the fourth street on the left, called *Travessa de S. Nicolao*, we come at once to the building in which the various tribunals of justice hold their sessions. It is called *Boa Hora*, and was formerly a convent of Augustinian monks. Like all the desecrated edifices which belonged to religious orders, and despite the changes it has undergone, the interior still retains much of its claustral appearance. The trials are public; though it is seldom they are numerously attended, or excite much interest except to the parties immediately concerned.

Turning now to the right, we ascend the *Rua Nova d' Almada*, at the top of which formerly stood the beautiful church of the Holy Ghost belonging to the Congregation of the Oratorians, which has since been transformed into a dwelling house, while the contiguous convent of the good fathers has been turned into a public hotel. The street ascending to the left is the most frequented and fashionable in the city; its proper name is *Rua das Portas de S. Catharina*, but for brevity's sake, it is usually called the *Chiado*. It contains two or three shops, which might be considered as second or third rate establishments in London or Paris. These are chiefly occupied by French milliners. It is a significant fact, that while a great many French shops are to be met with in every part of the town, scarcely a single one is to be found in the hands of an English proprietor.

The first street we come to on the right conducts to the parish church of the *Sacramento*, and to the Portuguese Assembly rooms, which form part of the palace of the Count of Paraty, and to a square, chiefly remarkable for containing a fountain perpetually besieged by a troop of noisy *Gallegos*, and for the noble Gothic ruins of the Carmelite church founded by the progenitor of the reigning dynasty, Don Nuno Alvarez Pereira, in the year

1389, in fulfilment of a vow for the successful issue of the glorious battle of *Aljubarrota*. Of this church, which was shaken down by the earthquake of 1755, the great arch of the sanctuary, is left standing. The Gothic porch which also withstood the shock is a remarkable specimen: its appearance sufficiently indicates that its foundations have sunk considerably since its first erection. These spacious ruins when seen from the *Rocio*, towering at a great elevation, have a picturesque effect. The large Carmelite convent adjoining, which was suppressed in 1834, affords quarters for the armed Municipal police of the city, and on occasion of alarm, this force is here collected from the various stations, and kept under orders to act as circumstances may require.

Returning to the *Chiado*, and taking the first turn on the opposite side, *Rua de S. Francisco*, we come to the Public Library and Academy of the Fine Arts. Imagine an enormous collection of books augmented by the spoils of all the convents in Portugal, huddled together into the narrow galleries and confined cells of a Franciscan convent, and you will have an idea of the great National Library of Lisbon. It contains upwards of three hundred thousand volumes, eight thousand manuscripts, and a numismatic collection of

twenty four thousand medals, comprising series of the kings of Macædon, Syria, Egypt, Sicily, Spain, the Roman emperors, and of different states of Europe. Perhaps the most interesting division of the library is that which contains specimens of rare and ancient books. Among others may be seen an edition of the Holy Bible by Gottenberg, printed at Mentz in 1454, and a life of Christ, printed in Lisbon in 1496. There are also ancient manuscripts, richly illuminated: among them is one entitled *Fuero Jusgo*, written in the ninth century. There is also a beautiful manuscript illuminated Bible of the twelfth century, which contains the disputed passage of St. John's Gospel c. v. v. 7.; also a life of the emperor Vespasian, of which it is said no other copy exists. This library was formerly in the *Praga do Commercio*. On the occasion of its removal, some of its greatest treasures disappeared; among the articles missing were a great many gold medals of the Roman emperors, and a richly embossed chalice of gold, which one of the kings of Portugal had given to the convent of *Alcobaça*. The library is open to the public, except on Sundays and Holidays, from nine o'clock till three. In the same building is the Academy of the Fine Arts, which comprises schools of design, sculpture and architecture. There is also a gallery of

paintings, which has been formed since the suppression of the religious houses, and contains a few originals that have escaped from the wholesale plunder which followed that unjust act. Of the foreign school is a Madonna by Raphael—the Descent of Christ into Limbo by Michael Angelo—the Taking down from the Cross by Julio Romano—the Crucifixion by Vandyke—two pictures of the same by Grisbanti—the Holy Ghost by Trivisani—the Annunciation by Guercino—another of the same by Masucci—the Head of Christ by Albert Durer—the Crowning with thorns from the Bolognese school—a landscape by Salvator Rosa—two others on copper by Brugel—a St. Jerome from the Florentine school—our Lady of the Conception by Sebastian Conca. The paintings by Portuguese masters are the following:—seven by Grão Vasco on wood, the Flight into Egypt, St. John the Baptist, the Circumcision, the Adoration of the Magi, the Infant Saviour, the Presentation in the temple, Christ among the doctors,—the last mentioned is perhaps the best—three by Vieira Lusitano, a St. Augustin, the Holy Family, and a St. Bruno—four by Bento Coelho—the Baptism of St. Augustin by Affonso Sanches Coelho—St. Bruno in prayer by Sequeira—Christ fastened to the pillar by Campello, or as others suppose, by Gaspar

Dias—and five by Pedro Alexandrino. The hall of engraving possesses a tolerable collection. The present director of the Academy is the eminent sculptor Francisco d'Astis, whose Apollo and the Muses on the frontispiece of the National theatre have been justly admired; to which we may add some of the best statues at the Ajuda.

At the northern extremity of the edifice, in the part formerly occupied by the commissary of the Holy Land, is the General Police Office, the entrance into which is from the *Rua da Parreirinha*.

Passing down this street we come to the theatre of *S. Carlos*, or Italian Opera House. This building was constructed in the short space of six months by a company of rich merchants, at head of which were the Baron Quintella, Anselmo José da Cruz Sobral, Bandeira, Machado and some others. It was opened on the 29th of April 1793, in celebration of the birth of the princess Donna Maria Teresa, aunt of Her Most Faithful Majesty, Donna Maria II., and wife of Don Carlos of Spain. The edifice is two stories high, and is fronted by a square. The entrance hall, which is about sixty feet long by forty broad, is chequered with pieces of white and blue marble; the painting on the roof by the famous artist Machado, represents the fall of Phæton. Above

this hall is another, intended for a concert-room. It is ornamented with paintings and relievos, and has two orchestras. The operaroom is of an elliptical form, and is so constructed as to be visible in its whole extent from every part of the pit. The house contains five tiers of twelve boxes on each side. The royal box in front of the stage occupies in height the space of three rows; the pit can accomodate six hundred and forty spectators.

Of this theatre a late German traveller thus writes: "Perhaps the most convenient arrangement in this theatre is that by which each box has its own private key with the number attached on a small metal plate. When a box is engaged, in place of a soiled ticket, a key is given which is required again, only when the term of the engagement is completed. On the other hand the interior of the boxes is very inferior; bare walls — not a single carpet — long benches without cushions — and a total disregard of convenience sadly contrast with the perfect elegance and comfort of the London and Paris operas. However, as the boxes are locked and inclosed by lateral walls, the occupants enjoy as much freedom as in their own houses, without being exposed to the indiscreet curiosity of their neighbours, an inconvenience very conspicuous in the German theatres; the severe regu-

tions of which, however, respecting cigars might with advantage be introduced in the theatres of this city. During the spectacle and even in the presence of the court, the saloon and all the galleries are filled with eternal volumes of smoke, while the persons in them converse in a loud voice, and are perpetually moving about from one place to another with that walking mania, so peculiar to the people of the Iberian peninsula."

It was in a saloon attached to this theatre that during Mr. Canning's short residence at Lisbon in 1814-15, a splendid dinner was given him by the resident British merchants. On his health being drunk the hon. gentleman rose, and said:—

"I am deeply sensible, gentlemen, of the honour done to me by this meeting, and I am highly flattered by the sentiments with which you have pleased to couple my name.

"To have been a disciple of Mr. Pitt, and to have been a sharer in those councils in which originated the struggle for the salvation of Portugal, are the two circumstances in my political life on which, if on any, I look back with pride and gratification.

"It is a pride to me to have imbibed the principles of Mr. Pitt, and a gratification to receive your testimony of the just application of those principles to the measures by which

this country was saved; principles of which the characteristic was to cherish order and industry at home, as the true sources of commercial opulence and national strength abroad; to consider the peace and power of Great Britain as bound up with the security of other nations."

"From this system of internal and external policy Great Britain derived the means, and imposed upon herself the duty, of sustaining the long contest with France, which preceded the war of the Peninsula."

"In pursuance of that policy, those who had the direction of the British councils at the moment when the grasping hand of France was extended to seize the crown and liberties of Portugal, did not hesitate to fly to her assistance; the good sense, the feeling, and the generosity of the British nation went with their government in the undertaking. But sanguine and visionary enthusiasts, I well remember, were they deemed to be who thought that from the struggle for Portugal might issue the deliverance of Europe! Such an enthusiast I was, and always avowed myself to be, I made this avowal, even in times when the contest was most doubtful, and by many held to be desperate."

"True it was, that clouds and darkness occasionally gathered on the horizon; but, even

through those clouds, and through that darkness I saw, or fondly fancied I saw, a ray of light which promised to pierce the gloom, and might hereafter lighten all the nations."

"It is not at this time of day, or in this spot, that I am called upon to justify these hopes against the imputation of extravagance. Whether as a just and natural consequence of perseverance in a good cause, or whether by the special favor of Providence, true it is, in fact, that from this nook of Europe proceeded that impulse by which its mightiest kingdoms have been set free; true it is, that in this sterile and unpromising soil was deposited the seed of that security whose branches now overshadow mankind. From these recollections and associations the land in which we are assembled derives an animating and classic interest even in the eyes of the most indifferent observer. For my own part, I cannot view this city in which for so many months of horror and anxiety the hopes of Europe lay trembling for their doom—I could not traverse those mighty fastnesses of nature which fence this capital, those bulwarks behind which victory herself retired to new-plume her wings for a flight more soaring and more sustained—I could not contemplate those holy ruins amongst which I have been wandering, where an awful curiosity pauses to inquire whether the surround-

ing destruction has been wrought by ancient convulsions of nature, or by the sportive sacrilege and barbarous malignity of the foe—I cannot behold the traces of desolation in this country, and of suffering among the people,—without rendering a just homage to the character of the nation which by all it has done, and more, by all it has endured, has raised itself to a pitch of moral eminence so far beyond the proportion of its territory, population, or power.”

“I cannot consider all these things without blessing that wise and beneficent policy which brought England with timely speed to the aid of such a nation to call forth its energies—to marshal its resources to support and invigorate its unyielding constancy, and, after its own deliverance was achieved, to lead it forth in pursuit of its oppressor.”

“To have fought together in such a cause—to have mingled banners, and to have mingled blood, in battles of such interests, and leading to such results, must undoubtedly cement an eternal union between the British and Portuguese nations.”

“You will observe, gentlemen, that I am anxious to state the principle of our connexion, and of our claims upon each other, in terms, not of comparison, but of equality. I do so with sincerity, because I believe that state-

ment to be just — I might do so from policy, even if I doubted of its justness.”

“Portugal would not have been saved without England, it is true; but Portugal was to England a main instrument for the mightier task which England had to perform.”

“We brought hither councils, arms, and British discipline, and British valour; we found here willing hearts and active hands—a confiding government—a people brave and enduring, docile in instruction, faithful in following, patient under privations, not to be subdued by disaster, and not to be intoxicated by success. The arm of England was the lever that wrenched the power of Bonaparte from its basis; Portugal was the fulcrum on which that lever moved. England fanned and fed the sacred fire—but Portugal had already reared the altar on which that fire was kindled, and from which it mounted, brightening and widening, until the world was illumined with the blaze.”

“I have said that, even from motives of policy, I would state as nearly equal as possible the balance between Portugal and England. There is a principle of disunion in unequal connexions. Active beneficence is a virtue of easier practice, than forbearance after having conferred, or than thankfulness after having received, a benefit. I know not, indeed,

whether it be a greater and more difficult exercise of magnanimity for the one party to act as if he had forgotten, or for the other as if he constantly remembered, the obligation."

"On the part of Great Britain, let us bear in mind, that the feelings to which we addressed ourselves in Portugal were those of national pride and independence. If those feelings were found equal to the occasion, what wonder, or what regret, that they should have survived it? It is naturally to be expected, that, having accomplished the overthrow of its enemies, the genius of the nation should carry itself with somewhat of a bolder and freer port, even towards its friends. We have no right to feel this sorely—it would be neither just nor becoming in us to do so. We should respect even in its excess, an independence that we have vindicated, and should pardon even the waywardness of a spirit which we have raised."

"To Portugal, on the other hand, I would say that there is no humiliation in the sentiment of national gratitude; that a grateful mind is at once indebted and discharged, and recovers its level, by a just acknowledgment that there is no room for either commercial or political jealousy between Great Britain and Portugal; that the world is large enough both for Portuguese and British commerce; and that

Great Britain, while she has never been wanting to her ally in time of need, seeks no other reward for all her exertions, and all her sacrifices, than mutual confidence and common prosperity.—I am sure that I shall be rightly understood by all those in whose presence I speak, not only as to my meaning, but as to my motives. The delicacy of the situation in which the local government is placed, the weight of their responsibility, and the anxiety which (as I have witnessed) necessarily attends it, entitles them to peculiar consideration. I have no fear of their disavowing the assurance which I give you of their friendly disposition towards this meeting; and I venture, therefore, to propose to you, gentlemen, in the confidence that you will receive it cordially, and that your cordiality will be duly estimated and returned—“The health of their Excellencies the Governors of the Kingdoms.””

The next objects worthy of remark in this neighbourhood are the three churches of the Martyrs, the Loretto, and the Incarnation, all situated in the *Chiado*. The first of these is remarkable for the antiquity of its foundation, the site having been set aside for religious purposes by Affonso I. in the famous siege, which terminated in the expulsion of the Moors from the city. The present edifice was built after the great earthquake, and contains some tole-

rable paintings from the hand, we believe, of Pedro Alexandrino. The church of the Loretto was originally erected by the Italians in the sixteenth century; it withstood the great earthquake of 1755, though its interior was considerably damaged by the fire which took place on that occasion. It was restored by the Pope's Nuncio, and is now considered, both for its architecture, and for the rich paintings it possesses, as ranking among the first religious edifices in the town. For the information of late risers it may be as well to state that the last mass on Sundays in this church commences at one o'clock P. M. The church of the Incarnation, which stands directly opposite to the last mentioned, is remarkably light and airy, and possesses eleven altars, the paintings above them, and especially that on the ceiling, are of a brilliant and gaudy character. The chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, which is entirely of marble, is well worthy of notice, for the elegance of its construction, and the taste and skill displayed in the sculptured ornaments and tracery of its dome.

Ascending the street to the north we now come to the *Misericordia*, and church of St. Roch. This establishment known by the name of the *Misericordia*, which is connected with the church, is a charitable institution, and dates its foundation as far back as the reign

of Emmanuel the Great. The object of this noble foundation, or rather association is to alleviate by offices of charity "all the ills that flesh is heir to." It takes care of the parentless infant, and watches over the education of the young, carries consolation to the poor, the sick, and the captive, administers corporal and spiritual assistance to the dying, conveys the bodies of the indigent to the tomb, and with pious solicitude for those it has cherished while living, offers up suffrages for their departed souls. The foundlings, who are annually received in the institution, amount to upwards of two thousand; the hospital of St. Joseph above described is one of its dependencies: it also possesses an asylum for female orphans, of whom a certain number are annually furnished with marriage portions or sent out to service in respectable families. The institution also provides advocates for the defence of poor prisoners, and distributes monthly alms to invalids, whom it supplies with gratuitous medical assistance. We have in a former chapter, noticed the interest which it takes in petitioning for the pardon of condemned criminals, and in preparing them for death.

The administration of this great "House of Mercy" was formerly conducted by a brotherhood, one half of whose members were nobles, and the other half persons of an inferior rank.

The services of all were gratuitous. In 1834, the reforming mania, which levelled or changed all the existing institutions of the country, interfered also with this establishment; and by a decree of Don Pedro the administration of their *own affairs* was taken from the brotherhood and given to a committee named by government: but it has lately been reinstated in its office by another decree.

The establishment is not generally open to visitors; but admission may be obtained by applying to the directors. On the day of the Holy Innocents (December 26th) there is free admission for the public. We cannot conclude without paying the tribute of our admiration to the cleanliness, order and comfort that prevail in this institution.

The following was the official account of the receipt and expenditure published for the year ending June, 1844:—

Receipt. . . . 123:496,524 reis. about L. 30,750.

Expenditure 122:611,550 reis. L. 30,500.

Number of Foundlings in the house . . 450.

Do. under 7 years of age . . 132.

Do. put out to nurse and } 8,833.
supported by the establishment }

Total 9,415.

Attached and belonging to the *Misericordia* is the church of St. Roch. This church, as well as the adjoining building, was formerly in the hands of the Jesuits, to whom it was given in 1533 by Don John III. St. Francis Borgia, third general of the Society, is said to have preached from one of the pulpits, and his cloak or black gown, darned, probably by himself, with white thread, is still preserved here as a relic.

The church contains some good paintings by Bento Coelho, Gaspar Dias, Avillar and Vieira Lusitano. The life of St. Francis Xavier by Diogo Reinoso in the Sacristy is worthy of attention. A few years ago a number of relics, enclosed in a variety of rich shrines and reliquaries were discovered under some of the altars. But the greatest object of attraction in this church to a stranger, is the far-famed chapel of St. John the Baptist.

This chef-d'œuvre of art owes its origin to the piety of Don John V. It is said that entering the church on a certain occasion, and observing that the chapel of St. John the Baptist was inferior to the other chapels in its decorations, he enquired the reason; and being informed that while every chapel of the edifice had its respective brotherhood to provide for its embellishment, St. John's had none, "then" said the monarch, "seeing that this

chapel is dedicated to the Saint of my name, and is without a brotherhood, it shall henceforward be under my care." He shortly after sent the dimensions of the place to Rome, ordered that a chapel should there be constructed, and that no expense should be spared in the richness and beauty of its decorations. The celebrated painter Augustine Massucci was employed to furnish the designs for the three chief mosaics. When completed, it was erected in St. Peter's and Pope Benedict XIV. was the first that officiated on its altar.

