









JENNINGS'S
LANDSCAPE ANNUAL,
For 1839.



JENNINGS'S
LANDSCAPE ANNUAL,
OR, TOURIST IN PORTUGAL,
FOR 1839.
Oporto, Batalha, &c.

H.C.
277/2



Porto de Moy

LONDON.
ROBERT JENNINGS,
62, CHEAPSIDE.



COMPRA

THE

TOURIST IN PORTUGAL,

By W. H. HARRISON,

Author of "Tales of a Physician," &c. &c.



ILLUSTRATED FROM PAINTINGS

BY

JAMES HOLLAND.

Ac. 147192

Chance can do nothing. There is no turo of earth,—
No, not the blowing of the summer wind,
Or the unstable sailing of a cloud,—
Much more the destiny of mighty states,—
But hath a will that orders it.

CROLY.

LONDON:

ROBERT JENNINGS, 62, CHEAPSIDE.

NEW YORK: D. APPLETON.

MDCCCXXXIX.

LONDON :
PRINTED BY MAURICE, CLARK, AND CO.,
FENCHURCH STREET.

P R E F A C E.

THE last Series of the LANDSCAPE ANNUAL having been devoted to SPAIN, the transition to PORTUGAL is too natural to require a remark, in the way of explanation, on the subject selected for the present volume. That this selection will be justified by the approval of the Public is confidently anticipated; since Portugal, independently of our long political and commercial connexion with that country, must ever be an object of interest to Englishmen, as having been the field in which our warriors have gathered unfading laurels, in the happily combined characters of conquerors and liberators.

The engravings, as in the instances of the preceding volumes, being from paintings taken on the spot expressly for the work, and having been executed with

the same disregard to labour and cost, it is hoped that the reputation of the LANDSCAPE ANNUAL, as a production of Art, will be fully sustained in the present number.

The literary portion of the volume is designed to illustrate the History, Antiquities, Letters, Superstitions, and Manners of Portugal, from materials collected during a recent visit to that country, as well as from the most authentic records, both ancient and modern.

A few Legends, based on facts, have been interspersed throughout the volume; but as the Author does not pledge himself for the accuracy of the details, he has distinguished those portions of the work from the authentic matter, by heading them in the old English character. Thus, it is hoped, that while offering attractions to the lovers of light literature, the volume will possess somewhat of the permanent value of a standard work.

The obligations of the Author to other writers will be found to be acknowledged wherever it has been thought advantageous to quote them; but among the sources from which he has derived much curious information, he desires to particularize a manuscript Journal of the late JAMES CAVENAGH MURPHY; for his

access to which he is indebted to the friendship of
Mr. CHURTON CROKER.

In conclusion, the Author ventures to express a hope that the public will extend to his present effort that indulgence, which, as an Author and an Editor, he has, for so many years, experienced at their hands.



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THE
TOURIST IN PORTUGAL.

CHAPTER I.

MEMORIALS OF THE KINGS OF PORTUGAL.

Early History of Portugal—Memorials of the Kings of Portugal, from the reign of Alfonso I., son of Henry Earl of Portugal, to the close of the eighteenth century.

It has been considered that, to the Series of the LANDSCAPE ANNUAL proposed to be devoted to Portugal, a few memorials of its monarchs would be an appropriate and, it is hoped, an interesting introduction. The materials of which the author has availed himself for the purpose, are chiefly gleaned from the *History of Portugal*, by Emanuel de Faria y Sousa, which, although abounding in the marvellous, for "truth is stranger than fiction," would appear to have been the text-book of some of the most distinguished writers on Portuguese history.

It will be inferred from the title prefixed to this chapter, that it is not the author's design to give a history of Portugal, but rather an anecdotal memoir of her kings.

These memorials commence with the period when Portugal ceased to be a province of Spain, and are continued to the close of the eighteenth century; beyond which, the modern history of Europe being so intimately mixed up with the politics of the day, the author has not thought it desirable to venture.

The history of every nation, particularly in its more barbarous ages, is sufficiently stained by crime; but Portugal is pre-eminent for the atrocities perpetrated by its rulers. It was once quaintly but justly remarked to the author, by a gentleman to whose genius the literature of our country is eminently indebted, that from the history of Portugal might be gathered a nosegay of horrors, worthy of being presented by Proserpine to her grim husband on their wedding-day. As regards the pleasure which the record of such instances of depravity is calculated to afford, to either the writer or the reader, it might be well that they were suffered to lapse into oblivion. They however serve to teach the wholesome, though melancholy lesson, that there is no depth of moral degradation to which the human heart, abandoned to its own evil impulses, will not descend; while the Englishman, in particular, will find in the crime, folly, and misrule so conspicuous in the annals of Portugal, ample cause for self-gratulation that he lives under a constitution which protects him from despotism on the one hand, and democracy on the other. A brief sketch of the early history of Portugal will serve to introduce our memorials.

The Portuguese trace their history back to a very

early date, alleging that their country was originally peopled by Tubal, who founded the city of Setubal. The name of Lusitania, which was given to the tract of country between the Douro and the Guadiana, owes its origin to Lucius, who reigned about fifteen hundred years before Christ. Indeed, with regard to the derivation of the names of places, if the historians of Portugal have not truth on their side, they have certainly the credit of no ordinary ingenuity. Lisbon, for instance, they trace to Ulysses, who gave it the designation of Ulyssippo, afterwards corrupted to Lisboa. If these chronicles are to be relied upon, Portugal has had the honour of being visited by many of the heroes of antiquity, both sacred and profane. Thus we find mention made of Osiris the Egyptian, Hercules the Theban, Atlas, Bacchus the son of Semele, Cacus, who is described as a "bold fellow," and "Nebuchadonzer;" the last of whom, failing in his attempt to conquer Lusitania, abandoned the country, leaving behind him a number of Israelites: hence the first settlement of the Jews in Portugal.

Gathelus and his family are said to have arrived from Egypt in the city of Oporto, three hundred and eighteen years before the Christian era. He had two sons, one of whom, named Hiberus, sailed from Oporto and landed in Ireland, which, it is maintained, was hence called Hibernia.

The Carthaginians, under Hamilcar, were the next invaders; and it is asserted that Hannibal, the son of Hamilcar by a Lusitanian woman, acquired the rudiments of war in the expedition thus made by his father.

The Carthaginians, after a sovereignty of three hundred years, in turn gave place to the victorious armies of Rome; who, however, were so gallantly opposed by the Lusitanians under Viriatus, and his successor Sertorius, that it was not until after the death of the latter, in the reign of Augustus Cæsar, that the country became a Roman province.

The Romans were driven out by the Alans and the Suevians; and after them, in the year of the Redemption 585, came the Goths. In the year 714, Roderic, "Ultimus Rex Gothorum," after a gallant resistance against an army of Moors, whose numbers doubled his own, was vanquished. The Moors, having thus become masters of Spain, pushed their conquests into Lusitania.

The expulsion of the Moors from Spain was first attempted by Pelagius, cousin-german of the unfortunate Roderic, and he finally succeeded in founding the kingdom of Leon. The Castilians, encouraged by his example, resolutely opposed the infidel intruders, and in the reign of Alfonso VI., King of Castile and Leon, recovered a great portion of Portugal from the Moors.

Count Henry, the grandson of Robert Duke of Burgundy, having married Teresa, a natural daughter of Alfonso, was by him made Earl or Count of Portugal. On the death of Count Henry, his son succeeded to the territories possessed by his father, and was ultimately proclaimed sovereign; and thus Portugal became an independent kingdom.

The contest which ensued between the Castilians

and Portuguese, on the one part to regain the kingdom and the other to defend it, gave rise to a bitter feeling of animosity between the two countries. Of the Portuguese, the Spaniards have, to this day, a common proverb: *Pocos y locos*, "Few and fools."

ALFONSO I.

Alfonso, the first king of Portugal, surnamed the Conqueror, and the only son of Henry Earl of Portugal, was born at Guimaraens, either in July or August, 1094.* He is said to have come into the world with his legs united from the knees downward, and to have been relieved by nothing short of a miracle from the affliction. His governor, Egas Muniz, having devoutly supplicated Heaven in behalf of his pupil, the Virgin Mary appeared to him, and bade him place the child on the altar of an old ruined church at Carquere; which the obedient Muniz having done, from time to time for the space of five years, the recovery was complete.

He followed the earl to the wars at the early age of fourteen, and though he shortly afterwards, by the death of his father, succeeded to the government, he confided it to his mother. In 1125, thinking that he had shown sufficient valour in the field to entitle him to his spurs, he conferred the honour of knighthood upon himself. In 1128, his mother, having married again, disputed the sovereignty with him; and although aided by Alfonso VII., King of Castile and Leon, she was finally overthrown, and was put in irons by her

* Some authors assert that he was born in 1109.

dutiful son, an indignity at which she was so exasperated, that, it is said, she prayed to Heaven that his legs might be broken,—a disaster which subsequently happened to him at the siege of Badajos.

He was eminently successful in his wars with the Moors, particularly against Ismael, or Ismar, an infidel who was sovereign of all the country beyond the Tagus. Alfonso defeated this prince most signally at the battle of Ourique, although the forces of the Moors exceeded those of the Christians in the proportion of ten to one. It was on the eve of this battle that a mock miracle was got up, and Alfonso was proclaimed king, a title which, although the miracle rests solely upon his own authority, he affected some reluctance to accept, but accepted it nevertheless.

Ismael, enraged at his defeat, attacked and took Leiria; and having put the defenders to the sword, shut himself up in it, but was finally driven out by Alfonso, who cleared the whole territory of the Moors. Alfonso VII. of Castile, thinking this a favourable time to avenge his former defeat, entered Portugal by way of Galicia, and gave battle to the Portuguese on the very spot on which he had been formerly overthrown, and was again signally beaten.

In 1141 we find him, in conjunction with a French fleet of seventy sail, which had arrived in the harbour of Oporto,* foiled in an attempt to rescue Lisbon from the hands of the Moors. He was, however, more suc-

* The annexed is a view of Oporto, as it now appears, from the Douro; the boat in the foreground is of the description which is used to convey wine down the river.



Engraved by J. A. ...

O PORTO.

London: Published Oct. 18, 1854, by Robert Jennings A CT ST. Christopher.



cessful in his exploit against the city of Santarem, which he took in an hour. He subsequently obtained the assistance of a fleet composed of English,—under the command of William Longsword,—French and Flemings, which had taken refuge in the Tagus during a storm. Thus supported, Alfonso again attacked Lisbon, which he carried after a five months' siege, and entered the city in triumph. An heroic instance of self-devotion during this siege is related of one Martin Moniz. Having succeeded in entering a gate of the city, he encountered so much opposition that, finding he should be driven back, he threw himself down in the gateway so that the gate could not be closed, and his followers, making their way over his dead body, effected an entrance.

Although Alfonso's successes against the Moors had rendered him a terror to those infidels, he was not so fortunate in his encounter with his son-in-law, Ferdinand II., King of Leon, who completely overthrew him; but appears to have used his victory with moderation, and to have left Alfonso in quiet possession of his kingdom, requiring only the restitution of such Spanish towns as the latter had previously captured.

The next remarkable feat in which we find this warlike monarch engaged, is on the occasion of the siege of Santarem by the Moors. Alfonso, although then in his eighty-eighth year, went out in his chariot to give battle to the assailants; but perceiving the fight growing desperate, he quitted his carriage, and, sword in hand, put himself at the head of his army, who, thus stimu-

lated, renewed their efforts, and the Moors were routed. After having returned thanks for this victory at the monastery of Alcobaça, he is said to have instituted a new order of knighthood, called the "Order of the Wing," alleging that, during the battle, he saw beside him a winged arm, which he believed to be that either of St. Michael, or of his guardian angel; and so, to make sure of the matter, he dedicated the order to them both. The order died, for want of revenues, with the first knights.

In 1172, Alfonso, with the sanction of Pope Alexander, was crowned King of Portugal, when the order of succession was settled. His last exploit was his successful relief of his son Sancho, then besieged at Santarem by the Moors. Alfonso died in December 1185, having, historians say, "overthrown thirty kings, besides lesser potentates," and erected one hundred and fifty churches. He was of gigantic stature, had red hair, a wide mouth, long visage, and large sparkling eyes. He was buried in the church of Santa Cruz, at Coimbra, in a wooden tomb, which Emanuel replaced by one more worthy of his illustrious ancestor.

Among the laws included in a sort of constitution agreed upon between Alfonso and his people, we find some peculiarities worthy of being recorded. In the provisions for the settlement of the succession, it is laid down that the daughter of a king, in default of male issue, shall succeed him, provided she marry a Portuguese nobleman; who, however, shall not bear the title of king, unless he have a male child by the queen.

When in company with the queen, he shall walk on her left hand, and “shall not place the regal crown upon his head.”

By the ninth article it is provided, that all who are of the blood royal, and their descendants, shall be acknowledged as princes. Portuguese who shall have fought for the king's person, or for the defence of the royal standard, shall be noble; as shall the descendants of those who, being made prisoners by barbarians, shall die in captivity: those who have killed an enemy who is a king, or a king's son, or shall have taken the royal standard, shall be noble. Nobility, by another article, is declared to be forfeited by cowardice in battle, perjury, treason, misprision of treason, desertion, theft, blasphemy, defamation of the queen or her daughters, and the act of striking a woman.

Persons convicted of theft were to be exposed with their shoulders bare in the market-place; to be branded on the forehead for the third offence, and, if then incorrigible, liable to suffer death on conviction.

In cases of adultery both parties, on conviction, to be burnt; but if the injured husband reclaim his wife, she is spared, and the male criminal also; it being held to be unjust that one should suffer, and the other escape.

SANCHO I.

Sancho I., surnamed the Populator, was born at Coimbra on the 11th of December, 1154, and succeeded to the crown on the death of his father, Alfonso I., in 1185; anterior to which, he distinguished

himself by his skill and gallantry in war. The ceremonies observed on the occasion of the death of his father are curious, and, as having been repeated on similar occasions for a long series of years, if not until modern times, are worth recording; and we shall quote them in the words of our authority.

“ The judges and their officers walk a-foot from the town-house, with long mourning cloaks with hoods to them on their heads. After them the town standard-bearer on a horse with mourning trappings, with black colours on his shoulder, the end whereof trails upon the ground. Then follows the sheriff, with two others, in mourning like the others, each of them carrying a buckler over his head; next to them come the aldermen, followed by a multitude of people. In this manner they proceed to the great church, where the sheriff, having made a short speech, declaring the king's death and their great loss, he lets fall the buckler from his head upon the stones, and breaks it to pieces; at which the people raise a hideous lamentation. Then they go to the Mint, and so to the great Hospital, at both which places they perform the same ceremony; which done, they return to the great church and hear mass.”

Sancho began his reign by devoting himself to the repairs of towns and castles, and building others; and particularly to the encouragement of agriculture,—hence his surname. He had not been two years on the throne before his kingdom was invaded, in great force, by Ferdinand King of Leon; who, however, after several minor repulses, was finally defeated at La Vera.

In 1188, a fleet of English, Flemings, and Danes, on their way to the Holy Land, put into the Tagus for supplies, which the king granted to the extent required; stipulating, in return, for the assistance of the strangers in the reduction of Silves, the metropolis of Algarve, then in possession of the Moors. To this the strangers consented; bargaining however for the plunder of the city if taken, which it was in two months, after a vigorous defence. The place was lost in the following year, when Sancho recovered it, and took some other towns; on which occasion he assumed the title of King of Algarve, as well as of Portugal.

About the year 1191, his kingdom was invaded by an overwhelming army of Moors, who took Torres Novas, and finally laid siege to Santarem; but were compelled to abandon it, in consequence of the plague breaking out in their army. This terrible disorder, and a wasting famine, shortly afterwards visited the Portuguese to so awful an extent, that the historian informs us that men perished in their houses, and wild beasts in the forests; and the result was, that a great portion of the kingdom was depopulated. "All this," adds a chronicler, "was pre-shown by a total solar eclipse."

These calamities were quickly followed by fresh incursions of the Moors under Mirammolin Aben-Joseph, aided by the kings of Cordova and Seville, making together a force, it is said, of 400,000 men. After the country had been ravaged by the invaders, the king, unable to rid himself of his adversaries by

force of arms, concluded a truce with them for five years, "which," adds one authority, "ended in a wonderful eclipse of the sun. This was followed by earthquakes, floods, storms at sea, and many other calamities, for the space of eight years. Men laboured under a horrid distemper, for, their entrails consuming, they died raving." At the expiration of the truce, the infidels committed great ravages, and, among other atrocities, put the monks of Alcobaça to the sword. Sancho, at last rendered furious by these aggressions, sallied forth at the head of his troops, took Roca de Palmella, and recovered Elvas.

He was subsequently involved in a contest with the King of Leon, and the country became the theatre of much civil contention. He appears, towards the close of his reign, to have entertained a desire to embark for the Holy Land, and assist in the recovery of Jerusalem from Saladin; but, being dissuaded from the enterprise, he contented himself with furnishing supplies for the expedition. He died in March 1211, and was buried in the church of Santa Cruz at Coimbra, in a tomb opposite to that of his father; and it is said, that when the tomb was replaced, 400 years after his death, by King Emanuel, his body was found uncorrupted. It is related of him that he had no particular residence, but was constantly moving about his dominions, in order that all his subjects might have the advantage of his presence. He equalled his father in military prowess, although not quite so successful. He was a patron of military and religious orders, and of merit generally; a friend to the

poor, and a true patriot. He left behind him a well-filled treasury, amounting to upwards of 700,000 crowns.

ALFONSO II.

Alfonso II., surnamed the Fat, the son of Sancho I., was born at Coimbra, on the 25th of April, 1185, and ascended the throne of Portugal at the age of twenty-six. He married his cousin Urraca, daughter of Alfonso VII. of Castile. His reign was soon disturbed by his contentions with his brothers and sisters, whom his father had left, in some measure, independent of him. He appears to have been worsted in the outset, but finally obtained a victory over his antagonists, who then appealed to the Pope, with, however, little advantage. At last, a reconciliation with his brothers was effected, and he had then leisure to devote his attention to the Moors, whom, by the aid of some German and Flemish crusaders, who had put in from stress of weather, he defeated at the siege of Alcazar do Sal, and subsequently at Elvas, and lastly at Alcozer. "Many other his warlike exploits," adds the chronicler with remarkable simplicity, "are buried in oblivion."

He appears to have been distinguished as a legislator. He enacted general laws,—each town having been previously governed by its own peculiar code; and, for this purpose, held a parliament at Coimbra, when the prices of all the necessaries of life were regulated. He ordered that the plaintiff, when cast in an action, should pay a fine; and that sentence of death should not be executed upon a criminal until twenty days after it had been passed. He was parti-

cularly severe upon the church, and was accordingly reprov'd for it by the Archbishop of Braga, which, however, only increased the ire of the king, who stripped that see of its possessions; and in this state of variance with the clergy he died, in the year 1223, in the thirty-eighth year of his age, and the twelfth of his reign.

He is described as having been remarkably fat,—hence his surname,—of gigantic stature, with a high forehead, lively eyes, yellow hair, and generally handsome.

He was buried, as was the queen his wife, in the monastery of Alcobaca, in a plain tomb, without any inscription or epitaph, “as,” says the historian, “were all the early kings of Portugal.”

SANCHO II.

Sancho II., surnamed the Chaplain, or Sancho with the Hood, the eldest son of Alfonso, was born on the 8th of September, 1203, at Coimbra. The first act of his reign was to reconcile himself with the clergy, and especially with the Pope; who thereupon removed the interdict which had been placed upon the kingdom in the former reign.

He was engaged, like his predecessors, in wars with the Moors, from whom he recovered many places which had fallen into their hands. He appears to have been a weak prince, and greatly in the power of his favourites. At one time we find him oppressing the clergy, like his father; and, at another, making submission. He was indebted for much of his mili-

tary success to his general, Payo Perez Correa, through whose valour the whole of Algarve was brought under the power of the king.

The latter part of his reign was marked by contentions with his subjects, who became jealous of the influence of his wife; and to such a height did these dissensions attain, that the rebels broke into the palace of Coimbra, and carried off the queen by force. He finally fled to Toledo, where Ferdinand of Castile held his court; and in that city he devoted the remainder of his life to acts of piety, and died there in the year 1248. His queen, Mencia, is described as having been very beautiful. Some assert that she joined him at Toledo; others that she was never heard of after her abduction from Coimbra. He is represented to have been possessed of great personal attractions, among which are enumerated "green eyes and a long nose."

He is said to have been painted in ancient pictures as having a sceptre with a pigeon on the top of it; "or," adds the historian, with a praiseworthy distrust of the artists of the day, "it might be a stork."

He had no children, and thus the direct line of the Portuguese kings was finished with him. Some writers attempt to account for the inconsistencies which marked his character, by alleging that he was insane.

ALFONSO III.

Alfonso III., surnamed the Bolognese, was born at Coimbra on the 5th of May, 1210, and succeeded Sancho II., at whose deposition he assumed the title

of regent, but, on the death of his brother, was proclaimed king. The great blot on the memory of this prince is, his base ingratitude in putting away his wife Maud, who, says the chronicler, "married him when he had nothing," and taking in her place Beatrice, illegitimate daughter of Alfonso X. of Castile. The Pope resented the act, and denounced it; but the death of the unhappy Maud put an end to the controversy.

He had some difficulty in making the various fortified towns own his sway. One of them, Bebedo, was valiantly defended by Ferdinand Rodriguez Pacheco, and a curious anecdote is related on the occasion. The garrison was reduced to the greatest straits, when, one morning, a bird of prey dropped a large trout, which it had fished out of the Mondego, into the town. The governor, Pacheco, sent it instantly as a present to the regent, who, concluding that the town must needs be well supplied, raised the siege and departed for Coimbra.

The ancient kings of Portugal would seem to have been more skilled in taking places than in keeping them; for we find Alfonso attacking and re-conquering the kingdom of Algarve in 1249, and in 1251 it was retaken by Alfonso the Wise, of Castile. On the marriage, already alluded to, of the Portuguese Alfonso with the illegitimate daughter of him of Castile, it was arranged that the latter should hold Algarve during his life.

Although he failed in the performance of many of the promises he made on his accession to power, and broke faith with the church, he had yet qualities which

entitled him to the gratitude of his country. He expelled the Moors from Portugal, established fairs, encouraged commerce, and cleared the highways of robbers. He was also a patron of literature and science, and invited to his court several distinguished men of letters from foreign countries.

He died at Lisbon, March 20, 1279, and, ten years afterwards, his remains were removed to the monastery of Alcobaça by his son Denis, and deposited opposite to the tomb of his first wife Beatrice; which, it is said, being afterwards opened, she appeared as beautiful as when in life. Alfonso was of gigantic stature, and had small but sparkling eyes, black hair, and a fair complexion.

DENIS.

Denis, son of Alfonso III. and Queen Beatrice, was born at Lisbon on the 9th of October, 1261. He was surnamed the Husbandman, from his patronage of agriculture. Although only nineteen years old when he succeeded his father, he appears to have considered himself quite competent to the government of the kingdom, since his first act was to deprive his mother of all influence in public affairs; although in other respects, it is said, he treated her with the deference due to her rank and relationship. At the age of twenty, he asked and obtained in marriage Elizabeth, daughter of Peter III. of Aragon, then but eleven years old.

The early part of his reign was disturbed by some civil dissensions with his brother Alfonso, which, however, were of short duration. We next find him engaged

in hostilities with Sancho III. of Castile, and his successor Ferdinand; which, after much bloodshed and rapine, were terminated by a peace. For the rest, the reign of Denis was peaceful, as far as regarded his foreign relations; for, unlike his predecessors, he appears to have interfered very little with the Moors, against whom he took no other part than aiding Ferdinand with a small body of horse, and a loan of money, in an incursion on the infidels.

His latter years were, however, much embittered by the disobedient and rebellious conduct of his son Alfonso, to whom he finally became reconciled. He died at Santarem on the 7th of January, 1325, leaving behind him a reputation for liberality, anxiety for the welfare of his subjects, and a great repugnance to taxation. It was said of him, that he was a great king, a fortunate husband, but an unhappy parent.

ALFONSO IV.

Alfonso IV., surnamed the Brave, son of Denis, was born at Coimbra on the 8th of February, 1290, and ascended the throne in 1325. An undutiful son, he became a cruel father and a tyrannical prince. His addiction to the pleasures of the chase, to the neglect of the affairs of state, in one instance drew down upon him a reproof from a member of his council,*

* The particulars of this interview are interesting. The prince presented himself to his council, and, fresh from the chase, recounted to them the history of a whole month spent in hunting, fishing, and hawking; whereupon a member of his cabinet remarked, that courts and camps were designed for kings, and not woods and deserts: and after some further observations on the

which being resented by the king, the whole of them stood up and declared that they would choose another sovereign, if he did not alter his course of life.

An instance of Trial by Battle occurred in this reign,—the issue proving the absurdity of the system of duelling; inasmuch as the aggrieved party, Martin Catina, had his head cloven in sunder by his adversary Ribeiro, who had killed his brother.

Alfonso was involved in wars with Castile; but afterwards, agreeing to a peace, he united with that power in an expedition against the Moors, in which the combined forces were victorious.

The most romantic event of his reign, and one which has branded his name with undying infamy, is the loves of his son Peter and the celebrated Agnes de Castro. Agnes was the daughter of a Castilian gentleman, who had sought refuge at the court of Portugal. She was a woman of singular beauty; and Alfonso, the heir-apparent, becoming enamoured of her charms, was privately married to her. Their union became known to the king, on the occasion of his requiring frivolous nature of the monarch's pursuits, added, "If your majesty will attend to the wants, and remove the grievances of your people, you will find them obedient subjects; if not—" "If not, what?" exclaimed the king in a transport of rage. "If not," continued the nobleman in the same calm tone in which he had begun, "they must look for another and a better king." Alfonso quitted the council-chamber with many expressions of wrath; but shortly afterwards returned, and, acknowledging his error, said, "I perceive the truth of what you say; he cannot long have subjects who will not be a king. Remember, that from this day you have nothing more to do with Alfonso the Sportsman, but with Alfonso King of Portugal."

his son to contract an alliance, which it was thought would contribute to the interests of Portugal.

The king, enraged at being thus foiled in his ambitious designs, and moreover urged on by his courtiers, who were resolved to ruin the unhappy woman, determined on sacrificing her. Agnes, being then at the monastery, or, as one writer says, the palace, of Santa Clara at Coimbra, heard of the king's approach, and, aware of his cruel intentions, went out to meet him, accompanied by her three infants; and, falling at his feet, implored his mercy. He appears at first, overcome by the spectacle, to have relented; for he turned back; and the beautiful Agnes would have been spared, had not his courtiers interposed, and goaded the king to consent to her destruction. The result was, that she was barbarously murdered by the faction who had plotted against her, one of whom struck off her head.

The prince, being told of her fate on his return from a hunting excursion, was in a paroxysm of rage, which he first gratified by laying waste, with fire and sword, the country between the Douro and Minho, where the estates of the conspirators were situated. Although he was subsequently induced to submit to the authority of his father, he never relinquished his designs of vengeance on the evil counsellors who compassed the death of his wife; and who, aware of the implacability of his feelings, took refuge in Castile.

There is in the vicinity of Coimbra, opposite to that city, on the south bank of the river, a spot to which tradition points as the scene of the hapless

loves of Peter and Agnes ; and hence it has received the name of the Quinta das Lagrimas, or Garden of Tears ; in which is also a fountain called the Fonte dos Amores, or Fountain of Loves. It is related, that the current of this water conveyed her letters to her lover ; who, by means of a grating fixed for the purpose, arrested them in their course. In the bed of this stream there are stones marked by red spots, which the lovers of the marvellous implicitly believe to be the drops of blood shed by her murderers. The fountain is graced by some beautiful cypresses ; and in order that the associations of the spot might not fall into oblivion, General Trant caused a tablet, bearing a quotation from the *Lusiad*, to be placed over the source of the stream.

Alfonso IV. died at Lisbon in May, 1357, at the age of sixty-seven, little regretted by his subjects ; although, since “ none are all evil,” he appears to have enacted some wholesome laws, and to have administered them, in most instances, with equity. His qualities as a warrior obtained for him the surname of the Brave.

PETER I.

Peter I. was born at Coimbra on the 19th of April, 1320. His first care, on his accession to the throne in 1357, was to avenge the death of his beloved Agnes. After having confiscated the estates of her murderers, he prevailed upon the King of Castile to give up their persons, in exchange for four proscribed Castilians who had taken refuge in Portugal. One of the con-

spirators, James Lopez Pacheco, by a fortunate accident, escaped in the disguise of a beggar, and found safety in France; but the other two, Alfonzo Gonzalez and Peter Coello, were delivered over to the vengeance of Peter, who first caused them to be put to the rack, which, however, failed in extorting a confession. They were then put to death by a refinement in torture, the heart of each, while they were yet living, being cut out, the one at the breast, and the other at the back; and, at length, they were burned in presence of the king, who ordered the table at which he dined to be placed in front of the fire.

Having thus terribly satiated his revenge, his next care was to do honour to his deceased wife, whose funeral obsequies he caused to be solemnly celebrated. Her body, which had been buried in the church of Santa Clara at Coimbra, was disinterred, when it was crowned, and arrayed in royal robes; and, adds the historian, Peter's subjects "kissed those bones which were once beautiful hands." Her remains were then conveyed to the monastery of Alcobaça; the road between which and Coimbra, a distance of seventeen miles, being lined by many thousands of men in two rows, forming a continued lane, with lighted flambeaux in their hands.

His reign was a remarkably peaceful one. He died in 1367, having reigned only nine years. He is described as of a majestic presence, tall stature, very affable and easy of access, and as delighting in music, dancing, and letters.

He obtained from some the surname of the Just,

and from others that of the Cruel, and with some show of reason in either case ; inasmuch as the severity of his justice often degenerated into cruelty, of which some instances are on record. He caused a friar, who had violated his vow of celibacy, to be put into a case of cork and sawn asunder ; while, with an inconsistency for which it is hard to account, he had the Bishop of Oporto merely scourged for a similar offence. He beheaded a gentleman for striking a pursivant and tearing his beard. He hanged a clerk of the treasury for receiving a bribe ; and beheaded a gentleman for staving a countryman's cask, which was full. He caused another to pay nine times the value of certain silver cups, which he had borrowed and refused to restore.

An ecclesiastic of high rank, having been displeased with a mason for the manner in which he had performed some work, killed the poor man on the spot ; an act for which the courts appointed to try persons of his function sentenced him to be suspended from saying mass for one year. The king, who had purposely refrained from taking any step in the matter until the sentence was promulged, sent for the mason's son, and hinted to him that he should kill the priest, which he did ; and falling, consequently, into the hands of the law, was condemned to die. As, however, the sentence could not be executed without the sanction of the king, the latter, on the subject being brought before him, inquired what was the criminal's trade ; and, on being answered that it was the same as his father's, " Then," said Peter, " I shall commute his

sentence by restraining him from meddling with stone and mortar for a twelvemonth." He afterwards punished capital crimes among the clergy with death; and on their petitioning him that he would refer their causes to a superior tribunal, he said, "That is precisely what I do; for I send them to the highest of all tribunals,—to that of their Maker and mine."

On another occasion, while travelling incognito, he met with a widow who was lamenting her poverty, which disabled her from ensuring a favourable decision on her cause, by a bribe to the judge. The king, having ascertained that her case was one of hardship and oppression, presented her with the requisite sum, desiring her to give it to the judge in the same purse, a green one, in which she received it. The cause was, of course, determined in her favour; when the king, who had followed her into court, commanded her to state the circumstances under which she had secured the favour of the judge. This having been done, the corrupt magistrate was searched, and, the purse being found upon him, he was immediately led forth and hanged.

But, although severe in punishing crime, he was equally ready to reward virtue; and so great was his liberality, that it is said of him, that he passed not a day without making a present, for which purpose he always had a large quantity of plate. So greatly was he regretted by his subjects, that it was remarked of him, "that either he should not have been born, or never have died."

FERDINAND.

Ferdinand was born at Coimbra in 1345, and succeeded his father Peter at the age of twenty-seven. He soon engaged in a war with Castile, and entered into a league with the Moorish king of Granada. He was in turn invaded by Henry of Castile, with whom he afterwards concluded a peace; under one of the conditions of which Ferdinand married Leonora, Henry's daughter, thereby violating his pledge to the King of Aragon, whose daughter he had previously solicited. Ferdinand's fickle nature caused him again to come to hostilities with the King of Castile; which, however, after a contest wherein Henry had manifestly the advantage, were terminated by a peace, the conditions of which were that Ferdinand should join the kings of Castile and France against England.

The residue of his reign of seventeen years was marked by the same vacillating policy: we find him at one time joining with, and at others plotting against, Castile; which latter power, on one occasion, captured the whole of the Portuguese fleet, with the exception of a single galley. Within a year or two of his death, he solicited and obtained succours from England, against which power he had previously combined with Castile and France. Being, in consequence, supported by 3000 men under Edmund Duke of York, whom another historian calls Earl of Cambridge, in his contest with Castile, he suddenly concluded a peace with the latter power without the knowledge of the English, who were thus compromised, and com-

plained loudly of his breach of faith. Ferdinand died at Lisbon on the 24th of October, 1383, and was buried in the monastery of St. Francis at Santarem. He was surnamed the Handsome. He is described by a Spanish writer as "a king below mediocrity, and a man without courage."

JOHN I.

John I., described as of "Happy Memory," was the natural son of Pedro, and was born at Lisbon on the 22d of April, 1357. He was made Grand Master of the order of Avis at the age of seven. His first notable act was the murder of the Count John Fernandez, the favourite of Eleanor, to whom her husband King Ferdinand had confided the administration of the government. John was afterwards proclaimed Protector, and appears to have passed a stormy life until he was named king, when he was more fortunate.

The most remarkable event in his reign was the battle of Aljubarrota, described at large in the present volume under the head of Batalha, in which he defeated the Castilians, who were greatly superior to him in numbers. Shortly after this victory, the Duke of Lancaster having been invited into Portugal, John married his daughter Philippa: hence his disposition to cultivate a friendship with England, and in honour of the British monarch, he named his successor to the throne Edward. Philippa united in her person all those rare qualities which so often distinguish her countrywomen; and it is to her good sense, combined with the influence she so justly possessed over her hus-

band, that much of the success of his rule is attributable. His reign was remarkable for the number of eminent statesmen and generals. He is described as having been "of a pleasing aspect" and great stature; it is added, that his helmet was too large for any head, and his battle-axe too weighty for any arm but his own. He died at Lisbon on the 4th of August, 1433, and was buried at Batalha, having reigned forty-eight years.

EDWARD.

Edward, surnamed the Eloquent, was born at Viseu, in 1391. His short reign of five years was marked by misfortune. His expedition against the Moors proved most disastrous, and was soon followed by the plague, which broke out at Lisbon in 1438, and of which the king, although he fled from the city, died at Tomar on the 9th of September in that year, the infection having been communicated to him in a letter. He was buried at Batalha. He was distinguished as an author, having written two works; one a treatise on the "Fidelity of Friends," and the other entitled "The Good Counsellor."

ALFONSO V.

Alfonso V., surnamed the African, succeeded his father, the late king, at the age of six years. He was born at Cintra in 1432. For some time after his accession to the throne, much contention arose between the queen and the nobles, as to the adminis-

tration of affairs. At length, in obedience to the demands of the populace, headed by a tailor and a cooper, Prince Peter, son of John I., was named regent, and appears to have done his duty most wisely and faithfully until the young king assumed the government, which he did at the age of fourteen. Not long afterwards, however, we find the late regent in arms at the head of a numerous body against his sovereign, who finally overthrew them in a battle, in which Prince Peter is said to have been killed; but according to some historians, who greatly condemn the conduct of Alfonso, the latter caused Peter to be destroyed.

Alfonso was very successful in his wars with the Moors, and took Arzilla and Tangier. He was subsequently engaged in a war with Castile, with various success; but at last a peace was concluded between the two powers for the space of one hundred years; and it is singular that the treaty was kept almost to the letter, it being one hundred and one years afterwards that war was again declared between them.

In 1480, Alfonso, before his councillors, nobles, and ecclesiastics, expressed his contrition for the errors of his government, which he solemnly renounced in favour of his son, and determined to end his days in a convent. On his way to Cintra, in pursuance of this design, he was seized by illness, and died in the forty-eighth year of his age, and was buried at Batalha. He was the first King of Portugal who collected a royal library.

JOHN II.

John II., surnamed the Perfect, was born at Lisbon on the 3d of May, 1455. His reign was chiefly remarkable for the number and importance of the discoveries made by voyagers under his auspices. In his reign, the Duke of Braganza was executed for high treason; shortly after which occurrence, the Duke of Viseu conspired against the life of the king, who is said to have sent for the duke, and having taken him aside, inquired of him what he would do to the man that designed to kill him. "I would kill him first, if I could," was the reply. "Then," replied the king, "you have given judgment against yourself," and immediately stabbed him to the heart.

It was during this reign that the great Columbus, whose services John had previously rejected, arrived at Lisbon, after his first voyage to America. The king received him very courteously, and treated him with great distinction during his stay in Lisbon.

The conduct of this prince, with regard to those with whom he had associated previously to his accession to the throne, will remind the reader of that pursued by Henry V. of England. A person, who had been his intimate companion, presented to him a paper, in which the prince promised to make him a count when he became king. John received the paper, which he immediately tore, and said to the applicant, "Those who corrupt the minds of young princes, and, by becoming the instruments of their pleasures, extract from them

promises that ought not to be performed, should consider it as a favour that they are not punished."

To an indolent and corrupt, yet withal able judge, he once said, "Take care, friend: I hear you keep your hands open and your doors shut." The judge, it is said, took the hint and became exemplary in the performance of his duty.

When the French restored what our authority calls a "caravel," (a vessel of light burden,) which they had taken from the Portuguese, a parakeet only was missing; but John refused to release the French vessels until the bird was sent to Lisbon, saying, "I would have it understood, that the flag of Portugal shall protect even a parakeet."

John died at Alvor, from poison as some allege, on the 25th of October, 1495. He was a very liberal prince, and among other claims to the respect of posterity, his abhorrence of court favourites deserves to be mentioned. He was buried at Batalha.

EMANUEL.

Emanuel, surnamed the Fortunate, was born at Alconchete on the 31st of May, 1469. We find him early engaged in an unsuccessful attempt to aid the Venetians against the Turks in 1501, and a descent on the coast of Africa, in 1514, with somewhat better success. The reign of Emanuel was marked also by the birth of Camoens, the discoveries of Vasco de Gama, Gaspar Cortereal, and Ferdinand Magellan. It is said that in honour of the discovery of India by

the first of these adventurers, the king founded the monastery of Belem. Emanuel, resolving to dedicate to Heaven the first fruits of his great successes in India, sent a magnificent present to the Pope, valued at 500,000 crowns. It consisted of an elephant covered with cloth of gold; a Persian horse richly caparisoned; a panther "that would hunt, and was at command like a dog; a whole suit of vestments for all occasions, all of cloth of gold, so thickly embroidered with pearls and precious stones, that the ground of it could not be discovered."

The transactions of this king's reign, particularly those abroad, form the subject of a work in two volumes, written in Latin by "Jerome Osorio, Bishop of Silves," and translated by James Gibbs.

Nothing can more strikingly illustrate the barbarism of the times, than the following horrible occurrence: On the 6th of April, 1506, certain persons, assembled in the church of St. Dominic, fancied that a crucifix in one of the chapels emitted a supernatural light, which a new convert from Judaism had the audacity to affirm was produced by the reflection of the sun's rays through an opposite window. He was forthwith, without further ceremony, dragged out of the chapel and burnt, the rabble, encouraged by a friar, surrounding the fire. The result was, the barbarous murder of two thousand other recent converts. Emanuel, who was then at Avis, greatly incensed at this atrocious outrage, hanged some of the offenders, caused two of the friars, who were the instigators of the mob, to be burnt, and banished the rest of the brotherhood.

Emanuel died at Lisbon on the 13th of December, 1521, after an illness of nine days, and was buried at Belem. It is said that his arms were so disproportionately long, that, when he stood erect, his fingers reached below his knees. His qualities are somewhat oddly summed up by his historian, who says, that "he was much addicted to all sports, riding, dancing, music, and painting; very devout, and therefore on holy-days went to several churches; extraordinary charitable; a lover of astrologers and jesters. He reformed several religious houses that lived not regularly." Another author says, that he was greatly attached to the society of learned men.

JOHN III.

John III., surnamed the Compassionate, was the second son of Emanuel, and was born at Lisbon on the 6th of June, 1502. His reign is chiefly remarkable for the establishment of the Inquisition, in 1534, for the suppression, or more correctly speaking, the persecution of the Jews, which measure would seem to have been the only blot on his memory. In the year 1531 there occurred a great earthquake at Lisbon. His reign was comparatively a peaceful one; and although in his youth he exhibited an incurable disgust for study, he was a very respectable statesman. He died at Lisbon, of apoplexy, in the year 1557, and "with him," says Murphy, "terminated the happy era of the Portuguese monarchy." He was buried at Belem.

It is related of John that, on hearing that the Lord of Azumbuja, a nobleman of one of the oldest families

in Portugal, was about, from necessity, to sell his estates, he recommended his prime-minister, Antonio de Alaida, to buy them, as they were contiguous to his own lands. "Your majesty," replied the minister, "will do much better to enable him to keep them, since himself and his ancestors have been impoverished by the services they have rendered to the crown." The king took the advice, and the noble family were saved from the sacrifice.

SEBASTIAN.

Sebastian, surnamed (wherefore does not appear) the Desideror, was the grandson of John III., and was born at Lisbon on the 20th of January, 1554. "On account of his name," says the historian, "Pope Paul IV. sent him one of the arrows taken out of the body of St. Sebastian, which the king took for his device, and instituted the military order of the Arrow, which lasted not long." He early gave evidence of a good disposition and brilliant talents, which, however, seem to have been marred by his education; for we find him engaged in all sorts of wild and extravagant adventures,—such as sallying forth alone into the forests, and putting to sea, without any purpose, in a storm. In his expedition against the Moors, he was distinguished for his valour, and was at first successful; but subsequently, in 1578, his army was utterly routed, and himself, after he had had three horses killed under him, was slain by a Moorish officer.

HENRY.

Henry, surnamed the Chaste, the eighth son of Emanuel, was born at Almeirim, on the 31st of January, 1512. He was Archbishop of Braga, Lisbon, and Coimbra; Abbot of Alcobaça, and subsequently a cardinal; and it is said that, on the death of Paul, there were many who voted for Henry as successor to the papal chair. He was crowned in the sixty-seventh year of his age, in the very church in which he had received the mitre. He reigned but one year, and was chiefly distinguished for his relentless persecution of all who had been so unfortunate as to incur his displeasure before his accession to the throne. He died in the year 1580, and was buried at Belem.

PHILIP II.