It was then immediately taken to pieces, packed in cases, and sent to Lisbon with the Italian artificers who were to be employed in its erection. The king was on his death-bed when it arrived, and the work was completed early in the reign of his successor, Joseph I. The wall on the outside of the principal arch is of coral; on the key stone are the arms of Portugal supported by two angels. The arch itself is of alabaster. The pavement is in marble mosaic, in imitation of a flowered carpet, inlaid with porphyry, and having a globe in the centre. The side bases of the chapel are of black Italian marble, interspersed with white. The rails in front are of verdantique: the two altar steps are of porphyry set in bronze. The soppedaneum is of granite. The chapel has eight columns of lapis lazuli, the bases of

which are of alabaster and amethysts. Their capitals are of bronze.

The door-posts and lintels are of verdantique; the frieze surrounding the chapel is of jaldantique, edged with wrought bronze. The roof is ornamented with seraphim and borderings of jasper, and inlaid with verdantique and jaldantique. The mouldings of the pictures are of porphyry, bordered with wrought bronze. The altar is of jasper, with a frontal of lapis lazuli, bordered with amethysts. The space between the chief mosaic and the top of the altar, is inlaid with wrought coral, amethyst and lapis lazuli. We now come to the mosaics, the largest of which is over the altar, the Baptism of Christ in the Jordan. The Eternal Father is represented in a cloud, attended by a group of angels; underneath the Dove descends over the head of Christ, who is seen standing in the Jordan near the Baptist, ministered to by angels and regarded by the two Marys. The artist has been singularly felicitous in delineating the feet, faintly discernible under the water. The mosaic on the Gospel side represents the Descent of the Holy Ghost on the Apostles and the B. Virgin; that opposite is the Annunciation. Of these mosaics we will only observe, that such is their inimitable excellence, that we have often seen incredulous visitors refusing to believe that

they were anything else but paintings on canvass, till they had ascended a ladder, and run their hands over the chilly marble. The chapel is enriched with three lamps of solid silver, with exquisitely wrought figures. It possesses also two massy and richly ornamented silver candlesticks ten feet in height, each of which is said to have cost 75,000 crowns. On festival days a frontal of lapis lazuli is placed before the altar, supported by two angels in solid silver. In the centre of this frontal is represented St. John's vision of the Lamb and all the Ancients making their adoration. This group is entirely of molten silver, and with the frontal and angels is said to have cost 60,000 crowns. The altar-plate used on the festival of St. John is proportionably sumptuous. These riches were all taken to the mint by the French in 1803; but were all brought back again with the exception of four reliquaries, which had been coined into money. It was in contemplation to convey the entire chapel to France; and artists had been sent for to give their opinion on the feasibility of the project; but the expulsion of the plunderers rendered the design abortive.

Before leaving the church of St. Roch we will call the traveller's attention to the tomb of an English knight, Sir Francis Trejean, which is to be seen directly under the pulpit

near the chapel of St. John. The history of this gentleman is curious, and is narrated in a Latin memoir printed shortly after his death. Having been seen at court by Queen Elizabeth, the "virgin queen" fell deeply in love with him. His virtue was proof against her advances; till chagrined at the rejection of her addresses, she pursued him with the bitterest resentment. His adherence to the creed of his forefathers furnished her with a pretext, and the knight after an imprisonment of twenty eight years, escaped to the continent, and died in Lisbon with the reputation of a saint.

The inscription on his tomb is as follows:

Aqui está em pé o corpo de Dom Francisco Trejean Fidalgo Ingrez mui illustre o qual depois de confiscados seus Estados e grandes trabalhos padecidos em 28 annos do prisão pela defesa da fê Catholica em Inglaterra em perseguição da Rainha Izabel no anno de 1603 a 29 de Dezembro morreu nesta Cidade de Lisboa com grande fama de santidade avendo 17 annos que estava sepultado nesta igreja de S. Roque da Companhia de J. H. S. no anno de 1626 aos 29 de Abril se achou seu corpo inteiro e incorrupto e foi collocado neste lugar pelos Ingrezes Catholicos residentes nesta Cidade aos 29 de Abril de 1696.

An Hibernean translation of the above epitaph begins thus:—*Here lies standing up, &c.*

A little to the north of the church of St. Roch are the promenade and flower-garden of St. Peter of *Alcantara*, so denominated from the church and convent in the vicinity, which was formerly held by friars of that order, but which now serves as an asylum for female orphans and is a dependency on the *Misericordia*. The promenade and flower-garden are remarkable for producing magnificent ranunculuses, and commanding a noble prospect of the eastern portion of the city.

Continuing our walk up the principal street, which takes a north-westerly direction we come to the ruins of the *Collegio dos Nobres*, originally a Jesuits' College, and afterwards formed into a kind of semi-university, with an observatory and naval school; it was accidentally destroyed by fire some years ago. A little farther on, to the left, is the National Printing Office. This establishment belongs to government, and is well worth inspection. Every thing connected with the typographic art is here to be met with, from the opening of the dies for casting the type, to the hot-pressing of the sheets after they are printed. There is a steam-press which was brought from France, and a great number of hand-presses of cast iron after the most modern and approved models. The order, with which every thing is conducted, speaks

highly for those who preside. Some works have lately issued from this printing-office which would be no discredit to the first establishments in London or Paris. The *Meditações Religiosas* of Conselheiro José Joaquim Rodriguez Bastos, and the *Virgem da Polonia* of the same distinguished writer may be mentioned as specimens.

At a short distance in a similar direction, stands the sumptuous residence of the Duke of Palmella, nearly opposite to which is the silk manufactory. This establishment owes its foundation to two kings, John V. and Joseph I. It has since passed into private hands. The weaving is all done by hand looms; and the articles though dear are for the most part of a good quality. Here there is also a nursery for silk worms.

Crossing the open space, which terminates the street, we reach the reservoir. This is a large building of stone, erected by John V. for the purpose of forming a receptacle for the water conducted to the city through the grand aqueduct. It consists of a large square basin, with walls of a prodigious thickness, covered with an arched roof, supported by eight pilasters. There is a broad walk round the basin, and the water enters the reservoir by a grand cascade. From this spot there is a subterranean communication with the aqueduct, as

well as with all the fountains that are supplied by it, in every part of the city. The terrace above the reservoir is open to visitors and commands an extensive prospect. Leaving the reservoir and traversing a square planted with mulberry trees, and for that reason denominated *Largo das Amoreiras*; we pass under an arch of the doric order, which forms part of the aqueduct, and was built at the expense of the city, to commemorate the completion of that great work. On each side of this arch, and on the *Casa do Registo* are fulsome Latin inscriptions in praise of the work and of the monarch who completed it, the latter being styled *Regum Maximus*, and the former *Orbis Miraculum*. The road before us conducts in a straight line to the city gates, and thence to the famous structure by which the water is conveyed over the valley of *Alcantara*. "The aqueduct of Lisbon," says Murphy, "may be justly considered one of the most magnificent monuments of modern construction in Europe; and in point of magnitude is not inferior, perhaps, to any aqueduct the ancients have left us."

The dimensions of it in the most depressed part of the vale, are as follow:—

	Feet.	Inches.
Height of the arch from the ground to the intrados.....	230	10





	Feet.	Ins.
From the vertex of the arch to the extrados exclusive of the parapet.	9	8
From the extrados to the top of the ventilator.	23	4
Total height from the ground to the summit of the ventilator.	263	10
Breadth of the principal arch.	107	8
Breadth of the piers of the principal arch.	28	0
Thickness of the piers in general.	23	8

The arches on each side of the principal one diminish in breadth, as the piers whereupon they rest decrease in height with the declivity of the hills. In examining the respective dimensions of the several arches, I find they do not reciprocally diminish in geometrical progression; indeed it is obvious to the eye;—a very great obstruction to the beauty of the perspective.

It would also contribute to the beauty of the structure, if all the arches were curves of the same species; instead of which there are fourteen of them Gothic, or pointed arches, in a range; the rest are semicircular. The architect seems to have been apprehensive that the principal arches, if made semicircular, would become very expensive, on account of their requiring a higher extrados than pointed ar-

ches to keep them in equilibrium; since there is no arch, except the catenaria, that will support itself without an incumbent weight proportionable to the subtense.

In the rest of the Aqueduct there is much judgement displayed. No part of it has failed, or appears to have received the least injury from the great earthquake; a proof of the excellence of the contiguation.

Over the arches there runs a vaulted corridor, nine feet six inches high, by five feet broad, internally. A continued passage runs through the centre of it for the people who constantly attend to keep it in order, and a semicircular channel or conduit, of thirteen inches diameter at each side through which the water is conveyed. It is worthy of remark, that these chanel's are laid not in an inclined direction, but horizontally; to compensate for this, a small depression is made at certain intervals, by which the water is impelled along the horizontal line; a method supposed to require less declension in conveying water than a continued inclined line. There are two thoroughfares for foot passengers along the aqueduct, one on each side of the corridor; each pathway is five feet wide, and is defended by a stone parapet.

From the remains of some ancient walls which were found here, it is supposed that the

Romans who inhabited Lusitania attempted to build an aqueduct in the place where the present one is situated.

King Emmanuel held a similar work in contemplation, by which he proposed to convey the water to the *Praça do Rocio*, and there to erect a magnificent fountain. The design was made agreeably to his orders, by Francisco de Olhando: it consisted of a figure representing Lisbon standing on a column, guarded by four elephants from whose trunks the water was to have issued. But Emmanuel had many other more important designs to execute, and, therefore, left this unfinished.

The Infant Don Luiz, in the reign of John III., resumed the idea of the aqueduct, but failed likewise in its execution. Luiz Marinho says, that the senate of Lisbon made a collection for that purpose, amounting to six hundred thousand *cruzados*, which were lavished in public rejoicings at the entry of Philip III. of Spain.

The honour of executing this noble structure was reserved for John V. This munificent prince laid the foundation of it in the year 1713, and in nineteen years the whole work was completed. Manoel da Maya was the name of the architect who designed and superintended the execution of the above aqueduct. The expense of it was partly defrayed

by a tax of one *real* upon every pound of meat sold in Lisbon."

In the years 1839-40 the number of suicides that occurred here by persons throwing themselves from the parapet, induced the Municipal chamber of Lisbon to close the entrance to the footpath over the aqueduct. A gang of assassins was detected about the same time, and it was believed that several of the reported suicides had been the unsuspecting victims of these plunderers.

Mansions of the Duke of Palmella, Marquis of Vallada and Count of Sobral.—General Post-office.—English College.—Museum.—Academy of Sciences.—Cortes.—Torre do Tombo.—Estrella—English Brigittine Convent.—Protestant chapel and burial ground.—Cemetery of the Prazeres.

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
 What though we wade in wealth, or soar in fame?
 Earth's highest station ends in "Here he lies"
 And "Dust to dust" concludes her noblest song.

Young.

Having conducted the stranger in our last walk past the Church of the Loretto, we will select this for the starting point of our present excursion. Taking the street which runs westward, we come to a stately mansion on our right, which belongs to the duke of Palmella. It has lately undergone a thorough repair, and is being decorated in a very superior style, under the superintendence of Signor Cinati, an able Italian artist.

A little further onwards, and nearly fronting each other, are the houses of the marquis of Vallada and count of Sobral,—both of them spacious buildings, but possessing few

claims to elegance or comfort. Near these is the general Post-office, occupying part of the ancient palace of the marquis of Olhão. All letters, which are not intended for the English packet, must here be posted by five in the afternoon. For the convenience of the city there are posting boxes in various localities, from which letters are taken to their destination, or to the General Post-office at three every afternoon. The Spanish mail taking letters for the north, leaves three times a week, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays. Letters for the English packet are to be posted at the English post-office at *Rua da Emenda*.

Ascending *Rua do Carvalho*, a street which fronts the mansion of the marquis of Vallada, and taking the third turn to the left, we arrive at the English College. This is another of those establishments which owes its existence to the persecuting enactments of former times. Excluded in their fatherland from the seats of learning raised by the piety of their ancestors, the British Catholics were for centuries forced to educate their youth in a foreign clime. When reared, if vested with the sacerdotal character, they were stealthily introduced to the scene of their future labours, where, branded by the law as felons and traitors, they were compelled to skulk for the rest of their lives.

in hourly dread of the informer and pursuivant, and often terminated their meritorious career in prison or on the scaffold. But these things as was befitting, have passed away; and though a remnant of them is still permitted to disgrace the statute book of England, the great bulk of the nation would willingly see even this remnant erased. Splendid Catholic establishments, both lay and ecclesiastical, are now to be met with in every part of Great Britain: yet as the seminary of Lisbon still answers the end of its original institution, it has been thought proper to maintain it in its present state. It is supported almost entirely from England, and spending its income in this country, amply repays the protection that has been afforded to it by all the governments that have ruled in Portugal. The date of its foundation is 1628. Many eminent characters have been nurtured in this seminary: the names of Sergeant and Gother are well known to British Catholics.

The building is of irregular shape, having been erected at different periods. It possesses a cabinet of natural philosophy, a library, and astronomical observatory. The view from this latter is one of the best in the city, commanding a prospect of the river, the bar, and the Atlantic ocean to the west, Palmella and the Arrabida mountains to the south, the famous

lines of Torres Vedras to the north, and presenting, from its central position, a panorama of the circumjacent town. The college from its foundation reckons fifteen Presidents, and usually numbers about thirty students.

Just below the English College, westward, stands what was formerly the Franciscan convent of the Jesus, now converted into a museum of curiosities, picture gallery, and library of the Academy of the Sciences. The public are admitted gratuitously to the two former every Thursday afternoon, and the latter may be visited on any other day in the week, with the exception of Sunday and of Holidays, from ten to five. This library does honour to the monks by whose industry it was collected and formed. It consists of one spacious room surrounded by a light gallery, and contains upwards of 40,000 volumes. The acting committee of the Academy of the Sciences, to which on the suppression of the convent the library was made over, has had the good sense not to disturb the judicious arrangement of the books. They keep their own library in a separate apartment. The Lisbon Royal Academy of the Sciences was founded in 1778 by the Duke of Lafoens under the auspices of Queen Mary I. Its members are either Honorary, Effective, Free, or Corresponding, and each one is expected to produce every year

some original contribution to science or literature. Among the works published by the Academy one of the best is "The memoirs of literature" by Antonio Caetano de Amaral, in eight volumes. The memoirs of the Academy itself amount to twelve volumes in folio. The three first contain some interesting papers by the greatest mathematician Portugal ever produced, José Monteiro da Rocha. The sittings of the Academy are held every Wednesday. The king is perpetual president.

The museum and picture gallery are connected with the same institution, and though neither of them can boast of very rare specimens they will amply repay a visit. In the mineralogical department there is a rich collection of specimens.

To the west of the museum, across the valley, lies the *Cortes*, or House of Parliament. It was formerly a Benedictine convent, of which three sides only, each 150 feet in length, have been completed. Long before the suppression of Religious houses, the side to the west was used as a depository for the public archives, and is still employed for the same purpose under the denomination of *Torre do Tombo*. In the ancient law-language of Portugal, *tombo* means the examination and description of the tenures of all kinds of property, boundaries of land, and the registration of the

title deeds by which they are held. The word was afterwards applied in a collective sense, and now means the depôt in which all public and private papers of great value are registered or lodged. Here are deposited the writs of the chancery, the original copies of the laws, royal grants, treaties, and state papers of every description from the earliest periods.

As specimens of ancient curiosities preserved in the *Torre do Tombo* may be mentioned the following,—

1st. The treaty of peace between the Lusitanians and Carthaginians commanded by Hannon, by virtue of which 8,000 of the former joined the Carthaginian army in Sicily.

2nd. The treaty made by Viriatus with the Romans.

3rd. Convention between Tantomio, chief of the Lusitanians, and the Romans.

4th. The treaty of peace called Julio, between the Lusitanians and Julius Cæsar.

5th. Treaty for the partition of Spain among the Alani, Vandals and Suevi.

6th. Treaty of alliance between the Lusitanians and the Suevi.

The bible from the Jeronymite convent of Belem, sent here on the extinction of the religious orders is also well worthy attention. It consists of seven volumes in manuscript, the first of which was completed in 1405. It is

enriched with beautiful paintings and heraldic emblems, attributed to Julius Romano, but which are more probably the work of Peter Perrugino. The bible is said to have been presented by Pope Leo X. to king Emmanuel the Great. Junot carried it to France in 1808, but after the general peace in 1814 it was found among the effects of his widow, and was repurchased for 40,000 francs.

Besides this department, the convent contains the chambers of peers and deputies, committee-rooms, offices, &c. The chamber of deputies is a large saloon in the form of a parallelogram surrounded by tribunes. The President's chair stands on one of the longer sides of hall about the middle. The deputies harangue from their places; a circumstance, which joined to the peculiar configuration of the apartment obliges the speakers to keep their voices at a high pitch in order to be heard. On the left side of the edifice is the house of peers. It is small, and contains a low gallery for strangers, and a separate one of the same elevation for the convenience of the diplomatic body. The chairs, which are disposed in rows like the seats of an amphitheatre, have each a desk in front. The peers, like the deputies, address the president from their places.

Taking the first turn to the right, in the

street that runs parallel to the *Cortes*, we come to the Brigittine Convent. This establishment is remarkable for being inhabited by a community of nuns founded by our Henry VII. who were once the proprietors of the noble park of Sion House near London, which is at present held by the duke of Northumberland. The following particulars relating to these religious, as occurring in Spelman's history of Sacrilege page 263, may prove interesting.

"Sion House, with the exception of Shaftesbury, was the most influential nunnery in England. This site was, on the dissolution, kept in the king's hands, and Catharine Howard was confined here for nearly three months, leaving this prison for the scaffold. Henry's body lay here in state; and here it was that Father Peto's prophecy was fulfilled, by the dogs licking his blood. Edward VI. granted the place to the duke of Somerset, who perished on the scaffold;—then it reverted to the crown. Next it came to John Dudley, duke of Northumberland,—and here it was that lady Jane Grey was persuaded to accept the crown. In 1557, the nuns having all this time lived together in community, were recalled and put in possession of the house, and Sir Francis Englefield rebuilt two sides of the monastery. On the re-dissolution by queen

Elizabeth, it came again to the crown, and was by James I. granted to Henry Percy, earl of Northumberland,—‘one of the most unfortunate,’ says Augier, ‘of his race. On a groundless suspicion of having been concerned in the Gunpowder Plot, he was stripped of all his offices, adjudged to pay a fine of 30,000 L., and sentenced to imprisonment in the Tower for life.’ In 1613 he offered Sion House in lieu of the fine, but it was not accepted. In 1619, after fifteen years imprisonment, he was set at liberty, on paying 11,000L. In the time of his son it was used as a prison for the children of king Charles; and his grandson Josephine, eleventh earl, died without issue male. Lady Elizabeth Percy was heiress of this, and of five other of the oldest baronies in England; and before she was sixteen, she had been thrice a wife and twice a widow. She was married, at the age of thirteen, to Henry Cavendish, earl of Ogle, only son and heir of the Newcastle family; he died a few months afterwards. Thomas Thyme, of Longleat, esq. of the family of church-property notoriety, and count Konigsmark, were rivals for her hand. She was married to the former; but before the marriage could be consummated, he was assassinated by three ruffians hired by Konismark. She was married three months afterwards to Charles ‘the Proud,’ duke of Somerset. The

character of this man is well known. The roads used to be cleared when he rode out; he made his daughters stand while he slept in the afternoon;—and left one of them 20,000*L.* less than the other for sitting down at that time when tired. He had many children, but one son only survived him. In this son the male line failed again, sir Hugh Smithson succeeding.”