Philip II. of Spain, and the first of that name of Portugal, surnamed the Prudent, was born at Valladolid, 31st of March, 1527; and, on the death of Henry, put in his claim to the crown of Portugal, and established it, after some opposition from Antony, Grand Prior of the order of Malta, who had been proclaimed king by the multitude. The career of the Grand Prior was somewhat romantic. He was an illegitimate son of Prince Louis, the son of King Emanuel, by Violante Gomez. He was brought up to a learned profession, for which he had little taste, and perhaps as little ability. He had, says his historian, "a smooth tongue," and was remarkable for his devotion to the fair sex. He served against the Moors, by whom he was taken prisoner; and being afterwards

ransomed, he returned, and disputed the crown of Portugal with Philip. He was proclaimed king, but was not strong enough to maintain the character. After flying before the Spanish forces from place to place, he appeared before Oporto,* which, being refused admittance, he battered and forced an entrance; but being pursued by the enemy, who battered the town in their turn, Antony gave up the game, and betook himself to the mountains. His enemies still pressing upon him, he was saved by a faithful follower, one Thomas Cacheyro, who swam across the river Lima with the Grand Prior on his back; and although 80,000 crowns were offered by Philip for his apprehension, and many needy persons were concerned in his escape, not one of them betrayed him. He fled into France, where he was favourably received by the queen-mother, Catharine of Medicis. He subsequently attempted, with the assistance first of France, and next of England, to regain his position in Portugal, but without success, and finally retired to Paris, where he died at the age of sixty-four in great poverty, although his biographer adds, that "the inscription on his tomb calls him king."

The reign of Philip was marked by few stirring events, as regards Portugal; but as King of Spain, he is distinguished by his attempt at the conquest of England through the means of the Armada: with what

* The view here given of this city, as it now is, was taken from St. John's, which is the Brighton of Portugal, much resorted to by the wealthy inhabitants of Oporto; and during the months of July, August, and September, it is full of English.

success it is unnecessary to add. The fate of his hapless son Charles, also belongs more to Spanish history: with reference to this, the Portuguese historian says, "his father allowed him no other favour than to choose what death he would die, and he said they might kill him as they pleased. Being prepared for it, four slaves strangled him with a silken rope." Philip died in 1598, and was buried in the Escorial. His gravity was worthy of a Spaniard: he is said never to have laughed.

PHILIP III.

Philip III., surnamed the Pious, was born at Madrid, 14th of April, 1578. Although crowned in 1598, he did not visit his kingdom of Portugal until 1619, when he entered Lisbon in great pomp. The most remarkable act of his reign was, the banishment of the Moors to the number of 500,000; a measure which, although reprobated as one of equal impolicy and injustice, was not without its advocates among the fanatics of the day. "In the protection of letters," says Murphy, "as in every other quality which constitutes a great prince, Philip III. was far inferior to his father;" and adduces, as an instance, his neglect of Cervantes, whom he suffered to starve. Philip died on the 31st of March, 1621, and was buried at the Escorial.

PHILIP IV.

Philip IV., surnamed the Great, was born at Valladolid, 8th of April, 1605. His Spanish predecessors had done little for Portugal, and Philip IV. ap-



OPORTO, FROM ST JOHN'S.

London, Published Oct. 26, 1858. By Albert Johnston, fecit. G. Chapman.



peared resolved to consummate their misrule; for after invading the constitutional rights of the Portuguese, he ordered a certain class to form themselves into a body of cavalry, for the purpose of assisting him in quelling a rebellion in Catalonia. The order was received with murmurs, which at last assumed a more decided character; and on the 3rd of December, 1640, broke out into a revolution, which, in an incredibly short space of time, ended in the downfall of the Spanish power in Portugal, and the proclamation of the Duke of Braganza as king. Cardinal Richelieu is said to have encouraged and fomented the revolution.

JOHN IV.

John IV., surnamed the Restorer, was born at Villa Viçosa in 1604; and on the 15th of December, 1640, twelve days after the breaking out of the revolution, was crowned King of Portugal. The news of the result of the revolution was received by the prime minister of the Spanish king with great consternation; nevertheless, putting a good face upon the matter, he addressed his royal master by saying, "Sir, I bring you happy news: your majesty has just now gained a great duchy, and a considerable parcel of lands." The king, in great surprise, inquired in what manner. "Sir," replied the minister, "the Duke of Braganza is run mad; he has suffered himself to be deluded by the multitude, who have proclaimed him King of Portugal: now all his lands are forfeited to the crown, and, that family being extirpated, your majesty will, for the future, possess that kingdom in peace."

The king, however, was not to be cajoled; but, dissembling in turn, he addressed the following letter to the new sovereign of Portugal:—

“Cousin and Duke,

“Some odd news are brought me lately, which I esteem but folly, considering the proof I have had of the fidelity of your house: give me advertisement accordingly, because I ought to expect it from you, and hazard not the esteem I make of yourself to the fury of a mutinous rabble, but let your wisdom comport you so, that your person may escape the danger: my council will advise you farther. So God guard you.

“Your Cousin and King.”

To which John returned the following reply:—

“My Cousin,

“My kingdom desiring its natural king, and my subjects being oppressed with taxes and new impositions, have executed without opposition that which they had often designed, by giving me possession of a kingdom which appertains to me; wherefore, if any will go about to take it from me, I will seek justice in my arms. God preserve your majesty.

“DON JOHN THE IV.,

“King of Portugal.”*

* This correspondence will remind the reader of that which took place between the two Irish kings. “Pay me the tribute you owe me, or else——” says one of the potentates: to which the other replies as pithily, “I owe you no tribute; and if I did——”

The reign of John IV., which lasted sixteen years, was marked by several conspiracies against his person and government, in one of which nearly fifty of the conspirators, with the Duke of Caminha and the Marquis of Villa Real at their head, suffered death.

The following is Dauncey's account of their execution:—

“On the last day of August, 1641, the Marquis of Villa Reale, the Duke of Camigna his son, the Count de Armamac, and Don Augustine Manuele, were led along a gallery to a scaffold erected for the purpose with two stories; on the uppermost of which stood two chaires, on the next one, and on the scaffold itself the fourth.

“The first that was conducted forth to execution was the Marquis of Villa Reale, who was clothed in a long black bayes cloak, and his servants attending him in mourning. Being mounted to the uppermost part of the scaffold, he prayed for a good space upon his knees; and then rising up, asked if there were no hopes of pardon? which made the people with one voice cry out, ‘No! let him dye, let him dye for a traitor.’

“The next funebrious ceremony of his execution was the proclamation, which, according to the usual manner, was made by the executioner in these words: ‘This is the justice that the king, our sovereign lord, commands to be executed upon the person of Don Lewis de Meneses, sometimes Marquis of Villa Reale; that his throat be cut as a traitor to his majesty, [the] nobility, and people of this kingdom; that for his

crime his goods be confiscated, and his memory banished out of the world.' Whereat, all the people cried out 'Justice! justice!'

"The marquis thereupon, seeing no hopes of any reprieve, with a sober and becoming gravity demanded pardon of all the spectators, desiring them to assist him with their prayers to God for the pardon of this and all his other sins; then, turning to a father Jesuite, his confessor, he prayed him in his behalf to present himself at his majestie's feet, and beseech him, out of his wonted goodness, to forgive him that heinous offence, committed against him and the whole kingdom.

"Having ended the speech, he very patiently sat down in the chair; and the executioner having tied his arms and legs to the arms and legs of the chair, he leaned his neck over the back of the chair, and the executioner with his knife cut his throat, covering him afterwards with a black scarf.

"In the same manner his son, the Duke of Camigna came to the scaffold, his servants all attending him in mourning: as he came to his father's corps, he kneeled down and several times kissed his feet, begging of the people the suffrage of one pater-nostre for his father's soul. Then, after some prayers, and proclamation made by the executioner, he received the same punishment.

"Next that suffered was the Count of Armamac, in the chair seated upon the lower story; and after him, Don Augustine Manuele upon the scaffold itself. The judges would have had all their necks cut

behind; but his majesty would not consent thereto, as a punishment too ignominious for persons of their quality.

“The same day Peter de Baeza and Melchior Correa de Franca were drawn at a horse tayl to an extraordinary high gallows, and there hanged; whilst Diego de Brito Nabo and Antonio Valente were executed upon a lower: the quarters of these four were set up at the gates of the city, and their heads placed upon several frontier towns.

“In the month of September following, for the same offence, Antonio Cogamigne and Antonio Correa were likewise executed; the first of which, during the whole time of his imprisonment, was an example of penitence, feeding onely upon bread and water, and whipping himself very often, with continual prayers to God for pardon of that, and all his other sins. As for the Archbishop of Braga, and the Bishops of Martiria and Malacca, and Fryer Emanuel de Macedo, though they were the persons that had the greatest hand in the conspiracy, yet in regard they were ecclesiastical persons, they suffered not death, according to their deserts, but were kept in prison till the Pope's pleasure were known concerning them.

“Here must not be forgot a great example of humility and repentance in the Archbishop of Braga, not only in his life time, (when he often writ to the king that he might suffer, and others be spared who were rather drawn in, in compliance and obedience to him than out of any ill will to the king and kingdom,) but also at his death, (which happened about

three years after his imprisonment,) when he gave order that as soon as he was dead, his last will and testament should be carried to the king, wherein he humbly intreated his majesty to pardon the treason committed against him and his native country, and that he would permit his body to be buried without the church of any parish of Lisbon, and that without any inscription or tombstone, that there might remain no memory of a man who had been a traytor to his king and country."

John IV. died at Lisbon on the 26th of November, 1656, leaving behind him the reputation of many private virtues, but of few qualifications, beyond good intentions, for the kingly office. He is said to have been affable, affecting wit, fond of hunting, and very careless in his apparel.

ALFONSO VI.

Alfonso VI., surnamed the Victorious, was born at Lisbon in 1643, and at the age of thirteen succeeded to the throne, although he did not, until 1663, assume the reins of government, which had, during his minority, been held by his mother. That interval was occupied, with little intermission, in contests with Spain. In these struggles, which were continued until the final settlement of the crown of Portugal in the house of Braganza, Don John of Austria, as the general of the Spanish army, played a conspicuous part, but was finally worsted. The battle of Montesclaros decided the contest between the two powers in favour of Portugal; and on the death of Philip IV. of Spain, a peace was concluded. Alfonso, in the mean time,

after a reign of eleven years, during which he appears to have drawn down upon himself the hatred of the clergy and the contempt of his subjects generally, abdicated in favour of his brother Peter, who had previously married the divorced wife of Alfonso. The latter was sent to the island of Terceira, and thence removed to Cintra, where he died of apoplexy in 1683. Among the complaints urged against him by the clergy, is the curious one of his "laughing at the comets, calling them names, and firing pistols at them." He was buried at Belem.

PETER II.

Peter II., surnamed the Pacific, born in 1648, was crowned on the death of his deposed predecessor with great pomp. His reign passed, as respects Portugal, without much to interest the reader, and would have been a peaceful one but for his engaging in the Spanish war of succession, in which he sided with the allies against Philip V. of Spain. In the midst of this contest, Peter II. died, in 1706, and was succeeded by

JOHN V.,

Who was born in 1689, and, imbued with similar feelings to those of his predecessor, likewise took part in the war of succession; which if we except, there is little of interest to record in the reign of this prince, who died in July 1750, and was followed by

JOSEPH,

Who was born in 1714. It was in the reign of this monarch that the earthquake occurred, to which par-

ticular allusion is made in another part of this volume, as well as to the minister who was the virtual sovereign during the life of Joseph. As the more prominent events of the period will thus be elsewhere narrated, it is unnecessary for us to dwell upon them here. Joseph died in 1777, and was succeeded in his dignity and power by

MARIA,

A princess who ascended the throne in her forty-third year with very moderate abilities, but with the best intentions, which she followed up by encouraging arts, commerce, and manufactures to the utmost of her ability, and caused some extensive reforms at the national university of Coimbra. These wholesome measures were greatly opposed, and in some degree successfully, by the monks; but enough remained to entitle her to the gratitude of her country. Among other charitable acts, she founded an asylum for orphans. After a reign of thirteen years, her mind yielded to the effects of bodily disease, and her son John was declared regent, and acted in that capacity until 1800, when he was proclaimed king by the title of John VI.

We thus arrive at the point to which we proposed to extend our "Memorials."

CHAPTER II.

OPORTO.

Arrival at Oporto—The Bar—Navigation of the Douro—Vineyards—City of Oporto—Public Buildings—British Factory—Serra Convent—Passage of the Douro—Sanguinary Conflict—Battle and Storming of Oporto—Religious Establishments—Tower of the Clergy—Cordoaria Market—Villa Nova—Destruction of Wine-stores.

IT was in the autumn of 1837 that our party embarked from Falmouth for Portugal. Of our passage, as far as wind and weather were concerned, we had little to complain; but it was so short, that before we were seasoned to the element, or could “ship our sea legs,” we had completed our voyage, which thus, in our individual instance, was marked by all the inconveniences inseparable from a first experiment of that nature.

On our arrival at Oporto, we made a discovery which a little forecast might perhaps have opened to us previously to our leaving England,—namely, that we had not fixed upon the most auspicious season for our expedition. The whole city was in confusion, and every thing “out of joint,” the inhabitants being in daily expectation of a visit from Saldanha, and of the consequent revival of the horrors of civil war.

Thus it happened that, although we had provided ourselves with letters of introduction, which, under ordinary circumstances would have commanded every facility for the prosecution of our object, we found our friends too much occupied in matters of nearer and dearer interest, to be able to devote to us that time which their kindness would otherwise have placed at our disposal. Indeed, we have great reason to be grateful for the attentions which, even in that untoward position of affairs, were shown to us, both in the way of hospitality and ciceroneship.

Having said thus much, in apology for any topographical omissions in our work, we will at once proceed to give the result of our personal observations, as well as of our endeavours to glean, from all available sources, every information having an interesting bearing upon our subject.

The bar of Oporto is accounted for, by the Duke de Chatelet, in the following manner. After referring to the sunken rocks at the entrance of the harbour, he says that, at certain seasons, "the river swells considerably, and carries with it a quantity of sand, brought down by the different torrents which issue from the sides of the mountains. As the rocks break the current of the river, the water has no longer, therefore, to carry the sand so far. It thus accumulates about these rocks, and forms a bar, which is annually increasing, and becoming more and more dangerous. The English Oporto Company," says the same authority, "proposed to destroy these rocks, and to clear the passage; but the Portuguese replied, that



Designed by E. Holland.

Engraved by W. Woelfel.

CHURCH OF ST FRANCISCO, OPORTO.

London, Published Oct. 20, 1838, by Robert Jennings & Co. 87, Chancery Lane.





they never would agree to the removal of the best defence of their harbour against the insults of the Moors. In vain was it represented to them that, as the mouth is narrow, two forts, whose lines of fire intersect each other, would defend the city from every attack; they persisted in declaring that they preferred the security of their homes to the chance of more considerable profit, which in the end might occasion their ruin." Attempts have repeatedly been made by the English merchants, in more modern times, to obtain the co-operation of the Portuguese in a plan for diminishing the dangers of the navigation of the Douro, but without success.

The Douro is navigable as far as the city for laden vessels of two hundred and fifty tons burden. The navigation of the upper part of the river is difficult, and often dangerous; but the dexterity of the navigators of the flat-bottomed craft, in which the wine is conveyed, is wonderful. A representation of one of these boats forms a prominent figure in the foreground of a view of Oporto in this volume.* Mr. Kinsey, who speaks with an enthusiasm inspired by the beauty of the scenery through which he passed, descended the Douro, and refers to the perils of the navigation which, even at that period when the river was not swollen, were sufficient to shake the nerves of the traveller. "Even in its present state," says that amusing tourist, "we shot down these roaring rapids with the celerity of lightning, occasionally enjoying the agreeable sensation of bumping against

* Page 6.

some sunken rock, and only escaping collision with the shore by the activity and quicksightedness of the man at the prow, who managed his long pole with inconceivable dexterity."

On the same authority, we venture to quote an anecdote illustrative of the jealousy with which the wine-growers on the banks of the Douro regard trespassers upon their vineyards. "Throughout the whole of the wine country, the precaution is adopted of fencing in the vineyards, on those sides lying contiguous to the roads, with a light frame-work composed of the *arundo donax*, covered with furze, to secure the grapes from the grasp of the passing traveller. 'If we owe you money,' said a farmer recently to a party, supposed to belong to the Company, who were observed helping themselves to what came within their reach, 'come and be paid; but don't rob me of my property.'"

The exports from the Douro are chiefly wine, fruit, and cork-wood; and its importations dried cod, rice, tea, sugar, and British manufactures.

Oporto is next to Lisbon in point of size, population, and the extent of its trade. It is built on the north side of the Douro, on a steep declivity, and is at the distance of about a league and a half from the sea. The appearance of the city on a first approach, the buildings rising one above another, is pleasing, but the houses are irregularly constructed. The inconveniences inseparable from its position on the side of a hill, are, in a great degree, compensated by the cleanliness of the town, the impurities of which,

especially during the rains, finding their way into the river.

Of all the towns in Portugal, Oporto is that in which the Englishman will find himself most at home. He will there, if he have the advantage of an introduction, be literally overwhelmed by invitations from the British merchants resident in the city. Nor are the hospitalities of the British Factory to be forgotten. This building is in the Rua Nova dos Inglezes, and is of white granite. The ground-floor is devoted to the purposes of an Exchange, though, at present, it is less used as a place of mercantile rendezvous than the street in which it stands. It contains a ball-room, which measures fifty-five feet long by thirty in breadth: the whole is from the designs of Mr. Whitehead, formerly the British Consul at Oporto, to whom Murphy, in his Manuscript Journal, refers very gratefully, as a gentleman from whom he received the kindest and most hospitable attentions; and of whose accomplishments and taste for the fine arts, he speaks in the highest terms. The Portuguese, according to their custom of translating into their own language the names of foreigners, styled this gentleman *Cabeça Branca*. The only complaint made by Murphy of Mr. Whitehead was, that the latter was wont to propound to him certain mathematical problems, the solution of which occupied his time to the neglect of more important objects.

Murphy speaks of Mr. Whitehead's library as having been extensive, but ill arranged. Among other objects of curiosity which the room contained, was what he describes as a small model, in lignum vitæ, "demon-

strating the strength of the tower of Pizza," doubtless meaning the leaning tower of Pisa. He mentions, also, as being in the same library, a "Treatise on the Art of Flying, or Air Balloons," by Father Lama, a Jesuit, published in 1670. "I observed," says Murphy, "some of the plates having large boats, masts, and sails, to which were attached three or four balloons, demonstrating the possibility of raising heavy bodies in the air. If ever there is a possibility of guiding balloons, it will be by sails and a mast. Father Lama, probably, furnishes some good hints towards improving this invention."

The Manuscript, after some severe animadversions on the architecture of the Factory, then unfinished, proceeds, "On the centre part of the front is a tablet, over which is to be placed a figure on a plinth not more than four inches high. What figure this will be, is not yet determined, though every man of the Company has given his opinion on the subject. I suppose the wise heads will have it of a piece with the rest of the building. A figure of Commerce, pouring grapes out of a cornucopia, the head decorated with vine leaves, etc., I think would be in character with the intention of the building. In placing this figure in the front, the Consul, (Mr. Whitehead,) had a fine field for displaying his mathematical talents. He showed me two pages of a folio book, filled with algebraic calculations, wherein he proves, to a hair's breadth, how much a figure ought to recline back, so as to appear perfectly upright to a spectator standing at right angles with the front of the building, at any

required distance. I was going to enter upon the principles of perspective, with regard to the placing of statues, etc. ; but I found that Brook Taylor, with all the optical knowledge of Newton and Smith, must give way to the power of profound calculation."

Mr. Kinsey refers to a splendid entertainment of which he partook at the Factory. He describes the dinner as having been superb, and the wines exquisite. It is said that all the good port wine, with no trifling proportion of bad, finds its way to England ; but, if we may speak on our own experience, we should say that the private cellars of some of the Oporto merchants contain wines of a quality rarely, if ever, met with in England.

Oporto, like most Catholic cities, abounds in religious establishments, there being in it not less than twelve convents and five nunneries. The principal convent is that called the Serra, which is on the Villa Nova side of the Douro, and so elevated as to command a view of the whole of Oporto. Kinsey speaks of it as surrounded by orchards and gardens, rabbit warrens and woods, in which the fathers enjoyed the pleasures of the chase. Alas ! he would now scarcely know the place. Such have been the ravages of the recent civil war, that an almost shapeless ruin, surrounded by rude palisades, is all that remains of this once beautiful building ; while the magnificent groves of chestnut trees, luxuriant orchards, and rich vineyards, have shared in the desolation. Doubtless, its eligibility as a military position was the cause of its having been thus battered.

It was from the Serra convent that the Duke of Wellington, then Sir Arthur Wellesley, directed in person the celebrated passage of the Douro, on the 12th of May, 1809. The river, at the point at which the passage was effected, is nearly three hundred yards broad and extremely rapid, and the right bank was very precipitous. "Here, then," says Colonel Napier, "with a marvellous hardihood, Sir Arthur resolved, if he could find but one boat, to make his way in the face of a veteran army and a renowned general.

"A boat was soon obtained; for a poor barber of Oporto, evading the French patrols, had, during the night, come over the water in a small skiff. This being discovered by Colonel Waters, a staff-officer of a quick and daring temper, he and the barber, and the Prior of Amarante, who gallantly offered his aid, crossed the river, and in half an hour returned, unperceived, with three or four large barges. Meanwhile, eighteen or twenty pieces of artillery were got up to the convent of Sarea; and Major-General John Murray, with the German brigade, some squadrons of the 14th dragoons, and two guns, reached the Barca de Avintas, three miles higher up the river, his orders being to search for boats, and to effect a passage there also, if possible.

"Some of the British troops were now sent towards Avintas to support Murray, while others came cautiously forwards to the brink of the river. It was ten o'clock; the enemy were tranquil, and an officer reported to Sir Arthur Wellesley, that one boat was brought up to the point of passage. 'Well, let the

men cross,' was the reply; and, upon this simple order, an officer and twenty-five soldiers of the Buffs entered the vessel, and in a quarter of an hour were in the midst of the French army.

“The Seminary was thus gained without any alarm being given, and every thing was still quiet in Oporto; not a movement was to be seen,—not a hostile sound was to be heard. A second boat followed the first, and then a third passed a little higher up the river; but scarcely had the men from the last landed, when a tumultuous noise of drums and shouts arose in the city, confused masses of the enemy were seen hurrying forth in all directions and throwing out clouds of skirmishers, who came furiously down upon the Seminary. The citizens were descried gesticulating vehemently and making signals from their houses, and the British troops instantly crowded to the bank of the river,—Paget's and Hill's divisions at the point of embarkation, and Sherbrooke's where the old boat bridge had been cut away from Villa Nova.

“Paget himself passed in the third boat, and mounting the roof of the Seminary, was immediately struck down, severely wounded. Hill took Paget's place; the musketry was sharp, voluble, and increasing every moment, as the number accumulated on both sides. The enemy's attack was fierce and constant; his fire augmented faster than that of the British, and his artillery also began to play on the building. But the English guns from the convent of Sarea commanded the whole enclosure round the Seminary, and swept the left of the wall in such a manner, as to

confine the French assault to the side of the iron-gate. Murray, however, did not appear, and the struggle was so violent, and the moment so critical, that Sir Arthur would himself have crossed, but for the earnest representations of those about him, and the just confidence he had in General Hill.

“Some of the citizens now passed over to Villa Nova, with several great boats; Sherbrooke’s people began to cross in large bodies, and at the same moment a loud shout in the town, and the waving of handkerchiefs from all the windows, gave notice that the enemy had abandoned the lower part of the city; and now also Murray’s troops were seen descending the right bank from Avintas. By this time three battalions were on the Seminary, and Hill, advancing to the enclosure wall, opened a destructive fire upon the French columns as they passed, in haste and confusion, by the Ballonga road. Five pieces of French artillery were coming out from the town on the left; but appalled by the line of musketry to be passed, the driver suddenly pulled up, and while thus hesitating, a volley from behind stretched most of the artillerymen on the ground; the rest, dispersing among the enclosures, left their guns on the road. This volley was given by a part of Sherbrooke’s people, who, having forced their way through the streets, thus came upon the rear. In fine, the passage was won, and the allies were in considerable force on the French side of the river.”

The following account of one of the sanguinary encounters of which the Serra convent has been the

scene, is extracted from an anonymous publication, entitled "The Civil War in Portugal, by a British Officer of Hussars."

"Although the Serra convent had been repeatedly attacked by day and night, 'twas on the 14th of October, after it had suffered thirty-three hours' bombardment, and a considerable breach had been effected, the repairing of which caused a melancholy loss of life, that the most formidable effort was made by upwards of seven thousand men, divided into three columns. At three o'clock in the afternoon, very suddenly, nine shells were thrown, at one and the same instant, into the convent lines, and as immediately the Miguelite columns advanced most impetuously, confident in victory. Where the bursting bombs fell, the women's shrieks and the shouts of the attacking troops caused a momentary panic. Torres, at the extent of his voice, cried "Soldiers! to the guns, and to the trenches, or we are undone," and suiting his own actions to his words, he instantly checked the wavering of the few, and all rushed to the lines, and to the guns already prepared with grape shot. Their discharge of every missile caused a fearful destruction in the advancing columns, and the enemy were confounded. They had attacked upon three points. The area was entered; but the intruders paid dearly for the momentary advantage. The Miguelites fought bravely, proudly; they were well led on; and, in some instances, were mounting the walls; but the defence could not be excelled. The line of separation of the blue jacket and the white trowsers of the defend-

ing troops, was never broken during three hours and a quarter that it was anxiously watched by the distant spectators, so well did they keep up to their hot work. The firing for a time was tremendously heavy. The Miguelites expended ninety rounds of cartridges. Torres had seven hundred men; keeping always two hundred in reserve with fixed bayonets, to decide the fate of the day should the enemy pass the sacred boundary. As night closed, the enemy retired with a loss of upwards of six hundred in killed and wounded; amongst the former was a brigadier-general, and of the latter a great proportion were miserably abandoned on the field, where many died from exhaustion and want of assistance, for the several attempts of the liberals to fetch them in were repelled by a hot skirmishing. Some few crawled to the convent during the night, abandoning all idea of going in that state to their own army, where they could only expect neglect."

These horrors are terrible enough when the contending parties are of different nations; but when regarded as the results of a civil war, the contemplation is melancholy indeed.

With reference to the bombardment of Oporto, we would mention, on the authority of the author we have just quoted, that during the progress of the siege, provisions of the most ordinary kind became so scarce, that cats and dogs were dainties on which the French and Belgian soldiers regaled themselves, and derided the squeamishness of those who preferred hunger to such a repast. He adds an amusing anecdote of a Frenchman, who, seeing a well-fed cat sunning itself

at an open window, marked it for his prize; and, having seized it, was in the act of consigning it to his corn-bag, when the owner of the animal, an old woman of the house, flew to the rescue, and both she and her pet plied their nails so well, that pussy escaped into the house, and the Frenchman went home without his supper.

Custom, which reconciles us to most things, had its effect in diminishing the horrors of war in the eyes of the inhabitants; for although the besiegers took the opportunity of pouring in their shot at the periods at which the streets were most thronged, persons went to mass at the stated hours; while, among the more opulent, dinner and evening parties proceeded without interruption. As another instance of the indifference induced by familiarity with danger, it is mentioned that even the boys in the streets, on the falling of a shell, would throw themselves flat on the ground until it had exploded, when they would run laughing to examine the injury it had produced on the surrounding buildings.

The late disturbances have dispersed the peaceful inhabitants of monasteries and nunneries, to find a safe asylum elsewhere; but besides the Serra, there is the convent of St. Benedict, which formerly contained fifty nuns who had taken the veil, and was also a sort of asylum for unprotected females, termed *seculaires*, who, of course, might quit the establishment at pleasure; the number of these was about two hundred and fifty.

There are two nunneries of St. Clara of the Fran-

ciscan order. There is also a Dominican convent in Oporto, and at Villa Nova a nunnery of the same order.

The Franciscan convent, at the end of the Rua Nova, which is one of our pictorial illustrations, was, according to Kinsey, built by charitable contributions for mendicant friars, who, as their designation imports, are very poor. This convent, as well as the street in which it stands, has suffered severely during the late troubles, and an attempt has been made to restore the street, after a plan which will include the desirable improvement of a sewer. Mr. Kinsey alludes to a dwarfish figure of St. Francis in the church attached to the convent, which, he says, is greatly honoured by the religious of the fair sex, who are wont to wash the hands of the sacred effigy, in a basin, with soap and a towel; after which they either drink the water, or bottle it up as a holy relic.

The church, called that of Nossa Senhora da Lassa, has the distinction of being the depository of the heart of Don Pedro, who has so recently figured in the civil wars of Portugal, and who, it is stated on the monument erected to his honour, thus "gives his heart to the good citizens of Oporto."

During our short sojourn in Oporto, an instance of the ruin to which the ecclesiastical establishments of the country was hastening, fell under our own notice; some conventual property, the real value of which was estimated at £40,000 sterling, having been sold for £18,000. This, however, we should add, was done in the teeth of a declaration of Saldanha, who was in



Painted by J. Edward.

Engraved by J. Stephenson.

THE TOWER OF THE CLERGY, OPORTO.

London, Published Oct. 26, 1856, by Robert Jennings, & Co. 62, Cheapside.





the vicinity of Oporto, in force, that he would annul the contract.

The Torres dos Clerigos, or Tower of the Clergy, is one of the most striking objects among the public buildings of Oporto. The steeple, which is very lofty, was once struck by lightning, to the great alarm of the inhabitants of the city, who accordingly met for the purpose of deliberating on the best means of guarding against the recurrence of such a catastrophe. Two plans, each warmly supported, were proposed; the one being to fix a conductor to the steeple, and the other to put up a lamp, to be lit every night to Saint Barbara, the patroness of the church. The latter proposition was finally adopted, as the most effectual protection against the effects of future storms.

It is in the vicinity of this church that the market called the Cordoaria, is held. It is well supplied with fish, fruits, and vegetables, the venders of which are all women. It is curious to observe them, when business is dull, running every now and then from their merchandise to the church to breathe a prayer, and then hurrying back to business; while others, unwilling to lose the chance of a customer, content themselves by telling their beads at their stations in the market-place.

Of the fruits which are purchased in Oporto, and indeed wherever we travelled in Portugal, it may be remarked that the peaches are large, but greatly inferior in flavour to the produce of our English walls, and the pears are good for nothing; but the melons are every where fine and cheap, as are the grapes, which,

of the small black cluster kind, are most delicious, and have often proved a grateful addition to our breakfast fare. The apples and plums are very inferior in flavour to ours. Bread is very fair in quality, and reasonable in price. The beef at Oporto is also not to be complained of, but the mutton is small and inferior. In the provinces, what was served up to us under the name of mutton, we believe to have been kid's flesh; and upon one occasion, on which our trusty attendant produced, as a great rarity, a "beef cutlet,"—we think it was at Leiria,—it suffered greatly in comparison with the good English beef steak, of which, alas! but the memory remained to us.

While on the subject of provisions, we may add that the wine of the provinces, and indeed that drunk by the lower classes generally, is execrable; it is what is termed green wine, and somewhat resembles our small beer.

Of all the conflicts of which Oporto has unhappily been the theatre, none have been marked by greater horrors than those attendant on the storming of that city in March 1809. Napier, in allusion to the terrible scene on the bridge, says, with his usual vigour of language, that the calamities of an age were compressed into one doleful hour. The Portuguese cavalry, panic stricken, rushed headlong into a mass of four thousand of the citizens,—men, women, and children, who were assembled on, and in the vicinity of the bridge. Many of them were trampled to death by the horses, and so large a portion of them driven into the river, that the heaped up bodies of the drowned

absolutely rose above the surface of the water. To the honour of French humanity be it recorded, that, forgetting all but the miserable spectacle before them, they made the most heroic exertions to save those who were drowning.

The horrors of this scene were however equalled by the terrible one that followed, when the French soldiers, exasperated at beholding several of their slaughtered comrades stuck upright against the walls barbarously mutilated by the Portuguese, gave reins to their fury, and committed every description of outrage without pity or remorse. And here it is our agreeable duty to do honour to the humanity of one of our most distinguished opponents in the Peninsular war; a general who has recently received from the people of England that tribute which none know better how to pay to gallantry, even in an enemy. Marshal Soult made every effort in his power to stop the slaughter, and, it is added, that several of his officers, at the risk of their lives, interposed between the infuriated soldiers and the objects of their vengeance; and that thus many were saved who would otherwise have fallen a victim to the madness of the hour. It is stated that, including those slain in fair fight, the drowned, and the number who fell in the sack of the city, the Portuguese lost ten thousand persons.

It will be seen that much of the misery of that fatal day resulted from the want of firmness on the part of the Portuguese troops, of whose military qualities many and very opposite opinions have been expressed.

Of course, it is not for a civilian to hazard an opinion on the subject; but the history of Portugal abounds in instances in which her soldiers, when gallantly led, have performed miracles of valour against a vastly superior force. The battle of Aljubarrota is a case in point.

The Duke de Chatelet, speaking of the Portuguese soldiers, says, that they are patient under difficulties and hardships, and are distinguished for sobriety above the troops of every other nation, excepting the Spaniards. He adds, that there are no men better adapted to the fatigues of warfare. On the other hand, he stigmatizes them as lazy, dirty, and insubordinate; vices, for such they are, which would speedily disappear under the discipline of able commanders, an advantage which they seem rarely to have enjoyed until they were officered by the British, when they often distinguished themselves by their courage and conduct.

Villa Nova is on the opposite side of the Douro to that on which the city of Oporto is built, and is celebrated for its immense wine-stores. It was during the late civil war, when Saldanha was in command of the queen's army in Oporto, and Count d'Almar at the head of the Miguelite forces at Villa Nova, that the latter, in contemplation of a retreat, intimated to the former that he was ready to enter into negotiations "for securing to the victors in the conflict the value of the large property in wines belonging to the Douro Wine Company." A conference accordingly took place, but the terms proposed by the Miguelite nego-

tiator not being agreed to by the opposite party, Count d'Almar, having previously mined the wine-stores, fired the train, and thus caused the destruction of, it is said, 13,000 pipes of wine. The author of "The Civil War in Portugal," who gives the story at length, with some strong animadversions on the wanton cruelty of an act which caused ruin to many, adds; that "the hissing streams of wine were like rivulets pouring out of the smoking ruins into the Douro, whose waters were tinged to a deep red, when Captain Glascock, of his Majesty's navy, alarmed for the safety of British property, summoned every ship's crew and landed at Villa Nova, to check the progress of the flames where they might endanger it. The Count d'Almar, infuriated at the sight of a few armed British Marines, who were merely acting passively as a guard; or more probably vexed to see the activity of the warm-hearted British sailors, as they boldly strove to save the national property, proudly demanded why Captain Glascock appeared there with an armed force? Words grew loud, but the count was over matched; Captain Glascock was too cool, too determined on the just object he had in view, to be moved in the execution of his duty; and in spite of the violent gesticulations and muttered threats of the commander of thousands, with his little handful of willing fellows he most assuredly saved British property to an immense amount."

There is a curious passage in Murphy's Manuscript Journal relative to the wine-stores. "The wine-lodges are very extensive, and well built. The pipes

are never placed more than two in height. One of Mr. Warre's lodges I visited, measured 141 feet by 90. We may conceive some idea of the trade of this house* from the deficiency of last year's waste, which was ninety pipes. The year before, I think, they reckoned seventy pipes. Every other house has a proportional waste, according to the extent of their trade. This appears very suspicious to me, as the Portuguese, who work in the stores, are the most abstemious creatures living, and there are clerks who take an account of the smallest quantity brought in or taken out:" whence Murphy draws the inference, that either the hospitality, or the trade, of the merchants must be boundless.

* There is in London a very eminent house of this name, and, we believe, in the Oporto trade.

CHAPTER III.

OPORTO.

Manners and Customs—Labouring Classes—Anecdotes of Servants—Funerals—Marriages—Anecdote of a French Bridegroom—Baptism—Military Burial—Court-martial on a Dog—Portuguese Ladies—Ancient Chivalry of Oporto—Anecdotes of the Wars with the Moors—The Freixo—Story of a Fisherman—Emigrants—The Merchant's Tale—Preparations for Departure.

THERE is that in Oporto which will not be found in any other part of Portugal, at least as far as our researches have extended; namely, an appearance of business and activity, attributable, as we have reason to believe, to the example of the British residents, more numerous here than in other cities of the kingdom. The dress of our country is copied both by males and females; with more success, it must be acknowledged, by the former than the latter, whose huge bonnets by no means tend to the improvement of their appearance.

Labour, in Oporto, involves the paradox of being both cheap and dear. The wages of a mason are but ten-pence a-day; but the workmen are so inconceivably slow in the execution of their task, that in the end the expense of building is very great.

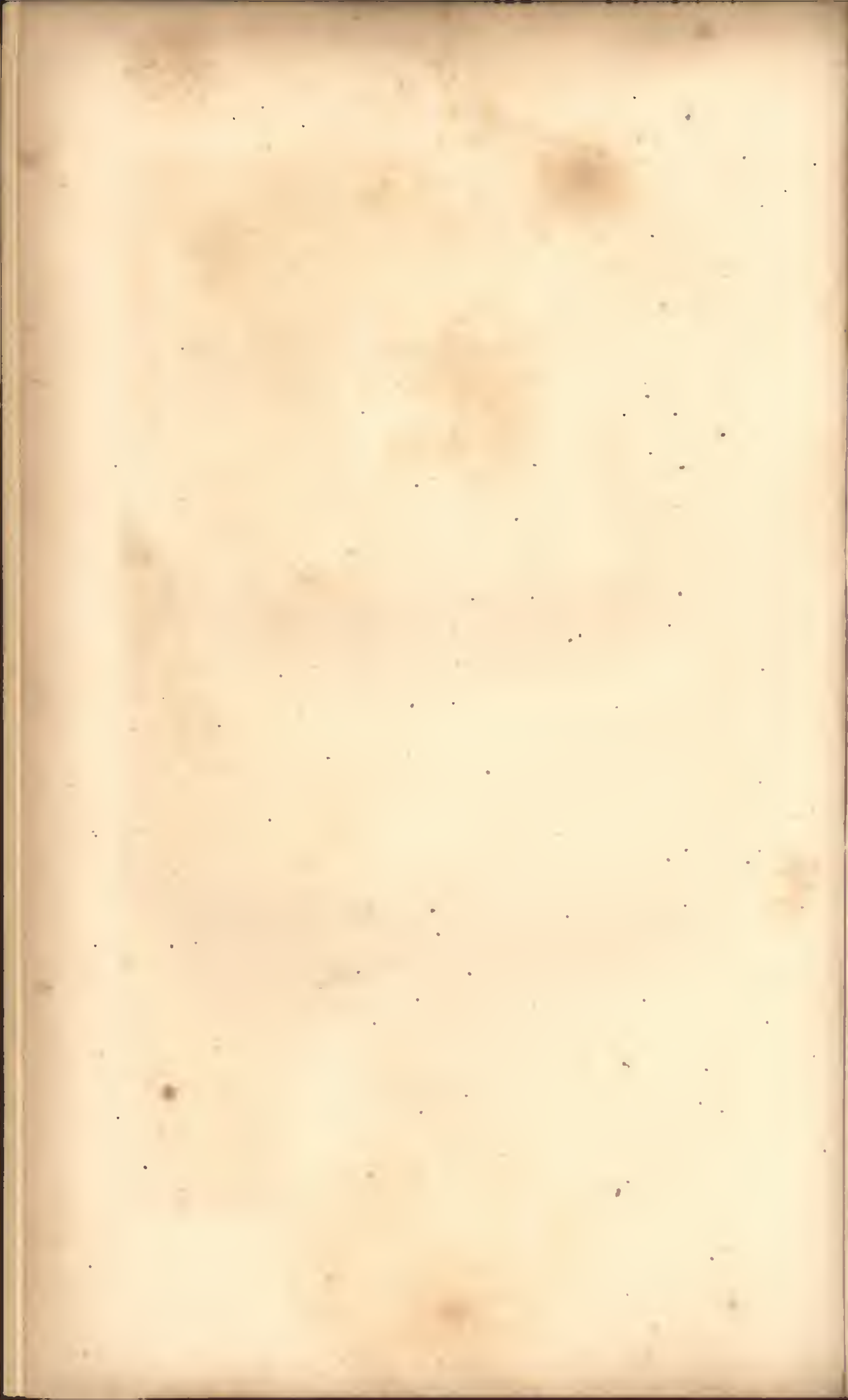
The prejudices of the lower order of Portuguese on the subject of labour, are somewhat singular. An instance of this was mentioned to us by a British merchant, to whom we were indebted for many hospitable attentions while in Oporto. It happened that it was necessary for him to introduce a large quantity of manure into his garden; and for the more easy accomplishment of this, he obtained a wheelbarrow, which is a rare implement in Oporto. The gardener, a native, objected strongly to the use of this mode of conveyance; it was in vain that the merchant set him an example, by wheeling a load into the garden. The horticulturist urged, that his father had never done any thing of the kind,—that it was labour befitting rather a horse than a man, and that he would not “make a beast of himself.” The merchant was called away for a short time, and on his return he found that the gardener had procured the aid of another person, and the two were transporting the manure in a large basket, which required their united strength to convey. The merchant, finding that remonstrance was vain, adopted the only alternative, and dismissed the obstinate functionary, to whose place he preferred a man of colour, and had great reason to be satisfied with the change, for the black proved to be a most industrious, faithful, and respectful servant, and withal quite competent to the duties of his situation.

It is not uncommon, in some of the provinces, to find women who have not a shoe to their feet, ornamented by necklaces of gold, some of them of great



CONVENT OF THE SERRA, OPORTO.

London, Published Oct. 13. 1855 by Robert Jennings & Co. 55, Chancery Lane.



value. Mrs. —, the lady of a merchant of Oporto, related to us an odd anecdote of a servant, whom she had obtained from the country. The girl entered upon her vocation with every appearance of being quite competent to its duties, as indeed she proved to be; but, to the great annoyance of the English prejudices of her mistress, she wore no shoes. The lady mentioned the circumstance to the girl as unusual in English families; but was answered by the domestic that she wore stockings, which was more than servants in the country did, and that she deemed that a sufficient concession to the fastidiousness of a foreigner.

The lady perceiving that, independently of the want of shoes, the domestic's wardrobe was deficient in what her mistress judged to be very essential articles of dress, and conceiving that want of funds on the part of her new servant was the cause of their not being procured, kindly volunteered an advance on account of wages. The offer was, however, received with some marks of indignation by the domestic, who opened her box and displayed a wealth of jewellery, in the shape of gold necklaces, which quite astonished her mistress, and which was adduced as irrefragable proof, that if she was not provided with the articles that were deemed necessary to her equipment, it was not for want of the means of purchasing them.

Referring again to the notions of the Portuguese, as to the species of labour which is held to be derogatory to their dignity, it should be stated that, in addition to their repugnance to the use of the wheelbarrow,

they have an aversion to carrying any burden upon their backs.

We have read somewhere of a beggar, who swept a crossing, and to whom a gentleman, from some cause or other not named in the "record," discontinued his accustomed diurnal penny, threatening his former benefactor with an action for the arrears of his allowance. A friend of ours in Oporto related to us an anecdote of a similar character, and scarcely exceeded, as an instance of effrontery, by that which we have just quoted. A man who plied on the Douro, and who, from some circumstance or other, had enlisted the sympathy of the British merchants, was by their liberality furnished with a new boat; and one of them, the gentleman from whom we had the story, allowed him a stipend equal to a shilling a-week,—no small sum in Portugal. The man misbehaved himself, and the merchant "stopped his grog," that is, discontinued the allowance; upon which he was sharply taken to task by the object of his former bounty, who insisted upon his *right* to the weekly shilling.

The following account of the solemnities practised on the occasion of a funeral at Oporto, is extracted from Mr. Kinsey's valuable, interesting, and graceful work.

"It is the custom of the country for all the members of a family to attend the last moments of a dying relation; and when a female dies, that her female relatives should dress the body for the grave. The defunct, in this case, had been conveyed to the chapel, on the evening previous to the performance of

his obsequies, attired in the dress of the brotherhood, in an open coffin, the folding covers being let down, and the head and feet remaining exposed to view. The trestle on which the body rested was covered with a drapery of black velvet ornamented with gold, and was placed at the upper end of the nave, immediately at the base of the steps leading up to the choir and the elevated high altar, which was illuminated by countless tapers, and above it appeared a sculptured representation of the Saviour in his glory, surrounded by the angelic host. The lofty arch which separated the nave from the choir, was hung with a curtain of black cloth upon either side, which approached so closely as to leave but a mysteriously imperfect view of the blazing altar. The two pulpits were likewise covered in the same way; while the four side altars were mournfully decorated with black velvet, on which were worked, in gold, the emblems of mortality, and upon each blazed six wax tapers. The monks and attendant choristers were arranged on either side of the body, holding consecrated candles. The body had the appearance of an effigy in marble; but this momentary illusion was instantly gone, as the effect of the climate was perceived, and a myriad of flies were observed collected about the mouth and nostrils. A vessel filled with holy water was placed at the foot of the bier, which the priests and relatives of the deceased sprinkled, from time to time, on the body,—a rite participated in by the poor and ragged boys who intruded themselves among the mourners, at the rails of the choir. In addition to the different members of

the family, the Governador das Armas, with his staff, the judges, and magistrates, and principal public officers, with numerous friends, joined the funeral ceremony. The deep bass voices of the monks in the *de profundis*, and the occasional strokes of the heavy bell of a neighbouring convent, heard at intervals during the mournful service, had a profoundly impressive effect. The mass was then performed for the dead at the high altar, and afterwards the corpse was followed by the relatives down into the vaults below the church; where, vinegar and quick lime having been poured upon the body, the falling lids of the coffin were closed and locked, and the key delivered to the chief mourner; who, according to invariable custom, proceeded immediately from the funeral, with his party of friends who had witnessed the interment take place, to the house of the defunct, where, the key being left with the nearest relative, and the complimentary visit being paid, the rite was considered as terminated."

It was once the custom in Portugal, at funerals, to hire women to mourn over the body of the departed, whose virtues they were wont to celebrate in extemporary verses. Murphy informs us that white was worn as the garb of mourning until the time of King Emanuel, at the death of whose aunt, Philippa, black was adopted for the first time in Portugal as the symbol of sorrow for the dead.

The transition from a funeral to marriage and baptism may be abrupt, but it is natural; for of what is life made up but of births, marriages and deaths?

In some instances at least, which came under our notice, courtship in Portugal is characterized by the barbarism which is exhibited in this particular in some of the most uncivilized countries at the present day. The lady's affections are not sought, or even sounded, but through her parents; and it is probable that the young people have little or none of each other's society before they go to church. The preliminaries with "papa and mamma" having been settled, the swain ventures to present the object of his choice with a flower,—generally a carnation, always supposing it to be in season,—which, if the damsel accepts, the lover counts himself a happy man.

The marriage ceremony is very simple; but, instead of virgin white, the livery of the bride and bridesmaids is black. The service is usually read at the door of the church, and the blessing given at the altar. The mystic ring is, we believe, not used in the ceremony, which concludes by the priest tying the two ends of his surplice over the united hands of the bride and bridegroom, and the two are "one flesh." The knot having been tied, the "happy pair," instead of, as in England, hiding their blushes in some Portuguese Hastings, Brighton, or Broadstairs, return to the home of the bridegroom, and the evening is spent in the banquet and the dance.

While on the subject of marriages, we will venture to travel out of the "record," as the lawyers have it, by relating a circumstance which is stated to us, on good authority, to have happened in England on the marriage of a French gentleman with an English lady.

On the eve of the ceremony, the bridegroom consulted some of his English friends as to the customs observed on the occasion in this country; and was told, that it was usual to take the lady out of town on the morning on which the celebration of the wedding took place. Now it happened that the lady was possessed of an income adequate to their support in something like affluence; while the Frenchman,—wo the while! though it be no detraction from his respectability, had only a ten-pound note which he could call his own. Ten pounds, it is well known, will not carry a man far in a post-chaise in England, whatever it may do in France: our Gallic friend was aware of the fact, but nevertheless determined to conform to the custom of the country, and accordingly took his lady out of town, and spent the first week of the honeymoon at the “Elephant and Castle,” in the purlieus of that resort of the fashionable yeleft Southwark.

The ceremony of baptism, as observed in Portugal, I cannot better describe, than by quoting the words of an intelligent and gallant officer, Captain Alexander author of “Travels in the East,” as well as of the interesting work from which the following is an extract.

“One day I saw a baptism at a country church; there were the priest, the father and child, the nurse, godmother, and the compadre or godfather, the sacristan, and two men with long lighted candles. Service was commenced at the door of the church; the parties then moved up to the altar; salt and oil were applied to the child; the font was approached and water sprinkled: the ceremony ended by the godfa-

ther, godmother, and child holding one candle, and the priest wishing happiness to all. There could not be a happier man than the father, for it was his first child, and the crow had set its foot on his cheek, and the snows of age were on his brow."

The same gallant author also mentions, in his "Sketches of Portugal," an anecdote of a burial, marked by less ceremony than that which we have described as attendant on a funeral in more peaceful times. We will not spoil the story by paraphrase. "One day, during the siege, a major of the Miguelites and two soldiers advanced very gallantly before the rest, in an attempt to storm the Scotch post; but they were shot dead, and their bodies, and some others, lay so near the lines, that they soon became very offensive. Some of the Scotch went to their colonel, (Shaw,) and asked leave to bury them; but he was, at first, unwilling to grant it, as the Miguelites were so inveterate in their opposition as to fire on unarmed burying parties, and they might be shot. 'Weel, sir,' said the men, 'let us at ony rate try to bury the brave little bodie of a major, and the twa lads that lie nearest us; *they* showed themselves to be gude sodgers.' He granted the request, and they accomplished their object. Some time afterwards, the colonel, on looking from the window of his quarters, saw some of his men seated in a circle on the grass, and a favourite dog of theirs tied to a bayonet in the midst of them; after a little time, a corporal and three men 'fell out' and loaded their muskets. He then thought it time to send down to know what was the matter.

‘ Oh, sir! we’ve just been trying the dog by court-martial, and have condemned him,—the ill-faured beast,—for bringing in the major’s hand in his mouth this morning.’ ” The quotation appended to the anecdote is apt:—

“ But when all is past, it is humbling to tread
O’er the weltering field of the tombless dead,
And see worms of the earth, and fowls of the air,
Beasts of the forests all gathering there;
All regarding man as their prey,—
All rejoicing in his decay.”

Of the women of Portugal, the opinions of travellers vary greatly. Our opportunities of an insight into the domestic manners of the natives were few; but the impression left upon our minds of the females is favourable. From the families in which we sojourned during our excursion, we experienced nothing but kindness, the most respectful attention, and nothing to justify the aspersions which have been so liberally—or rather illiberally—cast upon them by some writers, particularly by the Duke de Chatelet, whose vanity rather, we are inclined to think, than his experience, appears to have persuaded him that he was perfectly irresistible; but your libertine is ever a slanderer of the sex. Murphy gives a more amiable, and we will believe a truer picture of the female character in Portugal; though both agree in ascribing to the ladies a fair share of personal attractions, to which fact we willingly add our testimony.

Of course, the style of beauty is different to that of our females, and therefore less attractive to an English

eye. "Most nations," justly observes Murphy, "entertain some peculiar idea of beauty;" and he goes on to quote a Portuguese description of a perfect beauty, enumerating, among other charms, green eyes; in praise of which a native, named Villa-Real, wrote a treatise. "To be properly adjusted to the rest of the face," says this code of beauty, "the nose should descend in a direct line from the forehead, and form a regular pyramid." The lips, we are told, "should be rather full than thin, rather relieved than sunk, and the edge of a pure carnation." The teeth "should resemble a row of pearls, set in an arch of ruby." The cheeks should be of a "pure carmine colour, fading insensibly into a lily white."

The Duke de Chatelet gives, or quotes, for it is somewhat dubiously put, an account of the manner in which lovers in Portugal evade the vigilance of duennas. The story is not very creditable to their piety, but we fear that, in all religions, there will be found some who make a cloak of it for unworthy purposes. "Their (the ladies) lovers," we are told, "are seldom gratified with a sight of them, except in the churches. Here they may sigh and signal,—

‘ Address and compliment by vision,
Make love, and court by intuition.’

Notwithstanding the watchful eye of the duenna, the lovers contrive to exchange a *billet-doux*, and that in so subtle a manner, that none can perceive it whose breast glows not with a similar flame. The little boys who attend at the altar are often the messengers on these occasions. When one of these wingless

Cupids receives the letter, he makes his way through the audience till he approaches the fair one; then he throws himself on his knees, repeating his Ave Marias and beating his breast. After finishing his ejaculations, and crossing his forehead, he falls on his face and hands, and fervently kisses the ground. In the mean time he conveys the letter under the lady's drapery, and brings back another. At other times, when the lovers are coming out of the church, their hands meet, as it were by chance, in the holy water font: by this means they exchange billets, and enjoy the delectable pleasure of pressing each other's fingers."

Portugal, in days of yore, was not without its share of gallant knights, who "pricked forth," ready to do battle, for any cause or for no cause, with all who were willing to shiver a lance, either for love or glory. Oporto is particularly mentioned as having furnished her quota of knights-errant; for we find, in the history of the reign of John I., the chivalry of Portugal exhibited somewhat to the disparagement of certain knights of England.

The story is a remarkable one, and not destitute of interest: the substance of it is as follows. Twelve English barons, not distinguished probably for their personal attractions and success in winning a lady's love, proclaimed, doubtless in a fit of spleen and disappointment, that certain dames of the court of their monarch, Henry IV., were not entitled, by either birth, charms, or accomplishments, to the estimation in which they were held; and that they were ready to do battle with any equal number of champions who

had the audacity to impugn their opinion on the subject. We have heard,—as indeed who has not?—of gallant knights proclaiming the charms, virtues, and other excellent qualities of ladies, and their entire readiness, at any time and place, to cut the throats of the cavaliers who dared to breathe aught to the disparagement of the dames in question; but we hope, for the honour of chivalry, that the instance to which we have referred of the converse of such a challenge, is without parallel in history.

That England should have owned twelve such ungallant cavaliers is matter at once of regret and surprise; but that she did not possess twelve other knights whose swords would fly from their scabbards at such a challenge, is scarcely credible. Yet so it was, and the damsels were without a man to stand up for them, until the news of the challenge reached Portugal; when Alvares Gonsalves Coutinho, surnamed Magriço, and eleven other knights, instantly accepted it. Oporto had the honour of furnishing this gallant band, who, with the sanction of their sovereign, sailed from that city for Britain. Among their numbers was Alvaro Vaz de Almada, whose prowess subsequently procured him the order of the Garter in England, and the title of Count d'Avranches in Normandy. Henry IV. received them with a courtesy befitting their errand, and entertained them at a splendid banquet. He also named the arms to be used by the combatants, as well as the time and place of the encounter. The spot chosen was on the southern bank of the river Thames, where, in an im-

mense amphitheatre, was assembled a multitude of spectators, the king and his court being among them.

The entrance of the Portuguese knights was greeted by acclamations of applause, particularly from the ladies, who doubtless made common cause against the discourteous knights of their own country. At a signal from the English monarch, the encounter began with the usual flourish of trumpets, each combatant being armed with a lance and a sword. The result was for some time doubtful, much valour being displayed on both sides; but at length the Portuguese, who had great skill in the use of the lance, and having moreover the encouragement of the bright eyes which were looking on the contest, gained the advantage; and having wounded some of their antagonists, and unhorsed others, were declared conquerors by the king.

The triumph of the ladies was complete, and they made the most of it. They immediately crowded round their victorious champions, crowned them with chaplets of roses, and on their departure for their native land, they presented them with swords, spears, and shields, richly ornamented. Nor was their reception by their own countrywomen less flattering. The service rendered to the dames of England was felt to be, as in truth it was, a compliment to the sex at large, and they were overwhelmed, says the chronicle, by caresses.

Magriço, the leader of the Portuguese knights in this enterprise, so honourable to their gallantry and valour, distinguished himself in the cause of Isabella

of Portugal, Countess of Flanders; who, having a quarrel with Charles VII. of France, appealed to decision of arms, according to the custom of the period, and named Magriço as her champion. Her defender's usual good fortune attended him. He slew the champion nominated by the French monarch, and bore away as a trophy a gold collar, which his vanquished antagonist, named De Lansay, or De Lancy, wore as a guard to his neck.

We find another individual of the name,—whether of the same family we know not,—the fame of whose gallantry and generosity has survived him:—Don John de Coutinho, when general of the Portuguese army in Africa, had taken, among other prisoners of distinction, an aged Moor of one of the first families of his nation. The African had an only daughter, whose grief at the captivity of her parent was so great, that she left no means untried to procure his deliverance. At length she proposed to a young Moor, who had solicited her in marriage, that she would give him her hand if he could achieve the liberation of her father; assuring him that, until that was accomplished, she would remain single. The gallant youth instantly mounted his horse, and with a nobleness of mind which proved him to be above all selfish considerations, presented himself to Coutinho, and falling on his knees before the general, implored him, with an eloquence inspired by the intensity of his feelings, to receive him as a prisoner in lieu of the aged Moor.

“It is true,” said the generous supplicant, “the prisoner is descended of a noble family; but mine is

not inferior to his. Moreover, I am rich and he is poor; I am young and he is old; I shall probably be a lasting security in your hands, whereas, according to the course of nature, you cannot long detain him from his kindred dust. Noble general, we are well assured of your valour: convince the world that you are merciful as well as brave, by restoring this venerable old man to his disconsolate daughter, at whose request I came hither to purchase his liberty at the expense of my own."

Coutinho, seeing at once the value and the nobleness of the sacrifice thus proposed to be made, testified his admiration of his enemy's generosity by vying with it; and accordingly ordered the unconditional release of the aged Moor, whom he delivered to the youth, and moreover sent a troop of horse to escort them to their home, in a manner befitting alike their virtue and their quality.

We cannot refrain from giving another of the many romantic episodes in the history of the struggle between the Moors and the Portuguese. We are indebted for the anecdote, as well as for the last quoted, to the industrious Murphy.

It was in the year 1516 that Ataide, general of the Portuguese force in Africa, marching by night with a body of 4500 cavalry, surprised a Moorish encampment, which they plundered, and became masters of a very considerable booty. Among the prisoners made on this occasion was a woman of surpassing beauty, the wife of the Moorish general Raho Ben Xamut, who loved her with all the ardour which her graces

and virtues were calculated to inspire. His defeat and the plunder of his camp were light sorrows compared with the loss of his wife, whom he determined to recover, or to sacrifice his life in the attempt. Accordingly, having rallied his discomfited troops, he pursued the Portuguese, and overtook them on the following day at noon. It was at this juncture, on the eve of the contest, that the lovely captive, whose name was Hota, craved of the Christian general permission to speak to her husband. This having been granted, she was escorted to the van of the Portuguese army, when she thus addressed her lord :

“ O Raho ! how often have you declared you would rather die than see me in the hands of your enemy ? and now that Fortune has brought me to this ignominious state, you seem unconcerned. Have you forgotten your solemn vows ? Has your courage forsaken you ? Where now is your wonted valour ? Ah ! you cannot love me, and thus behold the sworn enemies of our religion triumphantly dragging me into captivity.”

The husband replied, “ Raho does not forget his vows, nor has he lost his courage. Do not despair ; the day is not yet ended : there is strength in my right hand, and victory is still at the disposal of the Supreme Being.”

Having said these words, he took off his shoe, and flung it towards her as a pledge of his love.

The lady having been removed from the van to the rear of the Portuguese army, the Moorish general turned towards his own men, and harangued them in

the following strain: "If ever," said he, "you felt the pangs of love; if Nature ever inspired you with compassion for the sufferings of beauty and innocence, have pity on the unfortunate Hota, and preserve my life and my honour by rescuing her out of the hands of these Christian tyrants. Brother soldiers! this day will immortalize your names. Remember, you have sworn by the law of our high prophet, either to die or to liberate the fair captive."

The address produced the intended effect on the spirit of the Moors, who immediately charged the Portuguese with great fury, and the battle became desperate. Raho, in the outset of the assault, encountered the rival general, Ataide, whom he slew with a javelin. The Portuguese, thrown into disorder and disheartened by the fall of their leader, gave ground, and finally fled in every direction, abandoning their camp to the enemy; and thus was Hota restored to the arms of her husband.

The sequel of the story is a melancholy one. Raho had scarcely conducted his wife in triumph to his home, when he was again called into the field, in which he perished. Hota, distracted at the loss of her husband, and unsupported by those consolations which the Christian is taught to seek in the time of his tribulation, refused to take food; and, at the end of nine days, died of exhaustion; her last request being that she might be buried in the grave of her husband.

One evening we were strolling along the bank of the Donro, when our attention was attracted by a vessel, apparently a merchantman, towed by a steamer,



Engraved by G. Zangwill

THE BAR OF THE DOURO.

London, Published Oct. 25, 1856, by Jackson, Hanbury & Co. in Church Lane.



and proceeding down the river. There was nothing particular in the object itself, but for the number of people who, crowding the banks, kept abreast of the ship during her progress. On inquiry, we ascertained that the vessel was laden with emigrants bound for the Brazils, and the persons on the shore,—of all ages and both sexes,—were the friends of the voyagers.

It was an interesting yet melancholy sight to witness the tearful group, and to see the brightening up of their faces as the nature of the channel, or some promontory on the land, brought them and the emigrants nearer together. What might be the feelings of those who were about to quit, perhaps for ever, the land of their birth,—the glorious land of the vine and the olive, the orange and the pomegranate,—it was not difficult to imagine; although their distance from the shore rendered it impossible to trace the effects of their emotions on their countenances. Not so, however, on shore. There might be seen the tear of anguish trickling down the cheek—channelled by age—of the parent, looking the last upon the child of his hopes; and there too was the sister, waving her handkerchief, wet with tears, in token of final adieu to the companion of her childhood,—her kind protector and her truest friend. We were not, however, philosophers enough to moralize upon so heart-rending a scene, from which we were glad to escape, and long ere the vessel had reached the bar, we were on our way back to the city.

On the day after our stroll by the Douro, we were

engaged to dine with a merchant, to whom, while we were over our wine, we related the scene which we had witnessed on the evening before. The merchant observed, that our recital reminded him of a circumstance which had occurred during his residence in Oporto, and which we will endeavour, as far as our memory will serve, to relate in his own words.

The Merchant's Story.

It is now some dozen years ago, that a vessel, of which I had the greater share and the entire management, being what is termed the "ship's husband," was fitted out from this port, and destined for the Brazils; and, independently of a valuable cargo, she carried out with her a considerable number of passengers, many of them being emigrants to that portion of the new world. It was on the eve of the day appointed for her departure, that I was sitting alone in the very room in which we now are, when my servant announced the arrival of a stranger, who, with many apologies for his intrusion at an hour not usually devoted to matters of business, solicited an interview. Not guessing, and perhaps as little caring what might be the purport of his errand, I desired that he might be admitted; and, in a few minutes afterwards, there entered a young man, a Portuguese, who, although evidently not belonging to the higher ranks of society, exhibited no ordinary grace of manner; while in person he was tall, well-proportioned, and, altogether, such a specimen of humanity, as one does not often meet with in this part of the world.

His errand, it soon appeared, was to secure a passage in the vessel which I had fitted out for the Brazils. I could not deny that there was a berth for him in the ship, although I could have wished that it had been otherwise; since, generally speaking, whatever may be the arguments adduced in favour of emigration, there must be something wrong, either in the man or in the government under which he lives, when a young and able-bodied person quits, for the sake of seeking subsistence in a foreign country, a land, which, in point of space and productiveness, were the latter called forth, is sufficient for the support of her sons.

I was, moreover, greatly interested by the manners and appearance of my visitor; and, inviting him to partake of the dessert which was before me, I ventured to inquire the motive of his quitting the land of his birth for one in which success, to say the best of it, was problematical. Francisco told his story without reserve, and with a simplicity which impressed it with the stamp of truth.

He informed me, that he had been brought up from childhood in a little village within a short distance of Oporto, upon a small patrimonial property, which, at the death of his parents, had devolved to him some few years since. He had formed an attachment for a young woman, the daughter of a neighbouring landholder, who was an intimate friend of his father, and in fact, a sort of family connexion. The girl had been his companion and playfellow from childhood, and their intercourse, so far from having been re-

stricted, appeared to have been regarded with complacency by the parents on either side; nor was the intimacy which subsisted between the families in any way interrupted for some time after the death of the young man's father. In the course of three years, however, after this event, the death of a relative of the young woman's father greatly augmented his worldly wealth; and, although this sudden accession of fortune occasioned no immediate interruption to the intercourse of the young persons, it was not long before the old man manifested his disapprobation of the connexion, and, within the last few months, he plainly intimated to my visitor, that he must not only relinquish all pretensions to the hand of the girl, but at once and for ever forego her society.

Francisco, in continuation, informed me that, although greatly shocked and hurt by this sudden alteration in the sentiments and behaviour of his father's ancient friend, he was at no loss to account for it. The spiritual adviser of the old man was the sub-prior of a neighbouring convent, who, immediately after the other's unexpected accession of wealth, had exerted all his influence to secure its reversion to the brotherhood, among whom he held so distinguished a station. The result was, that the old man made a will, by which he bequeathed the whole of his possessions to the convent, with the exception of a small annuity to any religious establishment, which, as a refuge from destitution, his daughter might choose for her novice and final abode. It was to the remote view of official aggrandizement on the part of the sub-prior,

and not to any feelings of enmity towards himself, that Francisco attributed the interference which had led to his exclusion from the society of the damsel, and finally to the extinction of his hopes.

True it was that my visitor had the strongest reasons for believing that her regard for himself remained unaltered, and that her grief at their separation was as intense as his own. Nevertheless, could he have justified to himself an attempt to induce her to renounce the authority of her parent, and become his bride in despite of him and the reverend friar, he was too well assured of the inadequacy of his own worldly means to betray her into the abandonment of the abode of luxury, for the dwelling in which he found it required the utmost of his exertions to keep the wolf from the door.

It is very well,—nay, it sounds exceedingly romantic, to talk of love in a cottage, and of the recklessness of true and devoted affection for worldly wealth; but a disregard of consequences in such a case, can be traced to no other feeling than selfishness, from which my hero nobly proved himself to be free; for finding that he could not counteract the influence exerted upon the mind of the old man, nor honourably make the daughter his wife, he resolved to quit a country in which he found life a burden—not, it may be, without a hope of acquiring, in a distant land, that which might enable him to return and claim his bride; for improbable as such a result might be considered, hope is strong in the breast of youth, and the new world had not then ceased to be regarded as an Eldorado.

Accordingly, consigning his little patrimony to the custody of a trusty friend to be disposed of to the best advantage, he made his arrangements for quitting Portugal, and hence his application to me for a passage.

Men of bales, and pipes, and puncheons, as are we merchants, are not generally accused of much sympathy with love-sick boys and girls; and my late worthy partner was wont to say, that love was the very worst possible account that could be raised in a ledger, inasmuch as it was invariably closed by writing off a heavy balance to the debt of Profit and Loss. Despite, however, of my kind partner and patron's approved maxim, I could not help deeply commiserating the position of Francisco; and although, seeing no means of aiding him in his difficulty, I could do no other than grant him the passage he desired, I was much annoyed at finding myself, however innocently, in a certain degree instrumental in the expatriation of one, who, it appeared to me, had exhibited no trifling share of self-denial and elevation of character.

It was late in the evening when we parted, and wishing my new acquaintance a prosperous voyage, I betook myself to bed; but so occupied were my thoughts by the story I had listened to, that although I cannot say I had no sleep, my slumbers were so disturbed that I derived little refreshment from them, and was, at an early hour in the morning, fervently wishing that, from adverse winds or some other obstacle, the vessel might still be detained in port.

in order that I might put into execution a plan upon which, as a sort of forlorn hope, I had resolved ; namely, a visit to the prior of the convent, the sub-prior of which had thus been so fatally instrumental in adding another evidence of the fact, that “the course of true love never did run smooth.”

Great, however, was my chagrin,—I ought not to say my disappointment, for I could scarcely expect it to be otherwise,—when, on reconnoitring the vessel through my glass at day-break, I saw her not only under weigh, but standing out to sea with the wind in her poop. To make my intended visit to the prior was, as regarded my new acquaintance, very like shutting the stable door after the steed was stolen ; nevertheless, I determined on the measure, and accordingly mounted my mule, and proceeded to the monastery.

Now it happened that I knew much of the prior, and a little of the sub-prior, having been in the habit of visiting the former, at intervals, for some four or five years previous to the period of which I speak. The prior was not a man of very profound learning or resplendent abilities, but he was, nevertheless, admirably fitted for the station he held. True it is, he neither practised nor affected any of those austerities which, in the eyes of many of his order, are of such sovereign and saving efficacy, and was therefore regarded by his severer brethren as somewhat lax in his conventual discipline ; but he was unaffectedly as well as unostentatiously pious, and, by consequence, strictly moral in his life. He was straight-forward and

simple-minded, and, by the light of that lamp which shines to all who seek its illumination, he was enabled, not only to discern the path of his duty, but to tread in it with a firm and unhesitating step. That he was, by nature, somewhat of a humourist cannot be denied; but then his humour was of that quiet playful kind,—that summer lightning of the mind which scathes not while it flashes,—that one might almost as reasonably quarrel with a sun beam as with the cheerful sallies of the old man's wit. He had withal much natural strength of character, and a liberal allowance of Nature's best endowment,—common sense.

The sub-prior, on the other hand, was a man of brighter parts than his superior, but he was bigoted, unprincipled, and ambitious. He was indebted for the situation he held in the establishment to the influence of the court of Rome, rather than to any merit of his own, or the goodwill of his fellows. The junior by many years of the prior, he looked confidently to the succession; and, with that view, laboured incessantly to augment the wealth of the convent, over which he hoped, ere long, to rule.

On my arrival at the convent, I found my friend the prior in his private apartment, to which he welcomed me, heretic though I were, as an old friend, and reproached me for having so long delayed to visit him. I explained to him the immediate occasion of my intrusion, and he listened to my brief recital with evident uneasiness. When I had finished, he paused for a few moments, and then replied, "I would not judge harshly of any man, much less of an individual

of this community, and one so intimately associated with me in the administration of its affairs : and therefore I am bound to believe, that the zeal of Brother Bernardo hath outstripped his discretion ; and that he hath yielded to the precept which enjoins us to “do evil that good may come ;” a precept, the adoption of which hath given greater handle to the enemies of our church, than all the vagaries of her wildest enthusiasts. But, Heaven be my witness ! I will be no party to this pious fraud. If I look with complacency upon the broad lands which surround this monastery, it is from the feeling that they not only provide for all the legitimate wishes of its inmates, but administer to the wants of the helpless poor, and the weary wayfarer. But it is not lawful to steal bread even to feed the hungry, and the wealth of a province would be dearly purchased by an orphan's tears.”

After a momentary pause, he added, “This matter must be seen to, and that without delay. There are those who measure a man's longevity by his neck ; and if there be any truth in the theory, old Pedro's lease is but a short one. As far as the poor youth is concerned, we can do little ; but the girl's inheritance may yet be secured to her. Meanwhile, for the sake of the credit of our order, tell no man what has occurred ; and if this matter come not to a better issue than present circumstances seem to warrant, lay not the fault at my door.”

The prior, pleading the urgency of the occasion as an apology for cutting short our conference, ordered his mule ; and I, remounting my own, returned to Oporto.

It was towards noon of the third day after the interview which I have described, that I received a summons from my friend the prior to visit the convent in the course of the evening; and, feeling convinced that the invitation had reference to the subject which had so much occupied my thoughts, I did not, as may easily be imagined, hesitate to obey.

I found my venerable and excellent friend in a somewhat spacious apartment, sitting at an oriel window which commanded an extensive view of the Douro; and so intent was he upon the prospect, that I was in the room for some seconds before he was aware of my presence.

In reply to my anxious and somewhat hurried inquiries as to the success of his mission, he informed me that he had seen the old man and his daughter; and although he did not express himself to that effect in so many words, it was very evident that the prospect of so fair a specimen of the sex as was the maiden, being consigned to the living tomb of a monastic establishment, was not without its effect upon the kind-hearted prior. His mission, however, was one of no ordinary delicacy, inasmuch as it was impossible for him to enter upon it without inculcating, if not the motives, at least the discretion of his subordinate; but "to do right though the heavens should fall," was the honest prior's maxim, and he acted up to it with all the eloquence and energy of which he was master. Whether it was that the father of the young woman paid greater deference to the higher rank of the prior, or that the latter's powers of persua-

sion were superior to those of the sub-prior, it is not for me to determine; but certain it is that the interview resulted in the revocation of the will, and an expression of the old man's repentance at having, by the alteration of his conduct towards his daughter's lover, driven him into banishment.

"A repentance," I rejoined, "which however it may mitigate the offence, arrives too late to remedy the evil."

"I am not so sure of that," replied the prior; who proceeded to inform me, that immediately on having prevailed on Pedro to revoke his unjust will, and to express his regret at having destroyed the happiness of his daughter, he had communicated with the authorities at Oporto, with whom, from his family connexions, he had considerable influence, and at whose request, officially conveyed, the captain of a British man-of-war had detached a tender in pursuit of the transport in which Francisco had embarked, with orders to bring him back to Oporto *nolens volens*, for time did not admit of explanations. To overtake a heavily built and deeply laden merchant-vessel was no difficult task for the light craft sent in quest of her; and it was on the arrival of news that the pursuit had been successful, that the prior had despatched a messenger to summon me to the monastery.

"And there, if I mistake not, comes the fugitive," exclaimed the prior, pointing to an object on the river, which I instantly recognised as the boat of a man-of-war. It was a six-oared cutter, impelled with a velocity and regularity of motion which, I believe, none

but British sailors are capable of imparting to a boat. As the little bark approached nearer, I could perceive, by the aid of a glass, that she was steered by a midshipman, whose cocked hat, as Curran said of his wig, was his *maxima pars*; and that close beside him was my late visitor,—the voluntary exile. The boat touched the land immediately under the window; when, with the exception of a sailor left in charge of it, the whole of her crew disembarked, and guarding their prisoner, for such in ignorance of the circumstances they considered him, proceeded to the monastery, and were ushered into the apartment in which we were awaiting their arrival.

The midshipman, a youth of about seventeen, formally surrendered his charge to the prior, in conformity to his orders, and was about to withdraw with his men; but the worthy ecclesiastic, who, being advised of the visit, had provided for their reception, would not hear of parting from them so early; and accordingly, after consigning the boat's crew to the care of the Cellararius, he invited their officer to a repast prepared for him in the room in which we were. The youngster, to the great delight of his hospitable host, did ample justice to fare with which it was seldom his good fortune to meet, except on those occasions—few and far between—on which he was required to pipe-clay his *weekly accounts*,* in

* *Weekly accounts* was the appellation for the two strips of white kerseymere worn on the collar of a midshipman's coat before the alteration in naval uniform, under which scarlet usurped the place of white.

order to a decent appearance as a guest at the captain's table.

While our nautical friends were enjoying themselves,—and the prior, be it recorded, had not forgotten the solitary tar left in charge of the boat,—the prior relieved the perplexity of Francisco, by explaining to him the favourable change which had been wrought in the sentiments of Pedro.

The old man did not long survive the union of his daughter with the man of her choice. He died, as the prior had apprehended he would do, with little warning; but, thanks to the worthy man's interference, with the satisfaction of seeing his child happy.

The trite proverb—though not the less true for its triteness—that “man proposes, but Heaven disposes,” was never more strikingly verified than in the case of the sub-prior, who lived not to succeed to the office which had been the object of his ambition. He has been dead these ten years, and the prior yet lives in the possession of all his faculties; and though the frost of age is on his brow, his heart is as warm as ever.

Among other lions to which the kindness of our friends conducted us, was the Freixo, an ancient mansion of a very remarkable style of architecture on the right bank of the Douro, at the distance of about two miles from Oporto. The great attraction of the place, however, is the splendid view which it commands, and which forms the subject of one of our embellishments. In the distance are the Serra convent and its aqueduct on one side of the river, and the Seminary on the other.

Our attention was attracted by the sight of two women, whose looks appeared to be directed towards the river; and on noticing the circumstance to our friend, he explained it by stating, that they were the wives of fishermen watching for the return of their husbands, whom it is their custom to relieve of the charge of their boats the instant that they touch the shore: thus, while the fishermen rest themselves after the fatigues of their expedition, their better halves attend to the disposal of their nets, etc.

Our friend related to us a story, connected with the locality, which we will venture to quote, under the title of

The Fisherman of the Douro.

The name of our hero was Antonio: he went by no other, but by that he was known on the banks of the Douro; there were many Antonios, but he was *the* Antonio. He was somewhat better and more compactly put together, if we may use the expression, than the generality of the Portuguese; and although he could not boast a much fairer complexion than usually falls to the lot of his countrymen, it was somewhat relieved by the dark hair which curled in profusion about his swarthy brows. He had an eye black as jet, but it was large and full, and, combined with a high and broad forehead, gave an expression of openness and honesty which at once created confidence.

Regarded professionally, he had a quick eye, a ready hand, and a stout heart, and was celebrated for the



Engraved by J. B. Allen

VILLA NOVA.

London. Published Oct. 28, 1846, by Robert Jennings & Co. 62, Chancery-lane.



skill and dexterity with which he managed his little craft; insomuch that, even in the fastidious judgment of the English sailors who frequented the port, he was rated a smart fellow; and was looked upon with a covetous eye by many a lieutenant of his Britannic Majesty's navy, who thought it a thousand pities that the energies of so fine a fellow were not displayed on the deck of a man-of-war, instead of in a washing-tub of a fishing-boat.

That man is born to die, is a truth which none can gainsay, and that he is also born to fall in love, is a maxim next in infallibility; thus Antonio fulfilled his destiny, and was married. If ever man had excuse for so rash a step, it was to be found in the mild eyes and sweet smile of Teresa. Antonio was a man without guile; he had no craft but that by which he gained his living,—to wit, his fishing-boat: he preferred his suit to the damsel, and was made happy.

Matrimony is, after all, the grand test of character; a man may glose his infirmities, or to speak in plainer terms, his sins to the world; but he cannot hide them long from his wife, and she will be very happy or, whatever face her good sense may induce her to put upon the matter, very miserable, according as she has drawn a prize or a blank in the great lottery. Teresa's ticket came up a prize. Neither is there any thing like matrimony for bringing out a man's energies, be they those of the mind or the hand; the feeling that the support and the happiness, as far as that may be within human control, of another are committed to his charge, will rouse into

action powers which have hitherto been dormant, and of which, it may be, he was unconscious; and as he will become a more useful, so will he be, if his mind be rightly constituted, a better man for the exertion of them. Thus was it with Antonio; and on occasions when, before he incurred the responsibilities of a husband, his little bark would have been "high and dry" upon the beach, it was breasting the billow at the mouth of the Douro.

Weeks, months, a year passed away, and Antonio, if he did not increase in riches, acquired an additional title—that of parent, and he was the happiest fisherman in the universe. It was about a month after this acquisition that, on a remarkably unpromising day, Antonio, with six adventurous comrades, put their little barks to sea, in a state of weather which the majority of the fishermen of the Douro, prudently perhaps, declined to face. Teresa, anxious throughout the day,—the most wearisome she had ever spent,—repaired at evening to the "look out" from the Freixo, an hour before the return of the little fleet could be reckoned upon. That hour wore heavily away, and then another; at last a sail hove in sight,—it was not Antonio's; a second, a third, and so on, until she had counted six, but her husband's was not of the number. She continued to watch with an anxiety which every moment increased, until at length, unable longer to contain herself, she rushed down to the bank of the river to inquire if any of the returned fishermen had tidings of her husband. She approached one, and then another, but they all avoided

her,—they who would, under other circumstances, have gone some furlongs out of their way for a smile from the pretty Teresa.

Then her heart sank within her, and, as the Scripture saith, which hath a phrase and, blessed be God! a balm for every human suffering, “an horrible dread overwhelmed” her. At last came the fatal truth, and with it came the shriek of agony and the fixed look of despair, and that utter prostration of the spirit which none can conceive but they who have seen the gulph of the grave suddenly open between them and those they best loved on earth. O! if there be a picture of desolation on which we gaze with more anguish of heart than another, it is the widow! Man, whatever may be the intensity of his grief, is, in most instances, prevented from brooding over it by the bustle of the world into which he is of necessity flung; and though “honour’s voice” cannot “provoke the silent dust,” it is still music to the ears of living clay, and the “noble infirmity” of ambition may beguile the softest heart of its sorrows. But to the majority of women the path of ambition is closed; and it is well that it is so, since few of them tread in its briery paths, without losing much of the bloom which constitutes the chief charm of the feminine character.

The account brought by the fishermen who had accompanied Antonio was, that he had ventured further to sea than the rest; that a violent squall had come on, and that his little bark had been capsized in sight of them all; that, from the fury of the tempest, they had been unable to render him any succour, but that

when its rage had somewhat abated, one of the boldest ventured to the spot, and found the boat keel uppermost on the wide ocean.

Teresa, however, was not quite alone; there was yet left to her her child, and while she had something to love, the world was not all a blank to her. True it was, that she had to work for the subsistence of herself and her orphan babe, and the harvest of her labour was scant; but the deficiency was made up by the kindness of those neighbours who regulated their alms by the pious maxim, that "he who giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord." Thus it was, that notwithstanding her adverse circumstances, she was still enabled to keep, not only the house over her head, but the gaunt wolf from the door.

It was at the close of one of those lovely days with which Portugal is so abundantly blessed, that Teresa, the labour of the day being over, was sitting in her cottage, with no other companionship than that of her sleeping babe and her own melancholy thoughts. Her dwelling was at some little distance from the village, and removed a few paces from the common path; so that she was startled by the approach of footsteps at that hour of the evening, for it was growing dusk. She looked from the window, and, by the imperfect light, perceived a person in the trim dress of an English sailor approaching the door, which she, instinctively as it were, immediately fastened; and had scarcely done so before an attempt was made, on the outside, to open it. Aware that the door was incapable of resisting much violence, and feeling the utter

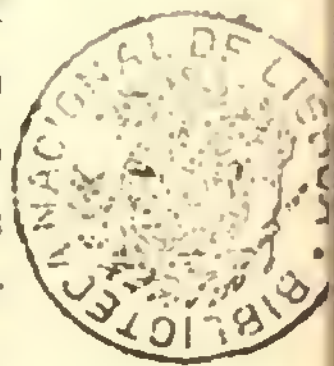
helplessness of her situation, she sunk into a chair almost paralysed by fear.

“Teresa!” exclaimed a voice. Was that voice from the grave? First came a superstitious fear over her spirit; then passed over it a gleam of reviving hope, and then the cold damp of doubt, until her name was again uttered by the same voice: the door suddenly flew open, and Antonio stood before her!

The reader will imagine the rest of the scene, but may desire to know the manner of the poor fisherman's deliverance. It was true that his little craft had been capsized in the storm, and that so suddenly, that he was scarcely aware of the fact, until he found himself struggling among the waves. By dint of great exertion he contrived to regain his boat, but was unable to right her. After some difficulty he managed, as his only chance of immediate safety, to mount upon her keel; where he remained for a considerable time, making signals to his comrades, whose attention, however, he could not succeed in attracting.

At length, an English brig descried him, and, at considerable hazard, bore down to his relief. To lower a boat in such a sea, would have been but a wanton sacrifice of life; and thus all they could do was to fling him a rope, of which he made such good use, that he was speedily upon the deck of the brig.

No sooner was he safe from the peril of drowning, than his thoughts reverted to Teresa, and to the agony which his absence would occasion to her. The captain of the brig, however, in reply to his frantic supplications to be set on shore, represented to him



the impossibility of compliance, and that there was nothing left for him but to make the voyage to England, and get back to Portugal as well as he could.

It happened that the passage was a remarkably rough one; and the vessel, as is too frequently the case, being but shortly manned, the activity of Antonio was often called into requisition and was duly appreciated, not only by the captain, but by the only passenger, a merchant of London, who had chartered the ship, and having been at Oporto on a visit of business, took that opportunity of returning to England.

The vessel arrived at Gravesend, where the merchant had Antonio called aft, and told him that he had heard his story, by which he had been greatly interested, and moreover felt personally indebted to him for his exertions, to which he in some degree attributed, under Providence, the safety of the ship; that he would take upon himself to procure him a free passage back to Oporto; but as several days might possibly elapse before he could accomplish this, and as Antonio's scanty knowledge of the language and entire ignorance of the customs of the country might expose him to inconvenience if left alone in the great metropolis, he offered him what he called the "run of his house" until he could find him a ship.

Antonio was sufficiently alive to the advantages of such an offer to embrace it immediately, which he did with expressions of the sincerest gratitude; and in the course of the next six hours, found himself comfortably installed in the servants' hall of one of the most opulent merchants in the city of London.

The worthy merchant's kindness did not stop here; for, willing that his humble guest should see as many of the lions of the metropolis as possible during his short stay, he committed him to the ciceroneship of his butler, whom he also commissioned to make such a metamorphosis in Antonio's outward man, as would render him a less conspicuous object "to fix the gaze of idiot wonder," than he would have been in the garb of a Portuguese fisherman. The said butler had a kind heart, but withal an eye to his own dignity; and accordingly, when he took him to the shop of an *outfitter*,—so called because they are usually out in their fitting,—he took especial care to rig him in a jacket and trousers of superfine blue cloth, of a fancy cut, such as were worn by old Incedon when he sang *The Storm* on the boards of Drury-lane.

Nor were the cares of the butler thrown away upon Antonio, who, independently of his handsome face and fine figure, was, unlike his countrymen, naturally of tidy habits, and looked the *beau idéal* of a sailor. Indeed, it is perhaps well that his sojourn in the merchant's family was not prolonged, for he became such a huge favourite among the females of the establishment, that had he not left a wife in Portugal, he might have suited himself to his heart's content in England: but alas! the recollection of poor Teresa, whom he justly pictured in despair for his loss, was a sad drawback upon the pleasure he derived from the novelties which London presents to the eye of a foreigner.

He saw the Bank, and the Royal Exchange, and the Monument, and Piccock's, St. Paul's, and the rich

Rothschild, and, sight of sights! the Lord Mayor's coach, and the Tower, and Westminster Abbey, and, in fact, every accessible lion in London. Among other gratifications, and not the least of them, was a visit to the merchant's country-house, where he had an opportunity of witnessing rural life in England; which, however it may be the fashion to decry it in these days of emigration, must to the eye of a foreigner, of whatever condition, present a striking contrast to the filth and wretchedness one sees abroad.