“While the lay possessors of Sion, notwithstanding their riches and honours, were thus made like a wheel, and as stubble before the wind, the poor nuns were pilgrims indeed, but still remained a community. They first went to Dermond in Flanders, then to Zurich-zee in Zealand, then to Mishagan, then to Antwerp, and then to Mechlin. In great danger, when that city was taken by the Prince of Orange, they nevertheless escaped; going first to Antwerp, then to Rouen, and, last of all, to Lisbon. Here, in process of time, they were enabled to build a Sion House of their own;—here, though their house was burnt down in 1651. and overthrown by the earthquake in 1755, they still remained: and here, though their house was for a while taken possession of by the Peninsular army, and a part of the sisterhood sought refuge in England where they continued,—they still prosper. They keep the

original keys of the house in token of their continued right to the property."

Over the door, at the entrance from the street, is a beautifully carved stone pedestal, which the nuns brought away from Sion house and carried with them in all their peregrinations. It is surmounted by an iron cross.

Ascending the street which passes the entrance of the convent we soon come to the magnificent church and convent of the Sacred Heart, commonly called the *Estrella*. This foundation owes its existence to Queen Mary I. —in fulfilment of a vow. Her remains rest in a beautiful mausoleum that stands on the right hand side of the high altar. The centre of the church, which is in the form of a cross, is crowned by a superb dome, rising over the quadrangle, at the intersection of the nave and transept, and is gradually formed into a circle by pendentives springing from the angles of the piers. This stone edifice is said to have cost five million of *cruzados*, upwards of half a million sterling. In the year 1828 the cupola was struck by lightning and considerably damaged. Similar accidents have occurred more recently; but it has lately been repaired and is at present protected by several conductors. The view from the cupola will amply repay the trouble of ascending to it. Opposite the church are some fine public gardens.

Taking the street which runs in a northerly direction, from the *Largo da Estrella* called *Rua da Estrella*, we immediately come to the English Protestant cemetery. At the entrance stands the parsonage, a building originally erected by Gerard Vimes Esq., and made over by him to the British factory at Lisbon as a hospital for poor British subjects. The cemetery is laid out in walks shaded by lofty cypress trees. It was assigned to the English in the year 1655, in fulfilment of the fourteenth article of the treaty concluded between England and Portugal in the time of Oliver Cromwell. After the treaty of Vienna a chapel was erected within the burial ground; it is remarkable for nothing more than the simplicity of its construction.

Among the remains of British subjects interred in this cemetery are those of Henry Fielding, the novelist. His grave for a long period was suffered to remain without a memorial, but is now covered by a large monument bearing a Latin inscription, as heavy and inelegant as the monument itself.

From the Protestant the visitor may pass to the Catholic cemetery of the *Praxeres*, by taking the first turn to the left, after quitting the English parsonage. This burial ground, like that described at page 198, though of recent origin, can boast of some handsome

carving and many elegant monuments. The chapel that at present stands in the cemetery by no means corresponds to the beauty of the monuments by which it is surrounded; but the design for a new one, to be built near the middle of the ground, has been approved of by the municipal authorities under whose charge the cemetery is placed. A few years ago a portion of ground connected with this cemetery was purchased by the duke of Palmella for the interment of the members of his family. A spacious mortuary chapel and extensive vaults have been erected on it at the expense of the same nobleman. The taste and judgment displayed in this structure are much and deservedly admired.

*Excursion to Cintra.—Bemfica — Queluz.—
Ramalhão.—Cintra — Queen's palace — The
Pena. — Moorish Castle. — Cork convent —
Collares — Pedra d' Alvidrar.—Monserral.—
Penha Verde.—Sitiais—Mafra.*

Cintra, é doce o gemer das tuas aguas,
É solemne o cantar de tuas matas,
E geme um hymno antigo
Como a mando que se ouve em tuas serras.

Grande.

The first question usually put to a traveller on his return from Lisbon is—"Did you pay a visit to Cintra?"

There are three ways of getting to this far-famed spot: on horseback, in a hackney coach, or by the omnibus. If there is no question of ladies we would recommend the first, as being more independent, and affording better opportunities of seeing the country. In the omnibus the ride is dull and monotonous; and a Portuguese hackney coach is a vehicle of such horrid construction that we cannot recommend it to any one who values comfort, convenience, or limbs.

Cintra is about sixteen miles west of Lisbon. Within the last few years, the road to it has been much improved, and is macadamised through its whole extent.

The first village we come to after leaving Lisbon is the long and straggling one of Bemfica. The object most likely to engage the traveller's attention as he passes along are the windmills playing on the neighbouring heights, an occasional grove of orange trees, the turreted line of the aqueduct, and the hedge rows formed by the aloe and Indian fig. Bemfica is the residence of the Infanta Donna Izabel Maria, aunt of the present queen and formerly Regent before the return of her brother Don Miguel from Vienna. Her splendid palace and *quinta* lie on the left at a short distance from the high road. It contains a collection of natural curiosities, and several rare botanical specimens, two magnificent cedars, two beautiful American pepper trees,—two Salisburies of Japan,—a grove of Magnolias, &c.

In the neighbourhood stands a Dominican convent and church. The convent has been sold and converted into a manufactory, the church is still used for Religious worship, and contains the remains of Don John de Castro viceroy of the Indias, and those of John das Regras, an ancient lawyer and statesman in the time of Don John I, through whose influence that monarch obtained the crown in the *Cortes* of Coimbra, to the prejudice of his niece Donna Beatrix. The chapel of the Castros contains several costly

marble monuments of which the most remarkable are those of the great viceroy, and his son Alvaro. The image of the Blessed Virgin that stands in this church is the identical one that was taken from the walls of Tunis, when they were battered by the Portuguese squadron that was sent to the succour of Charles V. under the command of the infante Don Luiz.

Leaving Bemfica and gaining the top of the ascent which rejoices in the name of *Porca-lhota*, we come in sight of the royal palace of Queluz, which stands at about half a mile's distance from the road on the left. It forms part of the personal property of the royal family, which was designated by the name of the *Infantado*. It was a favorite residence of Don John VI. and also of Don Miguel, who beautified and improved it. It has also acquired some celebrity from the death of Don Pedro having taken place within its walls. The bed is still shown on which he expired. It stands in the apartment styled Don Quixote's from the representation of that worthy knight's adventures which are depicted on the ceiling.

The palace is an irregular building, its various parts having been constructed at different periods. The audience room is a spacious apartment; the saloon known by the appellation of the *Talhas* (vases) is remarkable for

the rich painting of its roof, and formerly contained a number of immense china vases from which it derives its name. In a private oratory there is a beautiful Doric column, composed of one entire piece of agate, taken from the excavations of Herculaneum, and sent as a present by Pope Leo XII. to Don Miguel. The gardens and pleasure-grounds occupy a large space: they contain several ponds, jet d'eau, statues, hothouses, and warrens for game, with some rare and beautiful specimens of trees and plants.

From Queluz to Cintra half the road lies over an extensive heath, in which there is nothing to divert the traveller's attention from the magnificent scene which expands before him. The elevated mass of rocks which seen in the distance, present only a smooth undulating outline, display as he approaches the—

“Horrid crags by toppling convent crowned,
The cork trees hoar that clothe the shaggy steep.
The mountain's top by scorching skies embrowned,
The sunken glen whose sunless shrubs must weep.”

Not unfrequently a zone of clouds is seen hanging about the middle of the mountain, while its loftiest peaks are glittering in brilliant sunshine; and at nightfall the rays of the sun linger on these summits long after it has set for the plain below. — The termination of

the heath brings us to the palace and *quinta* of *Ramalhão*. This estate was the private property of Donna Cadotta Joachina, wife of Don John VI., and grand-mother of Her present majesty. It was brought to the hammer in the year 1851, and is now the property of the rich tobacco contractor José Isidoro Guedes.

The village at the foot of the rock, on the eastern side of Cintra, is denominated São Pedro, and is remarkable for the beautiful *quinta* and pleasure-grounds belonging to the marquis of Vianna. It is here that the visitor, as he turns the ridge of the mountain and descends towards the town of Cintra, which lies north of the rock, is gratified with the first magnificent burst of scenery.

“Lo! Cintra’s glorious Eden intervenes
 In variegat d maze of mount and glen.
 Ah me! what hand can pencil guide or pen
 To follow half on which the eye delights,
 Through views more dazzling unto mortal ken,
 Than those whereof such things the bard relates,
 Who to the awe-struck world unlocked Elysium’s
 gates.”

The town of *Cintra* has something peculiar in the position and appearance of its buildings, roised one above another, and here and there perched like birds’s nests in the rock, and displaying in striking contrast with the mountain

on which they stand, the littleness of the works of man compared with those of the Creator.

It is a common remark that there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and this the reader will believe to be verified when after all the magnificent descriptions he has heard and read of this romantic spot, he learns that the most striking objects that the town presents when seen at a distance, are two large kitchen chimneys. Every one who has visited the place will immediately know that we allude to the large conical chimneys of the royal palace, which rise conspicuous in every view of the town, and find a place in the descriptions of all tourists from Murphy to prince Lichnowski. To this palace, after the traveller has rested from the fatigue of his ride from Lisbon, we will if he please conduct him,—Permission to see it in the absence of the royal family may be obtained from the resident superintendent, the *Almocharife*, a name of Arabic derivation and which properly means a tax-gatherer. The building, which is irregular, is a strange compound of Moorish and Christian architecture. The ornaments of the windows are Arabesque and represent interlaced branches of trees, without leaves. In each window there are slender columns of granite supporting arches which are composed of single pieces of stone. Every thing within

the palace corresponds to the anachronisms of the exterior. Historical reminiscences of widely distant events meet the eye in almost every apartment. The numerous fountains, reservoirs and jet d'eau in every part of the building, the prevailing style of the architecture, and the very names by which many of the apartments are still known, prove it to have been of Moorish origin, probably the Alhambra of the kings of Lisbon. John I. repaired and adapted it for his own residence. The saloon of magpies, *sala das pegas*, was painted either by his orders or that of his queen Philippa of Lancaster. It is a large room the frieze and ceiling of which are painted all over with magpies, each bird holding in his beak a ticket or card on which are inscribed the words *Por bem*, literally "for good," but implying in English the sense of 'no evil' or 'no harm.' This *por bem* was the motto of John I., and the expression and incident that gave rise to it strongly reminds us of the *Honi soit qui mal y pense* of our Edward III. On a certain occasion the monarch was detected by his queen in the act of bestowing a very questionable mark of attention on one of her maids of honour. As his eye met the dagger-looks of his English consort, he felt the full extent of his indiscretion, yet unconscious of any evil intention in what he had done, he condes-

cended to apologize by the memorable words, *Por bem*. In order to give more weight and publicity to this declaration of his innocence, he caused the ceiling of the apartment to be painted as above described. Another version of the story is, that certain gossiping tongues of the palace having given publicity to the affair, he determined to chastise their malevolent loquacity by imaging them under the figure of the chattering pie.

The saloon of the escutcheons, *sala das armas* was the work of king Emmanuel. This apartment has a circular roof, and stands on the second floor. On the ceiling in the centre are the royal arms of Portugal, and immediately round these are painted the escutcheons of the five sons and two daughters of king Emmanuel. The rest of the ceiling is entirely covered with the coats of arms of the Portuguese nobility, each shield hanging from a stag's head.

The escutcheons, which are seventy four in number, are depicted in two concentric circles, so that precedence is given to none. Two of the shields have been erased—those of the families of Aveiro and Tavora, which were supposed to have been implicated in the attempt made on the life of Joseph I. On the frieze under the cornice the following words are inscribed in gold letters—

Pois com esforços e leaes
 Serviços foram ganhados
 Com estes e outros taes
 Devem de ser conservados.

The literal translation of which is as follows—

Whereas with exertions and loyal
 Services they were earned,
 With these and other such
 They ought to be preserved.

In another part of the palace the room is pointed out in which the unfortunate Sebastian held his last audience before he undertook his ill-fated African expedition, and the chair of state is still shown on which the youthful monarch sate on that occasion. § Near the

§ King Sebastian was born in 1554 and succeeded to the throne when only three years of age, on the death of his grandfather John III. Possessed of a romantic disposition, and an extravagant admiration of the glories of chivalry, he rashly determined to carry on war against the Moors in Africa. For this purpose he equipped a fleet, and with an army which comprised the flower of the Portuguese nobility landed on the African coast in 1578. A general engagement soon took place. The Portuguese fought long and bravely against immensely superior numbers. To animate his followers Sebastian rushed into the thickest of the fight where he performed prodigies of valour, and where most of his attendants were slain at his

chapel may be seen the apartment in which Alphonsus VI. was confined during the last fifteen years of his life. That unhappy prince whiled away the dreary hours of his captivity in pacing up and down one side of his chamber whence he could see the rocky steep that overhangs the town, where it is said that one who still remained faithful to the monarch in his misfortunes daily made him a sign of recognition. By thus continually walking to and fro in the same spot, the bricks with which the room is paved are worn away on that side. Such was the rigour with which the royal prisoner was guarded, that in order to prevent his being recognized on the occasion of his attending Mass, a small aperture was made over the choir, whence without being seen he could observe what was going on at the altar. He died on the 12th of September 1683.

side. He at length disappeared. The defeat became general, and so great was the slaughter that only fifty Portuguese are said to have survived. The mystery which involved the death of the royal youth led several adventurers to assume his name and title. Even to this day a few enthusiasts may be met with who are expecting the hour when the reappearance of Sebastian shall usher in a millennium of peace, wealth and prosperity. They are called *Sebastianistas*.

Having thus cursorily pointed out to the stranger the principal objects of interest in the palace of Cintra, unless he may wish to tarry there to enjoy the delicious coolness of the numerous jet-d'eau which play in every direction around him, we will next conduct him through the "toppling convent" as Byron describes it, known by the name of the Pena, which crowns one of the highest points in the vicinity of the town.

The convent of the Pena formerly belonged to the monks of the Jeronymite convent of Belem, and was built by king Emmanuel on the rock, which he so often ascended to see if he could descry the returning fleet of Vasco da Gama, and from which in fact he was the first to discover it. When the monastery was secularized and sold, the Pena became the property of a private gentleman. It was afterwards purchased in a ruinous condition by his Majesty D. Ferdinand who has changed it into a species of feudal castle. The style of its architecture is the modern Norman Gothic, which flourished at the end of the twelfth century.

A broad road in the rock partly walled and partly open, conducts after many windings to a drawbridge, leading to the principal entrance of the castle, over which have been sculptured the royal arms of Portugal and Saxony. A large tower, several lateral turrets, walls

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crowned with niched battlements, and an open court surround the two principal buildings. The whole stands between very lofty peaks of the rock, and colossal masses of granite. The monastic character of the interior has been in a great measure preserved or restored. The cloister and chapel exist nearly in the same state as in the time of the monks, except that a few portions that had fallen have been renewed, and some slight flaws, which marred the original plan, have been corrected.

In the chapel there is a rich altar-piece of transparent jasper inlaid with alabaster. It is carved in reliefs exhibiting some of the stages of the Passion, and is surmounted with niches, in which are groups representing various passages in the life of our Blessed Redeemer; over these are festoons of flowers, which are supported by columns of black jasper. A lighted taper held behind the tabernacle, which stands in the centre, shows its transparency. The work is said to have been executed by an Italian artist by order of John III.

The Pena is certainly a marvellous structure, whether we consider the peculiarity of its situation or of its construction. The view described from its summit is magnificent beyond description. The deep azure of the vast Atlantic, spreading far to the west,—the scenery

south of the Tagus, with its regular succession of undulating hills, backed by forests of pines and these again by the dim peaks of the *Arrabida* mountains—the noble river itself,—

“Whose breast of waters broadly swells

Between the banks that bear the vine,”
the distant hills of Monsanto in the direction of Lisbon,—and to the north as far as the eye can reach, an extensive plain variegated with heath and cultivated tracts interspersed with *quintas* and villages—and the solitary pile of Mafra rearing like a mountain its enormous mass to the skies, form altogether a panorama, which it would be hard to parallel.

The top of the mountain immediately surrounding the Pena is laid out in shrubberies, adorned with ponds, and beds of flowers. The softness of the rock, which it was often necessary to cut through for the purpose of forming walks, facilitated these improvements, which however could not have been effected without considerable expense.

From these gardens a path conducts to the Moorish castle. The ruins so termed crown the peak to the west of that on which the Pena stands, and immediately overhang the town of Cintra. They consist of the remains of ancient walls, constructed over the cavities and along the ridges of the rock. About half way up the steep are ruins said to be the remains of a

Moorish mosque. Part of the vaulted roof has resisted the ravages of time, and on it vestiges of stars painted on an azure ground may still be discerned. Here and there Arabic characters are seen on the walls. In another part of the same inclosure is a quadrangular cistern, supposed to have been a Moorish bath. It is fifty feet long by seventeen broad; it is built of stone and has a vaulted roof; the water which it contains is about four feet in depth. That so copious and unfailing a body of water should be found at this high elevation has been a subject of astonishment to all travellers. But a much larger natural repository must exist in the *serra* to supply the numerous fountains which here and there gush from its sides and base and which are never known to fail even after the longest droughts. These perennial streams contribute not a little to the amenity of the environs by the rich verdure and fertility they occasion. The water of Cintra is of the best and purest quality, and so cold, as to form quite a contrast with the tepid beverage, which water-drinkers are condemned to swallow in Lisbon.