A gentleman, not less distinguished by his genius than his rank in society, once mentioned to the writer, that while travelling on the continent, some years since, he heard most appalling accounts of the English peasantry, who were represented to him as ripe for rebellion. "But," said he, "when I crossed the Channel, and saw the cottagers' windows glazed, I knew it was all right. These fellows, thought I, will not throw stones, lest their own windows should suffer in the *mélée*."

The merchant was as good as his word in every particular, and Antonio had not been in England a fortnight, before a passage for Oporto was secured for him; and he departed for his native land laden with favours, and particularly with presents for Teresa and his little girl, from the lovely daughters of his generous host.

How true is it, that when relieved from greater evils, the mind dwells upon minor ones! Thus it was that Teresa, now that her husband was restored to her, and that, as it were, from the grave, began

to bewail the loss of the gallant craft, and to express her apprehensions as to their future means of subsistence.

Antonio, with a smile at her fears, drew from his pocket a paper, saying, "The kind Englishman has provided against that: see, here is that which will build me the finest boat on the Douro."

When our friend had finished his story, we accompanied him on a visit to the dwelling of the hero of it, and our national predilections were highly gratified by observing, in the neatness and order that pervaded it, that Antonio had profited by his visit to the villages of England. Indeed, so far had his prejudices been overcome by his reception in a land of strangers, that, we are informed, he has had something like a quarrel with his priest, for presuming to doubt that all heretics must infallibly go to the place not to be mentioned in ears polite.

We could glean little authentic information as to the origin of the Freixo, but it is generally believed to have been built by an Englishman. It is an old, rambling sort of building, of a peculiar style of architecture, and the material is stone. It is at present uninhabited. The decoration of the interior, however, appears to have been a work of great care and cost. The grounds also exhibit the like attention to the ornamental,—statues, grottoes, etc. etc. being liberally scattered about the gardens attached to the edifice, although the hand of neglect and consequent decay is visible throughout. A merchant with whom we were

acquainted while at Oporto, was desirous of purchasing this property, with a view of converting it into a country residence; but on investigation, it turned out that no secure title could be given to the buyer,—a circumstance which has doubtless caused it to remain so long untenanted.

During our stay at Oporto we made an excursion to Villa do Conde, for which place we started at three o'clock in the morning with our excellent friend F—, whose amiable and beautiful wife had provided us with all sorts of good things for our refreshment; since to have calculated on the chances of what the inn at that place might afford, was too hazardous a speculation to be ventured upon. Accordingly we set out well mounted, and attended by John on a sumpter mule, and a guide. Our journey was marked by little of interest, either as regarded incident or scenery, the latter being dull, and the roads made disagreeable by dust.

At half past eight we arrived at Villa do Conde, and after dispatching some of the good things provided by the hospitality of Mrs. F—, we sallied forth in search of the picturesque. The bridge by which we crossed into the town is a wooden one, a very poor affair, and of recent erection; the former one, which was of stone, having been carried away by a flood, and the fragments scattered in all directions. Judging, however, by what remains of the piers, we should suppose that the stone structure was a handsome and substantial one. The river has a lively appearance from the fishing-boats with which the harbour abounds.

The principal object of curiosity at Villa do Conde is the royal nunnery of Santa Clara. The building is extensive, and is advantageously placed on a height, immediately above the old bridge. Costigan speaks of it as being, in his time, the refuge of some of the "best female blood" of the province; the nobility of which were so poor, that, not being able to marry their daughters according to their rank, they protected themselves from the disgrace of an unworthy alliance, by shutting up their children in this convent, without any regard to their inclinations.

The aqueduct, which Costigan describes as bringing a stream of fine water to the convent from the mountains, at a distance of about seven miles, owes its origin to an act of such questionable honesty as would have cost a modern general, not merely his laurels, but his life. At the time when the Spaniards were driven out of Portugal, and the Duke of Braganza was proclaimed king, the general who had the charge of the province had a sister, the lady-abbess of the convent of Santa Clara, which at that period was suffering greatly from the want of water. Preferring the convenience of his relative to the service of his king, this general, while raising recruits for his army by a mode similar to that of conscription, gave those upon whom the lot unhappily fell, the option of working upon the aqueduct for a stipulated period, which was to be held an equivalent for military service. The result was, that the piety of the young men of the country prevailed over their martial ardour; the army remained a skeleton, and the aqueduct was completed in an incredibly short space

of time, with little expense either to the general or the convent.

The exterior architecture of the convent has been much admired, although we were not so struck with its beauty as other travellers who have visited and described it. The interior is decorated with much carving, and is in some parts richly gilt. There are also some tombs and monumental effigies which are curious, particularly those of the founder, Don Alfonso, and his wife.

The revenues of this convent were once very considerable, though doubtless it has suffered in common with other establishments of the same kind. During our visit, some of the nuns appeared at the grating; we took off our hats, and the sisters returned our salutation by kissing their hands.

On returning to our hotel we were shown into a large room, which contained four doors, each opening into a small bed-chamber, and bearing an inscription: No. 1, for instance, contained a small bed, the inscription over the door being Obediencia. Over No. 2, containing two beds, was written Prudencia, Memoria. No. 3 held a small bed, with a chair for an attendant, and over the door was Humildade. No. 4, bearing the inscription Paz, contained a good-sized bed. We were favoured with an explanation of the enigma, but as it was not particularly edifying, and we have some doubts of its correctness, we will not trouble our readers with the story. It is probable, that the inscriptions were used to distinguish the rooms, as in English inns apartments are known by the names of the "Lion," etc.

We had reason to congratulate ourselves on having come provided with refreshments, for without them we should have fared badly; to say nothing of our escape from the execrable cookery of all Portuguese inns. By the way, we would recommend travellers, who may happen to be reduced to the necessity of submitting to the abomination of Portuguese cooks, never to visit the kitchen, or to make any inquiries as to the processes there adopted, for in no case can the maxim better apply,

“Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.”

The object of our visit to Oporto having been accomplished, we began to make preparations for the prosecution of our tour. Unacquainted with the manners of the country, and not always successful in making ourselves understood by the natives, our first care was to engage a servant who would supply our deficiencies, as far as they could be met by such means. We were very fortunate in having recommended to us a Portuguese, who had been in the service of a British officer during the Peninsular campaign of the Duke of Wellington, and who had also visited England. He spoke English with almost as much facility as he did Portuguese, and was familiar with the habits of our countrymen. We believe it is a maxim with some, that confidence begets fidelity, and we had no cause to regret having acted upon it on this occasion. We called him into our presence, while the gentleman who recommended him was with us at our hotel, and asked him the amount of remuneration which he would expect. He named twelve crusado novos per month,

to which we instantly agreed; adding, that as we must necessarily confide, not only our personal comfort, but our property, in a great degree, to his fidelity, we would double his allowance if, at the expiration of his service, we had no reason to be dissatisfied with him. As matters turned out we could not, had we searched Portugal through, have met with a man better fitted to our purpose. He was diligent, respectful, sober, and honest. With a great admiration of English manners and habits, he exhibited a nervous anxiety, upon all occasions, to hide the faults of his countrymen, which his visit to England had rendered more palpable to him than they had previously been. The contrast between the English and Portuguese, particularly those of the provinces, is in no instance so apparent as in the matter of cleanliness; and on the many occasions on which we had to complain to him on the subject, his uniform answer was a shrug of the shoulders and the remark, that not having witnessed the comfort of cleanliness as displayed in England, they were not aware of their culpability.

Previously to our quitting our own country, we had been kindly warned by a friend of the inconveniences we were likely to encounter; and accordingly provided against them as well as circumstances would permit, and in a manner which we will note for the benefit of those who may contemplate a provincial tour in Portugal, the increased facilities of communication with which country will doubtless tempt many a traveller from the shores of "merry England."

We provided ourselves with a brass bedstead, and

bedding; cooking utensils, which, unless a man desire to be poisoned by the atrocities of Portuguese cooks, are indispensable; a good supply of coffee, tea, rice, and brandy; for with regard to the three first, if the traveller have them not, he will often go without a meal; and as to the *eau de vie*, he will find it, when mixed with water, infinitely preferable to the miserable wine of the country.

Another particular in which it behoves the traveller to be careful, is the choice of his mules, as well as his muleteer. Three mules, one for himself, another for his servant, and a third for the owner, will be the least number he will require; and with judgment, the baggage may be so distributed as not to inconvenience the animals or their riders. We were tolerably fortunate, both in our muleteer and his cattle; but it required no little exertion, as well as determination on our parts, to induce the fellow to perform a reasonable day's journey. Often, after riding on a-head of the party, have we been compelled to turn back to quicken the movements of our followers, whom we frequently found asleep upon their mules.

CHAPTER IV.

COIMBRA.

Departure from Oporto — Albergaria — Sardao — Coimbra — Its University—Prior of St. Bento—Bridge—Santa Clara—Santa Cruz—Marvellous Fountain—Sieges of Coimbra; by Ferdinand of Navarre; by the Moors; by Alfonso—Loyalty of the Governor, Martin de Freitas—Battle of Busaco—Anecdote of a Portuguese Peasant-girl—Curiosities of Portuguese Literature—Memoir of Murphy—The old Cathedral.

LEAVING Oporto, we proceeded towards Coimbra by way of Oliveira, and reached Albergaria the first day, where we slept. The country through which we passed was well cultivated. The mountains in the distance, and which were in sight the whole of the way, were singularly picturesque. At three o'clock the next morning we pursued our journey. The country about Sardao is remarkably beautiful, presenting an interesting variety of hill and dale, well watered, and abounding in Indian corn. Coimbra is not seen to advantage from the road by which we approached it; but the view of the city from the hills on the south is remarkably fine.

The city of Coimbra is built on the side of a hill, at the foot of which flows the river Mondego. It is a

bishop's see, and was formerly the seat of that dreaded tribunal, the Inquisition. In this city the Jesuits once had one of the finest colleges which their order could boast; but, on the suppression of the society in Portugal, their college and other possessions were applied to the uses of the university, which, indeed, is now the principal object of interest at Coimbra. It was instituted by King Denis, who removed the seat of learning thither from Lisbon in 1306. It was subsequently restored to Lisbon, whence it was again transferred to Coimbra in 1527, by John III. The university is also under great obligations to the Marquis of Pombal, who made several wholesome reforms in its constitution, and added to the studies previously pursued there, those of mathematics and natural philosophy. Mr. Kinsey informs us, that the number of academical students, at the time of his visit in 1827, was about twelve hundred, and that the charge for board and lodging is from two to three pounds per month; so that the whole of the expenses incurred during eight or nine months' attendance on lectures, need not exceed thirty pounds. He adds, that the professors' chairs are numerous, the lectures, for the most part, gratuitously open to the students, and that the university is admirably provided with the apparatus necessary in the various schools of science. Mr. Kinsey speaks of the public library, consisting of three large saloons, as being filled with ancient books, but very deficient in modern literature; and gives the preference to the library of the convent of the Benedictines, as possessing a more extensive collection, including more

modern works. Rhys speaks of the university as, in his time, (1749,) consisting of sixteen colleges, with fifty professors, and about three thousand students; and the revenues as amounting to 40,000*l.* per annum. In the museum it would seem that there is little worthy of notice but the collection of shells and minerals, which are said to be extensive and well arranged. Murphy refers to an excellent botanical collection in his time.

Murphy, in his "Manuscript Journal," says, that on his arrival at Coimbra, he waited on the prior of the convent of St. Bento, whom he describes as being seated in the centre of a room, and wrapped up in a large black cloak. He understood no language but his own, and seemed not particularly to relish the visit. "His head," says Murphy, "was round as a sphere, and his body short and thick; 'twas hard to say whether his reverence moved in a horizontal or vertical direction. The plump features of his face pronounced him a man who never perplexed his brains in the intricate mazes of science; good eating and drinking, and the easy stupefaction of his bed, or two-arm chair, seemed to engross his whole attention." The worthy prior, however, deputed two young students to show him the lions of Coimbra. The museum, according to his account, was not particularly rich in curiosities; the principal ones mentioned by him being "a small wolf, a cock with three legs, an eel ten feet long, a horn of a unicorn, and an elephant's tooth, twisted like a French horn, measuring five feet ten inches."

At the time of our visit to Coimbra, the convent of St. Bento had been converted into public offices; the poor monks having been thrust forth upon the wide world.

Murphy, speaking of the site of Coimbra, says,—
“There is not as much level ground to be found in Portugal as would serve to build a small town on. Coimbra is about as rocky as Oporto; in either place 'tis impossible for old or gouty people to walk. Such mountains and barren rocks are only fit for the residence of goats; neither coach nor chaise is to be found in either place; 'tis impossible that any quadruped could keep its legs in such steep precipices, except that hardy animal the mule, which nature has formed to this barren soil.”

The bridge, it is supposed, is the third which has been built, and that under it are two others, which have been successively buried in the accumulating sands; and even now, in the winter, the water occasionally overflows the bridge. Rhys speaks of the bridge as being particularly grand. “It was first built,” he says, “by Alonso Enriquez in 1132, and rebuilt by his son Sancho in 1210. It consists of twenty-nine arches; over which is raised another row, by means of which the people cross the river under cover.” This would seem to bear out the theory of the three bridges, and show that Rhys saw two of them.

The convent of Santa Clara is an object of great interest; it is a beautiful structure, but of comparatively modern date, the ancient one being almost buried in the sands. Rhys states the original convent

to have been founded by Queen Isabella, who was interred there in a richly carved monument; the whole having been enclosed by a balustrade of silver.

Santa Cruz is another large monastery at Coimbra, in the lower part of the city; but Mr. Kinsey states it is more remarkable from its containing the ashes of Alfonso Henriques and Sancho I., than for any architectural beauty.

Rhys has a somewhat marvellous story of a fountain near Coimbra, to the north-west. It is called Fervenças, and, says our authority, "though it is no more than one foot in depth, swallows up every thing that is thrown into it, as trees, animals, etc. And besides other experiments, which people are continually making, King John the Third, in the sixteenth century, ordered a horse to be put into it, and it sunk down insensibly, and was soon gone so far, that they had the utmost difficulty to get it out again. A few years after that, Cardinal Henry ordered the trunk of a large tree to be pitched upright in it, which, in a little time, entirely disappeared."

Coimbra has figured very conspicuously in the military annals of Portugal, and has been the scene of some severe conflicts. As early as the year 1063, when in possession of the Moors, it was besieged by Ferdinand of Navarre, at the instigation of two monks of Lorvan, who informed him that the city was badly provisioned, and worse garrisoned. However, it cost him seven months' investment; during which provisions grew so scarce, that Ferdinand was about to raise the siege, when the monks of the monastery of



Engraved by J. A. ...

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COIMBRA.



Lorvan supplied him so plentifully, that on the city being taken, he, willing to show his gratitude for their aid and advice, desired them to name a boon, which they modestly restricted to a request for a church in the city. The king's generosity, however, so greatly exceeded the expectations of the monks, that they acknowledged his bounty by presenting him with a crown of gold, which a certain Count Gonzalvo Moniz had offered to their church.

In the year 1109, we find Coimbra again besieged in turn by the Moors, under King Ali Haben Joseph, who, with a numerous army, battered it with great vigour for a month; when Henry Earl of Portugal, marching to the relief of the city, overthrew the Moors, who suffered most severely in the conflict.

About the year 1136, it was once more invested by the Moors under Eujuni, whose army is said to have amounted to 300,000 fighting men, and to have covered all the plains around the city. An arm, however, more powerful than that of man, in this instance, wrought the deliverance of the city; for the plague broke out in the Moors' army, and compelled them to break up the siege, and to retire with a fearful diminution of their forces.

In the year 1248, we find this notable city defended by Martin de Freitas against Alfonso, then regent, but who afterwards assumed the sovereignty of Portugal. The siege was a long and most obstinate one; the governor, Freitas, not acknowledging the regent, who had deposed his brother Sancho the Second. At length, the news of the latter's death having reached Coimbra,

the governor demanded a truce, in order that he might ascertain the accuracy of the rumour. Accordingly, proceeding to Toledo, he caused the grave of Sancho to be opened, and having satisfied himself by a sight of the corpse, he deposited upon it the keys of the city of Coimbra: he then asked leave of the inanimate body to present them to his brother the regent, and interpreting silence into acquiescence, resumed them, and returning to Coimbra, opened the gates to Alfonso. The latter was so struck by the loyalty and gallantry of Freitas, that he not only confirmed him in the governorship of the city, without exacting homage, but extended the privilege to his heirs. Freitas, however, for some cause, referable perhaps to his loyalty to the deceased Sancho, not only refused to accept the boon, but laid his curse upon such of his heirs, to the fourth generation, as should take advantage of the grant.

In the latter part of the sixteenth century, Antony, the grand-prior of Crato, or the order of Malta, took refuge in Coimbra, where he fortified himself with 5000 men; but finally retired from it before a superior force.

The vicinity of Coimbra, in modern times too, has been the scene of much bloodshed and many gallant deeds, in which England has reaped not a few of her imperishable laurels. It was in the vicinity of Coimbra that the valour of the British soldier was conspicuously displayed: we allude to the battle of Busaco, in which the Portuguese troops so well supported their allies, as to draw the following encomium from the first soldier in the world. "This movement,"

writes Wellington, in his despatch to Lord Liverpool, "has afforded me the favourable opportunity of showing the enemy the description of troops of which this army is composed; it has brought the Portuguese lines into action with the enemy, for the first time, in an advantageous situation; and they have proved that the trouble which has been taken with them has not been thrown away, and that they are worthy of contending in the same ranks with British troops in this interesting cause, which they afford the best hopes of saving."

It would scarcely be fair to yield to our inclination to give the whole of the gallant Napier's details of this battle; but we cannot forbear quoting one or two passages, which we do, not so much for the purpose of illustrating our subject, as on account of the sparkling beauty and vigour of his style.

"Ross's guns were worked with incredible quickness, yet their range was palpably contracted every round; and *the enemy's shot came singing up in a sharper key*, until the skirmishers, breathless and begrimed with powder, rushed over the edge of the ascent, when the artillery suddenly drew back, and the victorious cries of the French were heard within a few yards of the summit. Crawford, who, standing alone on one of the rocks, had been intently watching the progress of the attack, then turned, and in a quick shrill tone, desired the two regiments in reserve to charge. The next moment a horrid shout startled the French column; and eighteen hundred British bayonets *went sparkling over the brow of the hill*. Yet,"

continues the writer, paying the tribute which the brave man ever delights to accord to a gallant foe, "so truly brave and hardy were the leaders of the enemy, that each man of the first section raised his musket, and two officers and ten soldiers fell before them. Not a Frenchman had missed his mark! They could do no more. The head of their column was violently overturned and driven upon the rear; both flanks were lapped over by the English wings, and three terrible discharges at five yards distance completed the rout. *In a few minutes a long trail of carcasses and broken arms indicated the line of retreat.*"

We conceive this description to be *perfect*, and the passages which we have put in Italics, *poetry* of no common order; although, perhaps, the gallant historian may not thank us for the compliment, which we cannot help paying to genius in whatever shape we may find it. One more quotation from the same author, with reference to the battle of Busaco, and we will take our reluctant leave of him.

"Meanwhile an affecting incident, contrasting strongly with the savage character of the preceding events, added to the interest of the day. A poor orphan Portuguese girl, about seventeen years of age and very handsome, was seen coming down the mountain, and driving an ass loaded with all her property through the midst of the French army. She had abandoned her dwelling in obedience to the proclamation, and now passed over the field of battle, with a childish simplicity, totally unconscious of her peril-

ous situation, and scarcely understanding which were the hostile and which the friendly troops; for no man on either side was so brutal as to molest her."

While on the subject of Coimbra, which, as a seat of learning, has been styled the Oxford of Portugal, a brief notice of some of the writers of that nation may not be unacceptable or uninteresting to our readers, presenting, as it will, some

CURIOSITIES OF PORTUGUESE LITERATURE.

FRANCISCO DE MACEDO. He was born at Coimbra in 1596, and, very early in life, joined the society of Jesuits, which, however, he abandoned a few years after for the order of St. Francis. He wrote largely in defence of the Duke of Braganza's right to the throne of Portugal, and, in consequence it is presumed, was attached to the embassy from that prince to the courts of England and France. His attainments, if Leti is to be believed, were of no ordinary kind. He spoke twenty-two languages; and had distinguished himself as a poet, orator, historian, philosopher, and divine. He delivered sixty discourses in Latin, and thirty-two funeral orations; doubtless to the great edification of his auditors. Of his writings, our authority informs us, there were extant forty-eight poems, whether long or short is not stated; one hundred and twenty-three eulogies, which, if one-half of them were deserved, speak eloquently for the virtues of his age; one hundred and fifty epitaphs; two hundred and twelve epistles dedicatory; and more than two thousand epigrams, sufficient, one

would think, to gain for him the title of the Martial of Portugal. He appears also to have been distinguished as a dramatic writer; nay, he would seem to have been the Farley of his day, and to have perpetrated pantomime as well as tragedy; for it was said of his theatrical pieces, that he pleased the deaf as well as the blind.

It is related of Macedo, that while at Venice he "maintained a thesis" before the proctor of St. Mark, and the senators and nobles of that city, during three days, "upon every subject," (*de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*); and although the doctors and masters of all the orders interrogated and tried him with innumerable questions and arguments, he answered all to their satisfaction.

He was called to Rome, where he was made professor of polemical divinity in the Propaganda college, and of ecclesiastical history in another, and finally, censor of the holy office. He died at Padua, at the advanced age of eighty-five, or, according to some, eighty-eight.

FRANCISCO MANUEL DE MELLO. His motto would seem to have been, "*Arma cedunt togæ*," for, although for many years he held a distinguished rank in the Portuguese army, he found time to write not less than fifty-nine works, the titles of some of which are curious. I take a few of them: "Advice to Married People:" "The Satyrist in Love, a Comedy:" "The Impossible, a Tragedy:" "Apologies for Idleness:" "A Treatise on True Friendship:" "Manifestoes on Royal Assassination:" "Moral Dialogues

of Speaking Watches :” “ The Avaricious Counting-House :” and, proving that punning is confined to neither age nor language, “ The Fair of Punsters :” lastly, “ The Busy Body, a Farce :” and “ The Art of Letter Writing ;” which last two, not less than the fact of his having instituted a sort of club of Odd Fellows, called the *Singulares*, consisting of “ all the wits and eccentric characters of the nation,” who were wont to assemble at his house, prove that there is nothing new under the sun.

BERNARDINO RIBEIRO. Being of an ancient and honourable family, he was, according to the custom of the time, received as a pensioner, at a very early age, at the court of King Emanuel, in consideration of the services of his ancestors. He was a writer of considerable originality and imagination ; insomuch, that his work called *Desideratum* was greatly eulogized by Camoens, “ for its variety of singular metaphors, and rapid succession of original sentiments.”

His story is a somewhat romantic one ; for, encouraged by the encomiums bestowed upon his verses by Donna Beatrice, the second daughter of his sovereign, he became desperately enamoured of her ; and on her marriage with Charles Duke of Savoy, he abandoned himself to melancholy and solitude in the most bleak and unfrequented part of Cintra. After some time, however, he was induced by his friends to travel, and accordingly set out for Rome ; on his return from which city he passed through Savoy, where, encountering the object of his passion, he supplicated for charity. The duchess recognised her former admirer,

and, being much affected by his appearance, presented him with a piece of gold, and exhorted him to return to his friends. Whether it was that the duchess had no wish to be further troubled by the love-stricken poet, or that the duke thought his absence desirable, is not stated; but certain it is, that poor Ribeiro received a preremptory order, on the following morning, to quit Savoy without delay. He thereupon returned to Lisbon, and shortly afterwards died.

AUGUSTIN BARBOSA: a very learned man, and a native of Guimaraens, who seems not to have escaped the common lot of authors; for we gather from John Victor Rossi, that Barbosa was so poor, that he had but one meal in four-and-twenty hours. Notwithstanding the abject state of penury in which he lived, the *furor scribendi* was strong within him; for he wrote several books, and not having a library of his own, he spent his days in booksellers' shops, and his nights in composition. Although his biographer greatly commends his piety, as well as his learning, he with much simplicity records an anecdote which renders Barbosa's honesty more than questionable. Barbosa's servant having been despatched to market to buy fish, returned with a small trout wrapped up in a leaf of manuscript, which his master found to be part of a work treating upon some abstruse point of canon law. He accordingly repaired to the fishmonger, and obtained from him the remainder of the work, which the pious man published *as his own*, under the title of *Officia Episcopi*. From Rome he passed to Madrid, but without improving his fortunes; until, at length, says

his biographer, "his learning and *piety* recommended him to Philip IV., who preferred him to the bishopric of Ugento in Otranto, where he died, much regretted by his flock, in the year 1649."

SEBASTIAN DA ROCHA PITTA: the author of a history of Brazil, from its discovery in 1500 to 1724, flourished in the reign of John V., and was chiefly remarkable for his inflated and grandiloquent style of composition.

RAPHAEL BLUTEAU was a priest, and, although a Frenchman, Portugal was the theatre of his literary career. He appears to have written with facility in Latin and Spanish, as well as in his native language, but is chiefly celebrated as a lexicographer, having published a Portuguese and Latin Dictionary in eight thick quarto volumes. In his introduction to this work he remarks, that it is customary with writers to give but one preface to a book, as if, he sagely argues, there were but one class of readers in the world; and therefore, disdaining their example, he graces his dictionary with ten prefaces, addressed, respectively, to the "Benevolent Reader;" the "Malevolent Reader;" the "Impatient Reader;" the "Portuguese Reader;" the "Foreign Reader;" the "Learned Reader;" the "Ignorant Reader;" the "Undiscerning Reader;" the "Impertinent Reader;" the "Futile," and "Unpleasant Reader." Nor is the title to his work less curious, or even unworthy of these days of the march of intellect. We will transcribe it. "VOCABULAIRE *Aulique—Architectonique—Bellique—Brasilique—Comique — Chimique — Dogmatique — Dendrolo-*

gique — Ecclesiastique — Economique — Floriferique — Fructiferique — Geographique — Gnomonique — Homonimique — Hieroglogique — Ictyologique — Isagogique — Laconique — Lithologique — Meteorologique — Neoterique — Orthographique — Ornithologique — Poetique — Philologique — Quidditativique — Rustique — Symbolique — Syllabique — Theologique — Therapeutique — Technologique — Uranologique — Zenophonique — Zoologique.”

JOHN DE BARROS: one of the most distinguished of the Portuguese historians, and author of the *Decades of Asia*. His statue was placed in the Vatican by Pope Pius IV., and another statue of him was erected in the mausoleum of illustrious persons at Venice. These posthumous honours are, alas! no evidence of the encouragement afforded to him in his life time. He died in 1570.

JOHN RODRIGUES DE SA' DE MENEZES: a soldier and a statesman as well as a scholar, having been high in authority under five sovereigns; namely, Alfonso V., John II., Emanuel, John III., and Sebastian, each of whom he served faithfully. Among his literary productions, is a collection of poems on the genealogy of the principal families of Portugal. He appears to have been a bold as well as a faithful councillor; for when Sebastian was about to embark in the expedition to Africa, which terminated so fatally in his death, Menezes strongly remonstrated against the measure, as threatening the extinction of the Portuguese monarchy in Africa; and recommended the king, if he persisted in the undertaking, to carry thither, among the equip-

ments of the army, a bier and a shroud, “in order to give the nation a decent interment in that unhallowed land.” The indignant and ungracious reply of the young monarch was, “I once thought you a brave man; but age has chilled your blood, and degenerated you into a coward. How old art thou, Cavalier de Menezes?”—“In your majesty’s council,” was the firm and dignified rejoinder, “I am upwards of five score years; but in the field of battle, where I am determined to fight under your banners till the last, your majesty will scarcely think me thirty.”

Menezes died in 1579, at the great age of 115, having lived in the reigns of six sovereigns of Portugal.

GARCIA DE ORTA: a physician and naturalist, of great celebrity in the sixteenth century. After having attained the highest academic honours at Alcala and Salamanca, he returned to practise medicine in Portugal, his native country. He visited India, and spent thirty years in cultivating the science of medical botany, and published the result of his investigations at Goa in 1563.

LUIS DE CAMOENS: *the* poet, par excellence, of Portugal; for the honour of giving birth to whom, as in the instance of Homer, several towns contend. Lisbon, however, is supposed to have the just title to that distinction, while Coimbra has the honour of numbering him among her students. He was the son of Simon de Camoens, the master of a trading vessel, in which he was cast away, and, with the greater portion of his fortune, was lost. With the genius of poetry, he appears to have possessed no ordinary share of its

romance. His handsome person, good humour, and accomplishments, gave him a passport to the best society in Lisbon; where it was the custom, as in Spain and other countries, for the youth to indulge their mistresses with nocturnal serenades. Camoens suffered severely for following the fashion; for having been detected in paying his devoirs, in this manner, to a lady of high rank, her relatives took the matter so much in dudgeon, that he received an order on the following morning to quit Lisbon; and from this circumstance the misfortunes of this hapless son of genius may be dated.

Thus banished, he sought an asylum among his mother's family at Santarem; where, resuming his studies, he first conceived the idea of writing a poem on the discovery of India by Vasco de Gama. He seems soon to have grown weary of a life of inaction, and accordingly, embracing the profession of arms, embarked with a body of troops for Africa, then the seat of war. The vessel in which he proceeded thither was attacked by a Moorish galley of greatly superior force; but after a most desperate battle, in which the poet signalized himself by deeds of the most daring valour, the Crescent yielded to the Cross, and Camoens, with the loss of an eye sustained in the engagement, landed in Africa, where he gave additional proofs of his courage and prowess. It is said of him, that he had no sooner sheathed his sword after a victory, than he took up the pen to celebrate the deeds of his companions in arms, but forgot his own. His valour, however, met with no better reward from his superior

officers than permission to return to Lisbon; the reason assigned for their neglect of his services being a fear of giving offence to his enemies in that city by promoting him to higher honours. He spent some time in fruitless endeavours to obtain a reward for his services from the court of Lisbon, and at last, bankrupt in patience as well as in pecuniary resources, he embarked, a voluntary exile for India, in 1553, and, as it appears, with a determination never to return, for on leaving the Tagus he was heard to exclaim, *Ingrata patria, non possidebis ossa mea!*

Having joined the Portuguese army in India as a gentleman volunteer, he served in many expeditions against the native princes, and was subsequently employed in a diplomatic character; and after having in this capacity visited many parts of India and China, he was appointed to some office in Macao, where, in comparative ease, he composed the greater part of his *Lusiad*. He was shipwrecked on his return from Macao, on the Malabar coast, where he swam ashore, holding his poem in one hand, having abandoned all he possessed besides, as worthless in comparison with it.

After sixteen years' hard service and exposure to an Eastern sun, he returned to Lisbon, where he published the *Lusiad*; when Sebastian, being pleased with the commencing lines addressed to himself, granted him a pension of fifteen pounds, a pittance which, however, he did not long enjoy; for his patron having been shortly afterwards killed in battle, his successor, Henry, to his everlasting dishonour, withdrew the

stipend. Fulfilling the destiny almost inseparable from the poetical character, Camoens, literally a beggar, worn down by hard service, wounds, and the heavier oppression of a grieved and mortified spirit, took refuge in an almshouse, where he was sustained by the pittance begged for him by an old and faithful servant in the streets of Lisbon,—the city which afterwards contended for the honour of giving birth to the man whom she had abandoned to the cold charity of the world! In this state of misery he died, at the age of sixty-two, in the year 1579.

ANTONIO VIERA : a Jesuit of the seventeenth century. He was the author of a manuscript preserved in the Vatican, entitled *Clavis Prophetarum*, which cost him fifty years' hard study. He was also celebrated for pulpit oratory. Murphy ascribes to him the authorship of a political satire, entitled *The Art of Thieving*.

FATHER LOUIS DE SOUSA was a gentleman of Portugal, moving in the first circles. He was an excellent scholar and highly accomplished, and is known as the author of the best account of the monastery of Batalha. His history, or rather a passage in it, is full of romantic, albeit melancholy interest. In the year 1578 was fought that memorable battle, in which Sebastian of Portugal was defeated and slain by the Moors, under Muly Moloch, Emperor of Morocco; and among the gentlemen who accompanied the Portuguese monarch in this unfortunate expedition, was one whose name the biographer has omitted, but who, it seems, was included in the return of the

slain. The fact of his death was believed by all but his widow, whose affection, for some time, clung to the faint hope of his having survived the conflict. Ten years, however, having elapsed without any tidings being heard of him, his widow yielded to the persuasions of her friends, favoured it may be by a traitor in the citadel, and received the addresses of De Sousa. They were accordingly married under the happiest auspices; but their short dream of felicity was broken by the arrival in Lisbon of a merchant from Africa, who, seeking out the lady, informed her that he was charged with a commission from her husband, who was then a captive among the Moors, and who confidently relied on her affection for the means of accomplishing his release.

In the perplexity naturally created by this extraordinary application, the lady, obeying the dictates alike of feeling and duty, applied to De Sousa for advice; and he, with a firmness and principle which do him honour, faced the evil, and determined to sift the story to the bottom. Accordingly, with a view to ascertaining the accuracy of the report, he conducted the merchant to a picture gallery in his house, and having told him that among the numerous portraits there exhibited was that of the former husband of his wife, he requested him to point out that which he conceived to be the resemblance of the individual by whom he was commissioned to institute the inquiry.

The merchant, with commendable caution, endeavoured to excuse himself from the ordeal, alleging

that the lapse of time and the rigours of servitude must necessarily have wrought such a change in the captive, as to render the identification of his portrait a task of no ordinary difficulty: "Nevertheless," said he, as he threw a cursory glance round the apartment, "without risking the issue of my mission upon an opinion hastily, and it may be inaccurately formed, I should say that that portrait," pointing to the right one, "is the resemblance of my captive friend."

De Sousa, convinced of the fact, resolved on immediately retiring to a monastery, while his wife, actuated by similar feelings, took refuge in a nunnery; but they both previously adopted every possible means of rescuing the former husband from bondage. De Sousa enrolled himself in the Dominican convent of Bemfica, near Lisbon; and the fathers of that order, aware of the qualifications of their newly acquired brother, and being desirous of completing a history of their foundation, prevailed upon him to undertake the task, and thus complete what Cacegas, a friar of their order, had begun. Complying with the requisition, De Sousa set about the work, which having completed, after many years' labour, he published it in 1619 as the joint production of Cacegas and himself, thus dividing the honour which it is said he might have wholly claimed for himself; "but," adds his biographer, (Murphy) "posterity has done justice to his memory, and Cacegas' name is now remembered only through Sousa's work."

FATHER JOHN DE SOUSA is celebrated as an Arabic scholar. He translated a series of papers entitled

Documentos Arabicos, the originals of which were deposited in the royal archives of Lisbon. One of the letters (for an English translation of which the author is indebted to Murphy) is quoted, as exhibiting much of the inflated and adulatory, yet withal highly poetical style of the East, with a feeling of piety at once striking and affecting.

*A letter from the King of Melinda to Emanuel
King of Portugal :*

“ With the most profound respect, exalted and honourable expressions, praises, salutations, and greetings from an humble and faithful servant, (who implores forgiveness from the majesty of God,) the Xequé Wagerage, to the presence of the most illustrious, happy, esteemed, sincere, praiseworthy, protecting, permanent, and invincible monarch Emanuel, to whom appertain every kindness, favour, and honour. His name is celebrated by the people of every region; his benevolence is perpetual, and his fame everlasting. Lord of the ennobled court, of the kingdom of discoveries, and of the palace of treasures. His subjects are victorious, his castles formidable, his garrisons fortified, his batteries elevated, his walls decorated, his streets ornamented, his houses lofty, his palaces admirable, his people just, his clergy humble, his monks learned, his constitution established, his subjects enterprising, his gates defended, his heroes intrepid, his cavalry valiant,—one of these would fight a hundred warriors. To his city are despatched fleets deeply laden; his presence bows the head and bends the knee; he is the fountain of commerce in

every city and kingdom. The equity of his administration enriches the poor, and shortens the days of his enemies; whoever seeks to find a blemish in him will seek in vain for what the eye never saw, nor the ear ever heard; he is the source of goodness and honours, the dispenser of titles, the stem of nobility, the centre of the universe, the pillar of power, the munificent protector of the virtuous and meritorious; the king of regions, the crown of greatness, the diadem of liberality; whose forces have subdued Sinde, India, Persia, Arabia, Egypt, Syria, Yeman, and all the provinces of the universe. His voice brings the insolent to subjection, and his aspect humbles the proud; an example beyond emulation; his name is praised amongst men, because he raises up the poor. When he sits on his throne, every eye is dazzled with his glory: his customs are agreeable; his authority nerves the arm of the warrior; his fame resounds from pole to pole; his presence is more beautiful than the full moon; his graces refresh like the dew of spring; his determinations are as fixed as Fate; his name extends to every part of the earth; his beneficence distinguishes him at all times and in all countries. Such is King Emanuel: the great God perpetuate his reign, and preserve him from the envy and artifice of his enemies! Amen.

“ This is to give thee to understand, most dear and sincere friend, that the writer is in good health, and anxious to know the state of thine, and of all that belong to thee. May the Lord preserve thee, and all that is thine! He would have come in person to thy

noble presence, but being occupied in rearing his sons, and providing them with servants and slaves, who, together with their father, are thy servants and slaves, and never cease to pray to God, by day and night, to crown thee with honour, riches, and glory. His person and property have been entirely devoted to thy service, from the first time he has seen thy subjects to the present hour, as they can inform thee. He implores thy protection and friendship, to the end that he may be honoured and esteemed by thy people. He begs thy permission to sail in his own ship, once a-year, to Goa and Mosambique, to provide necessaries for thy use.

“ Having contemplated all that this world could hitherto boast of, he never could discover a monarch more powerful, nor an empire more happy than thine. It has pleased God to shower his blessings in abundance on thee, and it is to Him alone those blessings must be ascribed.

“ In ancient days, be it known to thee, O King, there lived a generous man, named Halem, who was the very essence of liberality, and had riches adequate to his munificence; in all his life he was never known to refuse any request. It is related that a man who wanted to try the extent of his liberality, made a journey for that purpose to his house. Halem asked what brought him hither? ‘ I came,’ said he, ‘ to demand thy head!’ ‘ What claim hast thou to my head?’ replied Halem. ‘ Listen to me,’ quoth he: ‘ there lives a king in my neighbourhood, who gave me a thousand pieces of gold to permit him to

wear his head.' Halem immediately retired to his chamber, brought out a thousand pieces, and says to the man, as he extended his neck, 'Here, friend! take your choice,—my head or the money.' The man accepted the latter, and went away.

"Thy servant now, O King! repeats a similar experiment. As thou art the most liberal sovereign among the kings of the earth, I figure to myself thy mighty power and resplendent qualities; and my friends, who have weighed thy grandeur with all others, agree that Alexander and Cæsar were even as dust in the balance compared to thee, because all the treasure of the globe is at thy disposal: thy generosity, therefore, however great, can never lessen thy wealth; remember then, O King! that of all others, I am the most deserving of thy favours.

"Thy servant, the Xequé Wagerage, implores thee to look with an eye of compassion and clemency on the inhabitants of Melinda; and if they be found worthy of so great a favour, it will raise them in the estimation of surrounding nations, and entitle them to their praise, respect, and protection; and as the Xequé of Melinda never yet visited Mosambique, he expects that thou wilt condescend that he should go thither; and if any person, whether Portuguese or Musselman, should presume to dictate to him, or resist his authority, he shall reply that such is King Emanuel's pleasure, which is the manner he now commands and determines all matters in Melinda, because the authority of monarchs is unlimited: he also desires, when the Xequé of Melinda is at Mosambique, that orders will

be given to the Portuguese not to offend him, but consider him as the organ of the king, and invested with his power. He will take cognizance of those who have always co-operated to exalt thy name, interest, and reputation; of this, testimony shall be given by thy servants, Simon de Andrade, Francisco Pereira, Fernando de Freitas, Gaspar de Paiva, Antonio da Costa, and all the rest of the Christians, as well as Musselmen, of Mósambique.

“In fine, be assured, O King! that myself, my sons, and my property, are devoted to thy service, and shall continue so to the last day of my life; therefore, I implore thee to accede to my supplication. Peace be with thee!

“Know, O interpreter of this letter! that the Xequé Wagerage warns thee to read this narrative to the king in a proper and becoming manner, without adding or diminishing aught, so that it may appear to all that the sovereign was delighted with its contents. He will pay thee thy customary fees: be careful, therefore, in doing justice to it, and God will reward thee. Twenty-eighth of Zulcade, nine hundred and twenty-one of the Hegira, which corresponds to the thirtieth of September, one thousand five hundred and fifteen.”

KING DENIS was a poet and a prose writer. His poems, which are only found in old manuscripts, appeared in the form of Cancioneiros, or song books, and were divided into two sections, his spiritual and his temporal works. The former has the odd title of *Our Lady's Song Book*, (Cancioneiro da Nossa Senhora.)

ALFONSO IV., like his father Denis, and Alfonso Sanchez, a natural son of the latter, were also poets, as was Peter, the son of Alfonso, and the unfortunate lover of the beautiful Agnes de Castro.

GIL VICENTE was remarkable for his *autos*, or spiritual dramas; the plots of some of which are of so odd a character, as to provoke laughter, instead of inspiring piety,—Mercury, the Devil, Time, a Seraph, and the Church of Rome, being brought together on the same stage. Among his other works is a dramatic piece, in which a philosopher is introduced tied to a fool, which the sage deploras as the greatest calamity that could befall him.

ANTONIO FERREIRA was born at Lisbon in 1528, and was styled the Horace of Portugal. He was celebrated for his odes and sonnets. He also wrote a pretty tale in honour of a national saint named Colomba, who, being pursued by a Moorish king, calls upon a rock to open and deliver her, a miracle which accordingly takes place, and a fountain gushes forth from the spot where she disappeared, which is said to have possessed some wonderful properties. He also made the story of Agnes de Castro the subject of a tragedy.

JORGE DE MONTEMAYOR, the contemporary of Camoens and Ferreira, is celebrated as the author of a pastoral romance, entitled *Diana*.

ANDRADE CAMINHA, a friend and contemporary of Ferreira, is not remarkable for his wit, although he wrote many epigrams, besides epitaphs.

We know not that we can better conclude this part of our subject than by giving a brief memoir of one, who, though not a Portuguese, has translated some works from that language, and to whose patient industry and enthusiasm in "the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties," we owe much of what we know of Portuguese antiquities, and especially of its monastic architecture.

JAMES CAVENAGH MURPHY was a native of Black-Rock, near Cork, and originally a bricklayer in that city, where his talents for drawing,—principally exhibited in caricaturing his master with a burnt stick upon the wall,—attracted the notice of the late Sir James Chatterton. He was, through the patronage of Sir James, enabled to visit Dublin, where he was introduced to the Honourable W. B. Conyngham, at whose suggestion and, as will appear, with whose assistance, he proceeded to Portugal. While in the Peninsula, he applied himself diligently to the acquirement of the Spanish and Portuguese languages; and, says our authority, with such success, that he was employed in a diplomatic mission of considerable importance from the court of Portugal to that of Spain. At the same time he pursued his professional studies with an assiduity of which no adequate idea can be formed, except by those who have seen the mass of notes and drawings which he left behind him, and which are now in the possession of Sir John Deane, at one time sheriff of Cork.