From the Pena a road over a wild and rugged tract conducts to the Cork convent, *Convento da Cortiça*. This poor monastery, standing in dreary solitude in a recess of the *serra*, is worthy of its projector, Don João de

Castro, the pious and penniless hero of a hundred battles, of whom in his dying moments St. Francis Xavier, his intimate friend, is reported to have said "the Viceroy of India is dying so poor, that he has not wherewith to purchase a fowl." This convent or hermitage consists of a church, sacristy, chapter-house, refectory and about twenty cells. These various apartments are partly formed of holes in the rock, and are partly built on its surface. They are lined with cork as a means of counteracting the damp; and from this circumstance the convent derives its name. Each cell may be about five feet square; and the doors are so low, that they cannot be entered by a person of middle stature without stooping; they are proportionally narrow.

Every thing about the place is in perfect keeping with the above description. In the time of the good religious, who were Reformed Franciscans, the luxury of a comfortable bed was never known within the precincts of the Cork convent. The bell at the entrance was rung by the aid of a vine-stem instead of a rope. The seats of the dining room, if the cavern used for that purpose may be so called, as well as the dining table, were cut out of the solid rock. At a little distance from the building is shown a hole, partly covered by an enormous stone, in which a her-

mit of the name of Honorius dwelt for the last sixteen years of his life. This holy man after the labours of the day, and after spending a good part of the night with the rest of his brethren in singing the praises of God in the church, would retire to this incommo- dious recess, where he had only a few leaves for his couch, and a stone for his pillow, and where from the smallness of the cave it was impos- sible for him to stretch himself at full length. Yet, notwithstanding the severity of these and other acts of penance, which the annals of his order recount of him, he lived to the age of ninety five. A simple stone was placed by his brethren in front of the cave. It still exists, and bears the following inscription:—

Hic Honorius vitam finivit,

Et ideo cum Deo in Cælo revivit.

Obiit Anno Domini 1596.

To those whose notions rise no higher than the matter which surrounds them, and who know no higher pleasure than the gratification of those senses which they have in common with the brute, the conduct of such men as Honorius may seem little better than insanity or drivelling enthusiasm. But such folly and such enthusiasm find their complete justifica- tion in Him who bore the cross, spent his nights in prayer, and fasted forty days in the desert. Compare the "Blessed are they that

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mourn, for they shall be comforted," with the sneer of Lord Byron who wrote:

“Deep in yon cave Honorius long did dwell,
In hope to merit heaven by making earth a hell.”

The sensualist poet and the mortified monk have gone to their long home: — Reader, whose chance would you prefer?

From the Cork convent the road to the west continues for some distance to wind among the barren rocks. The mean height of the mountains of Cintra is about 1829 feet above the level of the sea. The greater part of the *serra* is composed of granite of various consistency,—the grains being sometimes large and sometimes small, occasionally very hard, and in some places so soft, as to be easily crushed by the fingers. The felspar, which it contains, is usually of a greyish white, the mica is black, and the quartz of a dingy white. Mixed with these there are very fine particles of magnetic iron, which is also found in pieces several inches thick on the summits of the mountain. The strata in general do not follow any regular direction. This circumstance, as well as the irregular and distorted appearance of the rocks, which are piled in every variety of position above each other, leave no doubt of their volcanic origin.

Descending from the the mountain, we des-

ery lying at some distance to the north west the town of Collares, which gives its name to the well known wine so called. A modern Portuguese writer begins his account of this place in the following terms. "At a league to the west of the town of Cintra, and at six leagues distance north west from the city of Lisbon, above a fertile and verdant valley known by the name of the Varsea, is situated the smiling town of Collares, which for the flow of its fountains, the melody of the birds, the temperateness of its air, which in the greatest heat of summer feels like that of mild spring, the delicacy of its fruits, and the purity of its waters may justly be called a paradise on earth." Without subscribing to these enthusiastic commendations, we may safely say that the rich valley of Collares, covered as it is with orange groves and orchards, offers a most delightful object for the eye to dwell on, and beautifully contrasts with the bare and arid mountain along the foot of which it extends. The town itself, which is small and struggling, has little to recommend it. Several Roman inscriptions have been found in its neighbourhood, most of which may be seen transcribed in the work above quoted, written by the Viscount Jerumenha. At the extremity of the valley an artificial lake or rather pond has been formed on which is a pleasure

boat. Here parties from Cintra often meet for purposes of amusement. A small rivulet winds its way from this spot to the ocean. Formerly when it was a navigable river, the fruit that fell from the trees overhanging its banks was carried down the stream, and gave to the beach the name by which it is still known, *Praia das Maçãs*, Apple-beach.

Above the beach, about a league from Colares, there is a rock or headland rising to a perpendicular height of about two hundred feet, it is known by the name of *Pedra d'Alvidrar*. At certain points the waves of the Atlantic ocean dash against its base, and have undermined it to a considerable extent, as may be seen at some distance from the edge of the precipice where there is a circular hole or chasm, at the bottom of which the sea is visible, and by its incessant chafing strikes terror into the stoutest heart when viewed from above. At the highest point of the rock immediately over the ocean, a horrifying feat is performed by persons who inhabit the neighbourhood. Without any assistance or support but their hands and feet they descend the perpendicular rock, from the summit to the water's edge, and return in the same manner. The least slip, or the giving way of a piece of rock must inevitably plunge them on certain destruction, and yet they make no difficulty

in venturing down the steep, and in the hopes of a few *vin/ens* from the visitors two or three will descend one after the other. Sometimes fishermen, laden with baskets of fish, will ascend the dangerous steep, merely for their own convenience.

There are two ways of returning to Cintra from Collares—through the valley, or by the road that runs along the side of the mountain. The latter, besides being more commodious, affords a better opportunity of seeing the rich luxuriant gardens which extend below. After passing several country residences remarkable for the picturesque beauty of their situations, we come to Monserrat. The *quin'a* so named stands on an eminence that juts out from the *scerra*, and presents one of the most beautiful prospects which even Cintra, rich as it is in varied and charming scenery, can offer. It was selected by the celebrated Mr. Beckford, whose refined taste for the beautiful no one will dispute, and was decorated by him with that lavish profusion, which here as elsewhere has signalized his name. At the extremity of an avenue of trees, over the point of the eminence, is to be seen his dilapidated chateau, which has fallen like a flower blasted in the hour of its opening bloom. The walls are every where scrawled over with the names of visitors of all ages, nations, sexes and con-

ditions. On the declivity of the hill just below the mansion, an artificial cascade was formed at a great expense,—which like the rest of the ruins only tells of by-gone splendour, and of the caprice which led the projector first to beautify, and then abandon the place.

Returning to the high road we come, at no great distance, to a *quinta* situated similarly to the one we have just quitted, and connected with the name of a person of less wealth, but of greater renown than Mr. Beckford, the Villa and grounds of Penha Verde, once the property of Don John de Castro, and still held by his descendants. This renowned and disinterested hero, who makes so great a figure in Portuguese history, chose this spot as his favorite retreat after his various adventures of peril and glory in two quarters of the globe. After the memorable defence of Diu, the only reward he asked from his sovereign was, that the rock on which stood six trees should be annexed to his *quinta*. It is still known by the name of *Monte das Alviças*. Here also is shown the chapel built by him in honour of Our Lady. At the bottom of the steps which conduct to it, are two stones which he brought with him as trophies from the east, and on which are carved various emblematic figures, and below these a long inscription in

the Sanscrit in honour of the god Seva. Ascending the flight of steps we come to a terrace on which the chapel is built, and where the visitor, seated under the shade of the cork trees that are coeval with the building, may enjoy the many beauties of the broad landscape that expands before him. Over the door of the chapel is the following inscription:

Joannes Castrensis cum viginti annos in durissimis bellis in utraq; Mauritania pro Christi religione consumpsisset et illâ clarissima Tunetis expugnatione interfussisset atque tandem sinus Arabici littora et omnes Indiæ oras non modò lustrasset sed litterarum monumentis mandavisset Christi immuni salvus domum rediens Virgini Matri sanum ex voto dicavit anno 1542

Over the above inscription on a small pillar is the following:

*Conditum sub imperio
Divi Joannis Patris patriæ.*

On each side of the door there is also an inscription.

On the left— *Salvos ire
Susceptis votis
Salvos ire . 1543*

On the right— *Solutis votis
Salvos redire
Salvos redire*

It would detain us too long to enter into a detailed account of all the natural beauty and historical recollections which this romantic spot encloses. The spirit of the great hero, who bequeathed it to his descendants on the express condition of their not deriving pecuniary advantages from its cultivation, might be imagined still to wander through its shady and winding paths, and pointing to the religious emblems which every where meet the eye, to utter a reproach to men of modern times, whose *enlightened* philosophy has taught them to be ashamed to ask God's blessing on their enterpizes, or to thank Him for success.

Before reaching Cintra, after leaving Penha Verde, we come to a spacious edifice belonging to the Marquis of Loulé which derives celebrity from the disgraceful convention between Sir Hew Dalrymple and Junot. In front of this palace is a spacious lawn, where in the summer months the *elite* of Cintra usually take their evening promenade. The place is known by the name of *Sitiacs*, which is the plural of an obsolete Portuguese word *sitiãl*, which means a seat or bench.

Mafra is situated at the distance of three leagues from Cintra, and five from Lisbon. The road leading to it sadly needs repair, and nothing can be conceived more uninteresting





than the parched and desolate tract over which the weary traveller has to plod for four hours before he reaches the colossal structure. The near inspection of Egypt's Pyramids is scarcely more dearly bought by a scorching ride over its wastes of sand. Mafra which is a mere village offers little accomodation to visitors, who would do well to take sufficient provisions with them, as the fare to be found in the *estalagem*, at which they will have to put up, is very poor and the charges heavy. To the west of the village, on a rising ground, towers the immense building which now claims our attention. It will be impossible to convey any idea of its magnificence by description. It must be seen to be fully appreciated.

There are various and conflicting accounts given of the origin of Mafra, but the most common one is, that Don John V. anxious to have issue to succeed him in the throne, vowed to erect, on the birth of a son a monastery on the place where the poorest priory in his dominions could be found. On the birth of Prince Joseph Mafra was selected; for on this spot stood a hut in which dwelt twelve religious men of the poorest order in Portugal. The plan was drawn up, and having met with the monarch's approval was executed by one architect, João Frederico Ludovici, who is spoken of as a German, though his name

would indicate an Italian origin. The foundation stone was laid on the 17th of Nov. 1717, and this ceremony alone cost 200,000 crowns. Thirteen years were spent in the erection of the building. According to documents still existing the average number of workmen daily employed during that period was 14,700. The bills from June to October of 1750 show that no fewer than 45,000 persons were employed in this interval, of whom 7,000 were soldiers who received 150rs per diem in addition to their ordinary pay. The king ordered a temporary hospital to be erected for the accommodation of the sick workmen, containing eight wards capable of holding 5,350 sick, in addition to two others for 240 convalescents. In five years, 1729-34, the hospital received 17,007 sick, and the item of its expences amounted to 91,937,347 Reis, about L. 23,000. The total cost of this immense fabric has never been exactly stated. Some have calculated it at 19,000,000 of crowns; others at a much less sum. We should be led to conclude that the amount must have been much greater if, as tradition says, the chimies of the two belfries alone cost from two to three millions in Antwerp or Liege where they were cast.

The basilic was consecrated on the 22nd. of October 1730, the king's birthday, with

the greatest possible pomp. The festivities lasted eight days. The king ordered refreshments to be given from his kitchen to all who applied, and nine thousand persons availed themselves of his hospitality on the single day of the consecration.

The entire edifice forms an immense parallelogram, the longest sides of which extend from north and south through 1,150 feet. The building comprises a church, a monastery and two royal palaces. It contains 866 rooms, two lofty towers each 350 feet high, one very large court, two of more moderate size, and six small ones. The front of this imposing pile of buildings which faces the west, is formed by the church and palaces,—the church being in the centre, and having an approach formed by a noble flight of steps.

The palace on the north side of the church was the king's residence, that on the south the queen's; both are four stories in height, and terminate in large turrets at the extreme angles. The masonry has been well executed. The walls widen gradually to their base where they are twenty palms thick, and are surmounted by a parapet sixteen palms high. The roof of the whole building forms one vast platform elevated a hundred and twenty palms from the ground in which the only breaks are the apertures above the courts already mentioned, and

the only objects rising above the level, are the dome and cupola of the church the four angular and the two lateral towers. It is conjectured that ten thousand men might be reviewed on this marble plain.

The two palaces so closely resemble each other in all architectural details, that the description of one will serve for both. On entering, the visitor will be struck with the number and magnificence of the apartments through which he is conducted. Allegorical or mythological subjects are painted in fresco on the ceilings and walls. The floors are of marble, the various species of which are arranged in fanciful patterns, and many of the rooms are adorned with handsome pillars of the same material. It has been remarked, and perhaps not unjustly, that in this long suite of apartments, there is not one room the size of which corresponds to the vast proportions of the rest of the building. The audience chamber is still preserved in the same state in which it was when Don John VI. inhabited the palace, previously to the invasion of the French, as well as after his return from Brazil. It is hung with curtains of blue velvet and damask, and is the only apartment by which we are enabled to judge of the *tapesserie*, when Mafra was actually the residence of a wealthy and gorgeous court. All the wood of which

the doors and windows are constructed is the best that the Brazils could furnish, but it is to be lamented that its beauty has been concealed under a coating of paint.

The convent is dedicated to St. Anthony, and was held by reformed Franciscans. They were for some time superseded by Augustinian canons, but were afterwards restored, and continued in the possession of the convent till the suppression in 1834. This part of the building is in the form of a square with an open cloister in the interior, in which is a noble fountain playing in the centre of a tank.

The various entrances into the convent, as well those from without as those from the church or palace, lead to a spacious corridor which runs, from east to west, the whole length of the building. Entering it from the cloister we pass the chapel *do Campo Santo*, destined for the interment and obsequies of the brethren. It is very richly and appropriately decorated: its altar is of white marble, supported by black and white columns of the same material. The chapel is a hundred and twenty palms long and forty broad.

Another apartment worthy of attention is the *Casa dos Actos*. It is a hundred and sixteen palms long and forty broad. Here were held the scholastic theses. At one end is a pulpit below a large tablet of white marble

bearing a Latin inscription, and crowned by a vase of blue stone holding yellow and white flowers. There are also two large tribunes where the king and court occasionally attended the wordy wars of the learned disputants.

Nearly contiguous to this is the lavatory, an octagonal apartment with a vaulted roof, supported by arches, and fitted up with marble fountains and basins of chaste and elegant finish. From this we pass through another room equally spacious, to the refectory, which is deservedly celebrated for its noble proportions, its light and airy character and the simplicity of its decorations. Above the head table is a large and splendid painting of the Last Supper, the frame of which is of bright blue marble. The tables are thirty six, each twenty palms in length and three in breadth, the seats round them are of Brazil wood, the backs of polished yellow marble.

The convent contains about three hundred cells. The infirmary is divided into separate partitions, each partition containing a porcelain figure of our Blessed Lady and the divine Babe, or the representation of some mystery of faith. At one end is a handsome chapel with galleries corresponding to the different floors, so that invalids from each could attend the duties and ministrations of religion without inconvenience or exposure.

We must not forget to remind the visitor of the remarkably fine echo which is to be met with in the chapter room, a handsome oval-shaped apartment. It is said to be much superior to that of St. Paul's in London.

He will also be conducted to the Library, a magnificent room 300 feet in length, and broad and high in proportion. The pavement is of red and white marble, and the arched roof beautifully stuccoed. A light gallery runs round the interior, at an elevation of fifteen and a half palms. The book-cases are made of the best Brazil wood, and contain about 30,000 volumes; Beckford says, we know not on what authority, 60,000.

Annexed to the convent is a walled inclosure, containing an ample tank, a ball court, a kitchen garden, orchards and shrubberies, ornamented with statues and artificial lakes. Behind this extends the royal park, which is three leagues in circumference and is surrounded by a wall sixteen palms high. The park is well stocked with deer and various kinds of game, and has been taken advantage of by king Ferdinand as a pasture ground on which he has succeeded in raising a very superior breed of horses.

Returning to the roof of the building and ascending one of the turrets, we come to the belfry. The machinery of the clocks fills a

good sized room, and the complicated works have more the appearance of a spinning loom apparatus than of adjuncts of a religious edifice. There are two immense cylinders covered with spikes, which act upon keys connected with the bells, and produce from them the beautiful chimes for which they are deservedly celebrated. The bells were cast at Antwerp or Liege, and for their weight of metal and richness of tone, are perhaps unrivalled. It is computed that the entire weight of metal in each tower cannot be less than 207 tons. In the southern tower the hands of the clock mark the time in the common way; those in the north in the Roman method—that is with only six divisions in the circumference of its face. Before the clock strikes, the bells ring a pleasing chime, and they can be made to play any of the tunes at pleasure.

We now descend to the church, which, in splendour and magnificence far surpasses all that we have hitherto described. The façade and portico are adorned with colossal statues of the saints, sculptured in white marble, and finely executed. The exterior as well as the interior is encrusted with polished marble and carved into an endless variety of tasteful and appropriate designs. The first coup d'œil as you enter is very imposing. The high altar adorned with two majestic columns of red

variegated marble, each a single block about fifty feet in height, immediately fixes the attention. Trevisani painted the altarpiece. It represents St. Anthony in the extasy of beholding the infant Jesus descending into his cell amidst an effulgence of glory. "Never did I behold," says the author of *Vashek*, who visited Mafra in 1787, "an assemblage of such beautiful marble as gleamed above, below, and around us. The collateral chapels, which are six in number, are each enriched with finely finished bassi relievi, and stately portals of black and yellow marble, richly veined, and so highly polished as to reflect objects like a mirror. The pavement, the vaulted ceiling, the dome, and even the topmost lantern, is encrusted with the same costly and durable material. Roses of white marble and wreaths of palm branches, most exquisitely sculptured, enrich every part of the edifice. I never saw Corinthian capitals better modelled, or executed with more precision and sharpness than those of the columns which support the nave. Having satisfied our curiosity by examining the ornaments of the altar, we passed through a long covered gallery to the sacristy, a magnificent vaulted hall, panelled with some beautiful varieties of alabaster and porphyry, and carpeted, as well as a chapel adjoining to it, in a style of the utmost

magnificence. We traversed several more halls and chapels, adorned with equal splendour, till we were fatigued and bewildered like knights errant in the mazes of an enchanted palace."

Such is Mr. Beckford's account of the impression produced on him by the inspection of the church, seen at the time that it was in the zenith of its splendour.