In a letter to his patron, Mr. Conyngham, in the early part of his visit to Batalha, he writes, "Since I

had the pleasure of seeing you last, Providence has favoured me with a safe voyage, and an agreeable journey to the monastery of Batalha, where I was kindly received by the prior and all the convent; they remember you perfectly well, and always speak of you with the highest respect. Your elegant sketches of this fine building often led me to think on the grandeur of the original, which, I think, is one of the finest pieces of Gothic architecture in Europe. If the distance were three times as far, I would most cheerfully undertake the journey, without repining at the length of the way, to contemplate such inimitable beauty."

In the same letter he adds, "In the ancient building alone are eight staircases, constructed within the walls, winding round a column which, with the steps, are cut out of the solid stone."

His labours at this spot had well nigh proved fatal to him, for he says: "Some of the friars were apprehensive at first that I did not come to Batalha for the sake of making drawings of the building, but for some other purpose. Lest they should take it in their heads to prevent me, I applied so close to the drawings, day and night, as to make all the sketches, with the finished plan and elevation, in twenty-two days. After all, they often put me to the blush in relating the abilities of Manuel Catano, and other celebrated Portuguese artists, who took off the whole building in a few minutes at one glance of an eye.* My application threw me into a fever, which took its leave of me in one-and-

* The worthy monk must surely have drawn the long bow in this statement.

twenty days, during which time I had no one near me to whom I could tell my sad story, not being able to speak ten words of the language, and none of the fathers could speak any language but Portuguese. The ignorance of the physician only helped to increase the evil; he was one of those wretches who carried fate and physic in his face, commissioned by that seminary of dunces at Coimbra to despatch the unfortunate candidate for the grave! He knew no other remedy but bleeding, which he performed till he almost left me a bloodless corpse; hope was my last medicine, and that I should live one day to see all the drawings of Batalha in your possession, and prove my grateful recollection of your past friendship. The consul of Fuguria, [*sic in orig.*] hearing that some one belonging to you was sick at Batalha, sent a messenger with a letter to me, offering to have me brought to his own place, and another to the prior, charging him to let me want for nothing. * * * * * The very whisper of your name is sufficient to make a friend."

In another letter, Murphy acknowledges the receipt of fifty pounds by order of Mr. Conyngham.

In an unpublished letter to Mr. P. Byrne, Grafton-street, Dublin, he states, that on his quitting the monastery of Batalha, he received, under the royal seal of the convent, a certificate of his good conduct during the three months he resided there.

On his arrival at Lisbon, he submitted his drawings to the royal family, through the minister for the home department, and received the following document expressive of their approbation:

“ Her Majesty and his Royal Highness the Prince have seen the drawings of Batalha, with which they were greatly pleased ; they now return them, requesting that as soon as they are engraved, the artist will remember to send them some copies, to renew the pleasure they had in seeing the original drawings.

Signed “ SEADRA.”

After a residence of some years in Portugal, Murphy returned to England, where he entered into correspondence with the Admiralty on a subject which has recently engaged much of the public attention, namely, the means of preventing dry-rot ; and his plans appear to have received much consideration from that Board ; but the terms insisted upon by Murphy tended to delay the necessary experiments, until his death, which occurred in Edward-street, Cavendish-square, on the 12th of September, 1814, put an end to the negotiation, and frustrated the developement of his invention, whatever it might have been. It would seem, from some memoranda discovered among his papers, that his attention was attracted to the subject when in Portugal, by the circumstance that those vessels that had received salt for their first cargo were free from that disease which has so long baffled the endeavours of the scientific to cure.

Murphy, although a Catholic, did not give his unqualified approbation of monastic establishments ; for, in the unpublished portion of his journal, he says, with reference to Batalha, “ The mass-friars have nothing to do but to eat and drink, saunter about, or sleep. The prior is a plain homely kind of man, distinguished

from the rest only by a small black cap, and the privilege of wearing a dirty face. What a pity it is to see so many stout fellows leading a life of indolence and sloth, that might be of service in cultivating the land, in feeding the poor, and enriching or defending their country."

Independently of his works on Portugal, Mr. Murphy published the *Arabian Antiquities of Spain*, in large folio; the first volume containing nearly one hundred engravings illustrative of the Alhambra.

In taking our leave of Coimbra, we must not omit to mention the old cathedral, [Sé Velha,] an idea of the external architecture of which will be gathered from the engraving given in this volume. The interior of the edifice is very curious, it being lined, from floor to roof, with Dutch tiles, presenting a variety of subjects, painted in blue and purple.

CHAPTER V.

POMBAL.

Condeixa—Pombal—The Marquis of Pombal and his Times—
Earthquake of 1755—Conspiracy and dreadful Doom of the
Conspirators—the Jesuits—State of the Portuguese Army—
Riot at Oporto—Military Services of St. Antony—Romantic
Incident.

LEAVING Coimbra, we pursued our way to Condeixa, the road being remarkable for the luxuriance and abundance of the heath, the fragrance of which is delightful. We must not omit to notice the grasshoppers which in some places almost cover the ground, and the noise produced by their chirping is wonderful.

At Condeixa we found some vestiges of “the Great Marquis,” as Pombal is still styled in many parts of Portugal. These vestiges consist in the buildings of the town, the domestic architecture of which appeared to us to be finer than any thing of the kind in the country, not excepting Lisbon. Among the works which emanated from Pombal is a bishop’s palace, which is in ruins; but enough remains to show the fineness of the architecture.

From Condeixa we proceeded to Pombal, which lies in a fine valley. It had once a castle, but it is now reduced to a mere wall. It has also some churches,



Painted by T. H. M. H. M.

Engraved by J. G. G.

SÉ VELHA, OR OLD CATHEDRAL COIMBRA.

London, Published Oct. 25, 1839, by Robert Jennings & Co. 62, Chancery Lane.





but they are all in a state of decay. The inhabitants are few, and with the single exception of the miller, extremely poor.

While we were halting at Pombal, the weather being very hot, we felt disposed for a *sesta*, but were unable to procure any place of rest but a sort of loft, to which we accordingly retired. We had scarcely composed ourselves for a doze, before we began to find that the fleas had discovered the presence of a thin-skinned Englishman. The very knowledge of being in such company was enough to preclude the possibility of sleeping, to say nothing of their unsparing personal attacks; so that we were glad to escape from such uncourteous neighbours, and pretermitted our *sesta* until it could be courted under more propitious circumstances. While on the subject of entomology, we cannot help adverting to another annoyance which the traveller will not fail to experience, if he should be rash enough to take a seat on the lap of his mother earth,—namely, the black ants, which are very numerous, and bite like furies.

Intimately connected as was the Marquis of Pombal with the history, and, we may add, the destiny of Portugal, both for evil and for good, we need make no apology for here introducing a brief sketch of his *Life and Times*, particularly as such a subject would seem to belong to the town whence he derived his title, and whither he retired from public life, and where also he ended his days.

Sebastian Joseph de Carvalho, although born of parents who were in narrow circumstances, was of a

noble family. He was the son of Emanuel de Carvalho, and the nephew of Paul de Carvalho, the latter of whom ranked high among the dignitaries of the church, and had even been nominated a cardinal by Pope Ganganelli, but died before he could be invested with the honours of the scarlet hat. Emanuel, through the influence of his brother, obtained in marriage Donna Teresa de Mendoza, a lady of illustrious birth, who was the mother of Sebastian.

Sebastian was originally intended for the law, and was accordingly placed in the college of Coimbra to pursue his studies for that profession, for which, however, he very early conceived a disgust, and determined on relinquishing it in favour of arms. It is probable that his predilection was not sanctioned by his family, since it is commonly believed that he entered the service as a private soldier, and subsequently attained the rank of a corporal. He then appears to have married a widow, probably a family connexion, for her name was Mendoza. He shortly afterwards quitted a service, in which he found promotion so slow, and we next find him at Soure, the place of his nativity, in the district of Coimbra.

Poverty, or a "truant disposition," led him once more, in quest of fortune, to Lisbon; where, through the good offices of his uncle the ecclesiastic, he was introduced to the Cardinal de Motta, who had considerable interest with John V., the reigning king. It is probable, that having once been brought within the purlieus of the court, his commanding person,—for he was of gigantic stature, and of a singularly

marked and imposing countenance,—attracted the attention of the monarch, whose confidence he rapidly acquired; for it was not long ere he obtained the appointment of envoy extraordinary to the British court.

A man of Carvalho's shrewd and observant mind must have been greatly struck by the contrast between the court of London and his own; and there is little reason to doubt that his six years' residence in England inspired him with those notions of policy and government, which he endeavoured,—and in many instances successfully,—to carry out upon his final return to his native country. Recalled from England, he was despatched on a special mission to Vienna, where, having become a widower, his ambition was gratified by an alliance with the Countess Daun, a favourite of his own queen, who was of the house of Austria.

This alliance, however, tended little to his advancement in the good graces of his sovereign, who was of an indolent turn, and not disposed to lend himself to those sweeping changes which Carvalho, actuated by his newly imported notions, displayed an inclination to effect. It would appear, too, that he met with considerable opposition from the Jesuits, to whom, from that moment, he conceived an implacable hatred, as was sufficiently proved by his subsequent persecution of that singular order.

On the death of John V., Carvalho succeeded in ingratiating himself with his successor Joseph, and having been appointed secretary of state for the

foreign department, a wide field was opened for his ambitious and daring spirit. If by a sanguinary disposition it is intended to describe a person delighting to shed blood, I believe and hope that such characters have been and are very rare; but I can conceive,—for history has afforded us but too many instances,—a heart so hardened by ambition as to become capable of any outrage, however cruel. Now Carvalho, if he was not by nature cruel, was hard, stern, and unyielding, and held human life cheap when weighed against his ambition, policy, or revenge. That much of the harshness exhibited by this minister sprang from a zeal for the reformation of his degraded country, and the necessity of striking examples, cannot be denied. Surrounded by a turbulent populace, a profligate priesthood, and a corrupt court, he had a difficult part to play; and that, upon many important and trying occasions, he acquitted himself in a manner which proved him to be not only the greatest man of his nation, but half a century in advance of it in mind and intellect, is admitted even by his enemies.

Carvalho had not long attained the height of his power, before a calamity, compared with which the ravages of war and pestilence are slow and merciful, occurred to call forth all the energy and sternness of his character. On the 1st of November, 1755, when, it being a solemn festival, the inhabitants were assembled by thousands in the churches of Lisbon, that city was visited by an earthquake, the most awful and destructive upon record. Temple, tower, and palace,

—nay, whole streets,—came toppling down, scattering death and desolation on every hand. The dust flung up by the ruins spread a cloud of impenetrable darkness between earth and sky, until the conflagration, created by the tapers in the churches and the fires in the houses, threw a fearful light upon the scene of devastation; while the shrieks of despair and the groans of the dying, and other horrors of the hour, converted the once flourishing city into pandemonium.

All who could, fled from the scene, and took refuge in the neighbouring fields and mountains, where they remained, under such shelter as they could construct or nature afforded, for more than a fortnight, during which period the shocks continued, though with diminished violence. Some, however, as in the case of Pompeii, who had escaped in the first instance, returned in quest of the treasures they had left behind, and found,—in lieu of them,—a grave!

Nor was the resemblance of the scene to pandemonium diminished by the desperate daring of many who hovered over the devoted city,—sailors, galley-slaves, and malefactors from the jails,—plundering in every direction, and murdering all who resisted.

But here was an occasion on which the genius of Carvalho displayed itself. Where all was terror, confusion, and disorder, Carvalho was calm. True it is, that some of the measures he adopted on this emergency partook of his recklessness and disregard of human life. He posted soldiers at each avenue from the city, and any fugitive who could not establish his

right to the property he carried with him, was instantly put to death. Gibbets were erected round the city, and it was not until three hundred and fifty of these ruthless and sanguinary depredators were hung up *in terrorem*, that the work of plunder was stayed. The measure was a stern and fearful one, but the emergency was almost without a parallel in modern history.

Order having been thus restored, Carvalho turned his attention to the survivors of this dreadful calamity, and every measure which policy, prudence, or foresight could dictate, was adopted for their relief. The exportation of corn was at once prohibited; and all kinds of provisions were admitted without exaction of the duty heretofore paid. Indeed, so marked and zealous were the minister's exertions on this trying and awful occasion, that the people, grateful for once, acknowledged in him their benefactor and preserver. No man, however, had greater reason than had he, in after life, to cry out upon

“The fickle reek of popular applause.”

Carvalho's old enemies, the Jesuits, were not lax in their endeavours to turn the recent calamity to account, by representing it to the king as a judgment upon the city for the toleration and liberality displayed to heretics, and which, not without reason, they attributed to the counsels of the minister. Among the most active of the Jesuits on this occasion, was an Italian, named Malagrida, who had a great reputation for sanctity with his order, and whom, as the sequel will show, Carvalho neither forgot nor forgave for his interference. The minister, however, proved himself

too powerful for his antagonists; and the result was, that he gained a more complete ascendancy over his royal master's mind than ever.

Carvalho discovered, very soon after his appointment as secretary for foreign affairs, a disposition to curtail the power of the church, particularly as exercised by the Inquisition; as an instance of which, it is on record that, in consequence of some dispute, he ordered the inquisitor-general and his brother,—though near relatives of the king,—to be cast into prison. On the occasion of a subsequent dispute with the king's confessor,—a Jesuit,—the latter haughtily bade the minister to look to himself, for that his order never died. On which Carvalho pledged him his honour that it should die,—as far as its influence in Portugal was concerned,—and it will be shown that he kept his word to the letter.

Among the evils which pressed hard upon the lower classes of the Portuguese, was the power possessed, and tyrannically exercised by the nobility, whose arrogance Carvalho determined to curb; and accordingly applied himself to put them down with a strong hand. He set on foot a rigid inquiry into the nature of the tenure of their estates, many of which he knew consisted of crown lands, which had been alienated by the indulgence of preceding kings; and thus it happened that, in the issue, many of the most wealthy nobles were greatly shorn of their possessions and power. The enmity of the whole nobility,—particularly of those who were thus despoiled,—was arrayed against him; but he heeded it not, and finally trium-

phed, although not without some personal hazard; thus the Marquis de Menas, a general in the Portuguese service, made an attempt upon his life. It is, however, related, that on forcing open the door of the minister's carriage, with the view to assassinate him, he was so much overawed by Carvalho's stern look and imposing figure, that he relinquished his design.

The conspiracy against the life of the king gave occasion for another instance of his minister's immitigable severity. It is true that death has, by the common consent of nations, been awarded as the punishment of treason; but nothing can justify the added tortures which marked the execution of the criminals in the instance referred to, nor the long imprisonment to which persons merely suspected of being implicated in the conspiracy were condemned. The parties chiefly implicated, or at least accused of participating in the plot, were the Duke d'Aveiro, the Tavora family, and the Jesuits. Whatever might be the extent of their guilt, all Europe shuddered at the account of the punishment with which it was visited. After having been confined, without any distinction as to rank, age, or sex, in narrow cells, formerly appropriated to the purposes of a menagerie, and with nothing but straw upon which to lie, the captives several times underwent the torture, and were afterwards sentenced,—the men to be broken on the wheel or burnt alive, and the Marchioness of Tavora, as a special indulgence, to be beheaded. The sentence was carried into execution at Belem, on a scaffold raised on the bank of the Tagus, in the presence of an

immense assemblage of persons. The prisoners were brought out, one by one : first of all, the Marchioness, in the attire in which she had been apprehended, she having just then risen from her bed. She was firm, and resigned to her fate. The executioner, in binding her feet, inadvertently disarranged her garments, when she exclaimed, "Remember who I am, and respect me even in death." The man dropped on his knees and implored forgiveness; when, instantly relenting, she added, drawing a ring from her finger, "Take this; it is all that is left to me of a vain world: take it, and do your duty." She received the fatal stroke, her head sank upon her bosom, and she was a corpse. Her two young sons were the next victims; and an interval of half an hour, by a refinement of cruelty, being suffered to elapse between each execution, the Duke d'Aveiro closed the train. He was bareheaded, and, like the marchioness, suffered in the dress in which he was taken, which was his morning gown. The shrieks extorted by his exquisite and prolonged tortures, struck horror into the multitude. A servant, implicated in the plot, was fastened to a gibbet on the platform, and, when the rest of the victims had suffered before his eyes, he, together with the scaffold, wheels, and other instruments of death, was burnt to ashes, which were flung into the river. The habitations of the conspirators,—from the palace to the cottage,—were razed to the ground, and their sites strewn with salt.

Carvalho, it is said, was not satisfied with these examples, and would have added to their number; but

the king peremptorily interfered, and declared that enough blood had been shed. The minister, however, on being remonstrated with on the subject, is reported to have said, that if he had done his duty on the occasion referred to, the streets of Lisbon would have run with the blood of her nobility.

Carvalho had never forgotten his old grudge against the Jesuits, and the conspiracy aimed at the life of the king did not pass by him unimproved. Whether with justice or not, it is not our province, nor is it within our power, to determine; but no sooner were the executions on the principal conspirators over, than he accused the Jesuits of being implicated in the transaction. Accordingly, he addressed a strong representation to the Pope (Clement XIII.) upon the subject; but that pontiff remained firm in his protection of the order. Carvalho, however, was not to be turned from his purpose; and the manner in which he revenged himself, not only upon the Jesuits, but upon the Pope himself, was almost as whimsical as it was effectual. He shipped off, in successive cargoes, all the Jesuits upon whom he could lay his hands, and had them landed in the papal dominions, to the no small mortification of the brethren, and the great perplexity of his holiness, who was utterly incapable of providing for them.

A rupture with the court of Rome was the natural consequence, and was followed by an act of cruelty on the part of Carvalho, for which his warmest advocates cannot advance the shadow of an apology. The Jesuit Malagrida, who had already incurred his enmity, was

imprisoned at the time of the conspiracy of 1759; and in 1761 he was charged, at the instigation of Carvalho, before the Inquisition, not of a participation in the plot against the king, but of having written some heretical books, which, in point of fact, were a farrago of nonsense worthy only of a smile. The result was, that the poor old man, at the age of seventy-three, was condemned to be burnt at one of those disgraceful and barbarous exhibitions, an *auto-da-fe*, which Carvalho himself had at one time discountenanced and almost suppressed. The wretched man obtained a commutation of his sentence, and, instead of being burnt alive, was strangled before his funeral pyre was lighted.

Carvalho does not appear to much advantage in the character of a war minister, for which his peculiarly bold, hard, and uncompromising spirit would seem to have fitted him. Some ludicrous instances of the state of the Portuguese army during his administration are on record; take the following:

An Irish officer in the Portuguese service, of the name of Macilphan, on being appointed to a command, waited upon the paymaster-general with an order for subsistence for his detachment. That functionary, whose name was Durao, an insolent and overbearing person, bade the colonel wait; upon which the latter represented that, as his detachment had been ordered on service, it was necessary that immediate attention should be paid to his application. Durao rejoined, that he had business of greater importance upon his hands, and that the colonel should receive the money

he wanted at the same time that the rest of the Spanish deserters were paid; alluding to Macilphan's having quitted the Spanish service, which, truth to say, was marvellously like desertion, with, however, this difference, that the colonel owed allegiance to neither party. Upon this, Macilphan, flew into a most unofficer-like passion, and drawing a pistol from his belt, placed it to Durao's forehead, and without further ceremony drew the trigger. Happily for this paragon of paymasters, the pistol missed fire, but he dropped under the table overcome by consternation, and a great uproar ensued. The colonel immediately repaired to his commanding officer, the Count La Lippe, who, on hearing the affair, expressed his regret that the pistol had not taken effect; upon which Macilphan, with commendable alacrity, assured the count that he had another pistol in his belt, and would instantly return and give the paymaster his quietus. To this, however, the count, who had thought better of the matter, refused to assent, but sent an aide-de-camp with the colonel to enforce obedience from the refractory functionary.

Pombal's conduct with regard to the army appears to have been marked by great inconsistencies, which necessarily militated against all order and discipline. On one occasion, a chaplain, and two subalterns had got up a conspiracy against their commanding officer, from whom they obtained permission to go to Lisbon, in order, as it afterwards appeared, to lay their complaints before the minister. Pombal heard their story, and having, after a careful investigation, ascer-

tained its falsehood, sent their commanding officer orders to break the whole three. The colonel, although aggrieved, felt the impropriety of so summary a proceeding, and suggested to Pombal that the offenders should be brought to a court-martial, but the minister would not hear of it.

On the other hand, we find that courts-martial without number were held, and sentences were forwarded to the minister for confirmation; but Pombal rarely looked at any of them, and thus it happened that the culprits remained for years in prison waiting the decision of the minister, and many of them were not released until the death of the reigning monarch, and consequent removal of Pombal from office and power.

It is further stated, that very many regiments in the service were without a captain, others without a field-officer; and that a very large proportion of the native officers had been menial servants of the more influential nobility. It is related that La Lippe, having been invited to an entertainment given by one of the secretaries of state, was surprised to find the table surrounded by footmen in military uniform. Nor was the condition of the private soldiers at all out of keeping with that of the officers who commanded them. Baretti says, "I am told the troops kept up in this kingdom amount to no more than eight thousand; and if the private men are all like those whom I have seen at Estremoz and Lisbon, there is no where in Europe an equal number that look so wretchedly. The greater part of them are absolutely in rags and patches; and in Lisbon many of them asked my cha-

rity, not only in the streets, but even where they stood sentinels."

Carvalho was created Count d'Oeyras in 1759, and in 1770 Marquis of Pombal. On the death of King Joseph, in the beginning of the year 1777, Pombal lost his power for ever, yet he retained office for some months of the new reign. But although his enemies were on the ascendant, his dismissal from office was unaccompanied by any marks of disgrace. On the contrary, a considerable pension was granted to him, and he was allowed to retire to his estate at Pombal, whither he was escorted by a royal guard of honour.

He appears to have spent the remainder of his life in peace, and to have devoted himself to pious exercises until his death, at the age of eighty-three, on the 5th of May, 1782.

In matters affecting the trade of the country, Carvalho, whatever judgment may be formed of the wisdom of his measures, appears to have interfered with the vigour and decision which distinguished him upon so many other occasions. He aimed a severe blow at the English merchants at Oporto, by establishing a Port Wine Company, closing the market to every other bidder until that body had completed their purchases. The effect of this was to exclude the English merchant, whose competition had previously secured a higher price to the wine growers. The result was an insurrectionary movement, in obedience to which the chief magistrate, called the Judge of the People, declared against the new company, and the populace



Designed by J. H. Land.

Engraved by J. Carter.

NEW STREET OF THE ENGLISH.

London, Published Oct. 26, 1828, by Robert Jennings & Co. 62, Chancery Lane.





of Oporto plundered the houses of those whom they suspected of favouring its establishment. Carvalho, however, on hearing of the disturbance, distributed three regiments at free quarters on the inhabitants; caused the Judge of the People to be dragged, with a halter on his neck, through the streets by the hangman; and seized three hundred of the rioters, of whom he put eighteen to death, and consigned the remainder either to the galleys or to prison.

Some idea of the gross ignorance and superstition which disgraced Portugal at the period of Carvalho's administration may be gathered from the statement of an English officer, who then held a commission in the Portuguese army: "There is not a regiment here," says he, "which has not long ago put itself under the protection of some particular saint, as their devotion or attachment dictates to them: and when this regiment I now command was first formed, about a hundred years ago, it took St. Antony of Lisbon for its patron and protector, who soon after obtained a captain's commission in the same, and has received the appointments regularly ever since! which are employed,—as well as two-pence per month paid by every individual of the regiment,—in saying a stated number of masses for the souls of all those of it who die, in celebrating the festival of the saint, in supporting the chaplains, adorning the chapel, and defraying other incidental charges, under the inspection of an officer of the regiment appointed for that purpose; and this post of superintendent for St. Antony, the major of our regiment, who is a nobleman (*fidalgo*) and a

blockhead, has occupied with great zeal and devotion for some years past, and has never since ceased teasing the court with memorials and certificates of service in favour of St. Antony, that he might be promoted to the rank of aggregate-major in the regiment."

Pombal, however, was not a man to be imposed upon by any such foolery, and is reported to have laughed heartily at these pious and veracious memorials, and to have flung them aside with the contempt they deserved.

The polite interference of St. Antony upon the most trivial occasions, is also a subject of grave panegyric. The officer alluded to, Colonel Bagot, refers to several certificates in his possession, which go to prove the urbanity of the saint. For instance, "he restored a favourite lap-dog to the major's lady, which had been stolen from her, and which she had despaired of ever seeing again, till her father-director advised her to importune St. Antony, which she had not done for above two days, when the dog was brought back to her:" whether by St. Antony in person, the legend saith not.

The following certificate of the superintendent of St. Antony, under the major's hand and seal, is a document curious in its way, which, in spite of the melancholy ignorance it exhibits, would extract a smile from the sternest of stoics. It is given, as a translation, as close to the original as the idioms of the two languages will permit :

"Don Hercules Antonio Carlos Suiz Joseph Maria

de Albuquerque e Araujo de Magalhaens Homem, nobleman of her majesty's household, knight of the sacred order of St. John of Jerusalem, and of the most illustrious military order of Christ, lord of the districts and towns of Moncarapacho and Terragudo, hereditary Alcaide Mor of the city of Faro, major of the regiment of infantry of the city of Lagos, in this kingdom of Algarve, for her most faithful majesty, whom God long preserve, etc. etc. etc.

“ I attest and certify to all who shall see these presents, written out by my command, and signed at the bottom with my sign-manual, with the broad seal of my arms close by my said signature and a little to the left of it, that the Lord St. Antony, otherwise the Great St. Antony of Lisbon, (commonly and falsely called of Padua,) has been enlisted and had a place in this regiment ever since the 24th of January, of the year of our Lord Jesus Christ 1668, as will appear more particularly below: I further attest that the fifty-nine within certificates, numbered from unity up to the number fifty-nine, and with the cypher of my name set close by each number, do contain and comprehend a true and faithful relation of the miracles and other eminent services the said St. Antony has at different times rendered to and performed in this regiment, in consequence of his having a place in it; wherein, besides many other incontestible evidences, I am confirmed by having conversed with many of the parties now alive who received these services from the said saint; that, therefore, to doubt of the veracity of these miracles, is as heinous a crime against the Holy

Ghost, as to doubt of any of the dogmas of our holy faith, or of the miracles of Christ himself, the evidences whereof are not so strong and convincing as those in the present instance before us; and by which our blessed Saviour's own words are fulfilled, when he told his disciples that 'After me shall come those who shall do greater works than I have done,' which prophecy clearly pointed to our great St. Antony. I do further certify, upon my word of honour, as a nobleman, a knight, and a Catholic Christian, (as with God's grace I am,) what hereunder follows: That having read over and perused attentively all the papers, note-books, and registers of our regiment, ever since its first formation, and having carefully copied, out of the said papers, every thing relating to the above-named St. Antony, it is, *de verbo ad verbum*, what follows here; for the truth of which, I refer to the said books and papers lodged in the archives of our regiment.

“ That on the 24th of January, 1668, by order of his majesty Don Pedro the Second, (whom God has in glory,) then prince regent of the kingdom of Portugal, directed to the viceroy of the kingdom of Algarve, was St. Antony enlisted as a private soldier in this regiment of infantry of Lagos, when it was first formed by command of the same prince; and of such enlistment of St. Antony there was a register formed, which now exists in the first volume of the register-book of the regiment, fol. 143; and wherein he gave for his caution and surety the Queen of Angels, who became answerable that he would not

desert his colours,* but behave always like a good soldier in the regiment; and thus did the saint continue to serve and do duty as a private in the regiment till September the 12th, 1683, on which day the same prince regent became King of Portugal by the decease of his brother Don Alfonso the Sixth; and on the same day his majesty promoted St. Antony to the rank of captain in the regiment, for having a short time before valiantly put himself at the head of a detachment of the regiment which was marching from Jurumenha to the garrison of Olivença, both in the province of the Alentejo, and beat off a strong body of Castilians four times the number of said detachment, which body had been set in ambush for them, with the intention of carrying them all prisoners to Badajoz, the enemy having, by their spies, obtained information of their march.

“ I do further certify, that in all the above papers and registers there is not any note of St. Antony of bad behaviour or irregularity committed by him, nor of his having ever been flogged, imprisoned, or any way punished by his officers while private in the regiment. That during the whole time he has been a captain, now near a hundred years, he has constantly done his duty with the greatest alacrity at the head of his company upon all occasions, in peace and war,

* According to the custom of the time in Portugal, a recruit was required to find some responsible person, who bound himself to answer for the good and soldierly behaviour of the said recruit, and in the event of desertion, to provide a substitute. The recruits were composed of “ the sons of merchants, tradesmen, peasants, etc. etc.”

and as such has been seen by his soldiers times without number, as they are all ready to testify, and in every other respect he has always behaved like a gentleman and an officer; and on all the above-mentioned accounts, I hold him most worthy and deserving of the rank of aggregate-major to our regiment, and of every other honour, grace, or favour her majesty shall be graciously pleased to bestow upon him.

“In testimony whereof, I have hereto signed my name, this 25th day of March, of the year of our Lord Jesus Christ 1777.

(L. S.) MAGALHAENS HOMEM.”

The following anecdote will serve to show that, however Pombal may have used the Inquisition for his own purposes, his control of it was often wholesomely exercised, and also that, blind, ignorant, and bigoted as the officials of that terrible tribunal generally were, there were some honourable exceptions. It happened that the British consul was a man fond of experimental philosophy, and was wont to exhibit a camera-obscura, as well as some applications of electricity, to his friends. These recreations, it seems, had procured him more than one visit from the commissaries of the Inquisition of Coimbra, which, however, was not followed by any disagreeable results. An electrical experiment, made during a thunder-storm, at length attracted the notice of the populace, and confirmed them in the opinion that the consul was a conjurer. The affair made some noise, and a domiciliary visit was the consequence. Both the commissaries, however, were, as the narrative informs

us, "men of some candour and reflection, who, comparing the consul's established virtuous character with such a black accusation, could not help thinking it absurd; and what was, perhaps, no less fortunate for the consul, their visit happened at a time when the Inquisition, being entirely under the control of the Marquis of Pombal, durst not take any step without his express permission." The consul received their visit respectfully; entertained them very politely, and having explained to them the whole process of his experiments, the nature and qualities of fire, in a philosophical manner, but in terms which they readily comprehended, he sent them away not only satisfied of his innocence, but greatly enraged at the ridiculous accusation of their ignorant countrymen.

We cannot close our notice of this celebrated minister without quoting a somewhat romantic story, in which the destiny of two lovers appears to have been placed in his hands. The narrative is somewhat lengthy in the original, but the following are the main facts of the case. The hero, a Brigadier Forbes, then holding a command in the Portuguese army, fell desperately in love with a young lady, of one of the first families in the country, whom he accidentally met at the Opera. He had no means at the time of apprizing the damsel of the conquest she had made, a circumstance which caused him considerable uneasiness. Nor did he find consolation in the fact, which he afterwards heard, of her being already engaged to marry the heir of another high and wealthy family. Her mother, it seems had contrived to set aside the

claims of her son to the patrimonial estate, by what was equivalent to a statute of lunacy in our day; nor does it appear that this proceeding was adopted on any other than perfectly just grounds: the youth seems to have been a confirmed idiot.

The brigadier, however, although denied any direct communication with the maiden, must have made good use of his eyes; for from the moment of seeing him, she withdrew her tacit consent to wed the heir of Almada, who, if the picture drawn of him by his rival may be at all relied on, was any thing but an Adonis, nor do his personal obliquities appear to have been compensated by either accomplishments or virtues. His family, as well as the young lady's, was very powerful, and adopted the most unjustifiable means to verify the adage, that the "course of true love never did run smooth." The maiden's amiable parent, who had proved to the satisfaction of a court of justice that her son was "of unsound mind, and incapable of managing his affairs," now contrived, by the aid of some honest lawyers and her family influence, to prove in the same court that he was fit to manage not only his affairs, but—*hic labor, hoc opus est*—a wife, which, his wealth rather than his brains being considered, was speedily obtained for him. Thus the lady-mother revenged herself upon her daughter's disobedience, and, as she thought, removed the bait which had attracted the brigadier.

The gallant soldier, however, seems to have been a man of another mould, and resolved to vindicate himself from the accusation of the lady's friends that he

was a mercenary adventurer. He accordingly set about the affair in earnest, and in order to prove that he was—at least now that the lady was penniless—an equal match for her, he procured from France, as well as from his own country, (wherever that might be), certificates that he was of good family, and moreover an exemplary Catholic. Brandishing these formidable documents, the brigadier deemed himself invulnerable, and bade defiance to his detractors, who, thus foiled in their object, had recourse to the more summary and, in Portugal, most approved means of redress—the dagger; and, accordingly, our hero was “set upon” one night as he quitted the Opera. Unit as he was, however, he proved too many for his assailants, one of whom, like a discreet person, took to his heels, and the other the brigadier, to use his own expression, “pinned to the wall,”—whether through the body or the button-hole he does not condescend to explain. The villain proved to be a servant of the Almada family, and the affair made such a noise, that even Portuguese justice, roused from her accustomed nap, shook her ears most portentously, and the matter was investigated. After a world of inquiry and no inconsiderable waste of words and time, the ecclesiastical court came to the solemn resolution of asking the young lady a question, which they might as well have propounded to her in the first instance, namely, “Was it her wish, desire, and intention to marry the brigadier?” The fair damsel’s reply was such as to convince the court that her resolution was taken, and the whole conclave of cardinals was not likely to divert her from

it. Accordingly, their reverences, with a discretion which cannot be sufficiently commended, relieved her mother of a somewhat anxious charge, and placed the young lady under the care of a "lady of reputation," where she was to remain until the marriage could be arranged. It was in this position of affairs that our hero appears, for the first time, to have enjoyed an opportunity of conversing with his inamorata.

The lady-mother, however,—commend us to a woman for perseverance!—was not to be put down by a bench of old women, such as she deemed the judges of the ecclesiastical court, and resolved, at all hazards and at any sacrifice of dignity and decorum, to prevent the obnoxious marriage. She was well aware of the influence of her own family, and that it had been greatly augmented by the recent marriage of her hopeful son, and determined on a direct and personal appeal to the Marquis of Pombal. Accordingly, she presented herself at the minister's palace, and solicited an audience. Carvalho, with all his faults, and they were not a few, was a man of business, and not having a superabundance of time upon his hands, was not particularly pleased at the intrusion. He knew the eloquence of the sex, and, like most men of his stern and peremptory character, hated circumlocution above all things. However, he could not refuse an audience to such an applicant, and she was admitted.

The lady flung herself upon her knees at the feet of the minister, and poured forth the history of her wrongs with an energy and volubility worthy of her sex, and when she had exhausted her vocabulary or

her breath, she, of course, burst into a passionate flood of tears.

Carvalho, among other qualifications of a thorough-going despot, had a heart of stone, and his face was of the same material, for not a muscle of it moved during the old gentlewoman's harangue. It is proper, perhaps, to mention, that she both hated and despised the marquis, and he knew it.

"It would seem, then," said the minister, "that the young lady has expressed her determination to marry the brigadier, and you think she will adhere to her resolution?"

"Most obstinately, senhor," was the reply.

"Then," rejoined the marquis, "I know enough of the brigadier to assure you, that he will as obstinately adhere to his, and therefore I see not that I can help you. What would you have me do?"

"Place the brigadier under restraint, senhor, until he renounces his designs," benevolently suggested the supplicant.

"Nay," responded Carvalho, "if I imprison the lover, I must in common justice mete the same measure to the damsel, for it passes my discernment to discover any difference in their offence."

"Banish the brigadier from Lisbon, then," said the lady.

"I may not do that," objected the minister; "he is a good and gallant officer, and the state cannot afford to lose his services, to say nothing of the injustice of such a proceeding. Be advised, therefore, and submit patiently to an evil,—if evil it be,—which you cannot

remedy; for I tell you, once for all, that until the young lady herself declares her dissent to the match, I cannot advise his majesty to interfere."

Thus ended the conference, and the young people were married. Twelve months had not elapsed, however, before the maternal feelings of the old lady resumed their power, and she became as anxious to be reconciled to her daughter, as she had before been to prevent her union; while she bitterly, but in vain, lamented her folly in promoting her son's marriage, and thus precluding her daughter's children from any participation in the family estate.

Pombal's conduct, in thus refusing to gratify a powerful family at the expense of the happiness of two amiable persons, contrasts strongly with the last act of his ministry, which, when the king his master was upon his death-bed, was to marry the presumptive heir of the crown, a boy of sixteen, to his own aunt, who was upwards of thirty.

CHAPTER VI.

LEIRIA.

Leiria — The Cathedral — Fair — Castle of Leiria — A Family Picture — Don Miguel's Chair — The Maid of Leiria — Departure — Interview with Saldanha.

LEIRIA is seated on a plain between the rivers Lis and Lena. It is said to have been built by Sertorius seventy-five years before Christ. It was the seat of government in the time of the Romans, when Lusitania was in their hands. Murphy, in his MS. Journal, speaks of Leiria as being in his time famous for its bull-fights, "the emoluments of which," he says, "go to the cathedral, where they are piously laid out in plastering every stock and stone with massy gold: this," doubtless meaning the cathedral, "I think, is the ugliest piece of modern architecture I ever saw, and a lasting monument of the depraved taste and ignorance of the architect." He adds, that "the site of the cathedral was formerly a rock, which they removed by lighting a great fire on its top, and when made very hot, throwing water on it, which, I am informed, was the manner the ancients raised stones in their quarries, instead of blasting them with gunpowder as we do." In the same MS. Murphy says, "There is a great

annual fair held at Leiria, in the month of April, where all kinds of wearing apparel are sold. 'Tis incredible what a quantity of English cloths are to be seen here, with cutlery and hardware of every kind. The principal manufactures of Portugal sold here are gold necklaces, crosses, and ear-pendants, which even the poorest females wear, though very often accompanied with bare feet and tattered petticoats.

“ A French tooth-drawer seemed to me the most ingenious fellow in the fair: he was elevated about five feet from the ground upon a table, with a trumpet round his neck, and a chain five or six feet long of prodigious large ill-formed teeth. I was present while he drew about a dozen, which he performed in less than two minutes, for which he received a vintin a-piece. He seemed to have little or no trouble in this operation; they came out to him almost at a call.

“ A piper played here upon the bagpipes, much like the Scotch instruments. With his mouth he blew a great quantity of wind into a brown bag which was under his arm, which communicated to a tube that served as base. This instrument has a very different effect on the minds of the Portuguese from that [which it produces] on the Irish, for all who were hearkening to the man were either asleep (!) or dozing. He seemed very careless at pleasing others, so that it tickled his own fancy, as his head and feet were in motion all the time.

“ Here were a number of people looking at two peasants fighting with a long pole, which they usually carry in their hands. It is generally about eight feet





long, and very unwieldy either in assailing or defence. A stout black showed himself master of this kind of fighting. The most dangerous manner of striking, is with a lounge of the butt end."

On an eminence rising out of the plain, north-west of the town, is the celebrated castle of Leiria, which was the residence of Denis, surnamed the Husbandman. It commands an extensive view of the beautiful scenery by which it is surrounded. Murphy, in his MS. says, that "Mr. Stephens informs him, that many of the doors and windows of the castle have been taken from an old ruin near Batalha, called *Polipo*, of which very little remains at this day." In his printed work, however, Murphy calls it *Callipo*, and goes on to show that the name was given in honour of the Muse of epic poetry.

At the entrance to the castle from the south-east, are some tumular stones of white marble with red veins, the inscriptions on which Mr. Kinsey has been at considerable pains to decipher, and we will give his translation of one:

SACRED TO THE MANES.
TO ALBURAA,
THE DAUGHTER OF TITUS,
THE SON OF AVITUS,
THE MOTHER OF THE DUUMVIR.
TITUS AVITUS AVITIANUS
PROCURED THIS MONUMENT TO BE ERECTED.

There is another inscription purporting that Avitus, the "prefect of the revenue in the corn department," procured that monument to be erected to his "three most dutiful sons."

The castle is now, and has for some years, been a ruin, but enough remains to show that it was originally a very splendid edifice. Of the general architecture of the town, Mr. Kinsey remarks that it contains some "very interesting specimens, which, though not Moorish perhaps, as reported, have strong claims, nevertheless, upon our consideration for their antiquity."

The town has suffered greatly by the atrocious and wanton devastation caused by the French, under Generals Margaron and Loison.

Speaking of the valley of Leiria, Murphy says the soil is so productive, that with little labour it yields abundance of corn, grapes, and olives; but adds, "that with all these advantages the plough and the loom are neglected." The magnificent pine forest in the neighbourhood of Leiria is said to have been planted by King Denis, and it is asserted has been the means of arresting the advance of the sands upon the fertile part of the country.

It was at Leiria that Wellington, when commanding in the Peninsula, ordered three men, who were caught in the fact of plundering the natives, to be hanged *in terrorem*,—an act of summary justice which was imperatively called for by the state of the country.

We were very fortunate in the quarters which we obtained at Leiria, not as respects our locality, which was in a narrow and dirty street called that of Misericordia,—almost every place in Portugal has a street of that name,—but our apartment was spacious, cleanly, and, what is rare in that country, free from those spe-

cimens of entomology, which are best contemplated at a distance. Our hosts, too, were remarkably civil and attentive. Their occupation was the manufacture of silk and silver tassels for necklaces, which are so commonly worn by the peasantry of that part of the country, who are better dressed than any we saw in Portugal; some of them having chains of gold passing twice round their necks, and of a massiveness and consequent value, which would cause a modern English dandy to hide his diminished head.

The family with whom we took up our abode, consisted of a woman, somewhat advanced in years; a younger one, whom I understood to be her daughter; and a remarkably pretty, graceful, and modest girl of about sixteen, who always addressed the elder of the other two by the title of *Madrinha*, a word having two meanings,—godmother and protectress: it is probable that the good matron was both to the interesting damsel. There was also an old woman,—no relation to the rest I believe,—who might, as far as appearance goes, have played one of the witches in *Macbeth* to the life. Her name was Juana, and her occupation was to tend the pigs in the field. The pigs of the country, we should mention, are small in size, and in colour generally black or blue. Of this sort of pig, an old campaigner of our acquaintance, a follower of the “glorious duke,” speaks in terms of enthusiasm, which none but a soldier who has paid a dollar for a single biscuit can understand. It happened that after a long and fatiguing march, during which, whether from the poverty of the country or the re-

missness of the commissariat we know not, the detachment to which my friend belonged was reduced to great straits in the way of provisions; the party found themselves on the verge of a forest, which they saw, to their great joy, abounded in these same black pigs. Necessity, they say, owns no law, which must plead the excuse of our Peninsular heroes for disregarding, on this occasion, not merely forest laws, but it is feared the laws of private property; certain it is, that the discovery was no sooner made, than the cracking of muskets was heard in every direction, and in an incredibly short space of time certain goodly chops, spitted upon ramrods, were roasting before extemporary fires. We believe that the repetition of these depredations upon the property of the peasants, to whom the herds of swine belonged, provoked an "order of the day" from Wellington, prohibiting the practice.

To return however, to our hosts: industry was the characteristic of the household; they spun their own linen, and indeed were never idle. Their fare was of the simplest and most frugal kind. At breakfast, dinner, and supper the meal was the same; namely, scarlet-beans sliced into a porringer of water, to which was added a lump of lard about the size of an egg, when the mess was simmered by the fire for some time, and then partaken of, apparently with great relish, by the whole family.