The length of the church from the entrance to the sanctuary is 283 palms. Its total breadth, including the lateral chapels, is 142 palms. From the size of the majestic dome the Portuguese have drawn a proverb to designate any vast and magnificent work. It stands over the transept. Its height above the pediment of the portico is 300 palms. It is infinitely superior in point of design to the rest of the edifice, and may certainly be reckoned among the lightest and best proportioned in Europe. The visitor may if he please mount to its summit, and from the balustrade survey the wide prospect below. It is however to be regretted that the elevation does not command any magnificent expanse of scenery. Commencing with the roofs of an insignificant village, the eye ranges over the dull tops of barren hills backed in the distance by the Atlantic ocean. On the left the view is terminated by the craggy mountains of Cintra;

on the right, by woods of pine, diversified by scattered hamlets. It may perhaps be interesting to inform the visitor that the arch of the dome is closed by a single stone, hollowed out within and pierced by eight circular windows. The circumference of this stone is 44 palms, its height 13, it was drawn from the quarries of Cintra by a hundred and seventy two oxen; and during its transit forty one masons were hammering away without any embarrassment upon it. It was raised to its present position by four cranes, worked by a hundred and sixty men, in the space of two hours.

In conclusion we may characterise the church of Mafra, as being at once rich and simple. Its design was grand and its execution uniformly successful. As an architectural production it has been declared by an able critic to be faultless, neither vitiated by a mixture of styles, nor blemished by absurd anachronisms.

Excursion to the mouth of the river.—*Quinta of the Duke of Cadaval.*—*Cachias.*—*Suppressed convents.*—*Paço d' Arcos.*—*Oeiras.*—*Carcavellos.*—*Cascacs.*—*St. Julian's.*—*Cachopos.*—*Bugio.*—*Trafaria.*—*Costa.*—*Caparica.*—*Almada.*—*Cacilhas.*

Salut vaste horizon que l'ocean termine !
 Rivage au sable d'or, ou le flot vient mourir !
 Rochers de l'occident qu'un ciel de feu domine !
 Ondoyants forets qu'au loin j'entends fremir.

Bord du Tage.

Having in a former chapter conducted the stranger to Belem, we will commence our present excursion from that place. The road follows the direction of the river which is visible from it nearly through its whole extent. The first place deserving notice, after quitting Belem Castle and the Sand-fort contiguous, is the *quinta* and villa of the duke of Cadaval, which lie immediately on the side of the road, at a place called Pedrouços. The family of this nobleman, as well as that of the duke of Lafoens, are of the blood royal and rank the first among the Portuguese nobility. These dukes are privileged to wear their hats in presence of the sovereign. The *quinta* of which

we are speaking possesses shady walks, and a large basin of water, no despicable recommendation in the climate of Portugal.

About a league further on, stands the royal palace of Cachias. This residence, like the preceding, has flower gardens, shady walks, and tanks of water: but its principal recommendation, as indeed is that of all the residences and *quintas* which line the road, is the convenience afforded for bathing in the river. Comparatively deserted during the rest of the year, they generally see assembled for this purpose all the rank and fashion of Lisbon in the autumn months.

Here too, as in every part of this once religious land, the traveller is painfully struck with the deserted ruins of the sanctuaries of religion. St. José de Ribamar, St. Catharine's, and though last not least the beautiful hermitage of the sons of St. Bruno, known in Portugal by the name of *Carluxa*. The writer of the present pages had visited this convent in the days of its prosperity, when its holy inmates were the admiration as well as the support and consolation of the country around. With what feelings of sadness did he behold on a recent occasion the lonely remains of the venerable pile. The cloistered walls were stripped of their appropriate paintings. The pavement was demolished, openings had been made

in the walls as if for passages, and left without posts or lintels. Some of the cells had been fitted up as temporary lodgings for bathers; and that nothing might be wanting to complete the infamy of the sacrilegious work, ridicule was superadded to the desecration, and a paper indicating property to be let was fixed on the principal door of the house of God. The moral and intellectual state of the poor neighbourhood is a sad but true commentary on this heartless Vandalism. Left without the instructions and example of the good fathers, the rustic population has wofully retrograded in knowledge as well as morality. Ignorance and contempt for authority are beginning to produce their natural effects among them in the abandonment of all religious and social duties. Nor are these alarming results merely confined to the spot of which we are speaking; the destruction of religious foundations, instead of increasing the wealth or aiding the enlightenment of the people, as was absurdly predicted, has produced nothing but misery and ignorance with all their debasing influences through this once happy and contented land.

At some distance further on we come to the straggling fishing town of Paço d'Arcos. It contains a few good houses, and reckons about 1150 inhabitants. In the time of the minister

Pombal a dock or basin was here constructed for sheltering ships and small craft in stormy weather: but its demarkations are now scarcely discernible owing to the supine negligence of those who ought to have kept it in repair.

From this place the road diverges a little from the river and conducts at the distance of a mile to the town of Oeiras. The greatest and almost the only object of attraction in this place is the famous palace and *quinta* of the Marquis of Pombal. The prodigious wealth of the great minister, known by that name, enabled him to form on this spot a demesne unequalled by that of any of the Portuguese nobility, at least in the neighbourhood of the capital. The *quinta* itself, which is divided by the high road into two sections, consists of orchards, orange groves and vineyards: and is intersected by a canal which was intended to be carried as far as the neighbourhood of Cintra, and to communicate with the river.

At the back of the *quinta* are extensive and fertile corn lands forming part of the estate. In the mansion there are to be seen several excellent paintings, and some statues by eminent artists. It was here king Joseph I. was for some time the guest of his favorite minister, and the inkstand is still shown from which he used to sign his despatches. But the prin-

incipal objects of curiosity in the place, if we except perhaps the group, the work of the chisel of Carrara, are the unrivalled cellar, press-room, and granary. The first is intersected by a double arcade of fifteen arches. It contains a number of wine tuns, all formed of Brazil wood, and most of them capable of holding thirty pipes. At one extremity of the cellar is the press-room containing seven large wine presses from which the wine was conducted by a channel to the tuns intended for its reception. Some of the tuns have been recently sold, and those that remain are generally empty. Over the cellar is the granary formed on a similar magnificent scale. Leave for admission to the premises, the inspection of which will amply repay a visit, may easily be obtained by application to the present noble proprietor.

The lands which stretch to the west of the estate of the Marquis of Pombal are known by the name of Carcavellos, and produce the sweet wine so called.

If the visitor have time and be so disposed, he may push on as far as Cascaes, which is at a good league's distance from Oeiras. It is on the sea shore and gives name to the bay on which it stands. It has a bar and is defended by fortifications. Near it on the extreme point of the rock stands a light-house.

The population of Cascaes is upwards of two thousand. (*See note at the end of the vol.*)

A more interesting object and nearer Oeiras is the fortress or tower of St. Julian, was ca. 16

The Tagus by a peculiar formation of its bar admits of only two entrances; one to the W. of Cascaes north, deep and narrow, the other to the south, ca. 1/2 m. S. of Cascaes about 350 yards broad, and nine fathoms deep. 1394
 The fort of St. Julian was built by Philip II. ca. 1582
 It stands at the water's edge, and so completely commands commands the northern entrance as to present a formidable resistance to a hostile fleet, 1582 should that attempt to enter by that channel.

It is responded to from the opposite side of the river the river by the Bugio fort, the lower guns of which which are but little above high water mark, and and command the southern entrance. Both, 22 fortifications have bomb-proof quarters.

Between the two channels on the side of the ocean are the dangerous rocks known by the name of the *Cachopos*, which lie immediately under the surface of the water, and in calm weather may easily be distinguished by the ripple that is incessantly seen above them. The fort of St. Julian like that of the Bugio is built on the solid rock. The former, besides a battery on the side of the river, has on the land side a curtain flanked by two bastions, with a foss and covered way. Its great defect in a military point of view lies in its

being commanded by higher ground in the immediate neighbourhood. The Bugio fort is of a circular form, and is entirely surrounded by water except at low tide, when it may be approached from the long neck of sand that forms for some distance the south bank of the river. It has on it a light-house with a brilliant revolving light. Returning to Lisbon from the Bugio fort along the south bank of the Tagus we first come to the village or town of Trafaria, which is small, and inhabited principally by fishermen; it is built entirely on the sands, having scarcely a vestige of vegetation in its neighbourhood. The inhabitants derive their support from the sale of fish in the Lisbon market.

Another town or village, situated on the sands south of the Bugio and consequently on the sea side, is the Costa. In this village most of the houses are built of rushes. There is also an uncouthness or wildness in the inhabitants, characteristic of a very low state of morals and police. Many of them are said to be deserters and runaway felons; their looks do not entirely belie the imputation. The officers of the law seldom approach the spot, and when they do, in search of some notable delinquent, they are accompanied by a military force. Yet notwithstanding this semibarbarous state of the Costa, parties from Lisbon not unfre-

quently make here a day's excursion, to enjoy the novelty of seeing the fishermen draw in the net. On these occasions the party pays the expense of the draught. After the fish is caught, it is cooked by the fishermen on the spot, in a manner which it is said the ablest cooks cannot equal. The secret however of the recipe seems to be a long ride, and the sea air:—ingredients which of course are not to be had in the kitchens of Lisbon. The mess is called a *caldeirada*. After what we have said of the uncivilized state of these fishermen, it may be a matter of surprise that we should be able to point to them as models worthy of our imitation in our own fisheries at home. Yet such is the fact, as far as regards the understanding that exists between masters and men. The nets and boats are the property of a few individuals, who are termed masters. The men are divided into companies—each company belonging to a particular net. They are not hired or paid according to any fixed salary; but are entitled to a share in the draught. One portion of the fish is assigned for the expenses of the net, boats, &c: another belongs to the master, and a third is divided among the men. Each man has thus a personal interest in the success of the draught. In time of failure, sickness, or bad weather, the master is obliged to furnish each man

with a certain daily allowance of food, to be deducted on occasions of success and abundance. By this excellent regulation the horrors of famine are avoided in unpropitious seasons.

Leaving the sands, and ascending the hills in the direction of Lisbon, we come to a well cultivated district, consisting principally of vineyards, known by the singular name of *Caparica*, *Anglicè* 'rich cloak.' It extends from Trafaria and the Costa as far as Almada, and Cova da Piedade. The soil is generally light and well adapted for the growth of the vine, though the quality of the wine produced is in general not of the best,—a fact mainly attributable to the want of selection in the plants. In many of the vineyards a large proportion of the vines are of an inferior kind called *Italia*, which produces abundance of fruit, but such as is incapable of forming a rich and generous wine. Those proprietors, who have excluded this inferior grape from their grounds, are able to produce wine in this district scarcely inferior to any in the country.

If the traveller should happen to be in Lisbon in the autumn months, we would by all means advise him to spend a day in Caparica, to witness the process of wine-making. The country is at that time all alive with busy vintagers, and he will not proceed far without

meeting some of them to remind him of Ovid's personification of the season,

“—*Calcatis sordidus uvis.*”

The principal town in the district, which has a judicial court of its own, is Almada. It has a fort overhanging the river, and a breastwork and redoubts on the land side. As the road lies through the middle of the town, we would advise the visitor to make a short digression to an elevated spot on his left to enjoy a magnificent view that is there presented of Lisbon and the Tagus. Although the view from this point is most grand and imposing, we do not remember to have met with it in any collection.

From Almada the road gradually descends through the village of Caçilhas, to the extreme point whence steamers and passage boats regularly ply to Lisbon, and where the traveller is sure to meet with many an urgent petitioner soliciting his patronage in the shape of a fare for himself and company across the river.

*Excursion to Odivellas — Campo Pequeno —
 Campo Grande. — Lumiar — Lorangeiras —
 Odivellas. — Loures — Cabega de Montarique.*

Nada falta aos jardins de aceio ou pompa,
 Cada flor cumprio sua promessa.

Bocage.

What Englishman has not heard of Banbury cakes? and what Portuguese is a stranger to the fame of the marmalade of Odivellas? To Odivellas then shall be our present excursion. Ascending the hill and passing the harrier of *San Sebastião da Pedreira*, we are conducted by the road on the right to a small common, known by the name of *Campo Pequeno*. It is here that the troops are sometimes reviewed on *Gala* days, and from its proximity to the town it has been often selected as a cricket-ground by the British; who when they can muster in sufficient strength, enter on their national sport with considerable spirit, and their example has been rather awkwardly imitated by some Portuguese gentlemen of the neighbourhood. When an English fleet happens to be stationed in the Tagns, the *Campo* not unfrequently presents a lively and animated appearance, when forty or fifty

officers and midshipmen may be seen contending—

“Who best can urge the flying ball.”

There is another road from Lisbon to this field in the direction of *Arroios* and *Campo de S. Anna*. On this road, at a short distance from *Campo Pequeno*, is to be seen an ancient inscription designating the spot where S. Elizabeth, queen of Don Denis, effected a reconciliation between that monarch and his son, afterwards Alphonsus the fourth, at the moment, when their respective forces drawn up in hostile array were about to join battle. This monumental record has been fortunately preserved; another consisting of a cross, erected on the spot where the father and son first embraced each other in sign of reconciliation, was torn down by order of certain Iconoclastic Vandals in 1836.

Following the macadamised road we come to another open space called in contradistinction to the one we have just left, *Campo Grande*. This field is about a mile in length and has a spacious carriage road round it, with a foot path on each side, shaded by a double row of trees.

The demarkation of the spot as well as the plantation of it were effected under the administration of the Conde de Linhares, in the latter part of the reign of Queen Mary I. An

annual fair, which lasts eight or fifteen days, is held here, and commences in the second week of October. The parish church of the place, which stands at the north side of the *Campo* is dedicated in honour of the three Kings, or Eastern Magi, who went to adore our Infant Redeemer.

About a mile farther on stands the village of Lumiar, remarkable for possessing in its vicinity the delightful gardens of the Duke of Palmella. The votaries of Flora will find here a rich treat in contemplating the success with which art has aided nature in the production of the rarest and most beautiful specimens of plants and flowers. The ground, over which these gardens are spread, undulates in pleasing variety, and contrasts strongly with the laboured and unnatural sameness of the style of the last century;—a defect still too apparent in the gardens of the Larangeiras. The *opportunitas loci* has no doubt been favorable to Lumiar; still, much is due to the taste and skill displayed in turning these advantages to the best account. Without wishing to impose our own tastes upon this subject on our readers, we would advise them to judge for themselves by visiting both gardens, which the munificence of the two noble proprietors will enable them easily to do by a ticket of admission.

Descending from Lumiar to the valley below, and taking the road to the left, we arrive, at a distance of about two miles, at the village and convent of Odivellas. On entering the village, the most striking object that presents itself is an arch in the Moorish or Arabesque style, surmounted by a cross, erected in the middle of the road. Three smaller arches, erected below the principal one, support a tablet or ledge of stone, which passes from side to side of the great arch. The whole being built of stone, has resisted the ravages of time, and has also had the good fortune to escape the ruthless hands of modern levellers. The precise object for which this arch was raised, has not been well ascertained. It is popularly denominated, "the monument of king Denis," and is supposed to have been used as a resting place for his remains before they were deposited in the church. Frey Francisco Brandão says that it was constructed as a resting place for the coffin of John I., when his body was transferred from Lisbon to Batalha. It might have been used on both occasions: the architecture indicates higher antiquity than the middle of the fifteenth century. A spacious court conducts us to the convent. Ever since its foundation by king Denis, in the year 1305, it has been inhabited by nuns of the order of St. Bernard.

Its founder endowed it with royal magnificence. King Denis himself, a daughter, and four of his grandsons were buried within its walls. In a small dark chapel near the entrance is the tomb of the first-mentioned. It is considerably defaced; the front part faces the wall, and the back has been covered with stucco. The interior of the church has little worthy of special notice if we except perhaps the choir, which is beautiful and rich, and four paintings by Gran Vasco. Near the porch there is partly imbedded in the wall a ball of stone, more than a yard in circumference, and beneath it an inscription implying that the ball was placed here by Don Alvaro de Noronha, being one of those that the Turks had shot against the citadel of Ormus, in an unsuccessful attempt to take the place during the time that he commanded there.

Before quitting the precincts of the convent, we would by all means advise the visitor to try the marmalade made by the nuns inside, which is certainly of unrivalled excellence. It is beautifully white, and almost transparent. They cut it into diamond-shaped pieces, and keep it made up in pounds, enclosed in papers ready for sale. An application at the wheel will meet with immediate attention.

After descending from Lumiar, if the tra-

veller had taken the turn to the right, he would have found himself in the delightful valley of Loures, which extends for nearly a league, and is hemmed in on both sides, by rich and fertile hills, covered with vineyards and corn fields. At its termination, the road divides into two; that to the right conducts to Tojal and Bueellas, famous for producing the once favorite wine of that name, and the other ascending the hills leads to the highest point of land in Estremadura, called Montaxique. This point is in immediate contiguity with the famous lines of Torres Vedras, formed by the Duke of Wellington to check the progress of the French, when marching upon Lisbon under the command of marshal Masena in 1810. Besides the magnificent view of the surrounding country, that is presented from the summit of Montaxique, the place is also celebrated for several chalybeate springs, which gush from the sides and foot of the mountain.

Excursion to St. Ubes.—Valle de Zebro.—Coyna — Woods.—Palmella — St. Ubes — Troya.—Capuchin convent.—St. Margaret's cave.—Arrabida — Azeitão.— The Sado.— Salt pits.—Alcacer do Sal.

Wher'er we gaze, around, above, below,
 What rainbow tints, what magic charms are found !
 Rock, river, forest, mountain, all abound,
 And bluest skies that harmonize the whole.

Byron.

Nearly one half of the distance from Lisbon to St. Ubes may be gone by water. A steamer with passengers for Valle de Zebro, leaves the quay at the *Praça do Commercio* every morning. The place of disembarkation is near the extremity of an arm of the Tagus, called *Rio de Coyna*. Coyna is a small village at the water's edge consisting of a few straggling and dilapidated houses, and the works of a mining company, who in fondly attempting to raise the precious metals from the bowels of the earth, seem to have lost those which they had in their pockets. Near the long wooden quay belonging to the steam

company is an hospital for invalided marines. This, with the exception of a water mill, and a wretchedly provided inn, are the only habitations at Valle de Zebro, and no other will be met with, till we have traversed the immense pine wood, into which we immediately enter, taking for our beacon, the castle of Palmella, visible at intervals along the road.

Some sixty years ago, a traveller going to St. Ubes thus writes: "Notwithstanding the trade of this place and the constant intercourse between it and Lisbon, yet there is not a perch of road to be seen the whole way; nor can any find their way in the journey, except those who are in the constant habit of travelling there; every other person must take a guide, or what will answer the same purpose, one of the mules which is trained to the route." This description, as far as regards the mules and the way from Valle de Zebro to Palmella, is still true, though the account has reference to the transit between Mouta and Palmella. Formerly the traveller incurred considerable danger in traversing the wood from the banditti that infested it. The writer has travelled with a gentleman who was made prisoner by robbers when going from Lisbon to St. Ubes. Some of his party, who had preceded him, were stripped and plundered; he was suffered to proceed without further moles-

tation, as he was known to the marauders as a humane and charitable gentleman. An occasional goatherd or woodcutter are the only beings the traveller meets with as he passes along. In certain spots are discernible vestiges of very extensive fires by which all vegetation has been destroyed for several miles. These fires usually take place in the dry autumn months, and are often the work of incendiaries, who for the purpose of providing open pasture for the flocks of goats that feed in the woods, scruple not to lay waste a large extent, and occasion incalculable damage to the proprietors. At the moment these lines are being penned, not less than three of these fires are visible from Lisbon, and the heat on some occasions is said to be so great as to affect the atmosphere as far as the north side of the Tagus.

As soon as we begin to ascend the Arrabida chain, cultivated fields and vineyards line the road, and before we reach the elevated point on which Palmella stands, we begin to be repaid for our dreary ride through the forest by the magnificent scenery that is discernible in the rear. But it is only on reaching the summit of the castle of Palmella that the eye can wander with undiminished delight over the unbounded view of mountain and valley, land and sea, that expands before it.

To the north west the horizon is bounded by the bald peaks of Cintra, whose craggy forms are grand and striking from any point of view. Midway between these and the spot where we stand Lisbon with its bright white houses and palaces; the noble Tagus rolling its mighty tide to the sea; the vast Atlantic, and the mountains of Arrabida on the west, with all the varied alternations of precipice and valley, of thickly wooded sides and barren summits; towards the south the lovely bay of St. Ubes, with its long peninsula of sand and picturesque town, washed by the modest Sado, quietly winding its way eastward almost in a semicircle through the woods and sandy plains along the edges of the white Salt pits;—all these objects combined form a panorama of the most diversified and impressive character.

The town of Palmella is a collection of wretched comfortless houses, without any inn or respectable *estalagem*. The castle is of Moorish origin, and if we except the view, is only remarkable for two large reservoirs, still in a good state of preservation. The rain water that is collected inside in winter, would be sufficient to supply a numerous garrison for several months. In the higher one a very remarkable echo can be obtained by shouting at the orifice through which the water is drawn up. In the immediate vicinity of the

castle are to be seen a religious house and church both now falling to decay, which were formerly occupied by the religious knights of St. James. In the sequestration of religious property in 1834 no exception was made in favour of the military orders.

The road from Palmella to St. Ubes lies through a rich and beautiful valley filled with orange and lemon groves, and interspersed with gardens and country seats. The oranges produced in these *quintas* are superior to those grown in any other part of the country.

St. Ubes ranks the first among the towns (*Villas*) of Portugal. Its population is about 15,000. It is situated on the north bank of the Sado, at about a league's distance from the bar of the river. The streets in general are narrow and dirty, and the houses mean. Those immediately facing the river are the best constructed. The port, which is narrow and of difficult entrance in consequence of the sand banks that have there accumulated, is protected on the north west by the fort of St. Philip, which was built during the Spanish domination. On the opposite side of the river are the ruins of Troya. They stand on a narrow neck of land formed between the sea and a branch of the river. Antiquarians are not agreed as to the origin of these ruins. The most probable opinion is, that they are the

remains of a Roman fishing-town, which is supposed to have been built on the site of a Phœnician colony. This conjecture rests on the discovery of many Roman and Phœnician coins on this spot, some of which are in the possession of the vicar general of St. Ubes: a box containing Phœnician ornaments was also found here some years ago. But few vestiges of the ruins are at present discernible and those which exist are insufficient in the absence of further proof, to solve the problem of their origin and history.

When the writer with a party visited the spot in the year 1846, an incident occurred which is worth recording. At a little distance from the place where we stood, something like a large bird was seen fluttering on the ground. On a nearer approach we found that what we had seen were two sparrowhawks contending with each other in mortal fight. So intent were the combatants on the deadly struggle in which they were engaged, that they suffered themselves to be taken up while they were mutually grasping each other with their beaks and talons. Even after we had carried them some distance, it was not without difficulty that they could be separated. We took them with us alive to St. Ubes, and there gave them to a juvenile friend.

St. Ubes possesses several churches: the

largest is that of St. Julian in which are two original paintings by Vasco. There is a church denominated the Jesus, belonging to Capuchin nuns, which is remarkable not only for its antiquity, but for the very superior paintings which it contains. The foundation of the convent dates as far back as 1480. It was built by an Italian architect of the name of Boutaca, whom John II. had sent for from Italy. It was commenced at the expense of a private individual, but enlarged and finished by king John. Besides its very remarkable architecture, it contains a curious twisted column of black marble formed of one single stone. The paintings above alluded to are fifteen in number, and are attributed to Gran Vasco, a supposition not improbable, as well from the character of the paintings themselves, as from the fact that they were all given to the convent by the kings John II. and Emmanuel, who were both patrons of that great artist.

When at St. Ubes the traveller should spend a day in visiting Arrabida, a sanctuary remarkable for the peculiarity of its situation, and for having been the retreat of the celebrated ascetic St. Peter of Alcantara. The most convenient means of reaching it is by water. A boat for this purpose can be hired at St. Ubes, from which place there is a plea-

sant sail under the forts of St. Philip, Alcazer and Ontão. After passing the bar of the river, and sailing or rowing for some distance upon the ocean, we approach a small inlet known by the name of *Portinho da Arrabida*. Almost immediately on the shore there exists a large cavern entirely formed of Stalactites, the fantastic points and doublings of which covering the roof, give it the appearance of a Gothic chapel. In front of the middle or nave an altar has been erected in honour of St. Margaret. An annual festival is here celebrated in honour of the Saint, which is numerously attended by visitors from St. Ubes and the neighbouring country.

From St. Margaret's cave to the convent the road, as the visitor will find to his cost, is steep, and what is worse it must be ascended on foot, as animals cannot be procured in the neighbourhood. The following account of the convent is taken from the reminiscences of Portugal by Prince Lichnowski, in 1842.

“At about two thirds of the way up the mountain stands the monastery of Arrabida; where we at last arrived, weary and scorched by the terrific violence of the mid-day sun. This monastery, which was anciently of great importance, and gave to a portion of its order the title of the *Provincia da Arrabida*, was suppressed like all the rest: but it had the

good fortune to be purchased by the duke of Palmella, who never for a moment entertained the grovelling idea of turning to profit this historical monument, by transforming it after the modern fashion, nor has he allowed it through neglect to crumble into ruins. The situation of Arrabida strongly reminded me of the monastery of Monserrat in Catalunha. Though it wants the sharp points of the turreted rocks, which crown Monserrat with their hermitages, and render it the most singular mountain in the world; nevertheless the monastery of Arrabida hangs half bending over an abyss in the same manner as the celebrated convent of Catalunha, the great resort of pilgrims. We travel for a considerable time from one hermitage to another over long and narrow paths, passing by several small chapels, until we reach the place where, according to some writers, the monks gave themselves up to every species of licentiousness. Nothing but the greatest credulity, or the most profound ignorance could admit such a suspicion, which must appear manifestly most unfounded, to all those who take the trouble to examine carefully these abodes. Whilst standing in the wretched hermitage, where these barefooted religious met only for penance and prayer, the idea struck me that the best punishment for the authors of such an absurd

calumny would be to shut them up for some time in this very spot, where, dieted on spare regimen, they might lead the dissolute life of the monks, till with bodies emaciated by disciplines and hairshirts they should be cured of the malevolence of their thoughts. In the cloisters and near the walls are seen monks in marble on their knees, or prostrate on the ground: many of the cells are hollowed in the rock, others are raised against it. All are but a few feet square, affording scarcely room sufficient for one person to move within them. The doorways are narrow and low, rendering it necessary to stoop in order to enter; small windows or rather apertures let a dim light into these closets."

"Yet even this, small as it was, was snatched from them; and even so the fact is beyond a doubt, that throughout the Iberian peninsula not a single friar, with the exception of such as were unworthy of the name, among the many who have been cast forth at large on the world, has ceased deploring the loss of his narrow cloister, where he consecrated his days to fasting, watching, and prayer."

"The convent of Arrabida contains not any object of art: at least we meet with nothing there now: its poetry exists in its history, in its situation, and in the widowhood of its

abandoned sanctuary. The duke of Palmella employs a secular priest to watch over the edifice; thanks to the zeal of this nobleman, many appropriate repairs have been most laudably made in all parts where ruin was threatened."

The cell inhabited by St. Peter of Alcantara is still shown, as well as those of his companions. The convent was founded in the year 1539, but the spot was dedicated to religion as early as 1258. The legend of its first foundation is curious, and may prove not unacceptable to our readers. The following is a free translation of it as contained in a little work which has for its title, *Relação abbreviada da antiguidade da Senhora da Arrabida, e de como veio da Inglaterra para Portugal.*

"In past ages the Catholic faith flourished in England with such abundant fruits, that that island obtained the name of First-born daughter of the Church. The first to plant it there was Joseph of Arimathea, the disciple of Christ our Lord, but in consequence of the interruption of the communication with the Romans, Christianity became in a short time extinct. In the year of Christ 133, while St. Eleutherius governed the universal Church, he sent at the instance of Lucius, then king of Britain, Fugatius and Damianus to baptize

him and his vassals. King and people were so well disposed, that at the very first preaching of these apostolic men, they embraced the faith of Christ. In this faith the country persevered, till its subjugation by the Saxons, idolators of Upper Germany, who again extinguished there the light of faith. In the year 596, St. Gregory the Great sent over some Benedictine monks with a view of again restoring the glory of Catholicity in the Island. This they did with so much glory to God, that all the inhabitants were converted to the Christian religion. Thus the country continued for nearly a thousand years, till in 1534 the abandoned Henry VIII, following the brutal impulse of his passions, introduced into the kingdom the heresy in which it is still immersed.—This being premised,—there is a well authenticated tradition that the glorious heralds of the faith sent by St. Gregory to Britain built an oratory, and having caused an image of the most holy Mary, with the divine child in her arms, to be carved in stone, they erected the same in their oratory, in order 'that it might be looked upon and venerated by all, being the first which on that occasion was seen in England, and is the one which is now venerated at Arrabida. The English failed not devoutly to visit the sanctuary which had been erected, and the devo-

tion which they shewed to our Lady was rewarded by many miracles which testified the efficacy of her intercession. At length the oratory which during the lapse of several centuries had continued in the possession of the descendants of the person, who had first given the ground for its erection, fell into the hands of a devout and opulent merchant of the name of Haildebrant. He having come to the resolution of quitting his native land and coming to Portugal, either with a view to greater commercial profits, or for some other additional reason, put part of his effects on board, sold the remainder, and being full of devotion towards the sacred image of our Lady, prepared for it in the cabin of the ship, a decent and fit receptacle, in which he placed it. After bidding adieu to friends and relatives, he was wafted in a few days to the bar of Lisbon, the place of his destination; but it was not God's will that he should enter the port. The wind, which till then had been favorable and light, now suddenly rose and blew with such fearful violence, that the crew gave themselves up for lost. Dashed about at the mercy of the winds and waves, Haildebrant's ship was carried round Cape Espichel, where at a point called Alportuche, between the *serra* and the bar of St. Ubes, it was expected every moment to go down. The

darkness of the night increased the horror of the scene. The crew having now no hopes of earthly help had recourse to that of Heaven, and sought the benign aid of the most Holy Mary, Star of the Sea, for escaping the danger. With Haildebrant at their head they assembled in the cabin to implore with tearful eyes the intercession of her whose image they were conveying with them. They found it not! It had disappeared! Confounded now, as well as terrified, they knew not what to say or do, but believing their sins to have made them unworthy of Mary's protection, they continued to cry aloud to Heaven for mercy. In the midst of this terrible consternation Haildebrant and his companions returning on deck beheld, on the side of the ship, a long stream of light which pierced the thick darkness that enveloped them, and which was so strong and brilliant as to render visible the peaks of the mountains on the shore. They at once pronounced it to be miraculous; and indeed its appearance was the signal for the abating of the storm. As the danger ceased, joy filled every countenance except that of Haildebrant who felt too deeply the loss he had sustained in the strange disappearance of the beloved image of Her, whom he honoured as his protectress in every danger. The light still continued to shine with undiminished

brilliancy, till the morning sun, dispelling the gloom that in every other point still brooded over the waters, revealed to the crew the full extent of the danger from which they had escaped by shewing them the rocks, which were lying in the direct track in which the vessel had been drifting during the storm. With grateful hearts they returned thanks to God. Deeply struck with the prodigy that had been wrought in their favour they made directly for the land, and keeping steadily in view the point from which the light had shone, they ascended the abrupt rock which arose almost from the water's edge. Arriving at the point where the chapel of the Blessed Virgin now stands, to their astonishment, and greater joy, they beheld standing on one of the rocks the image of the Mother of God, which had so mysteriously disappeared from the cabin of the vessel. Prostrating themselves before it, they saluted it with the most profound veneration, proclaiming aloud, as they well might, that it was to the patronage of her whom it represented that they owed their deliverance."

The legend then goes on to state, that Haildebrant would not consent that the image should be removed from the place to which it had been so miraculously transferred; that he built a chapel on the spot, distributed

among the poor the surplus of his wealth, and became for the rest of his days an hermit on the *serra*. His crew afterwards settled at Alameda, whence every year they went in solemn pilgrimage to the shrine of our Lady of Arrabida.—In confirmation of the above narrative, the book from which it is taken cites a document said to exist in the archives of the Cathedral, which is Haildebrant's profession of obedience to the bishop and chapter of Lisbon.

Quitting Arrabida by the road which runs along the mountain, we have from the summit a distant view to the west of Cape Espichel with its light-house and church. Leaving Calhariz, a spacious country mansion, belonging to the duke of Palmella, in the plain to our left, we come, round the foot of the mountain, to the village of Azeitão. This is a large and populous village, or rather town, containing about 3,000 inhabitants. It contains some manufactories and country seats, and extends two or three miles in length; the soil in its neighbourhood produces abundance of wine and oil. Azeitão, from its proximity to the capital and to St. Ubes, joined to its natural fertility, might long since have been a thriving and wealthy town, had a moderate outlay been expended in improving its means of communication with those two places. As it

is, the Tagus can be reached only by traversing a trackless forest of pines: and the road to St. Ubes is either the circuitous one of Palmella, or a still more rugged and tedious pass over the nearer heights.

Another interesting trip from St. Ubes is to follow the course of the Sado, in the direction of Alcacer do Sal. The river in front of St. Ubes is something less than a league in breadth. It has an excellent anchorage for ships, and might be called a good harbour, were it not for the sandbanks which impede its entrance and navigation. In the year 1842, 432 ships entered the port; 156 Portuguese, 105 Swedish, 44 Dutch, 36 French, 31 English, 23 Russian, 21 American, 11 from the Hanse towns, 9 Danish, 6 Prussians, and 7 Hanoverians.

As we ascend the stream, our attention will be arrested by the piles of salt, which lie along its low and marshy banks. They are raised in the form of hayricks, and are thatched with straw or rushes. The salt of St. Ubes is clearer and whiter than that of Aveiro or Cadiz. This circumstance, added to the fact that the price never varies, is what renders the exportation of it so large. It is calculated that not less than 2,000 men are always employed in the salt pits (*Salinas*), and sometimes a much greater number. The salt is collected

in large rectangular reservoirs which are about three feet deep, and extend as far as nine leagues from St. Ubes. The water is introduced into these reservoirs by means of canals, which are branched off in various directions. As soon as a reservoir is filled, the canal is closed. In some places the water is first conducted to a large deposit, whence it is let out as required into the adjacent salt pits. As soon as the water is dried up by the heat of the sun, which usually happens in the month of June, the salt is collected together, sometimes in huts or barns, and sometimes in heaps in the open air, as above described. The price of a *Moiro* of salt is one mil rea, or four shillings and six pence: but the expenses of carriage and shipment, which also follow a fixed tariff, are to the account of the purchaser.

About six leagues from St. Ubes, stands the town of Alcaacer do Sal. It is small, and derives its principal profits from its salt-pits and fishery. This town was of considerable importance in the time of the Romans. Julius Cæsar made it a free town. It possessed a temple dedicated to the goddess *Salacia*. The opulent Romans, who inhabited Beja, Évora, and other places of Lusitania, had villas in its neighbourhood, in which they used to pass the summer months for the purpose of enjoying the saltwater baths. It was taken from the Moors in 1217 by Alphonsus II.

Banks of the Tagus.—Alhandra.—Villa Franca.—Lezirias.—Villa Nova.—Santarem.—Thomar.—Leiria—Batalha—Alcobaça.—Caldas.

They entered, and from aisle to aisle
 Wandered with folded arms awhile,
 Where on his altar-tomb reclined
 The crosiered Abbot; and the knight,
 In harness for the Christian fight,
 His hands in supplication joined.

Rogers.

Leaving Lisbon, in one of the company's steamers, we pass on our left a fertile and well cultivated tract of country, which contrasts strongly with the dry and sandy wastes on the opposite bank. Olive grounds and corn-fields, orchards and occasional orange groves, interspersed here and there with white villages and cottages, are the objects that chiefly catch the eye, as we glide along. The first place at which the steamer touches after quitting Lisbon is Alhandra. It is a poor fishing-town, consisting of low and comfortless houses, and dirty and ill-paved streets. The principal church of the place is singularly situated on a hill which commands the whole village.

There is a cemetery contiguous to the church, and it is a common saying amongst the Portuguese, that "at Alhandra the dead are above the living." From this point commenced the celebrated lines, which the Duke of Wellington formed against Massena, by which he effectually protected the peninsula which is bounded by the sea on the west, by the Tagus on the south and south east, and has Lisbon on its southwest extremity.