Rarely did they indulge in the luxury of animal food, and of their scrupulous abstinence from it on the days on which it was prohibited by the rules of their church, a curious instance fell under our notice while

an inmate in the family. It happened, that some country persons, coming on a visit to the old lady, presented the boy with a small rabbit about a month old, with which the mode of conveyance,—nearly smothered as it had been in the folds of the donor's ample gown,—had not agreed, and thus it was half dead when brought into the house. In order to give it time to recover itself, and also to protect it from the claws of a somewhat ferocious and always hungry cat, we locked it up in a closet in our own apartment. It was of no avail, for in less than an hour the poor animal breathed its last, and we accordingly transferred it to our factotum John, that he might throw it away; which, however, in a country where animal food was a rarity, he could not afford to do, but made use of it as a valuable addition to the usual mess of boiled scarlet-beans. Had he chosen any other than a Catholic *banyan* day for the display of his culinary skill, he would have secured the everlasting gratitude of the whole house, but unfortunately it was a fast-day; and thus, though they were strongly tempted by the savoury odour of the dish, a spoonful of which John actually applied to the lips of the venerable dame herself, not one of the family could be induced to taste it. There was "death in the pot," and my excellent hosts went without their dinner.

We cannot dismiss these worthy persons without adding, to their honour, that when we were about to take leave of them, and inquired in what we were indebted for our lodging, and that of our mules, muleteer, and servant, their whole charge amounted to

about the sum of two shillings for forage ; but for the use of the apartments they would charge nothing. Of course we had found our own provisions. At length, in the teeth of their remonstrances that they had considered us in the light of guests, and felt honoured by our sojourn amongst them, we forced upon their acceptance, as some acknowledgment for the accommodation and kindness we had experienced during our short stay, the sum of twelve crusado novos.

While at Leiria we were shown a chair, which, during the late civil war, had been appropriated to Don Miguel, and which afforded a sample of abject adulation worthy of the days of Canute, for it bore the inscription—

“ *Diis sacrata inferioribus sella.*”

Very inferior indeed, thought we, if Don Miguel, or the generality of Portuguese monarchs whose biographies we have met with, is to be quoted as a specimen. In many parts of Portugal, we should mention, Miguel is held in great veneration. We remember that when at Oliveira, a very respectable town, we heard the women protesting against their husbands joining the liberal party ; “ but,” said they, “ for Don Miguel we would send even these to fight,” holding forth the infants in their arms.

We will here venture to introduce a story of which Leiria was the scene ; and although we do not pledge ourselves for the accuracy of all its details, we know that the heroine is a sketch from life. She was living at Leiria at the period of our visit.

The Maid of Leiria.

It is now many years ago that an Englishman, whose name was Clifton, arrived in the city of Leiria, where, having dismissed his muleteer, he took up his abode in a somewhat spacious house in one of the best streets. The traveller was without a servant, and his baggage occupied but a small space; yet there was that in his manner and dress which could not be mistaken: he was evidently a gentleman.

At the period of his first occupation of the apartments, the only other inmates in the dwelling were an elderly woman and a young girl. They were apparently in narrow circumstances, for the mother, such was the relationship in which Clifton was informed she stood to the maiden, performed much of the drudgery of the house. She was active, somewhat more cleanly than the generality of women in her station, and our traveller found her remarkably obliging and attentive to himself.

The girl, whose name was Anna, contributed her share of labour to the support of the house; but it was in a different way, she being occupied, from morning till night, in the fabrication of tassels and other ornamental work, composed of silk and silver twist, which was then, as it is now, used by Portuguese females in setting off their necklaces. Anna was about seventeen, somewhat tall for her age, and remarkably well formed. Her complexion was of a rich clear olive; her eyes were long and black, and their brilliancy was shaded by lashes silken and shining as the wing of the

raven. There was a gracefulness in her movements, and a confiding simplicity in her manner, that greatly interested the Englishman, who had a love of beauty in the abstract, which may, and in the present instance did, exist unmixed with a tenderer feeling.

Clifton, although, as was clear to those around him, was not contracted in his means, was a man of few wants, and his meals were frugal. His intercourse with the family was very limited, but it was not long ere he began to perceive that they lived hardly; their meals being usually a sort of vegetable broth, if it deserved the name, while meat was a luxury in which they did not indulge more than once a-week, and even then the quantity was small, and the quality inferior.

Clifton had, among other characteristics which distinguish the true gentleman from the pretender, that sensitiveness which shrunk, even in conferring a benefit, from wounding the delicacy of the most humble. It would have been an easy, and as many might think, the most direct course, for him to increase the hire of his apartments; but he could not voluntarily do this without inventing an excuse which might not, after all, conceal his motive. He therefore began suddenly to find the air have a marvellous effect upon his appetite, and the supplies of his table were more liberal, while he affected an unconquerable aversion to a second introduction to the same joint, whether cold or *rechauffé*. The natural result was, a considerable improvement in the commissariat of his hostess and Anna, the former of whom, a dull plodding creature, saw not through the artifice, though she not only re-

joiced, but grew fat on the abundance which it threw in her way.

The maiden, however, with a more delicate mind, had a quicker perception, and felt, for the manner in which the benefit had been conferred, a gratitude that the wealth of a province differently bestowed would not have called forth. We will not deny that the handsome person and noble bearing of the Englishman had their effect on the mind of the maiden; but those qualities alone would not have inspired the feeling of deep respect, amounting almost to veneration, with which she regarded him. There was but one thought that alloyed the pleasure which the contemplation of his character afforded her,—the thought that so glorious a being should be a *heretic*, excluded, as she had been taught from infancy to think, from the happiness of Eternity.

It happened that in passing from the street into his own apartment, his way was through the room usually occupied by Anna and her mother; and it frequently occurred that when he returned, after an afternoon's excursion in the surrounding country, he found the two females sitting together, the younger at her lace-work, and the elder at her distaff. On some of these occasions the Englishman would spend a few minutes in chatting with the industrious pair; and as his interest in Anna increased, these conversations became by degrees more prolonged.

One evening the discourse turned upon religion; and great was the surprise of the simple-hearted girl on finding that the Englishman believed, not only in

the existence of a God, but in the divinity and atonement of the Saviour, as well as in the influence of the third Person in the blessed Trinity. But if the surprise of the noble girl was great, her joy at the discovery was intense; and, although it was not expressed by her lips, it was manifest in her eyes, from which tears of delight stole down her soft cheek.

At other times Mr. Clifton would entertain them with descriptions of his native land, and of his home; alluding often, and with tenderness, to his parents and his sisters; and Anna would listen with eager interest to his recital, and wish that Heaven had given her such a brother.

The Englishman, on a nearer acquaintance with Anna, perceived with satisfaction that her mind, simple and unsophisticated as it was, had not been left altogether uncultivated; the abbess of a neighbouring convent having, for some unexplained cause, shown a more than ordinary interest in the girl, to whom she had given advantages in the way of education, not usually enjoyed by persons in her station.

Whether Clifton found more in the circumjacent country to gratify his love of the picturesque, or felt any other attraction to the spot, we have no means of deciding; but his sojourn had been protracted to a fortnight, and he had made no preparations for pursuing his tour. Returning one evening, he was surprised at the unusual addition of a man to the party at his lodgings. He rose as the Englishman entered, and was introduced as the husband of his hostess and the father of Anna. Clifton, of course, said all that

was gracious on the occasion, although he felt little temptation to felicitate the damsel on her near connexion with the man who stood before him. He was of a short, slight figure, very dark, and the expression of his countenance was made doubly disgusting by the obsequious grin with which he greeted his "lodger."

The Englishman's eye glanced from the ferocious features of his host, to the contrast presented by the graceful and lovely Anna; and was surprised, although he was scarcely displeased, at perceiving that the damsel was any thing but proud of the relationship; the reality of which he felt much disposed to doubt.

From the hour in which that repulsive personage returned to his dwelling,—for such it was,—a change appeared to have passed upon the two females. It was as if his very shadow had flung a blighting cloud over their spirits. The Englishman no longer heard the old woman bustling up and down the stairs, as if noise and motion had been essential to her happiness; while the sweet voice of Anna, which was once heard chaunting a hymn to the Virgin or her patron saint, as she plied her nimble fingers at her task, was mute.

Clifton, of course, had now little inducement to seek the society of his lovely favourite, since he must incur the tax of enduring that of his swarthy host; yet, of course, in passing to and from his apartments, he occasionally encountered her, and was pained at perceiving that her cheerfulness was gone, and that the tear was often in her eye.

Feeling that, whatever might be the source of her

sorrow, he had no right to invite her confidence, and that, even if it were given to him, probabilities were much against his possessing the power of alleviating her distress, he made no remark to her upon the alteration in her manner, but intimated to his hostess his intention of pursuing his journey on the evening of the following day.

Whether it was that in thus precipitating his departure Clifton was influenced by mere disgust at the man, or that the sinister expression of his face inspired him with apprehensions for his personal safety, is not known; but immediately on his returning to his chamber in the evening, the traveller busied himself in preparations for leaving on the morrow. Arrangements of this nature usually occupy more time than is calculated upon, and thus it happened that it was late before his task was concluded; and then, wearied by his exertions in a close atmosphere, he flung open the little casement of his apartment, and seated himself at the window. It was a glorious night, and the rays of the full moon fell directly upon the castle of Leiria, which overlooks the city. The air was balmy, and Clifton felt its refreshing influence, and was altogether so absorbed by the scene, that he was either insensible to the flight of time, or experienced no inclination to retire to his bed, for it was long past the hour when he usually sought his pillow.

The door of his sleeping apartment opened into a gallery, which, being imperfectly lighted from without, received what is called a borrowed light from a window which had been made for that purpose in

Clifton's room. The people of the house, being fatigued by their respective labours, usually retired to rest about nine o'clock; which, considering that they went to mass regularly at five in the morning, was not an unreasonably early hour. It was past twelve, when the Englishman's attention was attracted by a faint ray of light, as from a candle, slowly stealing across the ceiling of the room, and indicating that some person was deliberately mounting the stairs which led to the gallery.

His curiosity, if not his suspicions, being roused by this unusual circumstance, the traveller passed noiselessly across the apartment, and, mounting upon a chair, took his station at the window to which reference has been made. From that position he perceived, more to his surprise than alarm,—for he was constitutionally brave,—his amiable host within a few steps of the top of the staircase, which terminated at the opposite side of the gallery; so that, in making his way to Clifton's room, he would have to traverse two sides of a quadrangle, and in so doing, to pass the doors of two sleeping apartments, at one of which he paused, and, after listening attentively for the space of a minute, as if to ascertain that all was quiet within, proceeded in the direction of the Englishman's room.

Before, however, he reached what Clifton, not without reason, concluded to be his destination, an intervening door was suddenly opened, and Anna, dressed as she had been on the preceding evening, advanced from her chamber, and confronting him, inquired in

a firm tone, "What dost thou here, Philipppo, at such an hour?"

The other started, and was for a moment confused, but, quickly recovering himself, replied, "What is that to thee? Go back to thy chamber, girl."

"I will not," said she, "until I know thy purpose."

"And what, I will ask in return," rejoined the man, "is the meaning of thy being up at this hour, and dressed too? I say again, go to thy chamber, or thou shalt rue it on the morrow: I will not tell thee my purpose."

"Then I will tell it to *thee*," said the girl; "thou hast a design upon the stranger yonder."

"What!" exclaimed the other furiously, evading the charge, "darest thou hold this language to thy father?"

"Thou art *not* my father!" retorted the maiden. "I have it from lips that never lied."

Philipppo made an attempt to pass; but Anna kept her post so immediately in his path, that he could not succeed without resorting to violence. "Advance another step," she said, "and I will raise the house!"

"Whom wilt thou raise?" asked the other with a sneer, "thy mother? Credit me, she will take better counsel than meddle in my matters."

"I will alarm the senhor."

"Speak another word above thy breath," rejoined the ruffian, placing the lamp in a niche in the wall and drawing a dagger from his vest, "and this shall to thy heart!"

"Senhor! senhor!" shrieked Anna.

Philipppo rushed upon her, but stepping aside, she

avoided the blow first aimed at her, and a struggle ensued; but its duration was short, for before the assassin could disengage his arm for a second thrust, he felt a grasp upon his throat, and the cold contact of a pistol at his ear, while a voice like a trumpet blast exclaimed, "Scoundrel! but for your relationship, whatever it may be, to yon fair girl, this moment were your last."

As he spake, he flung the assassin from him, with a force which sent him staggering to the extremity of the gallery, and then turned to the maiden, who was lying in a state of almost insensibility on the floor. He raised her up, and, having conveyed her to his own room, administered such restoratives as he could command, and remained at her side until she, in some degree, recovered from the shock which her frame and feelings had sustained.

"Noble, generous girl!" said Clifton, when his fair patient had requited his care by a grateful smile, "what could induce you to peril your life thus for a stranger?"

"Can you ask me, senhor?" rejoined the damsel; "you who have been so kind to me when the hand of poverty was heavy upon me and poor Ursula yonder. Could I ever do enough, senhor, for one who, by a thousand generous acts, has earned a right to my prayers? ay, and to my love—nay, mistake me not,—such love as a simple maiden may bear for one so much raised above her as yourself,—a love which she may cherish without sin, and own without a blush."

"It is I, Anna," said the Englishman, "who

should talk of gratitude; but of that we will speak anon. In the mean time, pray tell me, is the person you call Ursula not your mother?"

"No," replied the maiden, "any more than is Philippo my father: I have it from a sure hand; and Ursula, although she dares not, for fear of her husband, say so openly, has tacitly admitted that I am not related to either of them. Further than this I know not."

"But, Anna," said the Englishman, "after what I have witnessed to-night, this house can no longer be a safe abode for you. Now tell me what you propose to do, and how I can help you, as I am bound to do by every tie of gratitude and honour."

"Alas!" was the maiden's reply, "I have but one refuge, the convent; and, as I have not the means of placing myself there as a boarder, I must seek its shelter as a novice."

"Nay," said the Englishman, "it were both a sin and a shame to bury youth, loveliness, and virtue like yours in the living grave of a nunnery. But we will not talk of these things now."

The maiden then retired to her chamber, as did Clifton to his, but not to sleep; for the day had already dawned, and he waited impatiently for the hour when he could make known the events of the night to the municipal authorities. In the mean time, having ascertained that Philippo had quitted the house immediately after his encounter with the Englishman, the latter mounted guard, pistol in hand, at the foot of the stairs which led to the gallery,

in order to protect the intrepid and noble-minded maiden from any further outrage in the event of the other's return.

At length the wished-for time arrived, and Clifton sallied forth in quest of what was not so readily found as he had imagined, namely, justice; for he had not proceeded the length of the street before he discovered that his late antagonist had not spent the intervening hours idly. Philippo's object, in his intended visit to the Englishman's apartment, was his gold, of which he had good reasons for concluding Clifton carried with him an abundance, and rightly guessed that his portmanteau was the depository of the greater part of it. Of this, if he could have possessed himself unknown to its owner, he would probably have done so without taking the trouble of cutting his throat. Having been foiled, however, in the manner we have shown, his next object was to gratify his revenge and his cupidity at the same time; and, accordingly, by his own activity and the assistance of confederates, he contrived to spread a report of the stranger's conduct towards his daughter, as he called her; and, among the lightest of his charges, was an attempt on the part of Clifton to convert the damsel from a good Catholic to a heretic. This, in itself, was quite enough to enlist the passions of a bigoted mob against the Englishman; who, accordingly, soon found himself surrounded by a rabble, whose ferocious gestures, followed up by acts of personal violence, promised the realization of Philippo's designs upon the life and moveables of the stranger.

To remonstrate with a mob would be to harangue the waves in a storm, while resistance and flight were equally out of the question. He had already sustained some severe bruises, and his clothes were nearly torn from his back, when a procession of the Host turned the corner of the street. This produced a momentary diversion in his favour, by bringing his assailants upon their knees; while the pressure, caused by the crowd making a lane for the procession, forced Clifton against a door which was suddenly opened, causing him to tumble headlong into a passage, and then the door was as quickly closed.

On recovering his feet, he found himself in the presence of a person in the dress of an ecclesiastic. His age was apparently about fifty; he was somewhat inclining to corpulency, but well formed withal, and his high forehead and open countenance bespoke both intellect and good humour. He addressed Clifton in English, and in that peculiarly rich full tone which, without a predominance of the *brogue*, left no doubt as to his country. "You are welcome, sir," he said, "although, I confess, I could have wished the introduction to have taken place under more auspicious circumstances."

"I am sure," replied the other, "I have reason to be very grateful for my timely rescue from the hands of these ruffians."

"We must not holla till we are out of the wood," said the priest. "The procession has diverted the attention of the mob, but my manœuvre has not escaped them. I noticed one fellow in particular,



Painted by J. Holland.

Engraved by E. Bramhall.

STREET OF MISERICORDIA, LEIRIA.

London, Published Oct. 20, 1856, by Robert Jennings, & Co. 65, Cheapside.





a tailor,—truculent fellows those tailors,—he squints fearfully, and while one eye was on the procession, the other was on you at the moment of your entrance; and, hark! he has communicated his discovery to the rabble.”

A shower of blows on the door, and loud cries of “Bring out the heretic!” verified the words of the priest, who, ringing a little bell, summoned to his presence a youth of some fourteen years old, in whose ear he whispered a few words; and having dismissed him with an injunction to use despatch, he turned to Clifton and said, “And now, my friend, if you value life and limb, help me to pile up the chairs and tables against the door, or these vagabonds will soon walk over it.”

The other did as he was bidden, but remarked on the impossibility of holding out against such an assault for half an hour.

“If we can manage to do so for a quarter of one,” was the rejoinder, “it will be more than I expect, and as much as I desire.” Then having, with the assistance of the Englishman, barricaded the door and window as well as circumstances would admit, he drew a brace of holster-pistols from a cupboard, carefully examined the priming, and giving one of them to Clifton, remarked, “These are odd articles of furniture for a man of my cloth; but a journey over the mountains is scarcely safe without such companionship. Heaven preserve us both from the dreadful alternative of shedding blood! but while I watch the door, do you station yourself at the window, and if it

be forced, make sure of your man and shoot the first that enters. It may produce a panic in the rest, which will then be our only chance."

"But," inquired the Englishman, "is there no egress by the rear of the house?"

"Yes," was the reply; "but you would be recognised and murdered before you had walked twenty yards."

"Then, at least, save yourself," said Clifton; "and leave me to a fate in which I have no right to involve you."

"Sir," said the other, with something of sternness, "that is not the fashion in my country: we stand or fall together."

The words had scarcely passed his lips, when the hinges of the door yielded with a crash, which was succeeded by a shout of exultation from the rabble, who followed up their advantage, and there stood but a few frail tables and chairs between them and their victim. The priest and the Englishman cocked their pistols, and stood shoulder to shoulder. "Now," said the former, "the tailor is my man—mark you him of the red cap."

The pistols were presented, when the attention of the mob appeared to be suddenly arrested: their eyes were turned towards the top of the street; and, the next moment, the tramp of cavalry was distinctly heard.

"The boys are coming at last!" exclaimed the priest, who was confessor to a company of Irish horse in the Portuguese service, to the captain of which he had

despatched his messenger to request assistance. The hesitation of the rabble was speedily converted into a rapid retreat, by the firing of a few shots over their heads; and immediately afterwards, some twenty troopers, under the command of a subaltern, passed down the street, at a smart trot, and completed the dispersion of the rioters.

Clifton, having related to the worthy ecclesiastic the events of the night, concluded by a repetition of his thanks for the signal service which he had experienced at his hands.

“Say not another word on the subject,” was the reply. “I am too happy in having been of use to a gentleman, whose acquaintance I should be proud to improve, but whom, nevertheless, it is my duty to recommend to decamp from Leiria with all convenient expedition; for your friend Philippo will take the first opportunity of cutting your throat, which he will do with as little compunction as he would slice a melon.”

“You knew the fellow before, then?” said Clifton.

“I have known him long,” replied the father, “and have of late frequently encountered him, in my journeys to Coimbra, in very suspicious company; in fact, I have no doubt he is leagued with a band of freebooters, if he be not actually one of the gang.”

The good priest, in answer to the Englishman's inquiries, proceeded to state that it was understood that Anna was the daughter of an individual, whose peculiar position prevented him from acknowledging the paternity; but who had confided her to the care of Philippo and his wife, with a sum of money suffi-

cient, not only for her support, but for her future establishment. The real father, however, died while Anna was an infant, when Philippo appropriated the money to his own use, and, to guard against any subsequent claims on the part of the girl, brought her up as his daughter."

Clifton wisely took the advice of his clerical friend, and accordingly proceeded to his late abode for the purpose of obtaining his portmanteau, etc. He ascertained that Philippo had not deemed it safe to return, and consequently the Englishman's property was undisturbed.

Passing from his own apartment, he found Anna sitting by herself in an adjoining room. She rose at his entrance, but he bade her sit down, and took a seat beside her. "Anna," said he, in a voice which betrayed his emotion, "I am come to bid farewell to you; but at the same time to say, that I have made arrangements for your reception as a boarder in the convent over which your friend presides; and in thus doing, feel that I have but inadequately acknowledged my gratitude for your noble devotion to my safety."

"Farewell, generous Englishman!" she exclaimed, as she threw herself upon her knees, covering his hand with kisses, and bathing it with tears: "Farewell! our paths in this world are widely sundered; but there is a blessed region beyond it, where I will hope and pray that we shall meet again."

Clifton, unable to give utterance to another syllable, gently disengaged his hand from the passionate embrace of the grateful girl, imprinted one kiss upon her

glorious brow; then, rushing from the house, he mounted his mule and departed.

We doubt not that our readers,—and especially our young and fair ones,—will be disappointed, because our story has not terminated, according to ancient usage, in the marriage of the Englishman with the lovely Portuguese. The probabilities are, that the happiness of neither party would have been promoted by such an union; inasmuch as disparity of rank, and above all, difference of religion, rarely promise happiness in a matrimonial connexion. Certain it is, that Anna could not, had she married a king, have been more happy than she is, as the wife of an honest and wealthy landholder, who had long loved her, and who relieved the good abbess of her charge about a year after the events which we have just narrated.

It was on Tuesday, the fifteenth of August, that on our way from Leiria to Batalha, we fell in with the Marquis of Saldanha, whom we would willingly have avoided, inasmuch as we were aware that our mules would be regarded with a somewhat covetous eye by the general of an ill-appointed army, and that little scruple would be felt in easing us of our charge. It was about four o'clock in the morning that we thus encountered his lordship at the head of a force, consisting of about five hundred cavalry and two hundred foot, if men in brown jackets and useless muskets could be termed soldiers. The general pulled up on our approach, and, in the midst of his staff, questioned us as to our route, the object of our journey,

and particularly as to our knowledge of what was passing at Leiria. We could give him no information except what related to ourselves; but although we believe we satisfied him as to our innocence of all political or bellicose intentions, we should hardly have escaped without the sacrifice of our mules, had we not stated what was the fact, that we had a letter of introduction from a friend of his in London. This appeared to interest, not only himself, but one of his staff who rode beside him, and who exclaimed, "What! do you know * * * *?" mentioning him by name. The party who made this inquiry was a remarkably fine, handsome, and intelligent looking person, and, we regret to add, was shot dead during a parley between Saldanha and a general of the opposite party, a short time after our interview with him.

The result of that interview, as far as regards ourselves, was, that we were permitted to depart with our mules and baggage; and we certainly never recollect to have bidden any person good morning with half so much pleasure, as that with which we bade adieu to the gallant marquis.

CHAPTER VII.

BATALHA.

Our Lodgings—Visit to the Monastery—Battle of Aljubarrota—Royal Vow—Mausoleum of the Founder—Chapter-house—Mausoleum of King Emanuel—Anecdotes of the Battle of Aljubarrota—A Night Scene.

ON our arrival at Batalha, where we purposed to remain a few days, our first care was to secure quarters, a matter which we found to be one of no ordinary difficulty. Inn,—that is to say, any thing deserving of the name, and in which an Englishman could endure to remain for a moment,—there was none; and we therefore had recourse, in the first instance, to the priest, who is usually well lodged; but he, we found, had not a room to spare, and we next resorted to a kind of magistrate, whose duty is chiefly to examine passports. He, fortunately, had an apartment for which he had no immediate use, and that he kindly and unconditionally resigned to us. It was on the first story of the house, very spacious, but filthy to a degree which we cannot describe, and which it would be impossible for an Englishman who had not seen it to conceive. The floor was literally plastered with dirt, which, perhaps, will cease to be a subject of wonder,

when we state that the pigs, and particularly a venerable and most matronly sow, were in the habit of mounting the stairs, and taking the range of the premises at pleasure.

As this room, like that of the son of St. Crispin, was to serve us for "parlour, for kitchen, and hall," it became our first object to cleanse the Augean stable; and accordingly, by the offer of a pecuniary reward, we engaged some persons to set about the work of purification, which they did not undertake without expressing wonder, not unmixed with contempt, at what they considered our fastidiousness. They were, however, so unaccustomed to the work, that they gave it up when it was but partially done; and after causing our Portuguese servant to sprinkle the room liberally with diluted chloride of lime,—an article which we were recommended by a friend to take with us from England,—we had our metal bedstead fixed, and prepared ourselves for repose.

We should mention that among the "little inconveniences" to which our new lodgings exposed us, was the circumstance of the adjoining room being tenanted by our host and his family, male and female; which might, notwithstanding the eternal chatter of the ladies, have been tolerable enough, had our apartments been separated by that common English contrivance,—a door. However, there was no help for it, so, getting into bed, we desired John to draw the musquito net over us as a protection from the flies, which are one of the many entomological annoyances of the country, and essayed to go to sleep; but, alas!

that was no easy matter; for although we, of course, carried our own bed-linen with us, and had, by a clever invention of our own, almost encased ourselves in a sack, no armour, not even steel itself would have been proof against our assailants. A friend of ours, whose fate it was once to pass a night at an inn in the town of Wexford, assures us that the fleas are so large that one can hear them *bark*; those of Batalha, however, needed no such accomplishment to prevent us from closing our eyes. We suppose the hides of the Portuguese are tanned by the sun, and that fleas are glad to get hold of a foreigner who is not so fortunate, for they showed us no sort of mercy. However, sleep at last deigned to visit us in spite of the fleas; but at day-break we were awakened by a sensation of chilliness, arising from a thick mist which filled the apartment. On examination, we found,—what had previously escaped our notice, and was probably deemed too trifling a matter to be referred to by our host,—that a window at the extremity of the room was not glazed; so that we were exposed to the fogs, which had doubtless carried rheumatism and cramps into the limbs of the ancient monks of Batalha, to whose primitive condition we have alluded in another part of the volume.

Our investigations in entomology at Batalha, alas! were not limited to fleas, which, when the worst is said of them, must be allowed to be at least very lively companions, although their wit is occasionally too pungent. On being awakened from our second nap, we were surprised by the sight of a multitude of

dark spots, by which our mosquito net was liberally studded, and, summoning our servant, we directed his attention to the immense number of flies which had settled there. He shrugged his shoulders and said nothing. The hideous and appalling truth suddenly flashed upon us. "They cannot be bugs!" we exclaimed, as we started upright in bed for the benefit of a more minute examination, when, to our indescribable horror, we found our suspicions confirmed.

The people of the house, in common we believe with all Portuguese of their class, appeared to regard these objects of our aversion with the utmost indifference; indeed, our antipathy to fleas was ridiculed even by the children, who, whenever we ventured out of our apartment, were wont to cry, "The fleas are coming! the fleas are coming!"

Nor were the frequent ablutions in which we found it so essential to our comfort in such a climate to indulge, a less fruitful subject of merriment to these urchins; for, as we stood at the window engaged in what was considered by them to be a wanton waste of water, they would mock our proceedings by dipping their hands in a puddle and rubbing their own begrimed faces, which all the mud in the Peninsula could not have made more dirty than they were.

During our sojourn at the worthy functionary's to whom we were indebted for quarters, we were greatly struck by the skill displayed by his daughters in embroidery: we may not, perhaps, use the term which will convey our meaning to our fair readers, but we mean the working of flowers upon muslin.

One of the damsels, who had noticed our sketching propensities, once asked us to draw her a design from which to work; accordingly, with a readiness inspired by our gallantry, and not a little stimulated by a notion that we should "astonish the natives" by our performance, we forthwith applied ourselves to the task. Not having been previously favoured by a sight of any specimens of their skill, we presented the result of our labours to the fair petitioner, who received our offering very graciously; and we flattered ourselves that we had earned the guerdon of smiles with which our compliance was rewarded. The reader will judge of the mortification we experienced when we discovered, on an inspection of some previously executed specimens of our fair friend's skill, that our designs were completely cast into shade by the exquisite grace, delicacy, and beauty of her performances. We were given to understand that the art of embroidering is very generally cultivated by the women of Portugal, and, as in the case of the damsel to whom we have alluded, with great success.

Our first visit was, of course, to the celebrated monastery of Batalha. Its architecture Murphy describes as modern Norman-Gothic, of which it is considered one of the finest specimens extant. The materials of which it is constructed are so substantial, and the climate so favourable for its preservation, that it still retains much of its original beauty, notwithstanding its having suffered severely from the earthquake in 1755, the ravages of which, from the poverty of its revenues, the monks have not been able



to repair. According to Murphy, it is built, with the exception of the inferior offices and dormitories, of marble, somewhat like that of Carrara; but Link, as quoted by Mr. Kinsey, maintains that it is a "calcareous species of sand-stone."

"In the construction of the church," says Murphy, "we observe none of those trifling and superfluous sculptures, which but too often are seen to crowd other Gothic structures: whatever ornaments are employed in it, are sparingly but judiciously disposed, particularly in the inside, which is remarkable for a chaste and noble plainness; and the general effect, which is grand and sublime, is derived, not from any meretricious embellishments, but from the intrinsic merit of the design."

The Portuguese writers on the subject, either from ignorance or some other cause, have omitted to mention the name of the architect; and it is gratifying to state, that this *chef-d'œuvre* was designed by a British artist, Stephen Stephenson. It is probable that the employment of an Englishman in the plan, as well as of others of the same country in the details, is attributable to the fact of the wife of the founder being an Englishwoman,—the amiable and exemplary Philippa, daughter of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster.

The extent of the building, according to Murphy, the accuracy of whose measurements, however, we are aware has been impugned, from the western entrance to the eastern extremity is 416 feet; from north to south, including the monastery, 541 feet. Of the

principal entrance, he remarks, that in every thing which constitutes the ornamental or elegant, it "stands unrivalled by any other Gothic frontispiece in Europe." The portal, which is twenty-eight feet wide by fifty-seven high, is embellished with upwards of one hundred figures in alto-relievo, representing Moses and the prophets, saints, angels, etc., etc. Each figure is on an ornamental pedestal, beneath a canopy of admirable workmanship, and separated by mouldings terminating in pointed arches. Below the vertex of the inferior arch is the figure of the Saviour, seated on a throne, with one hand on a globe and the other extended, dictating to the four evangelists, by effigies of whom he is encircled. The summit of the building is surrounded by a railing about one hundred feet from the pavement.

Of the exquisite delicacy of the ornamental workmanship, Murphy states as an instance, that there is a figure at the entrance, representing one of the fathers of the church, not more than twelve inches high, in which "the sculptor has expressed its worn tunic in a threadbare state." It has been suggested to the author, by a gentleman celebrated for his judgment in matters both of antiquity and taste, that Stephenson was a pupil of William of Wykeham, an inference which is drawn, not merely from the fact of their being contemporaries, but from the style of the architecture.

For the early history of this celebrated edifice, as well as for some additional particulars of its structure and decoration, we refer to the following notes from the *History and Description of the Royal Monastery*

of *Batalha*, by Father Louis de Sousa, as translated by Murphy.

“Don John, the first of his name, and tenth king of Portugal, finding his kingdom invaded, encamped in the plains of Aljubarrota, in the district of Leiria, accompanied by a few but faithful and resolute subjects. His adversary, another king named John, and also the first of that name in the royal line of Castile, was drawn up in his front, with all the forces of his kingdom, among whom were a great number of Portuguese, who followed him either through motives of interest, or from a mistaken idea of the justice of his cause: matters having arrived at this crisis, a battle became inevitable.”

The issue of this battle, on the 14th of August, 1385, proving favourable to King John of Portugal, he vowed to build a magnificent monastery in honour of the Virgin Mary, “because the battle was on the eve of her glorious assumption.” Nor will it be matter of surprise that the victorious monarch should have felt gratitude for the success which had crowned his arms, whatever may be the opinion as to the mode he adopted of expressing his feelings; since it appears that, with a force of only 6500 men and with some local disadvantages, he withstood and finally overthrew an army of 33,000. In this conflict, celebrated as the battle of Aljubarrota, the name of the village near which it was fought, the Castilians are said to have sustained a loss, in cavalry alone, of 3000 men. The contest commenced at sunset, and at the first charge the Castilians broke their opponents’

vanguard; but the Portuguese monarch rallied his forces so effectually, that in the course of one hour he put his adversaries to the rout.

The result of his victory was the ultimate reduction of his kingdom to obedience; but, although he never lost sight of his vow to build a monastery, he appears to have been influenced by his spiritual advisers as to the appropriation of it; and that somewhat against his conscience, as would appear by the following apologetical passage in his will.

“Whereas we promised on the day we had the battle with the King of Castile, if the Lord would render our arms victorious, that we should order a monastery to be built in honour of our blessed St. Mary, on the eve of whose assumption the battle was fought. After the commencement of the said monastery, Doctor John das Regas of our council, and F. Laurengo Lamprea, our confessor, being with us at the siege of Melgaço, requested that we should command it to be of the order of St. Domiuick; but having some doubts on that head, because our promise was to build it in honour of our Lady, the blessed Virgin Mary, they answered that the said Lady was much attached to this order, and declared to us for what reason. Having duly considered the same, we consented, and caused to be ordained, that the said monastery be of the Dominican order.”

It appears, that in order to the fit execution of his pious design, King John invited from foreign countries the most skilful artists; and, as the wealth of the monarch was proverbial, not a few obeyed the call.

The site of the edifice was not chosen with much regard either to health, convenience, or picturesque beauty; for the pious historian feels it necessary to apologize for his majesty "raising a pile, the admiration of the world, in a depopulated desert, destitute of shady woods and cooling springs, and in a low humid situation;" which, as we find stated in the same paragraph, generates infirmities, and "renders it a living sepulture."

"Notwithstanding these weighty objections," continues our author, (we quote the words of his translator,) "the king, agreeably to his previous resolution, would not change the situation in which he received the divine favour, as declared in the words of his testament;" whence it is clear, that the pious monarch was not content with raising an altar, but *endowed* it with victims *in perpetuo*. It is held, in our day, to be scarcely fair to charge an architect with all the faults of a work executed under royal superintendance; but it is impossible not to admire the complaisance, whatever we may think of the philanthropy, of the architects of Batalha, who, we are told, assured the king that, as to the humidity of the site, "it would dry with the edifice, or at least such parts of it as were injurious to health." But whither, the reader will inquire, went the damp? Into the bones of the unlucky friars who were doomed to inhabit it!

The original name of the convent was Canveira, from the village near which it was built; but it was subsequently called Batalha, (battle) the origin of its establishment. "Our ancient fathers," says our chro-



Designed by J. C. de Casasnovas

BARCELONA.

London, Published Oct. 26, 1853, by Rogers, Jenyngh, & Co's, Chiswick.



nicle, "more religious than classical, call it improperly *De bello*, a name which would be proper and applicable, were we to take its signification from the Latin adjective *bellum*, fine, or beautiful, instead of the substantive *bellum*, which (the chronicler kindly informs us) imports war." Punning, therefore, it appears, is not so modern an accomplishment as some would imagine.

The church of the monastery is built from east to west, and the body of it alone, from the principal entrance is 300 palms* long, measured to the first step of the great chapel; and thence to the wall at the back of the chapel 60 palms,—making in the whole 360 palms. The breadth is 150 palms; equal to one-third of the length taken to the first step of the great chapel. The height from the pavement of the church is 146 palms. The nave is 33 palms, and the two aisles each $21\frac{1}{2}$ palms wide. The difference between these, added together, and the whole width of the building, is made up by the width of the pillars, of which there are eight on each side of 12 palms diameter at the base, equal to the thickness of the walls. The transept is 30 palms wide and 150 palms long; the front of it, at each side of the high altar, is subdivided into four chapels: one is dedicated to St. Barbara, and contains a "low sepulture of a cardinal," supposed to be of royal descent. The second is dedicated to Our Lady of the Rosary, and contains the monument of Queen Isabel, wife of Alfonso V. In the third, which is at the right hand of the high altar, and is dedicated to

* Murphy says, the palm is $8\frac{1}{10}$ inches, English measure.

Our Lady of Mercy, are the remains of John II. The fourth was appointed for the remains of the grand-master of the order of Christ, Don Lopes Denis de Sousa, whose valour and great services as his namesake, and doubtless relative, the chronicler adds, with natural and laudable partiality, "well merited the posthumous honour."

In the centre of the great chapel, below the steps of the altar, lie the remains of King Edward and his wife Eleanor. The tomb is without inscription, and is distinguished only by the recumbent effigies of the deceased, whose right hands are joined, while the left hand of the king rests upon an escutcheon, and that of the queen grasps a book. Opposite to the transept entrance, at the end of the cross, is the chapel of our Saviour. The other five chapels, that is, the great one and four collateral ones, have no altar-pieces worth notice. In Sousa's time the windows were richly illuminated with stained glass, and were in good repair.

The mausoleum of the founder, built for himself and his queen, Philippa, is a quadrangular room measuring 90 palms square, vaulted, and surmounted by an octagonal lanthorn supported by eight pillars. The windows are ornamented with stained glass, and the height from the pavement to the key-stone of the vault which covers the lanthorn, is 92 palms. The monument is of white marble, embellished on every side with foliage of briars in demi-relief, bearing thorns and berries; at intervals is the motto "*Il me plait pour bien.*" On the tomb are two recumbent figures of the king and queen; the former

in complete armour, and their right hands are locked together.

Near to this tomb are four sepulchres, which contain the relics of the four sons of the founder. The sepulchre of Don Peter, the eldest, exhibits the device of the order of the Garter, of which he was a knight. He was Duke of Coimbra and Monte Mor, and governor of the kingdom for eleven years during the minority of Alfonso V. The motto is "*Desir.*" The sepulchre of the second son, Henry Duke of Viscu, shows an escutcheon, on which is the device of the order of the Garter, and the motto "*Talant de bien fere.*" The third son was Don John, whose motto is "*Je ai bien reson.*" The fourth son was Don Ferdinand, whose motto is "*Le bien me plait.*" *

De Sousa, proceeding in his description of Batalha as it was in his time, informs us that the church has two entrances, the principal and the transverse; the porch of the former alone he states "would require a volume to particularize the columns, figures, and variety of ornamental sculptures with which it is decorated." He speaks in terms of the highest panegyric of the window in the centre of the west front and immediately over the porch, and describes it as being of such "exquisite workmanship, that it is scarce possible to execute the like with more accuracy in wax or needle-work, or," adds the reverend father oddly enough, "in the overture of a guitar;" a comparison which doubtless owes its origin to the chronicler's recollection of the power of music in architecture, as narrated in the ancient fable of Amphion.

* The mottos are literally transcribed.

Among the treasures contained in the sacristy, he mentions certain relics presented by Emanuel Paleologus in 1401, which are described as being “very estimable for their quality, and for the certitude and credibility they derived from the authority of so great a prince.” One of them is a small cross of gold, containing “some precious relics of the apostles St. Peter, St. Paul, St. George, and St. Bras.” In the middle of the said cross is a particle of the sponge with which the gall and vinegar were given to our Saviour. A portion of the garment of the Redeemer is also mentioned as being among the relics, the hem of which is said to possess certain healing qualities. The gifts of the founder, in the way of plate, appear to have been very magnificent, and to have weighed 600 pounds. A great portion, however, of this plate was subsequently sold for 811 marks, in order to carry on the works of the convent, which had been discontinued for want of funds.

His account of the chapter-house is very curious, and deserves quotation. “This room is so constructed, that there can be nothing more wonderful, insomuch that it comprehends the utmost degree of architectural skill. Its form is a square, each side of which measures 85 palms, and is covered with a vault of hewn stone, without column, prop, or any thing to support it but external buttresses, such as are in the side of the church.

“It is recorded that, in constructing this vault, it fell twice in striking the centres, with great injury to the workmen. But the king, desirous at all events to have a room without the defect of a central support,

promised to reward the architect if he could accomplish it. At this he was animated in such a manner that he began it again, as if confident of success. The king, however, would not hazard any more the lives of his workmen in striking the centres: therefore he ordered, from the different prisons of the kingdom, such men as were sentenced to capital punishments, in order that, if the like disaster happened a third time, none should suffer but those who had already forfeited their lives to the offended laws of their country."

The chapter-house contains the remains of King Alfonso V., grandson of the founder; and, in another tomb, those of Prince Alfonso, son of John II., who was killed by a fall from his horse as he was riding by the banks of the Tagus.

The worthy Dominican speaks in equally enthusiastic terms of the grandeur and rare workmanship displayed in the royal cloister, the quadrangle of which he describes as being distributed into walks, bordered with large hewn stones, and the enclosed spaces planted with "a diversity of shrubs and flowers." In the midst was a large cistern of water, and in one of the angles a lofty fountain, which, says the father, somewhat quaintly, "is very useful in this situation, because the refectory door is contiguous to it, so that those who enter may wash their hands and gratify their sight, whilst waiting the signal of the dinner-bell: for this purpose the wall next the refectory door is furnished with seats and wainscoted backs, for the accommodation of the fathers."

The refectory he describes as a splendid apartment,

133 palms long and 32 in breadth; lofty and well lighted. His translator, Murphy, says that 32 palms is a mistake, 44 being the actual width.

The wine-cellar appears to have been very spacious; 160 palms long, and 43 wide; and, in sooth, they had good need of such, and of generous wine to fill it, if the Dominican's account of the insalubrity of the site be correct; and we are still less disposed to blame the care of the denizens of the cloister for the creature comforts, when we reflect on the liberality with which conventual establishments, from time immemorial, have dispensed their hospitality to casual visitors, and their care of the poor of their vicinity.

De Sousa informs us, that at the north end there was an open terrace, which commanded a pleasant prospect of orchards and a large vineyard refreshed by the constant course of a fine river; and adds, as a curious illustration of the habits of the order, "here also are seen several deep ponds, that at times afford amusement to the recluse and studious fathers, by fishing with cane rods and nets."

The author next comes to the mausoleum of King Emanuel, a sketch of which, in its present condition, has been taken by our artist. De Sousa describes the entrance as being very wide, and having seven columns on each side. "The dimensions and ornaments of the seven columns," he continues, "are various, but all sculptured with such exquisite delicacy, so beautiful, uniform, and perfect in execution, that one would suppose it impossible to form the like of the most pliant wood."

The reverend monk then plunges into a disquisition on the signification of the various inscriptions, more learned than interesting.

There appears to be considerable difference of opinion as to the actual founder of this mausoleum. De Sousa says that there is not the least doubt that the greater part was done by King Emanuel, or at least with his permission, and during his reign. The inscription "*Perfectum est opus, anno 1509,*" a period at which he had attained a good old age, certainly bears out the father's theory, although the edifice was never finished.