About a mile further on is the town of Villa Franca da Xira. It was to this place that Don John VI. retired, on the occasion of the suppression of the Constitution of 1820. Having continued here a few days, he returned to the capital amidst the enthusiastic acclamations of "Long live the absolute king." Villa Franca contains about 5,000 inhabitants, and for a country town, has some tolerable streets and respectable houses. As we approach Alhandra and Villa Franca, we meet with several extensive islands, formed of thick alluvial soil, rising but little above the surface of the water. Here also commence the Lezirias, which occupy a surface of about seventy square miles, and have lately been cultivated with great success. They are lowlands which in the rainy season are often under water, and produce two crops in the year; one of wheat within fifty days after it is sown,

and another of Indian corn which is sown after the wheat harvest — Immense herds of cattle are fed and reared on these lands at a trifling expense.

The last point where passengers from Lisbon are landed from the steamer is Villa Nova. Here, as well as at Villa Franca, animals are in readiness to convey excursionists to any part of the country. The direct road to Batalha is through the Caldas, in a direction due north; but as we propose in our present excursion to return by that way we will follow the travellers that are going to Santarem, and enter the gondola or canal-boat which runs from the Tagus to within three miles of the town. The canal winds its way through a pine wood, formerly celebrated for the banditti with which it was infested. Before the canal was cleared and rendered navigable, the traversing of this forest of Azambuja was a serious affair, and few who valued their lives or property ventured to cross it without an escort. Another way of reaching Santarem is by the river, but the navigation is tedious and circuitous.

The town of Santarem is situated on an elevated mountain, on the right bank of the Tagus. Its distance from Lisbon is about fifteen leagues. It stands almost in the centre of the province of Estremadura, and has always been considered as a position of great

military importance. It was the head quarters of the French army in the celebrated campaign of 1810. It is divided into three sections or *Bairros*, and contains about 8000 inhabitants. The highest *Bairro* is called *Marvilla*, and occupies the table-land at the top of the mountain, and is commanded only by the citadel or castle of *Alcaçova*, which crowns the height, that rises perpendicularly over the Tagus. This fortress, as the name indicates, is of Moorish origin. Many of the outworks on the west are of much later construction, and may be referred to the time of Alphonius VI. Even as far back as the time of the Romans, Santarem was a place of great importance. It was called by them *Scalabis* or *Scalabicastrum*; and its name was changed in the time of Julius Cæsar into that of *Præsidium Julium*. It was the chief town of the district, and was connected with the south bank of the Tagus by a bridge, forming part of the military road that went from Lisbon to Mérida. It was taken from the Moors, first by Don Alphonius VI. of Castile in 1093, and afterwards by Don Alfonso Henriques in 1147. In the days of its glory it reckoned thirteen parishes: it now contains only five.

The view from the summit of the castle is indescribably beautiful. Gardens, vineyards,

olive-grounds, villages, *quintas*, the extensive plains of *Golgãta*, and above all, the classic Tagus winding its silvery way beneath the time-worn battlements and far into the distant plain, form the principal traits of the picture.

The objects most interesting to the artist and the antiquary are,—first the church belonging to the suppressed convent of the *Gracça*, founded by the Count of Oarem, whose remains rest within it in a superb mausoleum of Gothic architecture; it also contains the monument of Pedro Alvarez Cabral, the famous discoverer of Brazil. The style of the architecture is ancient and imposing. The portico is decorated with round and pointed columns in semi-relievs. It possesses a circular gallery, apparently of a single stone. The chapel of St. Rita is worthy of attention as well for the richness of its ornaments, as for a remarkable picture of the saint, painted by Ignatius Xavier, a native of Santarem about the year 1724. She is represented in an ecstasy and surrounded by angels.

Second:—The conventual church of St. Francis. This edifice was constructed in the thirteenth century, and contains a remarkable image of Christ on the cross which stands on the left of the principal entrance. It was executed by order of John I. Tradition says

that the height of the figure is of the exact stature of that monarch. The church contains the mausoleum of the first Count of Vianna, one of the most beautiful relics of Gothic architecture.

Third:—The church of the Jesuits, which is now a parish church. The church contains some rich mosaic and a beautiful marble altar. The building attached to the church was, after the expulsion of the order, transformed into an episcopal seminary, and at present contains about sixty students.

Fourth:—The church of St. John *do Alporão*. This appellation is according to tradition a corruption of *Alcorão*, Alcoran. The architecture coincides with the appellation, being in the Arabesque style, though sadly disfigured, both within and without by plaster and whitewash.

In a religious and devotional point of view Santarem contains much to arrest the attention of the Catholic traveller; and such we would recommend not to leave the town without paying his adorations to the miraculous host that is preserved in the church of the *Santo Milogre*, and is occasionally exposed to the veneration of the faithful.

The journey from Santarem to Thomar may be made in one day. As far as Golgã, which is about half the distance, the country

is fertile and well cultivated. In some seasons the extensive flats, through which we pass, are covered with water for several months. These plains run parallel with the river, and extend about a league in breadth to the foot of the mountains. From Golgãa the soil appears to be less fruitful, and on the hills little else is seen but plantations of pine trees.

The following account of Thomar was given by Count Raczyuski in 1845.

“Among the small towns which I visited, I allude only to those which do not reckon above 3,000 inhabitants, none of them produced a more pleasing impression upon me than Thomar. It is intersected by a torrent, and from whatever point the traveller surveys the surrounding country, his eye rests on scenes of picturesque beauty indicative of content, and even of wealth. Agriculture, industry and architecture combine with nature to render it one of the most charming of towns.”

“My first visit was to the church of St. John which stands in the principal square. Above the high altar is a St. John baptizing our Saviour, and on each side eight other large pictures, condemned to bear the name of Vasco. They are not bad in some parts; in others they are detestable. In that which represents the Marriage of Cana or some other feast of the bible, three youthful figures are seen in

the foreground infinitely smaller than two principal figures seated at the further end of the table. I asked the sacristan, to whom these paintings were attributed: he answered: *Vasco, Vasco da Gama, Italiano.*"

"The convent of Thomar, which stands on an elevation near the town, is, after Batalha, the most important relic of Portugal's ancient grandeur. Much of its history is interwoven with that of this convent, which was till the commencement of the fourteenth century the habitation of the Knights Templars, and subsequently that of the Knights of Christ. It was king Denis who obtained from the pope permission for the order of the Templars to continue to exist under this latter denomination. They subsequently rendered eminent services to their monarchs and country; they shared the perils and the glory of the conquests which distinguished the second dynasty in three quarters of the globe."

"Thomar furnishes the most striking and interesting example of that love for the arts which Don Emmanuel displayed throughout his reign, and the traces of which are still scattered over the whole of Portugal. The ancient monument, of which we are speaking, combines a variety of styles, the productions of the several epochs during which it was constructed, from that which preceded the Gothic

to that of the present time thus embracing the Gothic style, as well as those which flourished in the reign of Emmanuel and during the Spanish domination."

"One of the courts presents a magnificent model of the last mentioned style. Some parts of this monument are in an excellent state of preservation, others almost in ruins. When, standing in the centre of the church, which is of an octagonal form, and facing the altar which rises almost to the height of the arch, we contemplate its architecture which reminds us of the Byzantine order, the simplicity of its outlines and the richness of its ornaments, we feel ourselves carried back to the period when Catholicism first took possession of the distant east. The contiguous saloon forcibly reminds us of the time when the Templars at once warriors and monks assembled to sit in chapter within it. How picturesque must have been this meeting of men, simple but emblematic in their garb, men of might and courage, famed for high exploits, and yet possessing the humility and submitting to the most rigorous discipline of the monastery."

"Passing the threshold, we behold in the interior façade a very beautiful and rich specimen of architecture in the style of Emmanuel. A few steps below, we meet with a confused mass of building. It is a very pictu-

resque assemblage of all styles, as if to do honour to the most distant times, as well as to the last century; and here too are seen the effects of the negligence, the disorder and the degradation which have marked the last twenty years of the constitutional and revolutionary history of Portugal. It seems, however, that order is now about to resume its empire. Although it has been maintained with a steady hand only during the two last years, symptoms of preservation are already perceptible even at Thomar. The peasants no longer pillage at pleasure, and the buildings are carefully kept under lock and key. Moreover it has been proposed to translate hither the episcopal see of Leiria,—a measure which would without doubt ensure the preservation of this highly interesting monument. The most beautiful and brilliant ornament in the style of Don Emmanuel, is the window of the Chapter house above the choir of the church, and facing the cloister which is called *de Santa Barbara*. The erection of this convent was commenced in the reign of Alfonso Henriques, and continued under many of his successors.”

“In the *Claustro do Cemiterio do convento* stands the beautiful tomb of Don Diogo da Gama, almoner of king Emmanuel; he died in 1523. There are in the same church several

large pictures of that epoch: they are of little merit. On the walls there are many other pictures bearing a more modern appearance: it is possible, and even very probable that at a later period they have been retouched, which is here called *being restored*."

"The country between Santarem and Thomar affords every facility for examining the present state of cultivation in Portugal. From what I have seen in this and many other of its provinces, I am decidedly of opinion that the statements regarding the misery of Portugal are either exaggerated or entirely false. The banks of the Tagus are cultivated on a great scale and with the greatest possible care. I have seen lands farmed with a skill, and improved with an industry unrivalled in the richest countries of Germany. I recal with pleasure the impressions which were made upon me by the banks of the Mondego, and some oases between Villa Nova and Caldas, Leiria, Condeixa, &c.; and yet what is all this in comparison with what is called the garden of Portugal—the province of the Minho;—the smallest in the kingdom, and yet containing 800,000 inhabitants, almost one third of the entire population of Portugal."

"Generally speaking, I boldly affirm, that this country is unknown. I do not remember what American author it was that said: "take

from a Spaniard the few virtues which he possesses, and you will make a Portuguese." Byron in his *Childe Harold*, calls the Portuguese the "lowest of the low." The statesmen themselves in Portugal deplore with tears in their eyes the demoralization of the people. For my part, I find that demoralization only in those who are so loud in these complaints, intriguing politicians, pamphleteers, and clubbists—in those of their priests who have become politicians, freethinkers and pamphleteers. They see this demoralization in the mirror in which they themselves are imaged. I have learnt to consider the Portuguese as an intelligent, a laborious, and a temperate people. Their character is good, sweet, and gay. They are easy to govern, and are attached to religion, and to the throne; virtues which are made to bear in the liberal vocabulary a particular name: they are called *superstition* and *slavery*."

As the traveller moves along the high road, which leads from Thomar to Leiria in a north westerly direction, he will meet with few objects that merit attention.

Leiria is delightfully situated. The town, which is not badly constructed, contains about 3,000 inhabitants, though like the generality of the towns of this country, it appears to have once contained a much greater population.

Under the Romans it was the residence of a Proconsul. Its castle of stone, though now in ruins forms an imposing mass, and in the time of the Suevi, the Visigoths, and Moors was considered a position, of great importance. It also made a considerable figure in the wars of Don Affonso Henriques. For a long time however Leiria seems to have been almost forgotten as a military post, till it was once more brought into notice during the transactions in which the duke of Wellington played so conspicuous a part in 1803. The views from the castle, from the bishop's garden, and from a convent immediately facing the castle, are most extensive and pleasing. The cathedral and episcopal palace are objects of very little interest. The bishop's revenue amounts to 6,000 cruzados.

The river Liz, on whose banks this ancient city is situated, flows through a rich and fertile plain, which has often been the theatre of heroic feats of arms. The remains of a palace or castle, formerly the residence of king Denis, surnamed the Husbandman, are still to be seen on the brow of a precipice contiguous to the town. From this spot is descried on the high ground not far distant, the forest of pines, which was planted by direction of that monarch, in order to fix the loose sands, and prevent them from being scattered as

heretofore by the violence of the winds over the cultivated lands in the vicinity. The soil near the town is very fertile, and with little labour yields abundance of corn, wine, and oil.

The ride from Leiria to Batalha is effected in about two hours. This monastery stands at the termination of a long and narrow valley on the banks of the Leon, a small stream that flows into the river Lis. The founder of this magnificent pile was king John I. On the morning of the 14th. of August 1385, the day of the famous battle of Aljubarrota, he vowed, that if success should attend his arms, he would build a religious edifice in honour of Christ's holy Mother. The Spaniards were defeated, and within three years the walls of Batalha were seen to rise. Various opinions have been held and supported respecting the name and country of the principal architect. The late patriarch of Lisbon, Don Fr. Francisco de S. Luiz, in a memoir presented by him to the academy, declares he can see no reason why the famous chronicler Fr. Luiz de Souza should assert that the royal sonader brought from distant countries the best architects and most skilful stone cutters to aid in the erection of the building, in as much as with the exception of the Italians no nation of Europe was more advanced in the art of build-

ing than the Portuguese at that epoch. Murphy gives the chief honour of the work to an Englishman of the name of Stephen Stephenson, while the accurate author of *Les Arts en Portugal* is of opinion that the most ancient portion of the building was the work of the Freemasons, to whom we are indebted for the cathedrals of York and Litchfield, and for the many similar piles in England, France, Germany and Spain. "There were," he writes, "towards the close of the middle ages corporations of builders and associations of workmen who went from town to town, and undertook to build cathedrals, and public edifices. They kept as secrets the improvements and discoveries, which by study and experience they effected in the art of building. They knew one another by certain signs, by means of which they were considered as belonging to the association of builders, and as having a right to share in the undertakings and profits of the company. Modern freemasonry was formed out of these associations of architects and workmen at no very distant period, and Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of St. Paul's at London, was the first who gave it its present organisation. This opinion," he continues, "is confirmed by a grand master of English freemasonry, who in a letter dated 11th. of March 1846, thus ex-

presses himself—the archæological pretensions of freemasonry are almost exclusively traditional. I doubt whether it possesses any document anterior to the reign of Charles the first, and it may be easily proved that modern masonry, of every country, has derived its origin, either directly or indirectly, from a lodge at London presided over by Sir Christopher Wren. We may say,” adds Count Raczynski, “that the modern Freemasons resemble the Freemasons of the middle ages about us much as the Templars now in Lisbon resemble the Templars of the Crusades. It might be well to remember after these observations that, in Portugal as in other countries, it was an association of artists of all nations that raised in each of them the magnificent piles which we still behold, that these corporations were divided into lodges, having chiefs and directors charged with the superintendance of the buildings ordered; and that the greater part of these directors—let not the *esprits forts* take offence at the assertion—were churchmen.”

The peculiar characteristic of the church of Batalha, which is the principal and most striking portion of this monastic pile, is in its combination of grandeur with simplicity. The greatest regularity and precision are observed in the general outline, while the parts in de-

tail are embellished in a style the most elaborate and fanciful, being covered with delicate and elegant sculptures, arabesques, fruits, flowers, and heraldic emblems. Long windows of stained glass, which date from the foundation of the edifice, shed a subdued light over the nave, where in front of the high altar repose king Duarte and his queen, D. Leonor of Aragon. They are represented by figures larger than life. Don Deniz had the nave and the roof of the last arch constructed according to his father's plan. After his death in 1435, his son and successor Don Affonso V. built several portions of the monastery, and Don Emmanuel commenced the mausoleum which still remains in an unfinished state. This is owing to the death of the sculptor, to whose brilliant fancy and consummate skill Portugal is indebted for those basso-relievos, which cannot be matched by the productions of any other nation. A spacious arch forms the entrance to this mausoleum; and though exposed to the assaults of wind and rain, and for a long period entirely neglected, it exhibits few traces of decay. In the midst of the many ornaments, and the exquisitely delicate tracery, which beautify this magnificent entrance, the following motto in Gothic characters, is strikingly conspicuous: *Tanyas erey*. The words are Greek, and mean "Ex-

plore regions;" they are supposed to allude to that passion for transmarine discovery which distinguished the reign and character of Don Emmanuel.

One of the most remarkable portions of this magnificent pile is the mausoleum of its founder. The style of its architecture, which in some parts is Arabian, in others pure Gothic, presents a strong contrast with the classic simplicity of the principal edifice. Its form is that of an obelisk surrounded by eight arches, and surmounted by small pinnacles. This edifice, as is also the mausoleum of Don Emmanuel, is independent of the church, from which it is separated by an iron railing. It is of a quadrangular form and contains in the centre, the tomb of Don John I. and that of his consort D. Philippa de Lancastre. Above, is seen the figure of the king in the attitude of holding out his right hand to his queen who reposes near him. The royal arms of Portugal, and the insignia of the Garter are placed near his head, and in basso relievo we read the motto of John I. *Il me plait pour bien*. On the queen's dress are engraved Arabesques, which, as lingering vestiges still plainly indicate, were anciently painted and gilt. The tombs of their youngest children lie in four niches running parallel with the wall, in which they stand. Don Henrique, the Na-

vigator, grand duke of Visen, appears with his face uncovered over his tomb, as if it were that his image might still arouse the emulation of the Portuguese. On the socle is engraved his motto, *talant de bien fere*. His three brothers Don Ferdinand, Don John, and Don Peter, repose under their respective escutcheons. Don Peter, who reigned during the minority of Don Alfonso V. and fell at Alfarubeira 20th of May 1449, fighting against his cousin and king, has for his motto the word, *Desir*. On the tomb of Don John is inscribed *Je ai bien reson*, and on that of Don Ferdinand, the holy prince who died a martyr in Morroco 3rd of June 1418, *Le bien me plait*. All these monuments are of white marble, and are ornamented with basso relievos, emblems and Arabesques; but the statues possess little artistic merit. It is very remarkable that in the midst of such perfection of every species of ornamental masonry, there is not to be found a painting over any of the altars, or in the galleries and halls that is above mediocrity. Batalha is the triumph of Architecture; no other art has contributed to its embellishment. As one instance of the excellent stone-cutting visible here, though it is almost impossible to select when all is beautiful, we might mention a figure which stands at the entrance of the mausoleum of king Emmanuel, representing

20th Pl. of the West Wall.



R. H.



one of the fathers of the church. Though it is not above twelve inches in height, the sculptor has skillfully expressed the worn state of the threadbare tunic.

The chapter house next claims our attention. Its bold and almost fearful ceiling, which three architect toiled in vain to secure without the defect of a centre support, but which still stands the enduring triumph of the skill and patience of the fourth, is a masterpiece of architecture. The ground plan forms a square, each side of which measures sixty four feet. The principal ribs of the vault spring from slender shafts, and branch out in different directions as they approach the centre, where all the radiating nerves, in the form of a star, encircle an ornamented patera.