There are some, however, who suppose that Queen Eleanor, sister to Emanuel, was the founder of it, intending it for the remains of her husband John II. and her son Alfonso, neither of whom have proper sepulchres in the convent.

Cardinal Vincent Justiniano, on visiting the monastery, is reported to have exclaimed, "*Videmus alterum Salomonis templum.*"

We find in the father's account of this celebrated edifice, the following enumeration of the offerings bequeathed by the founder for the support of the convent:

"On the anniversaries of the king and his son, offerings are allowed to the convent, consisting of a certain quantity of wheat, wine, and wax. And as the order of this convent originally abstained from flesh meat, the pious king wished likewise to add an offering of some dozen of dried whittings of a large and wholesome species. These are of great service to the

community, and easily obtained, as the sea-ports near the convent produce fish in great abundance. As the anniversaries are many, the offerings are princely: they amount to fifty-two moyas and a half (a moya is about twenty-one and a half bushels) of wheat; forty-three pipes of wine; twenty-four arrobas (an arroba is thirty-two pounds) of wax, and two hundred and fifteen dozen of fish. These offerings, reduced to money, the king commanded to be paid quarterly out of his revenue by the receiver of the district of Leiria. Since the prices of these articles have now increased, they amount to a considerable charity, and are at present the principal sustenance of the fathers."

The performance of works by contract would appear, from the following passage, to be of greater antiquity than many would imagine.

"Since the number and magnitude of the stained glass windows form a principal part of the beauty of this church, and as a thing so brittle is often in need of repair, the king assigned a particular sum to a glazier to keep them constantly in order; in pursuance of which he was bound to replace, at his own cost, whatever was damaged to the size of one palm, and all above that dimension was to be paid for in proportion from the fund for similar expenses."

The translator, Murphy, adds to his volume a document, originally written in French, by one of the fathers of Batalha, for a gentleman who visited the monastery in 1783. From this we gather, that at that period the resident friars were forty-four of the Dominican order, namely, twenty-five in sacred orders; two dea-

cons, four novices, and thirteen lay brothers. They were governed by a prior and three subordinates, called a rector of novices, a vicar, and a master of morals. There were two professors for teaching grammar to seculars, and another for instructing them to read and write. The other officers of the monastery were the sacrist, precentor, cellararius, granatarius, and elemosynarius. There were also two treasurers under the direction of the prior, each having a separate key of the chest which contains the stock of the community.

The revenue of the convent at that period varied from ten to twelve thousand cruzados, arising from the sale of the fruit, rent of flour and oil mills, added to the fixed revenue of the convent, 3000 cruzados; a cruzado being about 2s. 3*d.* of our money.

Each friar was allowed 4,800 reis (about 27s.) for his clothing.

The servants of the monastery were fourteen; the cook's allowance was 4,800 reis per annum, with wine at discretion.

The convent had four feasts in the year, and two days of double allowance; the ordinary allowance of each father was one pound and a quarter of meat, and the same quantity of fish, besides wine, fruit, etc.

It is singular that Rhys, whose work professes to treat of "the most remarkable places and curiosities in Spain and Portugal," should have dismissed the monastery of Batalha with so cursory a notice; and yet he designates it as "one of the most sumptuous and elegant convents in the whole kingdom."

The following anecdotes of the battle to which this celebrated monastery owes its origin, will not, we think, be deemed out of place, while it is hoped they will prove interesting to our readers.

ANECDOTES OF THE BATTLE OF ALJUBARROTA.

The address of Henry the Fifth of England previously to the battle of Agincourt, will be familiar to the readers of Shakspeare.

“ Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
 ‘That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
 Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
 And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
 We would not die in that man’s company,
 That fears his fellowship to die with us.”

Among the speeches delivered by the Portuguese chieftains on the eve of the battle of Aljubarrota, we find the following passage: “ Have it proclaimed to your men, that no one dare on his life think of flying; and if there should be any whose courage fails, so that he fear to await the battle, let him come forward, and he shall have leave to depart, (for one faint heart discourages a dozen of good men at arms,) or,” and the alternative is somewhat curious, “ have his head struck off as an example to others.” The coincidence is rendered more striking by the fact, that the victors were, in each instance, beyond all comparison, inferior to the conquered in numbers.

The king caused it to be notified to the army, that if any were desirous of the honour of knighthood, it should be conferred upon them; whereupon sixty can-

didates came forward, and were dubbed accordingly. It is added, that "none of the English were desirous to be knighted this day; they were requested by the king to be so, but excused themselves for that time;" an instance of modesty which, we fear, would not be imitated by modern aspirants.

In the outset of the battle the Portuguese took one thousand knights and esquires prisoners, whom at first they treated with great kindness, assuring them that they should be handsomely dealt with, inasmuch as "they had valiantly fought, and had been conquered fairly." When, however, they beheld the King of Castile bearing down upon them with twenty thousand horse, "the necessity of the case," says Froissart, "obliged them, and they came to a pitiless resolution; for it was commanded, under pain of death, that whoever had taken a prisoner should instantly kill him, and that neither noble, nor rich, nor simple, should be exempted. Those barons, knights, and squires, who had been so captured were in a melancholy situation, for entreaties would have been of no avail. They were scattered about disarmed in different parts, considering themselves in safety for their lives at least; but it was not so, which was a great pity. Each man killed his prisoner, and those who refused had him slain before their eyes; for the Portuguese and English, who had given this advice, said 'It was better to kill than be killed, and if we do not put them to death, they will liberate themselves while we are fighting, and then slay us, for no one ought to put confidence in his prisoner.'"

“ This,” continues the chronicler, with the most philosophical coolness, “ was a very unfortunate event to the prisoners, as well as to the Portuguese, for they put to death this Saturday as many poor prisoners as would have been worth, taking one with another, four hundred thousand francs.”

The King of Portugal appears to have distinguished himself by his valour, for it is said that “ he dismounted, and taking his battle-axe, placed himself at the pass, where he performed wonders, knocking down three or four of the stoutest of the enemy, insomuch that none dare approach him.”

Froissart observes, on the Spanish mode of fighting in those days, “ It is true they make a handsome figure on horseback, spur off to advantage, and fight well at the first onset; but as soon as they have thrown two or three darts and given a stroke with their spears, without disconcerting the enemy, they take alarm, turn their horses' heads, and save themselves by flight as well as they can. This game they played at Aljubarrota.”

Henry of Castile, although the fortune of the day was evidently against him, and the flower of his own cavalry, as well as that of France, which had so gallantly come to his aid, were destroyed, exhibited great reluctance to quit the field. “ My lord,” remonstrated his followers, “ march away; it is time for you: the battle is over: you cannot alone conquer your enemies, nor repair your losses: your men are running away on all sides, for every one now looks to himself: you know also it will be prudent, at this mo-

ment, to follow their example, and if fortune is now against you, another time she may be more favourable." This Spanish version of

" He that fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day;
But he that is in battle slain,
Will never rise to fight again,"

had its effect, and the king, mounting a fresh horse, galloped from the field.

" The King of Castile had that day," says Froissart, " ordered a knight of his household, called Sir Peter Harem, to bear his helmet. This helmet was encircled with gold, and might be worth twenty thousand francs. The king intended wearing it at the battle, and had so ordered it in the morning he marched from Santarem ; but he did not do so, for when the army was forming, there was so great a crowd round the king the knight could not come near ; and not hearing himself called, he ceased to attempt it. Shortly afterwards he heard that the Portuguese had gained the day, and saw his own army flying in all directions ; fearful of losing so rich a jewel as the king's helmet that was valued so highly, he put it on his own head, not to lose it, nor have it stolen from him by meeting the enemy, and fled. It appears that three days afterwards, the knight cast himself at the feet of the king and restored the helmet, making such fair excuses that the king and his council held him blameless."

" After the defeat of the Spaniards at Aljubarrota, the Portuguese king and his forces kept the field of battle ; the slaughter was great, and would have been more if

they had pursued the enemy ; for the English, seeing the enemy turn their backs, called aloud to the King of Portugal, ‘ Sir king ! let us mount our horses, and set out on the pursuit, and all these runaways shall be dead men.’—‘ I will not,’ replied the king : ‘ what we have done ought to satisfy us ; our men are fatigued, and have fought hard this evening : it is now so dark that we know not whither we are going, nor how many are flying. Their army is very numerous, and perhaps this may be a stratagem to draw us out of our fort, and the more easily to conquer us. We will this day guard the dead, and to-morrow call a council and consider how we shall next act.’”

“ ‘ By my faith !’ replied Hartsel, an Englishman, ‘ the dead are easily guarded ; they will do us no harm, nor shall we have any profit from them, for we have slain our rich prisoners. We are strangers, come from a distance to serve you, and would willingly gain something from these calves that are flying without wings, and who drive their banners before them.’—‘ Fair brother,’ said the king, ‘ all covet, all lose : it is much better that we remain on our guard, since the honour and victory are ours, through God’s grace, than run any risk when there is no necessity for it. Thanks to God, we have enough to make you all rich.’ Nothing more was said on the subject.”

The worthy chronicler sums up his account of the battle by saying, “ There were slain about five hundred knights, and full as many, if not more squires, which was a great pity, and six or seven thousand other men : God have mercy on their poor souls !”

The following anecdote is quoted from Murphy. "Don John was so secure in the affections of his subjects, that he frequently walked abroad without any attendants. In one of his morning perambulations he chanced to observe an old man, who was lame and blind, at the opposite side of a rivulet, awaiting till some one came to guide his steps over a plank thrown across it. As there was no one at hand but the king, he instantly approached, threw him on his shoulder, and carried him in that posture to the next road. The poor man, surprised at the ease with which he was carried, exclaimed, 'I wish Don John had a legion of such stout fellows to humble the pride of the Castilians, who deprived me of the use of my leg.' Here, at the request of the king, he gave a short account of the several actions in which he had been engaged. In the sequel, his majesty recollected that this was Fonseca, the brave soldier who had courageously fought by his side in the memorable battle of Aljubarrota, that fixed the crown on his head. Grieved to see him in such a distressed state, he desired him to call next morning at the royal palace, to know how he came to be neglected by his servants in power. 'Whom shall I inquire for?' quoth the brave Bellisarius. 'For your gallant companion at the battle of Aljubarrota,' replied the king, departing. A person, who at a distance witnessed the scene, shortly after accosted Fonseca, and informed him of what his sovereign had done. 'Ah!' said he, when he recovered from his surprise, 'I am now convinced of the truth of what has often been asserted; the shoulders of monarchs are certainly

accustomed to bear great burthens. I rejoice in having devoted the prime of my life to the service of one who, like the prince of Uz, is legs to the lame and eyes to the blind.' ”

Among the combatants at Aljubarrota was the Archbishop of Braga, who, with reference to the chagrin exhibited by the King of Castile at his defeat, writes, “The constable hath informed me that he saw the King of Castile at Santarem, who behaved as a madman, cursing his existence, and tearing his beard. And in troth, my good friend, it is better he should do so to himself than to us; the man who plucks his own beard, would be much better pleased to do so unto others.”

Froissart, with reference to the battle of Aljubarrota, mentions a “fact,” which, he says, not without reason, “will astonish my readers if they consider and pay attention to it.” It appears that the Count de Foix, for three whole days, namely, Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, was so greatly depressed in spirits, that he would suffer no one, not even his nearest relatives, to speak to him. On the last of the three days, he called to him his brother Arnold William, and said to him, in a low voice, “Our people have had a desperate battle, which has vexed me very much, for it has happened to them just as I had foretold at their departure.”

Arnold made no reply; when the other continued, prefacing his asseveration with an oath, “Sir Arnold, it is just as I have told you, and very soon we shall have news of it. Never has the country of Bearn

suffered so severely for these hundred years past, as it has now at this battle in Portugal."

The knights, and others who were present at the dialogue, were greatly puzzled by this account of a battle of which they had heard nothing before ; but, in due time, the news of the engagement arrived, thus confirming the words of the count. As, however, the story goes on to state, the count could not have been apprized so early of a battle which occurred at so great a distance, the inference drawn by his knights and squires was, that "he must have known it by means of necromancy ;" and in support of this opinion, one of the squires adduces an instance of supernatural agency which we will briefly give.

A certain baron, called Raymond, Lord of Corasse, being at issue with a priest on a question of tithes, the case was referred to the pope, Urban V., who decided against the nobleman. The priest hastened in triumph to the baron with a copy of the sentence, backed by the pope's bull, not doubting that Raymond would yield implicit and instant obedience to the mandate. He, however, reckoned without his host, for the baron, turning round upon him, said, "Master Peter, do you think I will lose my inheritance through the papers you have brought hither?" and concluded, with an intimation, that if the priest dared to take his tithes, his life should "pay for it."

Master Peter told him that "he behaved exceedingly ill, and that he would send a champion, of whom the baron would be more afraid than he had hitherto been of the priest." Raymond was not easily fright-

ened, at least by threats, for he replies : " Go, in God's name, go, and do what thou canst ; I fear thee neither dead nor alive, and for thy speeches I will not lose my property."

The baron heard nothing more of the matter for three months ; but when, as the chronicler says, " he least thought of it, and was sleeping in bed with his lady, there came invisible messengers," who made such a horrid riot in the castle, destroying the furniture, and knocking so loudly at the baron's door, that " the lady was exceedingly frightened." This game was repeated on the following night ; when the baron, determining not to put up with it, jumped out of bed in a paroxysm of wrath, and demanded who it was that thus disturbed his peace. The invisible visitor replied, " It is I," and proceeded to state that his name was Orthon, and explained to him that he was sent by the priest to plague the baron until he restored the tithes. Raymond then told him that he was a fool for serving a clerk who would doubtless give him much trouble, and proposed to the spirit to quit the priest's service and enter into his.

Orthon, it seems, became so attached to the baron, that he came very often to him in the night, when he would pluck the pillow from under the sleeping lord ; and when the latter, not caring to be disturbed, would say, " Orthon, let me sleep," the other would reply, " I will not, until I have told thee some news," and forthwith began to relate events which had occurred in some remote kingdom on the preceding day. During these dialogues, the baron's lady was wont to hide

herself under the bed-clothes, while, says the story, her "hair stood on end."

In the course of time, the baron became desirous of seeing "what form his visitor had," a wish which the spirit at first refused to gratify, but at last told him that he would show himself to the other on the following morning. The next day, however, came and passed without a visit from Orthon, whom the baron accordingly reproached, at night, for breaking his word, saying, "Go, thou art a liar; thou oughtest to have shown thyself to me this morning, and hast not done so."

"No!" replied Orthon; "but I have."

The baron persisted that he had seen nothing, when Orthon replied, "And did you see nothing at all when you leaped out of bed?"

"Yes," said the other, "I saw two straws, which were turning and playing together on the floor."

"That was myself," rejoined Orthon; "for I had taken that form."

"That will not satisfy me," answered the baron. "I beg of thee to assume some other shape, that I may see thee and know thee."

"You ask so much," returned the spirit, "that you will ruin me and force me away from you, for your requests are too great; however," he continued, "you shall see me to-morrow, if you pay attention to the first thing you observe when you leave your chamber."

Accordingly, on the following morning, the baron, on quitting his apartment, looked out into the court-

yard of his castle; but the only thing he saw was an enormous sow, so poor that "she seemed only skin and bones, with long hanging ears, all spotted, and a sharp-pointed lean snout." The baron was so disgusted at the sight, that, calling to his servants, he said, "Let the dogs loose quickly, for I will have that sow killed and devoured." The sow, however, uttered a loud cry, and, casting a reproachful look at the baron, vanished. Raymond was then convinced that it was his faithful Orthon upon whom he had set the dogs. The spirit—and one can scarcely blame him—took the matter in high dudgeon, and never visited the baron afterwards.

We will conclude the chapter by quoting a story, which we have the best authority for stating is literally true. It is extracted from Mr. Beckford's *Alcobaca and Batalha*, which, if other proof were wanting, would place the genius of its richly gifted author beyond question. The circumstance narrated occurred to Mr. Beckford during his stay at the monastery.

"I had no wish 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 those 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 dark 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, all wanton thoughts left my bosom, and that I passed an hour or two at my window fixed and immovable? 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 uttered 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 relative 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 benumbed 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 inteness, renounced every prospect of worldly comfort or greatness, and embraced our order.

“ ‘ Full eight-and-twenty years has he remained within these walls, so deeply impressed with the conviction of the Duke of Aveiro’s innocence, the atrocious falsehood of that pretended conspiracy, and the consequent unjust tyrannical 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 certain of being brought home to Portugal; which kingdom he declares is foredoomed to desolation, and its royal house to punishments worse than death.

“ ‘ He seldom speaks; he loathes conversation; he spurns news of any kind; he shrinks from 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, be-

yond the immediate precincts of our basilica, he makes a dead pause, and repeats the same terrible words you heard last night with an astounding 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 committed 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.’ ”

CHAPTER VIII.

BATALHA.

Habits of the Monks—Grotesque Pilgrim—The Dead Stork—
Present State of the Monastery—A Legend of Batalha—
Departure.

MURPHY, speaking of the habits of the fathers of Batalha in his time, says, "During a residence of thirteen weeks in this abode of peace and hospitality, I experienced every politeness and attention from the fathers, who, in every respect, consistently with the duties of their order, practised the virtuous precepts of their sacred religion. In their mode of living there appears nothing to envy, but a great deal to admire and commend. They eat but twice in the four-and-twenty hours; dine at eleven o'clock, and sup at eight. The daily allowance of each is two small loaves, one pound and a quarter of meat, the same quantity of fish, besides soup, rice, wine, and fruit: a great part of this is distributed among the poor. The rules of their order they observe with most scrupulous rigidity; they are mustered every morning, in winter at day-break, and in summer at five o'clock; then each brings a vase full of water from the fountain to wash

in before he enters the choir. Their cleanliness, regularity, and exemption from the anxieties of the world, contribute to preserve their health and faculties unimpaired to a very old age. And, notwithstanding the bodily infirmities which physicians ascribe to a state of inactive life, every father in the convent exhibited a pleasing exception to this maxim; for I could not discern one drooping with the weight of years, or who had lost a tooth, or who had an eye dimmed with defluxion, though some of them had attained to the age of ninety and upwards. Such is the wise dispensation of Providence, that those men who have voluntarily secluded themselves from the mingled cares and enjoyments of the world, are compensated, even on this side of the grave, by a long and serene evening of old age, free from the infirmities, disappointments, and painful reflections which embitter the expiring days of the libertine and inconsiderate."

The following anecdote from the same pen, is far too rich to be omitted. "On the nineteenth of March, a French pilgrim, who styled himself Viscount Clararde, visited the convent. The prior received him with every mark of respect and civility due to the high rank he assumed, during the three days he tarried with us, and greatly recommended himself by the agreeableness of his manners. His age might be about thirty; he was of a middle stature, had short black hair, and a countenance which betrayed more of the levity of a rambler than of the piety of the pilgrim. He was dressed in a long grey coat, a tawdry laced



Painted by J. Holland.

Engraved by W. Wallis.

MONUMENT OF DON JOHN, BATALEA.

London, Published Oct. 28, 1836, by Robert Jennings & Co. 62, Cheapside.





waistcoat, and a slouched hat, mounted with a rusty cockade; a sable scapulet of oil-cloth, studded with variegated shells, adorned his shoulders. From his neck and girdle were suspended rosaries of different sizes, together with a tin case and a pouch.

“A lusty fellow, just deserted from the French service, attended this pilgrim, and carried his baggage in a sheep-skin wallet. He was now about to desert from his master’s service, in consequence of the severity of his discipline; for as the count conceived him to be a greater sinner than himself, he oftener applied the knotty cord of St. Francis to his shoulders than to his own. The prior, however, so far accommodated matters, that they departed in peace.”

We cannot help suspecting that the pilgrim was more of a mountebank than a viscount, and amused himself, as well as boarded and lodged, at the expense of the simple-minded brotherhood.

Murphy adds, that during his residence at Batalha, he had an opportunity of witnessing the parental tenderness which poets and naturalists ascribe to the stork. “One of these birds, with his affectionate mate, has resided *for ages* [?] in a large nest curiously formed on the calceolus foliage which crowns the spire of the church. As Solomon sent the sluggard to the ant to learn industry, so the disobedient child would learn examples of filial piety from the numerous progeny of this connubial pair. The fathers and the people of the village would deem it little less than sacrilege to molest them, and indeed their humane protection is amply repaid by the ser-

vices they render the country, in destroying serpents, lizards, and other obnoxious reptiles."

Mr. Beckford, also, in his account of this monastery, gives an instance of the attachment subsisting between one of these interesting birds and a youth in the establishment of Batalha :

"The flamingo," says our author, "was there, but I missed the stork, and knew but too soon the cause of his being missed ; for, upon ascending the steps before the chapter-house, I discovered him lying stretched out upon the pavement stiff and dead. One of the boys stood bending over him in an attitude expressive of the deepest sorrow. The youth saw I compassionated him, and murmured out in a low desponding voice: 'This poor bird followed me all the way from my home in Alemnentejo—a long distance from Batalha. He was the joy of my life, and dearly loved by my mother, who is dead. I shall never see her again in this world, nor hear the cheering cry of this our fond household-bird calling me up in the morning : he will receive no more crumbs from my hand—he will keep faithfully by my side no longer. I have no one now in this grand place who loves me!' and he burst into a flood of bitter tears, and it was a relief to my own heart—a great relief—to join in his mourning.

"The prior, who happened to come up at this moment, could not at first imagine what had affected me ; but when I pointed to the boy and the lifeless stork, he entered into my feelings with his characteristic benevolence, and spoke words of comfort to the poor weeping child with such true parental kindness, as

seemed to assure him he had still a friend. 'Touched to the heart, the boy fell on his knees, and kissed the pavement and his stork at the same time. I left him extending his arms to the good prior in an act of supplication, which I learnt afterwards had not been treated with cold indifference."

The present state of Batalha we cannot better describe than by quoting Mr. Kinsey, who, on his recent visit, remarks, "The French had made a kitchen of this room, (the sacristy,) stolen all the rich vestments, gold and silver chalices and candlesticks, and had lighted their fires with the wood-work of the drawers. The present condition of the building, we find, upon a close examination of its interior, to be almost ruinous, the work of the Philistine armies of France. The founder's chapel," he continues, "is in tolerable repair; but still the monuments are very much degraded, and the marble effigies have been shamefully mutilated by the French. The British soldiers," he adds, and the contrast is most honourable to our national taste, "have contented themselves with doing no other injury than merely scribbling their names by whole companies upon the walls, concluding with the usual 'We were here on such a day.'"

Of our own knowledge we may add, that the sole permanent inhabitants of this magnificent pile are rats and fleas; although it is a joke—and nothing more we fear—of the inhabitants of the village, that the latter species of annoyance was carried away by a Portuguese prince and his attendants in a recent visit to the monastery.

During our stay, mass was performed once or twice by a priest, who, however, so far from deriving any emolument from his office, was entirely dependant upon the charity of the villagers for his daily meals.

The keys of the monastery are in the keeping of the functionary to whose kindness we were indebted for our accommodation while at Batalha; and we believe that most of the portable decorations of the edifice, which the depredations of modern Vandalism have spared, are also in his custody. We remember on one occasion, when our host was expecting some relations, who were about to visit a fair or festa in the neighbourhood, that our servant, at the suggestion of our hostess, requested permission to ornament our bed with a counterpane, which, to our eyes, had marvellously the appearance of an altar cloth. We of course consented; stipulating, however, that John would shake it well first.

A Legend of Batalha.

The period to which the legend refers is the early part of the reign of Henry the Eighth, and, of course, some years before the suppression of monastic establishments in England; and the scene to which we are at first introduced was then one of the wildest and most wooded parts of Hampshire, where was a small but substantial building coming under the denomination of a grange, the dwelling of Mabel Whitaker, a widow, and her two sons. The young men, who, being minors, were under the guardianship of their mother, displayed a remarkable dissimilitude of dis-

position, although they had been brought up under the same roof, and the difference in their respective ages amounted to but two years. Richard, the elder, was passionately addicted to the rude sports of the time, and especially to the pleasures of the chase, in which the patronage of a neighbouring noble enabled him frequently to indulge. He was of commanding height, strongly, if not symmetrically formed, and his countenance was one of uncommon beauty.

His brother Hubert, although he had scarcely known an hour's illness from his birth, had not the iron frame which distinguished Richard, neither did his inclinations point to those pursuits in which the other delighted. Nevertheless, he was good humoured and cheerful; for, although he occasionally loved to worship Nature in her quiet haunts and sylvan solitudes, his mind was tinged with none of that morbid, moody melancholy, for which the contemplative and studious youth is sometimes remarkable. In using the word studious, it is not intended to imply that he was deep in book learning; for like most young men of the age in which he lived, his acquirements in that particular were slight; but he was addicted to the study of that book which lies spread open to every one, and which those who run may read,—the glorious book of Nature, whose language is common to all. Although he loved to “pore upon the brook that babbles by,” and although he drank in the beauties of the dew-dipped landscape, forest, field, and fell with a thirsty eye, he was not a poet, or if he were, his poetry lay buried in his “heart of hearts,” for it never

mounted to his lips. Yet he was not without his gifts of genius, and if he had not the poetry of language, he had the poetry of form.

Hubert, when a mere boy, had given indications of a taste for painting, and his sketches, rough though they were, and unnoticed by those within whose sphere he dwelt, were neither disregarded nor unappreciated by one who had no mean skill in the art himself. That individual was his paternal uncle, Father Anselm, one of a community of Dominican friars inhabiting a neighbouring monastery. The pious father, not only improved his pupil in the principles of the art, but taught him, as a medium for the display of his talents, the mystery of staining glass.

It happened that within a short distance of his mother's dwelling there lived a yeoman, a warm friend of his father, and who still kept up an intimacy with the widow and her sons. The yeoman had a daughter, Maude, whose beauty, lovely as she was, might not have attracted the eye of Hubert, or rather he might not have dared to lift his eye to her beauty, had she not taken an interest in the specimens he had given of his talents as a painter. Whether Hubert, —and a less vain man, if such could have existed, might have done so,—mistook the admiration bestowed upon his works for a tenderer feeling towards himself, or whether any such feeling was really excited in his favour in the first instance, it is impossible to determine. Certain it is, that his sentiments of affection towards her were of the most intense and, as circumstances proved, of the most enduring character; and

it is equally certain, that if the damsel ever entertained for him a reciprocal feeling, it was speedily effaced by the—to her eye—superior attractions of his brother; nor, ignorant as she probably was of the state of Hubert's affections, may we greatly blame her for her preference.

Hubert, however, saw that preference, and from the hour in which he made the discovery, his peace was gone; nor was his anguish in any degree mitigated by the conviction, that while she pronounced his doom, she was sealing her own. He well knew, and before the blight had fallen upon his first and only love, had bitterly lamented the fierce and ungovernable temper of his brother, which want of opportunity, and perhaps Richard's powers of dissimulation, had prevented Maude from discovering.

But the die was cast; and, although Hubert was conscious that he had been unworthily supplanted, he also felt that his lips should be the last to denounce his brother. The bitterness of his feelings were further augmented by the recollection that he was a portionless child, and that, in a few short months, his elder brother's accession to the patrimonial property would cast him without a coin upon the world; for the idea of dependance upon his successful rival—brother though he were—was to his spirit wormwood and gall.

In this state of perplexity and sorrow, he naturally looked round for a friend to whom to pour out his soul. From his mother, alas! who was wrapped up in her elder born, he could look for little sympathy,

and therefore, although his monastic habits were not likely to enlist his feelings on the side of Hubert, the latter resolved to acquaint Father Anselm with the state of his heart.

He did so; and when he had finished his sad story, expressed his resolution of taking the cowl, and implored his relative to aid him in carrying his intentions into effect. Anselm heard him patiently and attentively, although in silence, to the end, and then replied: "Hubert, I have loved thee, from the time when thou wert yet a child at my knee, with an intensity of affection which passeth words; and though I have renounced the world, I have not shut up my heart against the afflictions of those who dwell in it, and especially of thee, my son. But, although I can understand and appreciate the feelings of bitterness under which thou art smarting, I also know that they are of a character which blind the reason while they pierce the heart, and that repentance,—deep and enduring, as it would be unavailing,—would follow the adoption of the step thou contemplatest. My head hath grown grey in my order, and of the members of the community whom I found here when I entered these walls, by far the greater number are sleeping quietly beneath them. It were less than Christian charity to suppose but that, in taking the vows, each believed that he was moved thereunto by a godly spirit; but of nothing are we so ignorant, nor by aught so easily deceived, as our own sinful hearts; and thus, the first fresh anguish of disappointed avarice, foiled ambition, or blighted affection, has been mis-

taken for the holy aspirations of a spirit dead to the vanities and vexations of this fluctuating world. In some instances, doubtless, there are no after longings to return to it; but these are cases in which those who seek the cloister have arrived at that period of life when the fires of human passions have burnt out, and left but the ashes, which rest here for a brief season on their way to the tomb. But how often,—when the impulse which led them to take the cowl has undergone the change that passeth upon all things human, and especially upon human passion,—have I observed the spirit of the warrior chafing within his bosom, and his brow flush, and his eye kindle, when the tidings of distant battles have reached our peaceful sanctuary! How often have I heard from those who, like thyself, have loved, warmly but not wisely, longings after a world to which, although renounced by the lips, the heart clings as fondly and fatally as ever! Nay, Hubert, I will not hide from thee, that though by Heaven's grace my eyes are now fixed upon a world which knows neither chance nor change, time hath been when I have wrestled fearfully against my uneradicated affection for this!

“No, Hubert,” continued the venerable father, after a brief pause; “it may not be,—at least not now. Thou hast talents which were not meant to be buried in the cloister: go, dedicate them to the glory of Him to whom thou owest the gift. I am advised that artificers in the way of thy genius are craved for the gorgeous, though yet unfinished monastery of Batalha. I will procure for thee letters to the prior

thereof, which will be a sure warrant to thee for his favour, and under his auspices thou wilt acquire wealth and, what thou prizest more,—fame; while the change of scene and the excitement of the enterprise may win thy mind from those gloomy contemplations which will cloud it here. Thou shalt want neither purse nor scrip for thy journey; and if, when thou hast given my counsel a fair trial, the shadow yet rests upon thy spirit, return to thy native land; and if thou shalt be still minded to become one of our order, I will not thwart thy wishes.”

The heart, in the agony of recent laceration, turns from the voice of consolation; like the bereaved Rachel, it refuseth to be comforted: and thus Hubert neither desired nor anticipated the mitigation of his sorrow, which Anselm expected a change of scene would effect; nor would the pious father's well-meant appeal to his nephew's ambition have been more successful in moving him to embrace the offer. But there was another feeling which determined Hubert on accepting it,—the gloomy, morbid satisfaction,—undefinable, nor easily traced perhaps, but, nevertheless, ever experienced by the voluntary exile.

It was on the third day after this interview, that Mabel Whitaker and her elder son were sitting together over their evening repast, when Hubert suddenly entered the apartment, girded for a journey, and with his staff in his hand. He had never enjoyed a fair share of his mother's affection, and he knew it,—yet he knew not wherefore.

He announced his determination, briefly stating his

views, but not glancing at the motive which especially induced him to quit his native land for that of the stranger. Mabel and her favourite son listened with surprise, and if any softer feeling was stirring within them, they did not betray it; but when Hubert bowed himself to his mother's knee and begged her parting blessing, the faltering voice in which she pronounced it, showed that the fount of maternal affection had not ceased to flow for him. Yet she did not urge a syllable against the step upon which he had resolved; probably because, cognizant of his real but unavowed motive, she deemed that the change of scene might contribute to tranquillize his wounded spirit; or saw, perhaps, in the enterprise, that provision for him in another country, which there was little prospect of his securing in his own; or, it may be, that, aware of the firmness and decision of his character, she felt that remonstrance would be but a waste of words.

Richard, however, interposed by saying, "The matter in hand must needs be urgent, that thou canst not stay to do honour to thy brother's marriage."

Hubert shuddered as with a sudden ague, and his countenance changed, and his lips were of the hue of ashes.

"Hah!" exclaimed Richard, in a tone partaking alike of surprise and anger, as the new conviction passed like a lightning flash across his mind, "then thou didst love Maude!"

"And thou hast won her, my brother," was the calm reply of Hubert, who had regained his self-possession, "and let that content thee; and," he added,

with a fervency which stamped sincerity upon his prayer, "may Heaven bless to thee the treasure thou hast gained! She is a lovely flower, but a fragile; and oh! be warned, my brother: she would perish beneath the stormy gusts of passion which are wont to pass, like a whirlwind, over thy bosom. Nay, Richard, let not the last look thou castest upon the companion and friend of thy boyhood be one of wrath. My warning was meant in kindness to thee and to her, whose name will never pass my lips again. I know the infirmity of thy ardent temperament, and I counsel thee to pray against the evil spirit when the temptation cometh upon thee, for of thine own strength thou canst not resist him. Bear with me, my brother; if I have been a thorn in thy path, I shall cumber it no more. Farewell, Richard! farewell, my mother! and may the blessing of Heaven ever rest upon a roof which hath so long sheltered us all!"

And Hubert turned and went forth on his journey. The chastened rays of the setting sun shed their mellow tints upon tree and turret, and their softness upon the heart of the wanderer; for he never felt the beauties of that peaceful valley so deeply as now that he was about to quit for ever a scene hallowed by so many happy memories, and endearing—albeit melancholy associations. Nevertheless, he strode onwards with a firm step, until he attained the crest of the hill which shut out that scene, as it were, from the rest of the world; and from that eminence he gazed upon the lichened turrets of the ancient monastery, on which the beams of the sinking sun fell like a smile upon the

face of age, and he thought,—tenderly thought,—of the grey-headed counsellor of his youth, the pious Anselm.

He turned his tearful eyes from the hallowed fane, and they fell upon the blue smoke curling up into the sunshine from a clump of trees, and he thought, with bitter but unavailing anguish, of the fair girl who filled that wood-embosomed dwelling with the gladness of her beauty. Her form rose up, vividly pictured in his imagination as when he looked his last upon her loveliness, and the troubled fountain of his grief burst forth, and he hid his face in his hands, and wept over the wrecked argosy of his happiness.

But, deep as was his sorrow, his indulgence of it was brief; he dashed the tears from his cheek, and set out on his way with a broken heart and the wide waste of the world before him. He gained the seaport whence he was to embark, and the passage was a perilous one; but the stricken spirit quails not to danger, for though he courted not death, he had no tie to life; and thus, while even those who were familiar with the terrors of the deep were shrieking in the agony of despair, Hubert gazed upon the tempest with an unblenching brow.

But the voice, which “even the winds and the waves obey,” went forth, and the storm was stayed, and the bark sped on her way in safety, and the port was gained. Hubert presented the missive of his uncle, the monk, to the prior of the monastery of Batalha, whose favour, thus bespoken, was effectually secured by the proofs which Hubert soon gave of his skill in

the embellishment of the windows of that splendid edifice.

Hubert's labours attracted the notice, not only of the prior and other officers of the establishment, but, in a short time, that of the king himself, who often visited the monastery for the purpose of watching the progress of the works. But the praises of monk and monarch were alike indifferent to the Englishman, who, although he did not refuse the golden guerdon of his toils, appeared to set little store by the wealth they produced.

Hubert had, early after his arrival at the monastery, taken up his dwelling in the village of Canveira, at the house of a widow, whose poverty induced her to receive him as an inmate, in order to increase the scanty pittance upon which she and her daughter had previously subsisted. His national reserve of character, added to his melancholy temperament, at first impressed his hostess with a notion that he was cold and proud; but this impression gradually wore off, as the generous and noble disposition of the Englishman became developed, and the widow began to look upon him in the light of a friend.

There is a selfishness in the grief even of the best of us, which renders us blind to the misery of others; and thus it was that Hubert did not at first remark, what was afterwards apparent to him, that Teresa, for such was the name of the widow, was the victim of a sorrow, for the source of which he was disposed to look beyond the immediate pressure of her circumstances.



Engraved by H. Alton.

BEATALHE.

Part II.

London, Published Oct. 10, 1856, by Robert Jennings, & Co. 61, Chancery Lane.

Engraved by J. B. 1856.



It was on one occasion, that, returning somewhat earlier than usual from his diurnal task, he found Teresa with her child upon her knee, weeping bitterly. Hubert kindly inquired the cause of her affliction, when she informed him that her husband had once been the proprietor of lands and flocks; but having been the victim of a conspiracy, he was despoiled of his possessions by a powerful noble, and had finally died heart-broken by his misfortunes. She added, that for herself she could endure poverty and privation with an unrepining spirit; but that when she gazed upon her child, and thought how utterly destitute she would be cast upon the world, when she, her then surviving parent, was taken from her, she could not contemplate the prospect without the most poignant anguish.

The free spirit of the Englishman burned within him as he listened to the recital of the widow's wrongs; and when she had finished her story, he inquired if she had never appealed to the justice of the king.

"Alas!" was the reply, "my efforts to win my way to the royal ear have been fruitless; for my oppressor is high in power, and hath hitherto barred my approach to the throne."

"Thinkest thou," inquired Hubert, "that thou couldst prove thy case against thine adversary, if an audience could be obtained for thee?"

"Ay," was the reply, "as clearly as the sun shineth at noon: but thou mockest me, stranger."

"I jest not with misery," answered Hubert; "thou

desirest to see the king, and thou shalt meet him face to face."

"But his court is far off," interposed Teresa, "and had I strength for the journey, I lack the means of sustenance by the way."

"It will not need," was the rejoinder; "*he shall come to thee!*"

"Nay, now thou mockest me indeed!" exclaimed the widow with a look of reproach; "what meanest thou?"

"That thou shalt have justice, and thine own roof shall echo the righteous sentence; for here shalt thou confront thine oppressor, in the presence of his master and his judge."

"But who," asked Teresa, "will bring this miracle to pass?"

"I," responded the other; "but ask not how: be ready with thy proofs, and if there be justice in the land, thou shalt have it, and that soon."

For some days after the conversation which has just been quoted, the Englishman spent more of his time in his own apartment in the widow's dwelling, and less at the monastery; a circumstance which at last occasioned some uneasiness on the part of the prior, who, although at that particular juncture Hubert's aid was not urgently required in the department confided to him in the embellishment of the edifice, took a pleasure in the foreigner's society, and also derived advantage from consulting his taste.

Hubert, however, made his appearance at the monastery at intervals for some weeks, until, at last,

several successive days having passed without his attendance, the prior despatched a lay-brother to the widow's dwelling to ascertain the cause. The messenger returned with a respectful request, that the prior would honour the English artist with a visit on the following evening an hour before sunset.

The regard which the worthy father entertained for Hubert would have ensured compliance, had the singularity of the appointment failed to do so; and accordingly, the prior paced forth on his sleek mule, and was at Teresa's door at the hour appointed. The building was spacious, yet from its ruinous condition but a few of its apartments were habitable. The room occupied by Hubert had a western aspect, and was of large and, with reference to its scanty furniture, somewhat comfortless dimensions. On the prior's arrival, the door of the apartment was flung open, and the scene displayed was such as to startle and somewhat bewilder the reverend visitor.

The sun was pouring its glowing beams through a window, the original casement of which had been removed, and its place supplied by one of the most glorious specimens of the art in which Hubert excelled, that it had been the prior's lot to gaze upon. The centre and principal figure was that of the Virgin; for the touching beauty, softness, and sweetness of whose features the artist had drawn upon his recollection of her, who was to him the concentration of all that was perfect and lovely, and he had lavished the riches of his gifted genius in rendering the execution worthy of the design.

The prior was, for a few moments, lost in a rapture of wonder, and he gazed alternately upon the splendid performance and the creator of the marvel, upon whose noble brow the sun, pouring through the gorgeous picture, cast a halo that imparted an almost superhuman expression to his countenance.

There was a dignity in the bearing of the artist as he contemplated the emotion of the prior, but it was the dignity of repose. There was in it nothing of vain glory or triumph; and if a faint smile of satisfaction was perceptible upon his lip, it owed its origin to a higher and a purer source than gratified ambition.

This masterpiece of art was so contrived, that it might easily be detached from its position, and removed to any other window of equal or larger dimensions; a circumstance which had not escaped the observant eye of the prior, who, after giving vent to his admiration of the picture, inquired if it were not intended to embellish the monastery.

“If the king, our master, shall deem it worthy of that high distinction,” was the reply; “but without his sanction, it would not become me to indicate its destination.”

The prior, unwilling, doubtless, to anticipate the judgment of his sovereign, but at the same time eager that so splendid a decoration should not be lost to his monastery, did not think it prudent to urge its immediate removal, but took care to send such a representation of its surpassing excellence to the king, as he knew would ensure its appropriation to the purpose for which he felt convinced it was originally intended.

Thus it happened, that when next the king visited the monastery, he expressed his impatience to see the performance of which the prior had spoken in such enthusiastic terms; and accordingly, attended by his whole court, he proceeded to the dwelling of Teresa, who, residing in a part of the old building which was remote from Hubert's apartment, was entirely unconscious of the wonder of art which had been wrought under her roof. Her surprise, therefore, was not unmixed with terror, when she saw the fulfilment of Hubert's prediction in the approach of the royal cortége towards her rambling, but ruinous and penury-stricken abode.

To the great delight of the prior, the king's admiration of the composition was equal to his own; and, after expressing his approbation of it in no measured terms, the sovereign intimated his pleasure that it should be transferred to the royal monastery of Batalha, and desired the artist to name the recompense he required for it.

"Justice for this poor widow!" was the quick, but respectful reply; and, as he spoke, he put into the king's hands the document upon which Teresa rested her cause.

The king, somewhat struck by the novelty of the application, motioned his attendants to a short distance from him, and glanced over the paper; from which, after a few minutes, he raised his eyes, and fixing them upon his favourite, saw delinquency written on his pallid and fallen countenance.

"If this scroll say sooth," exclaimed the king,

“ there hath been foul wrong done here, and, by my right hand, it shall be redressed. But in so doing we but perform the duty to which we are sworn, and therefore, Sir Englishman, thou hast yet to name thy guerdon.”

“ I should but rob your grace,” was Hubert’s reply, “ did I receive more than is already mine,—the blessing of the widow and the fatherless, a guerdon which is worth a king’s ransom. For the rest, I am content that yon poor sample of my craft hath found grace in your eyes.”

The king, great as had been his admiration of the splendid effort of art before him, was more touched by the nobility of heart, which he forbore to offend by persisting in his offers of reward.

“ Thou art a brave youth,” said the king; “ and thy virtue, like thy genius, is above all price. Since, then, thou wilt not take our gold, at least accept our friendship, of which be this the token;” and, as he spoke, he drew a costly jewel from his finger, and placed it on that of Hubert.

Nor did the monarch forget his pledge to the poor widow, whose case was instantly and solemnly investigated; and the judgment which reinstated her in her former affluence, condemned her oppressor to a life of ignominy and exile.

Our legend makes little mention of Hubert’s proceedings during the following four years; but it informs us, that in that interval Richard, having been wedded to Maude, gave such evidences of his utter want of control over his fierce passions, that, as

Hubert had foreboded, the spirit of the gentle girl sank before their violence, and the life to which she had fondly looked forward as one of unclouded sunshine, was one of storm and tempest. Nor was this all: her husband not only played the tyrant's part at home, but wasted his substance "in riotous living," like the prodigal in Scripture; but, alas! unlike him, he came not to a better mind, but died, as he had lived, a hardened and unrepentant man.