It has been remarked that nothing else in Portugal is capable of interesting a traveller after seeing Batalha, and we might with propriety, here take leave of our readers if the plan of our excursion had allowed us to describe previously the church and monastery of Alcobaca the resting place of Don Peter the Justice doer, *Justicero*, and his murdered consort, the beautiful Iguês de Castro.

Alcobaca is situated four short leagues from Batalha. It was founded by Don Affonso Henriques, in fulfilment of a vow made while besieging Santarem. Down to the time of the

suppression of the religious orders it was in the possession of the Cistercian monks, who were Lords of the surrounding country. It is said that the royal founder endowed the monastery by bestowing on it all the land, that could be descried from the summit of a mountain in the neighbourhood. These lands were well cultivated, and were let in small portions to the peasantry, who usually paid their rent in kind, and not according to any stipulated amount, but only in proportion to the produce of the year. Those, who declaim against the opulence of the monks, would do well, says Murphy, to enquire whether there be a nobleman or gentleman in Europe possessed of a revenue equal to that of this monastery, who diffuses so many blessings among his fellow-beings, as did the fathers of Alcobaca. Every stranger, he adds, who visited the convent, was sure to meet with a polite and hospitable reception. Many youths of the district were maintained and educated. The superfluities of the refectory were distributed among the poor; and pittances were purposely prepared for them twice a week, so that hundreds of indigent persons were constantly fed at the gates. Besides this, the order, like the other rich religious bodies, paid three tenths of its whole income annually to the state. The Cistercian houses alone paid into the coffers of

government eighty *contos de reis* every year.
(See note at the end of the volume.)

The convent and the church is built in the Norman Gothic style. Its appearance on entering is perhaps not less grand and imposing than that of Batalha. The nave and aisles are formed by twenty six pillars, all of white marble supporting pointed arches, and terminated at the bases by scanty mouldings. At the east end a magnificent glory is placed behind the High Altar, at the distance of three hundred feet from the entrance. The effect of this colossal ornament, which is covered with gilding, is strikingly grand, especially when illumined by the rays of the sun, as it declines in the west. In a semicircle round the High altar are seven chapels, closed in front by iron railings. In one of these repose the remains of the first abbot, who was the brother of the royal founder.

The exterior of the edifice by no means corresponds with the magnificence of the interior; at least the façade is in complete anachronism with the rest of the building, and appears to have been the work of some blundering architect of the seventeenth century. The choir was destroyed by the French, when they burnt the greater part of the convent in their flight from the lines of Torres Vedras.

It was soon after rebuilt at a cost of 100,000 crowns.

Perhaps the greatest object of attraction to most travellers who visit Alcobaga are the tombs of Don Peter and Ignes de Castro. Who has not heard of Ignes de Castro! The ardent affection with which she was beloved by the prince, her concealed marriage, her murder perpetrated by the orders of her unnatural father-in-law, the deep grief of her husband, and the steady unrelenting vengeance with which he sought out and punished her murderers, have afforded in almost every language a subject for the tragic muse. Of the three wretches who perpetrated the deed, two only fell into his hands. He caused the heart of one to be cut out through his back, that of the other through his breast; and while their bodies were being consumed in the flames, he sat and dined by the light of the funereal pile. Ignes had been avenged: she had not yet been honoured. He then caused her body to be taken out of the grave, clothed with robes of costly magnificence, placed on a royal throne, and paid homage to as queen by the proudest nobles of the land. It was then transported from Coimbra to its present resting place with a pomp, the like of which had never before been witnessed. At the foot of her tomb he ordered another to be constructed

for himself, that when at the final day of doom they shall arise from the dead, she may be the first object to meet his eyes.

The sarcophagi are of white marble, sixteen palms long, seven high, and five broad. Both are covered with alto relievos, and delicate tracery. The recumbent figures are larger than life. That of Ignés is covered by a fringed robe with short sleeves. The bare arms lie crossed on her breast. The hands are long and slender, but small in comparison with the size of the figure. The robe sits close on the body, and is attached by clasps and antique buttons. One of the hands has hold of the string of pearls which binds the neck, the other is holding a glove. The reader must excuse us for not giving a minute description of the face of this celebrated lady, as some ingallant Frenchman in Massena's army has knocked off her nose, and otherwise disfigured her features. But enough still remains to show that it was intended by the artist to be represented as extremely beautiful, and this we may easily believe, when we remember that it was done under the immediate superintendence of Don Pedro himself, who certainly was the best judge of its resemblance to the original. On the head is a royal crown, and a small baldachin is spread out above. Six angels surround the body. The tomb itself is sup-

ported by six figures, intended to represent sphinxes, though two only have heads of women.

The sarcophagus of Don Pedro is supported by six lions. His severe and bearded face presents the same noble features, with which he is represented in all ancient portraits. His body is covered with a long fringed cloak, and his hands are on his sword. At his feet lies a dog which appears to be of king Charles's breed, part of whose head has shared the fate of Ighes's nose. The alto relievos on the four sides of both monuments represent the last judgment, purgatory, the last resurrection, and the sufferings of the martyrs.

In the same mortuary chapel, and about the church, are found many other tombs of royal personages and their offspring, but they are too insignificant to be described after the all ingrossing interest attached to the monuments of Don Pedro and Ighes de Castro.

The convent which was rebuilt after the French invasion has been suffered since the suppression to fall into a state of dilapidation. It consists of only one story, and contains thirty six windows in front. The hospitality of the fathers of Alcobaga was experienced and recorded with gratitude by Murphy, who visited the place in 1789. The same hospitality was repaid with sneers by Mr. Beckford,

who went to Batalha and Alcobaça in 1794. The account of an incident witnessed by the latter on that occasion is so striking that I cannot forbear transcribing it. It occurred at Batalha, where Mr. Beckford passed only one night. He had retired to rest. — “I had no wish,” he writes, “to sleep, and yet my pleasant retired chamber with clean white walls, chequered with the reflection of waving boughs, and the sound of a rivulet softened by distance, invited it soothingly. Seating myself in the deep recess of a capacious window which was wide open, I suffered the balsamic air and serene moonlight to quiet my agitated spirits. One lonely nightingale had taken possession of a bay-tree just beneath me, and was pouring forth its ecstatic notes at distant intervals.”

“In one of these long pauses, when silence itself, enhanced by contrast, seemed to become still deeper, a far different sound than the last I had been listening to caught my ear,—the sound of a loud but melancholy voice echoing through the arched avenues of a vast garden pronouncing distinctly these appalling words,—“Judgment! Judgment! tremble at the anger of an offended God! Woe to Portugal! woe! woe!”

“My hair stood on end—I felt as if a spirit were about to pass before me; but instead of

some fearful shape—some horrid shadow, such as appeared in vision to Eliphaz, there issued forth from a thicket, a tall, majestic, deadly-pale old man; he neither looked about nor above him; he moved slowly on, his eye fixed as stone, sighing profoundly; and at the distance of some fifty paces from the spot where I was stationed, renewed his doleful cry, his fatal proclamation:—“Woe! woe!” resounded through the still atmosphere, repeated by the echoes of vaults and arches; and the sounds died away, and the spectre-like form that seemed to emit them retired, I know not how nor whither. Shall I confess that my blood ran cold—that all idle or wanton thoughts left my bosom, and that I passed an hour or two at my window fixed and immoveable!”

“Just as day dawned, I crept to bed and fell into a profound sleep, uninterrupted, I thank Heaven, by dreams.”

“A delightful morning sun was shining in all its splendour, when I awoke and ran to the balcony, to look at the garden and wild hills, and to ask myself ten times over, whether the form I had seen and the voice I had heard, were real or imaginary. I had scarcely dressed and was preparing to sally forth, when a distinct tap at my door, gentle but imperative, startled me.”

The door opened, and the prior of Batalha

stood before me. You were disturbed, I fear, said he, in the dead of the night, by a wailful voice, loudly proclaiming severe impending judgments. I heard it also, and I shuddered, as I always do when I hear it. Do not, however, imagine that it proceeds from another world. The being who utters these dire sounds is still upon the earth, a member of our convent—an exemplary a most holy man—a scion of one of our greatest families, and a near relation of the duke of Aveiro, of whose dreadful agonizing fate you must have heard. He was then in the pride of youth and comeliness, gay as sunshine, volatile as you now appear to be. He had accompanied the devoted duke to a sumptuous ball given by your nation to our high nobility:—at the very moment when splendour, triumph, and merriment were at their highest pitch, the executioners of Pombal's decrees, soldiers, and ruffians, pounced down upon their prey; he too was of the number arrested—he too was thrown into a deep cold dungeon: his life was spared; and, in the course of years and events, the slender, lovely youth, now become a wasted care-worn man, emerged to sorrow and loneliness.”

“The blood of his dearest relatives seemed sprinkled upon every object that met his eyes; he never passed Belem without fancying he

beheld, as in a sort of frightful dream, the scaffold, the wheels on which those he best loved had expired in torture. The current of his young hot blood was frozen; he felt he-numbed, and paralysed; the world, the court, had no charms for him; there was for him no longer warmth in the sun, or smiles on the human countenance; a stranger to love or fear, or any interest on this side the grave, he gave up his entire soul to prayer; and, to follow that sacred occupation with greater intense-ness, renounced every prospect of wordly com-fort or greatness, and embraced our order."

"Full eight and twenty years has he re-mained within these walls, so deeply impressed with the conviction of the duke of Aveiro's innocence, the atrocious falsehood of that pre-tended conspiracy, and the consequent tyran-nical expulsion of the order of St. Ignatius, that he believes—and the belief of so pure and so devout a man is always venerable—that the horrors now perpetrating in France are the direct consequence of that event, and cer-tain of being brought home to Portugal; which kingdom he declares is foredoomed to deso-lation, and its royal house to punishments worse than death,"

"He seldom speaks; he loathes conversa-tion, he spurns news any of kind, he shrinks f-om strangers; he is constant at his duty in

the choir—most severe in his fasts, vigils, and devout observances; he pays me canonical obedience — nothing more: he is a living grave, a walking sepulchre. I dread to see or hear him; for every time he crosses my path, beyond the immediate precincts of our basilica, he makes a dead pause, and repeats the same terrible words you heard last night, with an astonishing earnestness, as if commissioned by God himself to deliver them. And, do you know, my lord stranger, there are moments of my existence when I firmly believe he speaks the words of prophetic truth: and who, indeed, can reflect upon the unheard of crimes committing in France—the massacres, the desecrations, the frantic blasphemies, and not believe them? Yes, the arm of an avenging God is stretched out, and the weight of impending judgment is most terrible.”

“But what am I saying? why should I fill your youthful bosom with such apprehensions! I came here to pray your forgiveness for last night’s annoyance; which would not have taken place, had not the bustle of our preparations to receive your illustrious and revered companions, the Lord Priors, in the best manner our humble means afford, impeded such precautions as might have induced our reverend brother to forego, for once, his dreary nocturnal walk. I have tried by persuasion

to prevent it several times before. To have absolutely forbidden it would have been harsh—nay, cruel,—he gasps so piteously for air; besides it might have been impious to do so. I have taken opinions in chapter upon this matter, which unanimously strengthen my conviction that the spirit of the Most High moves within him; nor dare we impede its utterance.”

The only place of interest on the road from Alcobaga to the Tagus is the town of the Caldas. It derives its celebrity from copious hot springs of hydro-sulphuretted waters, which have proved most beneficial to persons suffering from rheumatism, or impaired digestion. It is frequented in summer by numerous invalids who go there really for the purpose of being cured,—and not like many who frequent watering places in England and Germany, to avoid ennui, or for amusement. Indeed, independently of the baths, the town and neighbourhood have little to recommend them. The water is received, as it hubbles, up from the springs, into two reservoirs or baths, one for men the other for women. The hospital in connection with the baths was founded by queen Leonor, wife of John II. in 1502.

Note to page 281.

Cascaes. — There is a mistake in the text. Cascaes has no bar being situated at the extremity of the bay on the open coast. In its neighbourhood are the hot springs of Estoril, the waters of which are celebrated for the cure of cutaneous diseases.

Note to page 331.

“The recent desecration of the convent of Alcobaça,” writes the Earl of Carnarvon, “one of the most magnificent monuments of the kingdom, was at once an insult to the religious feelings of the people, and disgraceful to the taste of the modern Portuguese.”

“Whatever may be the remote effects of the suppression of the wealthier religious houses in Spain and Portugal, still, in the neglected state of agriculture prevailing throughout so large a portion of the Peninsula, their existence was a blessing and their abolition is, I conceive, a positive evil to the state. The monks were often the only resident proprietors; and their beneficial influence was visible in the improvement of their estates, and in the increased comfort of the surrounding population; for they brought to the management of their pro-

erties great capital and great intelligence, and largely employed and liberally rewarded the industry of the labourer: their estates were, in consequence, not unfrequently the best cultivated in the kingdom; and the sudden and ill-judged abolition of the convents will probably, for many years to come, check, instead of promoting, the interests of agriculture. Every man who has passed through Spain before the abolition of the convents must have observed the difference that existed between the practical administrations of estates held by religious corporations and other lands. The traveller cannot have failed to observe that the roads were kept in better order on the estates of the clergy, the bridges repaired with more care, and greater attention paid to the improvement of their properties than to other parts of the country; he will have perceived that many of the monasteries were situated in the neighbourhood of badly-managed and frequently uncultivated estates, from which it may justly be inferred that, in the absence of such establishments, the land attached to them would have shared the fate of the surrounding properties, would have been equally ill managed, or remained altogether without cultivation. These ecclesiastical corporations should have been preserved, and would have been invaluable if

altered and improved so as to extend their sphere of action."

"The convents in Spain frequently supplied the place of local banks, and, in a country singularly destitute of such institutions, were often productive of extensive benefit, by advancing money for agricultural and local improvements upon the most reasonable terms, and receiving rent-charges and mortgages as security. As active and intelligent proprietors, stimulating industry and facilitating transactions, the monks were often useful; as spiritual, and temporal advisers of the people, benefiting them by their advice, arbitrating between their differences, softening their manners, and exercising an almost unbounded influence over their minds, they supplied the place of a gentry which had long ceased to reside in the provinces, and whose desertion of their native districts would otherwise have been more extensively felt. To the government, while it treated them with kindness and consideration, their services were invaluable in the rural districts of Spain, where influence and habit have always superseded the more direct operation of law, and where law will be comparatively ineffective for many years to come. Taxes, which might have been evaded with facility, were often paid through their agency; local disturbances, through their

assistance were quickly appeased, and a general spirit of loyalty preserved; in periods of national difficulty and distress the wealthier convents have not unfrequently conferred still more substantial benefits upon the state, and, in a spirit of disinterested attachment, not often found in great public bodies, have sometimes relieved by large and spontaneous contributions, the necessities of the Crown. When the estates of the monasteries were confiscated in 1820, a stipend was assigned to the monks, inadequate when compared to their former revenues, and most irregularly paid. At length in many instances the stipulated payment was withheld, and those unhappy men were left to starve. But the measure, as it passed the Cortes, was in itself unjust and impolitic; unjust, because ample compensation was not made to individuals for the loss of those vested rights which public opinion held sacred, and which were guaranteed to them by the existing law, when they became members of such communities, and, as such, partakers of all their benefits and privileges. Their best years had been spent in that routine of education and those habits which were essential to their vocation, but which totally disqualified them from resorting to occupations of a more active nature. They had suffered directly and indirectly by the change of system. Their expect-

tations of preferment were blighted, their influence was lessened, and must have continued to decrease; surely they were entitled to a full compensation in a pecuniary point of view. After the counter-revolution in 1823 the convents were restored, but were finally suppressed under the Christino government. The cruelties exercised on the unhappy monks upon this occasion are horrible to think of. To abolish the convents as they did was I think most unwise; the conduct pursued in effecting this object was positively wicked. In a former publication I dwelt on the specific acts of the government in this respect: these are now omitted as running into greater length than the design of this work will permit. I will only say here, that the circumstances which attended the suppression of the convents under queen Christina's government were but an aggravated repetition of the cruelties exercised upon the monks under the régime of 1820. The Spanish Liberal is the most stationary of all human beings, the most incapable of deriving benefit from the hard lessons of practical experience; always aiming at speculative advantages, always liberal on paper, never in practice, time rolls over his head in vain. The world generally has become not only older but wiser since the French Revolution; but the Spanish democrats have shown

themselves, with reference to their convents, with reference to their notions of dividing the country into departmental divisions, in short, with reference to every practical arrangement, the theorists, the hopeless theorists of 1789. I believe that the convents, under the improved system might have been made highly serviceable in diffusing over the country, and maintaining a system of popular education, combining useful knowledge with that wholesome spirit of religion, deprived of which the success or failure of any institutions for the education of youth is a matter of little moment."

"For the information of readers who take an interest in the administration of Church matters, I will briefly communicate a few of the decrees levelled by the Christiano government against the conventual establishments, and notice some of the barbarities exercised upon the unhappy monks at this time."

"Upon one occasion, I think in 1834, a mob collected before the convent of the Jesuits at Madrid, in the street of Toledo, the doors of the edifice were forced open, and a massacre of the monks ensued. On the same evening the head convent of the Franciscans was attacked. They defended themselves for a long time with the most heroic courage; but the convent was at length taken, and no

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less than forty of its inmates were deliberately butchered. Yet several battalions of the Queen's army were present, and saw the carnage without emotion; not a man stepped forward in their defence, and not an officer of that degraded force exerted himself to save those victims of the popular rage. Yet to these monks no political crime had been imputed, and against them no political accusation had been raised. On the same evening the convent of the Dominicans, the convent of the Carmelites, and many other monasteries were destroyed, although the armed force in Madrid might have easily suppressed the tumult. These striking displays of liberal energy were imitated in the provinces, and repeated with still greater success. The indignation felt by the ministers of foreign powers had compelled the Spanish Government to take some notice of crimes which had dyed the streets of the capital with the blood of innocent men; but in the provinces these acts were renewed by the Liberals under the encouraging eye of the constituted authorities. The result of these proceedings was obvious. Forbidden to keep arms for their own defence and unprotected by the natural guardians of the law, the monks were compelled, under the hourly dread of assassination, to desert their once peaceful halls and well-cultivated

fields, too fortunate if in the hour of persecution they could obtain from a compassionate and still revering peasantry some portion of that sustenance which they in more prosperous times had never denied to the poor and the suppliant; and happy, too happy, if under the wretched roof of some lowly but sincere adherent of the faith they could at once conceal their miseries and their proscribed persons from the dangerous observation of their enemies." (*Portugal and Galicia by the Earl of Carnarvon.*)

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