Thus it was that Maude found herself a widow with an orphan son, a boy of about three years old, upon whose fair and smiling face she could not gaze without a tear; for she felt that he was a beggar, and that, when her fondly loved, though wretched husband was consigned to the grave, she and her helpless, hapless innocent would be cast forth upon the wide world.

It was on the evening of the last day on which the stern demands of the creditor, to whom her husband's house and lands were pledged, required her to quit her dwelling, that she was sitting with her infant in her lap, awaiting, in tears as well as in terror, the arrival of those who would come to claim that which she had not to give,—the amount of the debt.

On a sudden, she heard footsteps on the hard gravel path which led to the house, and the next moment the latch was raised, and Father Anselm stood before her.

"Daughter," he said, "the friend of the widow and the orphan hath heard thy prayers. Behold," he added, placing two sealed bags on the table, "here is that which will redeem thy lands from the grasp of the spoiler."

“ Holy father !” exclaimed Maude, scarcely believing the evidence of her senses, “ whence is all this gold ?”

“ *It is the legacy of Hubert Whitaker.*”

The words had scarcely passed the lips of the friar, when, overcome by the violence and conflicting character of her feelings, Maude dropped lifeless from her chair, and was removed by her female attendant into an adjoining apartment. While in that state of insensibility she escaped the pain of witnessing the demand of Richard’s creditor, which, however, the worthy monk soon disposed of; and when Maude was restored to herself, she had the comfort of knowing that she and her orphan boy were placed beyond the frowns of fortune.

It will have been seen that, with whatever overwhelming force the disappointment which had driven Hubert into exile had fallen upon his mind in its first bitterness, it did not paralyse his genius; and, on the other hand, whatever distaste he might have felt for life, when the light which he had hoped would have gladdened his path was withdrawn, the lessons of the Great Teacher soon wrought their soothing influence upon his spirit. Thus, although he looked forward, it may be with longing, to that blessed region to which the tomb is the narrow portal, he waited not only patiently but cheerfully, until He, in whose hands are the issues of life, should relieve him of the burthen which existence had become to him; for whether it was that he had borne the germs of disease to his adopted country, or that they had been there engen-

dered, is a matter which we cannot determine, but certain it is, that the symptoms of a fatal malady soon developed themselves. His earthly sojourn, therefore, among the monks of Batalha was brief; but brief as it was, his gentle and kindly manners won for him the affection, as had his genius the admiration, of all around him.

The prior loved him as his son, and so loving him, marked with bitter anguish the worm gnawing beneath the hectic bloom which disease had planted on his cheek; and it was with less surprise than sorrow that the venerable old man received from Hubert a summons of such urgency, as left no doubt of its import.

“Father,” said the dying son of genius, when the old man approached his couch, “my feet are stumbling upon the dark mountains, and the mists of death are gathering around me; but they cannot veil the glorious sun which is rising upon my soul with healing on his wings: nay, my father, weep not! for our parting is but for a brief season: we shall meet again in the ‘green pastures,’ bright with eternal sunshine and unfading flowers. I have not cared for the world’s wealth, yet hath it flowed in upon me beyond my wants and wishes. Yonder casket contains it all: let it be conveyed to Father Anselm, your friend and mine, when I am in the dust, and bid him apply it to the use of one whom, though I once profanely worshipped, it is no offence even now to love. Let him give her too this ring,—it was the gift of a king; she may wear it without sin and without shame, when the

heart, of whose affection it is a token, hath ceased to beat for ever."

Another sun rose upon the sick man and found him yet alive, but its parting beams fell upon the face of the dead. Yet his name perished not, as the following inscription to the memory of those who died while employed on the edifice will show:—

First Master Workmen.

Mestre Matheos : Portuguese, 1515.

Mestre Congiato : a stranger.

Mestre Conrado : a stranger.

First Master Workmen for the Windows.

Mestre Uguado : a stranger.

Mestre Whitaker : a stranger.

One morning, while at Batalha, we were surprised, as well as disappointed, at finding that the milk served at our breakfast was so sour as to be unfit for use. On inquiring the cause, we found that the good woman, to whom we were indebted for our diurnal supply, and who came from a considerable distance, had, on the preceding day, been way-laid and despoiled of the contents of her pails by a fellow who, too idle to work for his own living, preferred subsisting upon the labours of others. He had accordingly taken up his abode in a wood in the neighbourhood, whence he sallied forth upon every passenger whom he felt able to master, and robbed them of provisions, money, and any thing else which tempted his cupidity. This, from the unsettled state of the country, he was able to do with impunity; and the immediate consequence to ourselves was, that we were compelled to



Painted by J. Williams

Engraved by E. Chiffu

MAUSOLEUM OF DOM EMANUEL, BATALHA.

London, Published Oct. 28, 1850, by Robert Jennings & Co. 63, Chancery Lane.





send our trusty valet three miles on a mule, every morning, to meet the milk-merchant, who did not deem our custom an adequate compensation for the risk of losing all her store in an encounter with the marauding vagabond that infested the district. Had this worthy, on whose skull a phrenologist would doubtless have found the organ of appropriation particularly prominent, ventured to attack our messenger, he would, we suspect, have "caught a Tartar;" for John had *served*, and was by no means a man to be trifled with.

We cannot help mentioning another circumstance which occurred during our sojourn at the same place, and which, while it puzzled us greatly, annoyed us more. The room adjoining that which we occupied in the house of the kind magistrate, was daily visited,—we should rather say haunted,—by an elderly person with a guitar. As he played with considerable skill, we might have rejoiced in his vicinity, but for the fact of his performances being restricted to a single tune, and that of so melancholy a character, that the celebrated Welsh dirge was a jig to it. We endured it for some days with a philosophy which would have immortalized us even in the age of the Stoics; but, at last, the tune so palled upon our ear by repetition, that the first bar of it became the signal for our precipitate retreat; and we were wont to rush out of the house to escape from an infliction which, had we been compelled to bear it longer, would have driven us out of our senses.

The performer was evidently an acquaintance, if

not a connexion of our host's family; but although, our curiosity being excited, we made repeated inquiries on the subject, we could get no explanation of his mysteriously pertinacious adherence to the one melancholy tune. We were accordingly left to our own conjectures; and, whether correctly or not, we could not help thinking that he was a musician by profession, and, for his sins, had been condemned by his confessor to the penance of playing the same air for a certain period.

It is a delicate matter to interfere between a man and his priest; but, had our conjectures on the subject been confirmed, we should have been strongly tempted to suggest to the musician the expedient of serenading his confessor; and sure we are, that his reverence would not have endured the annoyance half so long as we did, without "abating the nuisance," by abridging the term of the penance.

While on the subject of music, we may mention that Portugal has the honour of having produced some distinguished professors of that delightful art. One of the most celebrated, both as a composer and performer, was Emanuel Cordoso. His proficiency obtained for him the friendship of two monarchs; namely, Philip IV. of Spain, and John IV. of Portugal; the latter of whom was wont to visit him in his cell in the Carmelite convent at Lisbon, to listen to his performances on the violin. He lived to a great age, and his last breath was expended in chaunting the *Te Deum*.

John IV. himself was considered to be one of the first musicians of his age, and is said to have devoted

an hour to music every day after dinner. His compositions were published under a fictitious name. He wrote a treatise in defence of modern music, which he dedicated to Lawrence Rebello, a celebrated violin player at Lisbon, "the only instance, perhaps, on record," says our authority, (Murphy,) "of a king dedicating a book to a fiddler."

The most eccentric, as well as one of the most skilful of the musicians of Portugal, was Andrew Escobar, who was appointed first musician of the cathedral of Evora, and afterwards held the same situation at Coimbra. He was much attached to a wandering life, and was wont "to pay off the score of hospitality in sweet notes." His favourite instrument was the bagpipes, upon which he is said to have performed wonders. He wrote a treatise on the art of playing on that instrument.

On taking leave of our host at Batalha, we encountered the same difficulty which we experienced at Leiria, but were not so successful in overcoming the scruples of the worthy official who had so kindly taken us in,—not in the generally understood sense of the phrase. The only means, therefore, which were left to us of acknowledging his hospitality, was by presents to the various members of his family. We mention this to the honour of the nation, and are bound to say generally, that, during our short sojourn, we met with nothing but the kindest treatment; and on no occasion, even from the lowest of the population, had we reason to complain of rudeness, much less of injury.

Leaving Batalha, we pursued our way towards Porto de Moz. We encountered in our journey thither little that is worth recording, except a disaster which befell our faithful valet, John; who, though a tolerable horse-man, or rather *mule*-man, contrived to get thrown three times over the head of his mule. He received some bruises, and, what was a more serious matter to one who, like him, prided himself upon his appearance, a few scarifications on the face, but was not seriously injured in body, although considerably damaged in temper. His wrath, like the strength of Antæus, increased after each tumble, and vented itself in a torrent of invectives upon the muleteer, who, he maintained, had cheated the animal of its share of provender, and thus caused it to stumble from very weakness.

CHAPTER IX.

PORTO DE MOZ.

Arrival at Porto de Moz—The Festival—Pious Auction—The Stag-dæmon—Life for Life—Conclusion.

WE arrived at Porto de Moz on the day of a festival, held in honour of a saint. The place was therefore thronged, not only by the inhabitants, but by persons from many miles distant, each bearing some offering to the saint. They travel in small parties and on foot, usually preceded by a musician. Some of them will journey in this manner for two or three days, sometimes beguiling the way by conversation, and at others preserving a profound silence, to which they bind themselves by a vow. It is curious to see the females on their march, bare-footed, but with their necks ornamented by massive gold chains. The colours in which they array themselves are not of the brilliant kind which is met with in Italy, and other parts of the continent. The Portuguese women wear the soberer colours of dark green and brown, the dyeing of which is less expensive than the more gaudy tints.

The offerings which these honest people bring to

their saint, consist chiefly of fruit, poultry, and cloth of their own manufacture; for the distaff and the loom are familiar to the hands of the peasantry of the country. They spend little by the way, either in coming or returning, their pious purpose being quite sufficient to secure to them the hospitalities of the peasantry of the district through which they pass.

The cross, at which they assemble with their offerings, is represented in the vignette-title of this volume. There, a little boy, dressed in becoming robes, attends on behalf of the priest, with a bowl, commonly of metal, but sometimes of other materials. The ceremony then proceeds. One of the pious pilgrims produces a fowl for instance, and cries, "Who will buy this fowl of Nossa Senhora?—[the Virgin, if it happen to be her festival]:—Nossa Senhora is very anxious to sell this fowl. Who will buy this fine fat fowl of Nossa Senhora?" A price is offered, and, being paid, is transferred to the priest's bowl, and the same fowl is again put up for sale; again bought, and, after a similar appropriation of the price, is put up a third time, and so on, until it has changed hands several times; when, in nine cases out of ten, the fowl goes to improve the priest's dinner.

In some instances very large prices,—altogether out of proportion to the real value of the articles,—are given by wealthy individuals who are very pious; or who, *vice versâ*, have been very naughty, and are desirous of recommending themselves to the merciful consideration of Nossa Senhora.

Porto de Moz is a very pretty, and, for Portugal, a

remarkably clean town, the inhabitants of which were most kindly disposed to afford us every facility in the prosecution of our object. The adjacent country, a lovely valley, was the most fruitful and best cultivated that we had seen in that part of the kingdom. The grand attraction of the place, however, is a very fine old castle to see which alone is worth the journey from Batalha. To this building is attached an ancient legend, to which we find frequent reference in old books on Portugal, but which is related at length in a note to Dr. Southey's *Roderic*. The following is the substance of the story, and it affords a curious illustration of the blind superstition of an age in which its authenticity was as much acknowledged as that of the Scriptures themselves. Credulity in such matters, however, would appear to be the growth of the country, since it flourishes almost in as great vigour in the present day, when we are told the most improbable fictions with the gravest faces imaginable.

Don Fuas Roupinho, a knight famous in the Portuguese Chronicles, was governor of that part of the country, and resided in a castle at Porto de Moz. It happened that, while engaged in his favourite pursuit of hunting, he discovered, in a low cavern, a small altar, where was an image of the Virgin Mary, "of such perfection and modesty, as are found in few images of that size." The knight, like a good Catholic, paid his respects to the lady, to whom he took such a fancy, that nothing but the fear of giving offence prevented him from removing her to his castle at Porto de Moz; where, he rightly and devoutly conceived, she would

be lodged in a manner more comporting with her dignity, than in the primitive dwelling she then occupied. It, however, never occurred to him, that, without hazarding the lady's displeasure by removing her, her consent not being "first had and obtained," he might, by the aid of the carpenter and bricklayer, materially improve her domestic comforts in her present abode. At all events so thought the lady, who accordingly determined to give him a hint on the subject on the very first opportunity, which shortly afterwards occurred.

It happened that he was hunting one day, when the dogs put up a stag,—if, as the legend sagely doubts, stag it was, and not the devil or one of his familiars, who, the knight having profanely devoted to his amusement the day (the 14th September) on which is held the festival of the Exaltation of the Cross, had been permitted to exercise their power to his bodily endangerment. Certain it is that, by reason of a thick mist, the doughty knight was deceived into a belief that he was riding upon a level plain, when all the while he was galloping full speed to the edge of a fearful precipice, two hundred fathoms above the sea; a fact which he did not discover until he was just upon the verge, and had no power to stop his steed; indeed, says the legend, he had time only to breathe a brief prayer to the Virgin.

Nor was his prayer put up in vain, for just at the moment that he was within two palms space from the edge of the precipice, she arrested the progress of his horse so suddenly, that the marks of its hind

hoofs were deeply imprinted on the hard rock, where they remain to this day, an object of veneration to holy pilgrims who journey thither to pay their respects. Nor did the wonder cease here; for, seeing that the point of the rock, hanging as it were in air immediately above the sea, is utterly inaccessible by human means, Nature herself, doubtless at the instance of the Virgin, has impressed a cross, for the purpose of sanctifying the scene of so notable a miracle.

The hint was not lost upon Don Fuas, who immediately repaired to the Virgin, and prostrated himself before her; acknowledging his remissness in having so long permitted her to remain in so dilapidated a dwelling, and expressing his thanks for his deliverance. His gratitude was greatly enhanced, when, on the arrival of his huntsman, he found that the stag was never seen afterwards,—a circumstance which confirmed him in the opinion that the said stag was no other than the devil himself, who, for the knight's sins, had thus been permitted to lead him into peril.

“*Facta, non verba,*” appears to have been the motto of Don Fuas, who brought workmen, from Leiria and Porto de Moz, to construct a hermitage more worthy of the distinguished personage. Economy, however, is a virtue, and it was one of those which graced the knight; for it would seem that, preparatory to erecting a new house for the Virgin, he demolished the old one, doubtless with the laudable intention of applying the “building materials” in the construction of the new edifice. In doing this, the workmen discovered a little box of ivory, containing the relics of St. Bras, St.

Bartholomew, and other saints, with a written account of the manner and time of their being deposited. A vaulted chapel was forthwith erected for the lady's future abode, where, it is stated, she was visited by "the faithful," including Don Alfonso Henriquez and his son Don Sancho.

This legend, says Dr. Southey, "is one of the many articles of the same kind from the great manufactory at Alcobaca, and is at this day as firmly believed by the people of Portugal as any article of the Christian faith. How, indeed, should they fail to believe it? I have a print,—" continues the Doctor, "it is one of the most popular devotional prints in Portugal,—which represents the miracle. The diabolical stag is flying down the precipice, and looking back with a wicked turn of the head, in hopes of seeing Don Fuas follow him; the horse is rearing up with his hind feet upon the brink of the precipice; the knight has dropped his hunting spear, his *cocked hat* is falling behind him, and an exclamation to the Virgin is coming out of his mouth." Under the print is written, adds our authority, in Portuguese, this precious information: "His Eminency the Cardinal Patriarch grants fifty days' indulgence to whoever shall say an Ave Maria before this image."

We will add to this legend one of a less marvelous character, but which we hope will not prove wholly uninteresting to our readers. We will introduce it by the title of

Life for Life.

Within a league or two of Porto de Moz, there dwelt, in ancient times, a certain Count de Nunciado, who was what the world is wont to call a good fellow; that is to say, he kept open house to all comers, and exercised the rights of hospitality to a degree, which, although unanimously approved of by his guests, was scarcely warranted by his means. The result was, that when he died, his son and successor, the young Count de Nunciado, found himself the possessor of a large castle and a fair portion of lands; the revenues of which, however, had been anticipated by his father to such an extent, that if he was not, *de facto*, a beggar, he had the chief qualification of one, an empty purse, and was thus a beggar *de jure*, if he had chosen to stand upon his rights.

Count Henry de Nunciado was a dutiful son, and would most obediently have trodden in his father's steps, had they not tended to the precipice of ruin. His father had been a most indulgent one, and Count Henry, who had loved him affectionately while living, respected his memory when he was dead; but he was not blind even to his parent's faults, which, however, he remembered only to profit by the warning they conveyed to him. Courage we hold to be on all occasions the best policy, and it is ever better to look misfortune in the face than to turn our backs upon it. In no emergency is this moral courage so essential as in pecuniary difficulties. Count Henry, instead of seeking forgetfulness in dissipation, or what, though less criminal, is equally weak, yielding to despair,

applied the axe to the root of evil; and, calling the servants and retainers of the castle together, he briefly explained to them the circumstances in which he was placed, and recommended to their adoption the policy of that sagacious animal which is wont to abandon a falling house.

As it was impossible to impugn the disinterestedness of the suggestion, it was almost universally followed; the only exceptions being a superannuated porter, whose services would not elsewhere have been accepted; a sort of housekeeper, who had as little inducement for "altering her situation;" and a slip of a page, who, modestly concluding that his mistress, the count's sister, could not survive the loss of his services, magnanimously resolved to sacrifice the advantages held out by a tempting offer from a noble family in the neighbourhood, to his consideration for the gentle Agnes de Nunciado.

Count Henry had spent the greater part of his short life in the camp, and being accustomed to privations, would have endured those to which his straitened circumstances condemned him without a murmur; but he could not look with indifference upon the altered position of his sister, who had been accustomed to move among the first society of the province, and whose beauty and accomplishments had attracted so large a share of its regard.

The count and his sister were sitting together one morning, when Agnes, remarking the cloud which appeared to hang upon her brother's spirits, affectionately inquired the cause.

"Believe me, Agnes," was the reply, "this reverse

of fortune, sudden and severe though it be, would have abated little of that cheerfulness with which Heaven has mercifully endowed me, if my dear sister were not involved in the calamity which has overtaken our house."

"Well now," exclaimed the damsel, "I am so delighted, you cannot think."

"Indeed, Agnes! I see little reason for delight under circumstances which, in nine persons out of ten, would create a very different feeling. I would fain know the cause of your exultation?"

"I cannot tell you, Henry," was the rejoinder, "how happy I feel that your dejection has no deeper source than sympathy for me,—a sympathy which, credit me, is thrown away. The gay scenes in which we have been accustomed to move, however they may have contributed to my amusement, have made no essential part of my happiness, and I can resign them without a sigh, while I have the society of my dearest brother."

"Say you so, my sweet sister?" exclaimed the count, the gloom passing from his brow like a cloud before the sunbeam; "then I care not for the spite of Fortune, though the jade has done her worst; for while I see the smile of cheerfulness upon your lip, albeit a crust and the crystal stream compose our banquet, I will not repine."

"Nay," said the playful girl, "talk not of crusts and crystal streams while we have three larks and an ortolan in the larder, to say nothing of the trout which my faithful page has pledged his reputation as an

angler to produce by dinner time;" and, with a merry laugh, she left the apartment.

The young count was, to adopt the usual term, "universally respected," and the fallen fortunes of his house were greatly regretted by those who were accustomed to "eat of the fat and drink of the strong" at his father's table. Nor was our hero long without discovering that he possessed his neighbours' sympathy, which was chiefly exhibited in their abstaining from visiting one who had no means,—considerate souls!—of entertaining them.

The Count d'Almada, however, was an exception; for, within a reasonable time after the death of the old count, he called upon his successor, and having condoled with him, not upon his altered circumstances, but on the loss of his father, informed him that the principal object of his visit was to repay a sum of five hundred crowns, which the deceased count had lent to him shortly before his death.

"My dear count," said Henry, "I give you credit for your friendship, as well as your ingenuity, but—pardon me—not for your story. My father, peace to his memory! was much more likely to borrow five hundred crowns than to lend them, even could we suppose the rich D'Almada to require the loan. Nevertheless, I thank you heartily for your intentions, of which I would not hesitate to avail myself, if I saw any chance of repaying you; but, as it is, be not offended if I decline your generous offer;" and the young count persevered in his refusal, to the great mortification of his friend, who left the castle in great

dudgeon, and over head and ears in love with the fair Agnes, whom, as she had been educated in a convent, he saw for the first time.

It was towards the close of a sultry day that Henry was reading by an open window, and being deeply absorbed by the subject of the volume, was unconscious of the presence of a stranger until he was accosted by name. He looked up, and beheld an individual whom he had met before, although under circumstances which inspired him with little desire for a further acquaintance. The unwelcome visitor was Barbosa, the chief of a numerous band of robbers, who infested the country for some miles round.

“Scoundrel!” exclaimed the count, starting from his chair, “how dared you enter my gates?”

“Because there was no one to prevent me, but a superannuated warder, an old woman, and a sleeping page,” was the cool reply.

“And if they were not sufficient to keep you out,” rejoined the count, “you have met with one who has power to keep you in. You pass not hence, except it be into the hands of that justice which your depredations have so long outraged.”

“Be not so sure of that, Sir Count,” answered the robber; “my band are beneath the window, and, at the slightest signal, will mount your stairs as I have done, and make the odds fearfully against you. Nay, advance another step, and my horn shall summon them.”

“It will not need,” replied the count, “for you shall carry your message in person;” and as he spoke,

he seized Barbosa by the collar, and dragging him to the window, was proceeding to eject him by a very summary process; when the robber, who was greatly his inferior in strength, exclaimed: "Nay, count, I protest to you that the purport of my visit is an honest one,—I mean not harm to you or yours."

"And what warrant beyond the word of a bandit have I for that?" inquired the other.

"The simple fact of my coming to you alone," was the answer, "when I might have brought with me the band of stout fellows who are drawn up beneath your window. There," he added, taking a poniard from his bosom and casting it from him, "there is my only weapon; and now Count de Nunciado, unarmed and at your mercy, I crave your patient hearing while I acquit myself of my errand."

"Say on," said the count, relaxing his hold on his strange guest, and resuming his seat.

"In the first place, then," said the bandit chief, "will you pardon me for asking if you are aware of the political views of your neighbour, the Duke da Rocha?"

"I have a strong opinion on the subject," replied Nunciado; "but whatever that may be, I see not either the right or the reason that you have to put the question."

"Nay," said the other, "I only inquired if you *had* an opinion,—I did not ask you what it was; but if it be a correct one, you will not be surprised when I tell you that the duke is a traitor, and seeks the subversion of the present dynasty."

“ In favour of whom ? ” asked the count.

“ Our ancient enemies and near neighbours, the Spaniards,” was the reply.

“ The charge is a grave one,” observed the count, “ and should be supported by other testimony than—”

“ The word of a robber,” interrupted Barbosa, “ you would say ; and not without reason, I grant you. Behold the proofs ! ” and as he spoke, he drew from beneath his vest a packet which he placed before the count ; when retiring a few paces, he folded his arms, and watched the countenance of the other as he read its contents.

The count was, however, too much upon his guard to betray the feelings excited by their perusal ; accordingly, when he had finished, he looked up and calmly asked, “ And how did you become possessed of these ? ”

“ They were found upon the person of a Spanish courier, whom we intercepted on the mountain, and—”

“ Murdered of course,” said the other.

“ Nay,” replied the robber, “ there you wrong us ; we have enough to answer for, but murder in cold blood is not among the crimes of our hand.”

“ Where, then, is the courier ? ” inquired the count.

“ In safe keeping,” said the other, “ and will be produced whenever his testimony may be required.”

The count paused a few minutes, and then continued, “ Now admitting these documents to be genuine, and the duke to be all they indicate, to what motive am I to attribute this sudden fit of loyalty on the part of one who has hitherto set laws at defiance ? ”

“The motive which governs the world,” was the reply, “*selfishness.*” The bandit then proceeded to explain, that the band to which he belonged, becoming tired of the perilous life they were leading, and some of the better minded being disgusted with it, were anxious to secure their pardon and consequent return to the bosom of society, by denouncing the plot to which the papers in question referred.

“But why apply to me,” inquired the count, “in preference to the many rich and powerful nobles in the district?”

“Because we could better trust to your honour,” was the reply; “and what is of equal importance in the matter, to your attachment to the reigning family.”

The robber chief then developed his views by saying, “As you will perceive by these letters, the blow is to be struck by the conspirators before it will be possible for you to communicate with the court; and the only method of frustrating their design is to seize their ringleader, the Duke da Rocha, before the day appointed for the rising. Now our band is well armed, accustomed to act in concert, and is in sufficient force to surprise the castle, which we are willing to attempt, if you will give the sanction of your rank and loyalty to the undertaking.”

“Nay,” said the count, “I must do more, or nothing. I must not only sanction the enterprise, but conduct it; which, as I frankly tell you that the intelligence conveyed in these papers is strongly corroborated by circumstances which had previously come to my knowledge, I am willing to do.”

The robber expressed his entire satisfaction at the proposal of the count; and after assuring him that he might depend, both on the courage of the band and on their fidelity, proceeded to arrange the time and manner of the attack, which was fixed for the following evening.

That the count so readily lent himself to the scheme, is attributable to the urgency of the case, time not admitting of his sending to the court for assistance; while on the other hand, although by no means satisfied with the tools with which he had to work, he had no vassals of his own, and could place no reliance on the loyalty of the neighbouring peasantry. The only nobleman whom he could venture to take into his councils was the Count d'Almada; but, unfortunately, he was then in attendance on the king.

The robber had no sooner departed, than Count Henry summoned his sister's page, upon whose discretion he had good reasons for reposing implicit confidence; and, after enjoining him not to divulge a syllable of the projected enterprise to Agnes, he put him in possession of all the circumstances, in order that, in the event of his falling in the attempt, his reputation, which he felt to be somewhat hazarded by the character of his allies, might stand clear in the eyes of his sovereign.

The hour appointed for Count Henry's meeting with his new friends approached, and feeling how much depended upon the enterprise, and the risk to which, whatever might be the issue of the attempt, he would

necessarily be exposed, he avoided a meeting with his sister previously to his departure. Although naturally firm and self-possessed, he dared not hazard the betrayal of his feelings in an interview, which might be his last, with the only being on earth whom he loved; and, accordingly, he made his exit by a postern in the garden wall, and proceeded to the place of rendezvous, which was in a dell or hollow, about midway between his own castle and that of the rebel duke.

Serious as his feelings would of course be under such circumstances, he could scarcely repress a smile at the motley group which were presented to him. Every nation upon earth appeared to have a representative in that parliament of rogues. Nevertheless they were, for the most part, "men of thews and sinews," and each was armed to the teeth. They expressed themselves ready for the expedition, and certain of success; their confidence being grounded upon the fact of their having an accomplice in the castle which they proposed to surprise, who, from having formerly been leagued with the band, had agreed to lower the drawbridge on their approach; a service which his office of warder enabled him with greater facility to perform. They also derived further assurance from the circumstance of the duke having, doubtless for the purpose of lulling suspicion, relaxed the rigour with which the approaches to his strong-hold were wont to be guarded.

The count, on his part, felt satisfied that every measure of which the case admitted had been adopted to

ensure success ; and he had no doubt that, the castle being once carried, he should, with the force at his disposal, be able to maintain it against any number of assailants from without, until the news of the insurrection should bring succours from head-quarters.

The shades of twilight fell thickly upon the landscape, before the word was given to begin the march, which was conducted with an order and silence that, although in keeping with the habits of the gang, would have done honour to regular troops. Not a word was spoken, nor was a foot-fall heard. The party soon found themselves in front of the castle, when the captain of the band advanced to the drawbridge, and gave the signal agreed upon with his confederate within. A pause of several minutes succeeded, when a scarcely audible sound, as of the motion of a chain, broke the stillness of the night, and the drawbridge was seen slowly to fall. At last it rested on the outer margin of the moat, and the band moved forward, but were instantly checked by their leader ; who urged the expediency of a pause, in order to ascertain if the lowering of the drawbridge had attracted the attention of any other inmate of the castle than the confederate warder.

A reasonable time having been suffered to elapse, the signal for advancing was given, and, one by one, the robbers passed the bridge, led by Barbosa and the Count de Nunciado ; the latter of whom kept close to the bandit chief, not merely because he felt that his post should be in the van, but that he might punish, with instant death, the first appearance of

treachery on the part of the man, with whom necessity had compelled him to trust himself.

The whole of the party having crossed the bridge, they proceeded, without molestation, into the courtyard of the castle, which was as silent as the grave. Barbosa, for the first time, exhibited symptoms of perplexity and hesitation, and whispering to the count he said, "Our confederate engaged to meet us at this spot, and guide us to the presence of the duke, but he hath failed us; surely he cannot—" but his remark, to whatever it might have tended, was cut short by a sound as of the sudden raising of the drawbridge, and almost at the same instant, the gate by which they had entered the court-yard was closed. "My lord," exclaimed the robber chief, "there is treachery here! but as I hope for mercy, I have no part in it. If you doubt me, strike,—for I deserve death for my folly, in trusting to the faith of yon renegade warder."

It is probable that, but for this bold appeal of the robber, the count would have sacrificed him to his suspicions on the spot; but there was an agitation in Barbosa's voice and manner which argued for his sincerity, and the count replied,—“My doubts rest rather on your discretion than your good faith; but here we are,—our retreat is cut off, and our only course is to proceed. There is a light glimmering through yonder door; let us force it, and know the worst at once.” As he spoke he advanced, applied his foot to the door, when it instantly yielded to the pressure, and the count found himself in a brilliantly

illuminated hall, at the upper end of which sat the duke himself, surrounded by other disaffected nobles; while the apartment was densely lined by armed men, in the proportion of three to one to the assailants.

The count hesitated, but it was only for a moment. He advanced with a quick firm step, along the clear space that had been left by the armed adherents of the rebel cause, up to the elevated platform, or dais, on which the duke and his compeers were seated, and exclaimed, "My lord duke, I denounce you as a traitor to his majesty, the nobility, and people of this kingdom." Then turning to the assembly, he added, "And they who obstruct,—nay, who do not aid me, in arresting him, are traitors like himself."

"Admirably enacted," said the duke with a sneer, as a few of his retainers flung themselves upon the count and disarmed him; "admirably enacted, my lord of Nunciado. Poor we knew you were, but we ever thought you honest until now, when we find you at the head of a band of thieves, and, failing in your attempt to surprise us, covering your design of plunder under an affectation of exuberant loyalty."

It was no part of the duke's policy to allow the count to enter into explanation, which might change the character of his attack on the castle in the eyes of the persons by whom he was surrounded; therefore addressing his armed retainers, he exclaimed, "Away with these robbers to the dungeon, until we decide whether they shall feed the ravens or the fishes."

Barbosa and his followers succeeded in fighting their way up to the support of the count, but they

could do no more; they were soon overpowered by numbers, and carried away, each in the custody of some two or three of the duke's men, and thrust into a sort of guard-house, which differed little from a dungeon, except that the light of day found its way into it from a grated window, within a few feet of the vaulted roof.

The guards having withdrawn, the captives were left to themselves, with the full conviction that they were utterly in the power of the duke; whose policy it was to put them to death, for which he had, unfortunately for them, but too plausible a plea. The noise created by the barring and bolting their prison-door having subsided, the count, turning to Barbosa, remarked, "I fear, my friend, that we shall be pretty much in the predicament of the worthies, whom the ancient proverb describes as going out to seek wool, and coming home shorn; we came here to apprehend a traitor, and we are likely to encounter a traitor's doom ourselves."

"I am glad, my lord, you can jest upon the subject," said the robber chief; "for my own part, I was never less disposed for merriment in my life. But do not mistake me. I blench not from a fate which I knew, sooner or later, must overtake me, and which my many crimes have merited; but it is the thought that I have involved you in an enterprise that has failed through the treachery of one of my own agents, which maddens me. Nevertheless, to whatever other extremity the duke may proceed, he will not dare to touch your life: for us, of course, there remains but a short shrift and the felon's doom."

“Which,” replied the count, “I shall as surely share with you, as I have shared in your undertaking; but I have nothing to reproach you with; it was as impossible to shut one’s eyes against the hazard, as it was to guard against the contingency which has happened.”

After the lapse of a few hours, the prison-door was again opened, and Henry received a summons to the presence of the Duke da Rocha. Seeing the inutility of resistance, he quietly followed the armed person who was sent to conduct him thither. It was nearly midnight, and the duke was sitting alone when the count was ushered into the room. The attendants retired at a signal from their master, and the door was closed.

“Count,” said the duke, “I have sent for you, because I am unwilling that the son of my old neighbour, De Nunciado, should suffer the ignominious death to which circumstances have given me the right, as well as the power, to condemn him. Now, if you will answer my questions, and agree to a proposition which I have to make, I will give you, not only life, but freedom.”

“Life,” was the rejoinder, “is sweet, but it may yet be too dearly purchased; however, say on, my lord.”

“In the first place,” said the other, “I would ask what grounds you had for the accusation so boldly made to my face but a few hours since.”

“Certain documents which fell into my hands,” replied the count.

“Which documents,” pursued the duke, “were in the form of a communication from a great personage, the bearer of which was intercepted by the band of robbers whom we have in custody. Have I been correctly informed?”

“The papers were certainly delivered to me by Barbosa their captain,” was the answer.

“Are they now in your possession?” inquired the duke.

“Can you suppose me so very silly,” said the other with a slight smile, “as to have run the double risk of putting the papers as well as my person in your power by the failure of my enterprise?”

“Of course you know where they are?” rejoined the duke.

“Unquestionably,” returned the count.

“Put me in possession of those documents,” said the other, “and pass me your word that you will not divulge their contents, and you shall be free to depart.”

“Your confidence in the honour of a man whom you have treated as the head of a band of thieves, is somewhat marvellous,” remarked the count; “but I cannot comply with your conditions, and would not, for fifty lives, if I could. The documents are no longer within my control.”

The countenance of the duke fell at this intimation; but repressing his emotion, he continued, “Tell me, then, in whose hands they are.”

“That may scarcely consist with the safety of him to whom they were confided,” was the reply. “Con-

tent you, that whatever be the course you may adopt towards me, he will use them to the vindication of my honour, whether I be living or dead."

"He must do it quickly, then," retorted the baron, who now saw that the count was immovable, "if it be to profit you while living; for to-morrow at sunrise, you, as well your compatriot Barbosa, shall be food for ravens on the highest turret of this castle. So make your peace with Heaven with what expedition you may, for you have not six hours to live."

As he spoke, he struck his gauntlet on the oaken table at which he was sitting; and at the signal, the guards who had conducted the count thither, re-entered and led him back to his prison, when he communicated to Barbosa the fate that awaited them.

The grey light of dawn was scarcely perceptible through the window of the chamber in which the prisoners were confined, when the bolts and chains were again withdrawn from the outside of the door, and the duke's confessor entered to prepare the doomed men for their fate, and to attend them to the scaffold. The count greeted him calmly, if not cheerfully; but the robber turned from him as the herald of death, and could with difficulty be induced to listen to his admonitions. The friar, in offering the consolations of his religion to the count and his companion, betrayed a deep sympathy in their impending fate; and assured them that he had pleaded earnestly in their behalf with the duke, but had found him inexorable.

At length the door was again opened by the guards, who, during the priest's visit had kept watch without,

and who now entered the apartment to usher the prisoners to the scaffold. Barbosa refused to move, and it required the strength of two stout soldiers to drag him forth; but the count, knowing that it was vain to resist, walked between his guards with a dignified air, through the vaulted passages of the building to the foot of a flight of stairs. By these they were conducted to the top of a turret of the castle, where preparations had been made for carrying into execution the sentence of the duke, whose malignant feelings had prompted him to be present at the scene. He regarded the count with a smile of mingled hatred and exultation, which was returned by a look of lofty scorn.

It was with difficulty that the confessor prevailed upon his master to grant the prisoners a short space, in which to breathe a prayer before they met their doom. When they rose from their devotions, the myrmidons of the duke approached to bind their victims. At that moment the count turned to Da Rocha, and, pointing in the direction of a mountain which bounded the prospect, said, "My lord duke, behold! the avengers of blood are at hand."

The duke turned his eyes towards the spot indicated, and beheld the rays of the rising sun reflected by the arms of a large body of soldiers, stretched along the brow of the mountain. Their numbers, and the regularity with which they proceeded to descend, left no doubt on the mind of the duke that the troops before him were those of his sovereign. So far, however, from betraying any apprehension at their approach, he turned to the count and remarked with an ironical

smile, "My lord of Nunciado, your friends have timed their visit well; and we will grant you a short respite that they may witness the doom, from which, were they twice the number they are, they should not save you."

The duke immediately issued orders for the necessary preparations for the reception of the advancing army, declaring that he would perish beneath the ruins of his castle, rather than surrender it to the king's troops. The ramparts were speedily and effectually manned; and when the adverse party reached the plain on which the fortress was built, they discovered that its reduction would be a work of more difficulty than they had anticipated. They halted within a few furlongs of the walls, and then despatched a herald with a formal summons to the duke to surrender; to which the latter replied with a defiance, and an invitation to their leader to witness an act of summary justice on one of their partisans.

The herald had no sooner returned to his party and delivered his message, than a knight rode out of the ranks, and galloped up to the verge of the moat immediately under the tower on which the execution was to take place. The count instantly recognised in the horseman his friend D'Almada, who exclaimed, "My lord duke, you will not dare to commit this outrage on a king's officer, and that, too, in sight of the royal banner!"

"If," returned the duke, "we permit you to approach so near with impunity, it is that you may witness the measure of justice which we will mete to

every tool of the usurper your master, who shall fall into our hands."

"Hear me!" vociferated the Count d'Almada; "if you touch a hair of his head, I will put yourself and every man of your garrison to the sword."

"Crack the shell, Sir Count, before you dispose of the kernel," was the jeering reply of the duke: "there are some few yards of stout masonry yet between us and your vengeance." Then turning round, he added, "Executioners, to your duty."

"Hold—another word!" cried D'Almada; "I have the means of instant retaliation, and will use them, if you forbear not." As he spoke, he made a signal to the body of soldiers which was nearest to him, when two of the party advanced from the rest, leading between them a youth of about eighteen. "There," continued the count, "we too have made a prisoner, whose life shall be for the life of De Nunciado, if you dare to take it."

"Nay," retorted the duke, "methinks you pay your friend but a sorry compliment, in weighing you strippling against a soldier of the Count de Nunciado's reputation."

During this reply, six soldiers in the front rank of D'Almada's force levelled their match-locks at the youth, who, throwing off his cap, the plumes in which overshadowed his face, looked up towards the turret where Da Rocha was standing with his prisoners. The eyes of the duke no sooner met those of the lad, than he uttered a cry of horror, and exclaimed "My son! my son! O spare my son!"

“ You have his ransom in your hands,” replied D’Almada.

“ If I release to you the count,” inquired the other, who, stern and cruel as he was, idolized his boy, “ what warrant have I for my son’s safety ?”

“ The word of a knight and a nobleman,” was the rejoinder. “ Dismiss your prisoners—for I must have the robber captain also,—and your son shall be given up to you ; or, if it better consists with his security, he shall have my safe-conduct to any place you may name.”

The honour of D’Almada was proverbial, and as the duke well knew that his own word would not be taken, he ordered the immediate release of the two prisoners, who were dismissed by a postern through which the youth entered the castle ; and the parley being concluded, the commander of the king’s forces fell back upon his main body. D’Almada, after congratulating his friend on his deliverance from the clutches of Da Rocha, informed him that he had been ordered to the frontier with a body of troops, for the purpose of watching some suspicious movements on the part of the neighbouring state, and that in his march he had encountered the page whom Count de Nunciado had despatched with the documents delivered to him by Barbosa.

D’Almada, on perusing the papers containing the evidence of a conspiracy against the existing dynasty, had swerved from his course in the hope of surprising the chief conspirator, the Duke da Rocha, before he could draw his forces to a head.

The great strength of the fortress rendered the investment of it by the royal troops a very tedious affair; but as the premature discovery of the conspiracy had acted as a check upon the other nobles in the plot, and deterred them from going to the relief of the duke, he was compelled at last to surrender; the garrison being so reduced for want of provisions, that the soldiers refused to continue the defence.

The life of the duke was spared, but he was banished, and his estates were confiscated, a provision having been assigned out of the revenues for his son; who was not implicated in the conspiracy, and at the period of his capture by D'Almada, was ignorant of its existence.

The king, in acknowledgment of the zeal displayed in his service by the Count de Nunciado, appointed him to a lucrative post, which enabled him to relieve his estate of the encumbrances with which his father had burthened it, and to live upon it in a manner worthy of his rank.

Love is never so successful as when he has Gratitude for an ally; and thus it happened, that D'Almada's timely rescue of her brother made so favourable an impression on the fair Agnes, that, after a twelve-month's siege, she capitulated, and became the Countess d'Almada.

Barbosa, we are happy to add, was sincere in his renunciation of his evil courses; and having obtained the king's pardon for past offences, entered the army, and became distinguished for his steadiness and courage.

Our stay at Porto de Moz was very brief, and besides the objects to which we have drawn the reader's attention, we met with little worthy of notice, if we except the ingenuity of the Portuguese laundresses. Our pocket-handkerchiefs, which in England and elsewhere had hitherto been sent home to us folded in the ordinary manner, were tortured by our Portuguese washerwomen into a variety of fantastic shapes. Sometimes they were presented to us in the form of a flower, the corners being pulled out to resemble leaves; on another occasion we remember to have received one intended to represent a nest of birds; and so successful was the imitation, that the design of the artist could not be mistaken, even at a glance. A cambric bird's-nest was indeed a novelty for which we were not prepared. It was the *poetry of washing*.

Here, then, having arrived at the limits prescribed to our volume, we, for the present, take our leave of the reader; thanking him heartily for his company thus far on our tour, in which we have pointed out to him all the objects we deemed worthy of his attention, and have told him all we know about them.

We have, moreover, endeavoured to beguile the tedium of the journey by many a quaint legend and strange tale. If in this we have been successful—well. If, on the contrary, we have promoted his slumbers rather than his amusement, still we say—well; for we know not a safer refuge from dull companionship in a dull journey, than that sublime invention—sleep. Let him not therefore, as has been



elsewhere said, trouble, by his reproaches, the repose of one who has contributed so liberally to his.

Those who have laid down our volume with a desire to meet us again, we hope again to meet. To those who have thrown it aside in displeasure we say, may they never have more serious cause for regret. To each, and all, farewell! May they never miss one link in the fragile chain of their happiness, but may the smiles which gladden their Christmas hearths be ever as many, and as bright as now!

THE END.



LONDON :
Printed by Maurice & Co., Fenchurch Street.



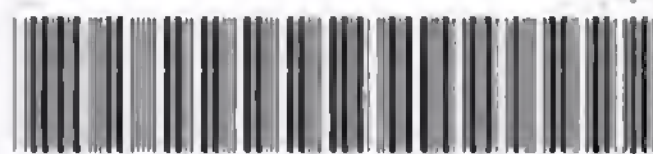








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